



James G. Welch

Candidate for States Attorney
Subject to action of the Republican Primary, September 13th, 1916

An Open Letter

F. Scott McBride,
State Supt., Anti-Saloon League,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Sir:—

In a public letter of August 9th, 1916, you have endorsed Ralph J. Dady for State's Attorney of Lake County and indirectly attacked my candidacy.

In your letter you say, "The situation in your county seems to me to be critical." I agree with you, the situation in Lake County is critical. My candidacy puts the question squarely before the people as to whether they desire to perpetuate in power a man who stands for partiality and discrimination in the conduct of his office or for a man who stands for even-handed justice with no thought as to the political consequences of his policy.

You imply that if I am nominated and elected it will mean a wide-open Waukegan. If you mean by this that my office will be open to all classes of people whether they be rich or poor, prominent or obscure, you are exactly right. But if you mean, sir, that I shall directly or indirectly connive with any interests so that such interests may violate the law I say to you that if you were a citizen of Lake County and knew my record as an educator and lawyer you would know that my oath of office will be as sacred to me as it could be to Ralph J. Dady or any other man that is supporting him.

As the Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois you are attempting to dictate to the members of your organization in a matter which is none of your affair. The high type of men that belong to your organization vote intelligently and they need no non-resident of this county to advise them as to their duties in the choice of a State's Attorney.

You are attempting to re-open an issue which has been decided. The people of Waukegan Township have by a large majority voted the saloons out of Waukegan. That question is settled and all efforts to make it the issue in this campaign must end in dismal failure.

The reason of the widespread movement among the people of Lake County to oust Mr. Dady from the office which he has held for eight years is the real issue and the only issue of this campaign. It is not what Mr. Dady is but what Mr. Dady stands for that we condemn. Dadyism, not Dady, is the real issue. Dadyism stands for ring rule. Dadyism stands for a political machine. Dadyism means an organization of which Dady is the chief exponent, the avowed and open purpose of which is to perpetuate certain persons in power. Dadyism is a vicious circle in Lake County politics. Dadyism is a Lake County Tammany of which Dady is the chief Sachem. The people know this and neither you nor any other man in Chicago can shift from the real issue to a specious or a dead issue.

I hold no brief from Major A. V. Smith but I desire to say that your insinuation against my opponent, Major A. V. Smith, is a base and baseless calumny. Mr. Smith has entered this race inspired by the encouragement of substantial law-abiding elements in Lake County. Your suggestion that he has been tricked into becoming a candidate by the liquor traffic is as untrue as your entire letter is unjust.

In conclusion I defy you or any man to point to a single instance where I have been untrue to a client. Upon my election to office of State's Attorney of this county my client will be Lake County and I shall do my duty fearlessly, honestly and fairly, notwithstanding the cowardly attack which you have made upon me.

Very truly yours,
James G. Welch.

A Painted Eye

It Was Too Expressive For Its Natural Mate.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Far back in the days when the King of England claimed to be king of France, and when as a consequence the French and the English were at continual warfare, there lived on French soil in what is now the department of Mayenne a gentleman and his wife of the name of Castilleux. There was born to this couple a son who from his earliest infancy was a very beautiful child. Even when he was between one and two years old he attracted the attention of all who saw him. His most noticeable feature was a pair of large expressive eyes of heaven's own blue. In those days artists were painting pictures of the Madonna and child, and for many such studies little Gaston Castilleux served as a model.

When Gaston was fourteen years old he was out hunting one day with a party of boys, and one of his companions, seeing his brown doublet through a break in the leaves of the trees, mistook it for a deer and let fly an arrow, which struck Gaston in one of his eyes. So severe was the wound that the surgeon who attended him decided the eye must be taken out.

Great was the grief of the boy's parents at having the beauty of their son thus marred. Until the wound had healed he wore over the place where the eye had been a patch. Then his mother bethought herself of providing an artificial eye for her darling. That was a time before the remarkable work in glass and pottery of the present day had been achieved, and the only way to procure a glass eye was to have the glass molded or ground in proper shape and painted. Indeed, there was an advantage in this because an artist could do the better match the real eye.

Mme. Castilleux announced that she would give a prize of a thousand louis for the best coloring of a glass eye for her son. Artists were as poor in those days as they are now, and there were a great many of them competing for the public favor. Such a prize was coveted, and artists came from far and near to compete for it. There were so many of them that only those who had achieved a name were granted a sitting, for of course the object was to reproduce the real eye.

Among the throng of men who applied for permission to compete for the prize was a girl in the garb of a peasant. In those days women did not do men's work, and painting was considered a man's profession. Furthermore, the peasant girl could not claim to have achieved any reputation as an artist. Mme. Castilleux was about to send her away when Gaston came into the room where his mother was receiving candidates. Whether it was distress at the marred beauty or pity for him or some other reason, the maiden gave him a look so full of sympathy that he was determined she should compete for the prize. Turning to his mother, he expressed his desire. Mme. Castilleux was much concerned at this, for she had always been careful to keep her son from falling under the influence of any woman except of high rank, since she feared a misalliance. Besides, under the coarse peasant's garb the girl wore was a rare beauty. The mother took her son aside and protested against a woman, one of such low degree and of no artistic reputation, being permitted to compete for the prize, but failed to move him, and the girl was accepted as a competitor. Her name was entered on the list as Clochette Boyer, and since sittings were given in order of application and Clochette was the last accepted she was to be assigned the last sitting.

Ten artists were to compete for the prize, and Mme. Castilleux chose three experts to award the prize, reserving the right, if she differed with them, to buy the work of any other artist. Though the sittings were not usually very long, Gaston tired at having to go through the process so many times. Then, too, several artists made two or three different attempts—they were not limited in this respect—and by the time the last competitor's turn came the subject was tired out. Of the earlier efforts the first was the best. After that Gaston began to weary and showed his weariness in the eye that was serving for a model, so that every attempt showed a more worn expression than the one before. Strange to say, the ninth was the best of all. The truth is Gaston was enduring all these tiresome sittings waiting for the peasant girl to try her hand. At the ninth sitting he was happy in the thought that the strain was nearly over and at the next he would have the companionship of the girl who had given him that welcome look of sympathy.

At last Clochette appeared with her brushes and palette. The change in Gaston's expression was marvelous. He forgot his weariness; he forgot his misfortune in the loss of his eye; he forgot everything except the girl who was looking alternately from her canvas to his face. She was not sufficiently experienced in her art to call out a pleasing expression by conversing with him on subjects that interested him, but she needed no such experience, for he chatted with her from the mo-

ment the sitting began until it ended. And when she had finished and he looked at the result of her work he said to her:

"It is excellent, but I think you can do better. Try again tomorrow."

When Mme. Castilleux was told that another sitting was to be granted the girl the next day she took fright at once, for Gaston told her that it was he who had suggested this. But Gaston had always been accustomed to having his own way, and, although his mother saw plainly that her son was falling in love with a peasant girl, she could do nothing to prevent it. She began to regret that she had brought about this ill-fated competition.

At the next sitting Clochette did improve on what she had done the day before. Gaston was much pleased with the result of his suggestion and told her that he wished her to try every day until it became evident that she could do no better. When he informed his mother of this the poor woman was in despair. She had seen her son's beauty marred; now she saw him passing into an infatuation for a peasant girl. Knowing his strong will, she felt sure that a second misfortune no less to be dreaded than the first would befall him and his family.

Clochette painted a new eye every day, and every eye was better than the last. When Gaston was as much in love as it was possible for him to be there was no improvement in the work, and he told his mother that he was satisfied.

Then came the inspection of the work by the experts. Gaston was required to hold the artificial eyes in turn beside his real eye, beginning with the first eye painted. As he went down the list a tired expression appeared and increased until the ninth eye was reached, which showed an expression of relief. None of the eyes was satisfactory for this reason and one other. In Gaston's eye there was no tired look to match that in the artificial eye. Indeed, not one of the painted eyes was satisfactory.

Gaston, who regarded all this as preliminary to the remarkable work done by Clochette, was impatient to show the experts what she had accomplished. Clochette was present and as eager as he for the exhibition of the eye which she and Gaston had selected to compete for the award. Gaston at last was permitted to hold the eye next his own. A singular expression came over the faces of those who looked at him. While the painted eye expressed the quintessence of love, his real eye expressed triumph. The audience began to laugh when Clochette, seeing what neither she nor Gaston had seen before, attracted his attention to herself. Instantly the real eye as well as the false one looked love.

There is no expression in the human face that is more engaging than love. For the time being at least Clochette's work was a marvelous success. The two eyes matched not only in color, but in expression. The peasant's work, therefore, was the best, and the experts had no choice but to award her the prize. What was the astonishment of all when she declined to receive it, but expressed a wish that it should be given to one of the competitors, who was starving. When Gaston found that he could not persuade her to take it herself he respected her wish, and the money was given as she had indicated.

Then Clochette withdrew. Gaston spent a month of misery trying to forget the peasant girl whom he loved, but whom it was not meet that he should marry. At last he could stand it no longer; he must at least have one more sight of her. He inquired among the neighbors as to where she lived, but none of them could inform him. Mousing his horse, he set out to look for her. He did not find her.

Now and again for weeks he went in quest of the girl he loved, always to return disappointed. One day he stopped at a chateau to ask for a little refreshment. A lady advanced to meet him who filled him with astonishment. She was Clochette.

And Clochette was as much surprised to see Gaston as he was to see her. They stood looking at each other for a time; then the girl's face broke into a smile.

"I had seen you," she explained after the first greetings, "and, having a taste for art, when I heard of the prize offered I wished to compete for it. Not wishing to do so as myself, I adopted the garb of a peasant."

"And why did you desire to help me? You would not accept the prize after you had won it?"

A blush told the story far more effectively than words.

When Gaston returned to his home and announced to his mother that the peasant competitor for her prize was a girl and lived in a chateau Mme. Castilleux was as much astonished as he had been. Not only was she astonished, but relieved. She had noticed her son's dejection and believed that sooner or later he would find Clochette. Now she was not only pleased that he had found his love, but was not averse to the two making a match.

Marriage, especially in high life, in those days was arranged by the parents of the contracting parties. One day M. Castilleux drove up in his coach to the chateau of M. Latrobe and asked for the hand of his daughter, whose real name was Louise, for his son Gaston. Louise had already settled the matter, and all her father had to do was to give his consent and arrange for the settlements.

After the marriage young Mme. Castilleux painted an eye for her husband which matched his real eye under ordinary circumstances, and this eye he was obliged to make serve, for since no artificial eye can change with the expression of a real one, this one was not perfect.



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FAIR GROUNDS ARE A...

Converted From Camp to Grounds

SANITATION

Conditions Praised Incinerators Are Health Safeguard

The State Fair ground is ready for the grand start Sept. 15 and several more will be busy during the week. The grounds are now being converted to a show ground.

Sanitation is a work with Fair board officers, from the big building, are in the When the state fair grounds are opened for the health experts of the every safeguard for the health of the state.

So well done was war department conditions. The dozens of incinerators of garbage and trash will remain until they are well during their presence of any bad health.

Plans are now being state board and by which a company be called for service in case they are, only see them at receive the advance for they will aid sanitary conditions.

Many improvements at the grounds. dollars has been spent months on new road. A cement sidewalk has been built from the machinery hall a pleasant walk center.

Women will no doubt that the board has building repaired, excellent condition place for the women all the exhibits to the crowds.

Parking For Another feature, come by hundreds of a space for the motobles. This is west ends of the swine pavilion. will be in charge mobile owner may with the assurance cared for.

The men in charge and arrangements safe in saying that visit the fair exhibit the state will decide the state board has turned in providing and welfare of all.

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