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CHURCH HONORS HARRY BROOKS

Southfield Neighbors Of Late Flier Attend Services As Tribute To Him

Memorial services for Harry J. Brooks of Southfield Township, who lost his life when his plane dropped into the Atlantic ocean late in February, were held Sunday at the Southfield United Presbyterian Church with several Birmingham pastors taking part.

Brooks attended the church in his early youth.

The service was in charge of the Rev. W. T. Armstrong, pastor, and he was assisted by the Rev. Floyd E. Lopez, pastor of the First-Presbyterian Church of Birmingham and the Rev. Henry S. Evans, Evans, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church of Birmingham.

The Rev. C. M. Thompson, pastor of the Southfield Methodist Church led the prayer and the Rev. H. B. Rhine, pastor of the Troy United Presbyterian Church, read from the Scripture.

The church was crowded to capacity.

In 1902 the record non-stop flight was 825 feet, now it is 3,905 miles.

The Cost of Building Is Vital

—to the prospective owner. It is more vital to the builder. Don't pick a builder who works for his health and expects his credit to be healthy.

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Glimpses
at and about BIRMINGHAM
By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

DREAM

I.

You looked into my dream and laughed
and faltered
The vast high walls I built my fancy of.
And then it changed its form and nothing mattered
Even the thirsty fever that was love.
You smiled upon my dream and suddenly
I was ashamed that I had dreamed at all,
And I became a child, hungrily
Awaiting your praise, eager and animal.

For just a day or two you broke the whole
Complete integrity of my dream, my mind.
I think I would have given you my soul
If you had had more pity, been more kind.
You left me standing naked without cover,
I turned in self defense and preen, my lover,

II.

You broke my dream too quickly, left me stumbling
Up a blind wall, the pathway stretching stark
And bare before me, all my meaning crumbling
To ruin and wind in the lonely dark,
If you had let me find your dream to me
How you arranged your colors, I'd have made
A dream as bright as yours, a fantasy
In saturated tone and tint and shade.

Death tapped upon our window, called "good day,
In soft stealth patter and went on
Taking your laughter with him and the way
I looked strangely different after you had gone.
Death took your laughter but your mockery left
Between me and my dream. I knelt and wept.

—A. M. A.

The author of the above lines is a girl whom I have mentioned before in this column. She is quite young and unknown, and yet her poems, at times, have as much beauty as the poems of other lyricists—at the mention of whose names the intelligentsia genuflects in reverence. But this particular "Dream," alas, is not one of the best and I reprint it here, with her permission, so I may say uncomplimentary things about it.

The first word in the last stanza, of the second sonnet and all that it means, is quite bad. So is the entire sonnet. The first is sufficient. In it there is everything. The poem should have ended with the fourteenth line.

Realization that death had been introduced almost lost for me the beauty of the following figure, "and went on, taking your laughter with him, ..."

When the poetess brought death into the pattern, she merely became conventional. . . . and she became conventional too suddenly. For twenty-two lines she acted as if her lover had jumped to Crown Point, Ind., with the cashier from the corner restaurant. She feels as women feel under such circumstances—if my informants are the least observing. Then as the fourth stanza is started, she tells us that, although she has piled up opprobrium upon his fellow, it really was not his fault that he left, the circumstances of his departure being quite out of control.

I should hesitate a long time before accusing this young lady of following the easiest way in selecting the subject matter for her poems. Yet, in these lines, she comes dangerously close to the level of the canaille who never will read anything she writes because, even if she tries very hard to make them understand her, she still will be too far beyond their comprehension.

I doubt seriously that there was any notion of death in the mind of Ann Marie when she started this poem. She added it either because she thought it was expected of her—which I hardly believe—or because it gave her the opportunity of using the lovely words which follow. I incline to the latter guess.

I hope she will rewrite the whole thing, leaving out all suggestion of death, or, better still, giving the effect the poem would have if it ended with the first sonnet; uncertainly whether it was death, a trip to China for the Standard Oil company or the bleached receiver of meal tickets and the niffies of the mechanics from the garage across the street that took her lover away.

§ —

If Schopenhauer had been with me this morning his essay on noise would be many times as forceful. For, after all, what is the whipcracker, to compare with the drummer who sat in back of me on the interurban and whistled, from Detroit to Ferndale, "Yankee Doodle;" from Ferndale to Royal Oak, "Home Sweet Home; from Royal Oak to Berkley, something which could be identified at times as the "Sad Lover," "Nellie Gray," "Humoresque" and "Onward Christian Soldier" and from Berkley to Birmingham, "Smiles."

As I saw it there were three courses opened to me: I could move to the rear smoker; I could get him interested in my morning paper; or I could punch him on the jaw. The first is too much like an emigrant. The second I tried. I said many fine things about the paper—some of them could well be used as advertisements. But he could not read. He contented himself with looking at the pictures . . . and whistling. As for the third course, well, it was a race between the street car and my nerves and the street car reached Birmingham on time.

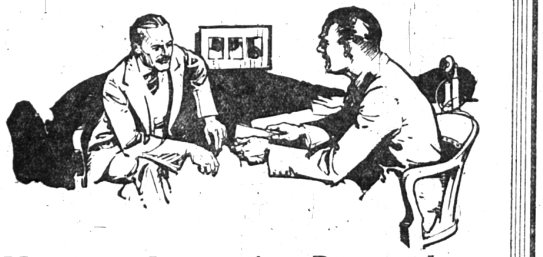
To make the whole situation far more difficult, I was trying to read Meridith's Essay on Comedy. Now Meridith boasted that he never outlined a novel before writing it and I am sure he could not have outlined his essay. In the introduction, Lane Cooper says, "In this essay of Meridith the breadth and comprehensiveness we have noted are pervasive qualities due to instinct rather than art and there is some lack of precision in the matters of detail. His style may therefore be described as general rather than allusive." Lord Morley said, "If the gathering in a great hall makes signs that they cannot hear me, it is idle for me to persist that my voice is perfectly audible. The truth is that Meridith often missed ease."

I quote merely to convince you I am not prejudiced when I say that, with disturbances, it is difficult to read Meridith.

Soon the book was given up and I began wondering what can the soul of a man like that be. I could not conjecture a great deal because after a couple more songs I became irrational. I conjured up ordeals to which he could be subjected and by comparison, the remedies Villon suggested in his Ballad of Slanderous Tongues were the timorous tokens of affection offered by a cow-eyed lover to his fairest.

Of what are such abortive tones reactivators? Did this salesman, mewing through his lips, find consolation in his music? Did the tones, prompted by his twisted muse, evoke memories of faded days he loved in retrospect? Was he pouring out his libido on the back of my soiled, grey hat? Was this fellow torn by desires of which he was not conscious and could this music be an outlet? Or was the answer unfathomable because of the small amount of scientific data available on the oyster?

Will you raise your hands, please, children?



Mortgage Loans for Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM'S new bank has money to loan on mortgages to builders of homes.

This money will be placed *not in outside communities, but right here in and about Birmingham.* Birmingham's citizens are responsible for the rapid growth of this new bank; and Birmingham itself shall receive the full benefit of the existence of this strong financial institution.

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WARNING ISSUED ON BAD CHECK PASSER

The good nature of Steven White, proprietor of a grocery store on south Woodward avenue cost him exactly $31.65.

The other day, a stranger, calling himself "Harry Morrison" came into White's grocery, ordered a few groceries and offered to pay with a check made out in his name. Mr. White accepted the check, paid the stranger the balance and even promised to look after the groceries while "Harry" stepped out for a few minutes.

That was the last Mr. White saw of the stranger and now he has on his hands not only "Harry's" groceries but his check, for which there are no funds in the bank.

This is the second time within six months, according to the police, that an unknown "Harry Morrison" has paid for merchandise with a check that never even pretended to have money back of it.

MRS. HARMAN, 72, TAKEN BY DEATH

Burial Of Aged Woman To Be In Pittsburgh; Family Survives

Mrs. Frances Axtell Harman died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John S. Lambie, 600 Floyd street, early Saturday morning at the age of 72 years.

Surviving Mrs. Harman, besides her husband, are three other daughters, Mrs. Phyllis Harman of Ann Arbor, Mrs. James Mulholland of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. Joseph J. Roura, of Park street, Birmingham, and two sons, T. D. Harman, Jr., and John Harman, both of Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Harman was the widow of the late Thomas D. Harman of Pittsburg. She had spent a great deal of her life in that city.

The body was shipped to Pittsburg Monday for burial in the Homewood cemetery there.

PRE-EASTER SERMON TOPICS TO CONTINUE

Each of five virtues as exemplified by the great men of the Bible are topics of the sermons Rev. David Leon Woodward, pastor of the First Baptist Church to continue through each Sunday until Easter.

In these topics, Rev. Woodward will bring out the faith of Abraham, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the vision of Isaah and the courage of Daniel.

Speaking of faith, Rev. Woodward said, "Abraham became a great man because he had the faith to believe and to attempt great things for God."

The modern age and its unbelief was scored by Rev. Woodward. "We are living under such a high pressure and civilization is going at such a terrific speed that we do not take time to be holy."

Continuing, Rev. Woodward said: "Abraham never debated the reality of God. He acted on the principle that God is. He lived his faith in a quiet, simple and unostentatious life. He put God first in his affections and enthroned His will above all other things.

"The reason I so much admire the faith of Abraham is because he had the kind of faith that counts—the kind that is willing to "bet one's life there is a God."

The topic for Sunday night is the patience of Job.

DETROITERS FINED FOR FISHING HERE

John F. Smith and Felix Ellwood, both of Detroit, have decided that its cheaper to buy fish from a common fish market than it is to catch it in a lake.

Smith and Ellwood appeared before Justice of Peace Floyd S. Buck Monday charged with catching black bass in Orchard Lake out of season and paid a fine of $10 each.

The two were arrested Sunday morning by Robert McClure, game warden.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

William Putman, chief of police, Bloomfield Hills: "We intend to arrest autoists who move slowly and keep on the left side of the pavement in the village. These drivers are often the cause of accidents because it is necessary for anyone who cares to pass them to drive to their right. This is covered by a traffic ordinance in the hills and the drivers are subject to a fine."

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to our neighbors and friends and especially to Rev. R. M. Atkins and the Masonic Lodge for their kind words and floral offerings at the death of our Father.

MR. and MRS. F. WARDEN
MR. and MRS. S. J. GREEN
DR. and MRS. E. R. GREEN
MRS. MAY FRUE
MRS. ETHELYN GREEN
adv 48*

When a Philadelphia Policeman arrested her for intoxication, Miss Alma Connor bit his thumb nearly off.

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

The Birmingham postoffice war has stirred up one bad blood among the faithful already, and not to be behind the times, D. A. Dennison of Bloomfield has voice in another column.

Quite a good deal of talk is indulged in concerning a new hotel to be built in this place soon, on account of the closing of Johnson's rink by S. Blakslee & Co. who propose to use their own property. The talk is now of forming a syndicate, buy all the lowest property between L. Freyhoff's store and the brick store south, extending from Saginaw street to Pierce street. This, with the rink, will cost $40,000 and a stock company will be formed of 12 men who will take one share each at $500. A. Partridge and Chas. Fisher are prime movers in the scheme which we hope will blossom, because this town only needs a rink in order to equal even with our sister villagers.

George Smallidge, one day last week, went over his father's route, gathering up the usual supply of gem fruit. On Friday he failed to succeed in making a scrambled egg mixture of just a dozen of the same gems from train.

Tom Lockwood of Pontiac downed Lu Dow of Jackson at the Princess rink, Detroit on Wednesday of last week and on last Saturday he was in Marshall beaten by Gale of Albion. According to the general run of things at the Princess, it is Tom's turn to win the next race.

At the tin wedding last week given in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of the wedding of A. M. Shore and Miss Minnie Stiles, they were the happy recipients from their friends collectively, of a full set of china dishes; from J. F. Logan a set of sauce dishes; from William Todd of Royal Oak two china meat dishes. Over 50 couples participated and all had a merry time.

25 YEARS AGO

William Parks and family are now living in the Hugh Irving homestead. We are glad to welcome William to a village home and predict that he will be Alderman Parks by next election if he is not made the High Major at once. The boys will run the farm while William and his family just "rest up" in town.

The Birmingham Telephone exchange is still growing. Two more new subscribers added this week. The rapidly growing business of our well known firm Barnes and Bell has made it imperative that they have a phone.

The Evangeline farm will be the next subscriber on the list, making forty in all.

A funny catastrophe happened up at the St. James church recently. An expert was brought out from Detroit to regulate, adjust, screw and renovate the church organ which had been "meln" up lately. The expert opened up the machine and at once extracted somebody's family cat. The poor feline was almost starved to death. The vestrymen are still out on a hunt to discover how it was that the poor abused "tabby-cat" got inside of the internal construction of the church "organ."

Mrs. Bartram and Mrs. Miller are enjoying good health and fine weather in the golden state and it will be a month or more yet before they return to Michigan and to their respective homes in the cloveliest village in the plains, valleys and mountains of Oakland county.

SCHOOL BOARD TO TAKE TRIP

Dedication Of Fordson School To Be Attended By Villagers In Group

An invitation to attend the dedication exercises at the Fordson High School, Fordson, Mich., March 22 has been accepted by the Birmingham board of Education, it was reported at the board meeting Monday night at the Baldwin High School.

A notable list of speakers is scheduled for dedication night, Clarence Vliet superintendent of schools, said.

Dr. Clarence C. Little, president of the University of Michigan will give the main address of the evening.

Greetings from the State Department of Public Instruction will be extended by Hon. Webster H. Pierce. Greetings from the city, by Joseph M. Karmann, mayor, and greetings from the board of education by Floyd E. Yinger, are other features.

Comparatively few farmers in Canada own as much as 10 acres of land.

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