BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1846

M. T. LAMEY, 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 Tuesday noon for same week publication.

Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence and all notices of entertainments given for pecuniary benefit must be paid for.

All communications should be addressed to the

BARRINGTON REVIEW

Tel. 403 BARRINGTON, ILL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Barrington is a growing village, despite all talk of its being a "dead town." Many new houses have been erected in the last few years and many new families have located here. Last year B. H. Landwerdopened a new subdivision and the lots sold rapidly. G. H. Munday of Chicago has purchased another 40 acres to be subdivided and become a part of the village.

We have as good a city water system and as good a sewer system as any town in the United States. We are excellently located and have good train service. We are destined to grow, but we must make immediate, liberal and civic activity increases to the extent it should depends upon those citizens who have the spirit of "boost" in their systems.

The Real Estate show which is to be held at the Coliseum, Chicago, April 28 to May 7, holds out to all suburban towns an opportunity for genuine profit. It offers an opportunity for publicity never before obtainable.

We are invited to become one of the exhibitors; to show the thousands of visitors just what we have to offer in the way of ideal suburban home sites.

At the present time many towns no larger than Barrington have taken space. If we are left out it will be the fault of our citizens, and after it is over we will all regret it.

We have many advantages which could be cheaply demonstrated, and if we are properly represented much good will undoubtedly follow.

The time now is short. Is Barrington going to be up and doing or not?

PUBLICITY AS PUNISHMENT.

Elgin authorities have adopted a drastic rule that all persons arrested by the police shall be exposed to public condemnation by having their names published in the city papers.

Such a plan may work hardship and injustice in some cases, where the innocence of the arrested person shall be established.

On the whole, however, publicity is about the worst punishment that can be accorded to many wrongdoers. Ability and willingness to pay nominal fines, accompanied by "keeping names out of the papers," has none of the terrors attaching to allowing the public to know about misdoings.

The residents of Barrington, and other villages in this section, who are passing the winter in Florida, California, and other famous winter resorts, are not to be envied. They are missing the most glorious sunshine and a crisp air that seldom if ever reaches the semi-tropical zone. Such weather as we are enjoying brings happiness and health.

Barrington Township Primary.

Notice is hereby given that a primary election will be held in the village hall, Barrington, on Friday afternoon, March 17, 1911, from two to seven o'clock, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following town offices of Barrington township for the ensuing term:

One Supervisor
One Highway Commissioner
One School Trustee.

The balloting will be under the Australian system, and the names of candidates appearing on one ballot.

46-3 J. F. GIESKE, Town Clerk.

File Request in Writing.

Persons who wish to have their names upon the ballots as candidates for office in Barrington township are required to file a request in writing with the town clerk five days prior to the date of the primary, Friday, March 17, stating the office for which they are candidates.

46-2 J. F. GIESKE, Town Clerk.

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that congestion that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Billiousness, Chills, 25c at Barrington Pharmacy.

THE MARCEAU MISTAKE

By Martha McCulloch Williams

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"He will be famous," Monsieur Marceau said, watching his son, Eustace, at work with brush and graver.

"He will be rich," Madame Marceau always contented, touching her head.

There was the measure of difference in the pair. Monsieur was all for the great things, madame for those of the comfortable earth. Since the boy was born she had striven and thriven for him. The florist shop under her ministry was a modest gold mine. If only monsieur had not been bitten with idle doctrines—the fresh, refined air that and such like—they could long ago have bought the house, as well as the garden behind it. Monsieur had held his hand till the garden was secure—he loved the earth and pampered it so; he could not bear to think of it in other hands.

"Some day you will be a big man—remember, then, I said so." Eliseo Terrence, Eustace's girl comrade, said to him often as she stood in his hard yard shop watching his deft fingers.

Eliseo was not pretty—a slim sliff of a thing, with tousled flaxen head, alert gray eyes, and a succession of tumble-down frocks, patched to the faded. She was the youngest of nine—her mother had earlier taken to washing. The first child was Madame Marceau's crop, even though now, that big Terrence was in politics and rising fast, his mother washed for no body but the family.

Eustace, an only child, moreover the brightest lad in school, might have chosen among the richest of the city. It was hard to have him take instead little wild Irish creature, who had nothing to recommend her but her warm heart, her unflinching courage and her respect for elders.

But Eliseo was madame's darling, and but always showed her a sweet, even an eager, deference.

Monsieur gave her a tolerant pat nonage—he was too gallant to look un

Stood Patiently to Be Sketched.

kindly upon anything feminine while so evidently held him in admiring awe. The boy would outgrow Eliseo—of that monsieur was certain—the time she amused him, helped him in his games, stood patiently to be sketched or modeled, over and over and over, and never asked more than the happy privilege of service

Sometimes, to be sure, she got more—when the flowers bloomed richously and trade was none so brisk monsieur sent her home with laden hands. Also, great holidays she was more of a nuisance, even though it were a scrappy one—for then the O'Brien generation went to the cemetery to keep baby Philomena, who had followed Eliseo, and grew away very quickly, from feeling up in heaven as that she was forgotten on earth.

Life went well and easily with the Marceaus until Eustace came to 17. Then his mother wanted him to go to her brother in the city to learn the trade of decoration. Monsieur inclined to an arts course. Eustace himself for a while said nothing. Then, with much halting and stumbling, he made them understand—not art but architecture was his passion. He wanted to study it seriously—first as an apprentice, then abroad amid the great monuments of the past.

He had his way, though madame wept bitterly and monsieur sighed almost visibly the day his son left. But the leaden heart, brought them pale comfort—so did letters full of hope and courage.

"Don't ask me to come back—not for long and long," their lad entreated. "Not until I am able to prove myself a man through a man's work.

It was hard—but they made the sacrifice, comforting and cherishing each other as best they might.

Eliseo helped them mightily. She lived for letters, and read them beyond the other edge of town. Big Terrence, still climbing, had taken his family up to the green country. He was to feel estate and developing suburb after suburb.

Yet Eliseo said nothing of that, but, remembering Eustace's letters, read and had no gossips more literate, knew only variety of the change. They did not dream that the O'Brien generation was growing far beyond their own. Eliseo had a pretty way of coming to them, not patched and faded, or, to be sure, in the tousled plain garments, the most demure bonnets. She said them she had studied stenography, that by and by she might get a regular place and earn money of her own. They listened, nodding approval, but gave the matter no thought—they were too rapt in contemplation of Eustace and his doings.

He was getting on—in Paris by this time—and had sent home money, mention more than once, and once third prize, a bronze medal. It was not but he gun making money—that was the one spot. His parents did not grudge what they spent for him, since he had the thrifty artisan instinct that, after all, profit was the supreme test of art.

Their joy was unbounded when a letter came saying Eustace himself would follow on the next steamer. He had won in a competition—an American competition. He would have the city and the profit of building from his own designs.

Only the nothing more—but it was enough to set the Marceau household flutter. Madame was impatient to have Eliseo come, and it must be added a little uneasy. Eustace, an architect full-fledged, could, of course, look much higher than a potential stenographer. She hoped Eliseo had forgotten those days, now seven years back. As for Eustace himself, she had little fear—not once in all that time had he mentioned Eliseo.

Eliseo took the great news quietly. "I am glad," he deigned to say, "as all she said.

Madame, was hurt—distinctly so. Monsieur almost fumed. "It is the jealousy of the outdone," he declared emphatically. "Come, let Eliseo enjoy far beyond these O'Briens they needs must belittle him!"

"Yes!" chimed in madame; "why, even Eliseo seems to relish more getting a regular place than of our son's existence. When he returns I shall bid him be ready to go to show her beyond the mere civility one owes a wholesale

Mothers, propose, sons dispose. Of the otherwise, Eliseo Terrence came Eustace came a day early. When he had been hugged and kissed and cried over to madame's content, he stood up very straight, looking down at both his parents, and said a little unsteadily:

"I have not been quite open with you. I have, it is true, come home to work—I have come likewise to marry—"

"My son!" madame exploded.

Monsieur sat silent, aghast.

Eustace went on doggedly. "You ought to know—all about it—it is Eliseo, of course. There has never been any other girl for me."

"Viper! Deceitful cat!" madame hissed. "So she is her position. My son, have I sufficiently sacrificed, seeing my heart cut in loneliness to have you home, that—a mere working girl!"

"What am I but a working man?" Eustace asked in turn. Then he said, red quietly. "The shoe pinch well but on the other foot," he said. "It is through Eliseo I have won. The competition was for a whole suburban—fence, streets, parkways—Terence is building it. She gave me inspiration and I don't hesitate to say ideas. Of course, the technical part is all mine—but right on the spot, knowing what was wanted, she helped—oh, the greatest lot! But the win was honest—father judges knew nothing of any contestant beyond his work. I got the prize, sent through favor, but by grace of leader Terrence—I mean, I get it. Terence send me word to hurry home for a big piece of work. Big enough, fully, which had never had an old maid in it, and didn't want one."

Madame looked at monsieur—monsieur looked at madame. Then both of them looked at their tall son, and for sheer happiness they cried again. When the tears were dried madame said, tossing her head.

"Eliseo call is as it is, I shall not grudge to Eliseo the inheritance of my diamond ring, one-eyed as it is—fetches

Eustace knew his mother well enough to understand that here was the ultimate expression of her contrition and her wish for reparation.

Positively Brutal.

Husband—Well have to get rid of our cook. She's the limit

Wife—Don't you like the dinner?

Husband—No. Why, it couldn't be any worse if you had cooked it yourself.

Attacks School Principal.

A severe attack of kidney trouble, writes Chas. H. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., has told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered intolerable torture from chronic malady, liver and stomach troubles, and constipation. All the time I was failing till I used Electric Bitters. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy made me completely well. Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach troubles, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness, and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at Barrington Pharmacy.

Taxation and Tyranny.

Some mention has been made in his presence of a tax upon milk stones. Sheriff Barrett says tax would be unconstitutional, as they were a rare that could not meet to remonstrate.

GEORGE W. BLACKMAN

SCIENTIFIC MASSEUR

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