

Deep and Shallows

The Unpredictable Penny

"Kitty, kitty, kitty," called Mrs. Butler, anxiously, at the back door of her suburban bungalow. Black Peter, feline Romeo and veteran of many a fierce duel, had been gone now for several days, and Mrs. Butler was greatly concerned, for next to the humans of her family, she loved the household pet.

"I'm afraid he's gone for good," she remarked, mournfully, to five-year-old Penny. Then she considered her child, for, contrary to her usual behavior in situations of this sort, Penny went on calmly dressing her doll, remarking comfortably, "Don't worry, Mom, Peter'll be all right."

Mrs. Butler's heart sank. Was this apparent callousness, she wondered, one of these phases which overlap each other with such breath-taking rapidity? Or was the child developing a fickleness—a lack of feeling for those near and dear to her?

She was restrained from further speculation by a shout from Jon, in his piercing nine-year-old soprano.

"Hey, mom, here comes the minister! He's at the gate, now." Then he turned to Penny, his tanned face smug beneath the Dutch hair-cut.

"I guess you'd better get in your tree," he remarked.

His mother caught her breath. The tree, of the low-spreading variety, stood in the Butler's back yard, and was known to be Penny's port in time of storm. It sheltered alike Penny's grief, her guilt and her desire to escape wiping dishes. Therefore, judging by that crack of Jon's, it followed that Penny was in trouble.

A quick glance out of the window, and Mrs. Butler blessed Aunt Minnie Horton and her rheumatism. The Rev. Townsend had been halted at the front gate, and there he would remain for a good ten minutes.

Children, come here this instant. There would be just about to participate in the bottom of this nouncement. It—without any pulpits Sunday, minute-speakers widened in fore luncheon. Even her ations, busin seemed to stiffen er graced. "You tell," she told "Wehemently, 'an' I'll take dack my piggy bank!"

Mrs. Butler mentally threw up her hands. What was this that had been going on under her roof? Secrecy, connivance—bribery, even! There was no time for diplomacy. "Out with it!" she told Jon.

"Well, Jon began, not too reluctantly. He took a deep breath and brought out his statement with dramatic effect. "Penny swore again!"

Dear, oh dear! Why, Mrs. Butler wondered, did everything happen to her? Well, "Matey" must go at once. "Matey" was a good handy man, and the children adored him, but his conversation had a briny tang, and was often spiced with weird and startling phrases. And Penny picked up these things that quick!

But, Mrs. Butler demanded, turning to Jon, what had that to do with Reverend Townsend? Then a horrid idea occurred to her. Penny had the disconcerting habit of voicing her thoughts, aloud, at times . . .

"Come on, let's have it!" Mrs. Butler prompted her son, preparing for the worst.

It was soon told. From experience and intuition, Mrs. Butler, herself, supplied the local color as Jon gave out with the bare facts. She remembered watching the children set out for church, the preceding Sabbath, Jon a few yards in the rear, scorning to walk beside a mere girl, yet not daring to let her out of his sight completely, for fear of possible consequences.

They'd been seated well to the front of the church, according to Jon, and at first Penny had sat still and listened, like a good girl, for which Jon had rewarded her with a brotherly smile. This had proved to be a mistake, for Penny, basking in unaccustomed favor, yearned for further attention. Remembering what her brother had said that very day, she beamed and snuggled closer, piping virtuously, in a childish contralto that carried to the furthest parts of the room: "I musn't say 'Judas Pries' in church, mus' I, Jonny?"

Crimson with rage and humiliation, Jon had marched her from the place.

Now, as Mrs. Butler glanced from the window, she saw that the Reverend Townsend was almost at the door. No wonder he'd felt impelled to look further into the home-life of her off-spring. Land's sake! She surely had her troubles—Peter lost, Penny in disgrace and now the minister dropping in unexpectedly just at lunch time. Mrs. Butler's stern glance promised a continuation of the hearing, and a moment later she was at the door, her face inscrutable under a hastily summoned smile.

But presently she relaxed somewhat, as it developed that the minister's call was of a purely friendly nature, and had nothing whatever to do with Penny's faux pas.

With rising spirits she pressed him to stay for lunch, and he accepted graciously, his hostess mentally checking on her fingers the culinary items available. A can of tuna, enough fruit for a salad, ice box cookies and rolls. Not too many of the latter, but she could restrain the children's appetites with her F. H. B. look, which, interpreted, meant, "family hold back."

Leaving the children to entertain the guest, Mrs. Butler deftly spread the lunch, and was gratified to note, when they gathered at the board, that they appeared to be on very friendly terms with him, especially Penny, who regarded him blandly, with increasing favor.

The lunch was a success. The rolls were light and flakey, and disappeared quickly, leaving, at last, but one on the plate. Penny's gaze lingered on it, her expression registering disapproval for silly conventions which prohibit a hungry person from taking the last of anything. Finally, evading her mother's glance, she requested:

"Please pass the roll." Jon looked scandalized, and his mother turned the conversation to other channels, discreetly ignoring Penny's request.

But Penny was hungry, and her patience short-lived. "Helen Maria!" she burst out, finally. "Why don't someone pass me that roll?" A crumb lodging in the reverend's windpipe created a diversion, and at her wits' end to cover her confusion, Mrs. Butler spoke of the first thing that popped into her mind:

"I do wish that Peter would come home!"

A lamp-rubbing genie could have produced no prompter or more amazing results. A furry black shape leaped lightly to the windowsill outside and two amber headlights were turned upon the group within, as a wide pink cavern yawned to emit a lusty "B-r-r-me-ow!"

"Peter!" exclaimed the family in unison, and rushed, in a body, to welcome the wanderer home.

When the Casanova-minded pet had been duly caressed and cared for, he gathered himself into a furry black mound on a cushion and proceeded to catch up on his sleep.

Penny heaved a gusty sigh: "I knew Peter was all right," she told the Reverend Townsend, "after what you said in church Sunday." "I? Why . . . har-r-umph! I . . . What did I say, my dear?"

Penny's blue eyes in her round pink face were utterly without guile.

"Why, you 'nounced it right out to everybody . . . don't you remember? You said that Peter had gone into the mountains to pray!"

—HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Caper Cadets Welcome New Members to Ranks

The Caper Cadets, a new YWCA sponsored group who are following up the work of the USO and undertaking new work, welcome new members. They are planning an interesting year.

Mrs. Macfadden, executive director of the Y, says: "If you are a young woman over 18 years of age and want to have some fun while you are helping someone else, please call the YWCA, H. P. 675, and leave your name and address, or drop a card with this information. We have a grand group of young women, but need many more to carry on the many activities we have planned. There is no reason why any young woman living or working in Highland Park should not know lots of people and have a good time."

Among activities planned are weekly dances at Ft. Sheridan hospital, weekly square dances and regular dances at Ft. Sheridan, dances twice a month at the Waukegan USO and other weekly or monthly events. Next meeting of the Cadets is Oct. 7 at 7:30 at the Y.

Mrs. O. L. Olesen Celebrates Her 80th Birthday in California

Mrs. O. L. Olesen, former well-known resident of Highland Park, now living with her daughter in Hollywood, Calif., celebrated her 80th birthday "with a splash" recently. A houseful of guests, big turkey dinner, and fine, large cake with candles.

Mrs. Olesen, whose memories of the past, and experiences of the present, constitute a wealth of material, is a constant and welcome contributor to our literary column, DEEPS AND SHALLOWS. She signs herself A.C.O.

YWCA Board Elects New Members

At the first meeting of the YWCA board of directors on Sept. 10, three new members were elected to the board. They are Mrs. L. P. Willison, Mrs. Marvin O. Lawrentz and Mrs. W. H. Savin. Plans for further expansion of the social, recreational, educational and religious work of the organization were discussed at the meeting, and a report was given on the summer program for grammar school girls.

Tom Wilder to Teach Outdoor Painting Class

Beginning Saturday afternoon, Sept. 21, Tom Wilder will teach a class in outdoor landscape painting, sponsored by the YWCA. These classes will continue for five weeks after which night classes will be started.

Anyone interested in joining the outdoor group on Saturdays can call the YWCA, H. P. 675.

Agnes Daly's Child Study Program Not Sponsored by "Y"

The YWCA board of directors wishes to announce that they are not sponsoring or endorsing Miss Agnes Daly's child study program. Miss Daly rents space from the Y to hold her dancing classes, and she had planned to use some of this time for personal interviews. Please address mail or call Mrs. E. P. Hart, 210 Oakwood, H. P., 3744 for further information.

The absent-minded professor drove up to the door of his garage, looked inside, blinked, and then leaped back into his car and drove at breakneck speed to the police station. "Sergeant," he gasped, "my car's been stolen!"

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor. "Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father, "and all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to reading."

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NEWCOMERS TO HIGHLAND PARK

Recently of Evanston, the Howard S. Allens are new residents at 765 S. Green Bay. Mr. Allen is connected with Marshall Field and Co. There are two children, H. Scott, 4, and Louise, a year old.

Former Chicagoans, the Arnor Andersons now reside at 1623 Greenwood. They have a son, Hubert, 23, who is staff musician at WBBM and another son, Dale, 16, who enters Northwestern as a freshman this fall.

Mr. Anderson is in the commercial ink business in Chicago.

New Highland Parkers are Mr. and Mrs. James F. Griswold Jr., and their children, Ruth, 9, and Jimmie, 6, students at Elm Place school. Here from Clayton, Mo., Mr. Griswold is connected with the Chicago Mill and Lumber Co. They live at 285 Park avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Stern are new residents at 1404 Westview road. They are former Chicagoans. Mr. Stern is an attorney.

New residents at 1886 Lyman court are the George L. Wisebards, and their two children, Michael, 5, who has entered Braeside kindergarten, and Penny, 2. Formerly of Chicago, Mr. Wisebard is a certified public accountant.

Formerly of Evanston, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Weiland have recently moved to 1010 N. St. Johns. Mr. Weiland is a Highland Park florist. Their three children have been enrolled in St. James school in Highwood. They are Carol, 12, Ronald, 9, and Constance 5.

New arrivals in Highland Park from Armstrong, Ia., are Dr. and Mrs. George West of 865 Ridgewood. Their son, George Jr., 18, is entering Northwestern this fall. Dr. West is a graduate of Northwestern medical school, and Mrs. West is a graduate nurse of the Iowa Methodist hospital in Des Moines.

Now residing at 317 Park avenue are the J. Nelson Hinds. Mrs. Hinde is a former New Yorker, and Mr. Hinde, a Chicagoan, has recently been released from the army after 3½ years service, one year in Europe. Mr. Hinde is a former staff sergeant. He is now a research engineer with the Bell & Gossett Co. in Morton Grove.

New Highland Park residents are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bowers of 577 Kimball road. They are the parents of a son, John, six months old. Mr. Bowers is with Marshall Field & Co. They formerly lived in Evanston.

Here from Boston are Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Meyer and four-year-old daughter, Brooke. They are now residing at 1411 Briar lane. Mr. Meyer is connected with Sears, Roebuck and Co.

At 705 Waverly, the David S. Levins and daughter, Phyllis, 6, formerly of Vincennes, Ind., and Mrs. Levin's sister and brother-in-law, the Henry Gamsons, former Chicagoans, and their daughter, Lois, 5½, and son, Edward, 3, are the new residents. Mr. Levin is in the glass business, and Mr. Gamson is a Chicago furrier. The little girls have entered Lincoln school.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Oppenheimer, formerly of Scarsdale, N. Y., are now residing at 252 Laurel avenue. There are three sons,

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Teddy, 8, Harry, 5½, both Elm Place students, and Jimmy, who has been entered in nursery school. Mr. Oppenheimer is head of the Oppenheimer Sausage Casing Co.

The Oppenheimers were New Yorkers for the past seven years, but were Chicagoans before that.

Newcomers to Highland Park are Mr. and Mrs. James D. Schrimm and daughter, Judith, 8, and son, Douglas, 3, of 2408 Valley rd. Formerly of Barbourville, Ky., Mr. Schrimm is secretary-treasurer of National Trailways, a bus system.

OFF TO SCHOOL

Last Tuesday, Herb Holt left for Champaign where he entered his freshman year at the University of Illinois.

His sisters, Nancy, a junior this year at the University of Michigan, and Joan, a senior at the University of Iowa, also, left last week for school. Their parents are the H. E. Holts of Judson avenue.

Bill McCulloch, son of the Wm. C. McCullochs of Broadview avenue, is entering Northwestern this week as a freshman. He attended orientation activities there last week.

Bob Berg and Jerry Peterson have entered Purdue in LaFayette, Ind., as freshmen. Bob is the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Berg of 290 Park avenue, and Jerry's parents are the Lindell Petersons of 222 S. Green Bay.

Last Sunday, Art Humphrey, son of the Gordon Humphreys of Judson avenue, left for Greencastle, Ind., where he is entering De Pauw university.

Also a student at De Pauw this year is Miss Barbara Vyse, daughter of the junior Arthur F. Vyse of 614 Delta road. Her brother, Arthur Vyse III, recently released after two years of navy service, has entered the University of Illinois at Champaign.

Kendrick Bridges, son of the H. A. Bridges of Ridgewood drive, left recently for Drury college in Springfield, Mo., where he has entered his sophomore year. His brother, Bill, is attending Northern Illinois State Teachers college at DeKalb, this year. Bill is a freshman.

(Continued on page 4)

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