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# Birmingham Eccentric

"For a Bigger and Better Birmingham"

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## "Become as Little Children.."

It was last Sunday evening. Billy and John, aged five and a half and three and a half, respectively, were sitting on our lap, preparatory to getting undressed for bed.

We asked them the kind of question that all children are capable of answering at this time of year: "Who is coming to our house this week, boys?" And both chorused "Santa Claus!"

"And why should Santa Claus visit our house this week?" we again queried.

"'Cause—'cause, well 'cause we both been good boys an' sister Sus'n's been good, too," responded little John, as he put his arms about my neck and added, "I love you, Daddy."

"What's Santa Claus going to bring you, boys?" was our next question.

"Some toys—an' maybe a-nelectrick train," shouted Billy. And John then chirped—his face all aglow with a kind of sincerity and simplicity that adults seldom show in their countenances—"an' we won't break our toys, either, Daddy—will we, Budder?"

In a way, we think that Billy and John have a pretty fair understanding of Christmas. They believe that Santa Claus will visit them because they have earned good things by being good boys; they promise not to break their toys. They love their parents.

The Man in Whose memory Christmas is commemorated once said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We wonder if He didn't mean that little children, in their appreciation of simplicity, their tender affection for their parents, their entire lack of vanity and greed, lust and avarice, are the kind of people that adults OUGHT TO REMAIN.

For, Folks, there never was an unkind act committed, a wrong thought given expression, that did not have behind it the desire for material things—the things that "moths consume and rust decays."

Christmas is here again—holly and mistletoe; gifts and smiles are exchanged, little children are made happy and the whole world takes on a roseate hue of friendly gratitude.

All of us sort of become as little children. Could we do wrong on Christmas Day?—of course not!

May the spirit of Christmas abide with us every day in the year—may it re-create us with the spirit that abounds in that world that all of us once romped about in, that world of Beautiful Childhood; that world that made our tiny hands clutch into HUMAN HEARTS—and not into bags of Gold!

—G. R. A.

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