

# Sending Washing Machine on Mission to Bob-lo

Boat leaves at 9 and 10 o'clock---Tickets 75c & 40c. PHONE 675 FOR TICKETS

## REMINISCENCES.

Of Tollgate Number Three. That For Years Stood on The West Side Of Woodlawn Avenue, One Mile South of Birmingham.

### AT THE TOLL GATE.

Today I have taken the keeper's place  
And tended gate once more.  
But the time draws near for his return  
And my task will soon be o'er.  
But I've tended gate in the days gone by  
And I think, as alone I wait,  
Of the friends and strangers I used to see  
In those days I tended gate.  
It is passing strange, the ones you meet  
That drive the toll gate thru,  
From the man that kisses the Barney stone,  
To the shapely peddler,  
Tis a mixed up crew that are riding thru  
From early hours until late.  
There are white and well, there are rich and poor,  
That pay their toll at the gate.  
There are some that gaze on the tollgate girl  
With looks of proud astonishment,  
And others that eye her o'er and o'er  
Till they'd know her sur's again.  
There are some that come to that while  
O'er should the hour be late,  
They'd harken thru with a nod and smile,  
For the sake of a reading game,  
Ah, over the hilltop far away,  
There comes a funeral train,  
The hearse bears on its way today  
Will pass thru no gate again.  
Oh sadly and slow they are passing thru  
But I keep my eyes on the toll gate,  
For we make no charge, we take no toll,  
When the dead go thru the gate.

Twenty years have gone by since I wrote these lines  
And street cars whiz close by the door  
But not very long since I went back again  
And kept gate for my friends once more.  
Once there were carriages, wagons and carts,  
Horses, mules and men—but you see  
The last were days of course, and they  
Paid their tickets, and toll to me.  
Now bicycles glide thru the gate swift and still  
But big clouds of dust are in the air,  
As an automobile checked his huge steed  
And to me handed over his toll.  
And then it went chugging down the road  
I so scared that hardly could stand  
For I shook in my shoes for fear it would bust  
And I had no soft place to land.

### TO ALICE AT THE GATE.

Alice, dear, have you forgotten  
In the years I have single you  
Of the days we spent together  
At the toll gate, you and I.  
There were days of joy and sorrow  
There were days of love and love  
Days of sunshine, and of shadow,  
All remembered by my heart.  
And all, you surely don't forget  
That lovely summer day  
When the highway ran away,  
And just before the rushing cars,  
Come trutting back again,  
The whistle blew and cleared the track  
But, he also stopped the train.  
And the time your sister Mate and I  
One moonlight winter night  
Put on shoes, overcoats and hats  
We were called on by the knox,  
When Bill with gun and lantern  
Searched the barn for traps in vain.  
For they'd skip up to Mate and I  
Were safe at the gate again.  
And the days my Dutch lad came to woo  
And the songs we sang to him,  
I don't suppose I'd know him now  
If I met him in my door.  
He's long been dead and so have I  
Another was my fate  
And one I never thought would be  
When I was't married away.  
Ah, and we were growing grey  
And the years may be many  
Yet we may pass away,  
But while life lasts, the memory  
Of the days I spent at the toll gate,  
At the old gate by the roadside,  
Will lighten life for me.

Again the long years glided swiftly away  
And once more I went down to the gate,  
A tollgate no more standing there by the road,  
Just a twining vine now is its fate,  
No more do we wait for the teams we may see  
Down the road as they came or fell,  
For no more do I see the drivers strain up to the door  
To hand over their tickets or toll.  
But the Autos buzz by like a hives full of bees  
And tick up on terrible dust,  
But now autos are old and thought never comes  
That they ever intended to bust.  
But those who work with a re-echoed with joy  
And happiness many a day,  
But the Angel of Death has been there since then  
And borne its burdened away,  
And now yet again long, long years have gone by  
The old gate house has been moved away,  
The old gate work in the garden, the well,  
I know—I was by there one day,  
The ripe grain was waving close up to the fence,  
In the garden where the house used to be,  
And those dear friends of mine have passed thru life's  
gate.  
So many an one is left here but me,  
No, no indeed are the years gone for aye,  
But fresh in this memory of mine  
Are those days that seemed to tend to the toll gate,  
In the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine,  
And all those friends of the tollgate old  
Have passed on to eternal rest.  
But only two—Will who dwells close by,  
And Nell in the far off west.  
And I wonder at those years go by  
If it has been my fate  
To be forgotten by those I loved  
When I was't taking gate,  
For now I am nearing the tollgate of life,  
Where the Keeper stands silent and grim  
And my trials, my troubles, my sorrows and pain  
As a life's toll I'll pass up to Him.  
And when at the last my life's toll I have paid  
I'll be glad to see the tollgate old,  
May He give a bright shine to the Heavenly gate,  
Where my loved ones are waiting for me.  
—Eva Raymond-Jenks,  
1220 19th Ave., Tampa, Fla.

## PEOPLE'S COLUMN

**To The Editor:**  
I noticed in your issue of The Eccentric of July 31 that a suitable name was asked for the strip of land extending from Southfield avenue to the River Rouge near Lincoln avenue.  
I thought first of naming it "Southfield Park" but we might get it confused with Louise Lathrop's Southfield Park. I would suggest "Stanley Park." Mr. Luther Stanley once owned all the land now known as Eco City, was supervisor of Bloomfield Township, a member of the village council and an untiring member of the school board. You would always find Mr. Stanley present at the beginning of fall term during the opening exercises. "Bird Park" would also be very appropriate. Rev Robert Bird was our Methodist preacher for several years and built our M. E. church. He owned nearly all of the land extending from West Major avenue to Lincoln Park. It is now owned by Mr. Latham. Also "Lincoln Park" would be O.K. I, personally, owned the strip of land and sold several years ago for four hundred dollars. But, modesty forbids me suggesting the name "Hanna Park."  
Respectfully yours,  
JOHN HANNA.

## WHAT A LADY THINKS OF DEATH

**To The Editor:**  
I like to think of death as the opening of a door, an entering into a larger and more beautiful life, a broader field of service, a place without the handicaps that we have here. It is as if we were in a garden, a place with its beauties, but also with its weeds. It is to work in agreeable contacts with undesirable obstacles; we go out through a door, or a gate, into a more beautiful garden, a place with more beautiful flowers, without the weeds, the thorns, or the sins that mar us here on earth. And as that door only opens one way, it is not coming back, the place we leave behind must just go on living "by faith" as we did, believing that when we reach that heaven, the place where all is pure and good, when, as the Bible tells us, "When we shall see Him face to face," we shall be satisfied. Life here on earth is one struggle after another, trying to attain the heights we dream of, and failing so often. Sometimes, when we strive after certain things and having attained them find them as dust and ashes, we begin to feel that nothing is worth while here. There we shall be satisfied.

## 5,000 War-Orphaned Children In U.S. Whom Legion Will Support

**Detroit, Aug. 13.**—America has a war problem of her own.  
Six years after the World War, and after a billion and a half of American dollars have gone to relieve suffering and starvation abroad, the Child Welfare Committee, of the American Legion reported on January 1, 1925, "There are 5,000 children today in the United States, orphans of men killed in the World War, who need immediate help to secure for them decent homes, education, and a fair chance in life."  
The Legion survey shows about 25,000 American children lost their fathers directly in the war service. Many other fathers, disabled by wounds, disease or "shell shock" are permanently helpless to care for their families. In a certain proportion of cases the mothers are unable to care for the children. The total of American War Orphans and "half-orphans" is large, and is constantly increasing. The American Legion child welfare indicates the majority are being well cared for in their homes. It needs 5,000 who constitute the immediate problem.

**Steps Already Taken.**  
Have discussed the extent of this problem, it appears that the Legion is already taking steps to meet the situation. Its board of action is a determination to see that every war orphan shall have as good a home as any fair citizen's child. It could have had but for the fact of its father giving his life for his country. The Legion National Child Welfare program calls for preserving the natural home if one parent is able to care for the child. If it could have had but for the fact of its father giving his life for his country. The Legion National Child Welfare program calls for preserving the natural home if one parent is able to care for the child.

**Much Local Work Done.**  
There will probably be a limited number of these homes, because much of the Legion's welfare work is performed locally by posts of the Legion, and children are cared for without being sent to the hospital. The Legion cooperates with the many excellent welfare agencies already existing, in order to adopt, and see to the adoption of, orphans in the Far West are planned and land for the first two have been given.

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## Our Job Work Advertises Itself

**Judicious Advertising**  
Creates many a new business.  
Enlarges many an old business.  
Revives many a dull business.  
Recuses many a large business.  
Revives many a dull business.  
Recuses many a large business.  
Revives many a dull business.  
Recuses many a large business.

## We Are at Your Service

Call us or Call us to see us at the office.  
We'll Call on You.

## When The Editor Prints The Truth

A West Texas editor got tired of being called a liar because of an occasional typographical error or slight rearrangement of the facts in publishing commonplace news items, says the Dallas Pheasant. In his wrath he announces in boldface type as follows:  
"A lot of people in this town fall out with the editor and brand him as a liar when the ordinary human mistakes of life show up in a news item. You have a little charity and fellow feeling for every man in town but for the editor. You claim that you want facts and don't if I don't give them to you. Read the next issue of this sheet and you'll see some facts with the oak leaf. I admit that I have been a liar, an editorial liar, ever since I have been editing this sheet, but I have never printed a lie in these columns except to give somebody's feelings a good thrashing but not affect of any of you. I'll be bad blamed if I don't print the plain truth from now on." Not only get out of the habit of calling me a liar every time I make some unavoidable typographical error. Not watch my smoke, either.

Here are some paragraphs quoted from the next issue, the latest mailed to John Bennis, the latest merchant in this paper's office, who left yesterday.  
John Coyne, our groceryman, who was a republican in 1916, and consumes more mail-order whisky than any other member of the Baptist church, is the county, taking a poor business. His store is dirty and dusty. It is a wonder he has any business at all.  
Dave Chastice died at his home two miles north of this place Thursday night. Doc Helderness, who is an old friend of the family, attended him a few minutes before he expired. He gave out that Dave had heart failure. This is a lie. Dave died from drinking too much of a very poor grade of mail-order liquor.

Tom Spradlin married Miss Corry Meador last trades day at the county seat. It is generally known that the marriage was brought about mainly by a Sennington shotgun manipulation of the bride's father. Tom concluded that matrimony was the healthiest thing he could do unless other arrangements could be made.  
Roger Lloyd, cashier of the state bank at Willow Grove, died Wednesday evening and was buried Friday by the Odd Fellows in Pleasant Band and Church. He has been editing this paper for several years and so far hasn't paid us a cent, we thinking he being a banker would pay some time. We will sell the account for two bits worth of fresh produce.

**AMERICA'S DANGER LIES IN APATHY OF CITIZENS.**—LYNCH  
(Continued from Page 1)  
As the annual of those who already live within our boundaries. The immigrant may represent an unruly type of people, but many come from a country that is rife with trouble and disorder, but, mark you, this, he does represent a more advanced civilization, shows a willingness to take an interest in affairs of government, and can be moulded to the ideals that have built this country. On the other hand, millions of present citizens of the United States represent a native character; as far as doing a real good for the country that supports and protects them, they might as well go to the moon.

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## YOU CANT BUY A THING WITH THE MONEY YOU HAVE SPENT



### PUT IT IN OUR BANK

"The mill will never grind with the water that has passed" is an old truth, and, "You can't save the money you have spent" is another old truth.  
But you can stop the unnecessary spending and save and bank some of your earnings. We urge you to do it.  
Nothing can build and develop character and self-reliance like saving and banking money.  
Get ahead! Be a power in your own community. YOU CAN DO IT.  
Open an account today in our Bank. We will welcome you.  
We will welcome you.

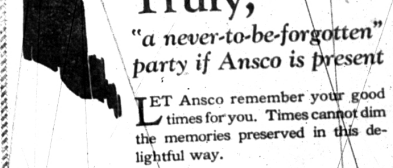
## First State Savings Bank

BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN  
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We invite your inspection of our Anso cameras and film. We have a size and price to meet your individual requirements. We would be glad of the opportunity to demonstrate the many advantages of the different models to you.  
Stop in and see them. Own a camera this season and be sure it's an Anso.



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**Advertisers**  
will find this paper an excellent medium in which to display their bargains and make their warts known.

**Faith Walks Wonder**  
It is a well known fact that the more one believes in God, the more he will prosper. It is a well known fact that the more one believes in God, the more he will prosper. It is a well known fact that the more one believes in God, the more he will prosper. It is a well known fact that the more one believes in God, the more he will prosper.