

THE ECCENTRIC WELCOMES NEWS ITEMS. TELEPHONE THEM IN OR BRING THEM OUT AND WRITE THEM IN OUR OFFICE UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK EACH DAY.

FORTY-NINTH YEAR—NO. 35

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1926

Glimpses at and about BIRMINGHAM

By **RAYMOND GIRARDIN**

Glimpses devotees—I apologize—are to have something special within the next two or three weeks, according to information from foreign lands. James Worden MacFarlane of New York City, with whom I was forced into some kind of association during the adolescent stage given over to education, tells me he has found time, between editing a newspaper and writing for magazines, to do some vicarious glimpsing at Birmingham. He has never been farther north than Highland Park and anything he knows about the village is gleaned from this column, back platform conversation of traveling salesmen and an attic whose paper has long since turned brown. . . . all in all highly informative sources.

With a precision, which, I am told, eventuates in a mania for picking list from the seats of strangers, he read the head lines on a newspaper at a stand in Birmingham. Then he read the stories. Then an editorial or two. He laughed softly to himself as he entered the lives of the comic strip characters and he later copied an address listed in the classified ads. With continued precision he replaced the paper, as carefully folded as when it left the press, and continued on his way. Where he went I do not know but another observer guessed he was headed for a bank to deposit the money he had just saved.

If you are interested in para-

dozes I offer this: A serious young lady who devotes considerable time to finding out all she can about people so she may better portray them in her art told me she avoids bridge parties because she hears too much about people. "Progressing to different tables I am always sure to hear unkind things about those whom I have just left," she said. "I do not object to hearing unkind things but it is stupid to hear the same bromides over and over again."

To wait and wait and wonder . . . were we to meet here or there . . . man with the large glasses is waiting too only he doesn't mind it. . . . the trained waiter . . . buy a paper or something or be arrested on suspicion . . . he also serves . . . should call up since it must be the wrong place . . . stop looking into the mirror . . . they are all met . . . well met . . . I am knowing the meaning of eternity.

The brother to the anonymous letter writer has been discovered by a reader of Glimpses who wonders whether a suitable reward cannot be gathered for the advanced display of courage. He is the fellow a note says, who after being connected with someone on the telephone, insults them and hangs up without giving his name. Are there any suggestions?

SEEK TO RECOVER SOUTHFIELD LAND

Suit for Title to Property Worth \$30,000 Being Heard

Recovery of the title to a farm in Southfield Township said to be worth \$30,000 is the object of a civil suit in progress in Judge F. L. Cover's court brought by Mrs. Mary Bartush against her half-brother, Henry Rostler, also known as Elie G. Boudoc. The case opened Monday afternoon with A. L. Moore and Norman C. Orr appearing for the plaintiff and N. Calvin Bigelow of Detroit representing the defendant.

Mrs. Bartush claims her husband filed a divorce suit against her in Oklahoma in the spring of 1925 and she desisted her half-brother her farm in Southfield Township fearing her husband might claim it. She went to Oklahoma and obtained the divorce herself. When she tried to get her land back from her brother she says he refused to deed it. The suit was brought to compel him.

They are natives of Rumania and Mrs. Bartush was obliged to bear her story through an interpreter. She told of coming to this country with her husband in 1903 with only \$700 in money. They lived first in Pennsylvania where they invested their money and kept adding to their savings. She went back to Europe and sold a piece of land for \$3,000 which was invested in real estate in this country. The Southfield farm was purchased in 1921 for \$13,500. It has grown considerably in value in recent years.

Bad Luck Trails Two Travellers --But Not Too Bad Luck

That bad luck can be pretty bad without being too bad is attested today by Fred E. Fisher of north Woodward avenue and K. D. Baker of Southfield avenue, who have returned from a vacation of a few days at Spring Lake.

Both left Detroit in an airplane which makes a regular Detroit to Grand Rapids run. The plane was forced down near Portland because of a severe alert storm, and because of the necessity of a hurried landing, the men were shaken up considerably. The plane was in need of repair before the flight could be continued.

As the travelers were in a hurry they took a motor bus the remainder of the way. Along the road the bus side-swiped a machine but no one was hurt. In Grand Rapids the bus was struck by a truck and considerably smashed.

Returning from the lake the machine in which the men were riding skidded from the road and broke off a telegraph pole. But no one was hurt. And as Mr. Fisher recalled all the adventures he suggested it was probably fortunate the pair did not travel on the thirteenth of the month.

DEATH OF AUTOIST TRAGED TO FOG, AUTHORITIES SAY

Scott R. Lewis, Pontiac Man, Victim of Woodward Accident

INQUEST IS ORDERED

Heavy fog which Sunday night covered Woodward avenue was given by authorities today as the cause of the automobile accident that resulted in the death of Scott R. Lewis, 163 Wall street, Pontiac.

Lewis was struck by a machine driven by George Clark, 140 West Huron street, Pontiac, as the former stood near his truck at Woodward and the Square Lake after he had a few minutes after he was struck.

The story told Coroner O. C. Farmer, with whom Mr. Clark is associated, and Sheriff Frank Lewis was that he was driving north on Woodward, keeping toward the center of the highway, when suddenly he was struck from the front of him. Judging from the man's posture, he said, he thought the man was going to throw some missile into his machine. He jerked his machine, a sedan, toward the left, and rather than go on in the side of the machine was broken and was sprayed over him and Mr. Lewis, cutting them both about the head.

Light Went Out Mr. Lewis had gone to Detroit to see the doctor and was residing at 135 Mt. Clemens street, and was returning when the accident occurred. The lights on the truck went out suddenly, the boy and rather than go on, Mr. Lewis sent him ahead to get a red light while he waited with the truck. The boy returned at short time later, and Mr. Lewis near the truck, went to get the crowd was congregated, and saw him lying on the pavement. He then returned to Pontiac to get Mrs. Lewis.

He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Catherine; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Holland Lewis; his brother and two sisters. The body is at the Farmer's home.

INQUEST IS TO BE HELD AT THE Coroner's office, 1000 Woodward street, according to Coroner Farmer. The man will be taken, also that they have."

ONLY CREDIT ASKED If a newspaper should publish current gossip, or hints and allusions of the best society in the city, it would be criticised by the editor and the editor would be criticised by the stake. Think a newspaper should publish things you say about your townsmen and your neighbors and imagine how it would look in print. Don't criticize the newspapers for what they print, but give them great credit for what they don't print. A newspaper that contains one-half the nonsense current among the best citizens would be a credit to the city. Honest! —Ionia County (Mich.) News.

WINTER ASHES COLLECTED ALL KINDS OF TRUCKING, ASHES AND CANS E. O. Phillips Phone 1221 917 FRANK ST.

CHILD AT PLAY, MOTHER JAILED

Sentenced to 15 Days for Allowing Scarlet Fever Victim Freedom

Mrs. Fern Stoffel of Hazel Park, who served a 15-day term in the Oakland County jail following sentence imposed on her by Judge S. S. Mack, who found her guilty of allowing her child to break quarantine. The complaint was made by LeRoy Potter, state health officer, who testified the child had been outside at play despite the fact that the family had been notified. Potter declared Mrs. Stoffel had removed a scarlet fever sign from the house. The child, Jack, had been ill but Mrs. Stoffel declared he was recovered sufficiently so he could play.

Manager

JOSEPH WARREN TATHAM Mr. Tatham is active today in his duties as manager of the commercial office of the Birmingham branch of the Michigan Bell Telephone company. He was appointed recently and came from Saginaw where he had been with the company since June.

The Other Chap Says Something

"HOW MUCH DO I GET?"

We happened the other day to hear the manager of a large and prosperous business, who was pressing himself on a subject that ought to interest boys and young men who are or soon to be looking for a job. "Four young fellows have been to see me this week about getting work for us," he said. "They were all college boys, intelligent enough I suppose, but without any special preparation for the kind of work we should expect them to do. What is more, they didn't show any interest in finding out what they would have to do or ask themselves whether they had any fitness for that kind of work. What they did ask was, 'What shall I get if I go to work for you? How much shall I be getting a year from now? How much will you pay me in two years?' If they had any idea of the work they would have to give anything in return for what we might pay them, they successfully concealed it. It seems to me most young fellows are like that today."

Are they, we wonder? If they are, it is a lookout for us all, and worst of all for the young men themselves. We don't believe all boys, or even most boys, are interested only in what they can get, and entirely indifferent about giving anything in return. But there are enough boys like the four young men who had aroused his resentment to make the case worth considering.

Neither life nor society nor business owes anybody a living. If you are a young man, who hopes to be drawing a good salary in a few years and a big salary fifteen years from now, you have got to make yourself worth it. You have got to spend the first few years learning what your job is, and fitting yourself to discharge it. Whether you are paid during those years will probably be more than you are worth. Whether you are ever worth any more will depend on your ability to keep your mind off your pay envelope and on the business that is giving you employment. Times are flush now. The cost of living is high and employment is plentiful. They pay more than they used to for the same kind of work; but they do not pay for work that isn't being done any more than they used to; and when the pinch comes, the boy who is always content with what he is going to get next year is among the first to lose his job. It is the young fellow who has spent his time learning to make himself indispensable who stays, and who gets the big salary his brother dreamed about.

All boys used to understand this. It was part of an old-fashioned education. The youngsters, when they got out of school, went to work and learned their trade. They were not paid for their work, but they were not allowed to loaf either. They were expected to learn their trade and to be ready to work for it. They were not allowed to be idle, and they were not allowed to be lazy. They were expected to be industrious and to be honest. They were expected to be good and to be true. They were expected to be brave and to be strong. They were expected to be wise and to be kind. They were expected to be everything that a young man should be. They were expected to be the best of what God has made.

THEM AS HAS GIT'S

With only 6 per cent of the world's population and 6 per cent of the total land area, this land of the free is producing and exporting 51 per cent of the world's pig iron, 66 per cent of the steel, 61 per cent of the copper, 62 per cent of the lead, 64 per cent of the zinc, 62 per cent of the petroleum, 43 per cent of the coal, 32 per cent of the timber output, 45 per cent of the naval stores, 42 per cent of the phosphate, 80 per cent of the sulfur, 55 per cent of the cotton. The railroad mileage, and 40 per cent of the electric power. We build 87 per cent of the motor vehicles, and 81 per cent of all the motor vehicles in the world run on American roads.

Where are the spiritual leaders of the world except to look for themselves? With all our leadership in machinery we are going for peace and good will among men?

Them as has git's, which is as true of spiritual things as of material things. And alas, it is also true that from "Those who have

HOOE BEATS

An Autobiographical Novel By **Pathos Petoskey**

Synopsis: When Little Red Riding Hood arrived at her grandmother's apartment she smelled gas. The large man with the mustache rolled a cigaret with lean long, thin, nervous fingers as the detective peered through the door. So the bunny rabbit said he would lay five bucks on the green.

CHAPTER II Pathos, his mother and father kept up their trembling over the noise at the door until their neighbors protested. They threatened to get out an injunction restraining Maslovich and his family from trembling. Such carrying on was a menace to the good name of the neighborhood, they said.

Pathos remembered all this. It was one of his first memories, this trembling. He remembered that they all sat there and trembled for days after the noise stopped and none of them knew what it was all about. The mother, in her thin voice, kept insisting it was a banister and the father, who was a coxack and a drinker of vodka, was all for taking a sock at somebody. They felt foolish when they found out what the noise really was. Many years after, Pathos still felt foolish when he thought of the incident. It was the first automobile that had found its way to that part of Russia. Pathos was ten and it was his first machine. Not his, really, but the first one he young blood who later became Pathos and his parents were little more than peasants.

After that Pathos was intent on being a manufacturer of automobiles or a chauffeur. "What normal boy of my age would not want to be a philosopher, one day at breakfast. He always did think like that at breakfast. And what a

The clergy may do as it pleases, but it takes a lot of nerve to abolish hell in times like these. We shudder to think what Ananias would have said the thermometer on his porch registered, "Christmas is coming, but it means little to Europe. She no longer believes in Santa Claus."

Your Neighborhood

BIRMINGHAM is a home community envied by all. The fine homes in our—

- QUARTON LAKE ESTATES BIRMINGHAM PARK BIRMINGHAM RIVERVIEW BIRMINGHAM FOREST HILLS BIRMINGHAM ESTATES EAST MAPLE GARDENS

make a splendid investment for your friends. May we show them!

Walsh, James & Wasey Co. 1530 Penobscot Bldg. Callers Also In Birmingham and Bloomfield Hills. If it's Birmingham or Bloomfield Hills—See Walsh, James & Wasey Co.

Senior Washington Group Movie

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "The Black Pirate" COME AND SEE in "The Black Pirate" One of the Sensations of the Season! Baldwin High School Auditorium Admission 25c and 35c

Senior Washington Group Movie