

# BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

M. T. LANEY, Editor and Publisher

Published every Thursday afternoon at Barrington, Illinois, and entered as second-class matter at the Barrington postoffice.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year in advance. Advertising rates made known upon application.

All copy for advertisements must be received before Wednesday noon to insure publication in that week's issue.

Credits of thanks, resolutions of condolence and all notices of entertainment given for pecuniary benefits must be paid for.

All communications should be addressed to the BARRINGTON REVIEW

Tel. 51-R BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1912

## NEAT LAWS HAVE VALUE.

Residents of this village have been heard to complain of the thoughtlessness of some of those driving vehicles and automobiles in leaving the beaten track and driving on the tree-banks at the side of the road. It is very discouraging to those who water and trim their lawns regularly, extend their work to the tree banks in front of their residences, and try to keep neat, well-ordered, front yards, to have their labor put at naught by a careless driver; and it is in nearly every case mere carelessness, not necessity, that causes drivers to leave the highway in this manner.

Remember that neat, residential property not only is a source of satisfaction to the owner or tenant, reflecting upon him considerable credit, but it leads strangers to think well and speak well of the community. The individual makes the town.

If you cannot help beauty, don't destroy what others have done.

## MORE SKELETONS.

With a real three cornered political fight on, the people are evidently going to learn a lot of new things about how this country of ours has been run. Senator Penrose has started the ball to rolling with the statement that George W. Perkins guaranteed \$3,000,000 to secure the nomination of Col. Roosevelt at the Republican convention in Chicago last June.

If this be true, it is apt to shake the faith of some of Teddy's supporters in the belief that he is the plain people's friend and not the tool of the big interests.

Senator Penrose has, himself, since been accused of accepting money from the Standard Oil company in return for political favors. Further revelations are promised on both sides.

Truly, the political skeletons are being brought to light.

## ALL IN GOOD TIME.

The following item is from the last issue of the Graylake Times:

It gives us a pain in the heart to see in the various exchanges where towns are extending sewers and installing septic tanks, and to think that here in Graylake where there is an abundance of wealth, we are still plodding along in that back woods manner so far as this particular modern convenience is concerned. We always console ourselves by saying that "we will get it some day and keep on working to that end."

The editor of the REVIEW felt that way for a long, long time, but now that a septic tank and a partial system has been contracted for, we are encouraged to believe that before many years this most necessary adjunct to the health of a community will cover the entire village.

Take heart, Brother Newhouse, your time will come.

## MORALITY AND FASHIONS.

It must be confessed that all this recent talk about the morality of fashions seems somewhat a straining of the point. Morality is very largely like beauty, in that it is as it does, or does not do. Fashion is nothing more or less than the mode. It is the woman in the dress, not the dress on the woman that counts.

To declare a particular fashion vulgar or indecent or immoral, is, therefore, somewhat equivalent to bringing a blanket indictment against all the women except those who are conspicuous by their avoidance of it.

The milk producers are again trying to secure a raise in the prices they receive from the bottling companies. They'll need it this winter if ever they did, and our desire is that they may be successful.

## Her First Case

By JEAN M. COLMER

Elizabeth returned from her first ambulance class flushed, but elated. For the first time in her not-too-remote existence of twenty-one years, Elizabeth was roused. The call to arms was sounding; brave men flocked to join the reserve force; brave women fell the call also and did their utmost to atone their incompetency in the bud. Elizabeth, too, was carried away by the universal enthusiasm, and, with feelings of excitement not unmingled with alarm, she attended classes of "first-aid," and rejoiced to feel herself at last a useful member of the community.

Elizabeth in her ardour became even more trying to the family circle than in her previous lethargic state. No room in the home and no member of the household could escape the merciful hand of Elizabeth in all the first fire of her patriotic enthusiasm. The drawing-room, an elegant apartment upholstered in the best of taste, and its rolls of coarse material, known to Elizabeth as the "Esmark" bandage.

Everybody down to the second footman had undergone his share of torture while Elizabeth, with untiring energy, did head or "cranium" bandages, and practiced also how to make a broken arm comfortable until the arrival of the doctor. Upon one memorable occasion she had improvised a splint from the board of a procking case and quite overlooking the fact that there were four bent and rusty nails protruding from it, she pressed with her usual vigor upon the butler's arm, and only found out the mistake when the unhappy man cried out with pain, and displayed a hand mutilated and bleeding. This, however, furnished a new and most entertaining scene for Elizabeth, who did not rest until her victim retired, pale and trembling, with arm in sling, and looks which expressed the most acute suffering.

On yet another occasion Elizabeth seized upon her father, who was going off in state to a dinner at which royalty was expected. She insisted upon his waiting while she demonstrated to him the correct way of dealing with a broken collar-bone. A pad being necessary to place beneath the patient's arm, and her father being in a very great hurry, Elizabeth could think of nothing better suited to her needs than a sponge. She accordingly fetched one, and placed it beneath her parent's arm, and, unfortunately, when the unhappy man cried out with pain, she realized too late that a sponge should be carefully squeezed before being placed upon a court suit of velvet.

But even if Elizabeth's zeal did at times outrun her performance, her intentions were undeniably good, and her family, though not well versed themselves in the subject of "first-aid," was just proud of their patriotic daughter.

The first course of lectures was drawing to a close, the examination was at hand, and what Elizabeth felt she most needed was practical experience.

She roamed the park daily in search of accidents. She frequently visited the Hotten Row, and found herself fervently longing that some unfortunate individual might see fit to break a limb. Elizabeth's search, however, remained for many weeks unrewarded. She became quite dependent, and indeed almost lost her faith in the usefulness of motor 'buses. Had she been able to drive her own car, doubtless her efforts would have frequently met

with success; but Richards, the chauffeur, who had suffered acutely in Elizabeth's hands more than once, was wise enough to drive even more prudently than ever.

Elizabeth never left the house without a pair of scissors and a box of safety pins in her pocket. She relied upon her petticoat, or even her skirt, for bandage, and carried an umbrella in all weathers, which in an emergency could quickly be converted into a splint.

At last the great day came; but unfortunately it did not come at a time when Elizabeth was entirely prepared. She was going out to lunch, and consequently was not magnificently clothed in a Directors. As it is impossible to carry scissors and safety pins in a Directors costume, and as an umbrella would be decidedly in the way, Elizabeth was not so fully equipped for emergency as was her custom. It happened in this way.

As Elizabeth passed the park gates in her motor, a young man rode out into the road. His horse was nervous, and chose to take fright at the big car. Elizabeth did not see clearly just what happened, which was not surprising, as she had her eyes and placed her fingers firmly in her ears as the horse began to plunge.

To be quite fair, however, Elizabeth recovered quickly, and flinging open the window, ordered Richards to pull up instantly. She then dismounted, splendidly Directorate as she was, and ran quickly through the mud to where the young man lay in the midst of a swiftly gathering crowd.

Forcing her way to his side, she took in the situation at a glance. Pushing away the policeman who was pushing the boy's head, she pulled off her Directorate jacket, and rolling it into a ball with fine carelessness, she placed it in the mud as a support to the young man's shoulders. Imagine her surprise when, as she was about to make an elaborate "cranium bandage" upon the Esmark basis, a staid, young woman forced her way through the crowd and knelt down at his other side with a look of great determination upon her stern features.

Elizabeth was nonplussed, and regarded her rival with annoyance, which became more acute as she watched the young woman produce scissors and pins from her pocket, and an immense handkerchief from her sleeve. Elizabeth got up from her knees and looked round her in dismay to have her lawful prey snatched from her thus was too much. As she stood there in great indecision, her eye fell upon another female form forcing its way to the center of the crowd. The newcomer, a fair girl of seventeen or so, advanced rapidly and with a businesslike air, rolling up her sleeves as she came. The sight of another in possession did not seem to disturb her in the least; she knelt also in the mud, and for lack of something better to do, fell to mopping the brow of the prostrate young man with a two-inch handkerchief. Elizabeth's gaze grew wilder, she took a step backwards and turned to flee. As she did so, she collided violently with a girl who, armed with rolls of "Esmark," was flying towards the scene of action. Elizabeth pressed her brow in anguish. She caught the policeman's eye—even he was smiling, and a subdued titter went round the crowd.

With a shudder Elizabeth gathered up her clinging skirts, now decorated with huge patches of mud, and fled away through the press. With a cry of joy she saw the motor drawn up beside the curb, and with a sob she flung herself inside and slammed the door.

It was only when she had left the scene of action far behind that Elizabeth thought of her Directorate jacket lying in a puddle beneath the young man's shoulders. The thought was too much for her and she dissolved into tears.

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THE BARRINGTON BANK of Robertson, Plagge & Co. John Robertson, President; John C. Plagge, Vice President; A. L. Robertson, Cashier.

D. R. J. HOWARD FURBY, Dentist. Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. Evenings by appointment. Phone 57-W. Groff Building.

D. R. C. O. VAN ARSDALE, OSTEOPATH. Mondays, Fridays—9 a. m. to 6 p. m. BARRINGTON; Moved to Grace house, Station street.

Chicago address: 202 Trade Building, Cor. Washab and Randolph Sts.

F. E. BOOTH, Optician, will be at Burkhardt's Jewelry store Wednesday of each week from nine a. m. to five o'clock p. m.

Chicago address: 800 Diversey Parkway.

MILES T. LANEY, Insurance and Notary Public. Insurance written against Fire, Lightning or Tornadoes. Companies represented by me have paid every loss in full and promptly, to the satisfaction of the assured. Telephone 51-R

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A discount for prompt payment of one cent per kilowatt hour on the customer's total consumption of electricity will be allowed by the company on all bills paid at the proper office or agency, within ten (10) days after their dates by him.

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