BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

Devoted to Our Own Locality—We Labor for Its Interests

FORTIETH YEAR. NO. 44. BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1918. WHOLE NUMBER, 2071

DEVIL ABDICATES

Satan Admits that Kaiser Bill Has Become Master of the Evil Spirits.

Louis Syberkrop of Creston, Ia., has acquired much fame in recent weeks as author of a satire on Kaiser Wilhelm. Reports have come to him from Tumulty, Sec. Daniels, Roosevelt and people in every State of the Union and in Canada for copies of his article. Here it is, reprinted from the Nashua Telegraph:

The Infernal Region.
June 28, 1917.

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God:

My Dear Wilhelm:

I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you much closer than you could ever know.

From the time that you were yet an undeveloped being in your mother's womb I have shaped your destiny for my own purpose.

In the days of Rome I created a roughneck known in history as Nero; he was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these modern days a classic demon and efficient supercriminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of Hell.

I gave you abnormal ambition likewise and oversupply of egotism and that you might not discover your own failings, I twisted your mind so that of a mad man with certain normal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people.

I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition emblitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity.

I placed in your mind a deep hatred of all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most; wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hated cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe and I hate her.

I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother because she was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I have gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father, just as I will kill you, and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected.

To assist you and further hasten my work I sent you three evil spirits, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and later Bernhardi, whose teachings inflamed the youth of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts, yours and mine; the spell has been perfect.

You cast your ambitious eyes toward the Mediterranean, Egypt, India and the Dardanelles and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious Archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way.

It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the Duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when we saw how cleverly you saddled the crime onto Servia.

I saw you set sail for the fjords of Norway and I knew you would provide an alibi. How cleverly done—so much like your noble grandfather, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power.

Murder in dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a way and Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning, a perfect foundation of a perfect hell on earth, the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions.

You made war on friends and foe alike, and the murder of civilians showed my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired.

Your undersea warfare is a master stroke, from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no consideration for the baby clinging to its mother's breast as they both go down in to the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; its all your work, superfiend that I made you.

I have seen the fields of Poland, now a wilderness fit for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now, they all succumbed to frost and starvation—I drifted down into Galicia where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectations.

I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them to hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed upon young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offsprings, and I began to wonder if my own inferno was really up to date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you have usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation.

You have strayed away from legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as the personal friend of God.

Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder. You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you devout worshipper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you are a puzzle at times.

A Mhoamedan army, commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians in a new line of warfare.

When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder by one cut of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have been extended to the whole German nation.

I confess my Satanic soul grew sick and then and there I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor.

The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interest of hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,
LUCIFER H. SATAN.

"It Sure Does the Work."

Women with backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles, stiff joints or other symptoms of kidney trouble should read this statement from Mrs. S. C. Small, Clayton, N. M.: "Foley Kidney Pills have done me more good than all other medicines." They strengthen weak kidneys and banish sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The ladies of the Guild of St. James church will give a supper Friday evening, March 1, at 6:30, to meet the new Rector, Rev. Charles H. McCurdy. All members of the parish are earnestly invited.

ROYAL OAK GRAFT

Prosecuting Attorney Gillespie's Report Shows How Every Oakland Town Paid Part of R. O. Tax.

When the Township Board of the Township of Royal Oak, after receiving an audit of its books in October 1917 showing a shortage in the accounts of township treasurers for the past six years of about $8000 failed to take any action, Prosecuting Attorney Gillespie, filed a petition before Justice Fredenburgh of Pontiac, asking him to sit as a special Grand jury under a recent statute. The taking of testimony was commenced on February 13, and lasted for about two weeks. During that time a thorough probing of the affairs of Royal Oak township was gone into. A written report has been filed in the Justice Court showing that in 1916 the supervisor of Royal Oak township, A. W. Willson, withheld over two and one-quarter million dollars of his valuation in his report to the equalization committee of the Board of Supervisors. In apportioning the state, county, and highway tax to Royal Oak township, the Board of Supervisors apportioned the tax on the low valuation, which enabled Royal Oak township to escape payment in 1916 of over $11,000 taxes. This excess was paid by the other townships in the county, with a result that approximately 3 per cent of every taxpayer's state, county, and highway tax in 1916 should have been paid by the township of Royal Oak. The supervisor, however, in spreading his tax upon his own township, used the same percentage that he would have used for the low valuation reported by him to the Board of Supervisors, but figured the tax on the correct valuation, which was about two and one-quarter million dollars greater than reported. As a result of this, the township paid state, county, and highway taxes of over $12,000 more than was apportioned to the Township of Royal Oak.

In addition, the supervisor in his tax warrant, charged the township treasurer with nearly $3,700 less than the correct amount of taxes called for by the tax roll.

The law permits a supervisor of a township to charge $3.00 per day for his services, but it appears that the supervisor of Royal Oak township in 1915 charged $1,250; in 1916 $2,000, and in 1917 $2,728 for his services and for clerk hire and other expenses. It also appears from the report during the years 1916 and 1917 the township board of Royal Oak township collected over $1,300 fees for approving plats, which according to the testimony, was divided among the members of the township board. The law makes no provision for any charge by the board for approving plats.

The report also sets up that the audit discloses a shortage in the accounts of T. Alger, township treasurer in 1910 and 1911 of $123.81, of John C. Mow, treasurer from 1911 to 1913, $1,766.11, $1,000 of which has been explained; F. J. Codling, treasurer from 1913 to 1915, $4,100.25; Mark Halsey, treasurer from 1915 to 1917, approximately $2,000.

As a result of the investigation, warrants will be asked for by the prosecutor against the supervisor and township clerk, charging misconduct in public office and against all township treasurers whose shortages cannot be explained, charging them with embezzlement.

A GRAND SUCCESS

The Fifth Annual Y. M. C. A. Conference for Oakland County—Next Year at Pontiac.

Last Friday and Saturday the fifth annual Y. M. C. A. conference was held in our fair village. The conference turned out a complete and startling success from every view point especially from our own.

Friday afternoon the registrations were completed and the preliminary basket ball game held.

It may be said here that those people who expected to keep boys during the conference and were disapointed were so only because we ran out of boys to keep.

The Birmingham group defeated Orionville and Holly in the Basket Ball Contest and succeeded in capturing the "Y" trophy cup.

Friday evening the annual banquet was held. Norman Schlack, "chief of the big mess", had things arranged perfectly including an orchestra and a splendid feed in the High School. Along with the eats were mixed good fellowship and several rousing songs.

After banquet the boys and men met in the auditorium where the program was completed. Mr. Thad. E. Leland of the Custer Y. M. C. A. was toast master.

Among the speakers of the evening where Mr. Gizbe, C. C. Vlled, Rev. McKnight, Herbert R. Earle of the State executive committee of the Y. M. C. A., Lloyd Reid, president of the local group, L. C. Relman, a famous gridiron star from Michigan and Rev. Mr. W. S. Steedman of St. Clair.

A solo was given by Mr. Blackstone.

Beside the numerous fine speeches a pantomine was given by members of the High School Literary society. Alvin Edwards, magnetic orator, led a rousing song service before the announcement of the election of new officers for the County.

Norman Schlack of Birmingham was unanimously chosen president. Other officers were apportioned among the other towns of the county. Pontiac was chosen as the place for the next conference.

Throughout the entire conference great enthusiasm was shown, and the Pep reached its height after an immensely interesting talk given Sat. Canada, Capt. Baxter has seen two years of active service in France and has the ability of telling his story in a most interesting manner.

On the side meetings of the pastors, of the scout masters and of the Y. M. C. A. leaders were held and things of interest to each party generally talked over.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, inclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

REPUBLICANS, PLEASE REMEMBER.

I hereby announce to the Republican voters of the Township of Bloomfield, that after faithfully supporting the nominees of the Republican party for 22 years, I have decided to try for the nomination of the office of Township Treasurer, at the coming Caucus to be called later.

I respectfully ask my friends to come to the Caucus and give me their support. Being unable to fully attend to my business on account of being crippled, I shall if elected, give my whole attention and time to the duties of the office, which I assure you will be diligently cared for with honor to myself and with credit to the party.

W. I. DEER.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

EARL R. RICE, PASTOR.

The official board Monday evening, March 4. "A heart in every hand shake".

Our Sunday School attendance last Sunday was 257. The new Superintendent Mr. Fred Quarton and other officers, were duly installed.

The Primary Department of the Sunday school is growing. These little people occupy the large room on the first floor of the church and hold their entire session, songs, study and special selections will be found in all the services. The Easter ingathering should exceed one hundred. We offer the best we have to all.

Our young people and their helpers will give an evening entertainment Tuesday March 5. This is a home talent program, and will be given in the auditorium. Keep the date open.

Dr. A. Ames Wawood, pastor of Cass avenue Church, Detroit, will be the speaker at the brotherhood, Friday evening, March 8. His subject will be "The World War". The program will be: Supper 7:30, address 8:30, and a business session to close. The annual membership dues of two dollars secures eight suppers and eight evening programs. Join the Brotherhood.

Regular services for Sunday, March 3rd. Public Worship at 10:30. Sunday school at 12:00. Epworth League 6:30. Class meeting 6:45. Evening service 7:30, the subject for the day's sermons will be "Not Scribes and Pharisees", and "The Best Investment".

When a German wishes to buy his daily paper nowadays he takes yesterday's castoff copy with him, for, in order to replenish the supplies of print paper the government has found that old newspapers are essential and forces all people to return all of them if they are to get new ones.

FISH FOR DUCKS

J. Allen Bigelow Tells His Boys How a Franklin German Used Corn for Bait.

By Dear Boys,

Mortimer A. and Irvin H. Neff Jun. and Catherine Bradley Bigelow.

When your Blessed Mamma wrote and told me of Mortimers killing five squirrels with his small 22 calibre rifle, it reminded me of the days when squirrels and small game were plentiful in Michigan. And also it recalled the memories of a jolly shoe cobbler, Louie — was his name. Louie was from Holland, he came to Franklin from somewhere, as Peter Van Every had found him in Detroit, as Mr. Van Every had a large flour and feed store in the city at that time, and supplied the stock from his mills in Franklin. Van Every also owned several houses in the village and of course wanted them occupied and bringing in rent, he was sort of sponsor for the families he induced to come to the village, and see that they had work, also supported their families.

Now Louie was just a common shoe cobbler, and work was not very plenty in coming in, so it was quite a meager existence that confronted the family. Louie would get up very early mornings, take his gun, go over by Van Every's Mill Pond, kill maybe two squirrels, back home by sunrise, and the family would live on those squirrels a day, maybe two days. Then finally the Ducks began to come in plenty, Louie was not much of a Duck hunter, but he was a great thinker. He watched where the Ducks would swim along the shore of the pond, see them dive and feed on something, when he made up his mind that he could get Ducks if he did not know how to creep up on them and shoot them. All this time he was going hungry half the time, as there were three other shoemakers and cobblers in the village well acquainted with all the settlers, and they had most the cobbling.

Louie selected a handfull of large kernels of corn, soaked them in water a day or two, then with an awl he made holes in each kernel, took some common fish hooks and lines, put a kernel of corn on a hook, went over to the pond, drove two stakes about along the edge of the shore, tied a long cord to each stake, then tied his fish hooks and lines on the long cord, and with about ten feet of fish line to each with a hook baited with a kernel of corn, went home whistling as usual.

Next morning he asked me to go with him over to the pond. There were plenty of Ducks, but they flew away before he was in gun shot, "never mind" he says, "we'll have some" and sure enough there were seven or more Ducks struggling and fluttering to get away, but they were fast, they had swallowed a kernel of corn with a fish hook and Louie carried them in, admonishing me to "Never no Never Tell."

When Louie and I came tramping home with these Ducks, there was great rejoicing in Louie family, as now they had plenty to eat.

But cobbling did not improve, Louie would whistle and sing, happy all the day long, but his customers did not come in fast enough to keep him busy.

Among his acquaintances was an other Hollander, nick named "Dutch John". Now Dutch John was a wagon pointer, for R. L. Bryan, and he suggested that Louie ought to have a sign to let people know that he was ready to cobble boots and shoes.

So Louie agreed to "Tap" Dutch Johns boots, if he would make him a sign that would bring in customers. All this was settled and agreed too.

And one day there was nailed up on the side of the house a large sheet with this sign nicely painted on it.

"Blow away ye heavenly breezes
Blow amongst the leaves and trees,
Sing away ye heavenly muses,
While I mend your boots and shoeses."

Now this was the turning point in Louies life, from the time people began to talk about Louies sign, they began to come in the shop to see the shoemaker.

Work poured in, and you would hear Louie whistling and singing from morning till night, and far in to the night as he pegged and sewed away.

He died about 40 years ago living in the Town of Southfield, and was quite wealthy, and a very much respected man.

Good night, with love from Grand Daddy.

J. ALLEN BIGELOW.

Birmingham, February, 1918.

Mrs. Guy Niles and son Lloyd, of Rochester, recently visited relatives here.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Thelma Narran has broken her wrist, much to the regret of her companions.

Mr. Hardgrave, a member of the faculty, has been ill, but is now able to resume his instructing.

School in the Baldwin High was discontinued for Friday afternoon, February 22 on account of the A. M. C. A. conference which was held in that place.

The regular meeting of the Lit club was held Wednesday evening, February 22 on account of the A. M. C. A. conference which was held in that place.

The program consisted of several small plays or sketches given by pupils, which were all very well executed.

Mrs. Potter and Mr. Brown also rendered a most pleasing vocal selection.

Mrs. Florence Walker gave several readings, which were enjoyed by all.

Edsie Dawins very beautifully played a piano solo.

The program was then concluded by the reading of "The Senior Enterprise" by Dena Hallock.

A large crowd, including the visiting boys of the conference attended a basket-ball game Friday afternoon, between Orionville and the local team. The result was, 11 to 4 in favor of Birmingham.

The same afternoon the first and second team contested in a very heated and interesting game. The second team defeated the first.

Saturday afternoon Holly and Birmingham team met and a very excited game was carried on. The result was in favor of the home team.

Robert Walkers has been ill and out of school but is now attending again.

Ward Herding has returned to school after an absencey 5 weeks.

Wyandotte will play Birmingham here, tonight, Friday, February 29. All come and show your spirit.

M. E. W.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY.

Services at Birmingham Club Sundays 10:30 a. m.

Sunday School same hour.

Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock.

All are invited.

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FOR YOUR COFFEE

Try a spoonful of dainty **Hippolite Cream.** Save both cream and sugar—and simply perfect!

FOR YOUR BAKING

Use our high-grade Molasses, the real **open kettle** kind, whenever possible in place of sugar. And add a little zest to the palate's joys by a taste of **real old-time goodness.**

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