

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885

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TELEPHONE NO. 1 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THE POLITICAL WIND

Illinois is in for two of the hottest months of its political history. With Smith, Bryan and perhaps a third independent Republican candidate in the field there will be fun and games.

Julius Rosenwald, millionaire head of the mail order house, announces that he will oppose Smith and call for the nomination of another Republican. The question now is that if he succeeds will take the lead or less he intended to contribute liberally to the campaign chest of the independents. This adds interest to the campaign and incidentally will help the "boys in the trenches."

Elections cannot be won on money and Bryan has parroted organizations, and that an independent could not build up in the two months remaining, even with unlimited money. From a mere arithmetic standpoint it looks as if an independent candidacy would be a waste of time and shedding, despite the undesirability of the candidates of the two major parties.

The national control of elections is under way. Primary elections will be held in six states this month, the current month, and other states will follow with most candidates during the first two weeks of September. Attention thereafter will turn to the unusual situation confronting the Coolidge administration. The timing of the upper branch of Congress to "catch up" with what will be done to carry out its legislative program unless its supporters throughout the land hasten themselves.

THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER STICKS

The movement from the farms to the cities is not looked upon with the usual pessimism of the political economy by Dean E. L. Smith of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

The successful farmer is not going to the city, Dean Smith believes. It is the failure who goes, who perhaps would be better off in the city and who probably would have been there all the time.

In this connection a recent farm census printed in the Barrington Review showed that last year there were living on Illinois farms nearly 1,000,000 persons, a ten percent increase from 1920.

Discussing the city movement, Dean says:

"These farmers who stick to the soil are more enterprising than the city people. The farmer of today really does decidedly have an edge over the city person. He is better educated and is also in every way more advanced, more progressive. He has more advantages today on the farm than he ever had before."

Undoubtedly that influence is keeping many on the farms. The farmer is a man of the soil, a thinking over all, ever young and athletic, who could have educational and cultural needs satisfied.

"But that influence is not the only one that could have educational and cultural needs satisfied. The farmer, the successful farmer, who comes to us as a man of power in as far as they would be in power in the city, is a man of power in the city, too."

Dean can only be optimistically but it is a fact that farm life is happier in the United States than ever before and offers more abundant opportunities.

A MONUMENT OF FLESH AND BLOOD

Thousands of children from the streets of Chicago have been brought to Deer Grove near here and other forest preserves in Cook county during the summer just ended.

At Deer Grove alone probably 3,000 children have had an outing of two weeks each. Probably they have gained three pounds each; a total of nine thousand pounds. That goes to prove undernourishment of the children's present condition. It is a convincing demonstration of the fact that the conditions under which the mass of Chicago children are forced to live.

Our hearts frequently of cool liver oil and other body builders, as the men employed to clean up the streets, out-of-doors, the fresh air, inspired by Chicago, have had great fun with all the time, has much more to do in building up these three pounds per child than an ocean of cod liver oil could do.

In any event it is a great work that Anton J. Cermak and the board of county commissioners have been doing. They have built a little monument in Deer Grove. Little? It weighs nearly five tons in children's flesh and blood.

VALENTINO FADES OUT

Ricardo, the movie picture star, an Italian who came here thirteen years ago, died Monday. Twice divorced and with morale quite in keeping with the characters we usually portrayed on the screen, it is declared by the metropolitan newspapers that "a nation" has mourned the death of the man injured in a stampede to view his return in New York. In Hollywood, where he will be interred next week, the obsequies are to be as magnificent as those of the past Roman emperors.

On the same day there died Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, whose forefathers for generations were Americans. He was one of the most distinguished educators America has produced and he left the imprint of his professional learning on the world. His life has been well interred virtually privately. There were no flowers, only respectful homage.

The metropolitan newspapers devote one-third of one column to Dr. Eliot and three pages to his death.

They also have made discouraging to young Americans making their way in the world by honest effort and high standards, but it will not be to those who look beneath the surface.

Valentino has flashed into oblivion; Eliot will be here always.

"WELL, DARN MY SOCKS!"

The Illinois court of last resort has decided that the state's new law against horse shoe riding in a railroad passenger coach. Throughout the state the finding of the court is hailed as a great victory for the "peepul" and a reaffirmation of the Bill of Rights.

But all may not be the enthusiasm premature. Socks must be dried, and that noxious Texan sox, suddenly put in prominence, must be presented to the admiring female passengers. Thousands of good Texans, upon the arrival of a number of similar passengers, will be annoyed by the fact that this decision has added to their already great burdens of wifehood. At once the favorite Texas expression is: "Well, Darn My Socks!" becomes of pregnant significance.

It is simply the old, old story over again. Liberty for man always means freedom for woman.

THE PICNIC QUEEN

Henry Baumler of Barrington, with 55 years, won the prize at the Barrington-Palatine picnic as the oldest man on the ground. Mrs. Hannah Krueger of Barrington wins the prize of the oldest woman. Joe Nicols, 18, of Barrington, was the youngest baby, with his thirteen days. Our own mayor, J. C. Cadvalekar, proves himself as swift of foot as he is dexterous at vote casting, and also wins a prize. It remained, however, to the young men to win the prizes for being the prettiest girls that of being the best dressed girl; Mr. Baumler and Mrs. Krueger may be congratulated with congratulations upon four scores of honored years.

Joels Nicols told she will be a future Mrs. of the year at the White House.

Cady Gadsden, 16, won the competition to defend her title, but it is Vera's pretty clothes that triumph over old age, infancy and athletic prowess and crown her queen of the picnic.

All along the Barrington roads there seems to be an old-fashioned flower festival. There's off Grandmother Hollyhock, that old fashioned rose, and there's off Grandmother Nicols, all decked out in finery if on guard. Gladioli, phlox, bumble-beet, zinnias, harkspur, foxglove, black-eyed Susans and Rose of Sharon are abundantly spread before you.

A New York newspaper reporter was recent sent to see President Coolidge, the author of the Great Judgment Day. At 8:30 S. Supreme Court. Upon his return to New York, he was assigned to interview a three rate lawyer who was "too busy" to see him. Here is a funny thing. Great men have plenty of time to see everyone, while little men have no time to see anyone.

Riding a horse guided to a fury, a boy was killed at the Chicago rodeo Friday. The sacrifice of the poor life may not be as useless as it seems for in all probability it sounds the death knell of the rodeo.

Our hearts frequently of cool liver oil and other body builders, as the men employed to clean up the streets, out-of-doors, the fresh air, inspired by Chicago, have had great fun with all the time, has much more to do in building up these three pounds per child than an ocean of cod liver oil could do.

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A Tale of the Bees as They Hunt at Work

It is the last week of August. A cool day, after a start to a frost, with the sun high in the sky. The bees, tipsy with pollen dust and eager to get back to the hive, are flying about the flowers. Then the bees of the other apiary are flying about the flowers, too. I lay my ear to the open door of the hive and hear the hum, dead, dead, dead, the sound of a million winds among the leaves of the corn. I hear the many voices of the bees, the hum of the wings, the rustle of the leaves, the sound of the earth, the song of the birds, the song of the bees.

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