

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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Thursday, February 3, 1927

THE INTERLOCKING WORLD

Since the rapid development of modern methods of communication and transportation the world has shrunk so far, with the people of the earth continually growing larger, one nation, be it ever so small and apparently insignificant, cannot turn over nor stir up, nor stretch, nor jounce out an elbow without jostling the other nations. Indeed, the interlocking that is not merely the adjacent nations on all sides which are affected by movement or movements of any given nation. But if one nation progresses, it retrogrades, if it trembles with a convulsion, or expands with an effort or a development of any kind, all other nations, nearby and remote, even to the uttermost parts of the earth—are affected.

If one country were the sole producer or source of one necessary commodity and some disaster should reduce that production to nothing or very out that source, then the distributed supply in other lands should become exhausted the world would be affected in all directions and in varying conditions by the famine in that commodity.

And the same principle applies to nearly all articles of trade: Drought in a strike in Asia has its effect on American business; a strike in England has its effect upon business in America; legislation touching certain lines in South America, would affect the nations of the world.

The nations cannot live into themselves, even in business. And through other interests the same principle holds with perhaps less tangible grip but with no less certainty of the fact. This is a world of people of one race of humanity—an ever-shrinking world as measured by natural or invisible ties that bind the tribes of men together.

LOYALTY IN SERVICE

The character of the individual may be very largely gauged by the measure of loyalty he exercises toward the person or institution that provides him with employment. A real ingrate is the person who is loyal to the one to whom he owes the obligation of service.

The test which may be applied to the individual is equally good when applied to a group of persons, organized to act as a unit. An act of unfairness is no less culpable because it is committed by a group rather than by an individual.

Persons who feel under certain obligations to be loyal to an individual who in their employer, though they have no such feeling when their employer is a corporation. It is the same idea that rules the man who believes he is honest but would ride free on a public conveyance if he could.

Many manufacturers and other employers complain that they are paying the highest wages in the history of their business, but they say that production has not increased and that the quality of the work, if anything, has deteriorated.

It is plain that there is need of a return to the principle of "an honest day's work for an honest day's pay." Any person who takes wages without giving anything in return is not only unprofitable to his employer, but he is also a parasite upon the community.

BACK UP NEWSPAPERS

Frequently we are so closely associated with institutions or a commodity that we do not appreciate their worth. This applies in general to newspapers. Every individual has his newspapers. Even sometimes a few houses and a store and garage at a "wide place in the road" constitute excuse enough for the starting of a newspaper and not infrequently that wide place in the road becomes a real town and when it does one may rest assured that a newspaper that seemed to have had no excuse for beginning its life in the very infant part to play in the community's unexpected development.

So it is all along the line of progress. No city ever gets very far without the sincere cooperation of newspapers. Yet no institution in a city ever gets less thanks or receives more abuse.

Probably no other thing is a better index to a town's progress than its newspapers. Very often that is about all the stranger has to go by in making up his mind about a community. If the newspaper that falls into his hands is a bright-looking sheet, full of news and has a prosperous air, the stranger is certain to judge that it was published in a live, progressive town.

ENLARGING THE VILLAGE COMMISSION

Birmingham, from all present appearances, will soon have its governmental destiny placed within the hands of seven local persons. This is practically assured, on Monday of this week, the village clerk received the seven-man commission from the Governor Green, thereby giving it the necessary legal standing to place it on the ballot for the annual village election March 14.

You will remember that prior to the circulation of the petition for a seven-man commission, the village commission passed a resolution in favor of voting a charter amendment for the present five-man commission, thereby giving it the necessary legal standing to place it on the ballot for the annual village election March 14.

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OFF TO A GOOD START

Regardless of the State Administrative Board's decision relative to the local Woodward Avenue problem next Monday, whether it be one 204-ft. roadway over the present Woodward Avenue, or two parallel 100-ft. roadways, it must be admitted by all those who have appeared at Lansing that Governor Green in conducting his administration with respect for the citizens' rights. We have heard more than one person comment on his courteous treatment of the public, and his apparent willingness to administer his exalted office to the best interests of the entire State of Michigan.

Even those who were most vigorous in their opposition to the present Governor during the recent gubernatorial campaign have been heard to say "Fred Green looks and gets as though he knows his business. Although I voted against him in the primary, I'm for him strong right now." That sort of sentiment is bound to take a public official a long way in the esteem of a fickle general public.

TAXING LEGISLATIVE "GAS"

Although we are not severely opposed to a three-cent gas tax, or even a four-cent one, we do think that the State Administrative Board has long overlooked a manner of gas tax that could be levied to the great advantage of Michigan citizens. It consists simply in the present tax on each gallon of gas, but in the time that he consumes it to try to pay across something which he believes so necessary to save the dear people. Should the entire Legislature then become frugal, and thus contribute into a little of the gas tax fund, they would still save the State thousands of dollars in other ways. As long as we're to have a tax on gas, let's include everything that has wheels—regardless of whether or not they mesh properly.

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SOCKET

Life gives to us so many, many things Of worth. Could we call one of them the best It would not be the bird who builds his nest Close by, and all the day so blithely sings.

It would not be the evening bell that rings And tolls us all to sleep, and sweetest rest. A wail, nor the surly cry of the wail, Nor flowers, nor the joy that money brings.

Ah, no, for may lives have treasures few Like these, and yet a wealth of bliss they own. If we be rich in friendship and in love, And company of friends can hold in lieu here, When we are gay or sad or old alone, Then truly we have treasures laid above.

—BEATRICE McDONALD.

COMMENTARY

COMMENDS 100-FT. WOODWARD HERE

The following communication on the local Woodward Avenue situation is written by one of Birmingham's citizens, Mr. L. R. Nicholson, of 415 Greenwood Avenue. We thank Mr. Nicholson for his tribute to our sincerity in conducting The Eccentric in the interests of our readers. Here is the letter:

"I have read with interest a number of your comments editorially on different questions which are vital to public good and have thought upon several occasions that I would drop you a line and show my humble appreciation for the words expressed, but have never got down to business in this respect. Cannot refrain from taking the time to refer to your editorial in your issue of January 20th, entitled, 'A Dream or a Reality—Which?'

"I have resided in Birmingham about four years. During that time I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper and have read your several articles referring to the improvement of Woodward Avenue and have noticed the practical way in which you have dealt with the matter." This last word of yours referring to the State Administrative Board and their decision to make Woodward Avenue a 100 ft. thoroughfare, is in keeping with other timely editorials which have come out of your office.

"I believe it would be a waste of money, no matter how much money it is to make the present Woodward Avenue over 100 feet wide and as long as the State Authorities are willing to go ahead with the improvement on a 100 foot basis and do the job this summer, I am of the opinion that to delay the matter, in favor of a wider highway, would not only be a poor business policy, but an expenditure of public money not in keeping with the results obtained.

"More power to you and your paper to put the 100 foot highway across as speedily as possible; not forgetting the Grand Trunk right-of-way which is a way out for those who favor the larger improvement. This can be utilized, at a later date, for additional right-of-way purposes should those who favor this plan be in the same frame of mind when the Grand Trunk tracks are removed.

Respectfully,
 (Signed) L. R. Nicholson."

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

43 YEARS AGO—William Hunt has taken the milk traffic relinquished by Charles Starr and now disposes the lacteal fluid to numerous customers.

H. H. Chatfield, of Troy, is living on Mackinac trout, his son-in-law, Mr. F. B. Raynale, of Tawas, having expressed to him a monster.

You can't have too much of a good thing and here comes Kip, the milk truck, over the arrival of a big boy on Sunday last.

The whist party at the home of C. M. Raynale on Friday evening, Feb. 2, was postponed until Friday evening of next week on account of the old folks' party at National Hall on the evening of the 14th.

It would seem as if the business men of Birmingham had terminated to have a grand right and left dance all around this spring. In addition to the numerous business changes noted in our last issue we have still another important change to chronicle. Late in the week E. B. Hageman sold out his stock of drugs and groceries, good will and business generally, to Mr. F. B. Raynale and his brother, Dr. C. M. Raynale. The new firm commenced business in Mr. Hageman's old quarters on Monday last under the title of F. B. Raynale and Brother, which wish them an abundance of prosperity.

We always thought that George Mitchell had a sneaking kind of banking for the feminine gender and on Monday morning last our suspicions were substantiated. He came to the window of our domicile "in the wee sma' hours" about the dawn of the day and situated in a voice like a steam whistle that if we wanted to see the cutest, sweetest, bluest-eyed, bonnet, little ten-pound girl on earth, we could have the esteemed privilege by calling at his residence, corner of Chester and Willets street, this village.

The next day he borrowed our best pants—and they were too short for him. We expect him to deplete our linen wardrobe until he is such size as he shall have regained his ordinary dimensions. Meanwhile, if not quite eclipsed all his former glories, he is doing well, thank you, and the little man is as tickled as a baby with his first pair of boots.

The face between the Rochester man and James Van Every's large crowd on Wednesday last, the Rochester nag man was nowhere in sight with the little buzzer, who took the rap.

3 YEARS AGO—Three straight heats, with scarcely a skip.

25 YEARS AGO—Mr. A. E. Miller are visiting their many relatives in Chicago and having a very nice time. He is very glad to be in his old home and is glad to be with James A. about the night he does. Tattered.

In a card in the Detroit paper a woman thus thanked an insurance company for the prompt settlement of her claims: "August 9 my policy, and in less than a month was awarded. I consider it a good investment."

Found—a bull dog. He followed the finder home and scared the owner to death (nearly). Owner can have "any" by addressing C. J. Shain.

The last meeting before Lent of the Birmingham Ladies' Whist club was held last Friday at the home of Mrs. A. E. Jacobs who played the part of a most agreeable hostess. Her home was prettily decorated in yellow and white and the ladies were treated to a delicious lunch tastefully served at the close of the game. The guests departed with many regrets that the afternoon was so short and had passed so quickly.

William Pallister, of Big Beaver, gave us a good call Monday night and we wish that he had separated himself from a five-dollar bill to pay us for five years' subscription to this great moral engine, The Eccentric.

The Ladies' Literary club next meet with Mrs. Whitehead next Monday evening.

Neil Bloomberg is able to be around again.

Clinton McGee, the young Farmington orator, has been chosen a member of the University of Michigan, debating team, who will meet in the University of Pennsylvania in a few weeks.

The thirteenth annual banquet of the Lincoln club of Oakland County was held Wednesday last in the Pontiac opera house and his ordinary dimensions. Meanwhile, if not quite eclipsed all his former glories, he is doing well, thank you, and the little man is as tickled as a baby with his first pair of boots.

The face between the Rochester man and James Van Every's large crowd on Wednesday last, the Rochester nag man was nowhere in sight with the little buzzer, who took the rap.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"Martin," by Joyce Kilmer.

Like E. A. Robinson's "Flamingo," this poem by the late Joyce Kilmer is a striking poem in portrait of a man, a man whose whole life done with a few deft and powerful strokes. Had Kilmer lived, there is no telling how far he might have gone in his art. He had intense sympathy; he had the gift of the pen; he had understanding the smaller things, and he could brush away extraneous things and reach the facts through some almost uncanny power. For that reason he was a brilliant journalist and interviewer. "Martin" must have been known to him—though he may not have known him long. In a single day he must have found him, and read him, mastered his character. It is a kindly, gentle portrait with just the right shading.

When I am tired of earnest men, I read and keep and stare, and cleave Pursuing fame with brass or pen Or coining metal disks forever. Then from the halls of Shadowland Beyond the trackless purple sea Old Martin's ghost comes back to Beside my desk and talks to me. Still on his delicate pale face A quizzical thin smile is showing. His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lines. His kind blue eyes are gay and He wears a brilliant-brushed cravat—A suit to match his soft gray hair. A rascal stick, A knowing hat, A manner blithe and debonair. How good that hax who always knew That being lovely was a duty. Should have good health to wander through And should himself, inhabit How like his old unselfish way. To leave those halls of splendid mirth. And comfort those condemned to stay Upon the dull and sombre earth. Some people ask: "What cruel fate Made Martin's life so sad a story?" Martin? Why, he exhaled perfume. And wore an overcoat of glory. A flock of sunlight in the street As a horse, a look, a girl who smiled. Such visions made each moment sweet. For This receptive ancient child Because it was old Martin's lot To be, not make, a decoration Shall we then scorn him, having not His genius of appreciation? Rich joy and love he got and gave. His heart was merry as his drive. His laurel wreaths upon his brow Who did not gain, but was, success.

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ALLAH BE MERCIFUL

Little Alah bobbed-haired, rolled stockings, high-crowned, flapper, who per from the University of Michigan, has entered the harem of Duke and a Philippine dignitary. And the Kansas press is dripping with sympathy for him.

Little they know about University of Michigan flappers. The atmosphere of a harem compared with that of a sorority house, which was the case on Friday night, will seem pretty tame.

But Allah protect the sultan! The little flask-toter will organize the girls into a Woman's Student Government association, and put their heavy sugar pans on a limit of two nice nights a week. And send him home promptly at 10:30.

As one brother Grege to another it seems to us that old Durr Tah has had a most unfortunate case just once too often!—Empire (Kansas) Gazette.

W. H. Benedict passed away at 12 o'clock Feb. 11, at his home in Bloomfield township. He was a well-known farmer and a prominent fruit-grower. He owned one of the finest fruit farms in Oakland county and was a highly respected citizen. He leaves a wife and daughter. The funeral was at 2 o'clock today.

Married at the bride's home in Royal Oak Tuesday evening, Feb. 11, Miss Agnes Todd and A. W. Miller, of Detroit. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. C. Kusuma. Miss Margaret Benne took charge of the supper which was a very dainty affair. Their many friends were wishing them a happy future.

The Misses Carrie and Alta Poppleton were participants of the J-Hop at Ann Arbor last week. It was the grandest affair of the year, and this particular hop was the most elaborate ever held. The young ladies had a very happy time.

The Chrysanthemum Pedro club held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. L. M. Huber last Tuesday evening. Ace prizes were won by W. B. Berraw and Mrs. Ann Miller, and best prizes Mrs. M. R. Blair and Mrs. Bessie Munro. Next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. J. D. Blair.

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Bloomfield Hills-Birmingham Property is always on the rise because wider Woodward brings its hills and lakes within easy access of Detroit.

Now is the time

If you or your friends are thinking of a new home, today is the time to begin your investigation. Phone headquarters and we will be only too glad to help you.

Building sites are already showing a marked activity. In Chesterfield Gardens, we have only a half dozen lots left. Pleasant View subdivision, which Subjoints Chesterfield Gardens to the south is also in demand. Quarton Lake Estates lots are constantly on the increase. We have sold several of these during the last thirty days; but still have a few exceptionally good: buys which will be much higher in the spring.