

THE ECCENTRIC

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AND DEATH DOTH TEACH

When the Recording Angel looks over the life works of Warren G. Harding, and, with pen poised, is lost in quiet contemplation, seeking out the greatest act in the life of our late President that she may enter upon his name, what will she indicate? We think she will agree with us that it was his death.

What are the greatest acts that anyone can do? Is there anything more noble and sublime than the doing of a thing that will awaken in the hearts of millions of people a deep, sincere and perhaps sad feeling of kinship? And is there anything in life except death itself that brings us all on an common level?

The great majority of human acts are meant for the individual comfort and well-being. A man or a woman does things because the element most prominent in his or her make-up is selfishness. We seek wealth, fame and kindred things also to please our vanities. We desire the plaudits of the public. Warren G. Harding was merely a man; undoubtedly he was among the few public men who were less governed by selfishness and vanity. His acts in life will, of course, endure him to humanity. But his death will reverberate to a remembering posterity.

"The greatest thing in life is to lay down one's life for his friend." Unquestionably, the rigors of his office taxed to the breaking point the spiritual and physical body of Mr. Harding. He gave his life to the cause of administering to the needs of the nation. The nation cannot forget what he did here.

His death awakened a long-slumbering attribute of the American people to reverence and respect public men. It could apply to every officeholder in the nation—either large or small. The death of Warren G. Harding was not in vain if the years to follow will find this spirit of reverence directed to future Presidents. And the world will have progressed; and who inhabit it will better learn to live through death.

USEFUL TREES

There is a movement on foot in the United States to further the propagation of more useful trees. It is a worthy movement. When beauty and utility are easily combined, there is no reason why either should be sacrificed. The white elm has become the standard parkway tree of America. It is a beautiful shade tree of rapid growth and does not litter the ground as do maples, catalpas, cottonwoods and certain other shade trees. As a relief from the sun and a desirable unit in the landscape it does very well; but—

The soil of America must provide more food for increasing population and the cities and towns may as well do their share. Certain kinds of nut and fruit trees give fully as much shade as the elm and are equally beautiful. In addition they provide food. Their blossoms would be a welcome interruption in the monotonous sound of green. Streets lined with apple trees, walnut trees, persimmons—why not?

Then there are the vacant lots, bare and often weedy and unsightly. Fruit trees would pay the taxes, beautify the landscape and could easily be removed whenever the owner wished to build upon his property. Beauty and utility,

folks! Let's have 'em both!

JUST A DOG

It all happened in the space of a second. A speeding car, a sharp cry, a sickening thud,—and a boy's best pal lay dead in the middle of the highway. The motorist didn't stop, for to him it was just a dog that he had killed. But to the boy who carried the lifeless form of his pet to the side of the highway and wept over it, it was more. To him the dog had been always a friend, a friend that was ever ready to romp and play and keep him company when he went on errands for his mother.

A chronic drunkard, a motorcycle officer, a keeper of a "blind pig," and a newspaper man gathered around the boy. All of them had experienced a bit of all sides of life and were inclined to scoff at emotion, yet the picture of the boy sobbing over the body of his dead pal touched the better side of them. The habitual drunkard awkwardly put his arm about the boy's thin shoulders, the "blind pigger" forced a handful of change into the lad's clenched fist, the officer of the law turned about in embarrassment and feigned to brush the dust off his shoes, and the newspaperman was suddenly stricken with a something that caused him to cough.

That dog had not died in vain!

DISCIPLINE

Discipline is an essential factor in the education of children. Parents who permit their progeny to do entirely as they please are putting a great stumbling-block in the path of their future welfare. For the day will come when the child will have to learn his lesson and then its reception will be doubly hard. But it is better for the parent to attempt no instruction whatever unless he or she intends to obtain obedience. Every day we see children who invariably do what they are told not to do, and every day we see parents who tell their children to do this or not to do that and then permit them to deliberately disobey. This is not fair. Someday the children are going to receive some terribly hard knocks, and the parents may also suffer.

However, discipline must have limits. Otherwise it becomes tyranny. The chief point is to teach self-discipline. There are a number of people on earth who delight in their "little brief authority" and who love to give orders and otherwise "play the bully." Eventually they meet someone who refuses to be bullied. "Military discipline is good for some; unnecessary and bad for others. Men have their counterparts in natural objects that are not human. You may prune a tree, guide a river, yoke the elephant and frighten the snake, but you cannot shear the lightning, silence the thunder, command the volcano nor harness a cloud. Some who are termed "incorrigible" because they refuse to submit to what—in their case—is tyranny and repression, would be of more value to society if allowed to live unmolested.

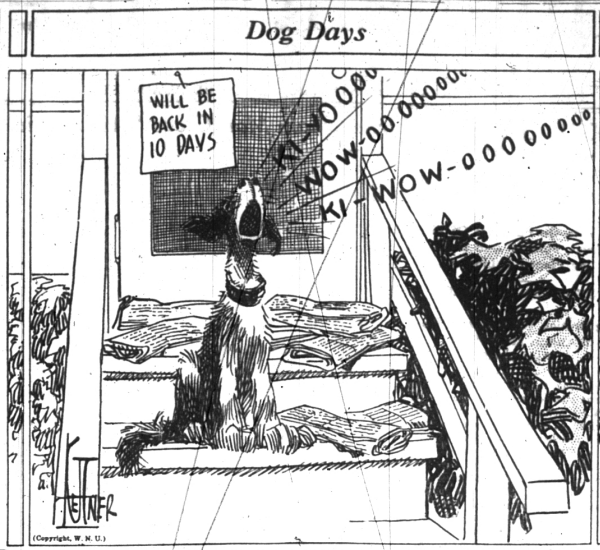
Probably many a man in the heat of war has met an unjust fate at the hands of a military tribunal which considered it self infallibly in the right. The difficulty is to vest "authority" in the hands of men who are intelligent enough to base their verdicts upon motives rather than upon performances. No man-made rule will always apply in all cases. The law of God comes before the law of man, and when discipline becomes merely an autocratic submission to formula, Society is the loser.

Call for a Disciple. A Chicago woman seeking a divorce presents the queer idea that her husband throw the dog at her. Her husband's name is Harry. He wants to hit his own dog—because he wants

Several friends of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Jackson perpetrated a surprise upon the worthy couple at their home last Thursday evening. The occasion being their wedding anniversary.

Madrid: Upon receipt of telegrams from Capt.-Gen. Blanco in which he informed the government that Cuban insurgents continue attacking the Spanish everywhere, the council instructed General Blanco to resume an offensive attitude toward the insurgents only.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Hammond, favors a new normal school in northern Michigan.



FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Three Years Ago
Rev. Mr. Breaker, who has drawn such large congregations at the Baptist church for some time past, will go elsewhere to conduct his studies for the ministry.

Rochester Eras—Married, at the M. E. parsonage in this village, by Rev. C. W. May, Mr. Abel A. Burns and Miss Hattie Smith, both of Birmingham.

The King brothers of Troy, have purchased 17 acres of land from Mr. Featherstone and have erected two elegant residences, and propose to erect a horse barn and slaughter house.

Word was received at Rochester, Mich., last Wednesday, that Mrs. Donaldson, who formerly lived here, was dying. Mrs. Donaldson went to New York about a week ago for a visit among her relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. M. I. James have returned from their extended visit among their children at Alpena and Au Sable. The Squire looks as if his visit agreed with him.

Charles H. Tandy, president of the colored relief board of St. Louis, has advised that 10,000 negroes will emigrate from Mississippi and Louisiana within the next two months, and will arrive at St. Louis en route to Kansas and other northern states. About 40 per cent for the past month have been cared for there by the board and forwarded to various destinations.

William Brooks of Battle Creek, died on Monday, aged 74. He was the first president of the village, coming there in 1844 and has been prominently identified with it ever since.

Twenty-Five Years Ago
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Douglas of Jones were guests of Mrs. W. D. Clibbe last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gamble of Pontiac, are the happy parents of a little daughter, whom they call Miriam. Mrs. Gamble, who is best known in Birmingham, was formerly Mrs. Allen.

The recent serious bicycle accident in Holly, has caused an ordinance to be introduced into the council of that place, prohibiting bicyclists from riding faster than five miles an hour on streets, and ten miles an hour on the roads.

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Short and Maybe Snappy

There is now an attempt to make eating life at the restaurants patronized by University of Michigan students illegal. The campaign will be begun this week by a student professor. We would suggest that some kind of an attempt also be made to see that all bootleg whiskey and other moonshine sold to students is of standard.

Whenever you think that the world is treating you pretty badly, when things don't go just as you would have them, remember this: Young Highland Park there is as well as anybody, a few years ago, was as well as anybody. He had sweatshirt in Chicago. He left her and went south, beginning a course of study in business technique. He blew down under the strain of trying to make good and get an education at the same time. He went to a hospital where he came out, unable to walk and blind! He is now struggling for a livelihood by running a tobacco stand at the corner of Ford and Wood.

There is hardly an adult in and around Mr. Birmingham who would not be delighted to jump back to the days when he or she looked with gloom to the end of September each year. But it's pretty hard to persuade present children that they will feel the same as you do about it 20 or 30 years from now.

Here it is, nearly two years since the tank was installed at the water works station and isn't paid for one might say that she was extra yet. How much longer will we have to wait when she married such an insect.

Seven thousand two hundred dollars of Canadian beer were sold by Detroit river last Friday. Two fast Senator, Cuyler's attitude toward the motor boats were run down, a few arrests made. Those prohibitionists of Buffalo for several years, but students certainly must like beer to get so much of it in one day.

A Frenchman suggests the selling of farm products on the one-half of the price this week, and he made a public prohibition officers operating on the Detroit river last Friday. Two fast Senator, Cuyler's attitude toward the motor boats were run down, a few arrests made. Those prohibitionists of Buffalo for several years, but students certainly must like beer to get so much of it in one day.

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LEVIN ROOM LYRICS

By CHARLES S. KINNISS of Birmingham

My Helper
He's old enough to help me, now—
And old enough to tell me how
He thinks the job we're doing
Had best be handled, and so.
And of course he feels that he
Is a lot of help to me—
But he's not so sure, I'd say
When I am on a tough task,
That's just the time he's sure to ask
To be of some assistance
In the job that is at hand.
For I had better be his dut.
As do all the little tykes.
To try his boyish hands at
Things he doesn't understand.
But when he is hard at play
And I call to him and say:
"Come down here, lad, and help me.
While I rake and clean the yard.
It is plain, beyond a doubt.
I'm very much put out—
For as any boy is well hand,
Rakin' leaves is awful hard!
But he thinks it's lots of fun
If there's help to be done.
To get a brush and help me—
If I let him, I would dare.
And he's ever ready to do his best.
He delights to use the hose,
But when he's at the nozzle
There's a disaster of the sort.

Anonymous Nonsense

Prodigal (epistle) / Lone (epistle) / Essay on Snails
This nation has grieved over the passing of its late President! A good deal of homage and sympathy has also been extended to his widow—this is the fine thing to do. Just now Mrs. Harding is collecting her belongings and moving out of the White House. That is a sad task for her. But it's all in life. You who shed tears at the passing of Mr. Harding, please do not overlook the fact that every human being is paid a visit by Death; every house in Birmingham will some day have its tenants carried down the front steps to waiting hearse. So do not forget to shed a tear and extend sympathy to the widow and widowers of your acquaintance, folks.

Two States Unite For Cheap Gas? reads the headline in a Sunday newspaper. And we thought that all state legislators were adjourned for the present, too. But you never can tell to what uses some of our government officials will put their talents.

We went to a wedding breakfast one day, and as is usually the case on such sad occasions, the bride received a verbal thrust. We eating life at the restaurants patronized by University of Michigan students illegal. The campaign will be begun this week by a student professor. We would suggest that some kind of an attempt also be made to see that all bootleg whiskey and other moonshine sold to students is of standard.

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Public Letters
The article in a recent issue of the Eccentric, which sounded of feminine attire had been pointed out to me, attached, therefore this will be a contribution, though by one, a stranger, than all concerned. I wish to suggest the young people, and "not your treasure is, your heart be safe."