BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1924.

A DRAMA OF CHRISTIANTY, APPLIED.

Last Friday afternoon July 18, in the little village of Flowlerville, 40 miles west of Birmingham, we wintessed a "Drama of Christianity, Applied." We believe that the principal actor in this drama may be rumbered among the richest men that Mother, Earth, even adviraged have contend that the peaceful, common 13 more villa harbors within its confluence and the principal may be a considered the second of Galifee. Specifically, we refer to one G.T. "Dad" Adams, for fifty years ditted and publisher of the Fowlerville Review.

It all states has February at the annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association in Lansing. Here were gatheded sixty messpapermen, representing the leading weekly journals of Michigan. Addresses had been made by many! pertinent remarks had been softered by several speakers concerning the welfare of the weekly newspaper. But everything discussed related to the material side of life. Then Dad' Adams got to his but—He put a new kind of thought into the faceting when he declared: "My brothers, have you ever paused in your business of publishing a newspaper long enough to realize that a gold newspaper; is made of something else besides frinter's tok armonaper. Next July I shall celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of my founding of the Fowlerville Review, and want to still you that, though I may not have a great share of this world's goods. Have acquired something far greater, —I have acquired something far greater—I have acquired the real FRIENDSHIP of my towkey people. And this 5¢ merely because IL put something into my pages that is the most precious possession in the world: and that something is GOD!"

And that is the reason why, on last Friday, fifty weekly newspaper publishers of Michigan made a pilgrimage to Fowlerville to holp "Dad" Adams celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his editorship on the Fewlerville Review. It is needless to say that every man was well paid for his trip; for seldom in a century is if the rare privilege of any man to witness the actual dramatization of Christianity, Applied. • ()

Four speeches had been made at the banquet in the Methodist church at Fowlerville, each honoring "Dad" Adams. Three hundred poople, including the visiting newspapermen and the thwnspeople, were gathered about the tables. It had been, indeed a happy time. Then Jim Haskins, toastmaster, (perhaps many wondered why his voice faltered at times), announced that the program would be concluded on the lawn in front of the church. So the audience filed outside, filled with expectant curiosity.

Both chairs are of the over-stuffed kind; they are large and roomy, the kind that make for real rest. Placed against the front of the church, with a beautiful table between them, the chairs made a fitting haven for "Dad" and his good wife. Upon the table reposed a new copy of Papinis "Life of Christ," which, together with the furniture, had been purchased that morning by the newspapermen as suitable gifts for the idol of the day. The sun shone from the blue sky; the leaves swayed in the breeze; and three hundred people arranged themselves in a semi-circle while Schuyler Marshall made a present n a semi-circle while Schuyler Marshall made a presen tation of the gifts.

"Dad" made a splendid, though faltering, reply. "Dad" made a splendid, though faltering, reply. His voice quavered more than once as the honest tears trickled down his cheeks; frequent recourse to their, handker-chiefs was made by his wife and his aged mother who sat next to him. With simple words this good man attempted to tell what was next to his heart on that day. His text was extremely simple and clear: "Do unto others as ye would have others to do unto you." "Be a Christian; lat God fill worsters to." Christian; let God fill your heart and soul.'

. . . . For nearly minety years she had lived to await last Friday. And, as the crowd still stood in a semi-circle before the editor of the Fowlerville Review, "Dad's" mother rose to her feet and, with a smile that shone from a countenance furrowed with nearly a century of life, her eyes glistening from a light that did not shine through the trees, thanked the assemblage for the "great honor you have paid my boy." At the words, "my boy," something that can never be described set into vibration the soul-strings of the persons present.

For fifty years you have toiled in a labor of love for For fifty years you have toiled in a labor of love for your town, "Dad," it required a half century of work on your part to bring home to you a share of something greater than titles to corner lots and quarter-sections. But you've beek SUCESSFUL in life, "Dad," you've made real FRIENDS. Just think of it, you own hundreds of FRIENDS! People actually LOVE you! They have paid you homage without the crucifixion that was paid another Man two thousand years ago. Why, "Dad," your life actually proves that this old world can be Christ-like after all!

This endeth our story, folks. We hope that a certain two chairs in Fowlerville will afford a long period of de-serving comfort for "Dad" Adams and his wife. And may the declarations of the editor of the Fowlerville Review inspire the publisher of every newspaper to use something besides printer's ink and paper when the sheet

If we are tempted to make war upon another nation we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy are element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element. As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.—Oscar Wildel

"I HAVEN'T TIME."

This is a world-tamous alibi and the most monumental lie on record. We ask a friend to read a certain book. "I haven't time," is his answer: but he has dimented the movies three nights a week, watch a ball dame on Sunday, loaf an hour or two on the street corner and and thousand and one trival things to kill time. Another friend says he is "too busy and hasn't time to write, but he has time to altend all night poker sessions, take his girl to numerous dances and dimers, and sworte hours reading sporting, extras.

Why don't we say, "I don't want too," instead by "the haven't time?" It would certainly be more truthful, but perhaps undiplomatic. So there may be one excuse for those who make this answer to a Irsingl. But there is no excuse for the person who says. "Oh, how I would like to do things like that! I have always wanted to, but I just can't find't the time." It's a lie from strit to finish. One truth stares us holdly in the face: we can always find time for things that we really WANT to do. This is a world-famous alibi and the most monumen

The fact is that the people who have the most to do The fact is that the people who have the most to do are the ones who do the most. It has been often remarked of certain famous men whose labors were of the heaviest, that they were never too busy to do a favor for a friend, and were never known to say, "I haven't time." Theodore-Roosevelt was one splendid example of this.

Most of us are unconscious slaves to routine, regard-

Mest of us are unconscious staves to routine regain-less of whether we accomplish much or little. We take our pleasures fike our business—habitually. We fall in-th the habit of attending ball games, card parties or the mogies, and they become fixtures in our program. Hence we say, "I haven't time." No, I must go to my regular we say, "I haven't time." No, I must go to my regular Saturday night bridge game! My little world would col-lapse if I failed to spend two hours Sunday morning read-

lapse if I famed to spends ; ing the scandal sheets! We would write more on this subject, hut—we

· FAINT HEART.

It takes a heap of heart to keep on livin'.
When every thing you do just goes plumb wrong;
It takes a heap of heart to keep on singing.
When notes of sadness permeate each song.

It takes a heap of heart to meet life squarely, It takes a heap of neart to meet the squares To deal out good, no matter what you draw; It takes a heap of heart to play just fairly. When all the time the deal you get is raw.

It takes a heap o' heart to keep o' going, And trust results for good or ill to God; 'Till softly o'er the desert vomes the Night-watch, 'Ye have not yet resisted unto God.'

It takes a hear o' heart to keep on trying, To try in vain, and smile, as on we plod; And only may we own our spirit conquered, When we, like He, "Resist and unto God

Aye, just our bit o' heart may help another. Who 's down an' out, and done, as well as we So, brighten up the bit o' heart you own dear An' mayhap, it will put new heart in me.

Grace Kneeland Eldred, Glenrock, Wyo.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS of Long Ago

Just Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccen-Items That Make Up the Historical Background Of the Birmingham Of Today

to the farm with nor son, execuMrs. White, better known in this vicinity as "Grandma," an old lady Highland Park, on Wedness of SI years of age, commenced a 19, Helen May Hicky to dress on Monday afternoon and on Stoddard Rev. Engine (Thursday forenoon had it all completed and wore it to a neighbor's on a wint. Show us a young lady to a wint. Show as a young lady to the stone of the stone o

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The Sun are the grand the pristing anything. The sun are the pristing anything.

ing anything.

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n pythagorean ppear by and cut your Canada thistles! surrounded with a right Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Halsomething like the tail sey. Saturday, July 22, a daughter.

f a comet.

Crepe on the door did not dete some of our rising highway me to the farm with her son, Albert. nearby.

ad and wore it to a neighbor's on sist. Show us a young lady to that can do as well.

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