

# Deeps and Shallows

## Concerning Box Elder Bugs

Speaking of the activating energy that ever stirs and diverts us, I wonder why some modern wise-acre doesn't explore and explain the intense emotion of the box-elder bug. Certainly no greater love-life exists, for not even the "illions" of our National debt can exceed the numbers of box-elder babies that continue to appear day after day.

This morning I decided to rise above the nauseating horror I have of bugs in quantity. So I shut up the house that reeked of the fumes of DDT and went into the open to contemplate Nature and her beauty.

The south side of the barn was bathed in October sun, and there, crawling, creeping and flying about were great masses of box-elder bugs.

To my knowledge these insects do no harm, and nothing eats them—a contrary bit of Nature, isn't it? Cussing a bug that lit playfully upon my nose, I batted in cross-eyed manner—and missed. But I was determined to find a reason for the box-elder-bug-whim of Nature.

I found him to be a truly good-looking creature—slim and well-proportioned. His long black wings cover his scarlet body, which is seen only when in flight, except for his red shoulder bars which are, no doubt, the markings of bug rank. He seems congenial with his fellows, for they congregate in huge masses, clinging to cracks in the shingles.

He flies with intention, quite readily finding the glory of the sun. His appreciation of light and warmth seems keen. There is no doubt that he excels in super-cleverness about cracks, for even tightly-closed windows are no trouble for him at all. He just flattens himself to the outside crack of the window frame, and in the twinkling of an eye makes his way inside the house. He drops suddenly and unaccountably, coming from beyond sight, to crawl and fly brazenly about.

He senses disaster quickly. Even as I think to swat him he moves—faster than I can put my thought into motion.

I considered the trillions of grown-up bugs on the south side of the barn and then turned my interest to the multi-trillions of baby bugs, which are blood-red and wingless. The grass at my feet was almost a flowing stream of baby bugs. My shoes were covered with fat red splashes.

Finally, baffled and sickened at the sight of such prolific bug life, I gave up even trying to understand. Then, as I re-entered the house my sense of humor overcame my disgust.

"Such," dictated that delightful giggling sense I love so well, "is box-elder bug romance. . . and who am I to know the WHY? All I can do is to continue spraying and praying that the frost will put an end to the life of the last member of that multitudinous and multiplicative clan."

—E. B.

## Here's That Man Again!

I started that young man from Chi.  
And I don't fancy seeing him die;  
So I dash to his aid  
To help make the grade,  
For he's not such a bad sort of guy.

At Field's he procured some blue jeans,  
At Vaughn's his alfalfa and beans,  
To his farm he returned  
Without her whom he'd spurned,  
And he winked at a girl in her teens.

He got out his tractor and hoe,  
But the milking machine wouldn't go:  
When his cat caught a rat  
He exclaimed, "Fancy that!  
There are so many things I don't know!"

—A. Bee

(And from Chicago comes this offering.)  
He bought him a bull and a bear,  
The market to rend and to tear;  
He wished for a dove  
To soothe his love,  
But the dove had his own love affair.

—Adelaide S. Wright

(And here goes our own hat into the ring again.)  
He vowed he'd show people what he  
Could accomplish by efficiency;  
His shiny new tractor  
Became quite a factor  
Till he used it for climbing a tree.

## My Friend Mabel

When I hear of girls being accosted by strange men I often think of the experience of my friend Mabel, and wish there were more of her ilk.

Mabel was a school teacher of some years' standing and an excellent disciplinarian. She was no chicken, probably hugging 39 or thereabouts, and a lovely girl of impeccable character. Clear-eyed and ruddy-cheeked, she was of good height and substantial build.

One night, returning alone from prayer meeting, swinging her umbrella, for it had been raining, she noticed a man on the opposite side of the street staring intently in her direction. Taking him for an acquaintance, she nodded and waved in friendly fashion. Then, as the man doffed his hat she saw, with considerable chagrin, that he was an absolute stranger. Giving her attention to window-shopping, she ignored the whole matter.

But when she turned the corner to the dark street that led to her home there was that man again.

"Well, sweetheart," he greeted her jovially, "here I am. And don't tell me you have a big ol' husband waiting up the street for you."

Mabel's heart leaped to her throat—and stayed there. However she drew herself to her full height and summoned the haughty glare with which she was wont to subdue the most rebellious of her boy pupils. There she stood at bay—a Joan of Arc with no army—a Carrie Nation without a hatchet.

But Mabel did have an umbrella.

She came straight to the point. "I know I spoke to you," she admitted, "but I thought I knew you. I was mistaken. And—get this!—I don't need any husband to protect me. . . . I can take care of myself. And now, Mister, if you wish to escape without casually, get going! And make it snappy!" Her hand that held the umbrella twitched suggestively.

The stranger's eyes bugged and he seemed to shrink in size.

"Now, Miss, don't get excited—don't get excited. . . . I didn't mean a thing! I'll go. . . . I'll go."

And dodging behind a convenient post, he gathered sufficient energy to make a dash for it.

Breathing hard, Mabel watched

## Music Club Pays Tribute To Mrs. Annette L. Jones

The October meeting of the Highland Park Music Club will long be remembered for the high calibre of its program. At the business meeting preceding the program, the President, Mrs. Hawes announced the appointment of a new Chairman of the Membership Committee, Mrs. Charles S. Downs, and a new Chairman of the Trial Board, Mrs. Kenneth H. Kraft, with Mrs. Helen Mayer Mannings and Mrs. Frank E. Glotfelty to assist her. The first meeting of the Trial Board will be held at the home of Mrs. Kraft, Tuesday, November 16, when prospective members will sing or play in preparation for admission to the Club active membership.

A beautiful memorial tribute to the late Mrs. Annette R. Jones, one of the original members of the Club who was the permanent honorary President of it, and who died here last summer at the age of 94, was given by her friend and fellow musician, Mrs. Helen Mayer Mannings, formerly a president of this Club.

Two groups of two piano compositions by both classic and modern composers were masterfully played by Mrs. Doris Seelig and Mrs. Hadassah Delson Joseph. They seemed equally at home with

until he was at a safe distance and still going good. Then, trembling but triumphant, she went her way.

—R. B. O.

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the stately music of Bach and the exciting rhythms of the modern Spanish composer, Infante.

A group of charming songs by modern composers, mostly, were beautifully and artistically sung by Patricia Laegeler, with Mary Collins as able and understanding accompanist.

Assisting the the hostess, Mrs. Albert Pick, Jr., and the Chairman of the Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Lisle Hawley, were Mrs. C. Longford Felske and Mrs. Walter J. Deffenbaugh. An attractive Tea Table drew the members and many guests to the dining room for Tea and talk at the close of the program.

Because of Thanksgiving Day, the November meeting of the Club will be the third Wednesday, the 17.

## Formal Dinner Dance Planned For Nov. 20

Reservations are now being taken for a formal dinner dance to be held at the Highland Park Woman's club on the evening of Saturday, November 20. Reservations will be accepted up until November 17. They may be made by calling Mrs. Rex Andrews, H. P. 274 or Mrs. Paul Behanna, H. P. 1565. No cancellations after that date.

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# About Electric Blankets and Comforters

## . . . new contributions to Better Living

**F**OR many years the Public Service Company has helped to introduce many useful electrical appliances into Northern Illinois homes. Now we feel it is timely to inform the public of another new use of electricity . . . electric blankets and comforters. Here are some facts about them.

Electric blanket production during the war was restricted so that electrically heated flying suits could be manufactured for the Air Forces. In the development of these flying suits, a great amount of research and testing was done. Because of the extreme temperatures encountered by the flyers (as low as 60 degrees below zero) and the hard usage given the suits by the bomber crews, a fine, extremely flexible wire was needed. As a result, a wiring system was developed that was so sturdy it outlived the fabric.

### They Are Dependable

All the research and testing accomplished during the war years has contributed directly to the dependable and efficient operation of these new electric bed coverings. Tiny thermostats provide protection from possible overheating due to abuse. Leading brands are approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., and those we offer for sale have been thoroughly tested and approved by Public Service Company's own testing laboratory.

Ordinary bed covers can only insulate the body from changing room temperatures. It is the heat of the body and the number of covers added that controls the temperature in the bed. In order to be perfectly comfortable with ordinary covers in a room where the temperature is constantly changing, they would have to be added and removed throughout the night.

With only one electric blanket or comforter, the proper amount of warmth is maintained throughout the night regardless of changing temperatures. The warmth given by the electrically heated cover is a gentle heat that can barely

be felt by the hand. The bedside control regulates the heat automatically, and provides many degrees of warmth from which to choose. With only one cover per bed needed the bedmaking problem is simplified. It means easier cleaning and storing when not in use, too.

### Many Types Available

There are several types of electric bed coverings—a blanket designed for a double bed with a dual temperature control so two people in the same bed can select the degree of warmth each wants for his half of the bed. Another is a satin comforter which operates like the blanket. And still another type of blanket operates on the same general principle as the others but the temperature is electronically controlled by the temperature of the bed rather than that of the room. Electric bed coverings are available in a variety of attractive colors, and in both twin and double bed sizes.

### Care is No Problem

Electric blankets can be washed the same as any other fine piece of wool. They are certified washable by the American Institute of Laundering and many good laundries will wash them for you. The electric comforter has a sheet containing the wires which is removable for washing. The satin covering is cleaned like an ordinary comforter.

What you sleep under is just as important to sleeping comfort as what you sleep on. Electric bed coverings, the first important improvement in sleeping comfort in many years, are a major addition to the long list of conveniences which electricity has brought to the American home. Users are unanimous in expressing their satisfaction with this new contribution to their comfort.

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