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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1925

PONTIAC MEETS THE DEMAND

Birmingham has its ideals; so has Pontiac—in fact, the entire world continues to move under the stimuli of longings to attain some phase of idealism. Standing head and shoulders above the material expressions of human ideals, the public schools and churches send forth their beacon lights into the dense darkness of the world. Most of the progress that has been made in this world may be credited to the influence these two institutions have wielded in the mind of man.

Friday evening, September 11, the city of Pontiac formally open its new Junior High School. Eminent speakers will be on the platform to eulogize the public school idea. That is well; Pontiac, like Birmingham, like most of the United States, proves that its municipal treasury is capable of building schools in which to educate the boys and girls who must be fitted for the struggle of life.

THANKING MESSRS. LYNCH AND McGEE

When a man or woman has the ability to step outside of his own particular business to spread knowledge that may aid and uplift another it should be done. When he or she does it without monetary recompense, it is even a finer thing to do.

This is in praise of two Pontiac men, both of them busy attorneys. They are James H. Lynch and Clinton McGee. Both of these men have talked before the Birmingham Exchange Club, each giving splendid messages which, if applied, will add to the decent structure of humanity. The world owes a debt of gratitude to such men; or women, too. They are the kind of people whose mentalities think constructively; they keep the pendulum of progress swinging upward.

"FROM 6:30 TO 12:15"

"The board," declares the Gazette's local column Monday evening, announcing the news of the recent session of the school board, "met at 6:30 and remained in session until 12:15."

And for what? For money? No! For glory? Scarcely; for there is no glory in being a member of the school board. For what? Chiefly for the love of the work, and for what it will do for the world. The school board is no different from a dozen different boards in this town, and in every town. The Y. M. C. A. board works long unrequited hours, as does the Y. W. C. A. board, the county hospital board, the Women's City club executive committee, the Masonic board, and the Knights of Columbus and even the K. K. K. and the city commission—chiefly in the fervid belief that good will come out of it. The best work in the world is done in the joy of the job, and without thought of reward. Some of it may be misdirected. Much of it never shows up in the balance sheet of progress; but it is the contribution of consecrated men and women to the betterment of the world. In the end this service one way or another with all its lost motion, does move the world.

Always the best work of the world is the unpaid work from 6:30 to 12:15.—William Allen White in the Emporia Gazette.

PRaise FOR THE STANDARD

Kind words for the Standard Oil Company have been few and far between in the columns of American newspapers in the past. Justly or unjustly, that great organization has been generally looked upon as one of sinister import.

It is interesting, therefore, to note the almost unanimous commendation by influential newspapers of the Standard's recent adoption of the eight-hour day for its oil field workers in the mid-continent field. Until this step was taken by the Standard, the twelve-hour day had been universal in the oil fields, where the work of drilling goes on day and night. Under the new plan, three shifts must be employed, instead of two.

In adjusting the wages to meet the change in hours, workers who formerly received \$12 a day for twelve hours now receive \$10 for eight hours; those receiving a different wage being subject to a corresponding adjustment. The plan was put into effect with the approval of the workmen.

Following closely the abandonment of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry, this innovation confirms the trend of industrialism to a greater solicitude for the welfare of employees.

SEEKING COMPANIONSHIP

"God, love and money" are given as the "three prime consolations known to man in the difficulty of his life," by Christopher Morley. Morley says that with all three consolations man is supremely happy, with one of them he is contented and with none of them his life is filled with despair and is empty of all joy.

Every community knows its members who, having God, ask nothing more from life. With them God is love and money and life itself. There are other men and women who have love and desire nothing more. They obviously give neither thought nor care to God, or money. As for the members of the human family who are happy with their "money bags," they appear contented in their work of making and spending money. All three of these groups seem to find life worth the living and are probably seldom heard to complain.

But perhaps there is a fourth consolation unused by sage Morley, but none the less consoling to man. This fourth consolation is the power to think. There is no greater consolation than the ability to think alone. Relatively few people can tolerate meditating solitude, but

many envy those who can. There are men and women who know of no better company than their own thoughts. They are called philosophers and their thoughts and words are eagerly sought after by solitude-fearing people. We will extend Morley's prime consolations to include "thought."

Consoling ourselves with thought don't we finally find that all four consolations are but symbols of something else—companionship? Why does man turn to God, love money or his thoughts but for company? Isn't it a fact in the final analysis that man's one consolation is society, not necessarily of people, but of something? Some then will find consolation in God, others in love, others in money and still others in their thoughts, but all in the companionship thus offered to them.

ROMANTIC THOUGHT

The thought is expressed that the people of this age are not as full of happy natural sentiment and romantic feeling as they used to be, and that it takes artificial pleasures to keep them satisfied.

Some middle-aged folks will recall how, as quite young people, they used to revel in a kind of mere joy of existence. The beauty of nature, the fascination of a moonlight night, the loveliness of natural scenery, the melody of a bird song, used to thrill them with enchantment. They felt that the world was a very wonderful place in which it was a great pleasure just to dwell.

When the moon came to the full, and the roads and walks were turned into scenes of witchery with this soft light, the young folks would say it was wasting their time to sleep amid such scenes of charm. It may be said that they were staying up not for the loveliness of the moonlight but for still more sentimental reasons. Yet that was not always the case by any means. They were very romantic over natural beauty.

They would gaze as some scene in a dreamy way, wandering through regions of fancy as they looked to years ahead, and entertained sweet visions of happinesses to come. "Many woe so much that way as to be called 'moony.'"

What the boys and girls think about when they are out late nights now, they only know. Many of them may be more interested in doings that would not look well in the light of the parlor lamp at home.

The present age centers its attention on concrete objects. The student of today is not probably so much fascinated by vague emotional states of mind, as by the question whether he will make the football team next fall. This concentration on practical aims is useful, still it should not stamp its imprint so strongly that we fail to realize the wonderful beauty of the world.

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

Forty-three Years Ago

Midnight Prowlers. Quite a crowd of the lovers of the beautiful in nature, assembled at Mrs. Blackwell's on Tuesday evening of last week to witness the blossoming of a Night Blooming Cereus and the lovely lady came up to the expectations of the audience in fine style. The green homely bud on the half-grown branch commenced to unfold at about seven o'clock in the evening and when we arrived about ten o'clock the beauty was in full bloom in all its perfection, filling the whole house with its delicate fragrance. At daylight the bud had again closed.

Birmingham Union School opened with the fullest attendance ever seen yet. The teachers are: W. C. Hewitt, Principal; Sara Martin, Cause; Preceptress; Flora Jenks, Grammar Department; Emma Chatfield, Intermediate; Ella Smith, Second Primary; Agnes Parks, First Primary. No students from abroad will have trouble in securing cheap and comfortable boarding places. The tuition of non-resident students is very reasonable.

Born: On Sunday last, September 2nd, to Mrs. E. C. Poppleton—a girl.

Miss Tena Swan has been visiting friends in Detroit during the last week.

Every Minute

Scene: Whitehead and Mitchell's drug store. Time: 3:15 in the morning. He was yelling like a painter, and every time he kicked the door we thought him and door would come in together. Cautiously sticking our heads around the upper window we mildly inquired what was the matter.

"Madder enough, you idiot, there is a bran new fired baby girl down to my house—another Blakeslee addition to the village, you know, and if you don't get up and come down and give me two pounds of saffron and in the front of your old shanty, I'll smash the place over your head." We came down as gracefully as our scanty attire would permit and we sat down on sagging street on the wings of the morning with the medicine under his arm, we fully realized that Frank Blakeslee had a new addition to his family.

Our general friend Joe Stockwell was in town one day last week accompanied by his wife and makes mention of her new baby girl down to my house.

The much talked of will case of the late John Jones, which has attracted much attention, was ended last week in the Probate Court. Our readers will remember that the will in question bequeathed all the property which Mr. Jones possessed to Mrs. M. K. Taber. The property was appraised at about \$20,000.

Twenty-five Years Ago

A Good Time Had By All. We said that in last week's issue full particulars would be given of the auction sale of lots in the Whitehead and Mitchell Subdivision and the dance that followed. Well, about all there is to say about it was a success in every way. The lots were given to the purchasers at their own price and M. H. Blant did the talking in his usual happy style. At the dance at Electric Park in the evening

everyone danced who cared to and the large pavilion, was crowded with pleasure seekers all evening.

Nearly all of the lots which are located along Baldwin avenue were disposed of and those who purchased will have no cause for regret as that portion of Birmingham is bound to increase both in population and value in the next few years. Thanks are hereby extended to our friends who made this sale of real estate a real success.

Mrs. N. T. Shaw and daughter, Helen, are visiting relatives at Dawn Mills, Ont. They will be gone about three weeks.

If anyone happens to see O. A. Hunt they will find out his hat and coat are much too small for him. He wears a ten pound boy. All are doing well.

For Sale: One horse phaeton with top, in excellent condition and will be sold cheap for cash. Dr. Charles M. Rapnale.

Mrs. Ethel Swackhammer of Lexington was a guest of Mrs. David Reid on Friday evening. In her honor and to aid in entertaining 25 young ladies and gentlemen was present and a very pleasant evening was passed by all. Refreshments consisting of cakes, fruit, etc., were served.

Music and pleasant conversation made the hours pass very rapidly and when the guests departed for their respective homes, it was with the feeling that a very happy time had been enjoyed by all and everyone present said that the time so good night came far too soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Abelt and daughter, Alma, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. W. Priebe at Escore.

Schools Cool Near Sum

Only forty of those interested in school matters turned out to the annual school meeting held at the school house last Monday evening.

Twenty-five hundred dollars were voted to be raised by direct tax, \$500 of this amount to be used in building fund in the future. Lands in Troy Township were voted to be looked after by the School Board and included in this No. 1 Fractional District. Albert Adams and F. Hagerman were elected trustees for three years. Miss Mattie Baldwin presided over the meeting with dignity and grace and through understanding of parliamentary rules.

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PROBABLY NOT YOUR EYES Many people think their eyes are failing when the only trouble is with the lamps they use. You should realize that lamps slowly and gradually lose candlepower. Small particles are continually thrown off by the highly heated filament and accumulate on the lamp walls. In time, this will produce eye-strain, dimness and anxiety. You can tell this condition easily. Examine your lamps. Are they blackened? If they are, bring them back and exchange for new ones. Costs you nothing.

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