

BARRINGTON, Review

LAST NUMBER ISSUED

M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

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BARRINGTON REVIEW

TELEPHONE NO. 1 BARRINGTON, ILL.

ORIGIN OF EASTER

Easter Sunday, universally observed by Christians in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus, was not originally a Christian festival, but is rather an outgrowth of the Easter festival.

The Easter is a survival of old Teutonic mythology, from Easter, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring. Among the Romance nations—France, Spain, and Italy—the name is derived from the Latin “pascua,” this is turn being drawn from the Hebrew name of the passover.

No trace of the observance of Easter as a Christian festival is found in the New Testament, nor in the writings of the apostle fathers of the Church.

The celebration of Easter originally took place at the end of the Jewish Paschal fast, regardless of the day of the week. In the Gospels, however, the custom of commemorating the crucifixion on Friday and the resurrection on the following Sunday, as we do now, there are at first several different methods of calculating the date of Easter.

It is recorded that in one year or less than three hundred days after the birth of Christ—March 21, April 19, or April 25, 205—Controversies over the date of Easter were among the most bitter of any disputes in the history of Christianity, as may be inferred from the fact that in the year 197 Victor, bishop of Rome, excommunicated Polycletus, bishop of Ephesus, with his entire Asiatic church, for non-observance of the Easter date.

Finally in 325 the Council of Nicæa decreed that Easter should fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon which occurs on or next to April 21. This does not necessarily refer to the actual full moon, however, but is determined by certain rather complex calculations.

Many interesting popular customs have arisen at various times in connection with the celebration of Easter, of which that of sealing Paschal or Easter eggs is the most widespread. This is also a survival of past ages, the egg having been to the ancients a symbol of immortality.

OUR NEW MASTERS

The growing tyranny of government in Washington is giving many thoughtful people concern lest our boasted liberty should vanish in a mere crippe-

ture. For the first time we have an opportunity to observe these encroachments of Federal bureaucracy over a longer period than Louis Ludlow; for nearly 30 years a member of the press gallery of Congress and one of the ablest of Washington reporters, he was elected to Congress last November, and is received special treatment.

“Businessmen are becoming the lords and masters of the nation. There is no private business that is safe from interference, for a bureaucratic army of 30,000 agents, inspectors and spies is abroad in the land, tantalizing business interests and stealthily paying into the private pockets of individuals. If the trend of present partialities continues, we shall have American life standardized according to forms prescribed at Washington; education will be acquired through uniform text-books and the everlasting sumness will destroy individuality and initiative in the growing youth; the bureaucrats will tell us what to do and how to do it.

Still, in spite of this deplorable tendency which Mr. Ludlow so eloquently points out, advocates of paternalism in government can constantly clamor for more and bigger bureaus, with added battalions of office-holders to harass the people at the expense of the taxpayers.

THE DAREDEVILS

Two daredevils performed on a Florida beach a few days ago. One of them, Major H. O. Smith, of England, drove a car at the rate of 200 miles an hour, breaking automobile speed records. The other, Lee Bible, an American, in trying to beat Seagrave's performance, struck a sand dune and was killed when he had reached a speed of 202 miles an hour. A news photographer engaged in tak-

ing a moving picture of Bible's exploit, was struck by the car and also killed.

While the practical benefits of such performances are perhaps negligible, human beings must admire the courage of those who engage in them. Walking across Niagara on a tight rope, going over the falls in a barrel, and similar stunts are in the same category. If the performer is successful, we applaud; if he loses his life, we often feel that he deserved it.

Whatever our reactions may be, it is in the long run accountable for much that is worth while. Some exercise it in sports while others, like the daredevils, risk their lives in the interest of science and progress. In the latter class we may place Peary, Amundsen, Byrd, and the many other intrepid explorers, whose daring feats have added to the world's knowledge.

Lindberg is in the same class. Had he not risked his life so fearlessly flighted across the ocean, which had been forgotten by this time? His great skill, combined with a generous measure of luck, made him the outstanding hero of the air.

So, hats off to the daredevils, whether they win or lose.

IS SMALL FARM DOOMED?

In view of the success which has attended mass production in manufacturing, and the consolidations which continue to occur in industry, it seems almost inevitable that corporation farming will in time supplant the individual farmer.

Something like this would be a source of regret to many, but the practical economics which might be effected are easily understood.

Consider the great duplication of machinery which now exists, with each small farm equipped with a full outfit of implements, each farmer having a tractor, a team of horses, a team of mules, a team of oxen, a team of cattle, etc.

In the purchase of supplies and in handling products for the market, similar economies could be effected.

As far as the market is concerned, the

small farmer, having no market, would be compelled to sell his produce at a loss, and the great farm could afford to employ specialists for the direction of particular operations.

As to the fate of the present small farmer, he might become a stockholder in the corporation, but this is not likely. The few persons shown in the prairie areas to that date, of a leading American industry, have been stockholders in the corporation, and of Adolph Zukor, the incorporated man from New Haven, Connecticut, who has a large farm in New York at two dollars a week in the fur-trading business, and a large farm in New Mexico, at \$1000 a week and a half share in the profits of her pictures.

With the coming and lazier story, that of the charlton silver screens and of the man whose wife has been instrumental in leading up to his fortune,

• THE TOWN DOCTOR •

(The Doctor of Towns)

“Is there anyone who thinks that it isn't a good idea to make the town in which he lives just a little more attractive, a little more interesting, a little bit larger, and a little bit better?”

“The man comes into town a stranger, and says to any two people on the street, in the power, ‘This looks like a pretty good town,’ what percentage of the people do you suppose would say to you?”

“If you were working in a store and a customer said, ‘This looks like a pretty good town,’ and you answered, ‘Oh, yes, it's all right if you like it,’ or ‘Well, it's all right if you like it,’ what would you say?”

“The doctor's reply: ‘What kind of a town is it? Is it a town where you can buy a house?’

“If you were the mayor, president of a civic club, head of a bank or a store to be important in your vote count just as much as that of any lawyer, doctor, lawyer, merchant, or any other man in town, and you were asked to go to a town, what would you say?”

“What industry would you want to have in your town? What would you want to do with your town? What would you want to do with your town?”

“You don't have to be a major, president of a civic club, head of a bank or a store to be important in your vote count just as much as that of any lawyer, doctor, lawyer, merchant, or any other man in town, and you were asked to go to a town, what would you say?”

“What industry would you want to have in your town? What would you want to do with your town? What would you want to do with your town?”

“As a citizen you are a taxpayer, for your community is a place as a citizen is a salesperson, to sell the materials, labor and professional people that you have to sell. You are a citizen, a voter, and the politicians of your community are the lawmakers.

“It's always to the sales force of any business. Your town is a business—your business is to sell it up to you.”

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Note: These articles are written by The Town Doctor, without royalties or salaries and are impersonal. They treat each subject as applied to general—not to any particular town or place. The author is the Town Doctor, State 30, McCormick Building, Chicago, Illinois.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to spend my days outdoors No matter what I think about My heart grows as fresh as flowers bloom out.

—R. W. C.



LIBRARY NEWS

NEW BOOKS THIS WEEK

Mama's Daughters—Dorothy Dix

State, Wisconsin, and Other Dicks—Guthrie

Wise, George, and others

Wise, George—C. C. L.

