

WATER WORKS PLANTS CLOSED TO VISITORS

Water works front doors which used to stand open to the public are being closed now as a national defense precaution, according to information reaching the Michigan Department of Health.

"Practically all industries with army and navy contracts depend upon a municipal water supply, and a safe constant water supply is just as vital to plant operation as power," said Dr. H. Allen Moyer, state health commissioner.

"For that reason, plant operators and public health officials are acting to safeguard the pumping, filtration and treatment plants which are the heart of their water systems. Doors are kept locked, and visitors are admitted only on passes obtained from responsible officials.

"Sabotage is so simple it is a pumping station, where one or two pumps put out of commission would cripple the system, that I am glad to endorse the precautions being taken in many places, and to suggest that they be put into effect everywhere in the state. Electricity can be brought in on emergency circuits if a power line falls, but a water system break cannot be handled so easily."

In some instances, as with the Chrysler tank arsenal and Hudson navy arsenal north of Detroit, large mains have been laid to bring municipal water services to new plants. Other plants are using more water as operations have stepped up.

The state health department has available for emergency use four

chlorinators for sterilizing water supplies. They are loaned to municipalities, principally in case of contamination of mains or wells. Water systems which pump regularly from river or lake supplies are required to maintain reserves of chlorine for chlorinating the water.

Michigan as a whole has one of the nation's finest water supplies. Three out of four persons now are served by a public water supply, and no town of 1,000 or more in the state is without its own municipal system.

The 500,000,000 gallons of water pumped every day in the winter by municipal water works in Michigan would fill a lake as large as a football field and a quarter of a mile deep.

FISH APPETITES GUIDE ANGLERS IN PICKING LURE

To know a fish's appetite is to have a tremendous advantage in trout season when offering lures.

More and more fishermen in Michigan are capitalizing on the study carried on by a Michigan State College entomologist. Since 1933 Walter F. Morofsky of the college staff has been scanning the stomachs of trout and summing the various types of insects on which the fish have been feeding before sportmen have hooked their southern or northern Michigan specimens.

Right now, Morofsky reports, some of the most anxiously awaited opening date of the last Saturday in April are tying artificial lures which look like the

insects most popular with hungry trout.

In his scientific studies the entomologist reports the stomach contents by their Latin names. But for more practical purposes he readily translates these into fisherman language.

The caddis fly leads the list for brooks or browns, he finds. The May fly nearly approaches the lure of the caddis. The browns seem to have more liking for insects in their foraging on Michigan streams than do the brook trout, but even the latter ate insects as 72 per cent of their food. Adding caddis to May flies, Morofsky finds from 41 to 55 per cent of the insect catch by the brook trout and the brown trout, respectively, consisted of the two types of most popular flies.

Brook trout in the state's southern streams consume, "animals" other than insects, according to Morofsky. These include snails and crayfish. Other feeds for the fish according to 1548 trout stomachs he has examined, include the water boatman or back swimmer, beetles, bees and ants and wasps, stone flies, dragon flies and damselflies, nerve wings, hellgramites, grass hoppers, butterflies and plant lice and leaf hoppers in the order named.

STUDENTS ASSISTED

The guidance service of the University of Michigan's Bureau of Appointments and Occupational Information assists students to solve vocational problems by analyzing their abilities, skills, interests, and personality traits through the use of achievement and aptitude tests, interest blanks, and interviews.

TRAVELER'S REST

By ALICE DUANE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"TRAVELER'S REST," read the sign over the white-painted garden gate. "Stop, Johnson!" said Mrs. Meredith Jenks, in a firm, though irritated and dry voice. "I can't go another mile. How can you sit there with that coat on and drive this good-for-nothing car with the thermometer way up in the air?"

"Yes, madam," Johnson brought the big car to a smooth stop. It was evident that his affirmative answer had to do with his employer's order to stop—not with her crude suggestion that he remove his coat. Johnson would as soon have removed his arm as the coat to his chauffeur's uniform. He would have preferred death by sunstroke to anything so unconventional as driving in his shirtleeves.

"I'm going to turn this car in next week," said Mrs. Meredith Jenks complacently as she pulled her plump body out of its cushioned depths, and with Johnson's skilled help, removed her hot body to the roadside. "It's not worth this," she snapped a pretty and slender finger against a pretty and slender thumb—for Mrs. Meredith Jenks, though undoubtedly fat, had been in training for pretty and slender lines. "I never did like it, and why Mr. Jenks got it, I don't know. She plodded up the stone-stepped path to the house that lay so comfortably above the bend in the road and Johnson plodded disapprovingly behind her. "And I'm going to stay here for dinner and the night. As soon as you see me settle in you can just motor back to town and tell the family that I'm going to stay here till they get a new car. I won't go back in that ark."

"Yes, madam," Johnson sighed inaudibly as he picked up Mrs. Meredith Jenks' handbag for the third time. "I will tell Mr. Jenks, madam."

"Johnson!" Mrs. Jenks halted so suddenly that it was only by the quickest work that Johnson kept from colliding with her. "Look! I'll not stay if there are sick people here. I'm not afraid, as some people are, but I don't like to be in a sanatorium sort of place." Mrs. Jenks pointed to an elderly man lying in an invalid's chair on the wide, shaded veranda above them. A young woman sitting by his side, who looked cool and comfortable in a crisp green linen frock, rose and came to the steps.

"Is this a sanatorium?" Mrs. Jenks spoke as pleasantly as her very hot and perturbed state of mind and body would permit. The young woman smiled. "No, indeed," she said. "Oh, no."

"Then I'll stay. I want a big, comfortable room, and I'll like some lemonade—lots of it—right away. I'll take a bath and lie down before dinner. I'm Mrs. Meredith Jenks."

"But—" the girl began. Then, "All right," she said. "Certainly, just sit down here for a moment." She disappeared within doors. She was back in a couple of minutes followed by a neatly uniformed maid. "Molly will show you your room," she said. "She can take your bag—or do you want your man to take it up?"

"No—Johnson, you go home. And you tell Mr. Jenks what I told you."

After Johnson had gone, she turned again to the girl. "You see, Miss—"

"Hardy—Rose Hardy."

"Hardy" went on Mrs. Jenks. "I started out to my sister's. But I won't travel another mile in that car. It's acting disgraceful. The engine gets hot, and Johnson has to stop and cool it every little while. Poor Johnson!" She chuckled. "He hates a fuss, and it does annoy him because I don't always do what he thinks I ought to do under the circumstances. My—but it's nice up here. It's not exactly cool, but it's airy and lovely. I imagine you have a breeze here if there's one any place around."

At an hour and a half later Mrs. Meredith Jenks came back to the veranda—cooled and refreshed by nap and bath—to find a table for three spread by the side of the invalid's chair. "I've ordered dinner for you with my father and me," said Rose, as she made the conventional introductions. "I thought perhaps you'd like it."

Mrs. Jenks did like it, and said, so, a dozen times during the dark, restful evening she spent on the veranda after a simple but perfect dinner. Mr. Hardy was full of good talk, and responded wittily and entertainingly to Mrs. Jenks' obvious interest in his conversation. And Rose seemed to be one of those girls gifted with a knowledge of just how to make everybody happy.

At a little rural inn. But I was so tired and annoyed. My husband is a dear, but he was so stubborn about getting a new car—that I couldn't resist the temptation to impose on you until I got rested. But Meredith said, when he telephoned just now, that he's ordered a new car, the kind I was looking for. So I said I'd come home this evening. My son Donald is to drive out for me. But I wish I knew why you took me in."

Rose flushed. "Well," she said, slowly, looking off across the heat-baked hills—"You see, my father and I are here alone so much—and we both have enjoyed having you here. It's been a treat—it's been really lovely of you to stay."

Mrs. Jenks looked shrewdly at the girl. "Well, whatever your reason, it's been a gorgeous rest for me. But I wish I knew really why you let me stay."

Rose turned to her impulsively. "All right—I'll tell you. Because I'm a bigger impostor than you are. Did you ever hear Donald speak of Rose d'Armand?"

Mrs. Jenks turned quickly to the girl. "Of course," she said quietly.

"Well—I'm Rose d'Armand. My husband is my stepfather—my mother married him. I've been calling myself Rose Hardy. I love my stepfather, and he likes to have me. So when you said you were Mrs. Meredith Jenks—it's an unusual name. I thought, perhaps, if I could make you stay—"

"Oh!" Mrs. Jenks looked thoughtfully, first at Rose's flushed cheeks, then away at the blue, baked hills. "I didn't know you." "Well," she said quietly, "Donald cares too. More than you do. There!" The sound of a giant cough or hiccup came to them from the next road, around the turn. "It's coming now in that old car. I've got to run up stairs and get my handkerchief. I'll be down—later." And the brand new car, with the girl's forehead just as a laboring, big car came into view.

THE COMING GENERATION

By LILLIAN OAKLEY
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"THE hardest thing for me to learn is when to laugh and when to lecture," is what Mary Thompson said when she told me this little story about her twelve-year-old daughter Patty.

"The Thompsons are a very popular young couple in our crowd," Mrs. Thompson is exceptionally good looking but quite plump.

Patty is their only child. She is very pretty, and bright enough to know that the best way to win special favor from her mother is to tell her first that she is getting thinner every day, and second, that she'd hate to have a skinny mother anyway.

One last summer the Thompsons suddenly realized that Patty was never home except to eat and sleep. After talking it over they decided to try the highly recommended way of giving her some regular duty about the house. So that night at supper her mother said:

"Patty darling, Daddy and I have decided that you must stay at home until you wash the supper dishes and get the kitchen cleaned up."

"This was a bolt out of the blue to the carefree Patty. "Oh, gee, mother. You know how I hate to do the dishes. And anyway I don't start tonight for Cleo is waiting for me to finish supper so we can practice our duet."

Patty knew that her mother would sacrifice anything to get her to practice her music and waited for the weakening. But a nudge under the table from her husband made Mrs. Thompson stick to her order.

"Come over here and sit down by me," he said. "or you'll be back in the kitchen helping Patty."

"I know, but she's so little and sweet. If I don't wash the ever cross and ugly I wouldn't mind making her do things that she didn't want to."

Patty's mother was thinking of the night before when Patty had said that she'd wash the supper dishes and then curiosity as to how she had done her first housework drove them to the kitchen.

Everything was in its place except the big cake of soap that belonged in the soapdish.

The slick white piece of soap had been left propped against the draining board where the rays of the bright ceiling light brought out in bold relief the words 'Patty had etched on it with the ice pick: "Mother is fat."

Winter Sports in Michigan



LEAVE "OVERCOAT" ON POTATO FOR EXTRA VITAMINS

There's still no better way to make a potato deliver its energy, vitamins and minerals than to cook it in its own jacket, according to home economists on the staff of Michigan State College.

That jacket is nature's way of aiding the potato in storage and it continues to retain food values while the cooking process occurs in the kitchen. With Michigan, an important potato producing and potato consuming state, the hint about the "overcoat" holds: value to housewives.

New southern potatoes already are appearing on the market, yet science gives a boost to using what is left of the 1940 crop.

Potatoes grown in the south require expensive shipping and cost more at this time of the year. They usually contain a little more water and a trifle less carboxylic acid and mineral salts than the so-called "old potatoes."

Here are more points in favor of the potatoes available. At this time of the year they deserve extra credit in volume, the home economists also point out. Considerable of the minerals such as phosphorus and iron are in or near the skin. So it is, economy in more than one fashion, to make the potatoes thin, or even better to bake the potatoes and encourage eating the skin with the meaty inside.

As an added hint to brides, the best way to avoid lumps in mashed potatoes is to cook thoroughly first, then mash thoroughly, and then be sure that any milk added is hot.

TRAINING SEASON ENDS MARCH 15

The season for training dogs on game birds and rabbits comes to an end March 15, the conservation department is reminding hunters and dog trainers. Training of dogs in the field on game that could be legally hunted with dogs has been allowed since 30 days before the opening of the hunting season.

DEFENSE BOOKS POPULAR

Requests made to the University of Michigan Library Extension Service show an increased popular interest in such subjects as national defense, Latin American problems, taxation, economic conditions, and the problems of citizenship, adult education, and child study. Last year, a total of 63,428 pamphlets, clippings, and reading lists were sent out in response to 17,691 requests made to the Library Extension Service.

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Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritic or neuritic pain, try this simple, inexpensive recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Buick Compound today. Mix it with a quart of water and the juice of two lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 2 table-spoons twice a day. Often within 24 hours—sometimes overnight—exquisite relief is obtained. If the pains do not quickly subside and if you do not feel better, Buick will give you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Buick Compound is for sale and recommended by SMITH-BRADLEY DRUG CO.



Although 26 other states have more land devoted to agriculture, only 13 have greater farm cash income. As a milk producing state, Michigan stands eighth, with nearly 1,000,000 dairy cattle.

"A State with Riches Blest"

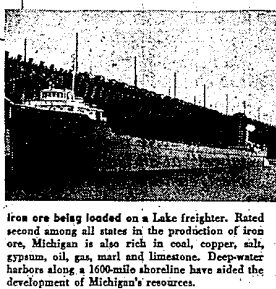
WE LIVE in a great country. But among all the 48 states there is none that can lay claim to more varied and abundant riches of field and orchard, farm and mine, than our own Michigan. Here an unequalled combination of soil and climate, mineral deposits, waterways and harbors, and the progressive spirit of five million people, has enabled agriculture and industry to flourish together, each aiding the development of the other.

This is the first of a series of informative advertisements in which the Michigan Bell Telephone Company will deal with the immense natural resources of the state, affecting the daily lives of all our citizens.

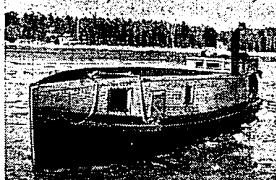
The telephone has contributed vitally to Michigan's growth. Just as good roads, cars and trucks have made it easier to transport our products, so the telephone has aided the development of our resources by shortening time and distance. It brings producer, distributor, manufacturer and consumer closer together—minutes apart instead of days—and does it so cheaply that millions of dollars are saved annually.

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

No. 1 of a series showing how efficient, low-cost telephone service speeds the development of Michigan's resources.



Iron ore being loaded on a Lake freighter. Rated second among all states in the production of iron ore, Michigan is also rich in coal, copper, salt, gypsum, oil, gas, and limestone. Deep-water harbors along a 1,600-mile shoreline have aided the development of Michigan's resources.



Commercial fishing gives employment to thousands of Michigan men. They market 20,000,000 pounds of fish annually—more than a third of the U. S. Great Lakes catch. Michigan forests produce about 300,000,000 feet of sawn lumber a year, besides pulpwood for paper, tan-bark and other products.

