

TINY BEETLE IS MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN MOTH

Have you a few of those mighty friendly carpet beetles in your home? Then don't blame moths unless an entomologist agrees. It's quite likely thousands of Michigan homes are infested by this beetle pest who chews holes in such things as swimming suits, breakfast food and floor coverings. Much of this eating is done so quietly that moths get the credit for what the carpet beetle does.

Enough complaints and requests for help have reached the entomology department at Michigan State College recently to encourage Professor E. I. McDaniel to draw up a description of this beetle and give some general directions on control within the home.

A carpet beetle has a segmented body but can be either long-tailed or short-tailed for there are nine kinds within the family. The long-tailed adult is a popper and the short-tailed adult is a popper and salt color with a dash of red and black. Carpets usually are their last resort, for they really prefer bathing suits.

The pests congregate in hiding places such as under a wainscot, in cold air chutes, ventilating flues or in the linings of a vacuum sweeper.

Control then is by dusting their hiding places with derris powders, and by packing clothing in crystal which has paradiichlorobenzene. It is a comparatively new group, having been organized only since last Spring, but has taken a very active part in school affairs since that time.

P. T. A. INSTITUTE TO OPEN SOON IN ANN ARBOR

Farmington parents or teachers who plan to attend the Tenth Annual Parent-Teachers Institute at Ann Arbor, November 7, 8, 9, and 10, may make reservations with Mrs. John Warner, 3175 Nine Mile Road. Telephone number is 301-1.

The Institute will not duplicate in any way any parent-teacher meeting. During these four days the members and friends of the Michigan Congress of Parents and Teachers will be given an opportunity of looking upon the job of educating youth in a rather new and interesting way.

Prinicipal educators, teachers, citizens and lay leaders will be available for consultation. These people have been asked to participate because of similar interests and past experience and made outstanding contributions out of want solution of community problems.

The Farmington chapter of P. T. A. is a comparatively new group, having been organized only since last Spring, but has taken a very active part in school affairs since that time.

For further particulars concerning the Institute, members may call Mrs. F. J. Nash, president of the Farmington chapter.

CONSERVATION DEPT. TO HANDLE FORFEIT LANDS

What is to become of land within the limits of northern cities which will revert to the state November 3, is being debated last week by municipal officers of Cadillac and Fred P. Struhsaker, chief of the lands division of the Michigan department of conservation.

Tax delinquent lands north of the Muskegon-Bay City line which revert to the state are to be administered by the conservation department. Parcels lying within corporate limits may be transferred to the cities in which they are located, if they are dedicated to some public purpose. Their exchange for other lands and the development of outlying territories also are being discussed.

Like the Escanaba meeting of Aug. 31, the Cadillac conference was held in cooperation with the Michigan Municipal League, a Detroit organization of city governments. Formulation of a long-range policy which considers industrial, commercial and population trends is one goal of the conference. Immediate effect of the plans is local tax rolls and probable cost of development by the cities is being studied also.

Thousands of platted lots are known to be included among unredeemed properties to which title will gain title November 3rd.

Lloyd C. Douglas, author of "Disputed Passage," the moving picture which had its world premiere in Detroit last week, will speak before the Detroit Town Hall audience in the Fisher Theater next Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 11 a. m.

Dr. Douglas' first Detroit appearance in several years will be doubly exciting, for his new book, "Dr. Hudson's Journal," will also be released on this date.

Although Dr. Douglas has never studied medicine, the medical passages in his books are so authoritative that he receives thousands of letters addressed to him as a medico. During his years in Ann Arbor, Mich., as a popular minister sick and dying, and of course with physicians.

His fan mail is so heavy that a great deal of his time is spent writing advice to the deserving who seek his guidance.

Within three years after the publication of his first novel, "Magnificent Obsession," this clergyman had the fiction minds of the world at his feet and the motion picture producers at his finger tips. His other novels, including "Green Light" and "White Banners" have been sensational moving picture hits.

Dr. Douglas will speak on "The Release of Galates"—an inspirational lecture based on the story of the Greek sculptor, Pygmalion, and his statue, Galates, which came to life. The theme of his talk came to life. The theme of his talk came to life by saying "bringing things to life" is based on his new novel on which he is working.

There are some women gossipers in our neighborhood who have a rating of 1,200 scandal-power.

WHITE LIE

By R. H. WILKINSON
(Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.)

ANGELINA looked at the letters and frowned. Their contents, of course, were what she wanted. Yet she wasn't sure if your business to know why another woman would be writing to your husband, and who the other woman was?

Unaccountably Angelina's heart began to pound. Swiftly her thought traveled back over the five years of her married life with Dwight.

Gay, happy years they'd been, filled with laughter and love and the things that make living worth while. That is, up until six months ago it had been like that. Six months ago Dwight had begun to change.

It was far less simple than that. It was something more subtle, more elusive.

Something that you felt rather than saw. Angelina looked down at the letters. Hideous thoughts rose in her mind.

The letters, she thought, would explain everything. She had come across them this morning when getting one of Dwight's suits ready to send to the cleaners.

She hesitated a moment longer, then extracted one of the letters from its envelope and read: "Darling: It seems years since we were together. Yet it was only last night I am writing you this before going to sleep. Just to say that I love you. Your picture..."

Angelina stopped reading and sat very still, staring through the bedroom window.

Outside, the top branches of the great elm tree were blurred to her vision. The sounds of automobiles passing in the street beyond were unheard.

After a long moment she folded the letter carefully and replaced it in its envelope. With the others she laid it on the dressing table. Already a plan was beginning to take form in her mind. After that first sickening shock, followed by thoughts of immediate escape of penning the usual note and leaving the room in her mind. After that first sickening shock, followed by thoughts of immediate escape of penning the usual note and leaving the room in her mind.

She wasn't going to be melodramatic about this thing. She wasn't going to act as heroine acted in story books. This was 1933. And in 1933 young women on the verge of losing their husbands didn't go ranting around tearing their hair and screaming, or fainting, even.

No, they treated the situation calmly and sensibly. They did something about it.

And so Angelina went downstairs and started to clean the house as she had planned to do. It was a beautiful spring day and in the afternoon she was going to plant some nasturtium seeds in the bed under the dining room windows.

She was glad now to have this to do, because it helped to keep her mind occupied with other things, and Dwight had said he thought it becoming to her.

At four o'clock she went inside again and up to the bedroom. The letters were still lying on the dresser.

But she didn't look at them. Instead she went to the closet and took down her new blue chiffon. She had worn the frock only once since buying it with her other summer things, and Dwight had said he thought it becoming to her.

She was surveying herself before the full length mirror when the front door opened and she heard Dwight come in.

Even before he reached the head of the stairs she knew that something had happened something to make him tremendously happy and lighthearted.

She turned as he entered the room and said: "Why Dwight, aren't you home early?"

But Dwight had let out a whoop and rushed across the room and clasped her in his arms.

"Run up the flag! Call out the band! Darling! I did it!" He kissed her and held her off at arms' length.

"Sweetheart, take a look at your big, smart husband and feel proud! I just put across a deal that goes to land us practically on easy street!"

Angelina's heart leaped. For a moment she forgot. For a moment the letters ceased to exist. Things were the same again. Nothing had happened to disrupt the beautiful happiness of their love.

And then, like a knife thrust in the back, she remembered. Behind her the letters, still lay on the dresser. It was almost as if they had spoken, had laughed mockingly at her momentary lapse.

She released herself, tried to smile, heard herself saying: "Why, Dwight, whatever are you talking about?"

"Talking about?" In his excitement he hadn't noticed any difference, any change in her. "Why the Bascom account, of course."

"See me to remember."

"Yes, that's right. I didn't tell you about it, did I. I remember now. Didn't want to get your hopes up. Well, anyway, I've been working on old man Bascom for six months. Frankly he had me worried. I was afraid at times I might have shown the strain in my actions around the house. Anyway, I landed him today. Got him to sign on the dotted line. Now, my street, you can buy yourself as many new dresses as you want and all the female accoutrements that go with them."

He paused for breath and grinned. "Get another like that blue only more expensive. You look grand in blue, honey."

Angelina caught her breath. Something was wrong.

This laughing, happy youth who was her husband couldn't be the same accented scoundrel she had believed him a half-hour ago. It wasn't possible. Men like Dwight weren't capable of leading such lives.

In that moment she almost caught herself that she could love Dwight, go on living with him regardless of what he might have done. She was smart and attractive.

Somehow she'd win him back. Dwight had suddenly stopped talking. Angelina's heart thumped.

He had seen the letters, had crossed to the dressing table and picked them up. She turned away, not wanting to see the expression on his face when he realized that she knew.

"Shucks!" she heard him say. "Here are those darn letters. I came across them yesterday and got them in my suit so I'd be sure to take them out to the ash can. Must have laid them here when I changed this morning. Didn't read 'em. They're from an old girl of mine and they're full of mush."

Angelina turned to him and glanced down at the letters. Her eyes fell on the top envelope, the one she had read, and she saw plainly that it was postmarked 1929. Ten years ago!

She felt herself grow weak and reached out. Dwight's arm went about her waist.

"Say," he said. "Say, what's wrong?" He frowned.

"Say, you didn't read 'em, did you. Angel? You didn't read my letters?"

Angelina heard him as from a great distance. Her senses were returning to normal. But she still leaned against him, with her face hidden.

She was glad he couldn't see her face. Because she knew she couldn't look at him and lie. She loved him too much.

And she had to lie. A lie right now meant everything: Future happiness for them both.

And so, with her head still on his shoulder, she said: "It must be the heat. I've been working in the garden all afternoon. . . Of course I didn't read your letters, silly. . . The shock of telling me about Bascom was too much. . ."

She laughed and looked up at him, and Dwight kissed her tenderly. There was no longer a trace of doubt in his eyes.

And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

There are more than 100 species and sub-species in the pleasant family.

FRITZ KREISLER TO GIVE RECITAL AT ANN ARBOR

Fritz Kreisler, the distinguished Viennese violinist, who is now a French citizen, will be heard for the tenth time in Ann Arbor, Monday evening, November 6, when he will give a recital in the Choral Union Concert Series, in Hill Auditorium.

Mr. Kreisler is one of the world's outstanding musical figures. No violinist of our time has equaled his hold upon the public. Season after season his audiences from the concert halls whenever he appears.

Scenes on these occasions have come to be peculiarly associated with Kreisler recitals—the early gathering crowds, the completely occupied stage, the last-minute rush for standing-room tickets, the atmosphere of eager anticipation, and finally the long, ardent greet-

ing for an honored and beloved artist. And at the close there seems to spread over the audience a spontaneous feeling of gratitude for a treasured experience—for the inspiration of a contact with a great musician who is also a great man. The music of his name and his playing stir mustelans and laymen alike. To both, Fritz Kreisler stands supreme, the acknowledged master of violinistic interpretation. To quote what has become a musical adage: "There are many violinists—there is only one Kreisler."

The Farmington City and Farmington Township Directory has just been completed and is now on sale for 25 cents a copy.

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President Harrison's Widow Thrills Over Prize Calves




ADMITTING she was quite excited over them, Mrs. Mary Lord Harrison, widow of the 23rd President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, spent half an hour gazing at the twenty calves of the Board exhibit at the New York World's Fair. These youngsters, born in "The Dairy World of Tomorrow" barns, were declared by Mrs. Harrison to be "very lovely."

Most of us like America where standards of living have been raised over and over again, where individuals remain the directors of their government rather than its slaves, where there is a radio for almost every family and a motor car for three out of four families, where there has been a definite pattern of progress along scientific, cultural and economic lines. From the world's variety of things to eat, drink, wear. . . to use or enjoy the best. And at LOWER COST! (Example: in a number of other countries a suit of clothes or a dress may cost less, but the buyer of it has to work MORE HOURS to make the money to pay for it.)

Advertising has played its part in the American way of life. Intelligently used by merchants and manufacturers to develop quick buying which means mass production which means LOWER PRICES and HIGHER QUALITY. . . advertising has made it possible to furnish American homes with comforts and conveniences, virtually unknown in other continents.

RESPONSIBILITY



Used by everybody, needed day and night, telephone service is a necessity in modern life. Its public importance puts special obligations on telephone management and employees. Realizing their responsibility, Michigan's telephone workers strive to supply a service that shall always be prompt, courteous, and dependable . . . in good weather or bad . . . at the lowest possible cost.

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