THE ECCENTRIC

Birmingham, Michigan
GEORGE R. AVERILL, Publisher
$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

Entered as second-class matter in the Postoffice at Birmingham, Mich.

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1922

SPRING IS HERE

Now is the time for all who are lovers of the great out-of-doors to make ready for summer festivities. Spring—although officially here for several weeks past—is now "weatherly" here to stay, at least the balmy breezes of southern winds promised so on Monday morning.

The housewife will now complete her Spring cleaning. The husband will get out his rusty spade and turn over the soil in the backyard garden. Flower beds will be planted. Jack and Jill will turn their thoughts to those events that only Summer can furnish.

The Spring poet will now flourish. (We shall print, free of charge, any poems submitted by readers of the Eccentric, on the beautiful subject of "Spring.")

Wedding dates will soon be announced. Blushing brides and smiling grooms will soon trip down the aisle in local churches.

Automobiles that have been stored for the winter will be put into shape for travel and John D. Rockefeller will be able to make another trip to Europe.

The fish in the nearby lakes and streams will soon awaken from their slumber to the sight of the angler's wary bait—thence to later grace the interior of a frying pan or oven.

The trees will soon put on their green clothing—birds will pick the cherries—the sun will shine fiercely from above and everybody will seek the coolest spot in town, at the same time wishing for the coming of Winter.

Ain't life just one blame thing after another?

Have you placed your order for one or more trees with the Village Clerk?

Got your radio installed yet?

Good printing can be obtained at the Eccentric office.

"Little measley measles" is the way some may call them—but that is not the description which one afflicted with the "durn stuff" would use.

Local baseball enthusiasts are promised a lively schedule of activities this summer—why not schedule a game between Birmingham and the Detroit Tigers soon? Maybe Cobb's team would have a chance to win one game this season.

Water, water, water, water, water, water, water, water, water, and then some more WATER—we've heard about this precious fluid ever since we came to Birmingham. What the dickens is it, anyway?

It being spring the Troy Times is quite overcome with longing and bursts forth as follows:

"How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new; the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we knew it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well."

George Mitchell, postmaster, has clipped the following article and asked us to print it in the Eccentric. We'll do it—but we'd advise George not to let his wife read it—so here goes!

Hubby was reading aloud from the newspaper to his wife. Now and then he paused and asked a question, but her replies indicated that she was not listening very closely. When he reproached her, she indignantly retorted that she was listening most intently.

He continued reading for a few minutes, and then, seeing a far-away look in his wife's eyes, he began to read as follows:

"'Last night, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a few hours before breakfast, a hungry boy, about 60 years old, bought an orange for a dime, and threw it through a concrete wall twenty feet thick. With a cry of despair, he jumped into a dry millpond, broke his arm at the knee joint, and was buried alive.

"'It was only ten years after, on the same day and at the same hour, that a goat gave chase to six elephants just as a high wind began to blow, killing three dead horses and a nickel cigar that had just come out of the hospital.'

"There, what do you think of that?" cried hubby, as he finished reading.

"I think it was a splendid bargain, dear," said his wife. "You had better get half a dozen, as your stock of shirts is running low."

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Four Years Ago

George Maton, toll-gate keeper between Detroit and Birmingham, lost $150 in silver last week.

The Oxford paper commenced its fifth volume last week.

A new walk has been planked down in front of Hagerman's Drug Store.

Sarah Hulbert, a seven-year-old miss of this place, sewed four pounds of carpet rags this winter besides going to school. Mighty good work.

The Village of Birmingham is out of debt and has $500 in the treasury. That is a standing much envied by our sister villages, we understand. Every town these days can't do that.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

We are not so poor but that we can have school rooms and good roads too.

What is the matter with our Village board? Why do we not have a marshal? Every town needs one.

Hurrah for Pontiac! She has at last given a franchise to the Telephone company.

The Birmingham Band and Library Society will give the Decoration Day entertainment in Birmingham.

Don't fail to visit John Hanna's store this week and see his complete stock of fresh vegetables straight from the farm.

Carp are quite numerous in the Mill Pond. A 12-pound fellow was caught last week.

Bicycle riders of Pontiac are allowed to ride on the sidewalks of that village according to a village ordinance.

The electric line has already boomed the business of liverymen in Birmingham. After the arrival of cars on Sunday you can see patrons hurrying to the stables for outfits to visit their country cousins in.

Notwithstanding Pontiac's cold shoulder to the electric railway, the work goes merrily on.

The following anonymous article was sent to the office of the Chicago Herald and Examiner:

To me virtue is a vice.
Honesty is a lie.
Character is a farce.
Decency is a crime.
Godliness is a joke.

I am no respecter of persons. I take the brains from the gifted, the brawn from the workman, the skill from the mechanic, the voice from the singer, the eye from the painter.

I steal the minds of men; rob them of their heart, quench the fires of their ambition, paralyze their bodies, and destroy their soul.

Idleness is my servant. I hate industry. I despise the worker. Thrift is my enemy.

Ambition is my curse.

I destroy the industry of the needy, wreck the business of the well-to-do, pillage the state of its progress and promise and burn out the conscience of the idle rich.

The potter's field is the product of my ingenuity. I am the destroyer of manhood. I am the wrecker of womanhood. I am the debaucher of the virgin, the tempter of vigorous boyhood. I am the curse of the world.

I set fires in the dead of night to the homes of humanity.

I go with the porch-climbers at midnight to the homes of the innocent.

The robber consults me before putting his gun to the heart of his victim.

The burglar is never without me—we are partners in crime.

I stand guard at the divorce courts. I bribe witnesses, buy jurors, plan subornation of perjury, corrupt justice.

I commit murder, I inspire riots, I fill the jail houses. I am present at nine-tenths of the quarrels of mankind.

I am the near neighbor of the loafer, the handmaiden of poverty, the agent of the madhouse, the partner of the dynamiter, the bedfellow of the bomb-thrower.

I steal the bread from the little children. I rob the widow of her patrimony.

I make the ambitious, and hiss the dreamer for his rewards.

I make sport of the beautitudes and despise the ten commandments.

I am the despoiler of the home and fireside.

I am the father of deformity, the parent of the idiot, the sire of the feeble-minded. Blindness at birth is one of the brands of my making.

I have violated every law enacted by mankind for his government.

I have broken every commandment given to Moses by the Almighty at Mount Sinai.

I have trampled under by cloven feet each of the beautitudes recited by the Savior.

I have even entered the sanctuary and bribed the priest to do my bidding.

I lead the mob in every unlawful enterprise.

I pull the rope at every lynching party in the country.

I set the torch when the striking forces get beyond control.

In the war I am served with the order of the king to kill to the uttermost.

For me men will perjure their souls in denying they know me.

I am more powerful than kings, my country is the world.

To prove it, every year I slaughter more than a million of my subjects.

To show my strength I have caused mighty ships laden with women and children to go plunging to the bottom of the deep.

I have caused trains to crash into each other, killing and wounding to show my contempt for the laws that have tried to cripple me.

I have been more powerful than governments that sought to control me.

I have defied them and they have cringed and crumpled at my command.

In the last thousand years I have killed more than war and made widows and orphans of more unfortunates than war and pestilence combined.

Men have passed laws to free the slave, but today I own more slaves than all the slaveholders of the earth.

I am the czar in command of crime's army, and as to me disregard for law is the main reason for my existence.

"I am God's worst enemy.
I am the devil's best friend."

I AM WHISKY.

Among the many new homes being erected in and around Birmingham are two recently started by O. E. Shattuck of South Woodward avenue, located on Worth street. Arthur Shattuck, Mr. Shattuck's son, and his brother, of Wixom, will occupy these two new homes, it was learned this week.

EXAMINATIONS—DIAGNOSIS
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DURAND CIGARS, very mild. adv

Follow the Leader

"PRESS PICKINGS"

Charles Newman of Rochester, a former conductor on the D. U. R., has been appointed the new postmaster of that village. He entered on his new duties May 1st.

The Rochester Era has entered on its fiftieth year of publication. The Era was founded by T. B. Cox in 1873 and is now edited by W. A. Fox, his son.

Milford is to be visited on May 11 by a group of business men from Toledo on their first after the war trade tour. The group will number more than a hundred and will have a brass band along to stir up enthusiasm.

City Clerk R. Bruce Fleming of Royal Oak has received a petition circulated by the Royal Oak Citizen's association asking that a special election be called to vote on granting the Michigan Elevated company the right to erect and operate an elevated railway in Royal Oak. The petition contained 221 names; 163 were required to compel the city commission to call a special election.

May 6 closes the "Made in Pontiac" Week which started in that city the first of May. It has been conducted by the business men and was a big success.

School District No. 9 of Ferndale expects to have the new Western school constructed in time for the opening of school this fall. Building operations will commence in about three weeks. The village has agreed to put in the necessary water and sewer connections.

MICKIE SAYS

The Oakland County Road Commission will put six Fordson tractors into commission on the maintenance gangs this summer. Special rim equipment will be added to the machines to adapt them for the road work. It is expected that each tractor will supplant at least three teams.

Perry is considering a new school building or an addition to the present one. At a meeting held recently, an expression was taken and of 80 votes, 63 were in favor and 17 against the proposition.

Northville schools were closed last week because of an outbreak of several mild cases of smallpox among the pupils.

Northville's artificial ice plant turned out its first "freeze" last week.

The annual convention of the fifth district of the Michigan Retail Dry Goods Association, which includes Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair, Lapeer and part of Sanilac counties, will be held in Pontiac, May 11.

Donald Plumstead of East Maple avenue, who has been confined to his bed with pneumonia for the past month, is slowly regaining his health. His room has been filled with flowers during his illness, tokens from his numerous friends in the village. Donald graduated from the local high school two years ago and has always been one of the highly respected and popular young men of the vicinity.

Sufficient Excuse.

Jimmie's teacher asked him why he was late, and he replied: "Nobody waked up, 'cause the wakeup bell in the clock didn't ring."

DURAND CIGARS, very mild. adv

Long Distance Service Restored

EVERY important point in Michigan can again be reached by Long Distance. Poles and wires crushed by storm have been replaced sufficiently to meet demands of business.

It was an appalling task. Nearly 20,000 poles and 6,500 miles of circuits were destroyed, with tremendous losses in money.

But the people of the Telephone Company realized the dependence of the industrial and social welfare of every community on the wires and made every effort to restore service. Not a minute, night or day, did they relax their efforts.

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H. R. Perkins of Pleasant avenue, is now in Troy, N. Y., where he has accepted a position as superintendent of power at the new Ford motor plant recently erected on Green Island. For several years Mr. Perkins has been connected with the Ford Motor company of Highland Park, and held a position as electrical draftsman. Mrs. Perkins and children will move to Troy within the next few months.

Mrs. Minnie Wilson of Daines street, who underwent an operation in a Detroit hospital last week, is slowly recovering, according to relatives.

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DETROIT UNITED LINES

BIRMINGHAM TIME TABLE
(In effect October 17, 1921
(Eastern Standard Time)

Southbound Limited—(except Sunday), 6.48 a.m.

Southbound Locals—4.50 a.m., 5.20 a.m., 5.31 a.m., 5.45 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 6.19 a.m., 6.48 a.m., 7.05 a.m., 7.16 a.m., 7.21 a.m., 7.36 a.m., 7.41 a.m., 8.01 a.m., 8.16 a.m., 8.21 a.m., 8.56 a.m., 9.01 a.m., 9.56 a.m., 9.01 p.m., and every twenty minutes to 10.11 p.m., also 11.11 p.m. and 11.51 p.m.

Pontiac to Birmingham only—11.39 p.m., 11.50 p.m., 12.10 a.m., 12.30 a.m. and 12.50 a.m.

Northbound Locals—6.59 a.m., 6.22 a.m., 6.40 a.m., 7.07 a.m. and every twenty minutes to 12.27 a.m., also 12.52 a.m.

FLINT DIVISION

Change at Royal Oak for Rochester, Oxford, Flint, Romeo and Imlay City. Through limited cars for Flint, Saginaw, Bay City at 7.10 a.m. and every two hours to 9.10 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM LODGE
NO. 44, F. & A. M.
Regular Meeting, First Thursday in every month.
O. B. HARPER, Secretary.

MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made for more than thirty days in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Tunis W. Miner and Amy Belle Miner, his wife, to J. Ward Parks and Mary E. Parks, his wife, dated the 30th day of November, A. D. 1917, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland and State of Michigan, on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1917, in Liber 245 of Mortgages, on pages 364-369, and the said J. Ward Parks having died Jan. 18, 1918, leaving a last will and testament which was admitted to probate in the Probate Court for the County of Oakland, State of Michigan, on the 23rd day of February, 1918, by the terms of which all the right, title and interest of said J. Ward Parks was bequeathed to said Mary E. Parks and said estate having been decreed settled and said property set over to her by said Probate Court on June 24, 1918, whereby Mary E. Parks became and is now the sole owner of said mortgage and note accompanying same; on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, and insurance, the sum of Four Thousand Two Hundred and Six and 85/100 Dollars ($4,206.85) and an attorney's fee of Thirty-five Dollars, as provided for in said mortgage together with any amount that may have been paid for taxes and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is Hereby Given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, on Saturday, the Third day of June, A. D. 1922, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Central Standard Time, the undersigned will, at the easterly entrance to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with six per cent interest, and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the west half of the southeast quarter of Section Eleven (11), Town One (1) North, Range Ten (10) East, Michigan; thence south eighty-eight degrees west on Section line (93) chains, eighty-three and one half (83½) links; thence north two degrees west forty-one chains, fifty-eight (58) links to the quarter section line; thence south eighty-eight and one half (88½) degrees east on the quarter section line, nine (9) chains, ninety-three and one half (93½) links; thence south two degrees fifteen minutes east forty-one (41) chains, ten (10) links to the place of beginning, being the east half of the west half of the southeast quarter of Section Eleven (11) Town One (1), North Range Ten (10) East and containing forty-one acres more or less. Township of Southfield, Oakland County, Michigan.

Dated March 7th, 1922.

MARY E. PARKS, Mortgagee.
ARTHUR R. TRIPP,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

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