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.

POOR PRINCE!

They're still trying to marry off the Prince of Wales! And instead of keeping it a personal matter, they have brought in the whole of England and most of her colonies, and say that it is a popular fear that the young fellow will never marry. It wouldn't be a big venture to say that there's no one worrying about it except some of the royal families and a few of the Prince's attendants. The people aren't worrying, for royalty doesn't flat that high, even in staid old England. The Prince's singleness may bring tears in some pub late on a Saturday night, but the death of cockroach would produce the same result.

The latest is that Queen Marie of Rumania has brought her 15-year-old child, Princess Ileana, to George's house in an effort to marry her off to the 29-year-old Prince of Wales. Queen Marie is an old hand at the art, having already married off a bevy of daughters to scepter-holders—and now she has gone to see George about his eldest son. One of the big troubles with European royalty is the "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" attitude they hold toward marriage. If they'd let their hearts, instead of their pocketbooks and pride, be their guide they might still be on a stone foundation instead of one built of eggs.

Stick it out, Prince, and don't let them make you marry into the nursery. Don't let them make you marry at all. The country wont go to the bow-wows even if you don't get the kingship. Aand who knows but if you came over to the States you might live down your handicaps to the extent of being permitted to court Mary Smith or Sally Brown. You would probably be a great deal happier in the end.

THUS IT IS

Not so many years ago there was a brilliant scientist and engineer who loved all that Japan had to offer. For a time he made his home in Japan. He built railways for Japan that would not slip down or go wrecked in earthquakes. In connection with his work he studied earthquakes and invented the seismograph. He taught the young Japanese scientists, and after he had taught them their government cast him off and put his students in his place.

This brilliant genius never hoped to stop earthquakes, but he was on the high road to perfecting an instrument which would record the approach of one in time to warn those who would be affected by it. Had not the Japanese government pooh-poohed at his efforts and cast him aside, thousands of those now dead as a result of the recent catastrophe in Japan might today be living.

But it is ever the case that those few who think in the future are always held back by those many whose thoughts never penetrate further than the present.

DECAY OR ETERNAL YOUTH?

In a recent issue of the "Shadowland" magazine appears an article "In Defense of Decay" by Henry Altimus. Although in a few respects the author's ideas may seem a bit radical, his chief point contains some very sound sense. He says: "It is our education which is at fault. Decay is the law of life. Decay begins at the moment of birth and continues until death. All life is merely progressive decay. And the futility of life is due to the fact that we are taught how to live well when we ought to be taught how to decay well."

Again he says: "It is one of the singular accentricities of humans that they sooner de age in everything but themselves." Everywhere we see elderly women trying to appear young, and old men in this second childhood trying to keep up with the gay life of the younger set. One of the oldest twists in human character is that no matter how worthless and miserable a man's life may be, he will go to any lengths to preserve it. Probably most people believe in life after death, but of how they do hate to leave the earth!

The medical and scientific brethren continues to search for a practical "fountain of youth, and to point out ways in which we may add a decade or two to our lives, and seem to hope for further knowledge whereby we may be prevented from dying at all. God forbid! If any man discovers the secret of earthly and physical immortality we only hope that he may be condemned to use his elixir on himself as a punishment. The best he could hope for then would be some reversal of its magical properties, as in the case of Rider Haggard's "She".

We hope for spiritual immortality because we dislike to believe that our noble personality is destined to oblivion, yet before our eyes a true immortality and perpetual renewal of the flesh is in evidence. Every created thing eventually enters into and becomes a part of some other created thing. This is the law. From a nucleus we grow into maturity, produce another nucleus and decay that we may feed it. Somersaulting indeed! Our body decays and becomes part of a tree, part of a flower, part of an animal, part of another human being. It is because we do not well understand this law that we inclose our beloved dead in concrete caskets, not thereby preventing decay, but preventing the decay from performing its rightful duty—That of replenishing the earth. In doing this we take just so much food substance out of circulation. Having a horror of worms we blind ourselves to the sublime truth. The grandeur of having our bodies continue in their usefulness to our descendents does not strike us. Until we learn that to decay means to live we have failed to perceive our primal lesson. We must learn the truth in Shelley's statement: "Nothing endures but mutability."

THE MOON

What might we learn of love and dark deeds and weird religious ecstacies and romance upon land and sea, if only we could read the secrets of the moon! For untold centuries it has faithfully circled our pigmy globe and mirrored the vanished sun to the darkened hemispheres. It is at once a common sight and an unfathomable mystery.

The lunar body is beautiful in somewhat the same way that a siprophytic plant is beautiful. It is cold: it is dead; and yet it lives. It charms with borrowed radiance. It is a specter that exists in the place of the vanished. It is as the chill phosphorescence of death after the warm blaze of life. It is less terrible than the sun, but more awful. It reveals the tremendous power of the Creator who makes even the dead obey. In accordance with its apparant character, it has been set to rule over the realm of sleep, of oblivion, where men enter into the abyss of the unknown.

Moonlight makes a fairy-land of earth, turns severity to beauty, and casts upon beauty the garb of divinity. No wonder lovers and dreamers entangle their feet in its web of enchantment! It is soft, enticing, soothing and awe-inspiring. It reduces speech to whispers, whispers to silent contemplation.

Those who would sit beneath the moon and think of prosaic and merely practical things must indeed be hard-headed. There is too much glory in its luster: too much majesty in its immobility. It spreads beneath the feet a magic carpet that will carry one through eons of time and limitless space, and it throws about the shoulders a cloak fit for prince or princess. Under its beams the meanest dirt becomes shining silver. Its language is of the angels and human eyes become divine interpreters.

It is beautiful—and good—the moon!

THE SKEPTIC

The Scoffer's eyes are clouded
sphynx
To which dark mould and rust
adheres;
His tongue is one Satanic
flame:
A fiery red and wagging
shame;
His ears are cast in lab'rinth
style
To turn the good and snare
the vile;
His nostrils gather up the
scent
Of sense whose logic has been
spent,
While out his darkly caverned
brain
Flows someone's loss and no
one's gain.

—Clarence Edwin Allen

TABLE TALKS ON TAXATION AND KINDRED TOPICS

By "One Who Listened In"

Further Objections to the Single-tax with answers.

Objection: It would encourage intensive use of land thus increasing concestion. Answer: As the shifting of taxes from the value of improvements to the value of sites would reduce the selling value of vacant land, how would it increase congestion? Do people huddle most where land is cheap or where it is dear?

Objection: The expense of civil government is for the protection and benefit of buildings and of people and not of vacant land which needs no police or fire or other such protection. The Singletax would put the burden of civil government entirely on land values or sites, and vacant sites, having no improvements to be benefitted by relief from taxation, would suffer most; is this fair? Answer: How much would vacant land be worth in the real estate market of any community where titles to land are not protected by civil government? Little or nothing. Civil government increase the market value, not for buildings, but of land. It must therefore be for the benefit, not of buildings but of land including vacant land. Does any one honestly and seriously deny this?

Big Events in the Lives of Little Men

Short and Maybe Snappy

By G. R. A.

Never Give Up!

Sometimes when you feel, "this and things are not running as you would like to have them, just roll over the following lines: "A young man ran for the legislature of Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debt of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman. He became engaged—then she died. Entering politics, he ran for Congress, and was badly defeated. He then tried for an appointment to the United States land office, but failed. He became a candidate for the United State Senate, and was badly defeated. Then he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was once more defeated. One failure after another—bad failures, great setbacks. Then he became one of the greatest men of America. Abraham Lincoln!" The moral is: never say "Oh, what's the use?"

Speaking "Fully"

The United States is said to contain half of the world's supply of coal. Would at be premature to say that the coal bins of American homes this Winter will be less than half full? President Coolidge, will, indeed, have his hands full in keeping our bins full.

Demands of Nature

One man out in the wilds does not starve for lack of food. Many men and women spend their entire lives away from the haunts of organized masses of people and abound on the natural offerings of nature. Witness conditions in Japan, where the recent disaster left millions of people without food or shelter. What did they do? Drank water from the ditches and ate food which, this bringing on an epidemic of cholera. Nature, so abundant in her offers, demands that the human body be kept clean and fed with pure foods. Nature is inexorable in her demands on the children of men. The Japanese disaster took but one-fortieth of the lives that were sacrificed in the late war. Thus we see that nature treats mankind better than man treats himself. Every right-thinking man and woman sympathizes with Japan in her trouble, and the nations of the earth are sending millions of dollars worth of food and supplies for her stricken people. Here isn't it too bad that the thought of all men are not always directed toward helping one another? Instead of slaying one another, we ought to band together in a common effort to combat disasters that rather will, from time to time, come.

Wider Woodward Ave.

Two 30-foot ribbons of concrete, one on each side of the D. U. R. tracks, stretching all the way from the Eight-Mile Road to Pontiac—as such is the thing promised by Governor Groesbeck before the close of 1924, according to despatches issued from Lansing. Thus are the demands of Progress made known. Over fifty lives have paid the penalty of travelling upon "America's Most Dangerous Highway" during the past year. It is good that State officials are now apparently serious in making travel a bit safer over Woodward avenue.

Pontiac's New Bank

Been to Pontiac lately? Then you've seen the splendid new eight-story building just completed by the Pontiac Commercial & Savings Bank there. Such an edifice is mute evidence that Pontiac is destined to become more than what the old Indian Chief originally planned. Situated between Detroit and Pontiac as it is, Birmingham ought to vision its own great future, and properly plan for it. Let us carry in our minds the idea that Birmingham is destined to become Detroit's most beautiful suburb!

Hogs and Wheat

The peak of the price of wheat, any ten year cycle considered, occurs in May, when the farmer has none to sell. The bottom occurs in August and September, when he is marketing his crop. The farmers' organization suggests that it should be held on the farm and release it as demanded by the market, even though money should need to be borrowed against it. Why not market some of it in the form of live-stock, since it is the best hog feed known, and thus permanently limit the amount of wheat which shall go on the market?

LIVIN' ROOM LYRICS

By CHARLES S. KINNISON of Birmingham

THE BABY'S BED

The baby's bed, I'm pained to say,
We'll soon take down and put away,
For the little tykes who used it
Out of babyhood have grown.
But I cannot smile a bit,
As I stop and think of it,
For it means to me and mother
That we soon shall be alone.

How swiftly on, the years have rolled!
The little bed's now ten years old—
Ten years we'll always cherish
As we travel down the Lane.
And as it stood throughout the years,
It's seen our smiles, and seen our tears,
As we knelt there down beside it.
Hearts a-throb with joy or pain.

Now as I write these simple rhymes,
I live again the happy times
The little babies brought us—
Such as they alone can give.
But those are days we'll see no more,
Tho oft it is we live them o'er,
And they'll seem forever sweeter
Through the years we've yet to live.

So as I take their bed apart,
A little pain will grip my heart,
For it means the days of babies
Are for us forever gone.
And yet as I lean o'er the bed
I still can see a tousled head,
On the little empty pillow
That my tears are falling on.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Three Years Ago

Mrs. A. E. Whitehead returned from a three week's visit to friends in Illinois, on Monday last.

L. D. Ruthedel is making things exciting lively in Royal Oak. Prices of market for everything on Birmingham!

Married: Sept. 8, by the Rev. J. P. Gibson, Mr. Alex McRoberts and Miss Elizabeth Martin, both of Big Beaver.

Harry Russell is the envied possessor of a two-story plug hat which strikes terror to the average small boy of that town.

We have been waiting for cool weather for a long time and now that Pater Street young couple don't give the rest a look and feed us some good ice cream.

On Friday night there were 279 convicts in the State prison at Jackson, the largest number for a long period.

Geo. Terry left Tuesday from St. Paul that the commanding officer at Fort Lincoln reports 2,2nd Lieut. Rand and Lieut. Adams have promoted at that post on Thursday. The impression prevails at military headquarters that the Indians will soon surrender en masse.

The Rev. E. P. Adams of Dunkirk, N. Y., was deposed from the ministry of the Presbyterian church by the presbytery of Buffalo on Wednesday, for heresy in preaching against the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

An up-to-date five o'clock tea was given by Mrs. C. M. Rayniale at her home Wednesday afternoon in the financial interests of St. James church.

Dr. Dennis, of Minneapolis, Minn., better known as George Dennis, formerly resident of this place, visited Mrs. S. J. Harris and called on numerous other friends here last week.

Miss Mayme Taber, of our village has opened her first term of the Log Cabin school house in Troy and very auspiciously too. We predict for the competent young lady a most successful career as a teacher, and that district is very fortunate in securing her services.

The Michigan crop report just issued gives the probable yeild of wheat 24, 102,560 bushels. This is more than ever reported in the farm statistics. Oats will yield 32 bu. and barley 24 bu. per acre. Corn, beans, potatoes, and pastures have been injured by the dry weather, though scattering showers have afforded partial relief. Apples promise in the state about six-tenths and peaches three-fourth of average crops.

William Copley hanged himself near Capac but was cut down in time by his wife. He became angry at her for saving his life, and then told her that as he had not paid his Marcabee assessment, she could not afford to let him die.

Sagasta has urged upon the Spanish peace commissioners to strenously defend the retention of the Philippine islands by Spain.

SMALL TOWN HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY

By BUCK CAMPBELL

Hope of better days is sort of a consolation prize.

The best man at a wedding may get the best of the bargain.

Some folks have a pride in trying always to be on the wrong side.

The man with evil in his own heart has no trouble in discovering evil in others.

You can bow to the inevitable without having been introduced, and not be considered out of form.

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 27th day of August, A.D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mahlon Bearss, deceased.

Matilda E. Bearss, administratrix of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of 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 by and before said court and for the determination of heirs.

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 7th day of January, A.D. 1924, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased and for the determination of heirs.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
DAN A. McGAFFEY,
Register of Probate. 19-21

Anonymous Nonsense

The second jury drew to its close with the sixth juryman still unconvinced. The justice of the peace was impatient.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering the room, "shall I, as usual, order six dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "five dinners and a plate of hay."

Kissin your girl is like a bottle ov olives, cause ef yez don't get the first one, you stay.

We went to a wedding last Saturday and had a swell time. There was plenty to eat, such as cake, potatoes, and the bride's mother beamed by a cheerful disposition and quietly pleased way she dished out some cross generating, so that everybody thought that was nothing interest in the wedding they went to get there. We remembered a number of familiar faces. There was the gentleman all frosted up, just like a cake, and the bride's mother, and we said hello to her, and we don't know where he was ex-cept during the while under the influence of the court he didn't amount to much, now he gets his meals regular and pays his debts.

The Great Adventurers walked up to the altar, she groom with a stern look, and the bride trembled in a way that would knock a cyclone out a dance. Everything was carried off with only a few exceptions. Mary only a few of these who were on the inside knew of the affair, but Tommy and Jack Dempsey battle with each other for a round, and when the show had lived the life of a pomeranian lap-dog and had developed a temper that would bother the whole of Scandinavia, they agreed to turn green with envy.

We were getting along splendidly, hobnobbing with the best of them, until we got to eating a banana. She sat right across from me, and after everyone had been seated, she said: "My, but I'm relieved. It fits you fairly well." Then, turning to the crowd she added: "You know, I can never tell how the second dress suits are going to work out."

We left early.

There was a gay dancer of Lynn,
Whose waist was so charmingly thin,
The dressmaker needed
A microscope, indeed—
To fit this slim person of Lynn.

A lawyer died in a provincial town, and his fellow-lawyer wrote over his grave:

"Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

Not long after, the governor of the province visited the town, and among other places inspected the cemetery. When he came to the lawyer's grave he stopped, read the inscription once or twice, and shrugging to the head inspector said:

"Look here, my friend. We wink at a good many things in this province, but I do object to our burying two men in one grave."

Answer to Notch

Unknown, you ask how many words
Are in a maiden's diction?
Now when you question Column Birds,
Expect less truth than fiction.
How many words the Fair Ones flout
I'd hardly care to guess:
There's only one we care about,
And that one word is "yes."

—Trebla.

YE WEDDYNGE TRADYDE

Syr Ygnare, on hys brydal daye,
Was nervous as ynlee be,
Tuday he wed the fayr Alyse,
A chyck fromme olde Dundee.

Hyr forme was tyne, her face dyvyne,
But Ygnare now cuide see,
That whenne he tooke ye holy vowes,
Ne'er more wuide he be free.

No more ye gaye olde tymes and gayes,
Ne more ye drunks and stowes,
No more ye good olde tymes and layes,
All sound to dowwne ye blues.

Thys thoughte sent panye to hys soule,
And filled hys brayn with dreade,
For all hys nychtes ye wowe must spende,
At home with loving wyfe.

Ye olde devate stoode upon hys browe,
"This marriage ys ye ende,"
He cursed and swore, and then resolv'd
To go on one more drunke.

He drinke a quart of Rock and Rye,
A quart of thys and that he drank,
Untille he had eighte gallons went
Down to ys roomy tanke.

He staggered home, hys being gave,
Hys head alle yn a whyrl,
At three bells sharpe, he'd taste to swyle,
All Englande's sayree gyrl.

He called hys valet, Launcelot,
To gette hys armour muchyne,
And wyth hys eyeying muchyne,
He donned it goode and wyche.

He whooped for Joye, and stopped hys guess,
Each heartye on hys back,
And wyth hys club, ye bryde's olde man,
He gayve an awful cracke.

He swung at ryghte, and swung to lefte,
Ye guests ye terror fled,
Ye bryde and man ran faste awaye,
(Ye olde man seeing dedde).

Thys ys ye tyme that ye redyne,
No marriage vowes ye take,
And he who mentions wyfe, ye Hys heade ye swayne ye brake.

—Selected.

A Kiss
IS much
LIKE a
RUMOR because
IT goes from
MOUTH to
MOUTH