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SEEING WAR

A Man Encounters Enough of It Without Smelling Powder

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out I was twenty-five years of age and a globe trotter. Within me flamed up a desire to see war, actual war, men standing up to kill each other professionally—not that any one man had a grudge against any other one man in the enemy's ranks, but because he was a soldier, whose business it was to kill and be killed. As to the way in question, it was undertaken by a man who had usurped the government of the French people. They were preparing to get rid of him, and he proposed to direct their attention elsewhere on much the same principle that one would put an end to a family disagreement by setting fire to the house.

At that time, young as I was, I took so thought as to the cause of the war I was interested only in seeing the fight. I was in St. Petersburg at the time, and so eager was I that I took the train for Berlin in order not to lose any part of it. Fearing that if I asked permission to go to the front it would be denied me, I went without permission. All I had in the way of vouchers was my passport, certifying that I was an American citizen.

When I reached the border line between France and Germany the Prussians had advanced beyond it. I hurried on in their wake, fearing the war would be over before I could have an opportunity to see any of it. When I reached the columns I was passing I found that they had halted in their march and gone into camp. I was surprised to learn that they didn't know whether they were to remain there one hour or a century. On reaching their outposts I requested to be taken to their commanding officer, and they obliged me. I was conducted to the tent of Colonel Lauterjung, who looked at me very sternly.

I handed him my passport and told him in the German language, which I spoke indifferently, that I was an American citizen and had come to his camp in order to see the war. He glanced at the passport and asked me if I had received a permit from the war office at Berlin to come within his lines. When I admitted that I had not he turned to another standing near and ordered him to expel me from the lines in the direction from which I had come and see that I didn't get back again.

Seeing that protest would be useless, I followed the officer out of the tent, but we had not gone far before we were halted by the colonel's orderly and recalled. The colonel told me that he had reconsidered his action and had decided to send me to the headquarters of the corps d'armee, where I would have an opportunity to state my case.

The officer who conducted me on arrival at the general's tent sent in a communication from Colonel Lauterjung, and presently I was admitted to the tent. General Kritzmaner looked at me with more interest than I had reason to expect from him. He asked me a number of questions—where I had lately been, from what direction I had approached the army, my object in coming. I told him that I had come straight from St. Petersburg through Berlin and desired to see the war, especially a battle. I asked him if he would move forward soon, for if not I thought I would go on, fearing the war would be over and I not having seen it. His brows contracted at this. Then he explained that even corps commanders did not ask such questions of the general in chief. He said also that he would be pleased to have me attach myself to his command, but it would be impossible for me to go from one part of the German army to another. He said this in so firm a tone that I saw at once that where I was I would remain till it suited his purpose to let me go elsewhere. He sent for one of his aids, Major Guenther, and told him in my presence to show me such attention as would be permitted by the rules of the service. Then he dismissed us both.

Major Guenther, I judged, was the member of the staff one of whose duties was to take care of persons not belonging to the military service with whom the army came in contact. He provided me with a tent and food, and I could see plainly that he was keeping an eye on me. The headquarters were surrounded with a guard of honor, and on attempting to pass beyond it I was stopped by a sentinel. I asked the major if he would pass me out so that I could visit the camps, and he said that citizens were not permitted to roam at large, but he would be happy to ride about with me himself and show me all there was to be seen.

After luncheon, which we took together, I was provided with a horse, and Major Guenther kept his promise. Indeed, there was no part of General Kritzmaner's army that I did not see, and my conductor afforded me every information as to the number of men it contained, the divisions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, the weight of

the field guns—in short, any and every thing that goes to make up a fighting force.

I took my dinner with Major Guenther and turned in early sleep my haste to see war had led me to travel day and night and I was very sleepy as soon as I lay down. Nevertheless I awakened in about an hour oppressed by a feeling of apprehension. It seemed to me that there must be some reason for my being treated with so much attention, and though I could not explain why I dreaded that it meant something malevolent.

While I was thinking about it I saw the tent flap shoved noisily aside and in the lighter aperture a crumpled figure. Being curious to know what would happen, I breathed like a sleeper. A hand was thrust into the tent, which grasped my clothing, including boots and hat, and took them away.

What did it mean? Something must be wrong. I had been watched. Now some one had removed my clothing, doubtless for a purpose. Why I could not divine. I lay perfectly still and presently saw the tent flap parted again and heard some one replace my belongings. I was curious to know if they showed any signs of what had been done with them, but thought it better to wait till morning. I did not care to have it appear that I was awake and cognizant of the incident.

When day came I looked through my clothes, but nothing was missing. Nothing had been added. They were just as when I had taken them off the night before. I was more puzzled than ever.

During this day I could not detect that I was watched as the day before. I was not treated with more cordiality, but more indifference. Either there was a change of feeling toward me or no time to attend to me but I had met with a surprise during the night, not to say a shock that I did not recover from. I passed the day in fear lest something should happen to me. I had come to see men in June such other and now dreaded lest they injure me. And the worst of it was that such injury was being wrought out in secret.

My fears were somewhat allayed during the day by the officer who was responsible for me giving me an invitation from his general to dine with him in the evening with a party of friends from Berlin. I replied that I had no evening dress with me, but was informed that under the circumstances this would be excusable. The dinner took place in the open air by the light of Chinese lanterns. The guests consisted of both men and women. I had drunk enough wine to make me feel comfortable and banish my fears when a lady sitting next to me, screened by the table, put a crumpled piece of paper in my hand. I dared not look at it, so I put it in my pocket till the dinner was ended. On parting with the other guests I did not bid them goodbye, for they were not to return to Berlin till the next afternoon. As soon as I was alone I examined the paper. It read:

We are both in danger, both being in the same service. I shall not be permitted to depart, and tomorrow the information of the German forces I give below will be found on me. I can destroy the papers, but prefer to turn them over to you, hoping that you may succeed in getting away with them or transferring them to another.

Here at last was an explanation of my singular treatment, an explanation that filled me with apprehension. And when I thought that I might be arrested with this paper on me I felt the narrow in my bones congeal. How should I get rid of it? If I tore it into bits and threw them away they might be collected and put together. The only safe way was to burn them—that is, if I could do so without being seen. I finally hit on an expedient. I had a pipe with me and while putting tobacco in it for a smoke contrived to put the paper in also. Then, lighting the contents, I smoked vigorously. The paper stopped the draft, and I was obliged to relight several times. Finally there was nothing left of the paper but ashes.

After the departure of the guests from Berlin the general sent for me and received me with a manner entirely changed.

"I have to offer you an apology," he said, "for a suspicion that has attached to you since you came into our camp. We had information that a spy answering your description was seeking admission to our camps. That is the reason you were sent to me instead of being expelled from our lines. We have been watching you while giving you every facility to gather information which we did not intend you should take away. The lady who gave you a slip of paper last evening did so at my request since we desired evidence against you."

"However, the traps we have laid for you came to a halt this morning by the arrest of the spy we were after. He might have been your twin brother, he is so like you. Permit me to congratulate you on a very narrow escape."

"Thank you." "He is to be shot this afternoon. Would you like to see the execution?" I declined the honor and asked the general's permission to depart at once. On getting out of the German lines I made a bee line for home. I had seen very little of war, and what I had seen concerned myself and not others. It is a far different matter seeing others killed from being killed oneself. When I reached home I was asked repeatedly:

"How does it seem to see a man killed?" "I don't know," I replied, "and I don't wish to know. I narrowly escaped death, and that not in the excitement of battle, but standing before a file of fifteen or by a rope."

ACTION DEMANDED

State Department Makes Vigorous Representations.

MEXICO'S ACT CONTEMPTUOUS

Peremptory Demands Made to Military and Civil Authorities for Reparation and Redress—Removal of Dixon to El Paso Granted—Guilty Must Be Punished.

It another scrap of evidence were needed to demonstrate that the Mexican situation is sadly in need of a remedy the administration at Washington has it now in the shooting of Charles Dixon, United States immigration inspector by federal soldiers at Juarez. The Dixon shooting was made the occasion of the most vigorous representations yet ordered by the department of state. Aside from the gravity of the incident in itself, the wantonness and reckless defiance of the United States which inspired the occurrence has proved to Washington that the United States, its authority and its representatives are being regarded with contempt in Mexico.

Representations were made to the military authorities at Juarez, Mex., opposite El Paso, Tex., and to the responsible authorities of the Huerta government in Mexico City. Through consul Edwards at Juarez and Charge d'Affaires Nelson O'Shaughnessy, at the American embassy in Mexico City, peremptory demands were made for speedy reparation and redress for the offense.

Want Offenders Punished.

Charge d'Affaires O'Shaughnessy was instructed by Secretary Bryan to call at once on the minister of war in Mexico City and demand that all concerned in the shooting of Dixon be imprisoned at once. He was also directed to demand that the trial of the offenders proceed forthwith. He informed the minister of war of what the American consul at Juarez was doing in the case and insisted that every facility be extended to him to expedite the apprehension and proper punishment of all concerned.

Secretary Bryan has not received any reply from the embassy in Mexico City as to the response made to his representations. It is confidently expected, however, that the Huerta government will not be slow to express its extreme regret at the occurrence and to expedite the punishment of the guilty parties.

Out of the tension of the last few days has come unanimity in regard to at least one fact in the Mexican trouble and that is that something must be done and done at once. Even Secretary of State Bryan who has been reluctant to admit the gravity of the Mexican situation now holds this view.

Mexicans Give Up Dixon.

El Paso, Tex., July 28.—United States Consul T. D. Edwards informed the authorities in Juarez that they must arrest the men who caused the shooting of immigration inspector Charles B. Dixon. A strong demand was also made upon the Juarez authorities for the release of Dixon so that he might be brought to El Paso for medical treatment. He was released at once and brought to El Paso by his associates. The release was without bond.

Arthur Walker, a negro, was at the bottom of the arrests. He was being investigated by United States immigration men and when he saw Dixon in Juarez he told a number of Mexican soldiers that Dixon was there with a bottle of chloroform to chloroform him and forcibly take him to El Paso. He is said to have bought drinks for the soldiers and then he made a criminal complaint with the Juarez authorities against Dixon. The arrest of the immigration man by the Mexican troops followed.

NEW YORK HAS BIG STORM

Floods and Lightning Making the Ducking Bad.

New York City was visited by a violent and destructive electrical storm accompanied by a torrential rain. All over Manhattan sewers were unable to carry off the great volume of surface water which straightway sought its level in cellars. More than one sewer burst and shot sewerage matter back to the surface.

Lightning hit in many spots, shattering flagpoles and gouging chunks out of the cornices of buildings. Folks were shocked but nobody was killed. Many groups of persons who ran to cover in sheltered places were driven out by the floods that came in after them. Some had to be rescued from the quickly rising artificial lakes.

WILL MAKE ACTIVE CONTEST

Jasonville "Drys" Have Opened Their Determined Campaign.

Advocates of a "dry" Jasonville intend to make a vigorous campaign to win at the election called for Aug. 20 at Jasonville, Ind. Mayor Dempsey is their leader. The opening gun was fired at a mass meeting held Tuesday addressed by Senator Minton of Indianapolis. There are now twelve saloons in Jasonville.

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Publication Notice

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. In the County Court of LAKE COUNTY, Lake County, Illinois.

To the August Term, A. D. 1913. Edward M. Laing, Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Laing vs. Deceased Frank A. Laing George H. Laing John W. Laing

Affidavit of the non-residence of John W. Laing, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Lake County, notice is hereby given to the said John W. Laing that the said Plaintiff, Edward M. Laing, administrator of the Estate of Alexander Laing has filed his petition in the said County Court of Lake County, for an order to sell the premises belonging to the Estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said decedent, known and described as follows, to-wit:

The west three hundred and fourteen feet (W. 314 ft.) of the northerly six hundred and ninety three feet (N. 693 ft.) of the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section thirty two (Sec. 32) township forty three north (Twp. 43 N.) range twelve, East (R. 12 E.) of the third principal meridian. And that a summons has been issued out of said Court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1913, of said Court, to be holden on the fourth day of August A. D. 1913, at the Court House in Waukegan in Lake County, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said John W. Laing shall personally be and appear before said County Court of Lake County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Waukegan in said County, on the fourth day of August 1913, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said petition.

George E. Phillips, 3 State Bank Building, Highland Park, Complainant's Solicitor. Lewis A. Hendee, Clerk. CROPLEY G. PHILLIPS President WM. M. DOOLEY Cashier C. F. GRANT Ass't Cashier

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