

SONS IN SERVICE

One of the men of the first R. O. T. C. at Ft. Sheridan last summer, a young lieutenant of the first division, writes to a former Highland Park Hostess:

Dear Friend:
I shall try to describe briefly the third day of the great battle now in progress. I had walked all night and just before dawn we reached a deep valley. We were completely exhausted so we lay down for a short rest before we joined our battalion for the day's battle. Just at dawn I awoke to see France's Foreign Legion pouring into foot-path and road. They came in short columns of eight men, and they were black—black as only Africans can be. They were preceded by their white officers mounted on pure white Arabian horses. It was a memorable sight to see these grim warriors quietly pour into the valley, cross into its depths and mount the hill on the other side just as the earliest rays of the sun were painting the heavens in a riot of colors. I forgot for the moment my fatigue and mounted a hillock to see the show pass.

They had just cleared the top and reached the battle-field when our own troops poured into the moving mass, and I joined them as they rounded the crest of the hill.

A terrific battle followed which continued throughout the day, but the excitement keyed me to the task and made me forget my physical fatigue, even physical being, and press on to rout the Hun. We gained our objective late in the day—a glorious victory well fought and well earned.

Our division has earned great distinction in this battle as we have taken more territory than any other division, engaged 3500 prisoners and 68 cannon.

I'll not write more this time as I'm still very tired and am trying to get all the sleep possible. I was very fortunate in that I did not receive a scratch although I had many a close call, as did everyone on the field for that matter.

Am going to Paris tomorrow to get a bit of change and perhaps see a show or two.

Martin E. Kopp of the U. S. Marines, Paris Island, and August H. Kopp, Camp Humphrey, Va., are at home on a ten days leave. Martin E. has just completed his training at the Marine school at Paris Island and on his return will take up his newly appointed position of instructor in that school with the rank of corporal.

Lieut. Holmes of the 148th Field Artillery who addressed the parents of the 148th on Tuesday last, and who has lost a limb in the service, found the father of his friend, Lyman Barr, when Mr. Francis X. Barr of Highland Park went up to speak to him at the close of the meeting.

Following is the letter from Eggert Carlsson, 165th Inf., Co. C, A. E. F., to his sister in Highland Park: August 3rd, 1918.

Dear Sister:
"Well, I fell wounded in action July 29th, and I suppose since the big battle has been on, you have been craning your neck and straining your eyes to see if you could find my name on the casualty list. I didn't get hurt very bad. I have just been shot through the calves of both legs. Expect to get back to my company soon, so just keep on sending my mail to Co. C.
Hope all are well at home.
Your brother,
Eggert W. Carlsson.

Greetings Sis: I am getting along fine. One of my wounds is almost healed and the other one soon will be. When I get out of the hospital I will have a service stripe and a wound stripe. I will sure be some looking kid with my gold stripes.

Well, you can tell them that your brother has been over the top and that Eekie was in one of the biggest battles of all.

The weather is fine over here now, but I suppose the rainy season will soon start. Tomorrow we are going to see a ball game between the hospital boys and some Infantry boys.

I suppose Ma has received a \$50 Liberty Bond from the Government. If she has not, write and let me know. I didn't make the Government a present of that fifty dollars.

I have been broke for a month but have pretty near three months pay coming.

With a world of love to you all, also Helen and family. I would give a month's pay for an ice cream soda now. Good-bye.

EGGERT CARLSON.

Mrs. James Boylan and children, who have recently moved to Chicago, were the Sunday guests of Mrs. E. L. McLaughlin, Mrs. Boylan's sister.

Mrs. Edward M. Laing left Saturday of last week for Cincinnati, O., where she will join Mr. Laing who has been there for the past month.

War Camp Community Service

After long and sometimes weary service in a war camp community one wonders just how much is being done for the betterment of the boys and how much effort is lost. Some old-line army man said not long ago, and he was quite extensively quoted, that in the good old days of REAL soldiers they were regular men, and didn't want to be fussed over; that the civil population had much more important business to attend to than "putting pink chemises on the boys" and much more of the same sort of disparaging and discouraging talk. We hope he has been properly executed as a German sympathizer long ago. While such talk has not affected our community work in the least and we do not need reassuring, it is nice to know that our boys here, over there and everywhere are remembering Highland Park and her citizens with a large appreciation. Within the last week or two several letters have come which speak so full a gratitude that it is only fair to the boys and to those who have had a happy share in hospitality work here to publish some of them. Here is one from Private F. W. Bray, Hospital Train No. 55, A. E. F., France:

"Dear Mrs J—
Thank you for your letter and for the cards to be returned to the Army and Navy Centre. Many have probably found their way back before this. The fellows were all glad to get them. One fellow said "It's just like getting a snap-shot of the old home place."

"When we are not on the road we are stationed in a railroad yard and those are the days that we wish we could drop in at the Centre. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that of all the hostess houses, clubs, canteens, etc., which we've encountered whether in the states or 'over here,' that your Highland Park Center was the most congenial. I don't except some very elaborate ones in Paris, either. Hundreds of fellows will long remember your successful efforts to make us feel 'strictly at home.'

"Occasionally Chicago papers bring news of the Ravinia season, and I envy the Sheridan fellows the chance to take that in this summer. The only music I've heard here was a symphony concert conducted by Walter Damrosch on July 14th, and a performance of Lakme in Paris one night last week."

And there are evidences such as the following that the intellectual and cultured lad was not the only sort who was given hospitality. We print the following—errors and all—to show that little matters of grammar and spelling are mere externals, the real inwardness of man being eternally the same:
"Dear Mrs. T—

It is now some time since I was in Highland Park, so I suppose you forgot ho the writer is of these letters, but I surely havint forgotten you people in Highland Park. I for my part never did thank you for what you did for the soldiers in the Army and Navy Centre and every plas else, but I will say that mutch for my part and I believe most of the boys do the same, the soldier were treated the best in Highland Park of any of these plasas I have been yet and these is the fourth one. I am glad to say that I will remember Highland Park for a long time.

"Camp Custer shure are some place. There are about 50,000 here now, but we havint got no plasas like Highland Park, but of course we cant expect that." Sgt. J. K. B. M. G. C., 78th Inf.

Some perfectly conscientious people have wondered if we were not duplicating and giving the boys too much. Here is a chap who had a full sized appetite for everything, and we doubt not there are thousands more like him.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. C—
Well, here we are at Camp Custer. It sure is not much like Highland Park, but maybe after we have been here awhile things will be different. Sometimes a few of us fellows get together and talk about the good times we had at Sheridan Camp. We had such swell feeds at the Centre, and the big dances at the Highland Park Club, the sings on the Lake Front, and the games at the Church. Lot's of us could dance but said we couldn't so we could go to those too. I was in hospital for four days and we evap had cats and music there, to say nothing of Ravinia Park. Gee! but the Highland Park people are great, and we will never forget you and we'll fight like hell for you over there.

At a camp in Minnesota they used to put this sign up in the parks, "Dogs and Soldiers Keep Off the Grass." The first thing that met us in Highland Park was a billboard which said "SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WELCOME." Some difference!! I wish you would tell all the folks how we feel about them. We can't.

Gratefully yours,
"Nuff Sed. Joe, Company "G."

A FREE LECTURE on CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

by
Mrs. Ella W. Hoag, C. S. D.

Member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church
The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts

will be given under the auspices of

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
HIGHLAND PARK

The Church Edifice

Hazel Avenue, near St. Johns Avenue

Saturday Evening, Sept. 21, '18
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

The public is cordially invited
to be present

Lake County Fair

Libertyville, Illinois

September 18, 19, 20, 21, '18

Great Speed Program
More Premiums Than Ever

Greatest Fair in
Northern Illinois

Free attractions of all kinds. Big Live
Stock Exhibit. Flowers, Vegetables
and Field Products. Poultry Show,
Big Clean Midway, Vaudeville.

DANCING, MERRY-GO-ROUND, ETC.
Great Lakes Jackie Band

SATURDAY, 21st, RED CROSS DAY

W. E. Miller, President

O. E. Churchill, Secretary

Consider the subject of *TOAST*

TO lead up to it properly begin with the ordinary species, manufactured in the ordinary way and delivered sometimes cold, sometimes charred black and always as delicately flavored as a lump of sawdust.

POLITENESS—the surrounding conditions—might induce you to say you like it, but cross your heart and hope to die, if you didn't have to eat it, would you feel any worse if somebody gave you a thousand dollars?

SUPPOSE you take the throttle off your imagination a minute and picture a creation, its surface uniformly browned, so hot that butter will melt on it, its interior works soft and warm like the hot bread you used to beg in the days when the weather was a matter that mattered not—that's

Electric Toast

MAYBE it's too strong to say it's a poem, but it's certainly all right. Got any doubt about this?

Come into our Salesroom and we'll make

a piece of electric toast for your approval.

You'll agree it's the real article.

Electric Toasters

Sold on Monthly Payments
All Types

Public Service Company
of Northern Illinois

Lecturers of the Mother Church of Christ, Boston, Mass., Saturday September 21st, at 8:00 p.m. The church edifice is cordially invited to...

WESTON CHURCH
Meeting and Bible study Tuesday evening at 8:00 p.m.

DEATHS
Mr. E. H. Weston
Mr. B. Weston, who died of pneumonia, was born in Gorham, N. H., 1846.
The son of Edward P. Weston, principal of Perry Hall in St. Louis, Mo., and was for a time of gynecology and obstetrics at the Chicago Medical College.
Known as "The father of chery," having done more than any other man to popularize chery, serving as president, secretary and director of the National Chery Association for many years.
He was married twice. He is survived by his widow and two children, Mrs. E. H. Weston, of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. E. H. Weston, of Middletown, Ohio.

TOURNIQUES
The Vehicle for Graceful Motion and Social Education
Men—Juniors—Adults
beginning week of October 21st, 1918, Evanston, Winnetka, and Park, Milwaukee
and Park at Witten Hall, October 23

...for brilliant results...
...by appointment at the...
...Bourne will not...
...General, Illinois...
...OCTOBER 1

ment
of this
North-
of the
andle
R UNION
SUITS
which
ed
waiting for you.
he name choose
ss all the way
ON
Phone 45