

The Social Side of Life Local Affairs of the week

By the Observer

Mrs. Roland Bleimehl entertained the Euchre club Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Harry S. Loudon will entertain the Thursday evening Tango class at her home tonight.

Mrs. Everett G. Deming of 529 South Linden Ave. entertained informally at luncheon on Wednesday, January 22.

Mrs. Henry Jones of the Moraine will entertain at a dinner and bridge tonight in honor of Miss Theo Fessenfeld who is the guest of Miss Catherine Cushing.

Mrs. Eugene Andrews entertained at a bridge party at Exmoor on Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Lamb of Terre Haute who is the guest of Mrs. A. L. Drum of Montgomery Road.

Miss Helen Conrad entertained a few friends on Saturday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Louise Clark of Chicago. The out of town guests were Miss Anna Muno of Evanston and Miss Olive Stevens of Rogers Park.

The Dorcas Society met in the parlors of the Presbyterian church on Monday and luncheon was served to forty guests by the hostesses who were Mrs. A. A. Putnam, Mrs. Sturges, Mrs. Jacoby, Mrs. John Putnam, and Miss Patchen.

Mrs. D. F. Kelly entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Channon of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. John Glass, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tapper, and Mrs. Swobe of Omaha.

Roller skating parties at the rink at the Lake Bluff Naval Station continue to be a popular form of entertainment. Among those forming a party in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Chittenden, Mr. and Mrs. James Troxel, Mrs. H. S. Loudon, Miss Carolyn Shields, Miss Dorothy Clark, Mr. Thomas Troxel, Mr. Culver Shields, and Mr. H. H. Chandler, Jr.

The Tango class at the Highland Park club is an event looked forward to each Monday night by its faithful, enthusiastic members and the extent of enthusiasm is shown in that two of the couples, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. MacCaughy and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fraser Wilkins of Chicago, who have summer homes here, come out from town to attend. Last Monday Mrs. John Glass was hostess at a dinner for eight preceding the class.

A banquet for the men of the Presbyterian church and congregation will be given in the church parlors on Friday evening, January 21st, at seven forty five o'clock. This will be the first banquet in the new church building and will be an occasion of good fellowship and a pleasant evening will doubtless be enjoyed by all who attend. A brief address will be made by Mr. William A. Peterson of Chicago following the dinner.

FUN FOR THE ROWDIES.

Revelries of the Mobocks in London in the Old Days.

Some curious particulars of the dangers of London streets in the old days are given in an article on "The Scowlers and the Mobocks" in a British magazine. The favorite practice of the Scowlers was to invade some tavern in the evening, drive out the customers, ill treat the proprietor and his attendants, wreck the premises and, above all, "roar." Steele tells of the Mobocks, one of whose pastimes was to "inclose women in casks and roll them down the street." In 1712 a royal proclamation was issued offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any Mobock.

Soon after the accession of George IV. to the throne in 1820 there was a recrudescence, though in a milder form, of Mobock rowdiness, and attacks on the watch—"boxing the Charles," as the phrase went—once more became fashionable among the wilder spirits of London. These revelries, however, were rudely disturbed by the establishment in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel of an efficient body of police.

Yet again in early Victorian days there was another Mobock outburst under the auspices of the Marquis of Waterford, and once more knockers and bell handles were wrenched off, public monuments injured, lights extinguished and crockery smashed. This form of humor, however, was quite wasted upon the local authorities, the marquis being promptly knocked down by a watchman and taken up half dead. The same authority tells us that in the following year he and some other men of fashion were convicted at Derby assizes of trying to overturn a caravan, screwing up a toll barkeeper and painting houses and people red. For these recreations they were fined £100 apiece.

SHADOW OF THE MOON.

Its Rapidity of Motion as Shown in a Solar Eclipse.

Probably the fastest motion that man can perceive with his eyes is that of the shadow of the moon across the earth in a solar eclipse. This rate is practically that of the moon in its orbit, which is about 2,000 miles an hour. This is roughly half a mile a second. Now, if a person were to be stationed on a mountain whence he could see for some miles he could actually watch

Mrs. W. J. Schmidt entertained the Sewing club on Monday evening.

Mrs. H. Morton of Webster Avenue, was hostess at a delightful party on Thursday evening, January 23rd, in celebration of her birthday. There were many guests present and the rooms were prettily decorated, pink and white being used as the predominating colors. An orchestra from Ft. Sheridan furnished music and dancing formed the principal amusement. When refreshments were served a lovely frosted cake was placed upon the table and Mrs. Morton, in the military fashion, cut the cake with a sword. Mr. Morton is a sergeant in the hospital corps.

Although Lent commences next Wednesday and there will be few large entertainments for forty days there has been comparative quiet during this week while last week every day was the scene of luncheons, bridges, followed by teas with dinners in the evening. The reason may be that the opera is claiming much attention and faithful among the attendance there are Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clements, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Drum, and their guest, Miss Lamb, who came in from Terre Haute, Ind., to attend the opera; Mrs. John Glass, Miss Genevieve Mott, Miss Edith Boynton, Miss Carolyn Shields, and Miss Priscilla Carver.

Mrs. William Richard Tapper and Mrs. John Moulton Tuttle were hostesses at a tea this afternoon from three until six o'clock at the Highland Park club. It was a large and delightful affair and a most attractive place for a tea is the reception room of the club with its artistic decorations. The tea table was prettily decorated in flowers with a center piece of pink roses lighted with shaded candles. Serving at the punch table were Mrs. Robert O'Brien, and Mrs. James Troxel. Assisting through the rooms were Mrs. John F. L. Curtis, Mrs. Fred Baylies, Mrs. D. F. Kelly, Mrs. A. B. MacCaughy, Mrs. James S. Hopkins, Mrs. Frank Gardner, Mrs. George Allen Mason, Mrs. George E. Moore, Mrs. James W. Prindville, Mrs. G. V. Dickinson, Mrs. Charles Merritt, and Mrs. Eugene Andrews.

A piano recital by a number of children of this city, pupils of Lawrence Creath Ammons and Josephine Rea-Ammons of Evanston, was given Saturday morning in the reception room of the Highland Park club at ten o'clock. Among those presenting the program were the Misses Jane Tapper, Georgiana Getty, Marjorie Merritt, Beatrice Thayer, Dorothy Curtis, Ruth Warner, Mary Tapper, Helen Watson, Edith Fyffe, Geraldine Faxon, Charline Baylies, Elizabeth Prindville, Josephine Faxon, and Grace Andrews. Among the boys who played selections were Tom Wyles, Jack Tuttle, and Allen Mason.

the approach of the shadow and keep his eye on its edge. Of course the shade would cover the whole landscape for any one person.

From the testimony of many men who have witnessed the phenomenon in such circumstances it is a terrible and awe inspiring spectacle. Thus Forbes of Turin: "I confess it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the case of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse." Another view is described by Langley: "The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow and the intensity produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."

There are, of course, many velocities greater than this that occur on the earth, which, too, are measurable, such as the speed of light, which is 186,000 miles a second, and the speed of molecules of hot gases, but they are not directly perceptible to the human vision.—Lawrence Hughes in Chicago Record-Herald

Transit of Venus.

The transits of Venus came in pairs, with an interval of eight years between them. A pair occurred in 1761 and 1769 and again in 1874 and 1882. The whole of the twentieth century will pass without another transit. Not until the years 2004 and 2012 will opportunity have the opportunity of witnessing it. It was long supposed that transits of Venus over the sun's disk afforded the only accurate method of determining the distance of the sun, but latterly the speed of light has become the more favored method for that purpose.—New York American.

How He Lost His Dog.
"I've lost me mine dachshund," said a German resident of Brooklyn. "Those dog catchers got him."
"Maybe dey have got him by der pound. How did they come to took him?" asked his friend.
"They took him by der yard," replied the loser sadly.—New York Press.

Lucy.—How can I bring the count to his knees at my feet? Nelly—Drop a dime on the floor.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE

Dodging Death in the Path of an Onrushing Flood.

THE FURY OF A CLOUDBURST.

A Solid Wall of Water Swept the Canyon, Uprooting Trees and Tearing With Huge Bowlders—Exciting Race in a Storm on Lightning Creek.

To understand what follows you must know something of the country where the incident occurred. Lightning creek, a famous trout stream of northern Idaho, rises among the glaciers of the Cabinet mountains and comes tearing down through narrow canyons heavily forested with pine and cedar. At all times the stream is swift. In the spring, when the ice caps are melting, it is a torrent.

July 3, 1901, a fishing party of five were hauled from the nearest railroad station to the end of the wagon trail on Lightning creek, where we made camp. The next morning the professor and myself decided to ascend to the head of one of the creek's tributaries. Shouldering our creels, we made our way through the timber toward the glacier, gleaming in the sunlight. Five miles from camp we came to a fall, where we began to fish. There were plenty of trout, but they were small.

"Let's see if there are larger ones above the fall," my companion suggested.

"Agreed," I replied, and we climbed over the steep rocky walls.

Our hopes were realized. We fished up the stream until past noon, when we sat down to lunch. By the time we had finished eating a gray cloud had crept above the mountain top and hovered over the glacier. In a few minutes another cloud crept up and joined the first, then another and another until the mountain top was covered.

"It is time we were getting out of here," I said. "I believe we are in for a wetting."

As if to emphasize my words a flash of lightning quivered through the black mass, and in a few seconds the thunder rolled down the canyon with a roar like a battery of siege guns.

As we hurried down the creek the lightning became continuous and terrifying in its brilliancy; the roll of thunder was incessant. We made all the speed we could and had nearly reached the falls when the rain came in a downpour.

"Suppose we get under this spruce and wait until the storm is over?" my companion suggested.

"Suppose we get into more open country as soon as possible," I rejoined and kept on.

Suddenly the lightning ceased, the thunder died away, and there was no sound save the dashing of rain. The sudden calm was startling, and I paused and looked toward the mountain. I saw a great column of fire shoot downward out of the clouds. The glacier shivered as though struck by some titanic force, split apart and crashed down into the canyon. There was a roar of thunder, and I saw the water pour from the sky as if all the windows of heaven had been opened.

"A cloudburst!" I cried. "Run for your life!"

Fear lent wings to our feet. We sped down the canyon, leaping fallen logs, tearing through dense underbrush, clambering over rocks, fleeing from the pursuing flood that roared down the canyon, uprooting trees and hurling great bowlders before it as it came. A few rods below a small basaltic cliff, with some stunted fir trees growing on it, stood in an open space. To outrun the water was impossible; the cliff was our only haven.

I dashed up, with my companion at my heels. Behind us we saw a solid column of water that bore a tangled mass of drift and advanced with the speed of the wind. We had only time to seize upon a tree before the flood was upon us. It struck with a grinding roar; the rock trembled to its very base; the water surged over us; we were battered by the rushing logs, scratched by the drift, suffocated by the water, but we clung on desperately. In a minute, at the furthest, the flood swept on, leaving ruin in its wake.

About the cliff the trees lay piled in a tangled, broken heap. We crept down, drenched, bruised and bleeding, and made our way to camp. But the spot where the camp had stood was swept clean. We sank upon the water-soaked ground to consider what we should do. In a short time we heard the voices of our friends. They had been fishing the main stream above where the branch entered and thus had escaped.

There was nothing left for it but to make our way back to the railroad station, where we arrived after dark. For months fishermen discovered articles of our camp equipment scattered along the stream.—Youth's Companion.

Emulation.

"Your first name is June, is it, little girl?"
"Yes, sir; only I don't spell it the way most folks do."
"How do you spell it?"
"J-u-n-e."
"Why is that, little girl?"
"Do you s'pose I'm going to let the Maes get ahead of me when it comes to spelling names different?"—Chicago Tribune.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.—Schopenhauer.

Week End Special



For Saturday

- Layer Cake, regular 50c, at 35c
- Home Made Doughnuts, regular 20c per doz., at 18c
- Parker House Rolls, regular 23c per doz., at 20c

For Sunday

- Maple Ice Cream, in bulk only, qt. 50c
- Everything we make has that "Home Made" taste.

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All goods advertised below are first class articles, the only kind we ever carry.

- Fore quarter of Lamb per lb. 16c
- Leg of Lamb per lb. 20c
- Rolled Oven Roast Beef per lb. 20c
- Rolled Pot Roast Beef per lb. 18c
- Armour's Star Ham per lb. 18c
- Armour's Simon Pure Lard 5 lb. pails 80c
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