

War Mothers

THE HOMECOMING of your boys overseas or in camp is at hand. Soon they'll be wanting to climb back into civilian clothes. Once Uncle Sam says the word these boys of yours will be in a hurry to shed their martial togs—so prepare. Get the boys' home clothes down off the closet hooks and call our wagon. We clean, dye, mend and press.

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SOCIAL ACTIVITY

Miss Ethel Zimmer entertained several young girls informally last Friday afternoon.

The North American Union gave a euchre party last evening in Masonic Hall.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Lena E. Gehrke and Mr. Walter Garrity, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Garrity of Highwood, which took place Monday evening with Rev. J. D. O'Neill officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Garrity will reside on McDaniel Av.

A farewell party is being given Mr. William Kelly and Mr. Harvey Williams this evening by several of their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vencel Muzlik.

A number of young people from Highland Park and Ravinia attended the annual Junior Prom at the Girton School, Winnetka, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hills of Joliet announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Myrtle, to Rev. Arthur Meierhoff which took place Wednesday evening, February fifth, in Joliet. The young couple will make their home in Blairstown, Ia.

The Five Hundred Club will meet this afternoon with Mrs. Louis Shetzley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Meierhoff entertained informally last Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meierhoff.

Next Thursday evening, February 27th, the Royal Neighbors will give a card party in Witten Hall. Everyone is welcome to attend. A small admission fee will be charged.

A delightful surprise party was given Mrs. A. Pierson of Highwood last Tuesday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary. A large number of friends were present. Mrs. Pierson was presented with a gift by her friends.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Because of the Lake County Teachers' Institute the students were kept from the lunch room last Friday. To make up for this a picnic luncheon was served in the Boys' Gym. Besides giving the students a very good time the committee in charge, headed by Miss Eunice Knox, cleared about \$10 which goes for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

A very pretty Valentine informal was given in the Boys' Gym by the sophomore class last Friday. These "jitter dances" for the school are proving very popular, as evidenced by seven dollars taken in last Friday. The P. T. A. always has two official chaperones there, in addition to the faculty chaperones, Miss Felmy and Miss Noyes; while a number of mothers are evincing their interest by quite regular attendance.

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SONS IN SERVICE

As far as we know Daniel Cobb is the only Highland Park boy to get an assignment in the Courier Service, the prospect of which he mentions in the following letter to his mother. This letter is particularly valuable for its graphic word picture of the celebration in honor of President Wilson.

Paris, 4 Place de la Concorde
January 6, 1919.

As I've told you in previous letters, the windows of our office open on the Concorde—the most famous square in history—and our view, not only of the City of Paris, but of all the "doings," is really quite wonderful. I've seen some sights, believe me, for it has been just one grand celebration after another. Three kings and two queens is a pretty good part and the king and queen of Montenegro—King George of England, King Albert of Belgium and his queen—all have floated by, and now with the king of Italy here and perhaps the kings of Rumania and Serbia hopping in on us—it is just one darned king after another, but President Wilson is better than a whole royal flush.

The parades in honor of each royal visitor are similar, but not any more elaborate or spectacular than off in the states, though possibly more picturesque on account of the mingling of the soldiers of all nations. Early in the day of President Wilson's arrival, I went to get a look at the crowd outside of the Hotel de Ville where the reception was held. Instead of an awning over the entrance, it was canopied with the richest red velvet trimmed with gold fringe. Stationed within were those magnificently uniformed Gardes de Muntepale, their shining helmets, rich capes, and flashing swords reminding one of court days. And then the crowd. There were ladders twenty feet high that had been brought out for the occasion and every one was full; there were little carts like the tumbrils that had carried unhappy victims to the guillotine; there were kitchen chairs, tables and benches, but over and above all—were people, people, people—in the roofs, in the trees, on shaky poles, on top of each other! I've never seen so many in my life.

I managed to worm myself back to our offices, and long before the procession passed we knew, by the booming of the big gun in the presidential salute that the first man in the only land—had arrived. The murmur that passed through the crowd was like the gathering of a storm—the people were crying, laughing, singing, roaring—all at once—that's France.

I had a wonderful place from which to view all. When it came about time to reach the Concorde, I climbed out of our office window on to the ledge from which I could almost touch the carriages as they passed. President and Mrs. Wilson, Clemenceau and General Pershing received the most applause. Several French people have told me that President Wilson made by far the best impression of any of the celebrities. I've seen them all, and none of them looked as intellectual—or so much "the man of the hour" as he did.

One of the prettiest sights of the whole thing I obtained from the roof of our building just after the president passed—when the divided throng surged together in the Place de la Concorde, the light blue of the long columns of French soldiers as they tried to wind themselves out of the crowd, stood out in sharp contrast to the sombre hue of the civilians, and the khaki groups of American and English soldiers.

The most remarkable feature about the Wilson celebration was that Paris had a three day holiday during which time there was constant merry-making with everybody on the streets and our boys in the center of it—all bare-headed—officers and men alike because French girls grabbed all American caps in sight as souvenirs. I had mine jerked off the very first night before we got wise to the latest Parisian craze. Luckily I had another in reserve or probably I would still be going around with some makeshift.

It was the most good-natured through you could imagine. Whenever some old fiddler or accordion player would tune up, there would be a riotous street dance, everybody grabbing anybody and whirling around in that dizzy European waltz or polka. Once-in-a-while you would find a girl who could do the American one-step, and they were all—like every other French girl you meet—eager to learn the American way of dancing. American soldiers were the center of innumerable dancing groups and were kissed and hugged by all and sundry.

There were maskers and groups of costumed youths from the Latin Quarter, but most of the costuming

was that of the romantically real soldiers of forty different kinds from the four corners of the earth. Coal black Americans rubbed shoulders with faxen men from Poland. There were Goumiers from the Sahara with flowing robes and turbans, Algerians, Tunisians, and Zouave, Moors wearing their star and crescent emblem of Islam, kilted Scottish troops, men from New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Canada, England, and Ireland; Italians, Portuguese—armen, infantrymen, sailors, artillerymen, cavalrymen, Red Cross nurses, and most numerous of all, except the French soldiers, the men whom Paris will soon lose, probably never to return again in such numbers—the khaki-clad American soldiers.

There is one more show I would like to see—perhaps the greatest the world has ever seen. Just when this show will take place, no one knows. Every French soldier and civilian has dreamed of it for four and a half years. It will take place the day when, with the treaty of peace signed and the war really ended, the French regiments come from the front, and marching under the Arch of Triumph, swing down the Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde.

The French understand enough of vast military pageants to know that they cannot take place in an hour, and one must eat while one waits. And so, far-seeing Frenchmen are reserving at one hundred francs—seats at a table (without dinner) at the scores of restaurants along the Champs Elysees where they can take their meals while waiting for the pageant.

Did I tell you that Billy Morgan came into our office one day, and I was mighty glad to see him. He said he had recently seen Nathan Coywith and Allan Jones, so I may happen to see them also. I had another reminder of home on Christmas day when I was invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bryant of Lake Forest who live near the Onventasia Club. Mr. Bryant is in the French ambulance service, and for the period of the war, they have taken a charming old place in the beautiful suburb of St. Cloud. They do a great deal for American boys, especially those wounded or convalescent—just like Mr. and Mrs. Shepard at Chantilly. As I drove in and saw in large letters over the gate—"Lake Forest Home," I really felt as if I were going home. There were a number of American soldiers. Mr. Bryant came with several French officers, and we had a most sumptuous turkey dinner with a Christmas tree afterwards and presents for everyone. Each man received a whole carton of cigarettes (not a package) and in the evening we danced and had a good time generally. To my surprise, Mrs. Bryant invited me again for New Years. I went and the same jollification was repeated.

One could sight-see in and around Paris for a year, but I've taken a squint at the most famous of all the landmarks. Spent the whole day Sunday at Versailles—the most wonderfully laid spot I ever hope to visit. It is enchanting beyond words and no words or pictures can do justice to its charm. Old Louis XIV spared neither money nor labor to make it the most beautiful place in the world and just about succeeded even if he did bankrupt the nation, and ultimately bring on the French revolution by so doing.

As you know this peace conference of ours will probably not hold its sessions at Versailles because of the lack of modern facilities in the Palace. The most interesting room for us Americans is the Salon de Glace—the Mirror Room where William of Prussia had himself declared Emperor of Germany after the Franco-Prussian war, when the Germans were making their headquarters at Versailles, and where the Peace we are now to make will be signed on the same table even—a strange coincidence that Fate and the French have brought about to humiliate the Germans, and they will not forget to take them to the room in the old palace when it comes time to sign.

One night I went to the Grand Opera House and heard Thais. At every intermission I promenade in the foyer and saw the prettiest demoiselles in Paris. I admit I was astonished at the modesty of their opera gowns, for, whether it was the war or the style or what, there were none of the very décollete effects seen at the Metropolitan at New York. As far as the singing was concerned, I would just as leave heard some of our Ravinia Park stars—though the scenery, chorus and ballet were magnificent.

Another night I took in the Folies Bergeres (which is the name not of a show but of the most celebrated vaudeville or Music Hall in Paris and probably in the world) I went

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early and bought a general admission ticket which in this theatre entitles you to stand almost anywhere and is the most popular form of ticket. I had a fine view from one of the side logs. It was musical comedy with pretty costumes and ballets. It contained many allusions to the war and had some stirring music. In one act the chorus came out dressed in Scottish kilts and bonnets, and to the accompaniment of a bag-pipe, danced the Scotch hornpipes or whatever they are called, and as a final flourish the Scotch flag and sang "Scotland Forever."

Well, it just happened—I might have thought of a put-up job only some of our officers saw the same show on different nights and there was nothing like this) that in the front box there were a couple of Scottish officers of the Black Watch in their kilts and bonnets. When this act came on they simply went wild—right in their box they danced and sang everything the chorus did and better than the chorus—when they unfurled the Scottish flag and started "Scotland Forever" they jumped clear on to the stage and stood at salute until the song was ended and the curtain rang down. It was one of the most dramatic things I have ev-

er seen and the house went wild over it. When this reaches you I may be in Vienna—will go by way of Berne, Padua and Trieste. I have the chance to take charge under one of our offices of the office the American Peace Commission wishes to establish in Vienna in connection with the Courier Service and to investigate food conditions. I would go as Mr. Hoover's representative and carry the passport of the American Food Commission which ought to insure me fair treatment. I will be obliged to go through Switzerland in civilian clothes owing to neutrality regulations, but in Austria would probably wear my uniform.

Can't say when I will be home. It may be Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, or Christmas—in the meantime you might have the fatted calf in preparation.

As ever,
DAN.

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