

# SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schröder and Dora, were guests at a fish dinner Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten.

Mrs. Harrison Johnson spent Thursday in Detroit.

Theodore Hodges is confined to his bed.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wick Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson entertained 19 guests at dinner New Years. The evening was spent in playing 500, Mrs. A. L. Gendron and William Sittard of Detroit receiving high honors and J. A. Harding, low score.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson of Detroit spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson.

Miss Lola Ike and Dora Lou Squire attended a New Year's party at the home of Mrs. Boehm in Detroit.

Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Switzer entertained Dr. and Mrs. E. Switzer at New Year's dinner.

Mrs. Clyde Adams spent Tuesday in Detroit, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbst.

Mrs. E. R. Bloomer of Sparta, wife of the first publisher of the Enterprise, is spending this week with Miss Nina Warner. Mrs. Bloomer is leaving for Florida next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Delling entertained Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wilson and sons at New Years dinner.

Mrs. T. A. McGee spent Thursday in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dickerson spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. Groves of Roman.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hudkins of Milford spent a day last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Delling.

Mrs. Monahan of Plymouth spent Wednesday with Mrs. D. L. Dickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Cook entertained Rev. and Mrs. Sidney Eva and family at New Years dinner.

Mrs. Catherine Mudge and son, Earl of Detroit, were guests of Mrs. Drake.

Mrs. F. L. Cook, Robert and Florence Alice, attended a theatre in Detroit one day last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin of Detroit spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gitzel.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ross entertained at New Years dinner, Mrs. Taylor of Lansing and Mrs. Roche of Redford.

Mr. and Mrs. Comstock were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten at breakfast, Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Emma C. Bent, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. D. Harger and family, left Wednesday for Grand Rapids and Muskegon.

New Year guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walling were C. M. Murphy, Charles Collins, Harold Crozier and Robert Schisworth.

Mrs. S. Lester Harger and daughter, Marlyn, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Harger.

Group No. 3 of the W. H. M. E. will meet Tuesday, January 10 with Mrs. Spencer Heeney.

The Past Matrons will meet at the Michigan Children's Hospital, Thursday, January 12. Pot luck dinner.

The 12th annual business meeting and election of officer of the Clarencetown Cemetery Association will be held Wednesday, January 11, at 2 p. m. at the residence of C. C. Heise, Clarencetown. All lot owners are urged to attend this meeting.

Julia Tyler, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Young of Pontiac and Dora Young of Flint were dinner guests Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten.

Mrs. Josephine Taylor of Lansing spent the holidays with her three sisters, Mrs. David Ross, Mrs. Anglim of Farmington and Mrs. R. Roche of Redford.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gildemeister and Mrs. Mary Whitford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten at New Year's dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ross entertained Mrs. Taylor of Lansing at dinner Sunday in honor of her 49th wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Macomber and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Troy at Halfway.

Mrs. Bert Nichols, formerly of Farmington, visited in Farmington, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Macomber entertained the following at dinner Monday, Mrs. Bessie Hanson of Jackson, Miss Anna Cable Miss Emma Landon and Mr. and Mrs. Linenball of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lord were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Woodward of Redford at dinner, New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ham and family visited friends at Hemlock Stop.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Knight Jr. and children of Detroit were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Knight on New Years day.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamb entertained the following at New Years dinner: Leland Lamb of Lansing, Mrs. Lilly Angel, Mrs. Battle Angel of Northville, Miss Lue Bryan and E. Bryan of Northville, Mr. and Mrs. E. Reed and children of Redford and Mrs. Florence Bachelor.

Mary Taylor of Lansing, Mrs. Roche of Detroit, visited their sister, Mrs. David Ross, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Sulkowski, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sulkowski, Mrs. Elsie Sweet and son, were dinner guests to Mr. and Mrs. H. Kahri on New Years.

Miss Louise Porter of Adrian has become a member of the clerical staff of the Farmington State Savings Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. French the proud parents of a boy named James, born January 1, Mrs. French was Miss M. Bond.

## Why Agnes Changed Her Mind

By CORONA REMINGTON

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AGNES DILLINGHAM buried her curly brown head in "pillole" with long convulsive sobs that seemed to rack her slender body. Then followed a stillness of exhaustion, then more tears brought on by living over again the whole terrible chain in her mind.

Mrs. Dillingham, hunting her daughter all through the house, at last found her curled up in the middle of the bed that always looked so much bigger when Agnes was in it.

"Why, daughter, what is the matter?" she asked in quick alarm, pushing a loving hand on the girl's heaving shoulder. "You look like a happy dancer, I must say."

"Nothing, only John's so p-poor,"

"So poor?" echoed Mrs. Dillingham. "Yes, poor! He never can buy the best seats at opera or the theater and Lucille and her dance always take a box and you know all of our friends have more money than John. It's so—so humiliating!"

"Nonsense, Agnes. You're unreasonable. Just because Lucille's engaged to a wealthier man doesn't mean she'll be any happier than you. John's a splendid young man and he has brains, and father says he's going right up in the business world. I believe you love money more than you do, John."

"Oh, mother, how can you be so cruel? You know how I love him, but it's just so—so embarrassing. It's going to be awful after we marry. I don't know how I'll ever stand it. We'll be skimping and scratching along forever."

Quick steps on the stairs interrupted the conversation and a second later Lucille Sturtevant burst into the room with the unceremonious familiarity of an intimate friend.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed Mrs. Dillingham.

Lucille threw her furs on a chair and flung herself into another one.

"I'm so peevish at Tom I could die!" she said angrily. "We've had a terrible fuss. I've pleaded and begged and cried and he won't budge. I doubt if we ever marry now. He's too—too selfish or something."

"Well, what has Tom done?" asked Agnes, forgetting her own troubles for a moment and sitting up in bed.

"Done! It's what he hasn't done. He has no more consideration for my feelings than if I were a stone in the road."

"Well, tell us," said Agnes irritably. "Don't go on raving like that. My goodness, my head's splitting now."

"I want to build in Lynnhurst. That's where all the young married couples in our set are going now, and Tom says he can't afford it. It would mean five or six servants and a fifty or sixty thousand dollar house and everything to match. And he says he'd rather build in Morning View and have the best home there than to have the cheapest home in Lynnhurst. Isn't that silly? Isn't he too unreasonable for words? I get so mad at him I could shake him. And I told him if he talked bad enough and long enough his father would build him a house in Lynnhurst at a few thousand more just as easily as one in Morning View, but he won't do it—says he has some pride and all that rubbish. He forgets, I have some pride, too."

Lucille dabbed angrily at the tears that were rolling down her cheeks. Mrs. Dillingham looked at the two girls and then she spoke.

"If I were your fiancée I'd consider you both a mighty poor risk and I wouldn't marry either of you. You'd make nice helpmates for a man if he ever needed help. Frankly, I'm sorry for both John and Tom. Why, do you know, when father and I were engaged we used to ride the street car to the park on Sundays and spend the afternoon there, and if he was feeling very flush we'd go on the merry-go-round."

Agnes laughed shrilly. "Oh, what a joke! Imagine!" she said breathlessly.

Lucille out of deference to her hostess checked her mirth somewhat but it was the same quality of devious laughter.

That evening when Agnes' fiancé called there was something peculiar about his manner. He was as tender and affectionate as ever but somehow solemn, almost depressed.

"I've been thinking over what you said this afternoon when we were at lunch together," he began at last in a voice that was not his own. "I've decided I have no right to marry you. I could never make you happy. You deserve some one with the greater earning capacity."

The words tumbled out in a volley as if he had rehearsed his speech.

Agnes looked at him, wretched and forlorn, sitting beside her, and a quick pang of contrition swept over her.

"John," she said, her hand creeping into his. "I've been a perfect little beast. I didn't realize it before, but I know it now. It's you I want, not your old money or a grand home, and I don't care if we never go to another theater party or on a cruise. If we can't afford anything else we can always go to the park and ride on the merry-go-round."

"You dear, dear ridiculous child!" he laughed, sweeping her into his arms—and for the first time since their engagement Agnes was genuinely happy.

IN LOVING MEMORY of my dear son, John W. Turner, who died suddenly one year ago, January 7, 1927. Just when his days were brightest Just when his days were best, He left this world of sorrow For a place of eternal rest. His loving Mother, Brothers, and Sisters.

DANCE To good music by Coe's orchestra at the Bond School, Friday, January 6th. Given by the P. T. A. Association. Save the date!

Human Eye Unable to Catch Bird's Activity

The barred owl turns a somersault in midair, too fast for the human eye to see, but not too fast for the camera to snap. It cost me a wet and muddy day in a black-gum swamp to find out how it is done, Samuel Scoville writes, in the Forum.

We splashed our way through mud and water until we came to a couple of large hollow trees not 50 feet apart in one was the nest of a barred owl containing two eggs in a hollow about twenty feet up, while in the other tree a barn owl had made its nest in a hole some fifteen feet from the ground and laid there six round white eggs about the size of a crow's egg. Both nests contained dead field mice, while in the barred owl's hole was the wing of a screech owl and the feathers of a marsh hawk, which that fierce sky pirate had evidently killed and eaten.

While we were staring up at the trees, the female barred owl came skimming like a gray shadow through the woods and, approaching the nesting hole, suddenly plunged into it, apparently without slackening its flight in the least.

One of my friends obtained a snapshot of it as it entered its nest and the camera showed something which our eyes were not quick enough to follow and gave the explanation of how so large a bird could plunge into a tree at full speed without receiving any injury. When the plate was developed it showed that just as the owl reached the hole it turned a somersault, reversing its wings, checked its flight for an instant and slid in feet foremost, a bit of aerodynamics which I fancy only the most skilled flyers among the bird folk can perform.

Sunlight's Power Over Mind Is Great Factor

Much has been written in the last year or two of the ultraviolet rays in sunlight and of their benefit to health. Undoubtedly these benefits are real, but they are not the only ones in sunlight. Science is not yet ready to certify just which rays of the many solar ones are beneficial. Possibly all are. Nor is it safe to be dogmatic in asserting that favors of the sun are bestowed unalloyed through the physical portals of blood or skin. There are links between sun and mind, too. It is hard to be cheerful in the dark, and cheerfulness grows even more needed in this modern world which has cut loose so much of its intellectual ballast. A place in the sun, occupied occasionally by everybody, is a fine antidote to pessimism. There is no need to be a sun worshiper, but it is a fine plan to be an occasional sun absorber.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE of my dear husband, John W. Turner, who died suddenly January 7, 1927, one year ago today: Gone from me dear husband forever.

Your voice so dear is still; I try to be brave in my sorrow. I know it was the Lord's will. But, oh, the bitter heartache. The longing to see you again. God only knows how I miss you. Calling you back in vain.

The sweetest of memories are all that is left of you darling husband, one of the best when days are dark and friends are few, then dear husband how I long for you.

His loving wife, Dora, sons Harold and Lawrence.

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| \$1 Class  | Deposit \$1 each week—in 50 weeks  | 50.00    |
| \$2 Class  | Deposit \$2 each week—in 50 weeks  | 100.00   |
| \$5 Class  | Deposit \$5 each week—in 50 weeks  | 250.00   |
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