

The Social Side of Life Local Affairs of the week

By the Observer

Mrs. Cole of Ft. Sheridan entertained the Auction Bridge club on Friday afternoon.

The Wednesday night bridge club met with Mrs. G. V. Dickinson this week.

Mrs. R. Calvin Johnson entertained several Chicago Ladies' M. Johnson on Tuesday.

Mrs. Emil Beck Metzger was hostess at a card party for sixteen on Monday evening.

Mrs. Henry Scarborough will entertain a number of ladies informally at tea on Friday afternoon.

Miss Annie Cobb entertained this afternoon at a Mid-Lenten bridge in honor of Mrs. T. W. Brown, formerly Miss Marilla Berry of Ft. Sheridan.

Robert Bacon will have as his guests at a candy pull on Saturday evening about twelve of his class mates who are pupils at the high school.

On Friday evening the members of Miss Haefly's Sunday school class were delightfully entertained at the home of Delmer Clow. Games were played and refreshments served.

On Friday evening two dinners were given after the vaudeville in Ft. Sheridan. Lt. and Mrs. Patterson gave a dinner at the club and Lt. and Mrs. Prun gave a dinner at their own quarters.

The hostesses at the Dorcas Society luncheon, at which there were about sixty ladies present, given in the parlors of the Presbyterian church on Monday were Mrs. Harry D. Faxon, Mrs. A. O. Morgan, Mrs. Henry Boyd, Mrs. R. Calvin Dobson, and Mrs. C. C. Hughes.

On Saturday evening, February 22, about forty friends of Mr. Albert Larson gathered at his home on Green Bay Road, and gave him a very pleasant surprise in honor of his birthday. They presented him with a large steel hatchet. Cards were the feature of the evening, the prizes being won by Mrs. W. Salyards, Mr. N. Larson, Mrs. Frank Sheeks, and Mr. Bert Skidmore. Dainty refreshments were served.

A piano recital given by the pupils of Miss Charlotte Brand was given at Brand's studio 211 E. Central Ave., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 26 at eight o'clock. Appearing on the program were Mrs. Krimmel and the Misses Laura Siljstrom, Marian Hechetswiler, Leona Krimmel, Elsie Blomdahl, Ethel Hill, Edith Lindbloom, Lillie Williams, Anna Bahr, Mona Bahr, Florence Schriever, Anna Bloomfield, Salome Brand, Florence Warner, and Edith Lindstrom.

Miss Frances Steever and Miss Lois Williams entertained a number of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority members at a bridge on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Miss Steever in honor of Miss Ethel Templeton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart Templeton of Chicago who is to be married on March 8th, to Harry Herbert Morrow of Pittsburg. The service will take place at the family residence. The bride's sister, Mrs. John Francis Price will be the matron of honor and the best man will be Kenneth Templeton, brother of the bride.

Mme. Ella Jorgulesco, formerly Miss Ella Prussing, who spent her girlhood in Highland Park and is well remembered by many of the residents, will be married shortly to Walter Friedelberg of Berlin, Germany, where the bride to be has lived for a number of years. She is the daughter of Eugene E. Prussing, who formerly owned the residence now occupied by Dr. Edmund R. Moras of 520 Sheridan Road. Mr. Friedelberg is a consulting electric engineer and holds two degrees, one from Oxford and one from a German University. It was not generally known here until this month that Mme. Jorgulesco, who is the mother of a daughter and a son had divorced her husband. Their marriage took place ten years ago following a romantic courtship.

A BADLY ABUSED WORD.

Many Base Uses to Which "Infinite" is Put Nowadays.

What is happening to the word "infinite"? It used to have great and rare associations and serve great needs.

Now I meet it everywhere and with every possible application. One bonnet is infinitely more beautiful than another, one brand of wine infinitely preferable to the next. He has an infinite desire to see her; she would infinitely prefer a bobble-skirt to one with gorges. One novel is infinitely superior to its predecessor; a character in it infinitely prefers game to domestic fowl. There is no association too trivial for it, no use too petty. Our books and our newspapers alike bristle with misused "infinite." The word, like Lawrence Sterne and Lord Byron, has become a social literary excess, and no worse fate can befall a great author or a great word. It is taken up by the fashion papers and by society journals, and this season's styles are usually infinitely prettier than the last.

Infinitely pretty! Not only careless journalistic folk who like to produce an emphatic effect—at any cost—are guilty. My learned friends put it to common use. So do I when I forget. We are infinitely obliged nowadays to one who gives us a lift of a few blocks and infinitely

The usual Lenten quiet has not been particularly noticeable in society this season as in previous years, perhaps due to the fact that there have been out of town guests for whom numerous entertainments, mostly informal, are being given. On Monday, Mrs. Carleton Vall entertained several ladies informally at bridge in honor of Miss Schwarz, the guest of Mrs. Edward A. Smith for whom Mrs. George A. Schofield entertained about thirty guests at bridge on Tuesday afternoon which was followed in the evening by Mrs. Paul P. Bird's delightful dinner party in honor of Miss Schwarz who again was the guest of honor at a luncheon given to a number of former Smith college girls of Chicago, by Mrs. Edward A. Smith on Wednesday while in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Schwarz were guests at a dinner and theatre party in Chicago; on Thursday Mrs. Fayette S. Munro was a dinner hostess to fourteen, in honor of Miss Schwarz and, on Friday she was again the guest of honor at a luncheon preceding a bridge followed by a dinner and theatre party in Chicago. On Sunday Miss Schwarz will return to her home in Boston.

The Junior hop which took place at the Northwestern Military Academy on Saturday evening was a delightful affair and it was particularly noticeable that the guests refrained from dancing the latest "rags" and "Tango." The grand march was led by Mr. Jeffers, president of the class. Among the Highland Park young people present were the Misses Marjorie and Dorothy Loudon, Ruth Beardsley, and Dorothy and Rowena Bastin. Mr. and Mrs. John Keith of Evanston, Mr. and Mrs. James Cooley and Mr. Richard Mayer and Miss Hortens Gowing of Wilmette were among the out of town guests who have many acquaintances in this city.

The entertainment given on the evening of George Washington's birthday at the Trinity parish house by the Daughters of the American Revolution was a delightful affair and a program of excellent talent and interest had been prepared by the committee in charge, members of which were the following ladies: Mrs. Joseph L. Fearing, chairman; Mrs. Joseph F. Leaming, Mrs. Gordon Buchanan, and Mrs. F. B. Green. Had the weather been more pleasant there would have without doubt been a much larger audience, however, over one hundred and twenty-five appreciative guests were in attendance and felt well awarded for having ventured out on such a wintry, icy night.

The singing of several groups of songs by Mr. Arthur Ranous of Evanston, whose voice is excellent, was particularly pleasing. Mr. Henry E. Mason gave an address entitled "George Washington." Although it was a brief account he had searched through many volumes to give to his audience the details and unusually interesting stories of the great man's private life, telling particularly of George Washington's many love affairs, reading aloud five of his love letters. Through the whole address Mr. Mason introduced a vein of rare and pleasing humor. This was followed by the address entitled "A Few of George Washington's Impressions," by Mr. Lloyd C. Whitman, who cleverly related incidents, and gave the story of the life of Washington as a young man, dealing with his personal life and introducing an element of humor as well as seriousness. His account of Washington as a man showed much research and study and was splendidly told. Every one present expressed their enjoyment of the singing by the members of the High School Glee club who showed the excellent training they had received. They sang the patriotic airs of our country with a youthful spirit and charm that called forth great applause. The Parish house was decorated in flags, red and white flowers and palms, while a large picture of George Washington hung in each end of the room.

Our greatest and best authors vie with one another in bringing this great word down from its high estate, and it is only a few days since I heard a most fastidious man of letters lecturing in Boston say that the Sunday supplements would be infinitely more diverting if something—I forget what—were different. The robin's note in "Flora Macleod" is "infinitely winsome." Even as critical a writer as Mrs. Annie Douglas Sedgwick speaks of a heroine "infinitely unlovable" through love and of a fat young German musician as feeling "infinitely compassion." That, to be sure, is better than Arnold Bennett's description of a woman as "infinitely stylish."—*Scribner's*.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the rose.
"Maybe not," responded the aster.
"But have you noticed?"
"Noticed what?"
"The lily pads!"—*Washington Herald*.

Proving His Point.
Silliness—What is the age of discretion? Cynicism—There isn't any. I know a man over seventy who married his fourth wife the other day.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Many a man finds out too late that he cannot hide anything from his own conscience.—*Play*.

MONSTER HEADRESSES.

Women at One Time Wore Fleets of Vessels in Their Hair.

Marie Antoinette had a passion for extraordinary headresses. One structure that she invented was forty-five inches in height and was composed of many yards of gauze and ribbon. From the folds sprang bunches of roses, and the entire edifice was surmounted by a waving plume of white feathers. It is recorded that when Maria Theresa received a portrait of her daughter wearing this headress she exclaimed: "This is no daughter of mine! It is the portrait of an actress!"

The Duchess de Chartres, determined to surpass the queen, designed a headress two inches higher. It was made up of many plumes waving at the top of a tower. Two waxen figures, representing the little Comte de Beaujolais (the brother of Louis Philippe) in his nurse's arms, were worn as ornaments. Beside them a parrot perched at a plate of cherries, and the wax figure of a black boy reclined at the nurse's feet. On different parts of the tower were the initials of the duchess's husband, her father and her father-in-law, made from her own hair.

At this time France and England were at war. In a naval engagement the French frigate Licorne struck her flag, but the Belle Poule, another French vessel, crippled the Hector, an English man-of-war. As the Frenchmen were about to board two English vessels bore down to their consort's assistance, and the Belle Poule sailed away. The English fleet returned to Plymouth with two prizes, the Licorne and a French lugger.

The French, although they had lost a frigate, proclaimed a victory. The queen and her women wore headresses that represented the Belle Poule under full sail plowing a sea of green gauze in pursuit of the English frigate. This construction was known as the "coiffure Belle Poule."

The wife of an English officer living in Paris deemed the headress an insult to the English navy and determined to resent it. At the next public occasion therefore she appeared carrying on her head five English line of battle ships, a French frigate and a lugger. An arrangement of silk and gauze represented Plymouth harbor, which the English ships, with their prizes, were entering. Each vessel carried a streamer that bore its name, and on the edifice at the back the word "Plymouth" appeared in glittering beads.

The audacity of the spirited Englishwoman struck every one dumb except the chief of police, who invited her to cross the frontier at her earliest convenience.—*Youth's Companion*.

MEANING OF "POTLUCK."

One Plunge of the Ladle, and Take What You Get.

The real origin of the word "potluck" is unknown to most of the people who use it. In Limoges, France, however, one runs into potluck itself, in a certain corner of that quaint city of jostling roofs there is still segregated, much as if in a ghetto, a Saracenic population, probably a remnant of the wave of Saracens that swept over Europe hundreds of years ago. Here they live in their crooked, narrow streets, following old customs handed down from generation to generation. There are many butcher shops in the quarter, and outside of each steams a great pot of soup over a glowing brazier. In each pot stands a ladle as ancient as the pot.

When a customer comes with a penny, in goes the ladle and comes up full of savory broth and chunks of meat, odds and ends that the butcher has had left over. And what comes up the customer has to take. One can imagine how anxiously the hungry orlin or the mother of seven must eye the inexorable ladle and how a pretty girl might get another draw from the butcher's boy.

At any rate, "to take potluck" means to take what you get and say nothing, whether the pot is in Limoges or in the flat of the man who eagerly invites a friend of his youth to dinner.—*New York Sun*.

Gives Warning of a Storm.
In the bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast four and twenty hours before the gale which causes it arrives and of which it is the prelude. In this case the wave action, generated on the other side of the Atlantic by the wind, travels at a much greater rate than that of the body of disturbed air and thus gives warning of the coming storm.

So Unreasonable.
"She's been very busy telling me how to rear my baby."
"Well?"
"But she got into a perfect panic when I asked her to take care of the child for a couple of days. You know I was suddenly called out of town."—*Washington Herald*.

A Frank Admission.
"I suppose you are interested in reform," said the conscientious citizen.
"No," replied Farmer Cornsloss; "I approve of it. But I can't say that it's generally expressed in a way that makes it as interesting as the continued stories."—*Washington Star*.

Would He?
Cashleigh—You wouldn't marry Miss Rosy for her money, would you, Upson?
Upson—Downs—How else can I get it?—*London Answers*.

He who despises small things never becomes rich.—*Danish Proverb*.



How to Retain a Correct Figure.

The surprising fact has been proclaimed to the modern woman that her figure more closely resembles the classical ideal than has been the case for many generations past, and that she has the corset maker to thank for the fact, says the Cincinnati Tribune. And she is amazed at the audacity of the corset maker, for she knows he only does as he is bidden, and he is now bidden to retain her perfect figure and not make it.

Where is the perfect figure to be found, after all?

Is it the Venus of Milo? Is it the plump ladies found in Rubens' paintings? Did Gainsborough or Reynolds discover it, or is it possessed by the modern women pictured by Shannon and Sargent? Or is it, again, the ideal figure from the doctor's point of view, perfectly healthy, well set up, the shoulders held well back, the back flat, the body carried well? Perhaps this last is the perfect figure of today. The ideal of the sculptor is a well developed unmarried woman in her early twenties. After thirty the single woman shows signs of becoming either angular or overdeveloped; she has either been too ardent a sportswoman and has become muscular or she is frankly too fat.

As far as can be, the healthy young woman of the upper and middle classes of today has a perfect figure, granted that she is not long bodied in comparison with the length of her legs. She has been trained to hold herself well, to walk easily and with natural grace. She has been encouraged to take her part in all athletic pastimes within reason. She swims and rows and plays golf. Her exercises have taught her to breathe deeply, and, in spite of certain unorthodox dances which are passing crazes in the ballroom, she is a good dancer. All her life her body has been free from the restraint of stays, the modern mother wisely holding that a girl does not want them, therefore when the debutante days come she has no consideration for the fancy of a corsetiere who would pinch here or squeeze or pad there. Corsets she must have to aid the hang of her clothes and to keep her tidy, but they must be perfectly comfortable in every respect.

Treatment of Sensitive Lips.

When the lips are prone to constant roughness they should be anointed night and morning with a good salve or cream either made at home or compounded by a reliable druggist.

Pure glycerin beaten with castor oil or lard makes an excellent ointment, but the glycerin must be chemically pure, and if lard is used it should be strictly fresh. The proportions are half of each. Camphor is also a good remedy, as is also the old-fashioned nutron tallow and benzoinated ointment of oxide of zinc, which may be obtained in small quantities at any drug shop in a never failing remedy for soothing roughened lips.

When broken places on chapped lips refuse to heal the cause may be a species of canker. Bathe the lips first with a solution of borax or salt and water—about a dessertspoonful of either to a half pint of water—and then make an application of lip salve made as follows:

One-eighth of an ounce each of white wax, sweet oil and spermaceti; break the wax and spermaceti into small pieces and put them into the oil; set the whole over a slow water bath. Do not allow to become hot. Use only sufficient heat to melt slowly. When dissolved and mingled remove from water and beat till it creams. It may be perfumed if desired with a few drops of your favorite scent.

A prepared application which is ready for use and which may be procured at the druggist's is citron ointment. This should be lightly applied with the tip of the finger.

Thin Arms Made Plump.

To improve thin arms massage with the following cream. This cream may also be used for the neck and shoulders if desired:

Lanolin, 30 grams; oil of sweet almonds, 20 grams; tannin, half a gram.

Melt the lanolin, heat the oil and add to it, stirring until thoroughly mixed; then, as the mixture cools, beat in the tannin. Place in small glass or china jars.

Remember that in massaging the arms the movements should be upward from wrist to elbow, and on the upper arm they should be from elbow to shoulder. It is well to change from one arm to the other so as to avoid getting too tired.

Snow Baths the Latest.

The latest fad among women in Russian society is snow swimming. The "snow bath" is said to be marvelous as a beautifying aid and as a cure for rheumatism and other troubles. Wrapped in rich furs, the beauties of St. Petersburg step from the screened exits of the bath and doffing their warm covering, plunge like Eves into the cold white snow. The proprietors of the baths are winning high revenues. After the plunge, pink and warm, the women join their friends in the general reception room, to which men are admitted on proof of social standing and a substantial fee.

To Rug Owners

We hope a few suggestions about the cleaning of your rugs will not be untimely.

Never Shake or Beat the Rug

This way the foundation threads will break. There are more rugs worn out this way than by actual use.

Dusting is Superficial

The dust or dirt in the body of the rug is as injurious as the moth.

Rugs Chemically Treated

may look brighter but they come out perfectly dry, this way the original oil is lost and the durability of the rug is shortened a great deal.

Have Your Rugs Washed

which is the only way to preserve their beauty and wearing qualities.

A Small Rug Cleaned FREE

To demonstrate the superiority of original native cleaning process we will clean a small rug FREE. We assure you perfect satisfaction with both our service and prices. Before letting your rugs go miles away get our prices.

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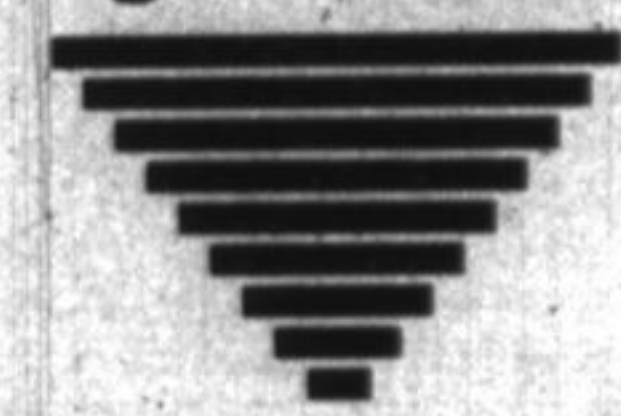
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