

STESKA HURLS NO-HIT GAME

Merchants Swap Star Motor And Call Championship-Tilt In Sixth

While Frank Steska pitched a no-hit, no-run game, the Birmingham Merchants baseball team battered "around" numerous times, aggregating 25 hits to compile scores of 19-0 in the final contest with the Star Motor coach team, Sunday afternoon at Springdale park.

The two teams played a two out of three game series to decide the championship of Birmingham. Each took a game in the double header played last week.

The game Sunday was shortened to six innings because both teams were tired of running, one around the bases, the other, after the ball. A crowd of 500, the largest of the season witnessed the final game of the year played by the Merchants.

Four home runs were included in the array of hits recorded by the victors while the Motor Coach players failed to accomplish either a hit or a run. Tony and McClough, each accounted for two of the four baggers.

This, however, by innings follows: Merchants: 3 3 3 3 3-19 S. M. C.: 0 0 0 0 0-0

HOMER PERILED BY EXPLOSION

Gas Stove Causes Blaze At Residence of Dr. W. H. Robinson; Truck Burns

Explosion of a gasoline stove Monday afternoon in the home of Dr. W. H. Robinson on Northlawn drive resulted in a fire which was extinguished by persons of the household before damage was done. The fire department responded to a general alarm but the fire had been put out when they arrived.

A blaze caused from a leak in the gas-line in the truck belonging to John J. Chudy, 15858 Slopeel avenue, Detroit, was extinguished at 9:20 a. m. Monday at west Maple and Chester avenues was extinguished by the firemen.

Glimpses at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

DR. FRED N. BONINE, AN oculist known all over the world, lies critically ill, as this is written, in his home town of Niles, Mich. He is 66 years old and up to the time he was taken ill was a dynamo of energy.

Daily he treated between 200 and 300 persons in his ramshackle office above a drug store on the main street of his southern Michigan city. It was one place where rich and poor were treated alike. Persons came from all over the country with every possible sort of eye trouble. They all had to wait their turn and their fees were the same. He charged \$2 for the first examination and \$1 for every treatment thereafter.

There was something in the heart of Dr. Bonine that inspired confidence. Perhaps it was his ability to remain unimpressed by wealth and kindly to the most dejected of humanity that found its way to his office—and his skill at relieving the sufferings of a blind and tortured group.

Later, the same month, it again happened to be in his office when she had her final treatment. Her sight had been restored. I understand, indirectly, that Dr. Bonine provided board for her during the treatment and paid her way back to Chicago. That was one case. Some days he had more than 300 and one may guess at the average. It is not a wealthy man, despite his nation wide practice. He never cared for money, always preferring to devote himself to caring for "his people", as he referred to those who came to his office.

Despite the terrific tension at which he worked, the long unbroken hours he spent in his office, he allowed himself but one vacation a year. He would try to arrange to see the Kentucky Derby yearly and every heavyweight prize fight. Himself an athlete at the University of Michigan, he never lost his youthful zest for sports. When I knew him, he was as proud of his place on the Michigan Boxing commission and of a pair of boxing gloves he owned which were used by his friend, Jack Dempsey, as he was of his ability to make the blind see.

But, despite his passion for sports, he would not leave his office, except at these intervals. I asked him one day why he did not come to see a football game that was attracting considerable attention at Notre Dame, a few miles away. "You know would like to," he said, "but I can't leave my people."

Maybe he will have the same answer when death, who is hovering near, enters his room.

There are many, many persons who pray that he will.

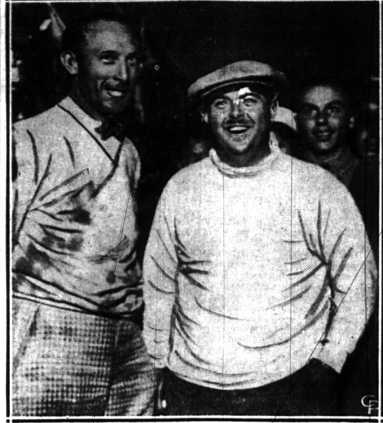
His work meant something to him when I knew him. He certainly was a contrast to some of the modern charlatans who have found their way into the profession. He had a purpose. It was to cure persons of their trouble.

During the summer, especially, trains into Niles on the Michigan Central, brought hundreds of persons from other cities seeking help from this miracle man, as he was known. The downtown streets of Niles were filled, actually, with persons whose eyes were bandaged, aged and feeble men being led by shriveled wives with anxious and worried looks, children whose mothers helped them through the darkness of a bright day.

His office was at the top of a long, dark flight of stairs. What was in the hearts of the hundreds of weary suffering persons as they stumbled slowly up the flight can only be guessed.

I have heard him talk, softened and kindly to a weeping, half blind beggar woman who came, begging for help, from Chicago. The woman smiled. That was during her first visit.

AT FINISH OF ENDURANCE ATTEMPT



First photo of Edward Schlee and William S. Brock, world flyers, after their attempt to capture the world's record for an endurance flight at San Diego, Cal. After remaining in the air 59 hours and 30 minutes their gas gave out. The flyers are planning another attempt at the record.

costumers for whom she acted as laundress. Her husband was a tinker and one day the chariot swooped down from heaven and gathered him up. A good man of the cloth was numbered among her clients in the wash industry and after the husband died the clergyman noticed some of his clothes did not return from the wash. He asked about them. The tired tinker was clothed in one of the reverend's shirts. The widow had an answer in the highest of voices, "A'Poh de Lord, a spirit swooped down and took de clothes from de line and put em on poor John."

A PINK ENVELOPE DELIVERED unceremoniously to this desk reveals the following item in neat, feminine hand writing. Were the writing less neat, should have my suspicions as to the inspiration.

"A trim man with a trim voice and a low continental bow. A trim man with a stiffly waxed moustache and an atmospheric accent, bows while surging of faint Austrian sonatas mellow press against hideous walls in a smoke-hazed room. Walls of golden brown where huge palms lift blatantly gilded arms to more gilded arms and turfs of drab undergrowth lead to still more areas of drab waste. A trim man bows and wistfully smiles, while ugly palms stretch over toward ugly palms. And the wine is served in a milk pitcher.

"Stealthily he puts the beer on the table, flips the white towel on his arm, and steals away, smiling a German smile. Hoarse! a raspy pulls forth music from some jazz program in Ashtabula, O. There are palms, but of a more intricate kind. Orange and gray sprawling thickly over dark brown backgrounds and proudly displaying their mossily green trunks. They laugh over the wall like huge torn orange peels tossed up by some horror-loving worshipping. And the rasping music skids through the

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—George M. Rounds, north Woodward avenue. "Last year, when we were living in Indiana for about eight months, you may rest assured that The Eclectic was one of the most welcome visitors that came to our home. I know something about newspaper making, and I am glad that my home weekly, The Eclectic, ranks among the best in this country. You folks certainly are getting out an interesting journal."

beery air and over the blotches of shrieking orange. "Red strips definitely cutting a maroon background and a brightwared man mixing gin. Her hoarse voice races along broken by hoarse laughter. She is going to replace the cream lace curtains by draperies of velvet, red lined with green. And there will be red stripes definitely cutting a maroon background of wallpaper."

HILLS POLICE ARREST THREE DISORDERLIES

Three Pontiac men paid fines in justice Floyd S. Buck's court Monday for disorderly conduct following their arrest Sunday by Patrolman Delos Anderson of Bloomfield Hills.

Morris McCabe, 236 Judson street, Pontiac, paid \$50. Arthur Rodstrom and Emmet McCabe of 30 Chamberlain street, Pontiac, paid \$25 each. All pleaded guilty.

Ladies who pluck their eyebrows to a thin line are warned by Dr. Brucker of Berlin that they are laying up trouble for themselves. He declares that many cases of inflammation of the eyes result from the practice. We never could see that it added to their beauty, either.

A Western Journey Birmingham To Yellowstone

This is the first of three articles on America's West. The others will be published in succeeding issues of The Eclectic.

By DR. HUGO ERICHSEN

Life is a queer game. I can scarcely claim this remark as original. Probably millions have not longer frequent our cities. When I was a boy you could see oodles of them perching upon the Detroit telegraph wires. Perhaps the ubiquitous sparrows have driven them out or the towns have grown too noisy.

At Niles the neat appearance of the station caught my eye. And, if it pays a masterly, the stationmaster there has found the proper way. The name of the station is spelled out in fleshy bedding plants that are commonly used for that purpose and there are beds of scarlet salvia, red and yellow geraniums, with an ornamental palm here and there, likewise a lily pond. And, in grow the many plants that are required for this display, the M. C. maintains a conservatory at this important junction.

At Michigan City, Ind., we got our first and last glimpse of Lake Michigan, for by the time we reached Chicago it was dark. In transferring from the M. C. depot to the Chicago and Northwestern Station, on a bus, I noticed with dismay that the local clocks pointed to 9:30, while my train was scheduled for 8:30. That, said I to myself, is a nice way to begin a transcultural journey! But when I arrived at the depot, I was overjoyed to find the clock pointing to 8 and learned to my unspeakable relief that the traveler gains an hour at the Windy City on the westward journey. In other words, the time changes from Eastern to Central Standard.

large flocks of swallows, literally hundreds of them, bent on migration and wondered why they no longer frequent our cities. When I was a boy you could see oodles of them perching upon the Detroit telegraph wires. Perhaps the ubiquitous sparrows have driven them out or the towns have grown too noisy.

On the following day we crossed the Missouri river from Council Bluffs to Omaha and found it wide but muddy and shallow. The prairies of Nebraska are not as bleak as the plains of the Canadian Northwest territories, because there are trees, but there is a lot of waste land, nevertheless—nothing but sage brush, sand and alkali as far as the eye can see. As we passed through (Fort) Kearney, we were reminded that it is the midway city on the Lincoln Highway, that is, say 123 miles from Boston and the same distance from San Francisco. At North Platte, Buffalo, Bill's home town, we gained another hour by adopting mountain time. But this time our Pullman had been transferred to the Union Pacific system.

The further we traveled West the more yellow Pacific fruit express cars we met; the California grape crop was moving towards its market. The cars have a capacity of 60,000 pounds and are well ventilated. At carefully calculated stages along the route—and all the routes east for that matter—there are huge refrigerating sheds where the cars are re-iced. As most of these sheds are located in arid regions that are inordinately hot, the enormous expense of (Continued on Page 3, Part 2)

DRIVER BALKS HOLD-UP TRY

Villager Strikes Rut in Road, Throwing Would-Be Thug From Car

Frustrating the attempt of two men to hold him up as he drove his milk wagon on Churchhill street, Auburn Heights, Roy Whitcomb, Birmingham, today is siding with the deputies in the search for the men.

According to the driver, he was proceeding slowly early Sunday when he saw two cars parked across the street in the attempt to halt him. He swerved his truck around, the cars and one of two bandits jumped on his running board, ordering him to stop. The milk wagon hit a deep rut in the road, throwing the would-be bandit to the pavement.

Whittier then reported the incident to deputies who searched the neighborhood without avail.

WOMAN, 70, DIES HERE

Funeral Services Held For Mother Of Mrs. L. R. Nicholson

Funeral services for Mrs. Regina Mauck were held at 8:30 p. m. at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lewis R. Nicholson, of 418 Greenwood avenue. Burial occurred Wednesday in Oakridge cemetery, Bay City, with Rev. Charles Stanley Jones, pastor of the Highland Park Congregational Church officiating. Mrs. Mauck died at her daughter's home Sunday evening following a lingering illness.

She was born in Waterford, Ont., in 1858. A year ago she came to Birmingham from Coolville, O., to make her home with her daughter. Her husband, Elmer Mauck, who survives her is employed on the W. H. Beam estate.

Besides her husband and daughter, she is survived by a son, W. H. Sterling, of Detroit and five grandchildren; Burring Nicholson, of Ferndale; Rev. Wesley G. Nicholson, of Cambridge, Mass.; William Nicholson, and Miss Virginia Nicholson, both of Birmingham; and George and Richard Sterling, of Detroit.

Rev. Wesley Nicholson came to Birmingham for the funeral.

Hosier dealers of Paris are suffering from loss of trade through the ladies' new fad of going without stockings. They treat their legs with a skin cream and powder in a manner to imitate the appearance of the stockings that are absent.

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