

RAY RILEY IS ELECTED EXCHANGE CLUB LEADER

Ray H. Riley was elected president of the Exchange Club of Walled Lake at the regular meeting on Tuesday. Dr. A. W. Stuart was elected first vice president, Warren Wikom second vice president, F. S. Noel, third vice president, C. A. Chafy treasurer and Cameron E. Rose, secretary. Board of Control members chosen for the next year were E. L. McQuern, E. J. Lindsay and Charles Hutton. Board of Control members whose terms expire in six months are E. V. Mercer, Ira S. Carnes and Glen Bufmeyer.

Dexter—Laundry plant, will be established here.
Mt. Pleasant—Extensive oil drilling underway in this vicinity.

WALLED LAKE MAN IS WED TO DETROIT GIRL

Harold Parmalee, son of Mrs. A. Parmalee of Walled Lake and Miss Marybelle Clark, daughter of Edwin A. Clark of Detroit were quietly united in marriage at Detroit on Saturday evening, June 29. Miss Evangeline Bentley attended the bride and Manley Steinbaugh was best man. They left Sunday morning for a motor trip to Toronto, and Niagara Falls and will spend the week end in Walled Lake. Mr. Parmalee is employed at the Commercial Electric Company in Detroit and they will make their home in Detroit.

Mason—Courthouse being re-modeled.
Stanton—Main street will be paved.

Around the Home

By MARGARET BRUCE

Punching a Home Time-Clock

In a recent copy of a well-known magazine I was interested to see in clock-like arrangement of the working hours of a house woman's day, in which the hours, half-hours and quarter-hours were marked off and allotted to various household tasks. Of course, I studied this chart a bit, as we women are always on the lookout for new and better ways of managing our homes.

It was all very methodical. Seven to eight, get the family up and prepare breakfast; eight to nine, break fast, get husband off to office and children to school, stack dishes for electric washer, vacuum-clean dining room rug; nine to eleven-thirty, make beds, clean up and down, wash curtains; eleven-thirty to eleven-forty-five, rest, and write a letter. The afternoon was scheduled in much the same way—prepare lunch, eat lunch with children, wash dishes, prepare vegetables for dinner; a half-hour mending or pressing; attend a club meeting or make calls; a half-hour's play with the children; prepare dinner, eat dinner, wash dishes, and spend a pleasant evening. The housework was made easy and quick by electric heaters and cookers, toasters, dish washers, iron, clothes dryer, vacuum cleaner, washing and drying machine, the latest kitchen equipment throughout, and an automobile.

Well, I read, and as I read I grinned. Where in this neat schedule was there time for the hundred and one interruptions of a woman's day—the fifteen-minute telephone pest, the neighbor with a little sick boy, the extra cake for the church fair, the hurry-up frock for Marjorie's first big dance, the wreath with the furnace fire, which got too low; the suddenly-arrived relative, Johnny's coming home from school with the mumps, the discovery that the grocery's delivery boy had not come? Any one of these familiar happenings can throw the best-planned schedule in the world from fifteen minutes to an hour behind time, and no woman on earth can catch up!

Of course, this isn't to say that a schedule is not a good thing and that the modern household devices do not make our burdens much lighter. We all have to have system, and electric assistance helps us do more in less time. But unless we stand ready to have our schedule bumped and dented and shoved and pushed back and whirled around, and to face these changes with cheerful poise and quick readjustments, "doing the next thing" as it comes up—well, we may be house managers but we shall not be home makers. The wife and mother cannot punch a time clock!

(Copyright.)

Manelona—\$5,000,000 terminal of Detroit Union Produce Company opened for business July 1.

Rather a Large Order

By JOHN SMITH

(Copyright.)

HENRY had brains, but he was a blunderbuss. His stenographer, Mary Crocker, believed in keeping her eye on him, and when his brains won him a promotion in the foundry, she kept her hand on the suspension that the blunderbuss part of him would sooner or later get him into trouble.

There were two factors hostile to his success. One was a natural antipathy to the efficiency methods of minutely subdivided bookkeeping and cost accounting as practiced in the general office. The other was a rival in another department. In this department Mary's brother Jim also worked. The rival's name was Peter Revere and he was unmitigatedly jealous of Henry's promotion, not taking into account the fact that Henry had brains, while Peter used his head chiefly as a place in which to stifle a mean disposition.

The fifth person concerned in this little drama was familiarly known as the "boss." Spoken of, that was his title. Spoken to, he was Mr. Stockbridge. Stockbridge, Wallace M. in the telephone book, he owned the foundry, was incidentally fond of it and indefatigably interested in its least important activities. At times he was badly bitten by the efficiency bug, but so far the effects of such a bite had not been felt personally by Henry.

Recently, however, there had been a bit of trouble somewhere. A vast supply—enough to last for years—of European thread had been accumulating without rhyme or reason. Henry was, frankly puzzled. While most of the routing of material was in his hands there was one department which he had not taken over, and he surmised that some one of these was acting according to orders from higher up.

But there was another little rift in his lute which for the moment was causing a greater discord and drowning out other harsh sounds.

His stenographer had something else up her sleeve besides a plump well-rounded arm. Henry had caught glimpses of flitting curls of a color and size which he knew had no meaning in his department. Caught studying them, Mary had flushed uncomfortably and thrust them out of sight in a pigeonhole in her desk. Now, what the demon prompted Henry, was Mary up to?

Then everything happened at once. It started on a back page of a popular magazine. W. M. Stockbridge, pursuing a story through the advertisements, happened instead on an efficiency blurb and took it all in, as he periodically did.

Next morning he set out on a tour of the foundry, resolved to find something which needed correction. Running into Peter Revere, he soon discovered quite as much as, if not more than, he had hoped for. In the course of conversation the fact leaked out that there were enough three-quarter-inch European threaded couplings to connect the desert of Sahara with the canals of Mars.

"Who ordered them?" demanded the boss.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and remained discreetly silent.

"Hm!" grunted Stockbridge, and strode into Henry's sanctum, where Henry was paternally watching the soft curve of Mary's cheek as she bent above his dictation.

"I'd like to know who is responsible for those ten tons of couplings," he bellowed at Henry. "Show me just how much you've ordered made up in the past year!" He drew a choleric glance at the flitting cabinets.

Henry swallowed bravely, and looked hopefully at Mary. He didn't recall having gone on record for any particular order, come to think of it. Had just had it done, and that was the end of it.

But Mary turned obediently. Only, strange to say, what she handed over to Henry was that bunch of cards he had once caught her examining. Surprised, he looked through them.

"Then he cleared his throat. "Mr. Stockbridge, you probably won't be interested in what little I've had made up," he said briskly. "But here's what's been sent in from another department and accounts for about nine tons."

He handed them over to the boss, who gave them a short scrutiny and then stalked out to blow up Peter Revere.

"How in time for the love of Mike did you collect all that data?" asked Henry curiously when he and Mary were alone.

"Oh, I had a bit of an idea that that Revere was trying to do something; over on you," said Mary demurely. "My brother Jim's in his department and I got him to make copies of the orders. They were spread over some time and in small lots, but Revere probably knows how careless—that is, I mean how you don't keep records, and thought he saw a chance to get even with you for your promotion over him."

"I see. Thank you, Mary," said Henry soberly.

He took first one slender hand and then the other tenderly in his. "Mary," he said, "you are just the person I need to keep me out of trouble. How about undertaking the job for life?"

Mary threw him a rapid glance from beneath her curly lashes. "Rather a large order, Henry," she said. "Not—Pit try!"

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