

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

FORTY-FIRST YEAR. NO. 34.

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1918.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2,113.

PAT. VS. POKER!

When Birmingham Was Young Penny Ante Was the Joy of the Saturday Night Club.

There was a time (not once on a time) when village lots were selling from \$17.00 to once in a while 45.00, and pigs, cows and chickens roamed at large and will, and gardens, door yards and premises made a good, strong fence for protection; when kerosene lamps with tallow candles made brilliant the home of the F. F. B. on dark and stormy nights, when Josiah would sit on the bench in the Postoffice and tell of the time when he was Supervisor in the town of Mundy, in Genesee County. The evenings would be very quiet, unless two or three farmers would happen to be busy in having, and, therefore, come late to get some tea, or a few supplies for next day. The doctors, dentists, lawyers and merchants talked matters over, and finally concluded to organize a Club to be called the "Saturday Night Club," and meet every Saturday night, at the home of one of its members and play the game called "Penny Ante." The limit of bets was fixed at 5 cents, and lunch at 11:30. Sometimes a man would win as much as seven cents, for there would be seven players and every one might be a cent. Occasionally some visiting stranger would be invited, which happened on the evening this little story was hatched.

George A. P., a jolly good fellow, was a traveling tea merchant; he sold tea for Herrick & Houghtalling, of New York City. George had married a doctor's daughter, and they had rooms in the "Ellis House." George happened to be in town one Saturday night, and was invited to meet with the Saturday Night Club. He accepted the invitation, as everybody knew everybody in the village, and the meeting this night was in the house next to George's father-in-law; it seemed to be just right for a pleasant evening. By 9 o'clock the members had assembled, when you know the seat for beginning the penny ante game. George was invited to join, but he begged to be excused. The members were loth to have him sit idly by and not participate. So he was strongly urged to "Come on in." He steadfastly refused, which was a surprise to all the members, as they knew that he enjoyed playing, as some of them had enjoyed an evening with him. After persistent urging and persistent refusing, they asked him why he would not join them.

"Well, boys, if you care to listen, I will tell you the whole story why I will not play cards for money, even if it is only for a penny."

"Go ahead, tell us, and we'll stay the game while you explain."

"Well, gentlemen, you have known me for several years, you know I like a game of cards and have played poker for many years for small stakes, and think I once played a good game."

"The firm I travel for, Herrick & Houghtalling, can say with truth that their sales this year will go some over a million. My own sales will reach \$160,000, and my commission on sales over my salary will be quite an item."

"About three weeks ago I had to stay all night in Lexington, Ky. My sales were good and I was feeling quite satisfied with myself. Strolling around the lobby of the hotel, I met a man named Hamilton; he was a salesman for a Cleveland coffee house. As we sat chatting, the clerk of the hotel came over and said: "Do you gentlemen ever enjoy a game of cards? There are two men just come out from the dining room saying they were high in loneliness, and wished they could have something to pass the evening."

"He took us over and introduced us. After a little someone said a little game of poker might help pass the evening. The clerk was called, the matter laid before him. He said certainly we could have a nice quiet room, and no one to disturb or find fault. The clerk led us up stairs, showed us into a pleasant room; colored man brought in a table and the chairs were arranged, and, as if by accident, Hamilton, my friend, sat opposite me, and as we were being seated someone remarked, 'well, I suppose here we stay until the game is finished. What stakes shall we have, 10 cents or 25?'"

"Finally 25 cents was settled upon, and no bet over \$1.00, which seemed satisfactory."

"Almost at once I noticed that my right hand man was 'making believe,' as you might say; as he shuffled the cards he seemed to be a bungler, yet, at the same time I saw that he was trying to fool some one. We played several hands and all was enjoyable; I had won perhaps three or four dollars when my

left hand man said he had a good hand and he wished he could bet more than 25 cents, taking about it a little we all agreed to bet all you wanted to, and that time Hamilton (the man opposite me) won \$7.00. A few more hands and I had a good feeling that I held the winning hand, which proved true, as I won \$3. After a little time there was quite spirited betting, and it was between my right and left hand man. They bet against each other until there was at least \$100 on the table. Several more hands were played, when I looked at my cards I had three kings and two aces. Whew! I thought to myself, why is this. My left hand man had dealt and Hamilton stayed in, so did my right hand man; then it was my turn, I stayed in and raised it \$2.00, and, do you know, the whole four seemed to have a good hand.

"Finally, the anteing was halted and the dealer asked how many cards. As I suddenly I saw a glance from my right hand man over to my left hand man, that look puzzled me. Now, there I had three kings and a pair of aces; did I get them fair?, or were they dealt me by professional. Studying an instant, I discarded my two aces and in the draw I had the other king."

"The betting then commenced; it went from \$2.00 to \$15.00, and kept going up. I noticed that every time I called my right hand man my left neighbor would raise me just a little. Hamilton evidently had a good hand, as he was keeping on with the procession."

"I had something over, two hundred dollars of my own money, and it was about all on the table, besides about \$30.00 which I had won. As it came to my right hand man to bet or stay out, he said, 'my hand is too good to lay down, I will see that raise and go you a thousand dollars better.'"

"Now, gentlemen, you can imagine my feelings and situation; my own money was all on the table practically, but I had in my breast pocket the firm's money which I had collected during the day. I believed my hand was the best, but he had raised me out, as the boys say. Hesitating so long, my left hand man said, 'well, do something, for I am in the jam, yet I don't want to bet.' I thought of everything in a minute, of my wife, in Birmingham, her good old father and mother. My hand went to my inside pocket, taking out the big envelope I counted out enough to see his bet, and the man on my left raised me a few dollars; then my right hand remarked, 'two bites of a Pecan is no use. I see that raise, and raise you \$15.'"

"Now, in an instant almost, it flashed across my mind that the hotel clerk had seen me when I was making up my account to report to the firm, and that amount was the total I had marked on the big envelope, and that clerk had some way tipped the amount to these two men, and it flashed through my mind that the man who said 'that sucker was born every minute knew what he was talking about, for I was born about that time—\$2700, was what I had written on the envelope. Again my thoughts went back to Birmingham. Wife and I were wanting a home of our own. What shall I do? The old devil must have taken me in hand, and he won. I counted out money enough to see his bet, which as I supposed took every dollar, but I was almost frightened to find a lot more money and drafts left after I had counted out the amount he had raised me. Then an inspiration seized me, I began counting out money and, raised him \$2000.00, which had been paid to me after I had marked the envelope which the clerk had tipped off to my friends of the evening. As I counted out the money, my thoughts never once took in the fact that a STRAIGHT FLUSH would beat his—\$2,000. There was something like \$500.00 on the table, besides my own money. My left hand man then passed. My right hand man, laying his hand on the table said, 'give me 15 minutes to raise the money.' 'Not out of this room,' Hamilton spoke up, 'you said when the game began, here we stay until the game is done. Throwing down this hand, he said 'Take the money, your sand and money have won the pot.'"

"Next morning I telegraphed my wife in Birmingham the following message: 'Go close the deal for that house at 91 Winder Street. New York draft on the way to pay for it. And that, gentlemen, made me swear off from ever playing another game of poker.'"

"The good wife of the host then served coffee and sandwiches, George bade them good night, and all voted they had a mighty pleasant evening."

A. J. BIELOW.

Automobile thieves have been active in the vicinity of Franklin lately, Arthur Rayner's being one of the number. His car was located after being stripped of everything movable.

THE FIFTH LOAN

Save and Prepare for It—Play the Game Right and Play It to The Finish.

American Marines and Soldiers held for three mortal days on the Marine at Chateau Thierry, against the picked troops to the German army. Did they quit the moment the Germans turned back and tried to find a place to dig in? No, they did not. They went right on fighting the German rear guard. They drove them until the retreat turned into a desperate rout. And they kept right on chasing them, first at one point and then at another, until they had cleaned them out of the valley of the Meuse and the forest of Argonne, and the town of Sedan. Then came the German surrender—the most abject and running fall in all the annals of warfare.

In plain language, the American troops operated on the good American rules of the game: "Keep your eye on the ball. Follow through. Play the game right and play it to the finish."

Of course, they won. They couldn't lose playing that tragic game of war that way.

Now there is a parallel calling for the same method of play.

The American Expeditionary Forces went abroad to fight, to be wounded, to be killed, if necessary—fully determined to carry out their pledge of Victory.

What was the direct pledge of the American people to those men? The contract was not all on the shoulders of the troops. The nation had to take one side of the contract. The American people assumed the solemn obligation to back up the fighters with money, arms, supplies, medical, moral and social maintenance.

The army in France took a contract to fight.

The Army at home took a contract to pay the bills.

The fighting Americans have made good on their contract.

Now it is up to the people at home to pay the bills.

That is why the Treasury is selling Anticipation Certificates covering next year's Federal Taxes and discounting the subscriptions to the coming Fifth Loan. All the money raised of the previous four Liberty Loans has been spent and the bills have not been paid.

Nearly all the American soldiers are overseas and it will cost many hundred millions to bring them back. Meanwhile they must be fed and kept up to the scratch in appearance, health, morals, spirits and every other way.

There is only one way to do it! This paying business takes grit.

Every American must go right on saving as hard as before the armistice.

Save every nickel, dime, quarter and dollar that can be spared from living expenses. Put savings into the banks, or buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

Phone 38 Phone 65

Last Warning!

COFFEE

We have just received a letter from one of the largest Coffee Roasters in America, from which we quote: "Ordinary Santos Coffees COST today 29 1-2c per pound roasted—this without profit to us. The market today would compel you to get 35c per pound for these Coffees, as we would have to charge you 29c for them. We advise you to sell Coffees conservatively, as we believe Coffees will be much higher."

Well, friends, WE WILL NOT take his advice. So long as our stock lasts we will offer standard brands of Coffee at the following prices:

Buy Them by the 10-lb Lot.

| | | | |
|--------------|-----|------------------|-----|
| Roraco, | 35c | Pathfinder, | 30c |
| Tzar, | 38c | Old Master, | 40c |
| Neroma, | 32c | Cafe Blend, | 40c |
| White House, | 38c | Barrington Hall, | 40c |
| Light House, | 40c | Table Talk, | 28c |

MINER GROCERY CO.

THE HOME OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Detroit on the Campus.

No actor of the American stage has eclipsed William Hodge's memorable record for the longest consecutive run in the four largest cities of the country. When Mr. Hodge was elevated to stardom and appeared in "The Man From Home" he achieved the record-breaking run of fifty-seven weeks in New York, thirty-five in Chicago, twenty-nine in Boston and nineteen in Philadelphia. Mr. Hodge played in "The Man From Home" for more than five years, and has since played only three other pieces. In "The Road to Happiness" he remained twenty-two weeks in New York, and in another play of his own composition he enjoyed twelve weeks of prosperity.

If ever there was a time when the American public wanted plays they can understand, play that appeal to their natural characteristics, plays that bring before them the people, the customs and the country they know; this is the crucial time. Mr. Hodge predicts that American plays will be more in demand than ever. Foreign plays are built on foreign ideas, conceived in a foreign spirit, and are out of sympathy with our people. Mr. Hodge's endeavor has been to satisfy the need of the public for wholesome drama. He has gone over the heads of his audience. He has respected their prejudices. He has been true to American ideas. His latest work, "A Cure for Carabals," is to be seen at the Detroit Opera House (on-the-campus) is bright in dialogue, clean in plot, direct in story, interesting in characters. It is wholesome and refreshing. It is permeated with the atmosphere of nature.

The above production is for Christmas week, beginning Sunday night, December 23rd, Matinee Wednesday, Christmas Day.

For Croup, "Flu" and "Grip" Coughs.

M. T. Davis, leading merchant of Beaverville, West Virginia, writes: "A few nights ago one of my patrons had a small child taken with croup about midnight. Came to my store and got Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Before morning the child entirely recovered. Parents cannot say enough for Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold everywhere.—Adv."

Services at Church Building, Woodward Avenue, south of D. U. R. Waiting Room.

First Baptist Church.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

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