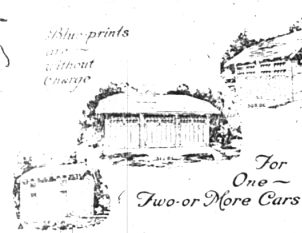


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The garage illustrated is but one of the many distinctive and practical models presented for your selection. For one, two or more cars

Why house your car in a rented garage, and in bad weather be obliged to walk blocks to your home? An attractive and well-built garage increases your property value many times its cost of construction.

A reliable contractor will be recommended to build your garage and put in the cement work, should you desire.

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LUMBER COAL AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

Prices do not include lamps

\$12³⁷

and your old fixture for this beautiful Riddle Fitment

Regular nationally advertised price \$16.50



—due to our 25% trade-in allowance

And you can trade in all your old fixtures on the same basis, securing a 25% allowance on each Riddle Fitment you select to replace an old style fixture. You know the allowance is genuine, because each Riddle Fitment bears a tag with the nationally advertised price. Come in and see us now about this wonderful chance to beautify your home with Riddle Fitments and obtain an allowance for your old fixtures.

HAWTHORNE-ELECTRICAL CO.
Phone 299 124 West Maple Ave.

Authorized Riddle Dealer

Just To Make You Smile The While

Couldn't Fool Charley
Up in the Ozarks there was a hill billy who had a family of twenty-one boys. He and his wife drove to town once a year for supplies, but the rest of the family had never seen a side-saddle. The oldest boy, who was 24 years old, had never had a haircut or shave in his life and never looked in a mirror.

On the annual trip to town the old man picked up a looking-glass at the store and stuck it inside a crate with the remark, "Maw, it's time the younguns seen themselves." Back home the boys forgot out to meet them. There was a burst of guffaws from the oldest boy who was staring in the crate at the looking-glass.

"Charlie, what you-all laffin' at?" demanded one of the other boys. "Nawthin," said Charlie, still cackling. "Charlie, what ails you?" demanded his mother. "Taint nawthin, maw," drawled Charlie.

"Charlie, if you don't tell me I'm going to whup ye," she snapped. "Aw, well, maw," said he. "I'll tell you, Paw's bought a wolf."

Suffering from lost memory as getting to be almost as good a defense as going plumb crazy.

Young people are not expected to know as much as the older ones, but they admit that they do.

Correct this sentence: "It is an utterly foolish bill and of course, the legislature will not pass it."

The Chicago grand opera singer who filed a petition in bankruptcy probably began too prodigal with her high notes.

Why Worry?
After much excitement the Smiths at last had managed to get under way on their motor trip. As they drove along they began to wonder if they had left anything behind.

"Oh, Henry," she gasped, "forget to turn off the electric iron!" "Don't worry, darling," he replied. "Nothing will burn. I forgot to turn off the shower bath."—Associated Automotive Journal.

This winter weather has been unreasonably erratic. Congress ought to appoint an investigating committee, or at least pass a resolution about it.

Two million Hindu pilgrims took a bath in the holy River Ganges as a religious duty during the recent eclipse of the sun, and probably needed it.

Alaskan Eskimos have been employed to instruct natives of Greenland in the care of reindeer, which suggests that our correspondence schools are overlooking something.

Mystery
A guest at a resort hotel was

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complaining to the maitre d'hotel: "Your lunch today was terrible. I nearly lost my appetite." "So? What was the matter?" "Well, I found a hair in the ice cream, a hair in the honey, and a hair in the apple sauce."

Sweet Revenge
"Three gallons of gas, please." "Yes sir. Want some cylinder oil, too?" "No, just gas."

"Do you want some paint? Your car needs it, and we've got some dandy paint—heat proof, dirt proof, guaranteed to wear long." "No, I want only gas today."

"Then you want your car washed?" "I said that I wanted only gas." "You want a nice tire, then, We've got some good non-skids. Only \$40 apiece. Want one? Yours—"

"I tell you I want only gas today!" "Yes sir, but—say your rear lights are all shot to pieces. You need new ones. We just got in some new crack-proof celluloid lights. Shall I put some in?"

"No! I want only gas, do you understand?" "Your magneto needs adjusting—didja hear that funny noise in the motor when you stopped? It needs adjusting. I'll fix it, what?"

"No! I want only gas, gas! Do you hear?" "Yes sir! And with the gas obtained the exasperated motorist drove angrily away. But for once the garage man had got even with his barber—W. Peter Schram, in New Yorker.

It's a short work that has no turning.

Atlas is no doubt the patron saint of the hold-up men.

Unlike truth, pedestrians crushed to earth seldom rise again.

Too Much For Him
Police (producing notebook): "Name, please." "Motorist: 'Aloysius Aloisire Cyron, on an egg-shampoo'."

Policeman (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again." "Punch (London).

If President Coolidge is in the habit of talking to himself, the White House reporters should also have a try at lip-reading.

Efficiency experts declare that 113 present sizes of tacks may be eliminated; still, the tire repairers have to live.

"Is my wife forward?" asked the passenger on the Limited. "She wasn't to me, sir," replied the conductor politely.—Amherst Lord Jeff.

Buttons are now being made out of potatoes, but manufacturers must soon find a substitute that is not prohibitive in price.

George II of Greece may locate in Florida and with the boom now on he ought to find a good opening for one more restaurant.

The Real Article
"I'm a very busy man, sir. What is your proposition?" "I want to make you rich."

"Well, leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a deal by which I expect to make \$7 in real money."—Boston Transcript.

The Other Chap Says Something—

'OLD MEN DREAM DREAMS'
We were talking with Whit Douglas, Emporia's handsome barber, the other day about the barber business. It ran this way:

"Whit, wouldn't it be grand to see an old-fashioned basement barber shop again with a spittoon by every chair, and no women in a thousand miles?"

"Well," says Whit, "our business has sloughed off two great professions in 500 years, first, we got rid of the doctors in our profession. They pulled out and set up doctor shops independent of their old calling as barbers, and then we shed the dentists who got proud and went off by themselves and established tooth pulling establishments. And it's getting time now for another branch to fall off the old tree. Next time it will be the chitronors!"

"The what?" "The what?" "The beauty specialist, scalp treaters, fingernail whittlers, massage rubbers and the power and rouge artists. You know the lady fixers generally."

"Gee, Whit, and when that bunch goes will Gasey The Police Gazette and the New York Clipper, and the fellow in the back chair telling the shop about the Irish and the Jew and the colored preacher!"

"Mebbe," says Whit, "you never can tell what you will get after one of those upheavals. Our trade is funny that way. After it lost the does it was quite stylish and set up for a century or two. When we lose the beautifiers in another hundred years, we may be pretty perky. You can't tell."

"Say, Whit, wouldn't it be grand to go into a shop where the air was thick with blue smoke and grab up an old copy of Puck or Judge or The Police Gazette and read of 'man's duplicity and woman's worse than weakness' again; a nice dirty old barber shop with none of this sterilizing nonsense about it, where every man had his own cup and the sweels had their razors parked with the head barber! Gosh, Whit, what has become of the travelling man who used to get an egg-shampoo!"

And old men dream dreams! —William Allen White, N. Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG
Dr. E. L. Palmer, or Cornell, said something to the American Nature Study Society convened in Kansas City, which is worth thinking about.

Dr. Palmer asserted that the contrast of the American boy as he enters kindergarten and as he leaves college is a sad one. "He enters the kindergarten with a joyful wide awake interest in all that is going on in the world, and a desire for explanation," said Dr. Palmer. "And leaves college with a sheepskin and a nonchalant attitude toward the world and its doings."

"When he enters school, he wants to know everything, and when he leaves school, he wants to know nothing. The little boy spirit that makes him tear up a drum to see what is inside, gives way to the falsely superior attitude of not caring a continental what is inside of it."

There is at least enough truth in this analysis to make it severe comment on the results the American educational system as we have seen for many a day. Probably almost every reader can think of a case or two in point. At least everybody has observed the delightful experiences of the normal youngster for knowledge, and has seen the almost blasé indifference of the college youth or girl who has "finished" and has been about finished, as far as a desire to learn is concerned.

Where the fault lies is pretty difficult to say. There are probably a good many contributing causes, some of them are to be found in the system, some of them in the constitution of the young people themselves, some of them in the environment in which they live. And perhaps there is no general remedy. But whether there is or not, the situation is tragic! it is not that tragic, it is pathetic.—Detroit Free Press.

AT B. F. KEITH'S TEMPLE
THEATRE, DETROIT, MICH.
Charlotte Greenwood, the "So Long Letty" girl, bright star of the Broadway comedy, headlines the bill at B. F. Keith's Temple Theatre starting Sunday afternoon. Miss Greenwood returns to vaudeville bringing with her the choicest bits from the "Music Box" and the "Ritz."

Her sketch of the week is called "Her Morning Bath" and it proves a delicious comedy morsel. Martin Brodsky, the well known comedienne, accompanies Miss Greenwood and has provided her with some snatching songs hits. Others billed: Bert and Betty Wheeler, late stars of Ziegfeld's Follies offer a routine called "Bits of Stange" and E. E. Stange, the comedian, in a musical sketch called "Wait-in," with Jack Egan, Theo Brown and Ernest Allen; Ernest Brown, one of the sure-fire on vaudeville in his new offering "Nothing Serious"; dancers in a flash of color and grace; Violet and Charlotte Singer, two attractive girls in songs and chatter; "Heedon" the world's most intelligent dog and Clyde Cook in "Wandering Paps" Hal Roach's latest fun film.

"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"
AT BONSTELLE NEXT WEEK
The man who came back all right—back from the northernmost side of the world, morally, mentally and physically. How did he get back from the very depths of depravity, from a reckless life, from the state of abandonment, from the midnight pit of hopelessness and utter despair? He was, a woman dragged him back.

"The Man Who Came Back," the highest and most convincing type of melodrama, done by Jules Eckert Goodman from John Fleming Wilson's story of the same name, will be the next offering of the Bonstelle Company. It stands forth as one of the most successful and interesting of all American melodramas and being offered on account of its virility and the many requests that have poured into the Playhouse.

Always get your "Classified Ad" into The Eccentric office before each Wednesday night.

A Nation's Tribute

Washington and Lincoln lived for the ages. The world joins the Nation in paying tribute to the memory of these men who gave unreservedly of themselves that certain ideals of right might prevail and that this country might live and find a place of high esteem among other Nations of the world.

Great as were these men, the homely virtue of good common sense was at the bottom of the power that enabled them to carry the country successfully through one crisis after another. The practice of thrift in the broadest sense of the term was widely advocated by both Washington and Lincoln, and surely if these two men found thrift a practice to be commended, you and I will find it equally good to follow.

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Bloomfield Township Election Notice

At the Township primary election to be held Saturday, March 6, 1926

There will be submitted to the electors of said Township the question of purchasing

A Public Township Park

Composed of four acres, more or less, known as Lot 14, Bloomfield Manor Subdivision, at a cost of Fourteen Thousand Dollars (\$14,000.00)
Said election to be held under the following Act:

Any Township or townships in the state of Michigan, being contiguous or adjacent territory, may acquire by gift or devise a tract of real estate which shall be contiguous or adjacent to the territory acquiring the same for a free public park or resort, and are hereby authorized to hold such real estate in fee simple for such purposes. The Supervisor of such Township shall comprise a board of commissioners for the control of such park or resort and in case any such supervisor shall decline to act as such commissioner, then the township board shall designate a member of the township board to act as such commissioner. In case there is only one township interested in such park, then the township board shall be the board of commissioners. Such commissioners shall act in that capacity during the term of office to which they were elected respectively in their townships and until their successors are elected and qualified.

THE POLLS WILL BE OPEN FROM 2:00 P. M. TO 9:00 P. M.

James V. Bayley
CLERK.

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