

BARRINGTON REVIEW

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TELEPHONE, BARRINGTON NO. 1

NEVER PAID DIRECT SALES TAX

Last week the village trustees passed a resolution directing the treasurer not to pay the so-called "sales tax" item charged on personal property sold to the municipality. The refund taken by the board was that according to statute, tax receipts can not be used to pay taxes.

Although The Review respects the present board and believes that affairs of the village are managed efficiently, we are not quite able to follow the line of reasoning which prompted this action on the 2 per cent tax.

Nominally this is not a sales tax but is rather an occupational tax. The law governing this tax states that retail vendors of personal property may consider the tax a part of their costs of doing business and increase the prices of their merchandise accordingly. If the law had not so stated, it is to be assumed that retailers would have added the amount of the tax into their costs of doing business anyway, as all merchants are in business to make money and not to lose it.

Because the occupational tax is not a direct sales tax, the village as a consumer has never paid it directly. Of course consumers are paying indirectly all taxes on business. The real estate tax, the personal property tax, charged against business property are paid indirectly by the consumers. So it is with the occupational tax.

When the village buys 12 tons of coal for \$102, it owes \$102—not \$100. It is no more justified in deducting the \$2 which the retailer must pass on as occupational charge than it would be to deduct an additional \$1 as the estimated amount of what the retailer will pass on as tax on his retail estate and personal property.

What's Going on in Washington

There was a time not many months ago when President Roosevelt looked to NRA as a job creator. Today NRA is out of the picture. Officials are explaining why it failed. Donald Richert, told the national association of manufacturers that it failed because "private business is not yet adequately organized for collection of action and self-defense."

The government of the United States is prepared to drive means to the claim: "Crime does not pay." They have discovered that actually it paid too well. This condition is accepted in Washington as a national disgrace. Responsibility for its correction has been assumed by Homer S. Cummings, attorney general. In his efforts he has the backing not only of President Roosevelt but of Col. Louis McHenry Howe, secretary to the president, and Raymond Moley, presidential adviser. With that combination, Mr. Cummings expects results. As one of the moves to get them, he called the national conference on crime.

Barrington Hills

The light from a hundred candles, smilax and Easton lilies furnished a beautiful background for the wedding of Charlotte Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lee Hughes, and Lawrence Ford Hesterman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hesterman, at the Hughes home, late Saturday afternoon. Bishop Charles Edward Woodcock of Kentucky, grandfather of the bride, officiated. The bride, dressed in glistening white satin, carried a sheaf of calla lilies. Her only sister, Miss Joan Hughes, was maid of honor and Donald Bateman, the bridegroom's only brother, served as best man. John Farrar and Paul Corbett were ushers. After a bridal dinner, the young couple left on a wedding trip. They will be at home in Barrington for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexis de Tarnowsky held one of their already very popular egg nog parties at their home Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Seldon White and his daughter Miss Billie White, entertained at a pre-Christmas cheer party at their home next Sunday afternoon. By the time this reaches the press all those away at school will be home again for the Christmas

holidays. Among the parties being arranged for their benefit are the Junior Assemblies which will be held at Barrington Hills Country club under the direction of Mrs. Robert McCoy. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Samuel Rows, Mrs. Daniel Woodhead, Mrs. Sanford White and Mrs. C. H. Canby. The first dance will be held December 21.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stillson Hart left Wednesday to spend the winter in Palm Beach, Fla. Accompanying them were Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans. Mr. Evans will return after Christmas, but Mrs. Evans will remain longer. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fuller of New York arrived in Barrington Saturday to spend the week-end with Mrs. Fuller's sister Mrs. Robert Hilton before going to Minnesota to spend the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Yennu.

Among the many people in Barrington who are having family Christmas parties this year are Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rowe and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Canby. Mrs. Canby's Christmas party will be one of her guests. Russell Pettinoff surprised his friends and spent a few days in Barrington last week.

The MAN from YONDER

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—See Elliott—from "Yonder"—signals his entry into membership in the gang by defeating Bull Dural, a sting of the battle contest. Elliott has brought back a big prize. He had been eager to reach Tincup, but Nicholas Brandon, the town's boss, has been so kind as to prevent him. He tries to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested.

4TH. INSTALLMENT

"I started for Tincup several days ago. I was a long ways off, over in Minnesota. This morning I got down to the station. I had my hat and while I waited for my train got talking to this old timer, Don Stuart, who was in the station. Maybe you know him, Judge. Others here here do." Able blinked twice hard. "The old fellow is about all in, I'd say. He's got it into his head that he's about to die and probably his guess isn't such a bad one. Seems this used to be his stamping ground, that he's been away a long time and that he'd started back to finish his days here. He could see some old friends. He went broke on the way and was just sitting there this morning waiting for something to happen. I happened. I wanted my two well headed myself, but I had enough for his ticket so I brought him along.

"As luck would have it, I got a chance to pick up a few dollars of Tincup money as soon as we got in and I had to have it, with the old timer on my hands. While I was busy getting this cash, this man Brandon, who I don't know, saw my buddy and started rushing him back to the depot to take the next train back to where he came from. Didn't like that so well. I tried to talk him out of it but Mr. Brandon isn't a greater talker. That's all. . . . Here I am!"

"Daddy charged, eh?" Able fumbled with the papers. "What brought you such a long ways into Tincup, anyhow?"

"Because I'd heard Tincup was a tough nut to crack."

A stir in the crowd, then a sharp look from Brandon to Elliott. "Oh. . . . Fond of nuts, are you?" Able said and the look in his eyes was much less severe. "So you'd heard about Tincup and started for it from a long way off and . . . Now this nut of nuts: You like all kinds?"

"Not all nuts; no." The steely gray eyes were a bit narrowed, now, as Elliott tried to plumb the old man's mood.

"Well, for instance: like peanuts?" "No. Can't stand 'em."

"Not at all! Almonds, then?" A twinkle was surely coming to life in the court's eyes but, seeing it, the defendant only frowned.

"Can't vote very strong for almonds."

"Hum-m. . . . How about black walnuts?" "Now," declared Elliott with a nod, "now, you're getting into real classy nuts!"

Men in the crowd looked at one another, not knowing what to make of this.

"Well, if you like black walnuts."

Cary

Members of the C.C.C. club met with Mrs. Emil Bureau Tuesday afternoon to help her celebrate her birthday. After luncheon refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sinek, daughter, Miss Marie and John Sinek spent Sunday in St. Charles with Mr. and Mrs. William Frey and Mr. and Mrs. George Van DeVer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francisco, son Dale of Wauconda and Miss Kathryn Filias and Merrill Lewyns of Waukegan were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sims.

Miss Olive Krenz and brother Herbert of Carthage college, will spend the week-end in Barrington with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Krenz.

The C.C.C. club was entertained by Mrs. T. Jellinek Wednesday afternoon. High scores at billiard were awarded. Mrs. T. Jellinek, Mrs. L. Bureau, Mrs. F. Kvidera and Mrs. R. Roth.

Miss Vera Hutson, Miss Edna Boomer and Miss Sylvia Zitek, local teachers, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sims Monday evening. Scenery for the school Christmas play to be given in the gym was painted by Thorvald Kolt, a landscape artist who came here from Porsgrund, Norway in 1912 and is now residing at Viking Heights. It shows white capped mountains, a long winding road leading to a home and hunting lodge, surrounded by fir trees and the old, familiar rail fences.

would you say they were your favorites?" The other considered this question with great, if not wholly genuine, seriousness. "No, not exactly. I'd put black walnuts high in the list. They're right, your honor, but since you're interested about my preferences in nuts, I'd say that the best nut that ever hung outdoors or of which I heard for the cracking was a good old hickory nut."

"Real tough ones, eh?" "Real tough ones, yes." Able wiped his eyes with a palm and wet his lips. The two looked long at one another and that spark which will jump from man to man, carried sometimes by a deed, often by a word, frequently by only a glance; that message which says as plainly as though inscribed on black characters against white background: "I like you; I am your friend!" It went from the old man to the young and back again from the young to the old. Brandon understood and the lightning in his dark eyes played more brightly, more openly.

"And you're going to Tincup as a sort of hickory nut?" "I had. Tincup has a reputation all through the Lake states. I'd heard so many times that a good man was hanging in there, independent and, maybe, with ambition had better keep away from here that I found myself hankering to get a look at the place."

"What's your line of work?" "I follow the timber. . . . Anything."

"Well, just what for instance? What are some of the jobs you've held?" Elliott smiled a bit.

"Good many. I was a chore boy once, another time I was a road monkey. I've reamed and sawed, worked as millwright and on rivers. Once or twice I've run a camp or two."

"But your avocation, I take it, is looking for hard nuts?" Brandon spoke now.

"Crack 'em?" His voice was well modulated and yet in its quality was something which suggested from covered with velvet. "As complaining witness in this case, may I suggest that we are beginning to waste time? This young man has pleaded guilty. Of course, I do not want to be put in the light of one who attempts to dictate to the court of law, but I have pressing matters to attend to and if we can get on. . . ."

Obviously this was only a suggestion, a plea; really, though, it was one way of demanding, of giving an order.

"Yes, you're a busy man, Nick. Able said and nodded. "I'd sort of figured being bump here today, myself. Sort of wondered if somebody wouldn't bring in Bull Dural on a charge of assault and battery. He trimmed my man Harrington so badly that he's gone and my operations without a boss today. I sort of thought I'd like to see you, you are in law and order, that Dural might be brought in."

"That is something I know nothing about," Brandon said severely. "Likely not. You can't be expected to keep as close track of the men who work for us as I do of mine. That is, it isn't reasonable to expect a man of your caliber would."

He spoke dryly and Elliott, watching the two, could see that his words stung Brandon. The justice straightened in his chair, however.

"But maybe we are delaying things. Now, Mr. Elliott, don't you think a little out of the way to come into a town a total stranger and upset all that town's precedents? If you, instead of one of Mr. Brandon's hired men, had come into a town a total stranger, for instance, it might not have been such a grave offense. But here you come and pick out the one man in Tincup who has been struck or even threatened by no longer that can recall—a man who is regarded here about like most folks would regard a baron of the Middle ages—and toss him out into the mud? Why, Elliott, that's not even happened before!"

"Probably it didn't hurt Nick much, but there are his feelings to consider. Aren't you ashamed of giving people a chance to jeer at Mr. Brandon?"

"It wasn't a very smart thing to do," Elliott admitted, "it's likely now, that I'll even get a chance to see how hard a nut this town really is."

"And no worse than you deserve!" Able said sharply. "You know better than to carry on that way, Elliott. I've got to give you a fine recommendation no longer that you give a dollar and seventy-five cents for coats or send you to jail for a day."

In the court's sacrificial litter or two, from the sheriff's trunk, from Nicholas Brandon a breath of offended dignity and a look that scorched, but on Ben Elliott's face only appeared a faint smile.

"That's reasonable enough," he said, "but the joker is this: I haven't even got the dollar!" "I told you, my jail's real comfortable, I'm told. A day there'll let you think over the advisability of going around the country fuddling up the pants of respectable citizens."

Elliott, though, faced even so short a jail sentence with anything but relief.

"I can't get the money easy enough," he said. "That is if you, your honor, or somebody else'll send a wire for me."

"That might be arranged. Where to?" "Here—" He reached for a sheet of paper and pencil lying on the table. Swiftly he wrote the words: "Badger Forest Products company, Beech Ridge, Wisconsin." He handed it to Able. "Will you write for twenty-five dollars and sign my name? Send the message collect."

"That's a big outfit," the judge said. "You figure they'd do as you ask?" "Well, they never have turned me down for anything I've asked. Of course, there's always the first time. If you'll do that . . ."

"Until that gets back, Sheriff, I suppose it's me for the brig. . . . Is that right, Judge?" Able was studying the address and when he looked up and grunted an affirmative reply his gaze was far, far away.

For a considerable interval after his court room had emptied, Able Armitage sat motionless in his chair. His eyes still held that far-away look, starting into space, and now and again he picked up the scrap of paper bearing the address young Elliott had written and scanned it closely.

"By cracker!" he said, an hour after being left alone. "By cracker by Jingo! It might be, you know. . . . It may be, possibly, perhaps might be."

Thereupon he rose, went to a wall telephone and put in a call for Nathan Bridger, general manager of the Badger Forest Products company, of Beech Ridge, Wisconsin.

After this he stood for a time in the front window, peering out into the street. A man came along the sidewalk, a man of about Able's years, bearing a limp and rusty bag which slumped him as a physician. He approached the entry.

"Big day, Able,—as the justice opened the door. "Yeah, Big." "Old Don's back." "So I heard."

"Did shape, too." "I heard that. Real bad, Emory?" Emory Sweet nodded gravely. "Heart's like a sponge. He can't last long. . . . Nick was all for sending him back to Hemiclock, but I told him it would be murder to move him now."

"Oh, Nick showed up, did he? Not in this vicinity." "It's about as popular with him as smaxloz. When I'd prevailed on him to let Don lose I told him the truth; that he can't last more than a few weeks and I told him like a man who . . . well, like one who'd heard good news."

Able nodded. "Safer for Brandon to have him in his grave. But when old Don goes, seems like the last change of ever clearing the thing up's gone too."

"Looks that way. Unless he'll talk before he dies." "Even so, it wouldn't amount to much. He's an old bum; he was a known drunkard at the time. It happened an long ago, and with the courts controlled by who they are . . ."

"All but yours." "And mine without any jurisdiction in sure-enough trouble." The doctor started out, but halted in the doorway.

"Hear Harrington's gone." "Yes. The Bull ran him out of town." "Brandon?" "Don't be simple, Emory. Who else?"

"He certainly can't forget the Hoot Owl, can he? What are you going to do now, Able?" The other shook his head gravely. "I wish I could give you an answer . . . or myself an answer. All forenoon I've had a feeling in that palm,—extending his created right hand,—as if the end of a rope were slipping through it."

"Tough," muttered the doctor as he went out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Named for White Swans Swansboro, N. C., was named for beautiful white swans found by an English sea captain, Daniel Bates, who explored that section and settled in 1713.

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