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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1928

OTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events hich have news value and which are written by persons not onnected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must e presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is eserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the ork submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper nd as are required by laws of the state. Because of a echanical situation in the composing room, headlines written y those other than members of the staff cannot be used.

For Our Firesides

Beginning here next week, Birmingham and vicinity will be canvassed for contributions to maintain and support an agency that is dedicated solely to the improvement and betterment of the human race; there are many such agencies in existence, but none, we believe, that so firmly and thoroughly bends its labors to the correct end of the human cycle, namely, its youth.

We are speaking of the annual subscription campaign for the Y. M. C. A., an institution that has been in Birmingham for about ten years; its fruits are widely scattered about our landscape, and are seen in the countenances of our boys and girls, some of them already grown into the responsibilities of young manhood and womanhood.

Youth's misfortune is that it so quickly enters a world of grownups, a world that is vastly different from the play-period it first knew; every parent necessarily sees in his offspring an infinite vehicle for the expression of the things of life, and works for, hopes for, prays for, and often dies for his children. During much of this growth, from the tiny trundled to the early 'teens, the thought and active attention of parents revolve about their children; but there does come a time, in early adolescence, when youth revolts against parental authority, and it is here that an outside character building agency steps in and does most of its good work.

Strip human life of the refining influences that such agencies as the Y. M. C. A. have exerted upon people's lives, and you would have a more deadful social picture to contemplate; the benefits of character are as limitless as life itself, and stand in splendid protection against the ravages of sordid temptation.

Let's rally to the support of our annual Y. M. C. A. campaign in and near Birmingham; let's enthusiastically keep alive the warmth of an agency that is untiring in its efforts to help OUR BOYS and GIRLS.

Let's keep alive in our homes, at our firesides, the warm glow that shines forth from the countenances of boys and girls whose minds are filled with life's finest attributes; let's do our bit from the warmth of our hearts for the offspring of our souls.

And let's do it at this time in the good coin of the realm—an investment that pays greater dividends per dollar than might be found in a carload of cold, lifeless gold bullion.

Judges In Politics

Some day (let us hope comparatively soon) the people of the State of Michigan are going to get back of a plan to appoint circuit judges for life, during good behavior, and thus remove the guardians of justice from the gnawing and devastating influences of politics.

A move in this direction cannot come too soon, in these rapidly moving days of social and economic ease; when it does come, justice will be better administered, the cost of conducting our courts will be greatly lowered, and the moral tone of our people will be elevated.

Conditions surrounding the so-called administration of justice in the United States are, when compared with judicial procedure in England, really laughable; if you don't believe this, and wish to prove it, just ask a judge or an informed lawyer. Bar associations in this state, and other states, realize the barriers that exist between the present methods of judicial administration and the kind they are striving for; the greatest of which barriers is the necessity of the judiciary having to play a sort of politics from the bench.

Who is willing to start a real crusade to place Michigan's judges on a life-term basis? Let him speak out—for this newspaper, and dozens of others, will get behind him pronto!

Hickman Is Hanged

Hickman is hanged and not many persons weep that he is dead. Most everyone will agree that the world may be slightly safer with him out of the way.

He committed a horrible crime. No beast could act as he acted.

But that does not excuse the state of California for committing a crime with just as grave results and almost as horrible in every detail.

The day before they killed this criminal, they gave him almost everything he wanted: flowers, a phonograph, and delicacies to eat.

Then they took him to the scaffold, tied him, put the black bag over his head, and as he sunk to his knees in a faint, they strangled him to death.

One could almost expect them, vulture-like, to pick his body to pieces after he was dead.

Hickman, the youth, is dead; the primitive brutality that surged through his mind resulted in the death of a little girl, and now the primitive brutality that surges through the mind of social California has resulted in the death of an individual killer.

Brutality won out in both cases; and, in such a game, who wins?

Consider This Well, Supervisors

The city of Pontiac made an attempt to grab off the plans for the county court house and combine it with its own civic center. However, it was balked, at least temporarily, by the board of supervisors.

This was a wise move on the part of the board.

A combined civic center and county building in the heart of Pontiac would be unsatisfactory from too many angles.

Despite any idea Pontiac may have, it is not quite yet all of Oakland County.

County units and city units must be kept separate for the general good of the county: not combined for the specific convenience of the city.

Placing an expensive building in the heart of the city of Pontiac would be altogether too expensive a proposition. Because of the expense of the land, the building itself would necessarily have to be economized on.

The downtown building location, despite the fact that it is in the heart of the city, is too difficult to get near in an automobile. Parking is impossible for many blocks.

The board of supervisors will do well to consider the matter in detail. It is too important and concerns too many tax payers of Oakland County to be railroaded through.

Youth

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a tempter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicysm, then are you grown old indeed, and may God have mercy on your soul.

(—ANONYMOUS)

What? Ho! Let's Be Brutal

Ho! The cry again for the pound of flesh of justice.

This time it comes from Editor J. S. McMullen of Linden, Michigan. Here is what the august editor has to say, just by way of passing on a thought, humanitarian or not:

"If we had our way about it, second offenders, on entering . . . . our state prisons, should receive not less than ten lashes on their bare backs administered by a competent man under the direction of a surgeon, and six months thereafter receive five such lashes, and on the third offenders, let the number be increased. If there is anything that strikes terror in the heart of a criminal it is the lash . . . ."

But what puts Editor McMullen in such an altruistic mood? How come he would stop after the second five lashes for second offenders?

And, may we ask, has this nation become effete, that its newspaper editors prescribe this powder puff sort of remedy for crime. For shame. Let us have something virile; something that will really "strike terror."

Why not, for instance, boil in oil every person who is brought to court? Let the traffic violators have two minutes in oil and continue the procedure indefinitely, according to the seriousness of the crime. After one who has committed a crime which is considered really serious has had his allotment of oil, why not put him in a straight-jacket with serpents for the remainder of his days?

If one is to be a barbarian, there is no use being small about it. He might as well go all the way.

IT SEEMS TO US THAT village manager Parry is passing up an excellent opportunity to obtain citizen goodwill by allowing the Oakland avenue crossing over the railroad to take on the appearance of No Man's Land. This spot ought to be kept decently smooth—even if it requires weekly applications of labor and material.

AN ENGLISHMAN IS TRYING to communicate by radio with his ethereal sweetheart in Mars. We've never been successful in this respect, though we've often communicated with divers persons from Static, a separately located province in interstellar space.

A NEW YORKER WOULD eliminate traffic congestion by requiring motorists to show paid-in-full receipts for their cars. Wonder how much he owes his grocer?

ON A THREE TO ONE BASIS, the faculty of the University of Michigan has expressed itself in the Detroit News straw vote for Hoover. Which proves that prohibition is not only a problem in the student body, doesn't it?

A SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, MAN comes forward with another method of obtaining power from the tides. Our own suggestion to obtain power very cheaply would be to can some of the gas that is used by departments of oratory in presidential campaigns. In this meaning, you may use "can" in two different ways. Either way would save the country very, very much.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

A PLEA FOR TREES

To the Editor:—

Birmingham!

I was born beneath your trees. I played under your maples, went to school, grew to womanhood beneath your shade; and now am writing from the Pacific Coast asking you to SPARE MY FRIENDS.

For they were my friends! From this distance of miles and years, I can see each one. Even to a couple of not-very-large mountain ash trees that stood, a long time ago, in front of my "Grandma Corey's" home on Martin street. There were Chestnut trees, where the Bert Peabody family once lived (now the property of the Mason's) and a few more near Volney Nixon's on Woodward avenue. There is (or was) a lone black walnut on Brown, near Townsend; and a row of them at the side of the present Baldwin school, (when we went from Maple avenue to the present Hill School on a board walk).

There were locust (I used to call them) in what is now the village park. There was one elm, of a peculiar kind, in front of our old place, now the Birmingham Inn, I believe. And then the MAPLES . . . . Yes, I remember them all! They were kind to me and I loved them.

That is why I can do no less than add my small voice of protest to the cutting down of your beautiful trees, Birmingham.

With best wishes for Peace, Prosperity and Contentment to all the citizen's of one of the finest villages in America, I am

Most sincerely,
(MRS.) EMELINE MITCHELL HAND,
Oakland, Cal.

Our Society Editor—

Takes A Few Thumb-Nail Snaps Of Open Hunt Races

By DOROTHY E. WILLIAMS

All the confusion of the three ring circus without the warmth of a summer day under the big top. White tents fluttering in the brisk wind. Tents too white and new under their gay banners. A large tent where cold and hungry people were standing eating slablike sandwiches. A chattering undercurrent of refined excitement as smartly dressed women and superior men pressed toward a jerkily revolving turnstile, and overhead a murky sky of gray that only intensified the smooth crimson and browns of the autumn hills. And an airdale dog that ran with hounds in a thoroughly English race.

There was a bright boy who announced that they painted the judges' horses white the night before the races, but his brilliance was overshadowed by the winning manner of the scarlet coated judge who swerved here and there on his fine horse with a pitiful and exasperating plea of, "Please, please," as he strove to keep back the pressing crowd. The entries would not be on the field for another half hour and the bugler was still playing little boy blue, but his boy scout instincts had come to the fore. Then too, one feels Napoleonic in a scarlet coat riding on a high white horse.

Despite the heavy traffic at the races, not an accident was reported on the grounds. There was but one mishap and that was in Birmingham when two cars came together. One of the drivers was later fined.

At the barbeque, following the English style, nothing less than roast beef was served. And the appetites were Amrican on a cold day.

More newspaper and motion picture photographers were present than are in evidence at an unusually big murder. They were all over the place. The effect was some sort of symphony of camera clicks and the pomp-pomp of horses' hoofs on the ground.

There is considerable comment on how the hedges were kept so green at this time of the year. By hedges, of course, I mean jumps, naturally. Well, I don't know anymore about how the hedges—jumps—were kept so green than anyone else. Maybe the sun shines longer in Bloomfield Hills.

Something of the impatience of the war-famed bread line showed in the faces of those forming the long snake-like chain that wound itself into the barbeque tent at the races. There was the hopeful youth who called back to know if the rest of the party wanted rye or white bread and arrived only to find the bread of his choice gone. There were the photographers, their cameras firmly stationed beside them, who settled down to eat whatever the day provided, and there was the man who wondered what would happen if one asked for rare meat so took a slab of well done.

Little boys who hurried about eagerly collecting paper plates with all the importance of ten years old when any odd job is an honor.

A rider in a crimson coat silhouetted against a soggy gray sky that poured forth three frail streams of light from a sinking sun, and with the rider the light disappeared almost symbolically.

CREDIT BUREAU HEARS EXPERTS

Methods Of Good Business Stressed In Talks At Meeting Of Village Business Men

Described by many as the best meeting they have held in many months, members of the Birmingham Credit Bureau, a local organization of business and professional men and women, met at the Lone Pine Inn Tuesday night and listened to addresses on problems of credit.

Following introductory remarks by Charles G. Parks, president of the recently re-organized Bureau, in which he stressed the necessity for co-operation, willingness to assume individual responsibility, and more systematic method in handling credit accounts, Floyd J. Miller, manager of the Pontiac Credit Bureau and president of the State Association of Credit Bureaus, was introduced.

Conditions Changing

"Business conditions are changing rapidly; credit conditions that existed no longer than three years ago are much different than what we have to cope with today," said Mr. Miller. "Merchants who stay in business today must get acquainted with the changing conditions, and adjust their business deportment to these changes.

"The average merchant will spend considerable time and money buying goods to display and sell in his store; he will pay a high price for rent; he will display his goods to advantage and use advertising to bring customers into his store. Then what usually happens? Why, he will sell large quantities of goods, to people whose financial status he knows very little about, on a charge basis, and then expect his ledger to bring in the money without any more effort. Such tactics nearly always result in losing the money due as well as the customer. Successful merchants pay more attention to their accounts receivable than any other portion of their business—they must, if they are to survive."

Cites Greatest Evil

Mr. Miller said that the greatest evil confronting the merchant is the customer who, though intentionally honest, buys beyond his means. Such customers, working on a salary for some firm, are responsible for many business houses going into bankruptcy. By obtaining accurate information when a customer opens an account, and by checking this information against the local Credit Bureau's own information from other sources, much money may be saved by the merchant, said Mr. Miller. This exerts a twofold benefit, he believes, one to the merchant, and the other to the building of character in the mind of the extravagant customer.

William Glass, credit manager for the Braun Lumber corporation, spoke on problems kindred to his line, and advised those present to know their customers' financial responsibility before extending credit.

J. H. McBride, local merchant, explained a collection system which he has just installed in his business, and advised other members present to pay more intelligent attention to their accounts receivable.

PLAN MASQUERADE FOR HALLOWE'EN

The Kunsky Birmingham Theater will sponsor a Masquerade contest on Hallowe'en night, Wednesday, Oct. 31. Cash prizes will be awarded for the best costumes, the audience to be the judges. Every resident of Birmingham is qualified to enter the contest. It is planned to hold a parade on the stage and special prizes will be awarded to contestants who resemble motion picture actors, Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Lloyd Hamilton, Ben Turpin and others make interesting characters to impersonate.

Woman's Hoover Club Urges Heavy Vote

An appeal to the Michigan women to support Herbert Hoover for president is being broadcast throughout the state, it was said today by Mrs. Charles Shain of this city, member of the state advisory council and active worker on the Woman's Hoover committee, organized in every county in Michigan by Mrs. Craig C. Miller of Marshall.

"The Hoover campaign among women seems to strike the most responsive chord when the business prosperity of the country and the need for continuing it are stressed," Mrs. Shain said today.

"Of course, women are particularly interested in the prohibition question and do not propose to let down the bars for any remote possibility of the return of the liquor traffic, but we are all sensitive in the region of the pocketbook. We realize that unless employers of labor are able to meet world competition, they cannot provide jobs for the wage earners. Whether this means the woman herself, or her husband or father or brother, matters little. Upon the women of the land industrial depression strikes most heavily. We suffer when our children go without necessaries and comforts.

The heaviest vote by women in the history of the state is the goal of the Woman's Hoover committee, the members of which believe that there are at least half a million women eligible to vote who do not do so, she said.

VOLUNTEERS START DRIVE

Permission has been granted today to the Volunteers of America to hold their annual Heart Tag Day in Birmingham Saturday, according to the Birmingham committee in charge.

The Volunteers of America, organized 30 years ago under General and Mrs. Ballington Booth, are today represented by branches in every state in the union. General and Mrs. Booth are the acting presidents.

Headquarters for Michigan's philanthropic work are in Grand Rapids and in Kalamazoo. The Volunteers maintain a camp for unfortunate children.

The Heart Day is an annual occasion on which the local children are invited to sell tags for whatever the purchaser wishes to give toward the cause.

The following well known members of civic circles compose the sponsoring committee: Mrs. Hope Halgren, member of the Commission; Rev. Warner Forsyth, rector of the St. James Episcopal Church, Rev. Henry Evans, of the United Presbyterian Church, Mrs. David Woodward, and Mrs. William Cummins.

Miss Norma Martin will be in charge of the children's work and finances. Invitations have been sent to the children to meet next Saturday at the Community House at 9 a. m. when instructions for the campaign will be given, Miss Martin announced.

RESOLUTION No. 609

"Second resolution—Opening of Alley No. 7 in block bounded by Willets, proposed Henrietta extension, Maple and Bates."

609—Moved by Commissioner McBride that the following preamble and resolution be adopted:

Whereas Oct. 15, 1928, was heretofore fixed by this Commission as the time for the meeting to hear suggestions and objections to the opening of an alley in the block bounded by Willetts, the proposed Henrietta St. extension, Maple and Bates in the Village of Birmingham, and

Whereas due notice of the meeting has been given in the manner required by law to each person owning property liable for special assessment within a special assessment district established for such purpose, and the Commission duly met on this 15th day of Oct. A. D. 1928 at 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose aforesaid, and due hearing has been given to all persons making suggestions and objections to the proposed improvement, therefore

Be it resolved that an alley be opened in the block bounded by Willetts, the proposed Henrietta St. extension, Maple and Bates in the Village of Birmingham, and,

Be it further resolved that all lots and parcels of land fronting and abutting on each side of said alley within the district heretofore described be constituted Special Assessment District No. 164, upon which shall be levied and spread according to benefits, the sum of $9,290.00, being 5/6 of the cost of the improvement, according to an estimate heretofore prepared by the Village Manager and now on file with the Village Clerk, and

Be it further resolved that the Village of Birmingham shall pay from the general funds the amount of $1,858.00 being 1/6 of the cost of the improvement, and,

Be it further resolved that the Assessor of the Village of Birmingham be hereby directed, in pursuance hereof, to make a special assessment according to benefits as herein provided on all taxable lands and premises constituting Special Assessment District No. 164, for the sum of $9,290.00 aforementioned, and impart the same to this Commission with all due haste.

Yeas: 6.
Nays: 0.

H. T. ELLERBY,
Village President.
MYRTLE E. CARSON,
Village Clerk.

New Stores Coming

A few months ago we announced the completion of a 99-year lease for the S. S. Kresge Company at 119-120 North Woodward—subject to the existing leases, which had nearly two years to run.

Last week we were able to complete a long term lease with the present tenants for larger quarters in the same general neighborhood—giving Kresge the opportunity of remodelling and opening their store nearly a year ahead of their original expectations.

For another prominent chain store organization we have secured a long time lease of the forty feet of Woodward Avenue property occupied by Joseph Stroup and H. J. Hammelef prior to their removal to the fashionable new Wabeek Building.

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When OLD AGE COMES!

When the tempo of life has slowed down and the flare and sputter of youth has given place to the calm philosophy of later years—what a beautiful Indian summer, tranquil ease, and leisurely enjoyment await the couple who have had the foresight to provide a lovely home for these years!

For all joys do not pass with youth. Delights which youth rushes past in search of new fantastic pleasures win the ripe appreciation of age. Knowing the unstudied gesture of esteem, reverend eyes made rich with honest thought find pleasure in the world of music, the treasure houses called Books, in a Garden, interesting friends meeting with a jovial host about a fireside enriched by memories of a full life. Keen delights these, in later years when there is Home and Independence.

The tragedy of old age is Dependence! To play the role of unwanted guests in the homes of relatives—the bitterest cup age can drain at the hands of youth is unwelcome food and shelter.

Spare yourself this fate. Provide a hearthside of your own—a place howsoever modest—which you inhabit by Right—not Tolerance.

There is nothing the powers can bring you of such value as this—your own Home. *Home independence is so easily acquired,* and pays such bountiful dividends of contentment. It can only be said of those who neglect it: "they do not know—they do not understand."

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