

Notice to the Public:

A STATEMENT BY THE OFFICERS OF THE Studebaker Oil & Refining Company

WE would not permit our names to be used nor advise our friends to join us in this Company, as we have done, unless we had fully completed our investigations and had obtained control of actual producing oil properties.

"To the man who can afford to invest, we believe we are offering an exceptional opportunity; we therefore, unhesitatingly recommend these shares to our friends and acquaintances."

Signed,
CLEM W. STUDEBAKER
A. H. STUDEBAKER
P. E. STUDEBAKER

DO YOU KNOW that the properties controlled by Studebaker Oil & Refining Company have a production now of about one-half million a year?

DO YOU KNOW that the Studebaker Oil & Refining Company is destined to be one of the Safest and Best Dividend paying Oil Concerns?

DO YOU KNOW that the Government--yes! the whole world must have more oil?

DO YOU KNOW that Bankers, Manufacturers, Farmers and Business men--large and small are rapidly taking up this stock?

DO YOU KNOW that you can get Studebaker Oil & Refining Shares now (\$1.00 per share) upon most liberal terms but you must act quickly?

Our Investment letter contains a full report on this Security.
Send for it. It will pay you.

ADDRESS ALL INQUIRIES TO SECURITIES TRUST COMPANY

10 South La Salle Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

ILLINOIS SERIAL No. 1084. These securities have been approved by the Department of State of Illinois. THE SECRETARY OF STATE DOES NOT RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF ANY SECURITY OFFERED FOR SALE.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Lightless Nights Effective
Beginning Monday, July 29

To aid in conserving fuel for war purposes, the United States Fuel Administrator has ordered the restriction of out-door and display illumination.

Effective July 29th, and until further notice, Monday and Tuesday nights of each week will be observed as "Lightless Nights." On these nights out-door illumination of advertisements, announcements and signs, and external lighting of buildings for ornamental purposes, are to be discontinued.

The use of light for illumination or display in shop windows and store windows, or for signs in show windows, is to be discontinued from sunrise to sunset every day as well as on "Lightless Nights."

Copy of the order of the United States Fuel Administration may be obtained from our General Office, Chicago

Public Service Company
of Northern Illinois

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.
Dear God, I'm a little boy seven,
Please listen to my prayer,
I know you are still in your Heaven,
But how 'bout the kid "over there"?

You have taken away his mother,
And perhaps his dear old Dad,
He can't find his sister, or brother,
And he feels so awful sad.

I wish I could help him somehow,
But don't know just what to do,
I'm too little to go "over there" now,
So, dear God, it's up to you.

I know you are still in your Heaven,
In you I believe and trust,
I wish I was older than seven,
I'd help kill the old Kaiser or bust.

L. W. M.

food, drink and even sleep with the fumes of his poisonous gas bombs.

My duty here is to advise the colonel and his staff, of which I am a member, regarding the best method of protecting and assisting his infantry by means of the fire of the guns of my regiment of artillery.

I eat with the colonel and his staff and the well-cooked food served on plates by orderlies who were formerly waiters in Boston hotels, and where there are napkins, glasses and a table cloth. Such style is very different than the one to which I have been accustomed at the battery position, where we snatched a bite of army chuk three times a day from cold metal mess kits and drank semi-cold coffee from metal cups.

The staff of which I am now a member is stationed in a little French village about three miles from the trenches. Once in awhile we get a German shell thrown at us, but we are not under the constant bombardment that our battery positions are, and in the event of a heavy bombardment we have built a big strong bomb and shell-proof shelter of iron, rocks, cement, sand-bags and concrete where we can retire and do our work in comparative safety.

We sleep in a room in the loft of a barn in which our horses are stabled. It isn't much of a barn either, but it has got it all over the mole-like existence of our battery positions where we work, sleep and eat in underground dugouts and where out-of-door life is so unhealthy that we leave our dug-out to go to another after making a mind bet whether or not we will arrive at our destination safely.

We experienced our first big battle about a month ago and it was something that I will never forget to my dying day. The Germans, from their commanding positions on the hills turned loose all their guns on us and for 24 hours peppered our batteries and all the walls leading from our source of supplies and ammunition dumps with high explosive shells of the biggest calibre, shrapnel and gas shells.

Our batteries fought back, the men all in gas masks from three o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock, when their ammunition gave out. Then the Boche sent over wave after wave of infantry, took our trenches and advanced into a village, less than half a mile away from our gun positions.

Later Lewis and I were two of the three officers selected to command the drawing of the caisson of ammunition over the shell-barraged roads to the battery positions from the ammunition dumps, eight miles back.

During the 24 hours we made four trips in spite of the fire of the Huns put down to stop us. We lost about 20 horses but not a single man, although some were wounded. How we even made it now seems like a miracle. Our one salvation was the fact that the Huns did not bomb or shell the three towns on the road as they thought they would take them and wanted them intact for the Bolets. So we dashed madly on the roads between the towns and rested in them when the firing was too strong.

As soon as the batteries received our new supply of ammunition they started an attack with renewed courage and determination to win and in the afternoon the Huns were driven out of the town and back again into their own trenches.

Not a single Battery D man was hurt, although we rode over 40 miles that day and night and horses were killed and wounded beneath their riders. The prayers of the mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters and relatives of the Battery boys back in New Bedford were answered that day. I hope that such will be the case always.

Although we are all wearing our service chevrons, a triangle of gold just over the cuff of the left sleeve, denoting six months' continuous service at the front, only one Battery D man has been killed in action and not over a half a dozen wounded or gassed.

By the way, my horse was struck on the forehead with a shell splinter the day of the battle, but no damage was done except to cut a little piece of skin away. He also, like his master, had his gas mask on twice during the day and night. So you see if he had only been a man he would now be wearing the wound chevron.

We had a very sad accident within 200 yards of this town yesterday afternoon. Two American boys flying in a French aeroplane over the Boche lines for the purpose of taking photographs were fired upon by anti-aircraft guns. The pilot, a Mass. Inst. of Tech. undergraduate, class of 1919, was struck by a shrapnel bullet and fainted just as he headed his machine towards home. When he fainted the machine, without control and with its engine going full speed plunged head foremost to the earth burying itself six feet in the ground and killing instantly the pilot, Angell, and an artillery officer, an observer, named Emerson. I knew the latter slightly. It was an awful spectacle.

Just at the present time fate is treating me very kindly. I have been detached from my battery and attached to the staff of a colonel of a Massachusetts regiment of infantry as liaison officer, representing my regiment of artillery. The work is pleasant and is giving me a much needed rest after a month or more of the high tension and strain of the front firing position of the battery, where shells explode at unexpected hours during the day and night, and where the Hun has an unpleasant habit of spoiling our

(Excerpts of letter from Lieutenant Harold Winslow of Boston, Massachusetts)

THE EARLY BIRD

By ELIZABETH NOLAN.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Get up, for goodness sake, Beth Moore. This is the third time I've called you. You said we should go in bathing every morning before breakfast, and here a whole week of our vacation is near gone and we have not been in the water once."

"All right," groaned Beth, as she sleepily rubbed her eyes. "I'll get right up. You go ahead and I'll be down in a minute."

"Now, be sure," said Jennie, as she ran downstairs, out onto the beach and to the water's edge, where she comfortably seated herself to await Beth's arrival.

The two girls had planned months past for this big vacation—the first two weeks of August. Hunting through vacation books and time tables they finally had settled upon Salisbury Beach. Of course, the bathing was to be their greatest amusement as both were expert swimmers. Quite contrary to their plans, however, dancing and bowling had occupied most of their time up to the first week's end.

Jennie waited for nearly half an hour and then decided that Beth must have turned over, only to fall asleep, on the other side, as she had so often done before. Knowing that it must be near breakfast time she thought she would take one plunge before returning. At first the water seemed icy cold, but after a few minutes she was wishing that she had longer to stay, the water was so invigorating. Just one more good swim and then she would go and dress for breakfast, she said to herself. But alas! It was one swim too many for Jennie Dever. Carried out by the mighty waves and held by the strong undertow, she could not swim an inch nearer the shore. To scream would be of no use as there was not a soul on the whole beach, so courageously she fought the waves, still hoping to be able to make some progress. To her great surprise and relief she could now see the form of someone in the distance hastening toward her. Oh! thought Jennie, will they ever get here?

Tom Hurd, clerk at the "Castle Mona," had been watching the "early bird," and now, convinced that she was in distress, ran down the beach and hastily seized the life-saving boat, dragged it into the water. Rowing out as quickly as possible, he was just in time to rescue the prostrate form from sinking. Others had now gathered round the shore ready to receive them, with all things necessary to make the victim as comfortable as possible. Tom deposited his burden in the great warm blankets and hastily they carried her to the hotel.

Poor Jennie, too exhausted to speak, soon found herself resting comfortably in her own bed, while Beth, eyes brimming over with tears, lamented the fact that she had fallen asleep again almost immediately after Jennie left her.

"How nice that fellow was who rescued you. I've seen him around here all week," continued Beth. "I think he must be employed here." Gaining no reply from Jennie she did not enquire further over the hero of the day. Noticing that Jennie was dozing she quietly took a magazine and tried to interest herself in it. Presently a gentle knock on the door announced the arrival of Miss White, the proprietress, with breakfast for the two girls. "Gracious," said Beth, "how kind of you. I had completely forgotten that it was past eating time."

Jennie roused herself sufficiently to take a few sips of coffee while Beth fairly devoured the delicious corn muffins.

A good sound sleep greatly improved Jennie, and the afternoon found her seated in an easy chair on the spacious veranda, while Tom Hurd occupied the chair by her side.

After supper that evening Jennie retired quite early, and Tom found himself wondering how he had spent other evenings. Tonight there seemed to be no place to go, or nothing worth while to do. But tomorrow evening she would be able to stay up, and possibly to go to the dance, too. The thought alone was consoling to him, and in idle dreams he spent the evening until locking up time arrived.

Jennie rested all day, and finally yielding to Tom's coaxing, she agreed to take a short stroll along the beach after supper.

Was it to be wondered at that Dan Cupid completed his errand in that one evening? What more powerful weapons could there be than the "silver moon," combined with the enchanting "sea waves" to work successfully on two loving hearts. "Just as soon as I finish medical school," added Tom, "and how glad I am this is my last year."

Arm in arm they returned to the "Castle Mona." Jennie too happy for words, and Tom convinced that he had won the sweetest girl in the whole world.

When Jennie returned to her home how surprised were her friends to see a sparkling diamond on the third finger of her left hand, for as Beth explained to her acquaintances that was the morning that "the early bird caught the worm."

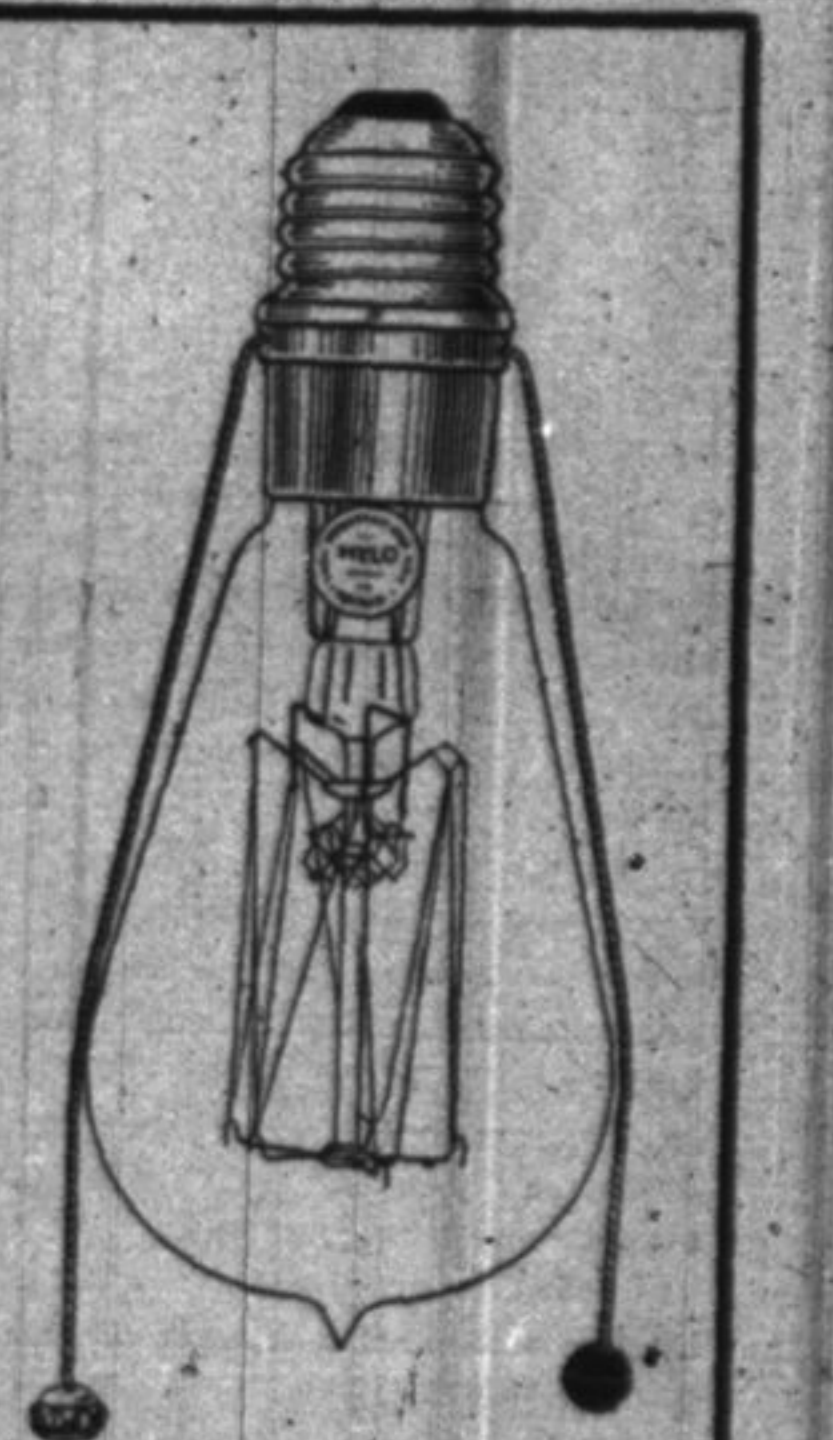
Served to Be Beth.
Maid—There's a gentleman calling, sir.
Maid of the House—In person or on the telephone?
"Yes, sir; he's calling in person on the telephone, sir."



To the Republican Voters of Lake County

I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primary, September 11, 1918. If nominated and elected, it will be my endeavor to conduct the office strictly on business principles. I will expect and accept only the salary of the office as my compensation. All earnings of the office and all interest earned on funds will be returned to the people. I will see as many of the voters personally as possibly before the primary, but in case I do not see you, I assure you I will appreciate your support and will do my best to protect your interest.

Yours very truly,
Edward J. Yeoman,
Waukegan, Illinois.



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Sincerely yours,
Jay B. Morse
Libertyville, Ill.

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