THE ECCENTRIC

Birmingham, Michigan

GEORGE R. AVERILL, Publisher
HERBERT S. CASE, Man'g Editor

$1.50 per year in advance

126 N. Woodward Ave. - Phone 11

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

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1923.

YOUR COMMISSION

That the Field Block fire has been influential in benefiting the Village there is no doubt. This has been exemplified in one way by the rather surprising amount of interest that has been created concerning the actions of the three gentlemen who execute the affairs of the village. The business men of the Village are attending the Commission meetings on Monday evenings. This is not only a good thing for the business men, but it is equally beneficial to the Commissioners.

There is little doubt but what each member of the Commission is sincere in his effort to serve his community. There have been mistakes made and there have been times when action has dragged, but the loyal, citizen will not harken to the mud slinging words of the chronic soap-box howler who condemns all that is averse to his old-maidish convictions. The loyal citizen will employ his own reason, and will discover that the fault lies not so much with the Commission as with himself and the lack of co-operation he has given the officials who endeavor to direct the Village's welfare.

It would please you citizens more if this editorial were to praise your actions, but facts are facts and improvements seldom result from false praises. You have a Commission that is endeavoring to work for the best of your interests. That Commission can obtain the best results only with your co-operation—co-operation in problem-solving, suggestions, and so forth. The interest that has been manifested during the past few meetings of the Commission is more than gratifying—it points toward real advancement. The interest should not die out.

THE HOME

More important than the Birmingham high school, the Birmingham tax rate or even the Birmingham water supply, is the Birmingham home. Out of it come the children who will someday make the substance of our commonwealth. Is your house a home for your children or simply a resting-place for the night? In these days when a multitude of pleasure resorts seem to be disrupting the family life of America, it is a pleasant thing to discover households who have not forgotten how to enjoy themselves in simple jollity with old-fashioned forms of entertainment.

Are you trying to make your home an interesting place for the children, or are you simply allowing them to seek their amusement elsewhere—wherever they happen to find it? The words: "training" and "obedience" appear to be losing weight in our shifting—and shiftless—American vocabulary. Having passed the stage of Puritanism we are in danger of becoming over-indulgent. The children of today are no worse than the children of yesterday but without proper training they may easily become irresponsible adults of tomorrow. The finest flower garden that ever grew would be a weed patch if not cared for. And training properly begins in the home. It should not be left to the school teacher or the neighbors.

W. J. B. AND DARWIN

Whether we ascended or descended from creatures like apes we ought occasionally to give a little real human thot to some matters. Here is Mr. Bryan being caricatured and laughed at all over the United States for his buttermilk and his anti-evolution propaganda when a sober second glance shows that he may be right about both of them. It is not our place to absolve William entirely from the charge of stubbornness. Perhaps he has too often appeared in the garb of a professional reformer to be popular with the mass of people. Yet a man who has stood up under criticism and ridicule for so many years deserves some recognition.

If we understand brother Bryan, he objects not to Darwin's theory being taught in the schools, but to the theory being taught as a FACT. In this stand he is perfectly correct. To our personal knowledge the story of evolution is accepted in a number of middle western schools as a matter beyond dispute, which it emphatically is not. Evolution of a sort there undoubtedly is, but that it is so far-reaching as Darwin pointed out has yet to be proved. The theory is possible and plausible but there are too many missing links in it yet to justify its permanent adoption.

Bearing in mind that a number of the most intelligent and best informed thinkers, from Ruskin's time down to the present day, have given the theory a kick in the ribs, and that the scientific fraternity still continues to jolt us by upsetting some of our most cherished ideas, we should not be too hard on W. J. B. for trying to save us from the peril of over-credulity. Having learned that the earth no longer turns on its axis and that the moon is closer by several hundred miles than we supposed, we are in a mood to renounce science altogether.

As an enlightened and progressive people we think ourselves to be conservative, incredulous, almost fool-proof, but as a matter of fact we are the most credulous set of suckers that ever took milk from a bottle. Scientists are but men, after all, and a large number of them are but "half-wise" to their profession. Every half century they get out a new set of theories to ride upon, and it is blessed few facts we can be sure of. We are not tempted to believe Voliva's old notion that the world is flat for we hate to think that we might some day fall over the edge, and Einstein's theory does seem very plausible (insofar as we can understand it) but, for all that, we still stand with W. J. B. for cold buttermilk and the teaching of THEORIES AS THEORIES in the schools.

OH, TUT! TUT!

The archeologists say that King Tut-Ankh-Amen must have been a "fast" youth to have been pronounced "old," inasmuch as he died at the age of nineteen. But if present styles in women's clothing bear even a crude resemblance to the Egyptian garments of that era, the young monarch should consider himself lucky to have escaped so soon. All the color that formerly flamed in headgear has now found a foothold in shoe leather. It is difficult to believe that Egyptian shoemakers would ever have thought of putting so much Gothic Renaissance architecture into sandals as are now being worn, and as for dresses—well, it can only be remarked that the women are certainly well armed against legs.

BUTTERFLY TIME

This is the time of year when the gaily colored butterfly plays hop-scotch over the milkweed and clover, and floats like thistledown on the vagrant fragrant breezes. How often these beautiful, fairy-like things are used to point a moral for the human race! Gay charmers they are, to be sure, but there is nothing wicked about them. They come, they go, and they seem to accomplish nothing vitally important, aside from pollenizing a few flowers. Yet we enjoy them. That fascinating flutter, that coy opening and closing of the fragile wings, that airy poise atop a luscious posy, that petulant flouting of distasteful sweets, that fickle abandoning of the old in the quest of the new—how reprehensible, perhaps, but ah! how charming it all is! How instinctively we feel the wisdom in the words of the old bishop in "Les Miserables": "The beautiful is as useful as the useful; perhaps more so."

On the Concrete

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Three Years Ago

William J. Bell left for Valparaiso, Ind., last week to attend a course of lectures after which he will assume the arduous duties of principal of a high school in one of the interior towns of the Hoosier State.

—

Since the boys have heard that George Schlaack is getting a hundred dollars a month and board at Leadville they have all decided to be teamsters and go west immediately.

—

Died at Franklin, Thursday, July 29, Charles Sedman, cause of death unknown.

—

Prof. S. R. Winchell and family of Chicago, are visiting at Corson's. Prof. Winchell is the editor of the Educational Monthly, a journal of a very large circulation, devoted to the interests of schools and school teachers.

—

James Robbins tried to put the hind wheels on the front part of a wagon Thursday morning of last week. It was a girl and weighed eight pounds and a half. Everybody prosperous.

—

Arthur Westlake of Troy, rejoices in the possession of a bouncing baby boy which tipped the scales at 10½ pounds and all the neighbors say "it's the nicest baby ever was."

—

Major R. F. Judson of Southfield, has a gas well that blazes at the rate of forty miles a minute to the height of forty feet or so.

—

Beautifully embroidered hosiery at Mrs. Furman's, only 25 cents per pair.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Our old friend, E. Spencer Wooster is quite ill at present. For the past few days, it was thought he might get around again, but Monday he was seized with a bad spell and still remains ill.

—

Miss Anna Parks gave an "old maids' party," a kind of consolation affair, last Tuesday afternoon. Four delightful unclaimed blessings were present and their combined ages amounted to 839 years, a trifle old but still in the ring. Tea was served and the afternoon swiftly passed in personal accounts of "what might have been had I accepted."

—

The Ford and Erity block is assuming grand proportions. The first floor is up and the second in all stores is being rapidly put up. William Robinson is brick chief, of course, I. N. Baker shows his hand in the beautiful cut granite stone work. When the entire block is completed it will be many a day before Birmingham will see its equal.

—

Charles R. Hoffman is beginning to get Rolling Joe ready for the fall races and Charles gives out flatly that he is going for the first money in every race. He is in to win every time.

—

Miss Minnie Jarvis has enjoyed a delightful week's vacation at the Flats with her mother and sister. She is back again in her accustomed place much rested by the change.

—

Callie Ellenwood is having a fine time up in Calumet and when he gets that new kodak he will have a finer time.

Elephants Drunk on Fruit.

The fruit of the umganu tree of South Africa yields a strong intoxicating drink. Elephants are said to be very fond of it, becoming quite tipsy, staggering about, playing antics, screaming so as to be heard for a mile, and sometimes having tremendous fights.

Short and Maybe Snappy

By G. R. A.

The supreme court of Michigan recently handed down a decision that the mere smelling of mash is sufficient reason for the obtainence of a warrant to search for liquor. If that is the case, then Village authorities ought to have some authority to issue papers of some kind when a certain driver of a team of mules bumps over the streets of Birmingham in an uncovered garbage wagon.

—

Two Chicagoans, both in love, with a comely widow, planned unique revenge after they had been refused her fair hand. They inserted an advertisement in a matrimonial paper, purporting to come from the widow, asking for proposals. The woman was kept awake day and night for several weeks answering "No" to a host of applicants. Which proves that "advertising pays"—it will sell anything from stray cats to a woman's heart.

—

A Grand Rapids youth, after stealing a gold watch and chain and throwing it in the river, was made by the police to dive for it. Several attempts proved unsuccessful. Taken from both sides of the case, the youth is "a poor fish." He ought to try diving into honest work.

—

After reading of the seizure of illicit liquor dealers in Detroit, one would hazard the guess that a rum-runner and a bootlegger are often "in the same boat."

—

Hundreds of people are either maimed or killed in Detroit each year as the result of revolvers being placed in the hands of various citizens. Detroit maintains an expensive police force to govern its lawless element—why doesn't it make it impossible for any firearms to be sold within its confines? It might save a life of two each year.

—

There is a hesitation on the part of many of Michigan's legislators to call a special session to re-apportion Wayne county's quota of representatives in the State's Capitol halls. It shows that the majority of our State lawmakers are averse to playing fair, having violated the law to re-apportion districts every ten years, they are now loath to leave their pleasures to correct their mistake. The name of every State senator and representative who opposes the extra session ought to be impressed upon the voters' minds—and the corrective remedy applied at the next election.

—

The former German Kaiser has just received a tiny "lucky horseshoe" from a blacksmith in Pennsylvania. The gift is claimed to afford a chance for the better far its owner. Rather late to correct the twisted mentality of William Hohenzollern—the blacksmith ought to have aimed a big one at the cranium of Germany's former czar back in 1914. The tiny emblem of "good luck" should have been sent to the German peasantry, instead.

—

Villa, "terror" of Mexico, beside leaving a trail of blood to show where his earthly footsteps tracked, is now reported to have left a fortune of seven million pesos. Hundreds of people will no doubt attempt to find the buried treasure. We wonder—if he could live his life over again—would Villa attempt to leave a fortune of loving memories behind him, or a vain trail of blood-soaked gold. Kind thoughts from earth-beings might make Hell a little cooler for him than the gold that he could not take along.

—

People living in organized society, elect men to make and enforce their laws. These laws are supposed to be made so that the greatest good may come to the greatest number. It is very easy to make a law—much harder to enforce it. Witness the case of Hamtramck. Lawlessness is said to have been the rule there. Liquor was sold promiscuously. Lewd women plied their trades. The carnal loving public paid the bill. Where do the law enforcing officers come in? Ask them, Dear Reader—certainly they know where the dens of vice and iniquity hold sway. But they must wait for the county sheriff to make the arrests. Money will buy more than food, raiment and shelter.

—

The National Industrial Conference Board, after a lengthy investigation into the amount of money expended by various local governments in the United States, sounds a warning against the continued issuance of bonds to pay for public improvements. "Debts are piling up by the billion—for posterity to pay," the report states, "and future generations will be weighed down heavily by unbearable taxation." This is probably too true. We suggest that this National Industrial Board send out to each community in the United States a bit of reliable data relative to the spending of bond issues, giving a practical valuation of the life of each dollar of taxes spent on public improvements. We could then see how much money ought to be assessed against each generation of humanity.

—

U. S. Senator Brookhart of Iowa sounds a warning that ought to interest every man, woman and child in America. He says that "the farmers are facing a calamity in the decent and profitable marketing of their foodstuffs," and declares that Congress ought to create a marketing agency. If anybody thinks the average farmer is getting rich he ought to take a trip through farming sections—he would have his eyes opened. The farmer and the ultimate consumer are in the same boat—one gets too little and the other pays too much. Congress ought to find out where the rest of the money goes and see that a little of it is kept out of the hands of parasites.

—

Constantinople is now seen as a "seething cauldron." We've always heard it mentioned as a "boiling pot." The change is probably just a recent discovery of the cook's to serve Turkey.

—

"Europe Flays Ellis Island," is the caption of a story in a current newspaper. Continentals evidently do not love America's method of holding immigrants. They'd like to have this country put up a big welcome sign over the Statue of Liberty and even go so far as to pay the passage of their forlorn people to this country—and back again after they had accumulated enough of our American Eagles. But, as usual, when international affairs are concerned, we're run America by Americans.

—

England has a million and a half unemployed men; Russia is starving its millions; Germany is bankrupt; France continues to build armies and navies; the United States is pretty well off. This sums up slightly the conditions of the world's four leading countries. This information ought to provide the proper material for the chief reason for a Soviet alibi—and "Reds" and "I. W. W.'s" can vainlessly try to build upon it a good and sufficient reason for their unpatriotic utterances. All of which shows that war pays everybody but the debtors, who engage in it.

—

We hold no brief for the saloon; we fondly hope that it will never return. Liquor is an artificial stimulant that deadens the mentality and weakens character. But we must indulge in the conclusion that, if Senator Couzens is in league with the underworld because a favorite five per cent beer, then what can be said of the favoritism shown the bootlegger who hands out poison every day at a fabulous price? The Detroit clergy, by damning Couzens, unwittingly defends the system that tolerates the rum-runner.

SMALL TOWN HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY

By BUCK CAMPBELL

There is a premium awaiting the fellow who can tell where we are at.

It would be too bad if a lot of the fellows holding positions would have to go to work.

The scandalmonger's mission is only that of the polecat, to raise as much stink as possible.

Most politicians are prevaricators and cowards, but some of them have the disease worse than others.

It requires more than an ordinary medium to locate good spirits since the Volstead act went into effect.

A Want Ad Costs Little

Anonymous Nonsense

It was Sunday, that day on which the wicked rest, and we were driving about 35 miles an hour and the country. You may have to, as I did, read the last few words over a few times before you can appreciate the point, but it is there nevertheless. I said "we" because she was with me. She's funny. One of these kinds that tries to get caught up with her religion all in one day. I hate to go riding with her on Sunday. Between you and me I don't think she ever read the Bible except when her mother stood over her with the threat that she couldn't play in the hand pile if she didn't memorize chapter such-and-such.

We stopped by a beautiful little growth of trees, blanketed artistically with tissue paper, tony bottles and banana skins, and proceeded to investigate the shoe box of lunch that her mother had put up for us. As usual, there wasn't an opener for the ginger ale bottle, and in my effort to open it on a stone, the head broke off. She was a bit disgusted. Then she saw a little chap coming towards us through the woods. Her eyes lit up. I could almost imagine her licking her lips. I knew what was coming, and waited for another religious outbreak. "Little boy," she called, "come over here. You look like a bright young man. Do you go to Sunday school." The little boy said he did. And with the air of the Bible-vendor, she asked him, "Tell me which is the first and most important sacrament?"

"Marriage," was the prompt response.

"No; baptism is the first and most important sacrament," she said, in her knowing manner.

"Not in our family," said the little boy haughtily; "we are respectable."

You would have enjoyed the expression on her face, I did! It was at least two minutes before she finally said, "I think we had better be going home." And you can bet that we went.

I don't like to go riding with her on Sundays.

—

I heard this from one who requested that no names be mentioned for it was his wife that was involved. It seems that this lady, who lives in Bloomfield Hills, had just hired a new chauffeur one of those kind that are as honest as the day is long, but who aren't endowed with any too much intelligence.

In her car, she had to make a round of visits in the Hills, she found she had forgotten her calling cards. So she sent the chauffeur back with orders to bring some of her cards that were on the mantlepiece by her boudoir, and put them in his pocket.

At different houses, she told the chauffeur to hand in one and sometimes a couple, until at last she told him to leave three at one house.

"Can't do it, mum," he replied.

"How's that?"

"I've only got two left—the ace of spades and the seven of clubs."

Now he spends his days cutting the grass.

—

We once knew a clergyman who was not averse to a game of social glass. You may have known one like that yourself, for this Couzens affair has shown that there are quite a few. This clergyman had hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought forth a lot of empty whiskey bottles, and as he lifted each one he looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said:

"They are all dead ones, Pat."

"They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they were dying."

—

That's enough for this week.

TABLE TALKS ON TAXATION AND KINDRED TOPICS

By "One Who Listened In"

The intense weakness, intellectually, of the opposition to the Singletax method of raising revenue is demonstrated whenever the plan is under discussion. For instance, here are some objections frequently raised, and the answers to them.

Objection: The Singletax places the burdens of government on producers, though all receive equal protection and benefits. Answer: The Singletax exempts only products from taxation. It takes for public revenues only the annual rental value of land, those values of land which are not the result of industry, but to general conditions. To the extent that such values are untaxed the benefits of government are not equal for land owners are thereby allowed private incomes out of a common fund.

Objection: The Singletax when applied to the fullest extent is destructive to land values. Answer: As to capitalized land values, (selling values) this is true; but as to annual land values (ground rent) it is not true—except to the degree that land rent is now excessively high because land speculation abnormally lowers the supply of land. Both as to capital value and annual rental value, the Singletax would deprive owners of only so much land value as is the net result of individual effort but to general conditions—approximately to the full if fully applied, and in degree if partly applied.

Other objections will be answered at later meetings.

Copyright and Patent.

Copyright applies only to literature, drama and the fine arts, whereas patent applies to manufactured or mechanical objects.

Job Printing

We are equipped to handle any kind of Job Printing, and when it comes to Service, we can only refer you to our customers or ask that you give us a trial.

Editor of The Eccentric:

I want to tell you of a little town some ninety miles from Birmingham. We spent a week in this town of Charlotte, arriving home last Saturday. During our week's stay in Charlotte we were very much surprised to observe such wide, clean paved streets, walks and boulevards, with uniform trees, extensive lawns banked with hedge and flowers spreading their bloom and fragrance while thriving under the shade of the magnificent trees lining every street. With the use of an unlimited amount of pure water sprayed upon the green carpet through the energy and convictions of the proud owners, no beautiful lawn, more than their worthy neighbor, seems to be the only strife made manifest through the various woods and parks.

We were taken by auto each day through the city's streets and parks, and also through miles of surrounding country. Especially did we enjoy a picnic in Bennett Park, a beautiful woodland glade where tiny bridges span the silvery Battle Creek river. One hundred twenty acres of nature. There is only one family in Charlotte, they number 6000 strong, and they are all Charlotte.

Sincerely,

O. E. Shattuck.

DETROIT UNITED LINES
BIRMINGHAM TIME TABLE
In effect June 5, 1922
(Eastern Standard Time)

Southbound Limited — express Sundays 6:48 a.m.

Southbound Locals—4:55 a.m., 5:29 a.m., 5:33 a.m., 5:45 a.m., 5:55 a.m., 6:19 a.m., 6:48 a.m., 7:06 a.m., 7:54 a.m., 11:46 a.m. and every 15 minutes to 9:46 p.m. and every 20 minutes to 10:41 p.m., 11:11 p.m., 11:41 p.m.

Express to Birmingham only—11:55 a.m., 1:55 p.m., 12:10 a.m., 12:30 a.m. and 12:55 a.m.

Northbound Locals—7:59 a.m., 8:23 a.m., 8:53 a.m., 9:7 a.m. and every twenty minutes to 3:07 p.m., then every 15 minutes to 5:52 p.m., 6:09 p.m. Limited, 6:22 p.m., 6:37 p.m., 6:52 p.m., 7:07 p.m. and every 20 minutes to 11:17 p.m., also 12:49 a.m.

FLINT DIVISION

Change at Royal Oak for Rochester, Oxford, Flint, Bay City and Saginaw. Limited cars to Flint, Saginaw, Bay City at 7:10 a.m. and every two hours to 9:10 p.m.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Peter B. Hitch, deceased.

Upon reading and filing the petition of Maude Hitch, executrix of said estate, praying that a certain instrument purporting to be her last will and testament, and for the probate thereof, and for the granting of letters testamentary thereon to the petitioner, and that the heirs at law of said deceased be ordered to appear at a time and place to be appointed to receive notice of the hearing of said petition, and that the claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased be and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is further Ordered, that the 28th day of November, 1923, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims and demands against said deceased.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
DAN A. McCAFFEY,
Register of Probate. 12-14-15

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. At a session, of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Pontiac, in said County, on the 19th day of July A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Lee S. Hitchcock, Deceased.

Ethel R. Hitchcock having filed in said court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to Detroit Trust Company or to some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 20th day of August, A. D. 1923, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, once each week for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
DAN A. McCAFFEY,
Register of Probate. 14-5-6

STATE OF MICHIGAN — The Circuit Court for the County of Oakland in Chancery. John Walker Plaintiff, vs Edith M. Walker Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for Oakland County, in Chancery, on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1923, at Pontiac in said County.

It satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file that the defendant, Edith M. Walker is not a resident of the State of Michigan but resides at Chicago in the State of Illinois, on motion of Vincent D. Ryan, attorney for plaintiff, it is ordered that the said defendant, Edith M. Walker, cause her appearance to be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the plaintiff's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served upon the plaintiff's attorney, within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill, and notice of this order, and that in default thereof said bill be taken as confessed by said non-resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof, the said plaintiff, give a notice of this order to be published in the Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county of Oakland, and that such publication be continued once in each week for six successive weeks, or that he cause a copy of this order to be served personally on said non-resident defendant, at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance. And it is Further Ordered that the said plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be mailed to said defendant at her last known postoffice address, by registered mail, and a return receipt demanded at least twenty days before the time hereinbefore prescribed for the appearance of the defendant.

GLENN G. GILLESPIE,
Circuit Judge.

VINCENT D. RYAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Business Address:
512 Genesee Bank Bldg.,
Flint, Michigan.
A true copy.
W. H. CRYDERMAN, Clerk.
MAURICE G. REEVES,
Dep. Clerk

A Want Ad Does Much.