THE ECCENTRIC

Birmingham, Michigan

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1923.

LIGHTS

Commissioner Bingham is right when he urges that if the Village is to adopt a boulevard lighting system of which there is no doubt but what Birmingham is in dire need, it should not make a half-way job of it by lighting only part of Maple avenue.

It was first proposed that Maple avenue be lighted only between Southfield avenue and the Grand Trunk tracks, and that Woodward avenue be lighted from the northern limits of the Village to the southern limits. But why stop at Southfield and the Grand Trunk tracks? The entrance to Birmingham on the west is beautiful in the day time. And at night it is dangerous because of the lack of sufficient light. With boulevard lights extending from the water-works bridge to Adams avenue, not only will danger be averted but the added attractiveness of the Village will be great. There are some who have scoffed at spending money for added attractiveness. Let them scoff, for it is they that cannot realize that added attractiveness spells progressiveness.

Birmingham has the reputation of being "a city beautiful." Let her not make the disastrous mistake of living on her reputation.

HOT STUFF

Fires are expensive propositions, especially when some of then neighbors must be called in to help fight them. Birmingham is not through paying for the recent conflagration which swept the Field Block last July, for last Monday night the Commission was presented with a bill from the Village of Ferndale for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The itemized bill was for 148 feet of new hose destroyed, 8 couplings destroyed, 1 pair of boots which disappeared and the labor for changing the couplings.

148 feet of new hose destroyed! It must be that our water pressure exceeds even the wildest expectations of an Utopian dreamer. Would it not be wise, with such a devastating pressure that Birmingham ship back its new rubber hose and order none but such as is constructed of the hardest of iron?

Birmingham more than appreciates the aid received from the fire department of her neighbor, Ferndale. And the President and Commissioners of Birmingham were unanimously in favor of paying the bill presented by Ferndale.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

How elastic is the air; how restricted the earth! For upon the former have been constructed more castles than the latter could ever hold. Bewail it not. Air castles, however ethereal and impalpable, are, and have always been, more charming, more mistily satisfactory, more susceptible to momentary alteration, more cloud-piercing, more easily transported, better adapted to changing mood and temperature, withal more impregnable and vastly more enduring than any stone bedded, cliff-hung, turreted and bastioned edifice ever erected upon prosaic earth.

Think of the countless hordes of past centuries whose palaces and towers and hanging gardens stand in that great continent above us! Yet, with all its splendid cities, its wealth of architecture, its magnificent golden and pearly domes, there remains space for all the dream towers that shall ever be. To shelter our bodies we erect for them stone or wooden mausoleums here upon terra-firma. But he is a fool who seeks to build his dream castle on the ground to be corrupted by fetid breath or withering glance. Perfection lies only in the air—eternal youth, eternal beauty, eternal triumph. In this blest abode and nowhere else we realize that most precious of all boons, absolute freedom. The heart's desire is always present. There is no time; no death. All is pure and unsullied. Dream on, then, prisoner of the flesh; dream on!

AUTUMN FIRES

The woods are flaming. Soft in the haze of an early Indian Summer morn, the first streamers of the sun reflect the reds and browns that line the leaves.

These are the clear crisp days. A new vigor fills the air. After the summer's sultry heat Boreas blows a breath of cold that sends the mists up from the marshes and fills the nostrils with a pungent odor heralding the frost.

It's fall, the happiest season of the year. It's the time to plunge into the winter's tasks, the season for endeavor.

It's autumn, and the country-side reveals old nature ready for her winter's rest. The harvest's in. The earth has spent its energy, and now lies down to sleep.

It's fall, and we—but gosh, just think the coal bin still is empty.

A STRANGER

Once a stranger came among us, came to view the town he said, wanted us to tell him 'bout the living and the dead; wanted us to paint a picture of the natives of the place, wanted us to show him every building, every face. So we started out one morning, just to show the chap around, and we showed him and we told him every bit of gossip found to make him understand the people, what they stood for in the town; where they lived and what they did and who their fathers were, from the parson to the sheriff, to the meanest, lowest cur.

Thats our banker over yonder, it's that dark blue Cadillac, he's a lively one, we told him, quite a sport, now thats a fact. Yes, I knew him once, he answered, he was worldly then I know, but he has some lovely children, full of pep and push and go. That's our parson, we continued, pointing to a man ahead, he's a queer, eccentric fellow, rather narrow, it is said; got some odd,, newfangled notions 'bout religion, so they say but he keeps the church well filled and going every day. Yes, the stranger answered, I have met him, I am sure, heard he's saved a lot of sinners and always helps the poor.

And that lady over yonder, she's the teacher of our school, cross as sticks and half as handsome, makes the kids obey the rules. I once met her, said the stranger, she is cross beyond a doubt, but she keeps a father and a half-crazed mother, I found out; sent two brothers to the service, neither one has 'ere returned, she can't help her looks I reckon, and her crossness she has earned. That's our sheriff there, we gossiped, 'bout as useless as a hound could'nt pinch a thief or vagrant if they chased him through the town. No? the stranger said, I knew him, he was Captain in the war, full of bullet holes and patches, shell-shocked, gassed and then some more. I don't wonder he is lifeless, careless to enforce the law, all his pep is over yonder, in those poppy-fields he saw.

See that little maiden standing by the hotel steps? In a whisper we explained her rosy cheeks and painted lips, we don't know for sure, we added, never saw her doing wrong, but they say she's lost forever, in the life of sin and song. Is that so? replied the stranger, I believe I knew her dad; she was always wild and wayward, but I doubt if she is bad, needs a little lift I reckon, lost her ma when just a kid.

No small wonder if she faltered, 'tis no miracle she did. That's our village dunce, we added, as a vagabond passed by, never known to earn a penny, never had a decent job, just ahangin 'round the village like a lazy, worthless 'gob'. But he's foolish, said the stranger, folks all burned up in a fire, struck his head against a timber, he's not fit for men to hire.

Tell us stranger then, we queried, how it comes you know us so, why you've told us 'bout our people, heaps of things we didn't know; 'tis a riddle you must answer, 'tis' a puzzle you must solve, you seem to know all rumors that round this town

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-three Years Ago.

The Democratic meeting Thursday evening was well attended, and the remarks by Messrs. Sale and Bell were listened to with attention.

A plucky young couple were married on the grand stand at the Central Michigan Fair at Lansing, and got a warranty deed of forty acres of land as a reward.

The person who left a dead horse in school district No. 8 (Tom Adams' district) town of Troy, is hereby notified to take care of the dead equine and save further trouble and expense.

A cider barrel with a tin cup attached standing out side the gate of a farm in Troy, attracts a good deal of attention by having the following placard nailed to it: "Billy is away; help yourself." And they always do it.

There are, 1,242 students at the University of Michigan. Of this number 426 are in the literary department, and the others are as follows: Doctors, 399 (of whom 59 are homeopathic); lawyers, 277; druggists, 70; dentists, 70.

Snow is already recorded in the upper peninsula.

General Grant has called a reunion of the Boys in Blue to be held in Indianapolis, October 8. Local committees have been appointed and arrangements are made for a grand demonstration. Gens. Grant and Sheridan will be present, and other noted generals and prominent speakers are expected.

The discussion of a proposed constitution for Russia is forbidden by the Czar.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

Charles Miller and Miss Anna Lambert, of this vicinity, were united in marriage in Detroit Wednesday evening of last week. They expect to make that city their future home.

Guests entertained at the residenee of Mrs. Thomas Thurlby last week: Walter Martin, his wife and baby, William Dickinson, of Detroit, and Matthew Bromble, of Ontario.

A pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of A. C. Fisher, Wednesday afternoon of last week, at three o'clock. The contracting parties were Miss Emily Fisher and Harry Colby, both well known in this community. About 40 immediate relatives and friends, including several from Pontiac and Detroit were present. Reverend Eugene Allen fastened the knot, after which a sumptuous wedding feast was partaken of. Their future home will be on the Colby farm.

The University of Michigan Rifles, a company of students organized last spring shortly after the declaration of War, are reorganizing and recruiting the company up to its full limits.

Madrid: The Spanish government announces its intention to maintain a strong force in Cuba until the treaty of peace with the United States is definitely signed.

Paris: The government has issued special orders to the garrison of towns near the capital to send immediately to Paris 500 infantry each. The reinforcements will amount to 10,000 men. All the troops will be supplied with two days' rations and 60 rounds of ball cartridge.

revolve; we, who thought we knew our people, meant to paint a picture clear, but you know much more than we do, 'bout our little village here; who are you, with little gossip, just with facts that leave us awed? And the stranger as he vanished, murmured softly, "I am God."

Copywrht, G. E. Stoothoff.

"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent capitalist.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Someone added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"He did his best."

Good Printing—We Do It.

Short and Maybe Snappy

By G. R. A.

—And George Did It!

Washington, D. C., is all expectant because Lloyd George, England's newly former premier, will visit it next month. According to the society columns of Detroit newspapers, a merry time is looked for by the inhabitants of Capitol's "smart set." We presume that Mr. George will be among those missing at any functions given by the French Ambassador there. The little Welshman has a habit of "speaking his mind" on various matters concerning the Ruhr situation—most of which do not agree with France's policies. Lloyd George—half the size of Dempsey carries more brains around in his head than the pugilist could pack in a suitcase.

Speaking of Beasts

A beast by the name of Alphonse Vlemminck has caused more excitement in Dgtroit than his Belgian ancestors probably ever did in the land of their birth. After having married twice, and about to take unto himself a third woman, his fifteen-year-old daughter offered him her body if he would forego another matrimonial venture. Vlemminck, evidently thinking it a good bargain, forthwith closed the deal. Their child was given out to another man by mistake at a Detroit hospital, while Vlemminck received the other infant. Vlemminck then gave away the child he mistakingly received—so he says—but the police think differently and are searching about the Vlemminck residence for it. We wonder just what God meant by allowing the young daughter of the beast to suffer her father's insults; also why another man must lose his wife and then his baby. Life is, indeed, a thing of cheapness to some.

Catch the "King"

Another attempt is made to locate "King Benjamin," of Benton Harbor fame. We certainly hope the Detroit Free Press gets a chance to present its thousand dollar reward to somebody—and quickly. We also hope that the State of Michigan will make a real cobbler or chair-maker of, Purnell when he is brought to account. Purnell is no doubt just another kind of beast.

Getting Discolored

The body of a man, believed to have been a rum-runner, was found near Dearborn, in the River Rouge, last Saturday. Police venture the theory that the man was murdered by fellow-bootleggers. If Rouge River is the name of the river that flows through Dearborn, was changed to "Rougest." It is about time to speak superlatives.

The Saginaw Trail

Everybody around here is glad that Woodward avenue is to be widened. The sight of a surveyor on our main street last week brought happiness to the hearts of many local citizens. We suggest that all communities along the way between Détroit and Pontiac, including these two cities, institute a "jubilee" when the thoroughfare is completed. Wouldn't it be a great thing to stage some kind of celebration that would have in it a character dressed up as Chief Pontiac and run the parade up the old Saginaw trail?

"The Sweetest Day"

Saturday, October 13, has been proclaimed "The Sweetest Day" the year by confectioners in Detroit. This ought to include Birmingham. We therefore suggest that each of the male populace of Birmingham and nearby purchase a box of candy for his wife, sweetheart, mother or sister. Boys, let's make the women sick October 13. They'll certainly enjoy it and they undoubtedly deserve it. Any member of the masculine sex who forgets "The Sweetest Day" in the year ought to be fed nothing but horseradish for a week. We hope local candy dealers sell out their entire stocks Saturday, October 13.

Boulevard Lights

It is good that the Village Commission is seriously considering the installation of boulevard lights in Birmingham. We have not heard one criticism against the plan. As soon as it is determined just how the proposed wider Woodward avenue will be built in Birmingham, we hope the necessary action to make the the Commission will go ahead with plan a reality.

Moments Count.

The leaves are falling. Winter will soon be here. The sound of sliding coal may be heard throughout the Village. Screens will soon come down and storm-doors will be hung. The housewife will soon be unmolested by the pestiferous flies and Kris Kringle will begin his long trip from Toyland. Then spring will be on us again. Quickly speed the seasons and life is but a brief moment in the endless cycles of time. Make your moments count for something.

Good Work

Willis M. Brewer, chairman of the Oakland County Board of Auditors, deserves a good deal of credit for the conscientious way he handles the purchases for the County. He, has probably saved the taxpayers more money than any of his predecessors. He handles the County's budget as he does his own. We need more men like Brewer in public affairs.

About Local Taxes

Local people who are prone to criticize the amount of Village taxes collected each year will do well to learn that Ferndale this year levied taxes to the extent of $170,000.00. This is more than twice the amount levied in Birmingham. And nobody can truthfully declare that Ferndale has near as much in the way of public improvements as Birmingham residents enjoy.

LIVIN' ROOM LYRICS

By CHARLES S. KINNISON of Birmingham

THE WEAK SPOT

"She knows how to work her old Daddy,"
They say of that Baby o' mine.
"She knows that to get him, she's only to pet him,
"She knows how to hold him in line!"
She knows that he cannot refuse her,
She's got him, the rascally Miss—
She holds Him completely by loving him sweetly,
And planting a warm little kiss.

They say that it's funny to watch her
Entangle my heart with her wiles—
She'll come to me grinning, with wiles that are winning,
Intriguing my heart with her smiles.
Her pleadings are coated with sugar;
Her methods are winsome and sweet;
I can't be resistful to methods so wistful,—
I am as a slave at her feet.

I try to be fair with her brother,
But he is so different than she—
His methods are wilder, while sister's are milder,
She coaxes—he argues—with me.
But that is the way I would have it,
For each is but acting his part—
His methods are forceful, as well as resourceful,
While Sister appeals to my heart.

Anonymous Nonsense

They tell one about a judge in Detroit who was quite a grandstand player. He glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn.

"Yes, your honour," was the response, "I voted for you at the last election."

A cold snap's definition of a gentleman is a man you don't know well.

Personal

When we come out again it wont be for fun. (The watchman).

Webster didn't know his stuff; Drive Slow is **wrong**. (The watchman).

Whose Who and Why? (The watchman).

A physician boarded a Pontiac-Detroit car. A woman was standing and a fat fellow seated, sprawling over twice the space necessary. Indignantly the doctor said to him:

"See here! Why don't you move a little so that this tired woman may have a seat?"

For a moment the fat fellow looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered:

"Say, don't a joke on you, all right! Dot's my vife!"

A young married couple who lived near the Oakland Hills golf-course were entertaining an elderly aunt from the depths of the country.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how did you spend the afternoon?" asked the hostess on the first day.

"Oh, I enjoyed myself very much," replied Auntie with a beaming smile. "I went for a walk across the fields. There seemed to be a great many people about, and some of them shouted to me in a most eccentric manner, but I just took no notice. And, by the way," she went on, "I found such a number of curious little round white things. I brought them home to ask you what they are."

They had accidentally stumbled onto their maiuma, and had just moved to Bloomfield Hills. As a result they were trying to put it on thick. Mrs. Johnson went into the "nursery" and asked her son William's tutor what he was studying.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered the tutor.

"Delightful. I hope William will be very attentive and practice constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get his father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

Last Saturday night when they were all in the Village, the widowed Lady Bountiful met old Farmer Stubbs on the corner. Her greeting went unnoticed.

"Stubbs," said she, indignantly, "you might at least raise your hat to me."

"I beg your pardon m'lady," was the reply, "but my poor wife ain't dead more'n two weeks, and I ain't started lookin' at the wimmin yet!"

It was last Sunday. The evening lesson was from the Book of Job, and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the Edison Electric Company."

A well-known man in a well-known restaurant was eating mush and milk.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guide-posts to take medicine before or after."

"Not guilty, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Where did you find the prisoner?" asked the magistrate.

"In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the Bobby's reply.

"And what made you think he was intoxicated?"

"Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of one of the fountains and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."

One of the nearby golf clubs gives a dinner once a year to the boys it employes as caddies. At the feast last year one of the boys disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, and loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him, and who could stand it no longer, shouted:

"Great Scot! Look at Skinny, usin' his iron all the way round!"

SMALL TOWN HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY

By BUCK CAMPBELL

A young man may be sharp and yet not cut much ice.

A crank is the fellow whose hobby does not agree with yours.

The party with the majority always is strong for "voting her straight."

Many a woman thinks more of improving her complexion than her mind.

Men who pass the hat at church, when they are at home, may pass the buck when they are out among strangers.

"Say, doctor, do you think he could stand another operation?" asked the anxious wife. "O, yes, I have looked up his commercial rating."

An animated discussion with something you don't know anything about with some one who knows less about it than you do is always enjoyable.

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Birmingham, Mich., Sept. 18, 1923.

A regular meeting of the Board of Education was held in the office at 8 p. m.

Present: H. B. Clement, R. J. Taylor, Fred V. Quarton and R. J. Coryell.

The minutes of the meeting since the last regular meeting were approved.

Vliet turned over to Treasurer Fred V. Quarton $357.04, fees and dues.

Moved by Coryell supported by Quarton that bid of the Hill-Standard Co. for playground apparatus at $1,058.59 be accepted. Carried.

Moved by Coryell, supported by Quarton that the following bids be accepted for the Baldwin high school addition and the President and Secretary be authorized to sign contracts with the respective firms as the sums named below:

General contract, Clark and Lowman $80,066.80

Heating and Ventilating, Bryce Heating and Ventilating $13,930.00

Electrical, W. W. Gail $4,078.00

Yeas: Clement, Taylor, Quarton, Coryell.

Nays: None.

Carried.

Moved by Coryell, supported by Quarton, that all bids for plumbing be rejected and bonds and checks returned. Carried.

Moved and seconded to adjourn. Carried.

H. B. Clement, President.
R. J. Taylor, Secretary.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—In 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 25th day of September, A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

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, 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, 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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Room 6 Levinson Bldg.,
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DETROIT UNITED LINES

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

Southbound Limited — (except Sunday), 6:48 a.m.

Southbound Locals—4:59 a.m., 5:29 a.m., 6:01 a.m., 6:46 a.m., 7:06 a.m., 7:36 a.m., 8:06 a.m., and every 15 minutes to 6:01 p.m., and every 20 minutes to 10:41 p.m., 11:11 p.m., 12:01 p.m.

Pontiac to Birmingham only—11:51 p.m., 12:10 a.m., 12:30 a.m., 12:50 a.m.

Northbound Locals—5:55 a.m., 6:22 a.m., 6:50 a.m., 7:21 a.m., and every twenty minutes to 9:01 a.m., then every 15 minutes to 5:55 p.m., 6:08 p.m., limited, 6:22 p.m., 6:37 p.m., 6:52 p.m., 7:07 p.m., and every 20 minutes to 10:41 p.m., also 12:49 a.m.

FLINT DIVISION

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