

# Deeps and Shallows

## Hail, King Ragweed! . . .

They say that every dog must have its day  
 In this old world of divers ills and cures,  
 Now, you're a dirty dawg, and so I say:  
 King Ragweed, drat it all, this day is yours.  
 We'll not deny your rights, don't think it, please . . .  
 King Ragweed, we salute you with a sneeze!

The golden rod shakes pollen from its head,  
 The merry little breezes have their fling;  
 Oblivious to those who'd wish them dead  
 They whirl and dance about the season's king.  
 Alas! no comfort comes from playful breezes,  
 For each one brings its own snootful of sneezes.

No onion ever caused such flood of tears,  
 Nor influenza such a heavy head;  
 When hot and wind-swept Labor Day appears  
 The anguished nose has turned a cherry red;  
 The unallergic gentry cannot know  
 The blessed tull that comes when winds don't blow.

Your advent is as sure as that of Fate . . .  
 Each year with hanky spread we wait for you;  
 Now that you're here, doggone you reign in state . . .  
 Accept, oh king, our grand salute:  
 KERCHOO!

—Highland Lassie

## S'NS

The Navy is much more interested in where it's been than where it's going. Otherwise they'd have more "fronts'ns" and fewer "en'sns".

—Ponderous

## You Can Say That Again

In nineteen hundred forty-eight  
 The safety year-book will relate  
 Countless accidents to those  
 Luckless fingers—also toes;  
 Ah, me—you should be glad, indeed,  
 That you are not a centipede.

—Highland Lassie

## Not Explicit

The sign read: "Waiters wanted" . . . but it didn't say what.

—Ponderous

## The Look

I adore that withdrawn look in the eye which says, "That's what you think. I am making a mental reservation."

—Toni (Not a Wave)

## Misnomer

Patience and Prudence are two pudgy pigs—  
 But I am the one who must dance all the jigs!

They always appear to have rolled in the soot,  
 Though I wouldn't mind—if they'd only stay put!

I get them all squared away nicely, and then,  
 With a flip of the tail, they are out of the pen!

Stating it mildly, their moods are perverse,  
 Patience is bad enough—Prudence is worse;

I declare, there are times when I really think she  
 Descends from the herd Satan drove in the sea!

She thinks it fine fun to go dashing about,  
 With me charging after her—tongue hanging out.

There's a definite dare to the tilt of her chin—  
 A challenge that says to me: "DON'T FENCE ME IN!"

Don't think me vindictive, but some day I'll nail  
 That smug little pig with the curlique tail!

—Farmerette R.B.O.

## Camp Counsellors

Sally Trangmar of 173 Lakeside Manor and Eileen McClellan, 738 Marian Avenue, returned this week from Camp Pise Brook at Camp Montague, Michigan, where they served throughout the summer as camp counsellors. Both girls are seniors, Sally at Highland Park high, and Eileen at Marywood, Evanston.

## Highland Park Woman Heads Haven For Homeless Animals

Irene Castle, who is always interesting news, has announced that she will no longer take a too-active part in the investigating department of her much-loved project, that haven for animal waifs and outcasts, Orphans of the Storm. However, even a passive part in the organization will always lend color and human interest. Miss Castle is acting upon doctor's orders.

In this vicinity Orphans of the Storm, Inc., situated on the outskirts of Deerfield, Ill., and established 20 years ago, is well-known as a haven for unfortunate animals, and inseparably associated with its great-hearted founder, Irene Castle. Highland Park is proud to state that one of its present benefactors is a Highland Parker, Mrs. Lloyd Maxwell, 1269 West Street.

Besides serving as president of Orphans of the Storm, Mrs. Maxwell is one of the board of directors, the duties of which she shares with the other officers, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Joseph Brennemann, Mrs. Helen Swift and Mrs. Richey Watson, in addition to other well-

known personages. Mrs. Maxwell also acts as investigator for Highland Park, Glencoe, Kenilworth, Wilmette and Winnetka.

Orphans of the Storm not only opens its doors to animals brought there by humane people who can, for some reason, no longer care for their pets, but it searches the highways and byways for unfortunate victims of the thoughtlessness or heartlessness of man, left behind when moving, or casually dropped in some deserted place to care for themselves, after having been taught to depend on their owners.

Other inmates of this haven are animals discarded by traveling carnivals, to die of want and neglect. One unfortunate was rescued from carnival life and brought "home". It was a little dog born without forelegs. This little unfortunate was cared for until life proved too much of a burden for it to endure comfortably, when it was mercifully put to sleep.

### Unforgivable Cruelty Uncovered

Investigation uncovers many cases of wanton cruelty by owners inappropriately classed as humans . . . animals overworked, allowed to suffer from neglect of ill-conditions unbelievable until witnessed. To quote Mrs. Castle: "The rise in cruelty for sport, entertainment and profit is appalling". The aim of this great philanthropist and her associates is to uncover conditions of this sort, and, whenever possible, gather the

pitiable victims into a haven to be cared for or to be put to sleep in a humane manner. The officials of this organization are constantly battling for better laws to protect the helpless and the enforcement of such.

### Homes Found for Waifs

Many animals taken into the institution are found to be lacking only in care and good treatment to make them valuable and well-loved pets. Numbers of people in search of pets have turned to Orphans of the Storm for a waif to adopt.

Mrs. Castle and her associates have been instrumental in establishing and encouraging other groups interested in humanitarian activities. One of her favorite protegee societies is Wayside Waifs, Inc., in Kansas City.

Among the famous personages who have manifested a warm interest in Orphans of the Storm are the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Lily Pons and many others.

Our readers, naturally, are not among those heartless monsters who abuse helpless animals, but sometimes thoughtlessness, also, incurs hardship. An unwanted pet will always find a welcome in this famous haven, and may prove to be just the one for which a good home is waiting.



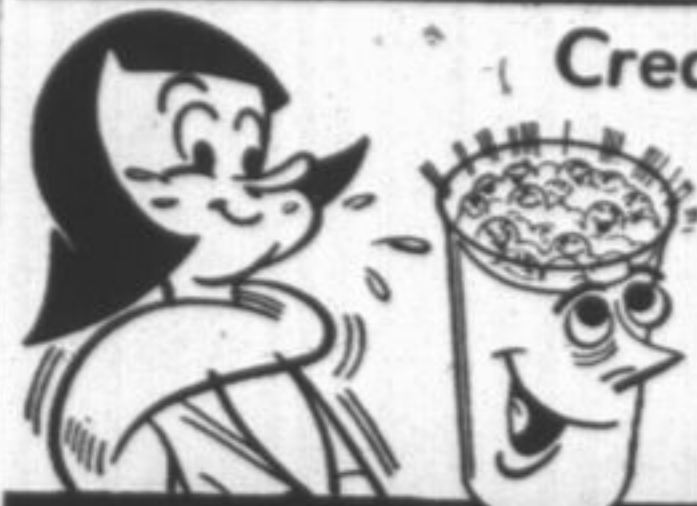
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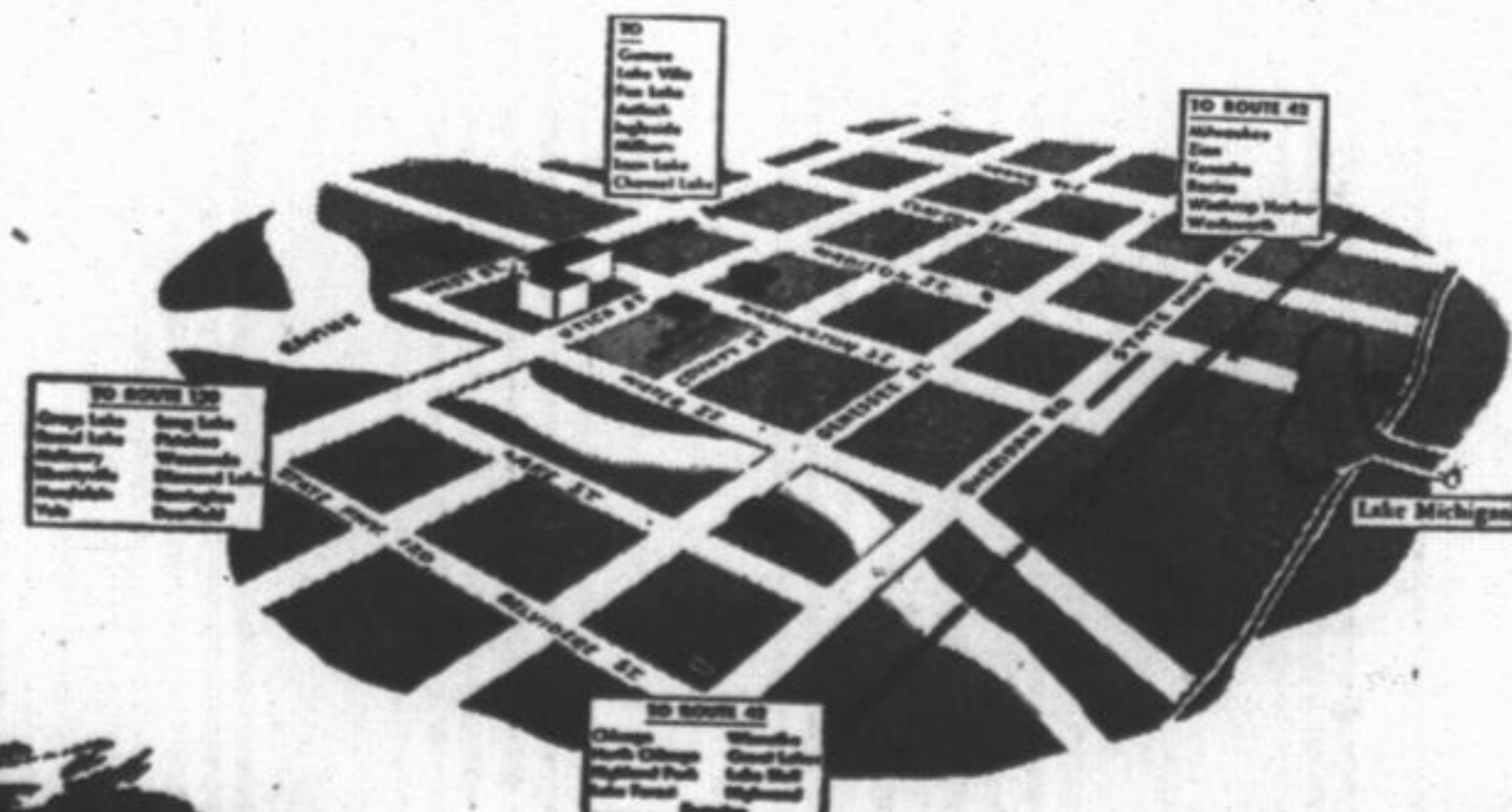
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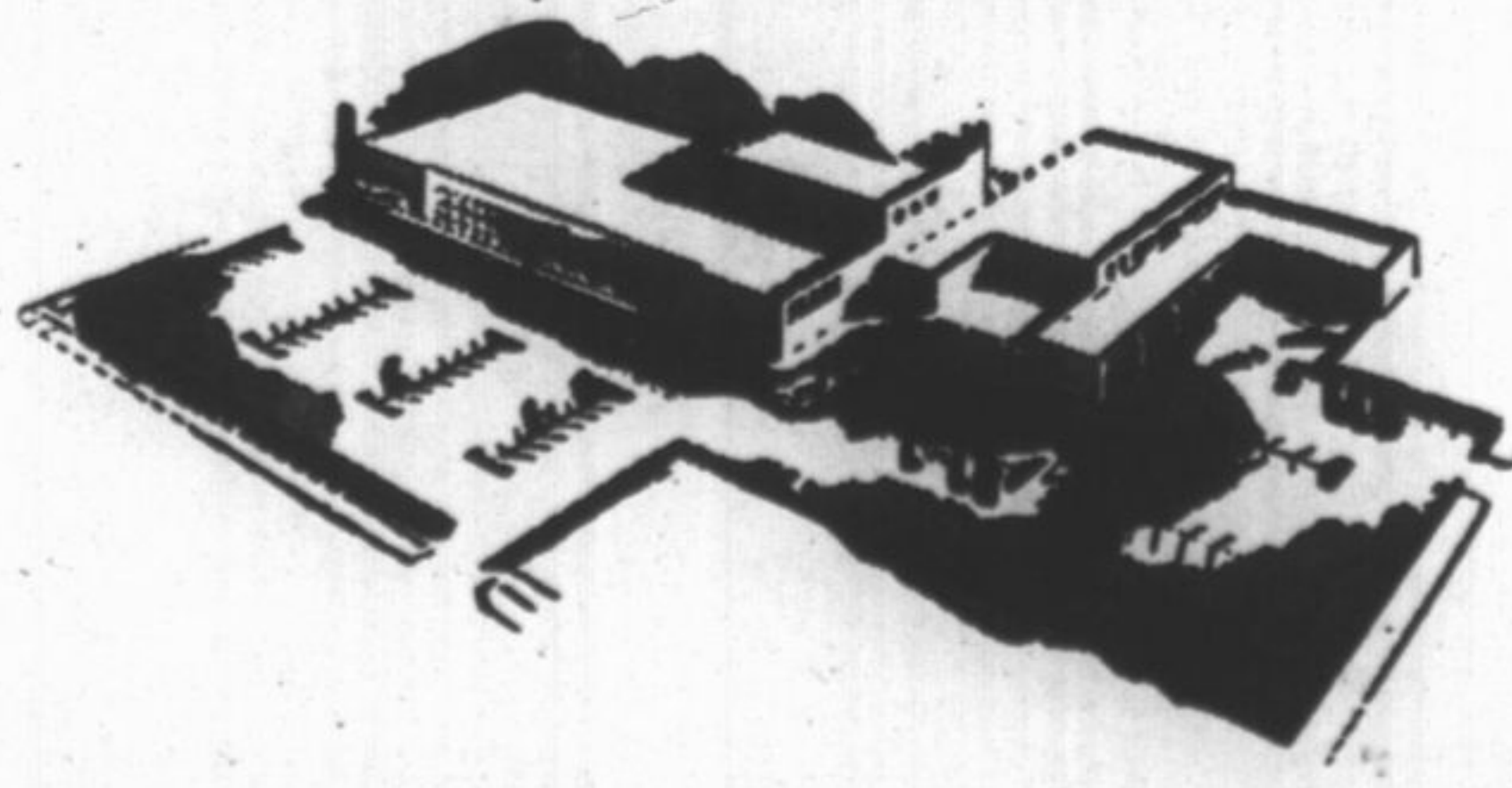
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