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The Social Side of Life Local Affairs of the week

By the Observer

The Presbyterian Church was gay with colors and pretty gowns on Saturday evening when the wedding of Miss Cecil Vail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherman Vail, to Mr. Merrell Follansbee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Follansbee, was solemnized. Rev. R. Calvin Dobson read the service. The bride was lovely in a gown of mechlin lace with a full court train of bride's satin held in place with ropes of pearls, the bridal cap was of pearls from which the veil dropped gracefully along the train; the bride carried lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, six in number, all wore gowns of pussy-willow taffeta of delicately contrasting colors veiled with tulle forming a rainbow combination of colors; they carried shower bouquets of sweet peas of the color to match their gowns. The maid of honor, Miss Marjorie Follansbee wore orchid pink taffeta, while Mrs. Carleton Vail, matron of honor, wore apple blossom pink taffeta. Mr. Allan Benedict at the pipe organ, filled the church with the beautiful strains of the wedding marches from Lohengrin by Wagner and from Mid-Summer Night's Dream by Mendelssohn. After the ceremony a reception for the young couple was held at the home of the bride's parents. Three hundred and fifty guests were present. The house decorations were pink flowers. After September first Mr. and Mrs. Follansbee will be at home at 417 E. Laurel Ave.

Dwight, Mildred and Emeline Moore of Ravine Drive, entertained seventy of their little friends at a May party on Saturday afternoon. Refreshments and games, including the beautiful May pole dance, which today charms the young folks as in times past, helped to pass the afternoon pleasantly.

Little Robert Seyfarth was host to a number of his little friends on Wednesday afternoon of last week at a birthday party. The tiny tots enjoyed games and a general frolic, and were delighted with the beautiful lighted birthday cake with five candles on it.

Miss Dorothy Baker entertained ten guests at a party Wednesday afternoon celebrating her birthday. Games and music passed the afternoon hours pleasantly. Dainty refreshments were served; pink decorations prettily carried out with pink carnations made the table attractive. The out of town guests came from Lake Bluff and Lake Forest.

On Friday afternoon the musical club met at the home of Mrs. J. H. Barnard. The study of the day was Coleridge-Taylor; the soloists were: Mrs. Tate who sang "Life and Death," and "Explanations," and Mrs. Burt who sang "Big Lady Moon." Mrs. Miller read the paper on the life of Coleridge-Taylor. Refreshments were served.

A change in the program of the May meeting of the local chapter of the D. A. R. has been made. The meeting is to be on the subject "Domestic and Farm Help of the Colonial and Revolutionary Periods" in place of Colonial Music and Musical Instruments." Mrs. Frank Green's is to be the essayist. The meeting will take place Monday afternoon, May seventeenth at two-thirty at the home of Mrs. O. H. Morgan on N. Sheridan Rd. Before the program a business meeting will be held at which time the annual election of officers will take place. Music will be in charge of Mr. Harley Horan, tenor, who will be accompanied by Mr. Sidney Arno Dietch on the piano.

Mrs. Curtis Kimball of S. Green Bay Rd., will entertain sixteen young people at dinner on Friday evening for her son David. Irving Engel of Chicago will play the piano.

Mrs. George M. Howe entertained sixteen members of the Bible class of the Presbyterian Church of Waukegan on Tuesday afternoon. The party rambled in the woods gathering flowers. A delicious luncheon was served at five o'clock.

Mrs. O. S. Peabody entertained the members of the Alpha Chapter of the Westminster Guild on Tuesday afternoon. A very pleasant afternoon was spent. Miss Alice Davidson led the devotionals and Mrs. H. B. Roberts led the study class. Refreshments were served after deciding that Mrs. B. A. Hamilton would entertain the Chapter a week from Tuesday.

The Beta Chapter of the Westminster Guild met at the home of Mrs. Arthur Purdy on Oakwood Ave., Tuesday afternoon. Miss Lida Gourley led the devotionals, the study being led by Miss Edith Moss and Mrs. John Rothacher. Several piano selections were rendered by Mrs. Arthur Purdy, followed by refreshments. On Tuesday the twenty-fifth the Misses Gourley will act as hostesses for the Guild, the meeting to take place at the Presbyterian Church.

MOTHER'S DAY SERMON

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care knit, or sew or do fancy work to adorn and clothe her child than did this Hebrew slave prepare this basket for her child, and into that basket she wove her love and prayers to God who heard and cared. For I believe that God took as much interest in that work as did the Mother of Moses. For an event as far-reaching as that concerned heaven as it concerned all earth. And I believe that God is proportionately interested in the prayerful and wise preparation and care of every other mother for her child. No doubt God whispered this very plan to the Mother of Moses when she prayed to Him for help, and He answered her prayer in a very strange commonplace way by leading her by His spirit to prepare this cradle ark that was to contain a treasure more precious than the crown jewels of Egypt.

And at dawn she must have kissed him good-bye, placed him hurriedly in the ark among the reeds and rushes, and with an aching heart, turned away to her days hard work, leaving her little daughter Miriam to watch lest some harm befall the child. And having done her best as directed through prayer, God did His part as He always does. And He did it in the best way as He always does. He doesn't always do it in our way, but His way is always the best way. You remember the story how Pharaoh's daughter came down to the river to bathe, and discovered the ark and sent her maid for it, and looked into it, and discovered the child weeping. And those tears blotted out all that was against it, and gave it a chance for its life. That baby's tears were the jewels with which God's people were ransomed from the Egyptian bondage. The princess had a woman's heart, and when the baby's tears got tangled up with her heart-strings, they were a mightier army than Pharaoh's and vanquished it.

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Frithful Miriam joined the Company about that baby's crib out there by the river Nile, and no doubt she too wept with her little brother. And she detected kindness in the Princess' face, and she asked whether she couldn't go among the Hebrews and find the child an adopted mother. And the princess told her to go, and how she must have run to her mother. And we can imagine something of the mother's anxiety as she saw her coming, and how she wondered what had happened to the child. And when Miriam tells her her mission, still she must have quaked with fear lest some evil were about to befall him. You see God did not answer her prayer all in a day. She must still walk by faith, and trust and obey. Her prayer was not being answered in her way, as she expected it to be answered. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

And it is passing strange that the very river in which so many of the Hebrew children had been drowned and fed to the crocodiles was the place of safety and life for His chosen one. And way back here in the pentatouch we have the same lesson that Jesus gave to his disciples in Gethsemane "Watch and pray." Miriam watched while her mother prayed, and watched too, for the safety of the child. And such prayer was answered in God's time and way, and how wonderfully so. Pharaoh's daughter said to her: "Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." How beautifully the mother was rewarded for those long hours of waiting and watching. And the joke of it all was that Pharaoh paid her to do it. She received wages from the King's treasury for caring for the very boy that the King wanted to kill.

How mysteriously God's providences work out for our own good when we trust Him. We may have to pass through days and months and years of anxious vigils, and heartaches, but eventually the day dawns and the shadows flee away; and our happiness will be greater than all our sorrow, and trial. God has a wonderful way of compensating and rewarding us if we will only trust and wait. And there are many sad hearted mothers today that have kept their vigils by the River Nile of death and disappointed hopes, and anxieties and cares, and have labored and prayed for the peace and safety of the child. And sometimes they have felt when God's messenger came out of His royal house, and took the little one that He was cruel. But wait until another messenger comes to call you and you will find yourself with your own in the King's palace, receiving God's wages as a reward for your care. Just so.

"There are whips and tops and pieces of string
And shoes that no little feet ever wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken wings
And tresses of golden hair.
"There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;

There are books and pictures all faded and torn
And marked by finger tips,
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust—
Yet we strive to think that the Lord is just.
"Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our souls
Sometimes when we try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken ours away.
And we sometimes doubt if the Lord can know
How our riven hearts did love them so.
"But when we think of our dear ones dead
Our children who never grow old,
And how they are waiting and watching for us
In that city with streets of gold;
And how they are safe, through all the years
From sickness, and want and war,
We thank the great God, with falling tears,
For the things in the cabinet drawer."

And Moses' mother is only an example unto us of the bravery and heroism of mothers everywhere. The is an age when ones attention is being called afresh to heroism in strife, and fortitude in braving dangers and in undergoing trials. And we should not minimize in the least these sad but brave exploits of the battlefield. But we would always remember that there are other battlefields of life just as trying, and many undecorated heroes and heroines, who have won their encomiums to just as great a cost. And among these immortals stand our mothers. And the greatest battles that are being fought in Europe today are being fought by the mothers.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not—
Twas fought by the mothers of men.

"Nay, not with cannon or battle, shot,
With sword or nobler pen.
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

"But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is the battlefield.

"No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave
But Oh! these battles, they last so long—
From boyhood to the grave."

Mothers are always brave when the safety of their children is concerned. And somehow they transmit this bravery to their children. Moses needed just the training and inspiration that his heroic mother could give him, to prepare him for his life's work. So when God, in His Providence, wanted to train Moses for the leadership of His people, and the faith and courage necessary for that work he did not turn him over to some learned man in Pharaoh's schools for his instruction, but to his own mother. At her knee he learned to pray and trust in God and do the right, come weal or woe. And no one else could teach him that like his mother. And no one else besides the mother can do the work of preparing the child for life's battles today. The public schools, as important as their work is, cannot do it. The Bible school, as essential as it is, cannot take the place of the mother. The Bible school teacher cannot do it. The state cannot do it any more than the King of Egypt could train Moses for his life's work. The nurse cannot do it. No one can do it but the mother. And if the children of our homes are to be trained in the fear and love of God, in the graces and habit of prayer and Bible study, in the necessary observances of the ordinances of grace, in the observance of the Sabbath and in church attendance and support, in brief in Christian living the mother must do it, or it will not be done, no not in one case in a hundred.

Because Moses had the example and training of such a mother as that, he became the leader of God's chosen people." By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he looked with the recompense of reward. He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Where did Moses get this proper estimate of values? From his home training. And we must include his father, even if this is Mother's Day. For the writer of the Hebrews tells us: "By faith Moses when he was born, was hid three months BY HIS PARENTS, because THEY saw he was a goodly child and THEY were not afraid of the king's commandments." So Moses had a brave father too. And it is encouraging to know that they

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