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FORTY-NINTH YEAR—NO. 50 BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1927 $1.50 PER YEAR—SINGLE COPIES 5c

HOOFBEATS

- An Autobiographical Novel -

By Pathos Petoskey

"I love you!" he cried. That's where he made his first mistake. She believed him. That's where she made her mistake. She married him, which was a mistake on both their parts. He took one out of life insurance, at her suggestion. Wrong again. He died about two months later. His mistake in this case was in not examining what he ate and drank that she cooked. The coroners pronounced death due to apoplexy. That was their mistake.

Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

Pathos felt himself dragged from the table, dragged from the first ham sammich of his experience, dragged from the pickle which he had been warned against. He didn't mind the pickle so much, but he had been eating around the ham in the sandwich, to save it for a last delicious mouthful. And now he was to be deprived of the mouthful. Pathos learned right then never to leave the best for the last. He became imbued with the great American philosophy of getting what you want when you want it. Thereafter he invariably ate his pie first.

All the while he was becoming intellectually Americanized, the young Eccentric feller was dragging him down the street towards a huge mass of flame. He noticed several young men in spats, who were pushing handles on small brass sossidge-shaped implements, which squirted fire streams of water—about three inches.

Before he had time to learn that the brass things were patented fire-extinguishers, guaranteed to work in all emergencies, great red wagons had thundered into the midst of things, and efficient-looking men were attaching a long piece of rubber to a peculiar looking object in front of which, for a wonder, there was not a car parked.

The long, snake-like object presently was spouting forth water. "If that were only oil, I could get rich." Pathos thought. He wasn't so dumb. He had heard of the tea pot dome and Saginaw. He stuck his finger in some of the liquid as it rolled across Woodward avenue, 60 feet wide, with no obvious signs of expanding within the next few minutes. It was not oil.

By now the beautiful red flames were gone, but there was plenty of smoke. When it had cleared away, Pathos asked his companion "What was it?" He was looking at a peculiar skeleton, which, he had decided after a process of comparison, in which arms and wheels had played a large part, was not that of a human being.

"That, my soul," said the young man in his most fatherly tone, "is the result of smoking a cigarette when the top is off your gas tank. Profit by this man's experience, and never do it."

"But I have no gas tank!" Pathos cried out. He had taken garters when what he needed was a gas tank. He was always blundering.

"Sh, not so loud," the young feller had seen several automobile salesmen in the crowd raise their heads at Pathos' lament.

The young man hurried Pathos out of the crowd with as little commotion as possible, and as he got away from the people, Pathos began to look for the wolves. He had heard wolves. He was certain of it. Had he been brought up in Russia for nothing? he argued with himself. He saw dogs, one night almost say he saw lots of dogs, but not a wolf among them.

"Where are the wolves?" he asked the young feller.

"In sheeps' clothing," was the rapid retort. Then more gently, "What wolves?"

"The ones that screeched just before you yanked me away from the animals," Pathos did not forget easily.

The young man was laughing again. "What peculiar senses of humor these Americans have," Pathos thought. "He has laughed at me so much. Perhaps I am a born comedian and never realized it before. It isn't so much fun being a detective. I've got garters tea pot dome and Saginaw. He but no gas tank. I think I'll go on the stage." Visions of Ballyhoo floated through his mind, which did to Morris Gest and Federewski and Pavlova. He stopped at Pavlova. "No, she is not a comedian," he said to himself. "She is much, but not that. No, I do not think that I shall attempt to emulate Pavlova. I have not the swan neck."

Paderewski he dismissed, for he remembered that among Paderewski's prepossessing qualities was an ability to play the piano, and Pathos was still on the harmonica. Morris Gest's "Miracle" might make some people, the producers, for instance, launch, but Pathos felt that the type of humor that he would offer to the great American public would be different. This was as near to actual prophecy as Pathos ever came in all his life.

The young man, in the meantime, had subsided somewhat, and was explaining to Pathos the what he thought was wolves was only the fire whistle, complaining to the universe in general, where in the village something was on fire, or at least that something thought something was. "Then for the first time I tell anything, there is a fire somewhere and I make fun to it. Is that right?" Pathos was a stickler for getting the correct modes of his adopted country well in hand, so that he would be in no danger of eating his salad with a dessert fork.

"Always," the young man said, then added quickly, "except on Monday at 12 o'clock noon. If you hear the whistle on Monday, look at your watch before you run." Pathos did not like to remark that in addition to this having a gas tank, he also lacked a time piece, so he kept still, a very good practice to cultivate, he was learn.

As they approached The Eccentric office, the Russian-looking individual was issuing forth, in what appeared to be a pure Russian rage. "And that's some rage," Pathos remembered his father's stipper, which had never been known to slip at the crucial moment.

The Russian saw the young Eccentric feller and stopped, as if to lay him low. The feller young man forced a laugh. "How do you do, I'm sure," he remarked in his best manner.

"The poor idiots," the stranger shouted, as if he didn't like them, "in that office there. I called them on the phone and told them to make up some cards for Smith, and they spelled it S-M-I-T-H instead of S-M-Y-T-H-E. To think that I, Horace Smith, S-M-Y-T-H-E, should have to submit to such insubordination. It's a disgrace." Pathos knew. He would not be a comedian. He would stick to his original plan to be a detective. He have a clue!

(To Be Continued)

WILL ATTEND IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MEET

William T. Barbour and George T. Hendrie of Bloomfield Hills, and H. W. Potter of Greenwood avenue, have been named among the Oakland County delegates to the national convention of the Izaak Walton League, which will be held in Chicago, April 7, 8 and 9.

The state convention of the league was held in Detroit Mar. 25 and 26. A number from the Oakland County chapter will attend this assembly also.

HOW ABOUT IT?

(Answers to Questions Printed on Page 1)

1. There are at present three men on the village commission. Four more will be elected May 10.
2. The village pays each commissioner $5 for each regular commission meeting he attends. This is all he receives for his services.
3. Birmingham is believed to have been founded in 1819 by John Hunter.
4. The chances of a change in the form of government for many years to come are slight. A committee recently appointed to consider this change reported there was nothing to be gained by it.
5. Regular elections are held here every two years.
6. Eight.
7. There is one policewoman employed by the village.
8. Factories.
9. There have been small motion picture theatres here, but never anything of consequence.
10. The present population of Birmingham is estimated at 12,000.

Wendorph Enjoys 'City of 100 Lakes' in Trip Through Florida

By R. A. WENDORPH

St. Petersburg, Fla., March 21. "Winter Haven—the city of 100 lakes."

This is the slogan of one of the prettiest towns in Florida. We heard the wonders of Winter Haven broadcast over the radio last winter at our home in Birmingham and when we were solicited by the realtors, it takes the time-day trip we just fell in line. Our reservations were for March 17, and after getting comfortably seated on one of those large Florida buses found that we were a family of 24 representing eight different states.

On leaving St. Petersburg we cross the famous Gandy bridge, 4 miles long and which seems never ending, then on through busy Tampa over the famous Memorial Highway to Plant City, the strawberry center of Florida where we could purchase large juicy ones at 15 cents a quart, then we passed through Lakeland and on over the scenic Highlands to Winter Haven. We were driven then to our temporary home at one of the newest hotels in Florida. Of course these trips are arranged by the land companies with the sole purpose of interesting their guests in property. This was especially a trip to interest us in citrus fruit lands, of which they were offering blocks of 10 acres each.

After lunch we were given a talk on citrus fruit lands and then were taken in charge by individual salesmen with autos and driven over the hills to the Ridge district through Haven City the gateway to the scenic Highlands through a famous subdivision of 4000 acres where every lot owned is supposed to be rated a million on Wall street. Here are located the homes of C. H. Curtis of the Curtis Publishing company; Edward Bok of the Home Journal; E. T. Bedford; August Helschield, and Bayer Babson of the New York stock exchange, and many others.

After completing the park drive we drove through miles and miles of orange and grape fruit groves and loaded with fruit, you would wonder how the branches could stay the limit. We reach the planting stage, the land is being developed, we again were met by smooth talkers and were again told of the profits in citrus fruit and just how large are grown, after which we were escorted to our cars and driven over the properties and back to Winter Haven through many miles of fruit laddened highways. The roads are beautiful in contrast to the city. Our escort drove through a residence section, along the lakes, across bridges and then more lakes of which there are 97 within the city limit. Winter Haven has a population of 8000 with three banks, seven hotels, two railroads, a large public library, a women's Civic club house, and it also has 50 miles of water front lots.

Winter Haven was not hit as hard by the slump as most other places last year in Polk county where this city is located. Over $4,000,000 were expended in good roads and $4,000,000 builds about 50 per cent more mileage here than it does in Michigan because they do not build as good roads. This brought to a close our busy day. The next morning we were again escorted to the top of a hotel to view the scenery from the tower. The day was clear as a bell and the view that met our eyes from here cannot be described. We counted 19 lakes among the orange and grape fruit groves, winding drives that curved for miles among the hills and we lingered here as long as our escort would allow. We could have remained here all morning enjoying the wonderful fragrance that came to us from the orange blossoms below.

GLIMPSES At and About BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

I believe I have learned something of the feeling of Rip Van Winkle after his return from the throes of encephalitis lethargica. For more than a week I had been experiencing the phenomena of tonsilitis some thirteen years after the removal of the tonsils. Somewhat unsteady from cartons of capsules and bales of cotton soaked with silver nitrate, the spectacle of my poor old desk caused a recurrence of the chills that have made the beginning of spring merely a continuation of winter. It had taken me almost eight months to get my desk in the sublime state of disorder I enjoyed when I left—eight months, alas, of brow mopping endeavor—and to what avail? It seems that as soon as the news was returned to the office that I was safely hors de combat the entire force, with the aid of a few passing newsboys and the police department, pounced upon my defenceless desk and made it look like an affair in the living room of a spinster who has prepared to entertain her literary society. There is a little justice in this world and certainly the weak have none of it.

— § —

Suggestion for the bedridden who would have the time pass: Heavily yourself relegated to a room used for the storage of the decorations from last year's Christmas tree and next summer's porch chairs. This room is found to have figured wall paper. With the aid of a high temperature these figures may easily be imagined into an army of soldiers, a man with a pitchfork and fierce looking dinosaurs. With such pupils it is easy to have a good time.

— § —

It is so seldom that H. L. Mencken makes a decided an error, as he has in his review, in the current American Mercury, of Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry" that glimpses cannot, in justice to a bigger and better Birmingham, a Fuller and More Comprehensive Life, and a Safer and More Soul Satisfying Art pass it up. The last page of the Lewis novel is given over to Gantry's re-entrance into his church after a scandal involving him has been made the talk of in the papers. He is received by sky-shaking hallelujahs and begins to pray. His prayer is interrupted by this paragraph: "He (Gantry) turned to include the choir, and for the first time he saw that there was a new singer, a girl with charming ankles and lively eyes, with whom he would certainly have to become better acquainted."

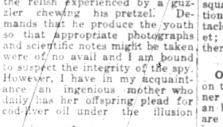
And in his review of the book Mr. Mencken says:

"When we leave him (Gantry) in the end he has been riding the water wagon for a long time, in secret as well as in public, and the last of his mistresses has just been driven out, and there is no sign that she is ever to have a successor."

In view of the fact that this changes the entire character of Gantry, it apears to be a serious blunder that may be chalked up to Mr. Mencken.

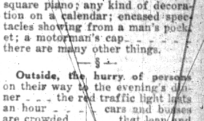
— § —

One of his spies for this department reports a youth who actually takes castor oil with something of the relish experienced by a guzzler chewing his pretzel. Demands that he produce the youth so that appropriate photographs and scientific notes might be taken were of no avail and I am bound to suspect the integrity of the spy. However, I have in my acquaintance an ingenious mother who daily has her offspring plead for cod liver oil under the illusion that it is a choice dessert concocted only for the few children who are well on their way to perfection. If the child's department during the day has not been up to standard he must content himself with some such common dessert after his dinner as, say, a pudding. If, on the other hand, there is nothing about which the mother can complain, then he is given his cod-liver oil—with something of the pomp that attends the conferring of a medal upon a great hero. I fear for the tranquility of that household, however, when the awakening finally does come.



For Dessert

Clarice Tapson, who, aside from chronicling events of society in Birmingham and its environs, finds time to make pointed observation on various things adopted by this here now civilization, declares there is nothing in the world more silly in itself than a cigar. She means that it not only is without imagination but that it



Silly

is pilegmatic, unesthetic, and, in itself, quite without excuse for being. There are other things that easily fall into the same category: The umbrella, for instance, the large umbrella which allows no more if its owner's identity than two shoes swishing through the streets; an old silk hat; a square piano; any kind of decoration on a calendar; encased spectacles showing from a man's pocket; a motorman's cap . . . there are many other things.

— § —

Outside, the hurry of persons on their way to the evening's dinner . . . the red traffic light lasts an hour . . . cars and busses are crowded . . . that lean and hungry look . . . the most

Also Human

crestfallen of all carrying an armful of groceries . . . he is late . . . and in the office hats and coats being donned . . . thoughts of the evening's pleasure . . . "Going my way?" . . . the telephones must ring . . . door opens and closes with scheduled precision . . . well, I get hungry too . . . I can't go like this forever.

Albert E. Grover of Berea, O., has a clarinet played by his grandfather in the bands that greeted General Lafayette on his visit to the United States in 1824.

WHO'S WHO *and* TIMELY VIEWS

REBIRTH OF ISRAEL IN PALESTINE VISIONED

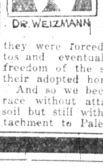
By DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN

President, World Zionist Organization

(Dr. Chaim Weizmann was born at Mostol in the province of Grodno, Russia, November 27, 1874. He was educated at Pinsk, and at the universities of Berlin and Frieburg. He was a lecturer in chemistry at Geneva and a reader in biochemistry at Manchester, and from 1916 to 1919 served as director of the Admiralty Laboratories in England. Dr. Weizmann discovered the explosive TNT. He is president of the World Zionist Organization, the first international movement for the development of ancient Jerusalem for the benefit of Zionism.)

You and I will see an established Jewish homeland in Palestine with our own eyes.

It is not a dream of the future, it is a living, growing fact.



DR. WEIZMANN

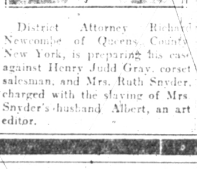
There's room for 100,000 agricultural families and thrice as many city dwellers.

Palestine still flows with milk and honey, but it's synthetic honey and condensed milk.

The Jews refused to till this foreign soil in the Roman days, and so they were forced into the ghettos and eventually denied the freedom of the soil in many of their adopted homes.

And so we became a phantom race without attachment to the soil but still with a mystical attachment to Palestine.

Prepares Case



District Attorney Richard Newcombe of Queens County, New York, is preparing his case against Henry Judd Gray, corset salesman, and Mrs. Ruth Snyder, charged with the slaying of Mrs Snyder's husband, Albert, an art editor.

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First State Savings Bank
Birmingham, Michigan

BIRMINGHAM BANKS WILL BE CLOSED

Monday, April 4th [Monday is a Township Election Day and therefore considered a legal holiday . .]

Signed---First State Savings Bank
First National Bank