BARRINGTON REVIEW

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

M. T. Lamey, Editor and Publisher

Subscription price $1.50 per year in advance, advertising rates upon application.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1929

SAVED BY A YANKEE DOODLE

THE hurricane was over. The crew then commenced to bring order out of chaos, and the cook and his mate set about preparing our Fourth of July dinner, which is always a great occasion on board a ship. Little did anybody dream at that time of the circumstances under which that meal was to be eaten.

The little day in which we were riding at anchor was up to this time considered one of the most dangerous pirate grounds in the Malay Islands.

Shortly after noon the second mate, who was looking through the glass noticed hundreds of the swarthy sailives congregated together and gesturing toward the ship. He immediately informed the captain, who, seeing it would be folly to keep his fears a secret any longer, mustered the crew aft.

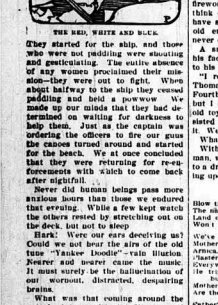
"After the experiences of the last twenty-four hours," said the captain, "I feel that I have a crew on whom I can rely."

"Aye, aye, sir!" the sailors shouted.

"Well, boys," he continued "here we are unable without making repairs to go any further. These outbreaks on the beach know this, too, and it looks as though they wanted to have a warm time at our expense. I don't intend to give them any encouragement. We will make the best showing we can with our guns and muskets, but I hope we shall not have to use them if we do"— And the captain merely waved his hand.

The three six pounders that we carried were placed on the poop deck with their muzzles projecting over the rail. The muskets and sabers were dealt out to the crew, the ammunition was distributed, and as that was the sum of our means of defense there was nothing to do but await developments.

Late in the afternoon the natives left us no longer in doubt. Several hundred marched toward the canoes, chanting and yelling like a crowd of black demons. A few minutes later fifty canoes were launched and manned with the fierce looking crowd.



THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

They started for the ship, and those who were not paddling were shouting and gesticulating. The entire absence of any women proclaimed their mission—they were out to fight. When about halfway to the ship they ceased paddling and held a powwow. We made up our minds that they had determined on waiting for darkness to help them. Just as the captain was ordering the officers to fire our guns the canoes turned around and started for the beach. We at once concluded that they were returning for re-enforcements with which to come back after nightfall.

Never did human beings pass more anxious hours than those we endured that evening. While a few kept watch the others rested by stretching out on the deck, but not to sleep.

Hark! Were our ears deceiving us? Could we not hear the airs of the old tune "Yankee Doodle"—rain filtration. Nearer and nearer came the music. It must surely be the hallucination of our worried, distracted, despairing brains.

What was that coming around the point? A lowsprit! A hull! A mast! A full rigged ship comes into view!

Ah, ah! Surely a kind fate had driven us mad so that we should be insensible to our doom.

Illusion? No Mad? No.

Thank God! It was a man-of-war, and from her peak fluttering in the clear evening breeze were the red, white and blue of Old Glory.

We were safe. Owing to a depression in the bill at the back of the point the savages had seen the upper yards of the approaching ship, and it was that which decided them to return.

And what a jolly Fourth we did celebrate after all! How we did enjoy that dinner prepared by Uncle Sam's cook! How our flagged spirits were revived by that music, and with what security we went to

The Spreader of Joy.

A chirping woman in the house may be told that silence is golden now and then, but in the long run her music will be looked upon as an angelic accompaniment to the day's work.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Dock Street near South Hawley Street.

Sunday Services.

10:30 a. m. Preaching
11:45 Sunday School
7:00 p. m. Junior League
6:45 Epworth League
7:30 Preaching

Wednesday Mid-Week Praise and Prayer service 7:30 p. m.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society meets the first Tuesday evening of each month.

The Epworth League business literary and social meeting, the last Tuesday evening of each month.

Parsonage corner Cook and S. Hawley Sts. Telephone No. 363. A cordial welcome is extended to all services.

O. F. MATTHES, Pastor.

ALL ES UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday Services:

Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching services (German) 10:30
Junior League, 7 p. m.
Keystone League, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching service, 7:30

Week Night Services:

Tuesday—English Prayermeeting, 7:45
Wednesday—German " 7:30
Friday—Choir meeting 8:00

Monthly meetings:

Mission Band 1st Sunday 1:30 p. m.
Y. P. L. S.—1st Tuesday, 7:45 p. m.
Church Missionary Meeting—1st Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
W. M. S.—1st Thursday, 1:30 p. m.

Strangers are cordially welcomed at all the services of the church.

Phone No. 50 REV. FRED F. PUE, SR., Pastor.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
Sunday morning service, 10:30
Phone 504 REV. G. H. SPANGER, PASTOR

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday Masses, 8 a. m.
Observation of Holy Days and Morning Mass, hour subject to change.
St. Ann's Sewing Circle, Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.
Phone 303 REV. FATHER M. A. DONNAY

BAPTIST CHURCH

Corner of Grove AVE. and South Hawley St.

Sunday Services

10:30 a. m. Preaching
11:30 a. m. Sunday school
6:45 p. m. B. Y. P. U. Prayer meeting
7:30 p. m. Preaching

Weekly Services

Saturdays, 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting
Tuesdays, 7:30 p. m. Bible Study

Monthly Services

Covenant meeting, 7:30 p. m. the last Saturday of each month.

Communion services 11:30 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Any un-churched are cordially welcome to worship with us. Strangers will be met by pastor and people.

E. G. LOCKHART, Minister

ZION CHURCH OF THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

Corner Hough and South Hawley Streets

Sunday Services

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.
Preaching Services (German) 10:30 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting, 6:45 p. m.
Preaching Services (English) 7:30 p. m.

Week Day Meetings

Prayer Service, Wednesday evenings, 7:30
Choir Practice, Friday evenings, 7:30

Monthly Meetings

Business Meeting of Y. P. A. first Tuesday each month, 7:30 p. m.
Woman's Missionary Meeting second Thursday each month 2:00 p. m.
Visitors and strangers always welcome.

J. HUENEKE, Pastor

An Object Lesson.

"People are careless," said the man with the big firecracker in his hand. "If they would exercise common sense we would hear less of accidents on the Fourth."

He touched the lighted end of his cigar to the fuse and resumed:

"There is no danger in the use of fireworks if those who handle them think of the risk they are running. I have shot off firecrackers since I was old enough to strike a match and never yet got a finger burned."

A smile of recollection came upon his face and he dropped his hand idly to his side while he said:

"I remember once when my Uncle Thomas came to our home on the Fourth. I was a small boy at the time, but I recall distinctly that we had an old toy cannon, and Uncle Thomas insisted upon telling us boys how to fire it. Well, sir, he"—

Whack! Bang! Wow!

Without apologizing for his haste the man, who had held the firecracker, ran to a drug store, leaving the fuse burning upon the necessity of being careful.

Ready For the Fourth.

Blow the fife and beat the drums!
The glorious anniversary comes,
Land of the brave, home of the free,
Won't we celebrate? Hurly gee!

We've been ready a week or more.
Mother's laid in a double store—
Arnica, bandages, oil and lotions,
Plaster and pills and soothing potions.
Every there that a fellow turns
He trips on something that's good for burns.

Mother says with pride that we
Are the neatest patients you could see.

Father's bought crutches and wooden legs.
Some of his children must lose their pegs.
But we are riffles, says dad, says he,
When not in the cause of liberty.
And so for a fourth we can ear e'er
They're nothing at all on the Fourth of July.

Grandad is ready, too, you bet,
He's everything that he's wise to get—
Double insurance—our house is wood—
A little little mortgage, all to the good.
To place o'er The one whose happy lot
He's lead to run to the cellar's spot
He's old, is grandad, but never says die.
Excuse, of course, on the Fourth of July.

Blow the fife and bang the drum,
Light the fuse and let 'er come!

—New York American.

Pig Errantry.

The report of the cattle market committee presented at Colchester town council the other day contained an item as to a pig starving, followed by "Resolved, That the town clerk communicate with the offender, warning him against committing any offense in future." It was touching to hear that pentlent animal giving its word of honor that nothing of the sort should occur again.—London Globe.

THE ALL SILENT FOURTH OF JULY

DID ever you hear
of Miss Polly
Shannon,
Who nearly goes
mad at the sight
of a cannon?
Just outside of Bristol she lives all
alone
And hasn't so much
as a cat or her
own.
While dreading the
Thought of the
Fourth of July
She has to herself,
"I shall certainly
fly!"

Then suddenly there popped in her head
the way
Most serenely to spend our national day.

At evening she plugged all the keyholes
with wax
And over each window hung heavy
brown sacks.
Then, filling her ears full of pink cotton
batting,
She tied on her nightcap, all ruffles and
tatting,
And said to herself, "Now, well am if
that cannon
At four in the morning will rouse Polly
Shannon."

The mayor of Bristol, however, has stick.
And even so low as to mind the clock's
tick,
And therefore the council made haste to
promulgate
By means of great posters, in letters of
flame

"BECAUSE OF HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR'S CONDITION,
Pronounced very critical by the physician,
Tomorrow no cracker, gun, cannon or
pistol
Shall even be shot off in the city of
Bristol
Police are instructed and will without
fail
Most promptly remand all offenders to
jail.

Just think of the grief of those poor Bristol boys
When reading this placard which seized their joys!
But Polly slept sweetly, for no thunderous roar
Of cannons terrific awoke her at four.
'Twas late when she rose, with supreme satisfaction,
Preparing herself for a day of inaction.
For her could she work—the house dark as a pocket
And mercury going way up like a rocket?
But when perspiration meant peace and protection,
She felt she could stand it with little objection.

So all day long in the darkness and heat
She sweltered and worried, while outside the sweet,
Ripe fragrance of summer prevaded the air
The birds gave their concerts, all nature was fair.
While never a gun, a torpedo nor pistol
The ghost of a sound woke in solemn old Bristol.

MAKING ROMAN CANDLES.

Indispensable Adjuncts to a Proper Fourth of July.

In America the manufacture of fireworks has become almost a fine art, and no doubt the youth of our country would find into sort of expression for their patriotic enthusiasm on the Fourth of July without drawing on the products of foreign ingenuity. A glance at the catalogue of any one of the twelve or fifteen large firms engaged in making fireworks in this country discloses almost endless lists of devices.

Every one knows what a Roman candle is, but few know how this indispensable adjunct of a Fourth of July celebration is made. First of all is the making comes the pasteboard cylinder, which is plugged up at one end with clay. After the clay comes a small charge of powder. Then a "star" is pushed down right on the powder, and charges of powder and stars alternate until the cylinder is filled. Then a fuse is attached which communicates with the powder nearest the "star" and