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Homer J. Eisenlord

SOCIETY

The family of Addison J. Comstock, who formerly occupied Mrs. Minnie Weber's home on West Grand River avenue has moved to Tecumseh, Mich.

The eight-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilcox died at its home in West Point Park Monday. Burial at Oak Lawn Cemetery here Wednesday.

Frank Allen of Detroit, a former well known Farmington resident, was a visitor here Tuesday.

Rev. Clyde McGee of Chicago who has been spending his vacation with friends and relatives in Farmington, returned to his home Wednesday.

Judge John Schulte Jr. is presiding in the Municipal Court at Pontiac during the absence of Judge Harpster who is vacationing.

Mrs. Katherine Ely left Tuesday for Mt. Clemens where she is taking a course of mineral baths. She is accompanied by Mrs. Jessie Lee.

Mrs. James Goulding and daughter, Alma, of Aurora, Ot., are the guests of Mrs. Goulding's sister, Mrs. Albert Grimwade.

Mrs. Ada Button returned home Monday from Saginaw where she had been the past week with her son, Dr. Button.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Button left Tuesday morning for a motor trip to Maine and other points east. Their mother, Mrs. Ada Button accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steele left home Tuesday for a motor trip to Minnesota. They expect to visit relatives in LaCrosse, Wis., Austin, Lakeland and St. Paul, Minn. The return trip will be through the Upper Peninsula.

Miss Katherine Sprague went to Cleveland Tuesday by boat. She will be the guest of her brother, Ernest Sprague and family for the remainder of August.

Members of the "Old Time Dancing Club" of Northville, enjoyed a picnic dinner with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber at their cottage on Orchard Lake. Six Farmington couple attended.

Thomas Irving returned Monday from Tulsa, Okla., where he spent the past three weeks visiting his son, Thomas D. Irving. Tulsa is one of the big oil districts of that State with but little of its surrounding territory given to agriculture. Mr. Irving states business prospects are bright there.

Mrs. William Irish and niece, Miss Mildred Adams of Farmington, accompanied by Mrs. William Korss of Rochester, Mich., left Tuesday on an eleven-day trip to Montreal and Quebec. They travel by boat and will enjoy several days' outing on the St. Lawrence river.

Mrs. William Korss of Rochester, as the week end guest of Mrs. William Irish.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pike of Maple avenue returned last week from an extended motor trip through Saskatchewan. They were accompanied by relatives of Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Standford with Lucille are on a motor trip up north.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bieking to be accompanied by friends of Detroit, leave Friday for a motor trip through the Upper Peninsula. They expect to make their headquarters at the hunting lodge owned by Farmington men at Covington, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bade.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Baker with their daughters, Gladys and Dorothy, left Tuesday afternoon for a two months' sojourn in Europe. They will spend most of their time in London and Paris, and will be at home in Farmington some time in October.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickie of Fort Worth, Tex., spent a week with Dr. and Mrs. Z. R. Aschen-Brenner.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamb visited Camp Pontiac where Elaine, Marvel and Beatrice Auten and Viola Lamb are spending a vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Z. R. Aschen-Brenner and guests, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickie spent the week end at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. James Campbell of Detroit and Mrs. Alfred Wallbank were guests at a luncheon last Thursday at the St. Clair Country Club, Windsor, given by Mrs. William Stafford in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Black of Toronto, Ont.

Quite Contrary Mary

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

"Then there's Mary."
"Oh, Mary's a dear. I don't in the least mind being a stepmother."
Mr. Burton was talking things over with his fiancée the afternoon after their engagement was announced. He hadn't even dared mention his motherless daughter during the courtship but now they were engaged and all the world knew it, he dared bring up the subject which, in his opinion, had been the great obstacle to his thought of matrimony.

"But you're not old enough to be a mother to Mary," he said. "Don't feel old enough to be her father, myself."
"I'm thirty," announced Grace. "and Mary's only twenty. I'm old enough to be a helpful big sister, anyway."

"But Mary's so contrary. She didn't even want me to become engaged to you at first, though she likes you. I am sure. It wasn't jealousy, either—just plain contrariness."

"You are a perfect dear," Grace told Tom Burton, "but you are a poor psychologist. The only way to manage contrary people is to make them think you don't want them to do what you do want them to do and to make them think you have set your heart on having them do just what you don't want them to do. You have no idea how easy that is."

"Well, you try it," said Tom. "I'm not enough of an actor—and speaking of actors, there's that Peter Polins. Used to play around with Mary when she was a kid and he was in college. Had no objections then, but now he's gone on the stage—there's nothing do."

"Peter's alright," said Grace. "You wouldn't want to be a stepmother-in-law to an actor, would you?" asked Tom. "Besides, there's Walter Gray. Fine fellow, wants to marry Mary—and, by gravity, he's going to marry her."

"Alright, Tom dear," said Grace. "Just trust me—I'm a wonderful psychologist."
"Tom and Grace were married a few months later and within a few weeks more life at the Burton's went on as smoothly as if Grace had been Tom's wife and Mary's stepmother for years. One day she was talking over the tea things with Mary, in a confidential mood.

"Everything alright with you?" asked Grace. "You seem rather down."

"Well, there's father," said Mary. "Father's so contrary. As soon as he thinks you want to do a thing he's dead against it. Take Peter. Father liked Peter at first. But then when he found I really liked Peter and wanted to marry him he turned against him."

"You just don't know how to manage him," said Grace, smiling. "You see I am a great psychologist. With people like that you have to do a little acting. Pretend you don't want to do something and they will be keen to have you do it. Pretend you want to do a thing and they will be dead against it. Just you let it appear that you're tired of Peter. Fix it up with Peter, of course, so that he'll understand. Have him telephone some time when your father is here and make it seem that he has asked you to go somewhere and you refuse. Tell him you have a date with Walter. Make your father think you like Walter, without actually leading him on. No use making poor Walter suffer."

So it was agreed that there were frequent conferences, first between Tom and Grace and Mary, over the way their plans were working out. Then Mary again seemed preoccupied. But Grace asked for an explanation. One evening the telephone rang and Grace and Tom listened as Mary answered.

"I told you Peter, that I don't want to go. I don't want to. I tell you. Well, if you want to know why, it is because I am going somewhere with Walter and if you want to know why I am going with Walter it's because I don't like the way you behave. You know what I mean as well as I do. Good-night."

This was in truth good acting, thought Grace, and felt almost sorry for Tom as he smiled over what he considered an honest change of heart on Mary's part. But he expressed the smile when Mary, looking very angry, came to take her place beside the fire. Mary looked the proverbial dagger for several minutes but when the door bell rang ten minutes later she flew with all speed to the hall. Tom and Grace heard a long, low conversation in the front hall. There were long-drawn-out gasps.

"Sounds as if some one is kissing some one," said Tom and then Mary appeared at the door leading in Walter, looking amazingly fine from the brisk exercise and an unwonted gleam in his eyes.

"Got to tell you," said Mary. "Walter is just looking at them, while Tom, quite prepared, went over to kiss his daughter and welcome Walter."

"I've known it for some time," said Tom. "Mary didn't know I knew but I overheard conversations that led me to suspect I may not be much of a psychologist but I'm not blind or deaf." Grace had regained enough composure to rise and greet her stepson-in-law to be, and as she did so Tom winked at her and whispered in her ear, "Some psychologist, my dear."

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