

THE ECCENTRIC

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RAINY DAY DREAMS

When the sun is veiled behind a silver clouded sky, and the atmosphere is damp with the tears of the gods, the world calls it a grey day and lets it go at that.

But we have noticed that a grey day has a strange psychological effect on everyone. There are some who feel exhilarated, energetic, and reckless; yet there are many more who prefer to close up within themselves and either sleep mentally or dream.

Rainy-day dreams are apt to be the "air-castle" kind. Rarely is this dreaming backed by possibility or ambition. Not that it couldn't be, but no matter how ambitious one may be, there are things for all of us that are hardly possible to have or do, and these dreams are generally of just those things.

Perhaps you will never go more than a hundred miles from your home town, but a rainy day can whisk you away in dreams to the blue skies of Italy, the majestic cathedrals of France, or to the sands of the golden desert.

If you have not a romantic and adventurous character composition, perhaps you will dream of great business success.

The little shop girl, between sales to crisp, impatient, patrons, dreams of a little cottage on a hill, with window boxes filled with bright flowers.

Even the spinster who calls herself "today," a "Bachelor Girl," whether she is alone by choice or otherwise, will dream her rainy day dream of little curly heads bowing at her knee by the crib, lipping their evening prayers.

Mothers may dream of the futures of their children. The boy whose mother visualizes him governing the country someday, or of writing things that will revolutionize the world, will perhaps eventually own his own store or be president of a small town bank.

Yet these dreams are necessary. They are the expressions of an inner desire to grow out of oneself—the thing that fosters unselfishness, generosity, and ulterior growth in some way.

He who does not dream, invites lack of soul development. Day dreams are often the expressions of a hidden, moral goodness that human attainment strives to reach, often with little or no success.

But who does not like to "day dream?"

IN ALL OF US

He is really a wonderful person—almost too good to be true. Nearly everybody in and near Birmingham knows him and dearly loves him. There never was anybody or anybody in the Village that has done so much good at so reasonable a price as this one to whom we refer.

Every day and every night he exists among us. He tells far into the moonlit hours of the darkness in pursuit of ideas that will enrich the residents of Birmingham. He is a great public benefactor. The entire world has heard of him and bows in true humility before him. He never spoke ill of anybody. His religion is KINDNESS. He seeks no material wealth from his fellow-men—his only mission in life is to GIVE!

You ask me who he is? Where his home is? Then listen: He is merely the mythical personification of all good and pure ideas that really ex-

ist in most mentalities. He lives in those of us who attempt a service of unselfishness to society. He is rarely born into the world—because of the latent selfishness that so often comes to the surface in the actions of humans. But he does exist—it is only up to us to give him birth in the manifestation of any act that will enrich and make happier the life of another.

SEEN FROM A THROUGH TRAIN

Americans who live in large cities lose sight of the other sixty millions and think the barefoot boy a myth of poet Whittier's creation. Maud Muller the goddess of a vanished dream. But when a traveler starts out from New York or Philadelphia to see where the other sixty million live, he finds across the width of the country the barefoot boy whistling on his way, sees girls whose brown hands are skilful in the fields, and children with "red lips redder still, kissed by strawberries on the hill." On the sweep of valley, mountain, and plain from Atlantic to Pacific, one recaptured the forgotten but true idea of the American that is a long country lane winding to a grove of trees and within its shelter a low-roofed house nestling and a flutter of white clothes in the wind, city clamor forgotten in a land of cleanliness and peace.—Collier's Weekly.

A NATIONAL MENACE

Every healthy town wishes to grow. Placidity eventually becomes stagnation. A pool without an inlet breeds slime. But growth in quantity should be balanced by growth in quality.

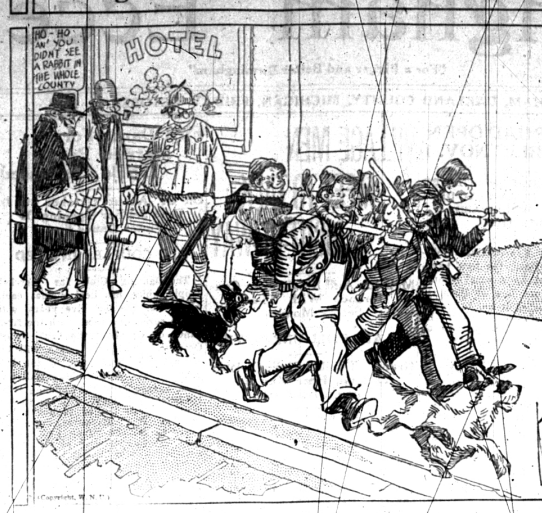
Great metropolitan centers boast of their teeming millions crowded into a narrow space. Mere size, however, is nothing to be proud of. Poverty, squalor and vice reach extreme depths in these cities. The one redeeming feature is the promulgation of art, the heights of which scarcely match the abyss of human misery. No poverty of space and hoe can equal the destitution of the city curstone. The question is: Must degradation and crime be the necessary companions of population increase? We think not—at any rate, not in such huge proportion.

It is impossible in few words even to suitably outline a remedy for these evils. Yet greater public attention to municipal management, to educational facilities, to wage conditions, to building restrictions and general city beautification would undoubtedly result in a vast improvement.

The last two items mentioned are by no means the slightest factors. The breeding places of vice and misery (we do not say of greatest crime) are the districts where housing space is at a premium and where human bodies and brains and souls are jammed together like cattle in a slaughter-pen. Is the earth so small, transportation so inefficient, an inch of soil so expensive and God's green grass so ridiculously impractical that thousands upon thousands of poor humans must spend their lives in dim, sky-lighter, often unlighted closets and in dark, narrow, paved courts, hemmed in by hideous towering walls? Under such conditions is it any wonder that lives are stunted and warped and that the disease to one individual so easily becomes the disease of a thousand?

Proper zoning laws, disinterested building restrictions, the fixing of real estate values by municipal ordinance, the establishment of frequent small parks and playgrounds, together with sensible distribution of transportation lines would work miracles in our cities. Why not spread out a little? Let us have lighter

Big Events in the Lives of Little Men



Short and Maybe Snappy

More Homage Due Child Welfare
John Heffron, a detective on the Detroit police force, died last week as the result of gunshot wounds he received while acting as a police officer. He leaves a widow and four children to make their way through the world—without his further help. Although they do receive wages for the discharge of their duties, the men who compose the fire and police departments of our American cities are scarcely underpaid for the real service they perform to the community. At any time they are liable to die. Little of glamour and romance accompanies the discharge of their duty. Citizens should pay more homage to their civic servants—even in Birmingham.

Need Leadership
While people of the United States are now turning their attention to the spirit of the coming Christmas and planning festive occasions, citizens of Dusseldorf, Germany, are pillaging the stores in their city for food and clothing. It ought to be about time that some of the so-called civilized countries of the world

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We're pretty poor, as figures go. But Ma and I are happy, though; No wealth of gold could give us. Any joy that's more complete. We've had our touch of sorrow, too—Our skies have not been always blue; But when it's all considered, Life has been almighty sweet.

Do You Know
That we can insure your CAR against FIRE, THEFT, PUBLIC LIABILITY (Personal Injury or Property Damage) or COLLISION; all of these risks or any one of them, for any amount at very reasonable rates, in strong company that does not take risks in big cities where most of the losses occur. Ask us about it.

FLINT DIVISION
Charge at Royal Oak for Reboiler, Oxford, Flint, Boshart and Inghis City. Through the Flint Boshart and Inghis City 110 a.m. and every two hours to 5:10 p.m.

DETROIT UNITED LINES
BIRMINGHAM TIME TABLE
In effect June 5, 1923
(Eastern Standard Time)

Southbound Limited—(except Sunday), 9:45 a.m.
Southbound Local—1:40 a.m., 5:20 a.m., 6:51 a.m., 8:15 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 6:15 a.m., 6:45 a.m., 7:50 a.m., 7:55 a.m., 7:58 a.m., and every 15 minutes to 10:41 a.m., 11:11 a.m., 11:51 a.m.

Northbound Limited—11:40 a.m., 12:50 a.m., 1:55 a.m. and 12:55 a.m.
Northbound Local—5:55 a.m., 6:25 a.m., 6:55 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 7:55 a.m., 8:25 a.m., 8:55 a.m., 9:25 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 10:25 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 11:55 a.m.

Whitehead & Standart Co. Real Estate Insurance of All Kinds

LIVIN' ROOM LYRICS
By CHARLES S. KINNISON of Birmingham

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We're pretty poor, as figures go. But Ma and I are happy, though; No wealth of gold could give us. Any joy that's more complete. We've had our touch of sorrow, too—Our skies have not been always blue; But when it's all considered, Life has been almighty sweet.

Perhaps you'd say we'd passed the crest, That younger days were happiest, But Ma and I would tell you Your philosophy is wrong. That morning years are fine, it's true; But evening years are pleasant, too. Though quiet be our laughter, And though 'tweenless seem our songs.

Yes, we're poor in land and gold. But, ah, the memories that we hold That bring us more contentment Than could any wealth impart. And, as each year we older grow, More and more we're coming to know That the source of true contentment Lies within an easy heart.

And now, as evening days draw near, All our loved ones grow more dear. A life itself seems sweeter, More and more kindly all the while. We both have lived the best we knew, So now, as life is nearly through, We wait whatever's before us With a buoyant heart and smile.

stepped in and defended the poor devils in Germany who are somehow made to suffer through lack of leadership.

It Would Smile
A committee has been appointed in New York City to find out if the cause of high rents is due to lack of housing, or of the tendency on the part of the landlord to be a hog. No doubt the committee, after several months study, will agree with the present idea on the subject and lay the trouble on the feet of the landlord. If the countenance on the Statue of Liberty were made of something more pliable than bronze, it would certainly smile now and then.

Cows and Bulls
It is said that Magnus Johnson, Minnesota's new farmer-Senator, is in Washington looking for a horse which can keep a cow. That's nothing new—there always have been a lot of Senators in Washington who, though domiciled among the elite, were able to keep in splendid fashion a great deal of "bull."

Savings Accounts
Every week both local banks try to pound into our minds the value of storing a savings account. In their contention they are backed up by no less than two of the world's richest men, James J. Hill, and John D. Rockefeller. Here's what Hill will say: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and it is infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose, and you know you live. The seed of success is not in you." And Mr. Rockefeller adds, "Real opportunity comes only to the man with a new snag." Every boy and girl in Birmingham ought to have a savings account, the wise parent will see that his child so started on the road to success. It is not the size that counts—but the habit!

It's all right folks, even though the local high school boys do not with any gusto, but they're getting a lot of good exercise out of it, anyway.

Have you carried out any ashes from the furnace yet? This is good exercise for the tired business man.

Boost for a local Board of Commerce.

SMALL TOWN HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY
By BUCK CAMPBELL
The reformer wants every one to help him do the job.

A man's standing in a community depends a great deal on his ability to fool the people.

Better Judge trees by the fruit they have borne instead of what the tree agent promises you.

Modestly attired girls may not attract so much attention, but they get the best of it in the matrimonial lottery.

Court decisions are no doubt made according to law, but there are a lot of them at variance with public sentiment.

The home team may get licked, but it is always the fault of the umpire. There never was one that did not give the home team the worst of it.

MICKIE SAYS
IF YER PAPER DONT COME, LET US KNOW RIGHT OFF AND WE'LL SEND YA ANOTHER! SOMETIMES A PAPER JEST WANDERS OFF 'N GETS LOST AND WE DONT KNOW IT TILL A SUBSCRIBER MAKES A HOWLER, SO DONT BE BASIFUL, FOLKS!

In the matter of the Estate of Elma A. Carpenter, deceased. William C. Harris, executor of said estate, having filed in said Court his final account and petition praying for the examination and allowance thereof, assignment of the residue of said estate and the discharge of said executor and petition praying for extraordinary compensation.

It is ordered, that the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1923, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, 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, 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. MCGAFFEY, Probate Register. 23-25

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