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THE BLOOM OF A CHERRY BLOSSOM

Nature, that Glorious Infinitude that manifests itself to mankind, is busily engaged these days in blossoming forth. Everywhere that one may look Spring, Nature's beautiful bride, is preparing for her Summer garments.

One day last week one of The Eccentric staff brought into the office several almost barren branches from a cherry tree. Numerous buds were swelling, ready to burst forth in that endless cycle of annual birth.

As we sit here, viewing this phenomenon of Nature's, a busy bee has entered an open window, and is drinking the sweets from the blossom. Later on in the season someone will consume the honey that had its beginning in a frail cherry tree twig.

In the meantime man, in his blustering fashion, goes on about his business—creating colossal material projects, overlooking the simplicity of a co-ordinating Nature.

It is the visible world about us, through the aid of Nature's unwavering and unerring laws, becomes a thing of beauty to the eye and mind of man, pray tell us why mankind, itself, does not blossom forth in natural loveliness as the cycles of Time speed their ways?

For, can it be doubted, that man, "created after the image of God," a thing far more precious to his Maker than a cherry blossom?

"FOUR WALLS AND A ROOF"

A great and wise man named Oscar Wilde once said, "All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy."

Is it a tragedy to do the same things our mothers did before us,—to boil, to bake, to sweep, to mend, to do the thousand and one things that are necessary to keep a home from being a mere house? Buying a ready-made dwelling and fitting it in the latest fads of furniture does not make a home. It is a question, rather, of years of association.—The life stories of five Birmingham women have come to a close this spring and we are reminded, for some reason, of another woman, who like them, spent close to half a century making a home of four walls and a roof.

This "Grandmother" Wallace had five grown sons somewhere or other in the world but she herself lived in the little, low home under the willows. The back gate opened into an old-fashioned flower garden where the long, cool summer evenings were spent while Theodore, the cat, slept peacefully on the obollesstones of the door stoop. To the children who flocked at her door every evening with their milk pails, the kitchen, with its glowing range fire casting shadows over the pea-green wood-work and hand-scrubbed floor, seemed a part of the Kingdom of Heaven. Behind the stove a strangely comfortable red rocker with an embroidered tily begged the customers to sit and wait until the pail was filled with milk from the foaming crocks. Rocking violently, the occupant of the chair would munch a cookie and decide to have a house and sell milk just like "Grandmother" Wallace.

And no doubt Oscar Wilde, like the little children, felt the sacredness of such places when, after saying, "All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy," he paused and then added, "No man ever does: That is his tragedy."

COMPLIMENTING THE LOCAL KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Fraternism, as exemplified in the countless lodges that have sprung up on earth, is a blessing that ties together the loose threads of society. That it is working in Birmingham and vicinity is manifested by a recent act of the local Knights of Pythias lodge.

Appropriating several hundred dollars from their treasury, Birmingham Knights paid all the costs of providing treatment for three consumptive persons, two of them not members of their order. In this role the local Knights are only pursuing the love that was shown between Damon and Pythias. Members of the Birmingham lodge are to be complimented for playing the Good Samaritan. May their numbers increase.

MIND: YOUR RICHEST POSSESSION

John F. Dodge and his brother, Horace, founded the second largest automobile factory in the world. Their automobile has been accepted by the world as a good one—the product of two keen minds. But what can be said about another product of John F. Dodge? We refer to his son, John Duval Dodge, who is suing for a one-fifth share in the estate of his four-year-old deceased sister; young Dodge, cut off in his father's will, received two millions of dollars after a battle in the courts. Now he wants one-fifth of about \$12,500,000, the value of his little sister's estate.

John Duval Dodge, unlearned in the values of life, will make a fight to get part of his dead sister's estate. Perhaps he will get what he wants; but what will he have then? Nothing but MONEY. Money is the stuff that is used by the world as a medium of exchange; it may purchase part of what is termed happiness, or it may easily buy sorrow—which it generally does. Money may be earned through hard work; it may be inherited; or one may get it by robbing a bank. As a matter of fact MONEY is the easiest thing on earth to get.

But, to get back to young Dodge, and what we wanted to say is that this young chap, backed with hundreds of thousands of dollars, has yet to learn that ANYONE'S most precious possession is his MIND; to the extent that

we use our minds wisely, for the happiness and comfort of others in rendering a useful SERVICE, do we obtain remuneration. What is young Dodge doing with his mind, to mould it into a fountain of attributes that the world will pay him both money and homage for?

As far as we are able to learn, he is doing NOTHING to enrich the mentality that is his ALONE. He is not attempting to develop it as he goes through life. Certainly, he may be entitled legally to more of his father's GOLD—yet he ought to give some thought to his own SOUL.

"As far as success is weighed, there are thousands of poor men and women—some of them a-flame with talent, and genius, others the doers of little kindnesses, the performers of useful worldly tasks—who far out-value the stores of dead rich men.

Happy is the lot of the son of a poor man—providing he is imbued with a desire to build his own character, to mould his MIND with a will to do deeds of love. Such a boy is rich in the things of life that bags of gold CAN NOT buy!

MR. BRISBANE ANENT "STEALING"

Arthur Brisbane, chief editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers, contributed the following statement in his column in the Detroit Times last Sunday. Read it through several times—it is an indictment against so-called "justice" in this country:

"Outside of high finance, and the bribing of public officials, on a really big scale, crime doesn't pay.

Chapman has been called the 'arch criminal' and reporters have referred to his 'master mind,' baffling detectives, breaking jail, filling the police with dread.

"But the arch criminal and master mind have been convicted of murder in the first degree. And the jerk of a rope, or the rush of electricity through his body, will cut off a master mind from the connecting spinal cord, and the criminal finds that he is only a lawbreaker, with no better chance than the criminal half idiot.

"The American brand of criminal produced by high finance, and our system of stealing public property through bribery of officials, has another story to tell.

"Steal enough, and you are safe. Our prisons are for little thieves. In one court recently a man accused of stealing a pair of shoes appeared with the stolen shoes on his feet.

"Take them off," said the judge. He took them off, and walked to prison in his stockings, while the world admired our firm justice.

"At about the same time, men appeared in court accused of stealing property which one of them had declared to be worth one hundred millions of dollars.

"Another, holding a cabinet office is charged with bribe taking. The giver of the bribe had admitted giving the money.

"What happened there? The usual thing, of course. There were 'flaws in the indictment.' Somebody representing public justice had been too near the grand jury room, when the crimes were discussed. The charges are thrown out, the criminals set free, and all well, on the American plan.

"Say this to your little boy: Beloved son, about to embark on life's rough sea, while you are in the United States, and within reach of its stern justice, don't have anything to do with small sized crime. Never steal anything worth less than a million. Above a million, with the right lawyer, you are safe.

"Steal public streets, steal a whole railroad system, steal the nation's oil reserves, but don't steal an overcoat. If you do, you'll go to jail."

Of course, folks, Mr. Brisbane, in the above satire, really doesn't want ANYBODY to steal. He knows that any kind of stealing is wrong. "What profitteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Still, the man who is imprisoned for stealing a pair of shoes PAYS for it in part by being kept away from society; he may turn out to be better for it when released. But the fellow who steals a million or more and remains out of prison is doomed for life—he pays nothing visible to society, yet he actually forfeits one of his greatest possessions, that of SELF-RESPECT! He suffers a mental leprosy more deadly than any physical ailment—God sees to that.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS of Long Ago

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

43 Years Ago Mrs. Norman Curtiss was immersed at the mill bridge last Sunday. Rev. A. R. Bartlett performed the ceremony which was witnessed by a large number of people. The M. E. church was handsomely decorated for the morning service and the sermon was preached by Rev. Bartlett.

The Reading Room club has disorganized because the most loyal member crowded them out upon the cold, cold world. Mr. Holman will occupy the room vacated by the club as a harness shop until fall when Edson James, the purchaser, will occupy the entire building.

Misses Alice Peabody and Florence Goodrich attended the grand ball last Friday evening given under the auspices of the Birmingham Quadrille band. It was a most successful affair at which the beauty and wealth of the entire community attended. No supper was served as the girls failed to supply the lunch basket.

Several of our young bloods made night hideous last Sabbath evening at the time they should have been attending the temperance meeting, by parading the streets and warbling. "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

At three o'clock Sunday morning Mahon's foundry and feed mill at Warren was burned to the ground. The fire originated in the boiler room. The loss amounts to over \$2,000 and will be largely felt in that burg.

The Birmingham school opened on last week Monday for the spring term of twelve weeks. The high school department enrolled over fifty names while the lower grades show a very flattering attendance.

Edson James moved his pool room from the corner of Woodward and 12th streets to Samuel Holman's hardware store.

Did You Drive Last Sunday?

If you drove past any of our developments in the Birmingham-Bloomfield District you saw the "evidence." Cars drawn up beside the properties. Salesmen checking off their plans the sites that had just been sold. Birmingham is growing. The right kind of people are coming out. Values are steadily increasing. If you ever plan to build, reserve your site NOW. We have the variety—and small monthly payments do the rest.

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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 29th day of March, A. D. 1925. Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of William H. Bledsoe, deceased. S. O. Wylie Bell, a creditor having filed in said Court a petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to the First National Bank in Birmingham, or to some other suitable person.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, each week for three consecutive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in The Birmingham Eccentric, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

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