

Time of Services and Meetings in the Various Churches

**Trinity Episcopal Church**  
Rev. P. C. Wolcott, D. D. Rector. Holy Communion, Sunday 7:30 a. m. Morning Prayer and Litany 11:00 a. m. Holy Communion, first Sunday in the month and Festivals at 11:00 a. m. Even prayer 8:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

**St. Mary's Church**  
Laurel avenue and McGovern street. Rev. J. D. O'Neill, pastor. Sunday services First Mass, 6:30 a. m. Sunday School 11:45 a. m. Second Mass, 8:00 a. m. High Mass 10:00 a. m.

**Swedish Evangelical Lutheran**  
Highwood. Rev. C. E. Lundgren, pastor. Sunday services, preaching at 3:00 p. m. Sunday School at 2:00 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting 8:00 p. m.

**First Church of Christ, Scientist**  
Hazel avenue near St. John's avenue. Regular service every Sunday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Sunday school immediately after the Sunday morning service. Regular Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8:00 o'clock.

**The Reading Room, 119 East Central Avenue, is open daily, except Sunday, from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 5 p. m. All authorized Christian Science literature is on file for reference, and may be purchased if desired.**

**St. Johns Evangelical Church**  
Corner of Green Bay Road and Homewood Ave. Reverend F. Holke, pastor. Sunday morning worship, German, at 10:30; Sunday school, German and English departments, at 9:30. Every first and third Sundays in every month there will be English services in the evening at 7:30. Call 761-J.

**Ebenezer Evangelical Church**  
Second Street near Laurel Avenue. Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.; morning worship, 11:00 a. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:45 and evening service 7:30 p. m. German prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.; Bible study Friday, 7:30 p. m. We cordially invite your attendance.  
S. E. SCHRADER, pastor.

**Believers Meeting**  
Library Hall, Highland Park. Every Sunday 7:45 p. m., Gospel address. Every Thursday 8:00 p. m., Bible study. You are cordially invited.

**Evangelical Lutheran Church**  
Central Avenue, W. F. Suhr, pastor. Sunday service, German preaching at 10:30 a. m.; English preaching at 8 p. m. 1st and 3rd Sundays; Sunday School, 9:15; German Saturday school, 9:00 to 12:00. Bible school in German for young people Tuesdays at 8 p. m. and in English Wednesdays at 8 p. m.

**First United Evangelical Church**  
Corner of Laurel Avenue and Green Bay Road, J. Foster Van Evert, pastor. Sabbath morning worship, 10:45; evening service, 7:45. The Sunday school, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Noerenberg, convenes at 9:30 o'clock. Our new primary room is now open and under the direction of trained workers. The Key-Stone League of Christian Endeavor meets each Sabbath evening at 6:45 o'clock; Arthur Meierhoff, president. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to all services.

**Swedish Lutheran Church**  
There will be Swedish Lutheran Church services every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the Library Hall on Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Carl E. Lundgren, of Watkegan, Illinois, pastor.

**North Shore M. E. Church**  
Hazel and Greenleaf Avenues, Glencoe. Horace G. Smith, Pastor. Sunday School at 10:15 a. m. Worship 11:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

**Baptist Church**  
East Laurel Avenue. Herbert Francis Evans, minister. Sunday services: Morning worship, 11 a. m.; evening worship, 7:45. Graded Sunday School meets at ten o'clock. The mid-week prayer and conference meeting is held in the church parlor Wednesday evenings at 7:45 o'clock. The Ladies' Guild holds its regular meetings on the first and third Thursdays of each month. Everyone is cordially invited to all the services of this church.

**North Avenue First M. E. Church**  
First M. E. Church, Rev. V. A. Spicker, Pastor. Sunday School, 10:00; Preaching, 11:00, and 7:45 p. m.; Junior League, 2:30; Epworth League, 6:45; Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8:00; Teacher Training, Thursday, 7:30.

**Highland Park Presbyterian Church**  
Corner of Laurel and Linden Avenues. Pastor, Rev. R. Calvin Dobson. Sunday morning worship, with sermon, 10:30 o'clock; 4:30 Vesper Musical Service, first Sunday afternoon of each month. Bible school, with graded lessons for all departments and ages. Sunday from 12 noon to 1 p. m. Young People's meeting, Sunday evening at 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer Service, Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to all of these services.

The ladies of the Dorcas Society hold all-day meetings in the parlors of the church the first and third Mondays of the month and the Woman's Missionary Union meets the second Monday afternoon of each month at 3:00 o'clock, to which all ladies are cordially invited.

**Highwood Catholic Church**  
Daily Mass, 8:00 a. m.; Sunday, Low Mass, 10:00 a. m.; Mass and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament, 9:00 a. m.; Sunday School, 11 o'clock. Rev. Father S. J. Gates, pastor.

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**ANANIAS ELOPES**

His Tale of Woe

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Ananias Sline had at last made up his mind. Of all the desirable widows and spinsters in Quince Harbor none seemed so attractive as Mrs. Em Bevis, who was the proprietor of the Quince Harbor dry goods store. If any one had remotely suggested to Ananias that the profitable little business had enhanced the charms of the Widow Bevis in his middle aged eyes he would have laughed one to scorn. Still, being half proprietor of a dry goods business was infinitely better than being porter in a village bank. Any one would admit that!

When he put the question to Mrs. Bevis it was noontime and her two rosy-cheeked clerks had gone home to dinner. Ananias had assured himself that they two were alone, and he had promptly possessed himself of the widow's generous hand and told her the story of his lonely life and his longing for a home, provided she would preside over it.

"Oh, Ananias," she simpered. "I never dreamed—I never thought—oh!" she shrieked as Ananias imprinted a kiss on her work worn hand.

That evening Ananias called upon her and discussed their early marriage.

"There's only one obstacle to a fancy wedding," said Ananias when Em Bevis had outlined a plan for the ceremony to take place in the Baptist church, with her little niece as flower girl and white satin ribbons festooned from the tops of the pews.

"And that is?" asked Em in a disappointed tone.

"My landlady."

"Hetty Rowell? My land, you ain't engaged to her, be you?" inquired the widow sharply.

"Not if I know it," said Ananias cautiously, "but somehow I never know where I stand with Widow Rowell, Em! I swan I never proposed marriage to her in my life, but half the time she talks like she was engaged to me! I wish we could be married in a few days," added Ananias.

"But what's your hurry?" protested Em. "I'd like a chance to make some wedding clothes and get ready."

"I know it, my love," cooed Ananias in her ear, "but I'm afraid of the Widow Rowell. Great blizzards, I ain't talk in my sleep, you know. What if she should hear me saying something about you! It would be all up in the air!"

By the time Ananias went home he had persuaded his fiancée that she could select a very presentable trousseau from the stock of her own department store; so, relieved of this momentous question, Em agreed to elope with Ananias on the following Thursday, and Ananias wrote a note to the Rev. Josiah Twigg apprising him of the coming event and asking him to consider the matter as entirely confidential.

That night Ananias let himself into his boarding place and tiptoed up to his room with unusual caution. One never knew when the Widow Rowell would pounce out. And one never knew in what part of the house she was seeking a night's repose. She had a pleasantly careless custom of taking prospective guests through her spacious old house and permitting them to choose whatever room suited the moment's fancy, provided it was disengaged. As for herself, she slept around as fancy dictated—one night the west front chamber appealed to her, for she loved to hear the roar of the waves on the beach; the next night it might be a small hall room for the moment unoccupied that would tickle her restless impulse.

What Ananias did not know was that on this particular evening the widow had been approached by the proprietor of the Quince Harbor hotel and asked to accommodate a half dozen guests for whom he could find no room until the following day. Mrs. Rowell sweetly assented and gathered up her own belongings and carried them into a tiny room next to the room of Ananias Sline. Here she dropped her weary limbs upon a most uncomfortable cot and slept.

The sound of the softly closed front door aroused her. If that was Ananias Sline tiptoeing in at such a late hour she would have a serious talk with him in the morning. Either he had been courting—and that was not to be allowed, for Hetty Rowell felt that she had a prior right to the affections of Mr. Sline—or he had been to lodge meeting, and as it wasn't lodge night—why, he must have been courting! So there the widow's logical mind elucidated the matter, as we know, quite correctly.

She dozed off to sleep again and awoke to the resounding snores of Mr. Sline in the next room.

"Drat him!" she muttered, turning over. But she could not sleep again. She got to thinking about Ananias and where he had spent the evening, and she decided that it was Em Bevis who had captured him.

She was convinced of it when Ananias ceased snoring and fell to talking, as was his habit when the day had been an exciting one.

"Ahem!" bubbled Ananias. "Ahem, next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock!

My dear Mr. Twigg, would you perform a most interesting service for me? Of course I shall wear a white flower in my coat—ahem, I'm not afraid—no, shree! Ananias, take this, Em Bevis—no; that's not right, Em—Em—Emma—or Emmaline—ah!

Mr. Sline resorted to snoring once more, and the widow, now thoroughly awake to the pendency of her star boarder, sat up in bed and felt to plannings.

When the Widow Rowell felt to planning—well, things usually happened.

For an entire week she watched and waited and listened and pecked and pried, and when Thursday evening drew around she was possessed in some mysterious manner of most of the details of the approaching elopement. She knew that Hep Riddle's buggy had been engaged and that Hep was to harness the sorrel horse, although Hep Riddle himself didn't know what Ananias Sline wanted to do with a buggy.

By Thursday evening Ananias Sline was shivering with nervous dread. He had a feeling that in some way or other his elopement would be frustrated. Time and again he had found the Widow Rowell's wits could outmatch his own, but so far as he knew not a soul was aware of the approaching marriage save the prospective bride, the minister and himself.

Ananias ate scarcely any supper, although Mrs. Rowell had prepared his favorite dish of oyster stew. She sat opposite him and blinked her eyes at him until he gulped down a huge cup of scalding hot tea and bolted away from the table.

"Little dear," murmured the widow with a strange smile on her face.

Ananias locked himself into his room and made an elaborate if lusty toilet. After many maneuvers he let himself out and managed to escape by the back hall door. There was no sign of the widow, and he hoped she had gone to call upon one of her cronies. It would be ill luck indeed if she had taken fit into her head to call upon Em Bevis, though the two rivals were not the best of friends since Ananias came between them.

Still, the Widow Rowell was apt to do the most baffling things.

Ananias hurried to Riddle's stables and climbed into the buggy which a grinning negro had prepared for him. He drove rapidly out of the yard, nearly losing a wheel in the turn, for he was not a skillful driver.

Quince Harbor folks are inquisitive and prone to mind each other's business to a most annoying degree; therefore it had been decided that Em Bevis was to wait for Ananias in Whip-poorwill lane by the brook. He would catch her up into the vehicle, and away they would go to Big Harbor.

Whippoorwill lane was there, and so was Em Bevis, for Ananias recognized the white veil she was to wear about her uncovered head.

He pressed her hand and received a tender pressure in return. After that they rode in silence through the woods toward Big Harbor.

At last they reached the main street of Big Harbor, and the sorrel horse chose to gallop madly until Ananias, sawing at the reins, managed to bring him to a stop before the gate of the parsonage.

"Belay there!" yelled the little ex-sailor angrily just as the minister opened the front door and stepped into the porch to meet them.

The prospective bride-got out unaided while Ananias was tying the sorrel horse and she was inside the house by the time Ananias had reached the gate.

When Ananias Sline reached the parlor, where stood the beaming clergyman and his smiling wife and a couple of servants for witnesses, he stood in the doorway agast at the sight that met his amazed eyes. The bride was there—a bride was there, indeed, but not the one he had so carefully chosen! Standing there in the modest splendor of a gray satin dress hurriedly garnished with white lace and bunches of artificial orange blossoms was the Widow—Rowell!

Em Bevis was nowhere to be seen. Somehow he had been tricked by the artful widow whom he had at first courted, only to leave when a better chance presented itself. Surely retribution was close upon the heels of Ananias Sline!

"We are waiting, Mr. Sline," reminded Mr. Twigg, smiling benevolently.

"Dear Ananias!" cooed Hetty Rowell, fixing her agate colored eyes upon him.

Ananias moved forward mechanically. There seemed nothing else to do. Things were hideously mixed and a bitter fate seemed to have driven him straight into the arms of the Widow Rowell. He felt that she had outwitted him again—never more would he try to get the best of her. He would admit defeat. As for Em Bevis, what could he do about it now without creating a scandal that would shake the three villages to the core?

Nothing!

So Ananias went forward and was joined in the bonds of holy matrimony to Hetty Rowell. When the ceremony was over Mrs. Twigg congratulated them wistfully.

"It's the oddest thing," she bubbled, "but Josiah and I really thought the bride—we understood it was to be—another. We are quite surprised."

"So are we!" smiled Mrs. Ananias Sline as she took her husband's arm and went down to the waiting buggy and the impatient sorrel horse.

Somebody tossed an old shoe after them for luck and it struck Ananias right in the back of the neck, so that he uttered an explosive blast of profanity that caused the minister and his wife to close their front door hurriedly.

But the Widow Rowell—I mean Mrs. Ananias Sline—merely smiled complacently, as if she knew that her husband had just cause for exasperation.

**Birdseye View of Guaymas, Mexico**

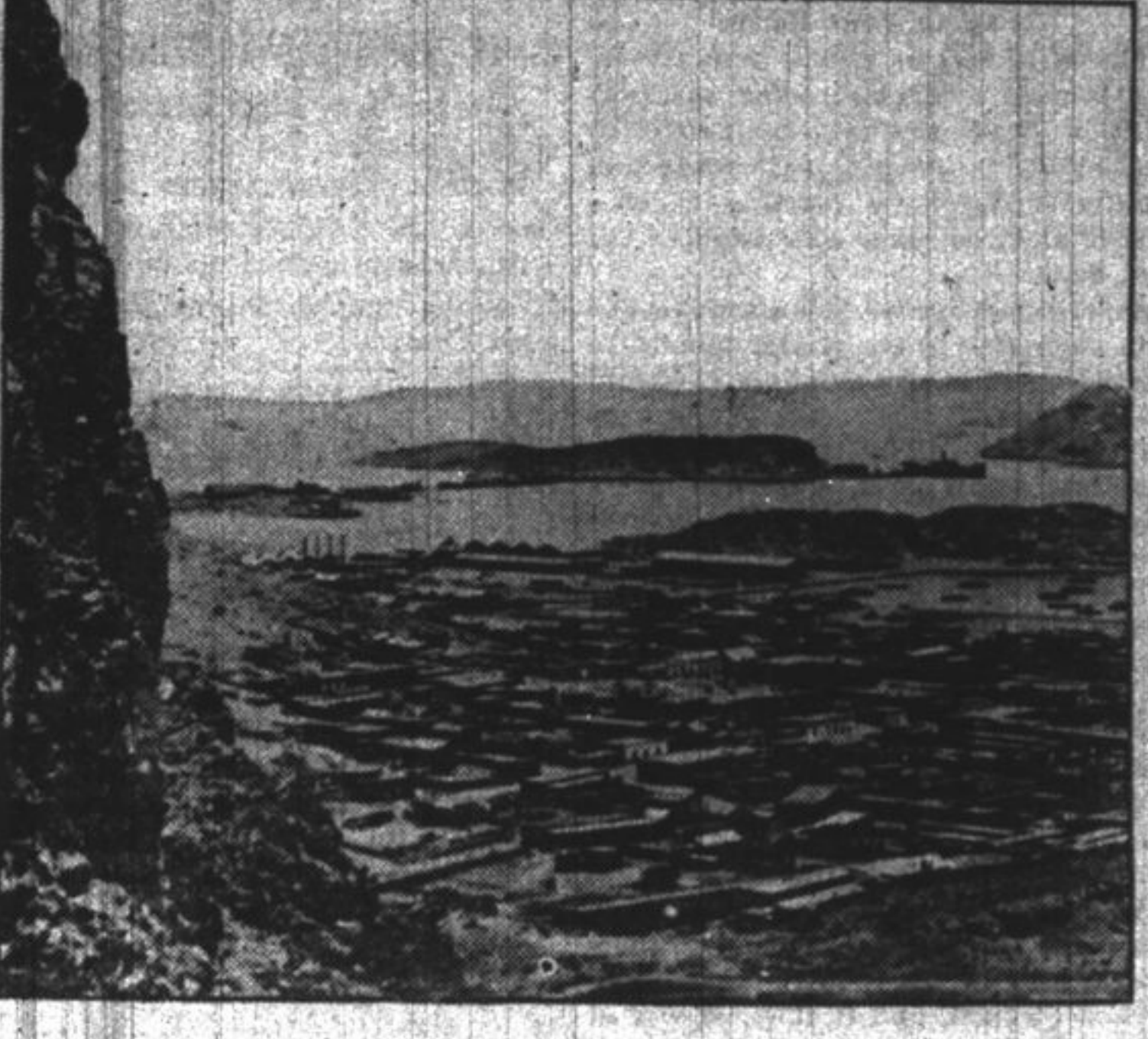


Photo by American Press Association.

GUAYMAS, on the western coast of Mexico, is a thriving city of 45,000 inhabitants. It is located on Guaymas bay. The time stained houses are Spanish Moorish and the streets narrow and tortuous. It is a strategic point. Many of the stores are managed by Chinese.

**Fort Guarding Mazatlan, Mexico**

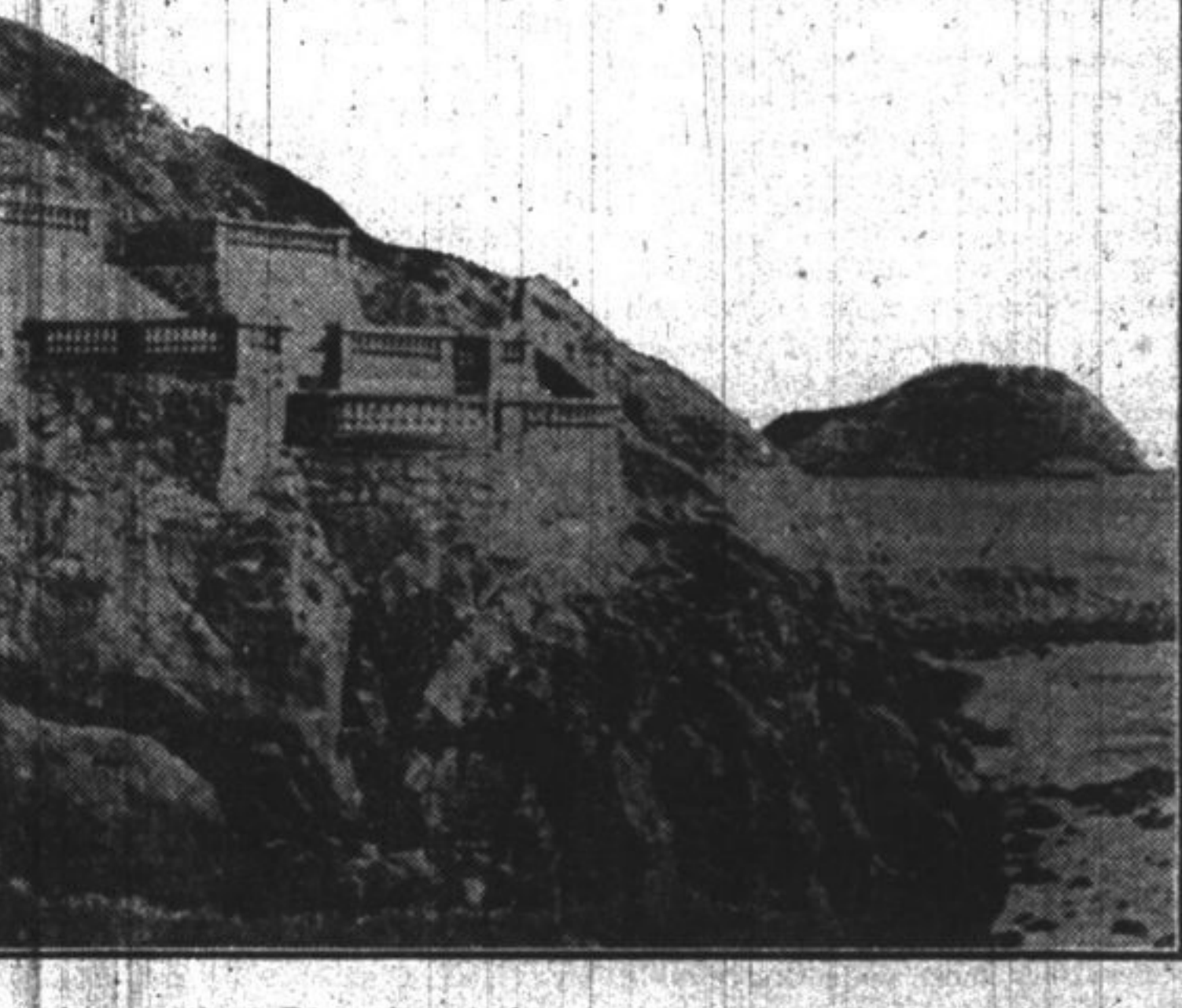


Photo by American Press Association.

MAZATLAN is ranked as the chief industrial and commercial port on the Pacific coast of Mexico. The fort sits on the side of a rocky promontory at the entrance of the harbor.

**United States Warships at Tampico**

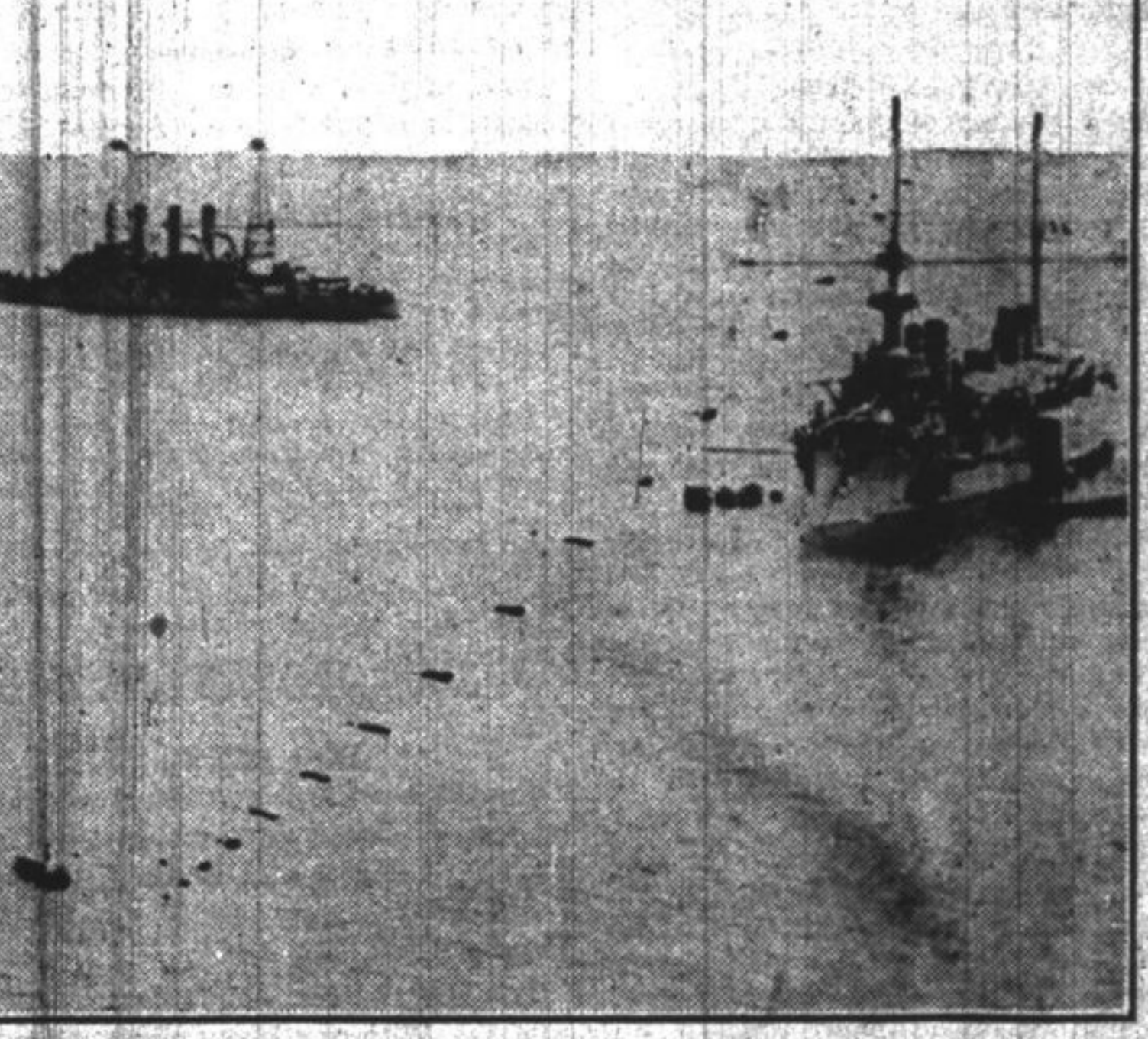


Photo by American Press Association.

THIS shows Rear Admiral Mayo's flagship and one of his other warships in the harbor at Tampico. It was Rear Admiral Mayo who demanded an official salute to the American flag from President Huerta after the American sailors had been arrested. Tampico was the objective point of the Atlantic fleet.

**Federal Building at Vera Cruz, Mexico**

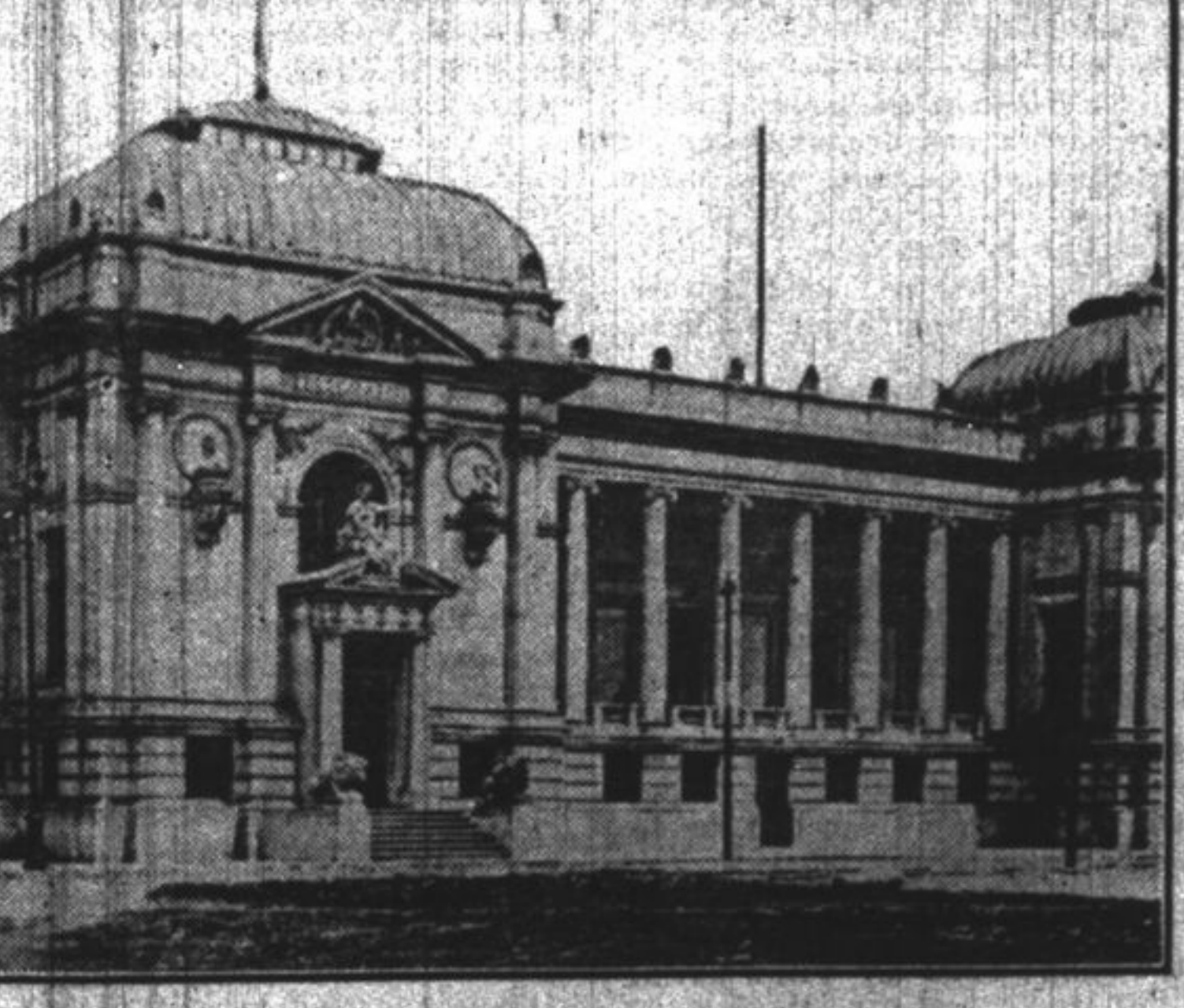


Photo by American Press Association.

THIS is the new federal building at Vera Cruz. It gives a good idea of the many modern buildings which this old Mexican seaport boasts. At the same time there are many cabins standing side by side these modern buildings, showing the odd blend of old and new.

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