

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878 by Whithead & Mitchell)

Published every Friday at Birmingham, Michigan, in The Eccentric Building,
126-128 North Woodward Avenue. Telephone 11 and 12.

GEORGE RODGERS AVERILL, Editor and Publisher

Subscription Rates:

One Year	\$1.50	All newspaper and advertising copy must be in the Eccentric Office by Wednesday noon of each week.
Six Months	\$.75	
Three Months	.40	

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1924.

YES—'IT'S GONNA RAIN SOME MO''

This newspaper has never, under its present ownership, made any plea for the settling of a dispute by force, whether the problem was between two individuals, or between the nations of the earth. It never shall, as long as the present ownership exists. So much for that.

On the other hand, we do not propose to walk around in the rain as long as there is an umbrella handy. All of which leads us up to the possibility of rain—or even another war or wars. For, as we have reiterated time and again in these columns, there shall yet be many wars between the nations of this earth.

The German-built, but American-owned dirigible ZR-3, last week completed a trans-Atlantic flight from Germany to Lakehurst, New Jersey. The Shenandoah, another American, airship, made a trip across this continent. Nearly every day we see aeroplanes fly over our own village of Birmingham; very often these planes drop advertising circulars into our streets, on our buildings. All these flights prove to us that FLYING IN THE AIR is highly possible and very practical.

Do you know that Japan is operating seventeen factories that are turning out, as fast as possible, various kinds of air-craft? Have you asked yourself why Japan is doing this? Do you know that France, as well as other countries, is concentrating on the building of air-arms—airships? And do you know that your own country, these United States of America, is doing practically nothing in aeroplane manufacturing, except what a few privately-owned concerns are doing?

The world moves at a pretty rapid pace these days. Nearly all of us are taken up with the job of busy ourselves most of our waking hours in order to make a living, and we leave affairs of government to the politicians. Sometimes our public men do not allow their vision to project beyond their own voting districts; often they really know what to do, but simply procrastinate.

So, dear reader, if you want to awaken—as far as you are able—your government officials to the danger of foreign invasion, when advertising circulars might be supplanted by high explosive bombs, just write a few lines to Senator James C. Burns, Washington, D. C., and tell him that YOU WANT AEROPLANES BUILT BY UNCLE SAM. If you haven't time, just cut out this article and send it to him TODAY.

Make certain that you will have an umbrella when it begins to rain, and be sure that it does not leak.

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?—YES AND NO.

Last week, you will remember, and of course you cannot forget it, David Windsor, otherwise known as the Prince of Wales, passed through this village. The steel rails of the Grand Trunk railroad, that so often carry freight, cattle, and even common human beings, supported the palatial car in which reposed the heir to the British throne. Funny, isn't it?

A few years ago we were in London, England. One midnight, as we were returning to our room in the hotel, we passed the famous Buckingham Palace, the home of the King of England. Lights blazed within, casting their brilliant rays out into the night. Royalty was having some sort of a joyous affair. A block away we passed along a street lined with tall buildings; stretched out on the steps of the building entrances—some of them even occupying the sidewalk—we saw dozens of men attempting to sleep; for they were evidently without means to obtain proper lodging. Funny, isn't it?

Are you envious of David Windsor? Don't be; why, he couldn't even go down to the River Rouge and, after having taken off his shoes and stockings, paddle around in the water! We'll wager that he has had moments when he'd rather change jobs with a truck driver. For the Prince of Wales, you see, is really not a person—he's just a tradition, a bit of fiction that exists in a world of grownup boys and girls. Oh, we do not mean that David Windsor is not a fine young fellow—not at all! All we're trying to say is just supplementary to an editorial in this paper last week; we still contend that overalls are far superior to doublets when it comes to doing the world's work.

Which reminds us of a bit of verse we wrote after visiting Westminster Abbey. Here it is:

Here meet their resting place,
When they have come to die,
Kings, Queens, and Potentates,
Whose fame reached you and I.

A fitting place, no doubt,
With all its pomp and sheen—
Yet I would not exchange it
For the emerald green
Of some sweet, quiet spot,
In some lone graveyard glen,
Where I could lie reposed,
Beloved by fellow men.

Where earth covers me o'er,
And holds within it flowers,
Where those I've loved hours,
May come in saddened hours.

Oh, may I have for roof—
When I have come to die—
The sun to shine in day,
The night the star-white sky;
And hear the tread of feet
Above me on the green
Of those whom I do love,
And know what they do mean!

For, after all is said,
I wonder if the dust
That rests in costly tombs
Proved greater to the trust
(That God implants in all)
Than that which lies unmarked
Upon some hillside green;
And could not each grave call:
"Here lies a King or Queen?"

House," reads a recent news item. Old stuff for Coolidge—Mr. he needs to do now for amusement is to read Democratic and Progressive propagandas, a la Davis and LaFollete.

The Detroit News relates that George Lyle Johnson was made a thief with "cast of dice." Now if the News will only find out who moulded the first cast for the first pair of dice ever made, the Wayne county prosecutor will be able to call a grand jury investigation. Then they can go out and get the sign painter who put the spots on 'em and jail him, too.

What would you give to be a kid again, these days, and crawl among a pile of dry leaves? We'll bet you'd give a good deal to go back to the time when a bonfire of dry leaves smelled—well, just as only the nose of youth can smell.

Steve Madaj, double lifer and bandit leader, has again been taken back to the confines of the Marquette state prison. Undoubtedly the prison walls helped the killer with the old, familiar greeting of, "I got yuh, Steve!"

"Missing cigar dealer hunted in four states," declares the caption over a newspaper story. "H.M." commented the traveling salesman as he read the story, "at last the government has decided to protect us men. An' I can tell Uncle Sam the names of a lot of other cigar dealers that ought to be hunted—and made to smoke their own output."

Speaking of the race for mayor in Detroit, one might hazard the guess that, in certain sections of the Fourth City, Smith bowles over Martin. At any rate, it looks as though the people would make a free press at times to nominate one of the candidates, and it will be news to us if one of them isn't elected November 4. The eccentric part of it is, though, that Saturday night comes on the eighth—not the fourth of November.

Referring again to politics, LaFollete, who is turning his face toward the east for votes, seems to forget that the sun sets in the west. According to the latest fashion notes, bobbs are going out of style—and the women have, it is said, quite a voting strength in America.

Get Your Children Out of the City If You Can... Says Arthur Brisbane

(NOTE: The following article appeared in last Sunday's Detroit Times. It contains an argument for REAL LIVING. Readers of The Eccentric who desire to see their community grow, as well as render a lasting SERVICE to their city, friends or relatives, should clip this piece and send it to someone. Get out your scissors or penknife and cut out this article NOW.)

There has never been seen in the United States—not even in the great boom towns of the west—such an extraordinary land excitement as is now agitating the suburbs of this city.

Millions of savings are invested in lots in Dearborn, Lincoln Park, Royal Oak and the regions to the north of Detroit.

Millions of dollars in profits will be made, AND, UNFORTUNATELY, MILLIONS WILL BE LOST. Long ago—in the winter time—we called attention to our readers to this coming extraordinary development in real estate sales. Prices have already increased. Some of those who purchased in February have sold at a profit now, and will soon regret that they sold at all.

But others, unfortunately, less wise, hurriedly buying without thought, have paid for a lot what should have bought an acre; or, what is worse still, have paid for land UPON WHICH THEY WILL NEVER BUILD AND LIVE.

We repeat our advice, BUY REAL ESTATE WISELY. And we especially emphasize today the importance of taking CHILDREN OUT OF THE CITY.

For a child the difference between life in the city, on the stones, in the dust, and life in the country, among the trees and the flowers, may mean the difference between failure and success.

Every man knows how large a percentage of successful men is found among country boys.

That is because the country MEANS HEALTH. The country MEANS ACQUAINTANCE WITH NATURE AND ITS MARVELS. The country MEANS EXERCISE; IT MEANS LIGHTS OUT EARLY AND GOOD HOURS; IT MEANS FREEDOM FROM TEMPTATION.

There is no doubt that the man and wife of moderate means, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FUTURE SUCCESS OF CHILDREN, should take those children to the country, if they can possibly do so.

The development of rapid transit is only in its infancy, as we have often told you. Within three or four years it will be as easy to live 40 miles from Detroit and come back to work each day, as it was to live in Highland Park 15 years ago.

You can buy wisely now a piece of ground that will increase in value for many years AND GIVE YOU A GOOD HOME IN THE MEANWHILE.

BUT BE SURE THAT YOU CAN LIVE UPON THE LAND THAT YOU BUY.

Think the matter over carefully. Read the advertisements, study transportation facilities, look out for good water supply, for the good school or the probability of its erection.

THE SELECTION OF A HOME IS NEXT IN IMPORTANCE TO THE SELECTION OF A HUSBAND OR WIFE.

Take all the advice you can get, but don't be in a hurry about it.

If you buy for speculation, be cautious, and always ask yourself the question, "Could I live here?" IF YOU would not live there, nobody else would.

If you buy on the installment plan, KEEP WELL WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

Many a man lost his chance of fortune BECAUSE HE WAS TOO GREEDY and tried to carry more than his strength was equal to. Keep well within your means, buy conservatively, but cautiously.

BUT BUY REAL ESTATE NOW. That is the intelligent man's chance to get a home in the country at once and a large profit in the near future.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS—Of Long Ago

Just Bits of News Cleared From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today

Mr. and Mrs. John Bodine were the recipients of three quail and one fine plaque. Forty-two partridge Saturday. The same are reported in the quantified in-law in Owosso, John How.

25 Years Ago

The name of Mrs. Frank Randall Housar is familiar one in Birmingham. Mrs. Housar was recently nominated for Arapahoe County (Col.) superintendent of schools on the Republican ticket, but declined the honor as she says she is in no sense a politician.

Will give music lessons to children in a home on the corner of Frank and Seginaw streets. These lessons will be so reasonable that I hope none will be left out in the cold. Your patronage will be doing me a lasting kindness and one that will be thankfully received. Hattie S. Hafkay.

K. R. K. The Kaiser has given the briefest and best statement of the old conservative view of a woman's sphere with his four K's—order and kitchen, order and kitchen, children and cooking, clothes and church.

The Passion Play at the M. E. church this evening.

There have been 60 interments already made in the new Woodward cemetery.

Young men, remember that respect and refinement lead to success. The lack of these make up the large vicious and criminal classes.

Franklin Sam White Sundayed with his family at Dr. P. A. Bad's.

In relating the misadventure of lost pet kitten recently, little Emeline Mitchell said "my kitten turned a somersault and then she turned right round and turned a somersault."

The Onkoko Club celebrated the birthday of one of their most active members this week, the Rev. H. D. McMillen. He was presented with a beautiful clock and a set of the finest smoking black shirt we ever sneezed with.

43 Years Ago The Troobridge is back from Yorktown being a week or so very thin even now.

They say that Stewart F. Joyce of Southfield is the only man in the township who can put up a clove and neither over nor under.

Highland Southfield boys should be more careful of their private correspondence, or there might be a disturbance between them and the wind mill whose high and mighty.

Don't mind it but we understand that C. A. Bush says he never came in contact with a brighter set of school boys than he ever had. "School" came into harness any letter than his present one.

If anyone wants ashes we can direct them to a lady friend of ours who will only make them up out of the ashes, but throw in all the old iron, tires, etc., which her poor mother has been collecting for the last ten years.

The Neads in this vicinity are in a terrible condition, caused by the late heavy rains, especially so, is the road past the dance place, the George Randall farm. Complants are numerous over this piece of thoroughfare. Fix it up, boys.

The county editor waltzes for wood—and who doesn't? And Sleam of the Holy Advertiser sends up his regular annual smile of denunciation at the very end of the year among the editorial fraternity of the county. Come off your perch, Freddie.

James Casey, a young man with many friends has closed his term of service with "Mr. Wm. Erty and started for work in the wood among the trees, at the residence of his brother, James, speaks in the highest praise of Mr. Erty as a generous, pleasant and agreeable employer, and regrets that he can no longer remain in this section with Mr. E.

We regret very much that we are unable this week to give particulars of an unusual event, namely the wedding of Mr. John Lowry, of Alpena county, to Miss Valina Butolph of Fremont, Michigan, at the residence of the bride's father yesterday (Thursday) Oct. 27, at one o'clock, p. m.

The intricate ceremony was presided over by Rev. C. C. Foot of Detroit. Miss Lucy Butolph, sister of the bride, acted as interpreter. Full particulars of the happy occasion with a full list of gifts, which were numerous and valuable, is promised for the next issue.

There are seven Seniors who expect to graduate next June, '25, and 15 Juniors who are striving hard to break the year from them. '25. This is a fine showing and the scholars should be encouraged by every parent and officer who cares for the rising generation.

A Gerd, having returned home from a 20 day "visit" at Pontiac, Michigan, was nearly dead for some uncertain young and old bloods for getting with catharine during his absence.

National Hotel, G. E. Daines, proprietor, Pontiac, Michigan, has commercial agents. Good living in commercial agents. Good living in commercial agents. Good living in commercial agents.

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NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE
WHEREAS, Minnie M. Pierce, made and executed a certain mortgage bearing date the ninth day of April, A. D. 1922, to the Birmingham Lumber Company, of Birmingham, Mich., which mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Oakland on the fifth day of May, A. D. 1922, in Liber 219 of Mortgages on Page 73;
AND WHEREAS, the amount claimed by the said mortgage, including interest at the date of the maturity of the said mortgage, is Five Hundred Party-Dollars and Seventy cents (\$547.75), including principal and interest and whatever taxes the said mortgagee has or may hereafter pay on the date of foreclosure of this mortgage; and an Attorney-in-Fact for said mortgagee, (as provided for by said mortgage) and no one else, proceeding has been duly appointed to execute and do all things in and to law to recover the debt now remaining due on the part of any and all parties;
AND WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the balance amounting to said mortgage whereby the power of the sale contained in the mortgage aforesaid is now THEREFORE, notice is given that the said mortgage and the power of sale contained therein and of the statute in such behalf made and provided, shall and lawfully be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue, to wit: the market holder at the Register's Entrance of the County House of the County of Oakland, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the first day of October, A. D. 1924, at which time and place the mortgagee and the parties to the mortgage shall be present; and the proceeds of the sale shall be paid to the mortgagee or its assigns, in full satisfaction of the debt and property attached in this foregoing of West Birmingham, County of Oakland, Michigan, in favor of the Birmingham Lumber Company, as shown on the face hereof, to-wit: the sum of Five Hundred Seventy One (\$571) and no more, and the balance of said debt of said Lot of Rego Harbor Sub, being a part of the Township of the City of Eastland, Southeast quarter (1/4) of Section One (1), and the Northeast corner (1/4) of Section Nine (9) East, according to the recorded plat thereof, situated in said mortgaged premises, and any other property of said mortgagee, shall be paid to the mortgagee or its assigns.
KEELING & BOGUE,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.
209-211 First National Bank Bldg.,
Pontiac, Michigan. 14-47

"ACTORS CAVORT FOR COOLIDGE, Al Jolson, Raymond Hitchcock, others entertained at the White