

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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Thursday, March 24, 1927

OUR VILLAGE COMMISSIONERS

Beginning with this week, the present and near future progress of Birmingham's municipal destiny has been relinquished by Messrs. Shain, Ladd, and Bell, and is now in the hands of Messrs. Ellerby, Coryell, and McBride; our Ship of State, having passed through a rather stormy sea of civic rowing, is now in the hands of a new crew, its helm in the hands of a new crew, its helm in the hands of a new crew, its helm in the hands of a new crew...

YOUR TOWN AND YOU

Your town boasts you. Why not do as well by the town as it does by you? No citizen is so powerful, none so humble, but who the town is not without him in some way or other. The food that he eats, the clothes he wears, the recreation and amusement that he enjoys, all originate in the town, because the money with which they are procured is made there.

HIS OWN CREATION

Things which require time, patience, skill and special knowledge always are worth more than similar things produced in a haphazard way. Quality can not be imitated nor can inferiority be disguised. The best is always the cheapest in the long run. In the depths of the tropical jungle, among savage beasts, poisonous reptiles and insects, pestilence and disease, grows that wonderful flower, the orchid. To bring it forth means bringing dangers in a score of forms when it is secured, even at the greatest risks, the plant requires the utmost care and scientific knowledge to make it produce its precious bloom. It must be kept potted in peat and living sphagnum moss, placed in a carefully tempered room and under a dim light.

WHEN THEY'RE ILL Now the kitchen floor is clean, Not a mud track to be seen, All is very, very still, For two little folks are ill.

Shoes are in their proper places, Little pale and sallow faces, Warily smile at me today, No one seems to care for play.

I had used to wish I might Tidy up and keep things right, Now the house stays clean and neat, But I miss those little feet.

Feet that scampered 'round the floor, Hands that seldom closed the door, Voices, oh so loud and shrill, That I sometimes cried, "Be still."

Now I wish that I might hear Happy shouts and laughter dear, In my path could find one more Block and toys to stumble o'er.

—Beatrice McDonald.

THE RAVERS

By Frank Trew

Once, on Tuesday evening dreary—dreaming of my absent dearie— Who'd departed to her mother in some haste the night before. While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a-tapping As of some one gently rapping—rapping on my cottage door. "It's some radio bug," I muttered, "Rapping on my cottage door." Only this and nothing more.

And distinctly I remember—'twas the thirteenth of December And that night I'd got a station that had never come in before. And I thought with what elation I'd inform my own relation And the neighbor, and the visitor who would pass in through my door, "Here's a chance to spread 'the news now," and I peened out through the door. —Darkness there—and something more.

Up my steps there, as I counted, eighteen talking women mounted, Down the street I heard approaching steps of maybe eighteen more. Though I am a bashful mortal here I opened wide the portal; Let me see what they are after and this mystery explore. Why they're coming to my door? "Friends," quoth I, "And neighbors! I am resting from my labors. And my wife is in Hamtramck at her mother's beauty store. Why this galaxy of beauty? Is your mission love or duty?" "Tell me why you come a-knocking; knocking at my cottage door. —Tell me this and little more."

"That's a most peculiar greeting. We're the club—our place of meeting. Here, by special invitation of your absent wife, Lenore." Up spoke Mrs. Wilson—Dellar—"We'll just park right here, young feller. —You can hitch up to the cellar—as you oft have done before— —Seeking solace as of yore."

Then me thought me of a letter and my wife had said, "You'd better also phone to Mrs. Ogden, so the club will not be sore." Desolate, but all undaunted, in my house by harrer haunted; By my visitors enchanted; moved I through my chamber door. "Tell me, is there balmet in Gilead? Tell me, tell me, quoth the Ravers, "Nevermore."



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.

25 YEARS AGO May 1 will be a day long to be remembered by the many people of Birmingham who will remember the "dry" element, the saloon and the saloon doors will be thrown open for the first time in twenty years.

43 YEARS AGO The regular meeting of the Village Improvement society will be held next Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Mary Cooper. All who are interested in their home and village are cordially invited to attend and suggest some needed improvement.

There was a full attendance at the literary club last Monday evening. The program was in charge of Mrs. M. E. Foster and consisted of papers by Misses Aldrich, Shain and Crawford. Mrs. Grace Elliott gave a pleasing relation on Russian Music and Mrs. Starr gave instrumental selections from Russian composers and a Russian national poem. The club will meet next week with Mrs. Bigelow.

The school are enjoying their Easter week vacation. A number of Birmingham boys will begin their school career with the opening of the term next Monday, among them Miss Enidie Mitchell and Master Jimmie Montgomery.

Mrs. N. M. Fore, Mrs. G. H. Mitchell and Mrs. Clara Amick, the latter of Detroit are all on their way or have just arrived at New Decatur, Alabama, where they will visit Mrs. M. E. Hoy and family for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. P. Saiter and little daughter, Ruth, of Detroit, have been spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Hunt, of this village.

Visitors at D. Van Every's the past week were Miss Anne Berger of Franklin and Arthur Allen, of Detroit.

Don't forget the Ladies' Aid at Mrs. James Shain's this Friday afternoon. Meet ready at 5 o'clock.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. John Quarten for a generous Easter offering. Especially, by: Mrs. S. Fuller has been spending a week with her friends in Detroit and Farmington.

Mrs. W. E. Aldrich of Ponton, visited G. F. Aldrich one day last week.

BLOOMFIELD BIRMINGHAM PONTIAC Thirty-five Hundred Acres IN the last six months we have bought and sold for many of the most substantial interests in Detroit and Pontiac more than thirty-five hundred acres of close-in real estate in and around the city of Pontiac. In a large percentage of these sales we have been able to resell these properties within six months at a highly satisfactory profit to these clients. Today we have for sale a few carefully selected values in the most active parts of Pontiac—properties ready for immediate subdivision—for investment—valuable railroad frontage—Wider Woodward—Saginaw Street frontage—which in our opinion will show a handsome profit in the immediate future. If you are interested in participating in the financial future of the most rapidly growing industrial city in America get in touch with us at once.

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DOEMS I LOVE BY CHARLES LANGFORD "Freedom and Love," by Thomas Campbell. Campbell lived from 1777 to 1844. He wrote many patriotic poems in praise of England, he was a true nature lover, and his poetry, though not very profound, always has its definite place. Always the careful craftsman, he is worth dipping into, since his message, while perhaps not important, is always beautifully phrased. His love poems have warmth and gentleness. When I think of the winning of a love, it is always beginning. How do mutual hearts first sigh? From the knot, there's no untying; I remember, 'midst your wooing, I was a girl, but Love has sprung; Other quills may make you fickle, True, for other charms may tempt.

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TRA, LA, LA! SPRING IS HERE!

LOVE'S EMBLEMS By John Fletcher None the lovelier Spring is seen; Golden yellow, gaudy blue, Daintily invite the views; Everywhere on every green Rover-blooming at thy blue, And daintily cutting men's full, Lilies whiter than the snow, Woodhens of sweet known full, All love's emblems, and all "Ladies, if not plucked, are dead." Yet the busy Spring hath steady, Blushing red and purple state, Daintily to face you, Every woman, every maid, Cherries kissing in their glow, And inviting men to taste, Apples even ripe below, Winding gillyflowers full, All love's emblems, and all "Ladies, if not plucked, are dead." (Copyright, 1927.)

DINNER STORIES Naughty Boy! The treatment of prisoners in one South Australian jail is remarkably humane. A regular visitor inquired recently regarding an old offender. "What's wrong with Bill? He seems to have a grouch." "No wonder," said one of his mates, "He threatened the warden with a shovel today, and now the warden's let him go to his cell."