

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

The Cat Prowls

They were sitting in a shady corner of the large veranda, a group of "the girls," enjoying an afternoon chat. All were over seventy, and pretty snooty about it, too, having reached the stage where years are a credit, rather than a secret to be guarded with jealous care.

"They call him 'The Cat,'" she was saying in her deep tones, glancing at the newspaper folded in her lap.

"Do tell! Whatever do they call him that for?"

"Because, I suppose, he is always prowling around, climbing porches, sneaking in windows, and such. No one has ever actually seen him, but they can tell when he's been there, for there's always a broken window pane, and a pair of men's trousers missing. Just that — nothing else. It says here," nodding toward the paper, "that, so far, he's taken over a hundred pair."

"The police would give their eye teeth to catch him."

"A hundred pairs of trousers!" Sarah gasped. "Now what could he do with as many as that? He couldn't possibly wear them all — now could he?"

"Don't be a ninny," admonished Lucretia. "Of course he doesn't wear 'em. He just sneaks 'em and goes through them at his leisure, flinging 'em away afterward. In the garden — in the alley . . . once, even, on a roof."

"Oh my!" Emmaline's fragile, blue-veined hands trembled. "The dreadful creature! I certainly hope I never meet up with him. I should die of fright — shouldn't you, Lucretia?"

Lucretia bridled. "Who — me? I should say not! Why, if the 'Cat' ever crossed my path, I'd give him a good sound piece of my mind — that's what!"

Hannah's bulk quivered with silent mirth. "I do believe you would, at that, Lucretia. You certainly are a one!"

Lucretia had felt at the time that she shouldn't eat so heartily of cabbage and banana salad, and waking, now, in the deep of the night, she was sure of it. For hours she had tossed and turned, vaguely aware of a gnawing pain in her middle. She sat up abruptly.

"Baking soda," she muttered, and swung her feet to the floor. She didn't need to disturb anyone by turning on a light, for she knew every step of the way to the kitchen, and exactly the place in the cupboard where the baking soda was kept. Slipping her bare feet into a pair of carpet slippers, she shuffled into a shapeless old robe. Her transformation dangled limply from a bed post and her dentures reposed hygienically in a glass of water by the bedside. Cropping her way down the back stairs she fumbled in the big cupboard.

"Rats!" she exclaimed irritably. Someone had moved the soda. Finding the electric button she switched on the light. Then she turned to find herself staring suddenly into the startled face of a man crouching before her, gazing up at her, with an expression of utter disbelief.

For a moment neither moved. Then, with a grin, the fellow straightened. "Well — strike me pink! If it ain't a lady!"

"Don't be a ninny!" snapped Lucretia, forcefully, if a trifle indistinctly, "what did you expect to find — a man?" In order to conceal her inward quaking she assumed her grandest manner, drawing herself to her considerable height, glaring haughtily down her beak-like nose. Even without benefit of transformation and store teeth Lucretia was able to put up quite a front. A slight breeze drew her attention to the window. On the floor in front of it lay pieces of shattered glass. She glanced back sharply.

"So . . . you're the Cat, are you? Humph. I've been reading about you. Well, you may as well get going, for you won't find any trousers here. I promise you!"

Mingled emotions struggled in the swarthy face before her, with amusement uppermost. "What? Not in a big house like this? You wouldn't kid me, would you, lady?" He took a step toward her. "Say, ain't you just a little bit afraid o' me?" he asked, softly.

Lucretia's stout heart quailed. The hall door and safety seemed very far away, and in her path stood this repulsive creature, who really looked quite muscular. Resolutely she choked down her rising panic.

"Afraid of you!" She snorted. "Don't make me laugh!" And was gratified to note his baffled expression. Suddenly something clicked in her agile brain. She shot a lightning glance over her shoulder. Yes, there was the door, usually closed, but now miraculously just ajar — with the key in the lock. She inched closer to it, while holding his eyes

Creative Writers Group Starts 7th Year Oct. 5

The fall term of the North Shore Creative Writers begins Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5, at 1 o'clock, at the YWCA. The two-hour class period will be devoted to prose this time, and poetry and prose days will be alternated thereafter.

Mr. Winifred Lowell Van Atta of Chicago and Mrs. Donald McGibeny of Lake Forest are group leaders for the term. Mr. Van Atta, a contributor of prose to popular magazines such as the Readers Digest, will instruct in prose writing and how to make material marketable.

Mrs. McGibeny, who has had poetry in "Jack and Jill," and other juvenile magazines, and has won prizes at the Writers conference, will have charge of the poetry sessions. There will also be frequent guest speakers from successful writers and publishers.

The writers group includes listeners and beginners as well as a number of experienced writers. Class instruction is definite and practical, with constructive criticism by the group.

The Creative Writers were first organized by Mrs. Everett Fontaine, who now lives in Barrington. She also became the first executive secretary of the annual Writers conference and has acted in that capacity ever since. The conference was a result of the activity of the Writers group and was first held at the Moraine hotel. It has now grown to such proportions that it is sponsored by Northwestern university, Medill school of journalism.

Much of the success of the group has been due to the leadership of Rowena Bennett. Although she cannot be director this year, the class will still profit by her advice and interest. Mrs. George K. Bowden, who is a member of the board of Friends of American Writers, is the present chairman of the group.

The Creative Writers have members from all along the North Shore, including Chicago, Evanston, Winnetka, Wilmette, Glencoe, Highland Park, Deerfield, Lake Forest, Libertyville, Waukegan and Kenosha.

Further information may be secured by calling Mrs. Bowden, H.P. 4395, or the YWCA, H.P. 675.

A. T. Sihlers Announce Daughter's Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Sihler of Highland Park announce the engagement of their daughter, Frances, to Mr. Lawrence D. Cowen of Colorado Springs, Colo. Mr. Cowen has recently received a medical discharge from military service because of an injury sustained while he was in training with the V6 naval aviation unit. He plans to enter business with his father in Colorado Springs. No date for the wedding has been set and Miss Sihler will resume her studies at Colorado college where she enters her junior year this fall.

TUXIS SOCIETY TO HOLD BARBECUE

At the first meeting of the Tuxis, of the Highland Park Presbyterian church, Sunday, Sept. 24, officers for the coming year were installed. Henry Date, president, announced that on Sunday, Oct. 1, a barbecue supper will be held at the Central Avenue beach. Members with lunch, and as many friends as possible, will meet at the church at 6 p.m. An interesting program is promised.

with her compelling gaze, and her fingers closed on the knob. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she told him severely. "Why aren't you in the army instead of sneaking around yelling 'Boo' at people twice your age?"

The fellow shuffled uncertainly, and Lucretia was prompt to follow up her advantage. She towered over him.

"Now I'm telling you, mister, you'd better clear out of here — fast!" Quickly she flung open the door. "Get out, I say!" She stamped her foot. "Scat!"

His startled eyes still on hers, the Cat sidled past her through the open door. Lucretia slammed it shut and turned the key.

Her old knees felt like rubber, and her stomach turned over. She reminded vividly of cabbage and bananas. But she had to reach that phone in the hall. By sheer will power she made it.

Snatching the receiver she jiggled the hook frantically. "Hello — hello! Get me the police station — quick!" Then: "Are you looking for 'The Cat'?"

Yes — that's what I said — C-A-T! That prowls around nights stealing men's — Yes . . . Well, come and get him, I've got him locked up here in the preserve closet!"

Now shaking violently she was about to hang up the receiver when she became aware of rasping, imperative sounds issuing therefrom. She turned back.

"What's that? 'Where am I?' Oh, yes — I — guess I forgot. This," said Lucretia wearily, "is the Old Ladies' Home."

THE END  
Ross Bargey (R.B.O.)  
L.B.

Miss Elda Cassai Weds at St. James

On Saturday, at a nuptial mass in the St. James church, Highwood, Miss Cassai, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cassai, 638 Railway, Highwood, became the bride of Sgt. Cardina Arcangelo, of Mayberry, West Va.

Gowned in white silk with fingertip veil, the bride carried an arm bouquet of large white chrysanthemums, and was attended by Miss Helen Baldrini of Lake Forest, who wore pink satin and carried pink gladioli. Cpl. Carme DuCato of Fort Sheridan officiated as best man.

A wedding dinner was served later at the home of the bride's parents, and about 70 guests were present at an evening reception at the Labor temple.

PLEGDED TO ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Greencastle, Ind., Sept. 27. — Two Highland Park boys have been pledged to Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at DePauw university, according to newly released pledge lists. They are Karl Hutchison, 829 Forest Ave., and Harry Van Ornum, 829 S. Green Bay Rd.

Miss Cole Weds Singing Sailor

Miss Patricia E. Cole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Cole, 641 Sunnyside, was married last week to the velvet-voiced songster of Great Lakes Naval training center, Carlo Paradiso, musician 2/c, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Paradiso, of Cleveland.

Miss Cole was attended by her sister, Gloria, and John Pietro, musician 2/c, of Cleveland, now stationed at Great Lakes, acted as best man. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents.

The newlyweds will live in Highland Park.

NURSE ACCEPTS POST IN ARMY HOSPITAL

Miss Edell Hansen, R.N., has left for Battle Creek, Mich., where she has accepted a post in the Percy Jones hospital for wounded veterans.

Miss Hansen, who has nursed in Highland Park and vicinity for about 14 years, doing private work and occasionally helping out at the local hospital, made her home at 606 Vine for the last few years.

Announce Engagement of Judith Ann Rutherford

The engagement of Judith Ann Rutherford to Bruce Irwin, of Quincy, Ill., has been announced by her parents; Mr. and Mrs. W. Harold Rutherford, 332 Maple. Miss Rutherford and her fiance both completed two years at University of Arizona, and both entered Northwestern this fall.

SMITH STUDENT MAKES COLLEGE HONOR ROLL

Miss Susan Lackner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Lackner of 31 Ravine Terrace, and a junior at Smith college, is on the dean's list for her high scholastic standing maintained last year. To achieve dean's list ranking, an average of "B" or better in all subjects is required.

Miss Lackner prepared for college at Highland Park High school.

RAVINIA LIBRARY

Beginning the first week in October, the Ravinia Library station will be open Wednesdays from 9 to 12 a.m. in addition to the Saturday hours of 10 to 12 a.m. and 1 to 5:30 p.m.

GLENCOE

Theatre 630 Vernon Avenue Highland Park 605

FRI. & SAT. Sept. 29-30

BOB HOPE Shirley Ross

"Some Like It Hot"

SUN., MON., TUE., WED., THU., October 1-5

Sunday Show starts at 1:30 p.m.

BING CROSBY Barry Fitzgerald

"GOING MY WAY"

FRI. & SAT. Oct. 6-7

Carole Landis, Kay Francis

"Four Jills in a Jeep"

Coming: "Uncertain Glory," "Make Your Own Bed," "White Cliffs of Dover," "Once Upon a Time."

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