

Local schools have started. Our youth is now entrusted into the hands of teachers—many whom you may not know. Why not get acquainted with those who have much to do with the shaping of your children's lives?

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 22

FRAMES START ON NEW P. O.

Footings, Foundations In For Government Building

The framework of the new post office is under construction today and work is progressing rapidly, according to reports from the contractors, the M. J. Cavanaugh company of Lansing.

A full basement is not included in the plans, space only being allowed only for the furnace and heating system.

Work on the new post office started two weeks ago and the building is expected to be ready for occupancy Dec. 1. The approximate cost of the new building is \$35,000.

It is located on the East side of Woodward avenue north of Oakland avenue.

REV. THOMPSON TO ATTEND MEET.

Southfield Pastor Leaves For Conference at Sault Ste. Marie

Rev. C. M. Thompson, of Fernside avenue, pastor of Southfield Methodist Church, left Monday evening for Sault Ste. Marie, where he will attend the seventy-third annual session of the Detroit conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This is the second time the conference has been held in the "Lacks City." The first session was held there 34 years ago when Rev. Thompson was pastor of the Sault Ste. Marie Church.

During Rev. Thompson's pastorate, the Central Church, of Sault Ste. Marie, a large stone structure with seating capacity for 1,000 persons was completed and dedicated. It was to this church Rev. Thompson's special duty during the present conference session will be to preside over the Lovefeast service which will be held next Sunday morning at 3 a. m., preceding the annual sermon to be delivered by Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of Detroit, conference president.

Rev. Thompson expects to return from the "Soo" sometime next week.

Although several American presidents were inventors, Lincoln is the only one who took out a patent.

Ford White is the name given a baby found on a doorstep in Washington by two officers, Ford and White.

The Diary of a New Yorker

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to The Eclectic.

New York.—The same classicness which is common to Americans in every country of the globe, is to be found among natives of various states and cities in New York. New York has a state society for nearly every state, with native sons and daughters of this section, or that meeting regularly to keep alive their native associations.

Frequently groups of former residents of this state or that will be found gathered in one section of New York in a community much like the colonies formed by foreigners in the city.

A girl radio artist from Tuscaloosa who has been singing in New York radio programs was given publicity in one of the afternoon papers. Within two days she heard from more than a dozen persons from Tuscaloosa, most of whom lived within a few blocks of each other in New York.

Fewer than 10 per cent of the visitors to the Woolworth tower are regular residents of New York, the manager of the tower estimates.

Probably that percentage goes for the rest of the New York state, which attracts visitors from other places most. New Yorkers never see them.

The New York detective invariably is depicted in the movies as a strenuous-appearing or heavily belted individual with a bull neck and leather face.

Well, H. F. Cordes, probably the most famous of detectives of the New York police department among members of the force and police reporters, is a man of boy-slight build who looks like a Wall Street clerk. He was too small to be a patrolman, but got an appointment as detective after passing the course in the police training school with high honors. His favorite pastime is, and no fooling, reading detective stories.

Incidentally, the equivalent of the newspaper "morgue" is being created by a movie producer. They are recording and filing away for future use everything from the noise of airplane motors to pig squeals. Thus when a picture calls for a plane leaving the field, or for a close-up of a barnyard, records from the "morgue" can be played in the studio and the sound be directly transmitted to the film of the scene.

Ordinarily I have no complaint with the way the rich dispose of their money (they don't try to tell me what I shall do with mine), but I can't help feeling like somebody ought to do something when I learn that a rich woman who spends \$50,000 a year on her lap dog (one does) or a man who wears an article of clothing, whether it be dress suit, shoes, silk hat or diamond tiepin, only once

before throwing it away or passing it to a servant. And I feel like going down and buying a copy of the American Mercury to give to the poor when I get a glimpse of a woman with evening slippers with gem-studded heels (not mere brilliants) and mock-inlaid feather uppers, price \$5,000 a pair.

VILLAGE GROWS TREES FOR NEED OF THE FUTURE

Preparation is made by the village for future need in maintaining a tree nursery today. Approximately 1,000 saplings are planted in section of ground set aside for this purpose and on Linden road.

The trees, which are mostly elms, were planted last spring. According to James W. Parry, village manager, no immediate use will be made of them. They are maintained, he says, only in case of some condition in the future which would necessitate tree planting anywhere in Birmingham.

The ground devoted to the trees is approximately 75x50 yards. The trees average from eight to twelve feet in height.

14 APPEAR IN JUSTICE COURT

Only 38 persons appeared before Justice Matlock Hunt this month paying fines of \$347.60 in contrast with 52 arrests and fines of \$838.80 collected during July.

Speeders paid the heaviest fines with \$158.80 recorded for 18 offenders.

Fifteen reckless drivers totaled \$148.80 in fines, however.

Minor offense completed the list, only one drunken and disorderly charge being recorded.

FOUR PAY FINES ON DRUNKEN CHARGE

Four persons appeared before Justice Floyd Brock on a drunken charge Monday morning and were sentenced to pay fines of \$15 each. They were: James Jenkins, 1446 Gray avenue, Detroit; Paul Head, of the same address; Paul Beltz, 473 North Johnson street, Pontiac; and John Beltz, 136 Oakland avenue, Pontiac. The men were arrested in Bloomfield Hills last night.

In the past six years people of Ireland have invested nearly \$16,000,000 in U. S. savings certificates.

By means of ultra-violet rays, photographs can now be taken in total darkness.

CRANBROOK STUDENTS TO FIND NEW BUILDINGS ON RETURN

Cranbrook students will return with the opening of their school on Sept. 25 to a campus boasting many new buildings and additions. The new 42-room dormitory is the most pretentious with its four suites for the masters, and a wing containing the masters' clubrooms with a barbershop in connection. This is situated on the north side of the campus, meeting the administrative building at right angles.

Students will be served their first meal at the school this fall in the new dining room which accommodates 250. The dining hall is on the southern part of the campus, parallel to Long Lake road. It is a long room with a high arched ceiling suggesting a cathedral. Long tables running the width of the hall will seat 12 boys each.

In connection with this large kitchen, large storerooms, a bakery storage room for ice cream and a chef's quarters.

Eighteen persons besides the chef will be employed in the kitchen. The large room below the dining room with its dark wooden supports against the rough plaster walls has a cloister-like atmosphere. Although this year it will be vacant the plan is to use it in the future as an overflow for the new dining room or possibly for boys of the lower forms.

A new wing has been added to the west side of the school building, providing living quarters for the help, a laundry, locker and shower room for visiting teams. There will also be new facilities for the art and manual training departments.

Garages with a complete workshop and storage for 60 cars are among the new structures. The walls of the first floor of the new arts and crafts building are now up. This building will be completed during the year and will be ready for classes a year from this September. Classes in fine printing, weaving, architecture, wood and copper work as well as wood carving will be held there.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE CLOSED GARDEN" BY JULIAN GREEN (A Review)

By MARGARET FILLEYLOVE

This is a depressing book, but brilliant. It is also popular, but not on account of its unpleasantness, not unpleasant enough for that, nor yet on account of its brilliance. How then, account for its popularity?

Running our memory along the ranks of "best sellers" in recent years, we halt at Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," a most unusual novel. Here perhaps is the solution.

"The Closed Garden" is unusual in so far as its setting is totally unfamiliar to American readers. The prevailing fashion of our own lives leads us to seek romance in the lives of others; human curiosity is universal. Fiction only another word for Fairy Tales—satisfies this need, to a greater or lesser degree.

Although these two novels are so different, both are in striking contrast to American life today. "The Closed Garden" is a story of provincial life in France, 20 years ago. "The Closed Garden" is a story of a young girl, whose buoyant spirit and natural ardor have been persistently crushed and warped.

On the one hand by a dull and selfish father, on the other by a sister indifferent to everything but her own ill-health.

To the tragic development of Adrienne's emotional suffering there is no relief, absolutely none. All the fairies in her life are bad fairies, and whichever way she turns in her despair she meets with frustration, misunderstanding and cruelty.

Her deluding words fill the reader with a painful sympathy and an indignation against those forces which smother her youth and kill the bright bird in her bosom.

"She was one of those souls whose loneliness has marked for its own, and who pass without transition from an empty existence to a species of interior frenzy which subverts their reason." In this brief sentence, the

theme of the whole story is contained.

"When," she asks herself, in one of her frequent moods of self-pitying lassitude, "when was I ever happy? Where had been those moments of felicity which childhood is assumed to be made up of."

Vivid pictures of the Villa des Charnes, and admirable character studies of the father and his two daughters, who live there in the aimless existence of set routine, begin the story. It is indeed the story of habits on the part of M. Meuraut which is at the root of all the troubles which pile upon them.

Germaine, the elder daughter, is drawn with so much sympathy that we forgive her unlovely attributes of jealousy, suspicion and spite. For 12 years she has spent most of her time stretched out on a sofa, with little to think about but a tormenting fear of death. Life has given her nothing, and she has nothing to give. Her eyes, perpetually drawn to the ceiling by suffering and anxiety, have ended by carving two deep, parallel lines on her forehead.

The question of Adrienne's marriage is never brought up. There is nothing her father does, matter no attention, and as to Adrienne herself, the very thought of sharing her life with any one of the small-town suitors whom she has met is repulsive. But the conditions of her life have made her cunning, and few would have suspected the restless soul she hides behind an apparent impassivity.

The simple stage is set, and we await events with breathless concentration. We have heard the faint rumble of an approaching storm; we may have noticed a small cloud, like a man's hand, on the horizon; we feel the growing antagonism among the three main characters; and we are certain that the little cloud will steal up, at first unnoticed, grow bigger, blacker, cover the whole sky; until suddenly, with a deafening thunder-crack, the tempest breaks, and we find ourselves trembling under an impalpable horror.

And that is what happens. From (Continued on Page 3, Part 2)

Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

FROM SOMEONE WHO knows I have always had considerable respect for what James Joyce writes, comes this clipping.

After the study of a dozen modern languages, James Joyce, the novelist, is evolving in Bohemian Paris a new vocabulary of English. Joyce seeks rich tones in word formation taking them anywhere he may find them and combining "ugly-sounding" words to make them harmonious. For instance he combines "blood" and "batheled" to make "Middle-flith," just as six words are combined to make "shout-shodality." One extracts from his new novel, "A flink bad was frankly at the mannel airth sure which was becase he knowen in his cradle no boy better there came broke and night him wigworms and nigh him pickpocket with pickpocket-pump, pickpocketpoint, pickpocketpod, pickpocketprom, and updown."

But there is more to Joyce's use of words than that. Often he divorces them entirely from their conventional meaning and allows their sound to convey an impression. As does Gertrude Stein and as did, to a far lesser degree, Edgar Allan Poe. Poe selected words for their connotation and denotation. This is explained in his "How I wrote the Raven." Joyce selects "words" almost entirely for their sound connotations alone. And in taking this departure from the usual, conventional manner of saying things, he is taking the first step from the usual, conventional manner of saying things that has been taken in the history of literature. We have always had words given to us. Good old words that bear investigation. Words that mean something and have meant the same something for years and years. They have grown horribly dull and uninteresting. They lack the ability to gain interest and they have become as ugly, in their vain attempt to convey ideas, as dusty paper roses in their attempt to convey beauty. Someday maybe even the magazines which are issued to help shop girls leave their black satin world will contain pocketpump pickpocketpoints.

ideas to pass completely from their scope. One trouble is, it seems to me, our lives are twisted; they are chronologically upside down. Youth rushes along, keeping time to the hands or to the romances of the most handsome of the dousers. Old age attains a social and intellectual haemostasis or, worse, attains a sudden dive into a float of jettam which passes as wisdom—and makes the diver appear completely pathetic.

Were the arrangement even, youth would go alone into an alley like a cat, and try to answer some of the questions which come to him at the age of seven. And old age, completely void of a desire to think, would sit under the hand stand, eating peanuts, and, between drinking songs, read the most impossible stories in the world. And when death came, it would find old age vacuous and disorderly and uninterested in its darkened hood, rather than complaisant and waiting, afraid of the shadows.

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AIR SERVICE SETS RECORD

A record breaking passenger total for August is announced today by the St. Louis service.

The preceding month is lauded as marking the attainment of a new record in passenger transportation, according to Lucius Lobell, who is in charge of air traffic for the Stout Air Service.

A total of 803 passengers was carried over the Detroit-Cleveland air line during the month, the record which it places at 1,200.

One hundred seventy-eight Birmingham residents are numbered among the 6,743 who have taken advantage of the light-seeing trips afforded by the Stout air service. The total includes passengers carried from both the John R. and the Ford airport.

The number of Birmingham people reported is only from the John R. port, Mr. Lobell says.

The record set in August surpasses the July total by 119. Air flights for sightseeing will continue from the John R. port, according to Mr. Lobell.

WE HEARD IT SAID BY—

Emil Otto, village tree surgeon: "Many of the trees that are being taken from Birch street could not live a great deal longer because of the pavements which are preventing them from getting the proper nourishment."

CIVIC CENTER LANDSCAPING IS PLANNED

Sketches For Municipal Block To Be Submitted

DESIGNS ARE TO VARY

Bids are to be asked at a future date for the landscaping of the grounds in the block of the new municipal building. It is announced by Manager James W. Parry.

Plans for the landscaping of the grounds are to be made from suggestions submitted from five landscaping experts to the village officials and the bidding will be done on this basis, he said.

Details have not been worked out relative to the general scheme of the grounds but work is expected to be rushed as the building will be ready for occupancy next month.

It is bounded by Pierce, Martin, Morrill and Henrietta streets.

HOSPITAL OPENS NURSES' SCHOOL

Classes Given For Women Between 18 and 25 To Staff Made

Training school for nurses at the St. Joseph Mercy Hospital opened Monday. It is attended by women between the ages of 18 and 33 who have had at least two years of high school work.

Sister Mary Paschal, R. N., is the superintendent of the training school and will have this year as her full-time assistant Miss Loyola Lane, R. N.

The hospital staff was increased recently by the addition of Gordon Cummings, a graduate of the University of Toronto, who is the second intern, and by the employment of Miss Alice Lindell of Battle Creek as a graduate dietitian.

FALSE ALARM BRINGS FIREMEN

A call of unknown origin brought the fire department to the scene at the First National Bank, Sunday at 6:15 p. m. The call was reported as a false alarm. After an inspection of the building and of its roof it was announced that there was no indication of fire, except for smoke from the vent of a water heater which did not endanger the bank. This is the second time the fire department has been called to the bank at Woodward and Hamilton when smoke was seen above the roof.

Make Your Own Glorious Autumn

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