

Come to Your Lake County Fair

Libertyville, Illinois

September 1, 2, 3 and 4 \$3,600 in Purses—\$6,000 in premiums

Speed Program—Half Mile Track

Wednesday, September 2nd			
2:27 Trot.....	\$400	2:24 Pace.....	\$400
1/2 Mile Running.....	100	1/2 Mile Running.....	100
Thursday, September 3rd			
2:12 Pace.....	\$400	2:14 Trot.....	\$400
2:19 Pace.....	400	One Mile Running.....	100
Friday, September 4th			
2:21 Trot.....	\$400	County Race, eligible to 2:24 class.....	\$400
2:21 Pace.....	400	1/2 Mile Running.....	100

Good Exhibit of Farm Machinery, Stock and Poultry

Dining Room and Lunch Service by different Churches making it possible for you to have the same food as served on your table at home

Wednesday, Children's Day

Thursday, North Shore Day and Milk Producers Day

Speakers will be furnished by the Milk Producers Association

Friday, Chicago and Politicians Day

Speakers: Hon. Lawrence Y. Sherman, Hon. William E. Mason, Hon. Roger Sullivan, Hon. L. B. Strong, also all senatorial and legislative candidates from this district

Good Contested Ball Games—Best Lake County Teams

Wednesday, 1 p. m. Thursday, 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Friday, 1 p. m.

Free Attractions

Band Concerts Balloon Ascensions with double parachute drop Wild West Show
 Colored Minstrel Show Moving Picture Show High Dive
 Gloomy Gus and Happy Hooligan Acrobats

Come and Bring the Whole Family for a Days Outing

DON'T FORGET the DATES

Lake Brownwood Inn and Cottages

Why not spend your vacation at this delightful resort? Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Tennis and DANCING.

Booklet on request

Marian H. Craig
City of Paw Paw Michigan



Henry B. Eger

Candidate for
State Representative

of the 8th Senatorial District
Subject to the Decision of the Republican
Primaries September 9th, 1914.

I am a candidate for Representative in the General Assembly from this District. I think I am qualified for the office. I have been in business in Libertyville for over twenty years, and my reputation for fair dealing and honesty is unquestioned where I am known.

I have been Mayor of Libertyville for four years, and my friends say that I made good. I run the affairs of the City the same as I run my own business, with the result that we made substantial improvements on a very low tax rate.

I have been Supervisor of Libertyville for nearly five years, and as a member of the County Board I have tried to get value received for money expended.

I am in favor of public improvements and especially good roads and will work to so amend the laws that the moneys expended would go into the improvements and not to a lot of high salaried officials.

Thanking you in advance for any favors that you may show me, I am
Very truly yours,
HENRY B. EGER.

AN UNLUCKY BRIG.

Once Abandoned, the Marie Celeste Came to a Bad End.

There are few people who have not heard of the case of the American brig Marie Celeste, which in 1872 was inexplicably abandoned in calm weather off the Azores by a crew never after heard from. Few, however, know that it ended its career many years later at the hands of the barrator.

On its last voyage it cleared from Boston for Port au Prince, Haiti, ostensibly with a cargo of valuable general merchandise, insured for \$30,000. When within a few miles of its destination it went ashore near Miragoane and became a total wreck. The captain, Parker, promptly sold the cargo, sight unseen, to American Consul Mitchell for \$500. Mitchell saved it at some trouble, but lived to wish he hadn't.

When the underwriters' agent arrived on the scene to investigate, he found several funny things about the cargo. One case shipped as cutlery and insured for \$1,000 contained dog collars worth \$50. Barrels supposed to contain expensive liquors were full of worthless dregs, a consignment of salt fish insured for \$5,000 was rotten, and other articles mentioned in the bill of lading proved to be in keeping.

Consul Mitchell, not only duped, but outlawed, stood not on the order of his going, but cleared out for tall timber. The captain of the brig was tried in the United States district court in Boston, convicted and sentenced to a long term in prison, where he died three months later.—David A. Wasson in Outing Magazine.

PRIDE OF THE UGLY CLUB.

He Was the Prize Member of an Old New York Organization.

In the New York Evening Post of May 11, 1814, appeared the following notice:

UGLY CLUB.
Ugly brothers, hither fly.
With you bring the varying eye—
Bring here cock eyes and eyes askance
That cannot pass one tender glance.
Bring goggle eyes and pincers, too;
Eyes green, white, red, black and blue.
Bring with you the eagle's sight.
To see your heart and keep it right.
But bring short-sighted eyes to spy
The mote that's in your brother's eye.
The members of the Ugly club are directed to attend a special meeting at Ugly hall, 4 Wall street, on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., at 7 o'clock, to take into consideration the propriety of bestowing some suitable mark of distinction on a member who lately while viewing himself in the secretary's ugly mirror was so much pleased with his own ugly phiz that he involuntarily let fall the glass, which was dashed to pieces, and exclaimed, "I shall yet be president of the club!" The astonishing fortitude of this ugly member, in the frequent and public acknowledg-

ment of his natural deformities, deserves the highest commendation.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, as the new members elected at the last meeting and six of the ugly beauties are expected to appear.

The propriety of admitting ladies into the club will be discussed.

By order of His Ugliness.

A Round Trip.

The attorney for a street railroad company in a Kentucky town was examining a skinny sixteen-year-old negro boy who had sued for injuries ostensibly incurred in a collision on the highway.

"You say," he asked, "that when this street car hit that wagon you were riding on the front seat of the wagon?"

"Dat's whut I said," answered the little darky.

"And you say the force of the blow knocked you up in the air?"

"Yas, sub—way up in de air."

"Well, how long did you stay up there?" demanded the attorney.

"Not no longer dan it tuck me to git down!" answered the truthful complainant promptly.—Saturday Evening Post.

Rays From a Searchlight.

The paths traversed by rays from a searchlight depend on the form of curvature of the mirror. If flat, the paths of reflected rays would be the same as those of the rays received; if the arc of a circle, the rays will be reflected to one bright focus. To have a band of parallel rays leave the mirror it must be the arc of a parabola. Then straight rays will be reflected all parallel to each other. In air, the intensity of this beam of light would diminish, but in absolute vacuum would be as intense at any distance.—New York American.

The Right Word.

"Why do you speak of him as a finished artist?"

"Because he told me he was utterly discouraged and was going to quit the profession. If that doesn't show that he's finished I don't know what does."—Chicago Post.

A Hint to the Least of Us.

The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fiber. Every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.—Lew Wallace.

The Retort Unkind.

Gerald—A gentleman is defined as one who never gives pain. Geraldine—Then you're no gentleman; you give me a pain every time you call.—New York Press.

Prosperity doth best discover vice,

but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

When Death Was Sweet

Her Dream Became a Reality

By ETHEL JAMES COANN

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One morning in June Dr. Severn was walking down the steps of the City hospital in Hanover. As he was about to get into his phaeton one of the internes rushed out and said, "Dr. Arnold wants you to do the operation he has on for 10 o'clock."

The surgeon removed his foot from the carriage step and turned around. "I don't know anything about the case. Where is Arnold?"

"He's had an accident and can't come."

The doctor meditated a minute or two, then went back up the hospital steps.

A few minutes later the surgeon, in clinic uniform, entered the operating room.

A door swung open, there was a strong odor of ether, and two orderlies carried in a woman on a stretcher. The anesthetist kept the cap over her face as they lifted her to the table.

As Severn began to operate he laid his fingers for an instant on her wrist, then made the incision for straight laparotomy. In his movements there was no haste.

"I have my doubts about this case," he said coolly as the flesh parted under his steady blade.

The assistant noticed a puzzled look on the surgeon's face as he hesitated in selecting an instrument. A hush fell, for he was feeling his way cautiously.

The patient's breathing was slow and labored, and the sides of her emaciated body quivered with each respiration.

"Let up on the ether," Dr. Severn commanded.

Silently he picked instrument after instrument from the tray offered him.

The work began in earnest—slow, cautious work—till the perspiration stood in great drops on the surgeon's forehead, and the clinic nurse had a white line around her mouth.

Then suddenly, as if the silence were a loud report, they perceived that the patient had ceased breathing. The surgeon spoke one word:

"Air!"

A nurse opened the window, the anesthetist laid aside the cap, and without letting go the ligament he was tying, the surgeon rested his eyes upon the still face.

Slowly the patient inhaled the fresh air, and then, by some freak for which there is no accounting, she opened her eyes, looking full at the surgeon, who, with a look of horror that turned his face ashen and drew dark circles under his eyes, looked at her.

In a flash the anesthetist put the cap back and sprinkled ether, but the surgeon stood as if frozen.

A dark eyed nurse who had been standing apart with bandages stepped softly to Dr. Severn's side and, holding a glass to his lips, said:

"Drink!"

When the operation was finished and the orderlies came to carry the patient back to her room the surgeon brushed them aside and lifted her on to the stretcher. As he stood after they had gone his assistant said:

"I thought you were going to faint. Did you fumble that artery badly?"

"What artery?"

He hastily removed his linen coat and left the room.

Along the corridor of private rooms he met Miss Ashton, the head nurse.

"How is No. 20?" he asked.

"Coming out all right, doctor."

"Is any one watching her?"

"I have just come from there. She is quiet."

"I want to watch. It is a critical case," he said as he entered room No. 20.

Just merging into pink, and the wind from the lake blew in at the open window.

As he took the chair beside her bed he saw her hand flutter on the counterpane, and, bending over, just as the light touched her, he saw that her eyes were open and on her poor face a look of ineffable content rested.

He took the fluttering fingers in his hand and said, "Nell."

They she fell asleep. The pink dawn yielded to yellow sunlight, and still she slept. The surgeon went down to breakfast, and when he returned she had not awakened.

At 10 o'clock the office boy went to the head nurse's desk and asked:

"Where's the main guy?"

"Do you mean Dr. Severn?"

"Yes."

"What do you want him for?"

"His wife wants him."

Miss Ashton called him, and he went out to where Mrs. Severn sat in her automobile.

"Don't you know," she snapped, "that I had to go to the Hunters' dinner party alone last night?"

He brushed his hand wearily across his forehead, and something in his look irritated her.

"I cannot leave here yet," he said. He watched the chauffeur turn the car around in the narrow street; then he went slowly back.

He made his usual round, stopping to chat with some of his patients.

The next morning at dawn the woman in No. 20 roused again, and the surgeon sat beside her.

This time she could lift her hand, and she extended it toward him.

"Have I been hurt, Jack?" she asked.

"Yes, Nell," he answered.

"Did the horse throw me?"

In a flash the man understood that she had recognized without remembering and that in her mind she was back on the ranch where he had first met her.

"Am I badly hurt?" she continued.

"You are just shaken up."

"I'm tired," she said and slept with her face toward the light.

The fourth morning he sat in his old place beside her, and she asked:

"Where did you get my nurse?"

"I sent for her."

"She is so good to me in the night, when I have horrible dreams and think that I have lived years and years without you, Jack. Then I call her, and she comforts me."

"Do you dream that, Nell?"

"Yes. But it cannot ever be, dear. Don't you remember what I told you the night we became engaged?"

When he spoke his voice was full of suppressed pain.

"You told me, dear, that you loved me so that if we ever drifted apart—the words had long pauses between them—you would drift back to me—to die."

"Yes," she said and slept.

The surgeon had performed three operations at the hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, and it was 8 in the evening before he got back to the patient in No. 20.

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