GOOD PRINTING DONE QUICKLY AT A REASONABLE PRICE—
THAT'S THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC
"YOUR PRINTERS"
Telephones 11 or 12

Birmingham Eccentric

"For a Bigger and Better Birmingham"

PART FIVE

OAKLAND COUNTY'S GREATEST WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

FORTY-NINTH YEAR—NO. 47 | BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1927 | $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

HOOFBEATS

- An Autobiographical Novel -

By Pathos Petoskey

Synopsis: Poor Pat he died, almost. He ate things, green things, long green things. They had seeds. They were not like bananas. They were not peeled. They should have been. They did not have salt on them. They should have had. They were too old. That was the main reason. Young, green things, like apples will make you die, almost. But old green things, mister, Pat lost his faith in Greece after that, in Sophocles, in Euripides, in the Parthenon, and for good measure he refused ever again to believe in the leaning tower of Pisa or the tale of Romulus and Remus. For it was a Greek who had told him "These are nice and fresh and ripe, and cucumbers won't hurt you anyway, even if you are subject to ptomaine poisoning," only he had pronounced it as if it were written "tomane," which is how it should be written.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter 14

Pathos headed for the gutter, reaching there more quickly than he would have thought possible. "This country, it is so fast," he said to himself, when he had landed safely in the gutter. "In Russia I could not have reached the gutter so quickly. It must be the atmosphere."

He searched the pockets of Watshaw, the great detective, who last week fell into the gutter, and who had lain there ever since. He took several pieces of string, strong string, such string as might have, at one time or another, strung up a clothesline. Pathos did not know that in English, string of this weight is known as rope.

Likewise, he extracted from the detective's coat pocket a number of cards, little pasteboard cards which had written on them, in peculiar looking script, "Lockjaw Watshaw, the poetic detective." The poetic detective—what a lovely combination, mused Pathos. The two great instincts of man combined, his instinct for poetry, when it's moonlight and there's a canoe and water and stars and a good woman, and the natural instinct for hunting, for trailing, for never letting anybody rest. He took the cards, about 93 of them. There was nothing else in the pockets of the great detective, except a few pieces of broken glass with a pleasant odor in the hip pocket. Pathos did not believe that these would be of any use to him—as indeed they couldn't, for the odor would fade, and the glass would be just glass.

"Now for the garters!" he exclaimed. And he proceeded to unfasten the garters which Watshaw had so proudly exhibited to the public. They did not unfasten so easily as the advertisements said they would.

But Pathos was nothing if not persevering. With a gasp of delight he finally got the second garter off (there were two of them, distributed equally) and proceeded to put them on his own legs. As he fastened the second one, he suddenly thought, "What if I could not get them off myself." He tried. He couldn't. "O well," he soliloquized, "I don't want to take them off anyway. I wonder what they're for. They seem to have a little button affair on the end of them. Maybe that fastens somewhere, although Watshaw didn't have them fastened to anything. I guess I'd better let them fly."

And so, with his socks flapping around his ankles after the manner of all the young men he had seen since his arrival in Detroit, and his garters fastened securely about the calves of his legs, with Watshaw's poetic detective cards in his vest pocket and the two pieces of string in his coat pocket, Pathos set out upon his career.

O yes, he had decided upon a career during these searchings of his, which had reminded him somehow of his mother and his father back in that Russia that seemed so far away. (It was.) Yes, he had decided to become a detective, to step into the shoes of Watshaw figuratively, as he had stepped into his garters literally. Watshaw, he reasoned, being a detective, was probably not looking himself at the time he was extinguished. He was doubtless in disguise. In fact, Pathos believed that few knew exactly what Watshaw did look like. "Why couldn't he look like me, or at least, why couldn't one of his disguises look like me?" he questioned himself, adding naively, with masculine modesty, "I'm not so awfully hard to look at. There was Anna, and Olga and——"

But Pathos knew better than to let himself go on the train of thought he had started. So he turned two handsprings and, turning to the world at large and Detroit in general, he said, "Here you see re-incarnated Watshaw, the poetic detective, who was sung in the thirteenth chapter by one Horace S-M-Y-T-H-E-E-S. Yes, it had been a shot from Horace S-M-Y-T-H-E-E-S's rifle which had done for Watshaw, just as Watshaw was about to camp on Horace's trail.

"Shall I try to catch Smythe?" asked Pathos of himself, "or would he recognize me as Watshaw by the garters and, thinking I was a ghost, be scared to death?" Pathos pondered thus for a long time, and finally turned north.

"North of Detroit lies what?" he mused. "Birmingham" read the sign, in big black letters on a bus just stopping in front of him. "Fate," murmured Pathos as he stepped into the bus. He had been in Detroit long enough to know that he should take the first means of transportation which offered itself, no matter where it was going, because one never knew when another means of transportation would come one's way.

He settled back in the comfortably cushioned seat and thought long and heavily upon the town Birmingham—Birmingham—Birmingham. Only Pathos was laboring under the delusion that the first syllable was pronounced "beer." He knew his German, he knew an "i" was pronounced like an "e". "Beers," he said to himself: "Well, that's not so bad. The second syllable, however. Chinese. Ming. The yellow peril. Opium. Chop suey. It must be full of laundries, but what good will that do me? I cannot have my garters laundered, and they are the only things I dare take off. I wonder if the Chinese wear their native costumes.

"And 'ham', now that's something like. 'The ham what am'. Candied sweet potatoes. Something to do with Virginia. Ham—how about eggs, too, Mister. Nice eggs, sunny side up. Ham—sammich. I wonder what a ham sammich is like. I've heard of them, but I never saw one. The word 'Sammich itself gives no clue. It might ——"

But suddenly Pathos was knocked from his seat. He bounced from the floor to the ceiling, continuously. There was no relief. "Mi-god!" he cried out. "I went west instead of north. It's the Rocky Mountains. And I hate goat milk."

"Birmingham," called the conductor.

(To be continued.)

MAN IS JAILED

Joe McCummings, of the Eight-Mile road, is in jail today serving a 15-day sentence. He was arraigned Monday in Judge Floyd S. Buck's justice court, where he pleaded guilty to drunkenness, on which he was arrested Sunday by Officer Harry Johnson.

EXPLORER NEARS 83

Gen. Adolphus W. Greely.

General Adolphus Washington Greely, veteran explorer and hero of the Arctic wastes, whose 83rd birthday falls on March 27, poses for a recent portrait at his home, Washington.

Mitchell Finds Florida Remains Beautiful Despite Its Hurricane

By GEORGE H. MITCHELL

To resume after three happy weeks in Daytona Beach.

We set sail, or rather sat over six balloon tires in a comfortable bus well filled with people, to finish at Miami.

Talk about long auto rides! Here was my great experience and I wish I had the power, pen and ability to tell of the wonders we saw on that 379 miles going southward. On our left was the rolling Atlantic sometimes near and sometimes far enough away so that between us and the deep was Halifax river, Indian river, Lake Worth and other names for the likable stream as the fancy of the town we passed through gave it.

These rivers are affected by the tides and the water is salty. Right here in Palm Beach it is Lake Worth and so called for many miles above us.

Over the Dixie

The ride from Daytona Beach is easily accomplished over the Dixie Highway all the way down because we had rest stops and stops for dinner and at night a hotel. Were I a tourist this would become an auxiest and do the trip from home with my car because one here with an auto has the southern world more at his command. Traveling in this way was indeed new and pleasing to me. It took nearly all of five days and a night to make the run. Dinner at noon at Ormond, a wayside inn, $1.25 with lodging in a big city was pleasing, accommodating and of little cost. The fare from Jacksonville to Miami by bus is only $13, but by the time you have paid for meals, a hotel and lodging, it is more expensive than the railroad. But you see more of the country and feel nearer to it.

In 31 Villages

From Jacksonville to Miami you pass through 31 villages and cities, all look thrifty and much like our northern cities. They have the tall and lofty business blocks that a city of like population up north might well envy. When we left Daytona Beach, the bus called for us at our hotel, a run of over two miles by the Halifax river. Then we started away with a fresh load of sociable people. Between meals each day a stop is made to get out and stretch and have a drink of orange juice or what have you? We drove through 11 small cities and villages, among them Melbourne, Sebastian, Vero, Fort Pierce and Jensen. Dinners were $1.25. After a rest of an hour, we drove nine miles farther and found Stuart, a busy little town, and on a big bulletin board that looked like a book we read, it was the favorite fishing ground of the late President Grover Cleveland. Passing Port Sewell, Salerno, Olympia, Jupiter "and a few such," we arrived at one of the swell hotels of this city. At least we knew it was when we came to pay our bill on leaving. All three of us had decided to stop over at this city for one week on the way to Miami, but on a peaceful council of war it was decided to go on and make the stop on the way back.

Miami Bound

We started for Miami at 8:30 a. m. sharp as all through the Indian river country the scenery and points of interest were varied. A fine roadway, palms of all kinds, palmettos and cacti, plenty for a northerner to see, stop, look and listen. From here our next city was Boynton, Delray, not Henry Ford's Delray, Fort Lauderdale, then Hollywood, where our driver said four years ago there was not a building. Today it is a thriving city with a sky line that Flint, Pontiac or Saginaw couldn't begin to emulate. It was amazing. Hollywood is right on the ocean and is a southern wonder for growth and business prosperity. Nothing doing here in the moving pictures as one might think from the name. Three or four more towns were passed and they climaxed our ride to Miami.

Now then, thinking that the "crystal-house" of this winter might get a kick out of this letter, I am giving my thoughts and ideas in and about the American tropic (so far as the mainland is concerned). I will endeavor to jot down my impressions of the Florida of the present, the post-boom Florida and the hurricane Florida.

Beauty Reigns

I find that although the "Binder Boys" (wild cat realtors) have vanished and the greater part of the real estate signs and country subdivisions were gone, still the sun is shining as only a Florida sun can shine. The majestic royal palms wave as serenely in the balmy breezes from the gulf stream as they always did, the sky is as brilliantly blue as it ever was and the soft fleecy clouds are still floating overhead. The old Atlantic ocean still rolls its white capped combers along the broad shell-strewn shores and always will. Said beaches, as of yore, are filled with happy, carefree crowds of bathers intent in putting in 24 hours a day of solid comfort and pleasure while vacation lasts.

I also noticed that the splendid system of paved roads throughout the length and breadth of the state are filled with automobiles, trucks and motor-busses rushing madly hither and yon. I also notice on the faces of the people all over the state a look of gladness, of soul satisfaction as though they all at last have found the hour of rest and contentment ordinarily denied to poor mortals on this earth, and I said, "Well, why should they not be happy? If this is not Paradise it is a close imitation." To be awakened at earliest dawn in February by a song from the sweet-throated mocking bird outside your door, to dress in a temperature of 70 degrees at 8 a. m. and then 78 degrees at 2 p. m. day after day with a caressing breeze from the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic—Oh, Boy! States totally specializing Florida occupied an enviable position among the states in many ways and respects. To begin with, she has not one dollar of bonds bonded debt and she has $17,000,000 in her treasury and is spending this year $23,000,000 in paved roads. Can you beat it?

Has Rebuilt

"Miami, the magic city" has rebuilt her storm-torn houses and scarcely a vestige of her September 18th devastation is to be observed. A recent government survey in Miami shows there are now 175,000 residents in that district. This includes the Charles Walker family, formerly of Birmingham, with whom we spent a very pleasant day.

I found Miami with a public works program of $20,000,000 for new bridges, new streets and sidewalks, new sewers, boulevards and parks and lightly, after spending considerable money for their 1926 program. The Chamber of Commerce of Miami is backing an Everglades reclamation project which involves sighing over 500 acres of the back country behind the city, to be used for truck gardens, while the same body is backing a going movement for making this high priced land south of the city the world's greatest chicken ranch settlement.

Coral Gables has built and sold almost $5,000,000 worth of beautiful homes since last November, and the sound of the saw and hammer is loud music to the ear.

Hotels are Filled

Miami Beach today has all her magnificent hotels filled to the limit and is turning visitors away, unable to care for them. The larger hotel in the world is here and seats 1,400 in the dining room, has 1,600 employes and is patronized by millionaires who want a playground and pay for it. Rates run from $8 per day to $16 for a single person. We were around these places, not as registered guests but as snoopers only. Pessimism at this beach just took one look, gave a gasp and sought other climes on the run.

(Next week — Read Mitchell on Coral Gables)

CREDIT BUREAU PLANS DINNER

Several speakers, whose names have not yet been announced, will be heard by members of the Birmingham Credit Bureau at their meeting at 6:30 p. m., Mar. 18 at the Chateau Tea Room.

According to plans announced by E. W. Lackie, manager of the bureau, more than 50 are expected to attend. Several matters relative to credit will be discussed, he said.

Ralph C. Moulthrop, president, will be in charge of the meeting and dinner.

1926 Tax Income Is Less Than Expected

The actual village tax income during 1926 was $12,453.06 less than the anticipated income, according to financial report of Village Manager Harry Starr. The amount expected was $152,961.60, the amount collected, $140,508.54. The latter amount included $122,390 on the 1924 tax roll, $571.23 in penalties collected and $12,547.31 in delinquent taxes.

The net public debt of $813,844.88 represents only a little more than 4 per cent of the estimated assessed valuation of the village for 1927, an increase of one per cent over a year ago, the report states. The limit public debt for villages is, under state law, 10 per cent of the assessed valuation of the village.

GLIMPSES At and About BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

Beginning this week readers of Glimpses will have an opportunity to enjoy art in two forms. These paragraphs will have occasional pictures, some relevant and some not. The reason for the radical change and the expenditure of millions of dollars weekly to cover the cost of the pictures, obviously, is to break the funereal dullness of words without end. More, the drawings are offered as sort of bait for the children. Unquestionably, within a short time, it will be customary for the youngsters in the household to leaf The Eccentric apart as soon as it arrives in search of the "Funnies" on this page—in this column, in fact; the "Funnies" incidentally which are created by the George Bellows of this newspaper staff.

—§—

I am unable to guess as to the significance of this. I merely report the facts and will leave the conclusion to you. Two girls were driving a large sedan on Woodward avenue north of Birmingham on Saturday afternoon. The speed of the car, I should say, was about 20 miles an hour. Running after the car, in a frantic attempt to overtake it, was a man who looked as though he might be a physician or a bill collector. Anyone who can furnish Glimpses with the story will receive two press passes for a flower show held in Detroit last year.

A Bill Collector

—§—

Spring days . . . conversation . . . everything a bit lazier . . . those who enjoy lingering and reminiscing . . . autos that shine a little more brightly in the warm sun . . . . their engines make more noise . . . . Ah, my plumed lady . . . . looks like Sadie Thompson . . . . The Handsome . . . . Wabash Blues . . . and they say jazz music does not do anything . . . . that it is so much blaaa . . . . and the poem last night . . . . lily lipped moon . . . . what drivel . . . . author needs a good meal of pigs hocks and sauerkraut . . . . lily lipped moon kissing an inky pond, I suppose . . . . DeBergerac, who was all things . . . . and all in vain.

—§—

Would I buy pencils and trouble? Eyes reflecting subnormality. Worn, faded clothes. What helpless dejection. Are his troubles so precious that he would have money for them? Like children, who in their chimerical world, tear worthless paper into small bits and sell them.

—§—

So far as I am concerned the radio is just another unpleasantness with which to contend. Many friends tell me they are able to hear the Philadelphia Symphony as they sit in their own homes; they say they are able to enjoy a Madison Square Garden prize fight at home as well as if they were at the ringside; and at least 20 have assured me that Mr. Coolidge of Washington, D. C., told some millions of persons over the radio that George Washington was indeed a model. I have been tolerant. I have even listened to a radio throughout one entire evening and know my hosts believe I enjoyed it because they asked me to return. However, with the latest breeze, I have become downcast. Someone tried to sell me soap—over the radio—while a piano and violin were playing "Hearts and Flowers." The idea, of course, is for the music to play upon the emotions to such an extent that the listener will run to his grocer's and in an hysterical voice, shout, "I'll take a million of them."

It Works

—§—

One time I saw a man who had been buried several hours in the cellar of a tenement house that collapsed. As they dug him out he again looked at the sunshine of a spring day. From dampness and death he had been brought into sunshine and life. Several persons noticed a man and woman talking Monday in front of the old interurban station. The man looked at her exactly as the fellow from the tenement house looked at the spring day. Alas, 'twas love tra la la.

JAILED AS DISORDERLY

Henry Gilmore and George M. Evans, colored, of Pontiac, are in jail today serving 30-day sentences imposed on them by Judge Floyd S. Buck for disorderly conduct. They also received fines of $25 each. They were arraigned Monday and pleaded guilty. They were arrested Sunday by William Putnam, Chief of Police in Bloomfield Village, who said he found liquor in their car.

Successor to Root

Samuel Harden Church, above, president of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been elected chairman of the executive committee of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, succeeding Elihu Root.

Largest Variety of Properties

Birmingham District
Pontiac District
Bloomfield Hills
Southfield Hills
Oakland County
Lapeer County
Northern Michigan

Lakes, Streams, Resort, Hunting

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE

Walsh, James & Wasey Co.

Realtors
OFFICES AT
DETROIT - BIRMINGHAM
BLOOMFIELD HILLS - ROCHESTER
Main Office, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit

WTW Realtors

There's a Time For Work and a Time For Play

YOU will work far better if you have a real play once a year. And you will live longer.

Have $10 to $1000 ready for vacation next year.

Simply save 2 cents each week for every dollar you desire to have next vacation.

If you want $1000, save $20 weekly; if you want only $10, save 20 cents weekly.

That's easy. And we add interest.

Try it.

Join our Vacation Club—Open Now.

First State Savings Bank
Birmingham, Michigan

Birmingham Banks Will Be Closed

Monday, March 14th

Monday is an Election Day and is therefore considered a local holiday

(Signed)
First State Savings Bank
First National Bank