

BARRINGTON REVIEW

Published as a second-class matter at the postoffice at Barrington, Illinois.

M. T. Laney, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1908

A Lincoln Memorial

It is proper and natural to think about some anniversary... Lincoln's one hundredth anniversary...

Knowledge of George Washington comes to American boys and girls... the first great American and can never be displaced from that position...

Go Highway Young Men... A man must be an imperfect creature... his mind to three with Education...

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CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH Cook Street near South Hawley Street. Sunday Services: 10:30 a. m. Preaching...

SALEM UNITED EPISCOPAL CHURCH Sunday Service: 10:30 a. m. Preaching... 7:30 p. m. Prayer Service...

EVANGELICAL SYN. PAUL CHURCH Sunday School: 9:30 a. m. Preaching: 10:30 a. m. Prayer Service: 7:30 p. m.

THE NEW CATALOG OF LYON & HEALY... This handsome book, which is just out of the press, gives illustrations and set prices of our new designs of Lyon & Healy pianos...

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Everyday Names of Our Woods

Some kinds of trees in common use throughout the land have as many aliases as the criminal with the long list of nicknames. For many reasons this is unfortunate...

Not only do different localities apply different names to the same species and the same name to different species, but the same locally used different names may be used for a single species in different parts of the country...

What is called black locust in Pennsylvania is yellow locust in Massachusetts, white locust in New York, red locust in a part of Tennessee and green in another. In Maine it is simply locust, in Louisiana acacia, in Minnesota honey locust and in Maryland post locust...

White pine is a tree of so distinctive appearance that it is entitled to rank among timber trees as well as among botanicals. But it does not have it. In both Massachusetts and North Carolina it is sometimes known as Weymouth pine...

From New England to the Carolinas the tulip poplar is frequently called whitewood or tulip tree. Yellow poplar is its usual name in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky and on the market in the form of lumber...

When mistakes are made in the identification of wood finished for building purposes much embarrassment and trouble often result. Architects, builders and other users of lumber should be careful to note the following...

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Was "Special"

Newsman J. F. Pusey, brother of Eugene F. Pusey, was one of the four special press representatives who were centralized at Fairview the home of William Jennings Bryan during the Denver convention week...

Best of the World Affairs. "It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Buckley's America Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced it is the best salve in the world for all skin diseases..."

Bankrupt. To avoid insolvency the merchant of today must be a deep student of business economy. Over the long Chicago telephone lines he may order goods from the Chicago wholesaler...

A Responsible Request. To avoid insolvency the merchant of today must be a deep student of business economy. Over the long Chicago telephone lines he may order goods from the Chicago wholesaler...

The Remedy That Does. "The King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Dr. H. P. Brown, of Auburn Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of chronic and long-troubled rheumatism, that other treatments relieved only temporarily..."

Notice. Notice is hereby given that the estate of John O. Pusey, deceased, is being administered by the executor, J. F. Pusey, of Barrington, Ill. All claims against said estate must be presented to the executor on or before the 15th day of August, 1908...

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLE. COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BUY YOUR PAPERS, BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND STATIONERY OF WILBERT C. MAHER NEWS AND MAGAZINE ADVERTISING LITHOGRAPH BUILDING, MAIN STREET BARRINGTON, ILL. DAILY 174 N. W. 10th St. CHICAGO, ILL. SUNDAY 174 N. W. 10th St.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS. MUNN & CO. 379 N. 7th St. New York

Hager's Restaurant. Wm. Hager, Prop. Meals served at all hours. Ice cream and confections. Phone 421. Barrington, Ill.

TRY OUR DELICIOUS Ice Cream Soda. We also sell EATON HUBBERT'S Fine Stationery. Special GRAVES' TOOTH POWDER. This Week 2c. BARRINGTON PHARMACY.

E. F. WIGHMAN HORSE SHOEING GARRAGE PAINTING PLOW WORK Good and Rubber Tire Work GENERAL BLACKSMITHING ALL WORK PROMPTLY DONE. Mrs. L. S. Morton Barrington, Ill.

BARRINGTON NEWS. Illinois Fish Commission is Doing Effective Work in That. Headquarters for Meats, Vegetables, Fruits. RE-STOCKING RIVERS. The widest sense should be well represented, and so locally in an especially adapted form for the appropriate fulfillment of this mission than Spring field, the capital city.



WITH THE DEMOCRACY AT DENVER CONVENTION

Enthusiastic Scenes Mark the Sessions of the Gathering. A Hilarious, Howling Mob of Delegates and Visitors from Week End to Week End—The Interesting Incidents and Sidelights That Were Gathered During the Big Meeting.

Denver—The Democratic convention at this place will go down in history as one of the most widely exciting political gatherings held for practically half a century. From the time the first delegates began arriving in the city to the time when Chairman Clayton gavel rapped out the also die adjournment, and even throughout all of Friday night and Friday morning while every train leaving the city was being jammed with the convention crowds homeward bound, there was one continuous round of action and enthusiasm.



When Johnson Was Named Minnesota Went Wild.

great was the cheering. The same was true when Judge Gray's name was placed before the convention, but both of these demonstrations paled beside the one big show when Attorney Duna named the man from Lincoln. Old stagers at the political game told me they had turned back the pages of memory for many a year and could discover nothing that equaled the scene then enacted.

Enthusiasm marked the naming of Kern as the running mate, wild, hilarious enthusiasm. Up to that last session of the convention the vice-presidential nomination was all a matter of pure guesswork. When at one o'clock on Friday, Chairman Clayton called the gathering to order no one could safely prophesy who would be named for second place. But it took only the first mention of the name of

around loose up there," said Congressman Sulzer, "I might have made myself fabulously wealthy, in after years some of the richest placer gold deposits in the world were found within a stone's throw of the place where we camped. Yes, and he says it is all his playing golf with John D. Rockefeller!"

How Campau Rested His Legs. Denver's altitude and likewise its attitude, were hard on the delegate's legs. Seats in the hotel lobbies were a premium, and there were usually long waiting lists on every seat, each prospective occupant keeping an eagle eye on the corners with a view to inserting his legs into them as soon as the occupant moved an inch. D. J. Campau of Michigan bit upon a scheme that brought him a seat every time he tried it. He would walk up to an onlooker, who would be flattered by the attention, and inquire: "Will it be up there in the balcony?" The party addressed generally jumped to his feet, stepped out a yard or so, and squared off for a look when Campau would compassly drop into the chair, having lost all interest in his inquiry. The bystanders laughed so loudly at the trick that the loser had to give up gracefully.

Col. J. Ham, Dodged Speech Calls. Col. James Ham of Albany of Chicago is a wise colonel. The convention had a habit, during moments when there was nothing to do, of calling upon different notables to speak. That honor was accorded Lewis during the wait for the platform committee's report. At the same time there were cries for other men to speak. That was the colonel's tip. He didn't want to go on the platform to speak and get Hobsonized—not kissed by the ladies far be it from this—but Hobsonized in a different way—the way the crowd handsomely rewarded Pearson Hobson of Merrimack fame and the much-lauded seaman when he tried to tell them of the war with Japan. They booed and hissed, but Hobson displayed a sample of that same nerve that served him at Santiago and finished his speech. Nothing like that for J. Ham.

Didn't Want to See Auditorium. On the day before the convention opened, in the lobby of the Albany hotel was a girl behind a counter selling tickets to the concert with which the auditorium, where the convention was held, was formally opened. She stepped in front of the counter to wait for a friend who was downstairs getting a shirt.

"This ticket to the opening of the auditorium," asked the girl. "Guess not," replied the man. "But you want to see the interior of Denver's fine new, big building?" "No." "Do you live in Denver?" "Yes." "Well," said the girl, sternly, "you don't seem to show much interest in the town. Aren't you feeling? Don't you really want to see the inside of the auditorium?" "No, I don't," said the man. "I've been working in that building for the past six months. I know almost every brick in it."

Bell and His Winery. Congressman Theodore Bell of California was the early bird booked for temporary chairman of the convention. He called in from Lincoln on a handkerchief and the evening wings of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and brought several cases of the unforgotten grape juice of the California



Eagle Bell Brought His Drinks with Him.

grape with him. He said he had heard this altitude is so high that the foam would rise on beer and he didn't want any of his friends to suffer. "And besides," said Bell, "this is the juice that invigorates, stimulates and percolates but never inebriates—have another."

Indian Chief Attends Convention. Moty Tiger, a full blood Indian from Oklahoma, chief of the Creek nation, which has 17,000 people, was one of the delegates to the convention. He is 65 years old, worth \$100,000, and this was the first time the delegates from his race that he was a Democrat. "Rate" Brady of Tulsa, one of the political lights of Oklahoma, took him to the auditorium in a motor car. This was the first time the chief ever had attended a convention and he was viewed with considerable interest. He didn't make many comments at the convention. "Tab, heap talk. Much noise" was about all he'd say in Eng-

lish. He talked through an interpreter almost altogether. "The chief says he's impressed and that it looks as though Bryan would be elected," said the interpreter. "He doesn't understand what the platform is for and I can't talk him. He says it is all his foolish and wants to know how Bryan feels about the Indian question."

Getting Money From Home. There were loud cheers when Martin W. Littleton, in his brief speech before the convention, referred to the thrift and enterprise of Denver in its treatment of delegates. Denverites cheered the utterance as a compliment, but others cheered it as a melancholy tribute to the emptiness of their pocketbooks.

Denver said \$100,000 to get the convention, and while the municipality of Denver was generous to the point of prodigality, the subscribers to the \$100,000 did not lose sight of the fact that they were entitled to a rich return on the investment, and they got it.

Some of the prices would strain the financial backbone of a Pittsburgh millionaire. A man with a good healthy appetite found that every day there a big hole in his bank roll. The waiters of the hotels and large restaurants entered the get-rich-quick conspiracy. They managed to arrange it every time so that a quarter was the smallest coin in the change, and it naturally went as a tip.

Denver had a special committee to

in the convention were pulled off by the "kangaroo court." If the subject under consideration finally gave in he was at once promoted to a seat on the bench and permitted to cross-examine other realists. On the other hand, if he downed the court in the arguments the jury, which usually consisted of 200 or more struggling delegates, would rend the air with loud shouts for Bryan, Johnson or some other wholly innocent party.

New York and Minnesota delegates were the special prey of the court, the sessions of which ran as long as two hours at a time.

Tom Taggart a Poet. No one would have suspected that Tom Taggart—big, open-faced, yet rosy-lipped Tom of Indiana—had a streak of sentiment in his makeup that would burst and bloom into a sunny sonnet, sweet, touching and rhythmical. But

Free Smoke Won by Trick. "Ain't it awful, awful, awful," sadly asked Harry E. Inley, commissioner of supplies of a group of politicians seated in the mayor's office before the convention met. "I am a ruined man," he continued, as he opened a little black pocketbook. "See this list of 500 lieutenants—good workers, too—and only 150 tickets to go around. I wish I were out in the woods somewhere."

Thirty-Six Feet of Boys. Former Gov. Francis and Augustus Thomas, the playwright, met in the Savoy hotel lobby, and addressed each other like two characters out of the comic supplement.

The "Kangaroo Court." The "kangaroo court" was one of the features of the convention. It is an organization established by "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma and held forth in the lobby of the Brown Palace hotel, with the backs of the seats on the benches of the court. The feet of the bench and were then interrogated by the court as to their fitness to be a delegate in the convention. "Lennie" Jones shouted at the prisoner at one and the same time. Some of the hottest arguments held



When Duna Named Bryan the Noise Was Too Big to Illustrate.

keep prices down and prevent exorbitant charges, but the dispensers of meals were evidently immune.

Taggart Coveted Pike's Peak. He has it—it is in him, and he can't help it. This is how I know: When the big chairman of the big convention stepped off the train, direct from Indiana, and his eyes caught a glimpse of the snow-capped mountain peak that Zebulon Pike brought here from the Louisiana French grant and planted near the great Manitou, he opened wide his mouth and spoke: "O mighty, towering mountain peak, with crest of snowy white, I would that I might win thy heart And take thee home to-night: Yes, to my Indiana home—Where sweet and dust and heat are rife, And does bite fit to kill. I think I'd like to plunge into Thy snowy crest and die In frigid raptures. 'Hill I heard: 'Come, Tom, it's time to die.' This 'frigid raptures' is a new one out west, but to those who had occasion to watch the chairman in his strenuous efforts to be everywhere and see everybody at the same and one time, better realize what a 'hot time' he had from the time of landing until the gavel dropped in convention hall.

Gray's Followers Were in Evidence. Not exist. The marching club was absent. By the time the old man had found a friend in the morning session had adjourned.

Nuggets. "Mix me up a little whisky, alibine and Worcestershire sauce," said the thirsty delegate to the bartender. "In ordinary times this would have caused a riot, but the gentlemanly bartender deems it unbecomingly to concoct one."

The delegate smacked his lips and walked out. "I wonder what that is good for," said the bartender.

stant glances with her husband. The moment he named "the peerless leader" she snatched her flag from her chair, leaped far over the box and quickly waved the banner, her face beaming with smiles and her eyes tearful from excitement.

Near by Ruth Bryan Leavitt, her eyes filled with tears of emotion, laid one hand in that of her brother, William Bryan, Jr., and with the other tried weakly to keep her small flag waving, while the guests in her box, drifting into the mob spirit, were carried away by its enthusiasm.

Across the aisle of the section that came to be known as the convention "holly of hollies," because of the social prominence and exclusiveness of its occupants, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, occupying the Roger Sullivan box, wearing a stunning dinner gown of white lace and some magnificent jewels, looked on rather disdainfully at what, according to her expression, must have been a "side-eyed" proceeding, and chatted amiably with her guests, including Mrs. Medill McCormick, Miss Corinne Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Letter.

Mrs. and Mrs. Longworth had as good a time as any Democrat at the convention. They attended the sessions and were deeply interested. All efforts to draw from either anything like a comparison between the Denver and Chicago convention was futile. They would not talk politics.

Couldn't Get In. One of the most picturesque figures of the convention couldn't get into convention hall at the Tuesday morning session.

They call him "Old Kaintuck" and he came to Denver with the St. Joseph, Mo., marching club. He walked 500 miles behind a wheelbarrow once on an election bet.

He's an old man, nearly 80, with a gray beard reaching half way down to his waist, wears a battered silk hat, and had on his convention clothes made entirely of burlap cut after the fashion of the Uncle Sam caricatures.

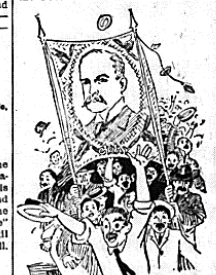
Some wag had written upon a card the directions to an entrance that did not exist. The marching club was absent. By the time the old man had found a friend in the morning session had adjourned.

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