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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1923

### THANKSGIVING DAY PROCLAMATION

By the Governor

"For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations."

Let us "enter into his gates with Thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name."

Pursuant to a custom which has endured through many generations and by direction of the President we have again been called upon to set aside one day of this glad and prosperous year for Thanksgiving. There is no day in all the year so wholly American as Thanksgiving day and there is no day in the year when greater opportunity is offered for reviving our patriotism and making manifest our love of country.

America, in this year shoult to and hear much for

manifest our love of country.

America, in this year about to end, has much for which to be thankful. In our sorrow over the loss of a great and good leader, the Almightly lifted up another great and good President to guide us. The sudden death of a great chieftain might be expected to cause disorder and political dissatisfaction.

Our advance onward and upward under the direction of our new President has been without interruption or turmoil, proving once again that this is a nation guided by Providence. A sister nation suffered from a frightful calamity, through our bounteous prosperity we were able to relieve suffering and quell despair.

uespair.

"For the Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting"—
so we have endeavored to display to the world that His
ideal is our ideal and that we have mercy unbounded.
Our destiny is service to humanity. Let us not be swerved from our purposes. ed from our purpose.

Our continued social peace and tranquility and our amazing prosperity, educational, agricultural and business development are due to the mercies of the Lord because we have always been thankful unto Him.

But because our crops have been good and our industrial conditions satisfactory, let us not forget the necessity of careful living, let us not spend our bounty in extravagance, let us never be wasteful of that which has been provided. Let us conserve so that no matter what the emergency, we will always be able to provide freely for those not so fortunate as ourselves.

In pursuance to our time honored custom and in accordance with the proclamation issued by the President of the United States and by virtue of the authority vested in me as Governor of Michigan, I hereby designate Thursday, November 29, 1923, as a day of Thanksgiving and

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

Alex J. Groesbeck, Governor.

## LET LINCOLN HELP YOU

Sixty years ago last Saturday there was delivered at the Gettysburg cemetery what is acclaimed by learned men to be the shortest and best oration ever made in the English language. It is familiarly recalled to us as "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

A Christian man, born in a crude log cabin, who died with fewer dollars than many residents of Birmingham now possess, rose to be the saviour of his country. His name will live in America as long as men and women strive for the good things of life; long after Rockefeller, Car-negie, and Ford are forgotten, the people States will celebrate Lincoln's birthday.

States will celebrate Lincoln's birthday.

Time is but the means used for civilization's progress.

Each day brings its individual problems when men and women, in their struggle for self-preservation and self-expression, often forget the public weal and welfare for their own selfish attainment. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address might well become a daily reminder to all of us to strive for better citizenship and fuller Christian example. Clip the following re-print of a martyred President's heart-felt desire and read it aloud to the family at dinner tonight:

### THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is alto-gether fitting and proper that we should do this.

gether fitting and proper that we should do this.

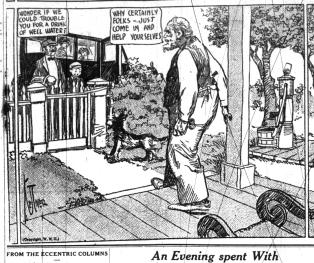
But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perfah from the earth.

Nov. 19, 1863.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

# Along the Concrete



## FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

43 Years Ago.

ohn Beebe is in town called here the sickness of his little boy.

Charlie Mudge, Oscar Mudge, Charles Johnson, Frank German and Amos Durkee left last Tuesday for a hunting excursion in Saginaw Coun-ty, in the vicinity of St. Charles.

Saturday.

Detroit markets—Corn 46½ at 47 cents. per hushel; apples, \$1.20 per bbl.; cheese, 14 cents per lb.; eggs, fresh, 21 cents; butter, prime quality, 21 cents; potatoes, Early Rose, 38 cents per bushel; game, turkey,

D. O. White's party held last Tuesday was a success. About twenty couple tripped the "light fantastic toe" to the music furnished by Brooks Brothers and McHenry.

# Book Friends

By Betty Harrington

It was a hay, forgy, bwilght just at that hour when the day fades into night, and little twinkling lights appear and shine thru the mist. The pavements were wet and shining; blazing are lights shoe hru the fog., blazing are lights shoe hru the fog. thankful to be by my own fire-side on such a micht as this. I found an old volume of Brown-g's poems and stretched out in my

D. O. White's party held last Turcteday was a success.

About twenty being a proper of the proper of

But serve to drive my carea saway.

And to this club, Love holds the key—
My home's the club/that's meant for me.

Come, sit down, and I'll get sonething to warm you; hot coffee hits
the sphot on a night life this." But
the sphot on a night life this."

It window, who a
left me spaking with terror. Iturnthe sphot in the sph

car track belowen Pentine and Dispersion of the Common Pentine and Dispersion of the

# LIVIN ROOM LYRICS

MY CLUB

I don't belong to any club,
And I suppose I'm just a dub
To lots/of folks who pass me by
With haughty looks and noses high.
But ji its place I have a thing
That gives me more than clubs can bring.
And there you'll find me every night,
Beneath some shaded reading light.

You'll find me loafing in my'chair Wish all my loyed ones 'round me there. You'll hear the laughter, playful noise Within this room of love and joys. There'll be no man with pan and broom To tidy up this happy room. When I arrive it's clean and neat but soon it's mussed with playful fyet.

You'll find me rather negligee,
With coat and collar put away,
My feet in slippers old will be—
No dinner clothes will worry me.
You'll find no pomp nor things of sham,
I try to be just what I am.
There's no one there whom/I d impress
Within this room of happiness.

Yes, home's the club that's meant for me And home's the place I like to be. It's true the dues are présty high. But, ob, the blessings that they buy! And all assessments that I pay But serve to drive my cares away. And to this club, Loye holds the key —My home's the club/that's meant for me.

Nov. 19, 1863.