

You are Cordially Invited to make use of the privileges of the

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM**

119 East Central Avenue  
Hours 9 a. m., to 6 p. m.  
Every Day except Sunday

Maintained by First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Highland Park

**Get Your White Crusher**

for  
**Highland Park Day Here**

**50 cents each**

**R. W. SCHNEIDER**  
Men's Furnisher  
13 S. St. Johns Ave. Tel. 331

**Garden Settings**

**Ornamental Radiator Enclosures**

**Antiques Restored**

**General Cabinet Work**

**Marco Ugolini**  
9 N. Second St. Telephone 407

**Central Petroleum Co's**

Strictly High Grade Bone Filtered Lubricating Auto Oils and Greases.

**Red Cross Disinfectant**  
A. B. HILL, Manager and Salesman  
Tel. 751-R Highland Park, Illinois

**Guaranteed Tire Vulcanizing** WILL IT PAY?

**It Pays, Mr. Owner**  
Reasonable attention to your tires will often double the mileage ordinarily received. Cuts, blow-outs, fabric breaks, stone bruises, if not repaired promptly, gradually get more serious and have but one ultimate result—costing more to fix and requiring the inner tube to be repaired as well. One day of prompt attention will eliminate weeks of expense and trouble.

Satisfaction or your money back.

**CARL ARNSWALD**  
283 W. Central Ave., HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

**WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE**

Licensed Employment Agency  
Wanted—All kinds of female help; American and foreign. Wages \$7 to \$10 a week. Also first class help furnished on short notice. Apply Room 1, State Bank Bldg., Mrs. J. M. Donsing, telephone 263. tf

**FOR RENT**  
For Rent—From Oct. 1 to April 1, new attractively furnished 5 room home, large sleeping porch, modern conveniences, hot water heat, 1 acre land near lake, 4 blocks from station. Ravinia. Address K. L. H. Ravinia, Ill. tf

For Rent—3 unfurnished rooms in Ravinia. Will furnish for light house-keeping rooms. Apply "Z," Press Office. 23-24

For Rent—12 room house near lake, large lot and garage. Phone 156. tf

For Rent and For Sale—Houses in Highland Park and Highwood. Inquire Louis N. Bertbe. Tel. H. P. 711-M. tf

For Rent—Safety deposit boxes and vault space for storage of trunks, etc., at the Erskine Bank. tf

For Rent—Flat, apply at 231 N. St. Johns Ave. Also furnished bachelor rooms. tf

For Rent—A well furnished room, all modern conveniences. Near Exmoor Club; breakfast if preferred. Tel. H. P. 155. tf-pd

For Rent—House on Oakwood Ave. All latest improvements. Inquire Mr. Lindblom or Tel. 725-R. tf

**FOR SALE**

For Sale—This modern 7-room house, with all conveniences. Located corner Green Bay Road and Skokie Ave. Will sell at a bargain. Arthur St. Peter. Phone 1153. 20

For Sale—Second hand "Reliable" gas stove. Cost \$35. Will sell for \$10. Tel. 743 or 704 W. 24

For Sale—Newly laid eggs, 30c. per dozen. Driving mare, harness and surry in good condition. Address T. Payton, manager White Lodge Farm, Deerfield Road. Phone Deerfield No. 3. tf

**HELP WANTED**

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Three in family. 226 Elm Place. Tel. 556.

Wanted—Capable girl for housework, three adults in family, no washing or ironing. \$8.00. Telephone H. P. 52L.

Wanted—refined nurse maid for several hours daily. References. Phone or call room 172 Moraine Hotel. 23

Wanted—Lady clothes ironers and girls for other departments. The Reliable Laundry. Tel. 178. tf

**FOUND**

**MISCELLANEOUS**

If the person who left small key and wrench on pin like ring at this office will call for it and pay for this ad he can have same. 24

Insure your property with W. E. Brand who represents first class companies that will pay when there is a loss. tf

Instruction—In mathematics, grade high school and college. Ten years' experience. Tel. H. P. 704-R or call at 228 E. Central Ave., Highland Park. tf

**LOST**

Lost—Elgin bracelet-watch on Osoli beach August 6. Finder return to the Press Office and receive reward. 24pd

Lost—Sunday in Highland Park handbag containing money, gold breast pin and diamond locket. Return to 256 E. Central Ave., and receive large reward. No questions asked. Tel. 704 W. 24.

Lost—Small half grown yellow cat on Sunday. Reward for return or information leading to return. Call Miss Mott 387. 24

**PREPAREDNESS CAMP AT LAKE GENEVA**

Mrs. Sewall Truax, the Misses Mary Pierce, Mary Sedgwick and Helen Bourneque to go

The National Service School Number 3 is to hold a session at Lake Geneva, Wis., from August fifteenth to September first at the Military and Naval Academy, formerly of this city. This session is popularly known as the Preparedness Camp, and is open to all women over eighteen years of age.

The following women from this city will go into camp on Monday: Miss Mary Sedgwick, Miss Mary Pierce, Miss Helen Bourneque and Mrs. Sewall Truax.

The women live in camps and their work is all scheduled from the time they get up in the morning until the day is over. They are instructed in the preparation of simple surgical dressings, in wireless telegraphy, ambulance driving, signalling with mirrors, and in fact any service in which men would otherwise aid.

There will be officers from the Naval Training Station for special instruction, and women from Washington, D. C., to demonstrate Red Cross work. The women will wear regulation khaki material made into blouses and skirts, with the service hat.

**Presbyterian Church Notes**

Rev. John Newton Freeman D. D., of Chicago will preach on Sunday at eleven a. m.

Mr. Freeman who has spoken before in this pulpit was born in India of missionary parents who were victims of the Sepoy Insurrection. He has held several large pastorates in different parts of the country.

He awakened in a world of sunshine and less pain. Save an occasional intermittent numbness and throbbing at the temples he was comfortable.

From the nurse who brought him breakfast he learned that it was almost midday.

"A young woman called to see you early this morning," the nurse told him as he handed her the tray.

"A young woman?" he asked.

The nurse nodded. "She said she'd be back."

Young woman? Harmon was plunged into perplexity by the incident and turned at once to the consideration of this new phase of his adventure.

Of the many young women of his acquaintance he could think of none who might call upon him in his present predicament. One would doubtless visit him upon hearing of his plight but she had left the city only the preceding afternoon to visit her people in Chicago.

Though he abandoned the enigma after fruitless musing it occurred to him several times as he lay gazing dimly over the morning newspapers.

**The Girl at Clancy's Ball**

She Had One Short Romance.

By CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAMS  
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

John Harmon of the Morning Bulletin puffed abstractedly upon his cigar and gazed around the tumultuous hall. It was the night of Boss Clancy's ball. The dancing floor was crowded with rotating men and women. Girls of the shop and factory swayed and gyrated in the clasp of men, coarse featured and unintelligent.

Harmon roused from his contemplation of the noisy scene and turned to his companion, Mowbray of the Recorder.

"If anything's going to break here tonight let it come soon," he remarked. Mowbray shrugged indifferently.

A young girl, her face flushed from the last dance, hurried toward the reporters' table. She was a frail little creature of twenty, blue eyed and blond. Frequently as she approached she looked back and flattered a frightened glance at a man following her.

"Excuse me," she said half breathlessly, halting before the newspaper men and addressing Harmon. "Help me out of this, please. This man has been annoying me—wants me to dance with him. I'm afraid of him."

"Sit down," Harmon said crisply. He faced her and affected a conversation.

The man came up presently and, pausing only to glare belligerently at Harmon, reached over and seized the girl's arm.

"Never mind your dandy dude friend," he blurted; "spiel this with me." The girl drew back and shook her head.

"Come on," the stranger insisted, retaining her arm.

The girl made a sudden, violent movement and wrenched herself from his grasp. He leaped forward to clutch her, but Harmon caught his hand.

"What's the use?" he remarked, laughing. "You can't make the girl dance. Don't insist. You'll cause a scene."

The stranger turned to Harmon, his mouth drawn into a menacing snarl.

"Don't mix in this unless—" He waved his hand threateningly. "Well, you don't want to be sorry, do you?" He became enraged at Harmon's cool glance.

"Who are you, anyway?" he bawled. "Know who I am? I'm one of Clancy's men."

Harmon smiled. "I'm not at all interested in your pedigree," he said. "It seems to me you might let her alone in spite of it."

A malignant light glowed in the stranger's eyes.

"Say," he said, "I do things my own way." His voice rose to a shout. "Ah! this is my gal, see?"

He placed his hands upon Harmon's shoulders. Before the reporter could rise from his chair he was hurled backward, but he caught the edge of the table and escaped a nasty fall.

With lips compressed in an effort to control an outburst, he scrambled to his feet and stood silent a moment considering what he might best do to avert the fellow's violence and yet assist the girl.

He opened his lips to speak, but was interrupted by the cry of "A fight!" which went up from a nearby table.

There was a scuffling of feet, and a group of eager eyed, expectant men and women gathered about them. Mowbray stepped between the two men.

"Steady, John," he said. "This sort of thing is hardly—"

Harmon felt a ringing blow upon his head, then suddenly he went blind and unconscious.

Later, in the hospital, he opened his eyes wide and staring. He stirred uneasily and rolled his pounding head upon the pillows.

Somewhat indistinctly he saw the many eyes and heard the heavy breathing of those about him. He was bewildered for a space, but sensations of dull, pulsating pain assured him he was back in a real world.

He wondered just what had occurred, but, contenting himself with the reflection that he would soon learn all from Mowbray, he fell asleep.

He awoke in a world of sunshine and less pain. Save an occasional intermittent numbness and throbbing at the temples he was comfortable.

From the nurse who brought him breakfast he learned that it was almost midday.

"A young woman called to see you early this morning," the nurse told him as he handed her the tray.

"A young woman?" he asked.

The nurse nodded. "She said she'd be back."

Young woman? Harmon was plunged into perplexity by the incident and turned at once to the consideration of this new phase of his adventure.

Of the many young women of his acquaintance he could think of none who might call upon him in his present predicament. One would doubtless visit him upon hearing of his plight but she had left the city only the preceding afternoon to visit her people in Chicago.

Though he abandoned the enigma after fruitless musing it occurred to him several times as he lay gazing dimly over the morning newspapers.

He was pleased to see that they had omitted any reference to the incident at the ball. For this he mutely thanked Mowbray.

In the evening as the lights were being switched on the nurse announced the return of his visitor.

A few moments afterward she appeared in the doorway. Harmon recognized her in one sweeping glance as she approached his cot—the girl at the ball.

"Well!" he said, repressing his astonishment. She looked timidly down at him.

"You know me?" she asked in a frightened tone. He nodded and smiled to put her at her ease. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I felt I ought to come and thank you," she broke in. He made a careless gesture.

"Quite unavoidable, Miss"—

"Hogers—Sadie Hogers," she prompted, a touch of color appearing in her thin, white cheeks.

Harmon lifted his head and bowed an awkward acknowledgment.

"What happened to me?" he asked.

"No one seemed to know anything about it," she explained, "except that you were hit with a bottle. They couldn't find out who did it. I'm glad, anyway, nobody was arrested. I'd have gone, too, I suppose."

Harmon nodded comprehension.

"How did you find me?" he went on.

"Your friend told me who you were and where they had taken you," she replied, smiling.

She had been standing with her hands behind her, as they chatted. Suddenly she made an impulsive little movement and thrust forth a small cluster of roses.

"Will you take these? They help me say 'thanks,'" she said.

Harmon looked at her in surprise and for the first time observed closely her appearance. There was no health in her cheeks, and she looked worn and weary.

The cheap finery of the previous evening had vanished, and in its place had come a coarse black skirt, an ill fitting blue jacket and a broad, flat hat that seemed to accentuate her pale, blue eyed wistfulness.

"It's nice of you," he said at length.

A queer little smile flashed across her face, and she placed the flowers in his hand.

Sadie, faint voiced and diffident, called at the hospital each day thereafter. Her visits were brief and uneventful. She remained for a few moments to exchange the usual commonplace with Harmon. Always, despite his protests, she brought a cluster of fresh roses.

In the beginning Harmon had decided not to permit her to continue to see him, but she sounded a sympathetic note in his nature, and he found himself unable to send her away.

Though she seemed a poor, pitiable bit of drift, she revealed traces of an cultivated intelligence and refinement, and he became interested in her. In the end he resolved to learn more about her and, if possible, to help her.

"You are going home tomorrow?" she asked on the evening of the last day.

"Not really home," he replied, laughing. "I hail from the country." Her tired face brightened.

"Indeed! I'm from up state myself."

"You're all alone here?" he inquired.

She nodded slowly.

"Tell me about coming here—everything," he invited.

She plucked at a jacket button and seemed reluctant to answer, but after a moment said: "Well, father wasn't a much account man, so when mother died I hired out. We had folks up from New York, and I heard so much about the city I thought it was a great place. So I came.

"I'm not a fool," she continued, with a dispirited smile. "Up in the country I went to school as long as I could, but when I got down here it didn't help me any."

"What could I do? I didn't know anything about offices, I wasn't a typewriter, and there wasn't much time to decide, so I went into one of the big stores."

"What I make just about goes round for room and meals and something to wear. Once in awhile there's a moving picture show."

"Clancy's ball was free, so me and a couple of girls went there. But I'll know better next time."

"You know, I'd like to do better, so learn something that'd help me. I tried night school, but I couldn't stand it after working all day. And I can't learn from library books," she concluded, sighing.

Harmon was intent upon every expression of her face.

"Wouldn't it be better if you married soon?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders wearily.

"I've thought a lot about that," she said slowly, "and I don't think I can marry the kind o' men I meet."

Harmon looked at her in thoughtful silence.

"Suppose I could help you in a way," he said directly, "would you let me?"

"How?" Her glance was quizzical.

"A young woman at one of the settlements—she's money and could help you that way. She'd fix it so you'd have time to study. Later on you could get a place in an office, and that's better things would be possible."

Sadie's wistful blue eyes shone with sudden interest; then she frowned her doubt.

"You're sure she could do it?"

He nodded. "Yes, she's soon to be married and give up her work. She'd be delighted."

"She's going to marry you, maybe?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

"Yes," he answered.

Her voice fell to a whisper. "Oh, see," she said. She bowed her head and stared at the floor. Then she raised her face and, smiling, extended her hand. "Goodby," she said.

**HIGHLAND PARK RIFLE CLUB ACTIVE**

To Meet Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings. Expect to Have Army Rifles Soon

The Highland Park Rifle Club has designated Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights as practice nights at the Army on Linden and Ravinia Avenues. The members are being divided into squads and will be assigned for regular practice to one of the three nights. If a member wishes to shoot any other than his regular assigned night, there is no objection to his doing so. They expect to have the army rifles and ammunition very soon and when they arrive they will arrange for instruction by some army officer. After the members have had a certain amount of practice the club will arrange to have those who wish to qualify as marksmen, sharpshooters or expert, shoot at a string of targets under the National Rifle Association rules. Those who qualify are entitled to government badges giving their qualifications and those who qualify as sharpshooter or expert are entitled to a government rifle for their own personal use. 22 caliber guns in use now.

**MOVIE BILL FOR NEXT WEEK**

See "Casey at the Bat" on Wednesday Evening, De Wolf Hopper, Playing

Next week the moving picture attractions will be: Sunday, "The Phantom"; Monday, the last episode of "The Mysteries of Myra"; Tuesday, "The Man from No Where" and a comedy. Wednesday, De Wolfe Hopper in "Casey at the Bat"; Thursday, "What Happened at 22"; a World production and Weekly News; Friday, "A Gutter Magdalen"; Billie Burke in Gloria's Romance; Saturday Mary Pickford as Cinderella; Burton Holmes pictures and a cartoon comedy.

**WHAT ARDEN SHORE IS DOING**

(Continued from page 1)

achieving results that bring the greatest satisfaction to us all.

"To my mind, one of the happiest spectacles to be found anywhere is that of the children at play. Their enjoyment of the woods—regular country woods as some of them express it—and of the beach and the swimming and paddling in the lake are satisfaction and compensation enough for any of those who have given their money, their strength and their time to this work."

The Association is especially indebted to the Northwestern Railroad and to the Milwaukee Electric for free transportation to and fro of the camp's guests. This service constitutes a very important contribution to the camp's existence, enabling the Association to spend in equipment and maintenance the considerable sum transportation would otherwise cost.

The following is a list of the town chairmen, and the towns in which they represent Arden Shore:

Evanston, Mrs. O. B. Tennis; Glenview, Mrs. Henry P. Pope; Highland Park, Mrs. J. McGregor Adams; Hubbard Woods and Winnetka, Mrs. T. H. McInerney; Kenilworth, Mrs. Ralph S. Farwell; Lake Forest, Mrs. Edward L. Hasler; Ravinia, Mrs. W. McNeil; Wilmette, Mrs. Frank J. Baker.

Communicate with your Arden Shore representative if you wish to donate to this cause.

**MATCHLESS LAMPS**

With Electric service it is possible to do away with lamps which must be lighted with matches.

When your house is wired a switch may be placed in the lower hall that will also turn on the light upstairs. A similar switch may be located in the upper hall, also a switch at the entrance of each room, thereby enabling you to flood a room with light before entering it.

A master switch located within your reach while lying in bed, will permit you to flood the house with brilliant light from cellar to attic, the best burglar protection in the world.

**Public Service Co.**  
of Northern Illinois

**Capasized Fishing Causes Death of**

Carl Selitz of half mile off Ravinia night when a fish in the heavy suit. His companion, neglected with the stitute, swam after vainly a Selitz.

Selitz could smaller buffeted minutes with his realizing that his ing, had to let

After a short Smaller dashed lake in an effort panion, but was on shore to turn

The body was morning at eleven fishing on a pier Charles Rafferty went to the resorted to Chicago the father who

The Young Mer crew spent Saturday of the body and from Monday noon same night. The tender any ser trouble and stay calls for help turn

**LOCAL TRAVEL**

Saturday Evening, August 15, 1914

Travel

The local travel week the following day, "The Deserting a feature on Tuesday, "The Comedy, Wednesday, "The Fate," with D. Thursday, "The with Edna Flagg Friday, Edna Goring of Maddalena's dance. Saturday in "Silks and Sat Travel Pictures a

**Number 25**

**SIGNO**  
Now Staging

We son ford list reas

A native of Italy, Sig. Milla Italy's foremost sic, the Accadom Rome. His teacher man than the g his day, Cotogri.

Sig. Pico made Argentina Theatre in "Pagliacci," wh His rise to rapid. After sing he created a sen claimed an equal the idol of Italia

Seeking new Sig. Pico came where he became Boston Opera Company brilliant organiza

**RAVINIA BEACH S**

Capasized Fishing Causes Death of

Carl Selitz of half mile off Ravinia night when a fish in the heavy suit. His companion, neglected with the stitute, swam after vainly a Selitz.

Selitz could smaller buffeted minutes with his realizing that his ing, had to let

After a short Smaller dashed lake in an effort panion, but was on shore to turn

The body was morning at eleven fishing on a pier Charles Rafferty went to the resorted to Chicago the father who

The Young Mer crew spent Saturday of the body and from Monday noon same night. The tender any ser trouble and stay calls for help turn

**LOCAL TRAVEL**

Saturday Evening, August 15, 1914

Travel

The local travel week the following day, "The Deserting a feature on Tuesday, "The Comedy, Wednesday, "The Fate," with D. Thursday, "The with Edna Flagg Friday, Edna Goring of Maddalena's dance. Saturday in "Silks and Sat Travel Pictures a