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LIONS SPONSOR BAND CONCERT

Villagers To Hear United
States Army Organiza-
tion In Benefit

Residents of Birmingham and vicinity will have an opportunity to hear the country's foremost military band Oct. 15, when the United States Army band appears for two concerts at Pontiac, under

the auspices of the Pontiac Lions club, at the Oakland Theater.

In addition to being one of the outstanding musical offerings of the coming fall, the concert will furnish opportunity for residents of this section to aid in work done by the Lions club. Proceeds of the concert will be placed in the club's defective vision fund, which is used to aid school children of the county with defective vision whose parents are unable to pay for necessary treatment.

Many Children Treated

During the past year the Lions club has been responsible for supplying treatment and glasses for 12 school children in all parts of Oakland county. A considerable number of these cases were in the southern part of the county, where the population is more dense. Twenty-three children were treated in Royal Oak, Troy and Southfield townships and Fordale. Practically all cases were referred by the school nurses during the course of their regular duties.

As the county and townships do not provide for this type of treatment, the Lions club is practically the only organized relief for children so afflicted. Birmingham Lions, while not themselves taking part in the defective vision work in the county, are behind the work of their Pontiac brothers, inasmuch as work among the blind is an international project of the Lions club.

The army band as it now exists is an outgrowth of the world war. General Pershing's E. F. F. Headquarters Band was considered one of the finest of military musical organizations.

General Pershing ordered the United States Army band organized in 1922 when he became chief of staff. He gathered the remnants of the A. E. F. band along with the best musicians of the various regimental bands of the army posts throughout the country. In September of that year the band was ordered to Washington and placed under the leadership of Capt. William J. Stannard.

Mail Orders Received

Since that time the band has played only at official governmental functions and until the coming season has never been permitted to go on concert tour.

In order that people in Birmingham and other towns of the country may have an opportunity to purchase tickets in advance of the concert, tickets may be purchased by mail. No seats will be reserved in the afternoon. Checks or money orders for seats at the evening concert may be mailed to the Lions club, Box 115, Pontiac.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO DRAYTON PLAINS

Realizing he was becoming too drunk to drive, Harry Cluver, Drayton Plains parked his car just off Woodward avenue on the Browbridge Crossing and settling down for a sleep, police say. He was found there yesterday by Patrolman Irma Banks of Bloomfield Hills. Cluver paid a fine of \$15 in Justice Floyd S. Buck's court Thursday.

Phone your news items to The Eccentric. Phones 11 and 12.

BOOK REVIEWS

"BRIGHTON BEACH"
Mrs. Henry Dudeney
(Mrs. Collins) (D. C. Ltd., London)

By MARGARET FULLEYLOVE
Fatalism and fantasy, skilfully blended, make "Brighton Beach" a powerful and unusual story.

Modern sympathies... most of us are at heart pagans... are not easily engaged by the morbid theme of expiation and remorse... but Mrs. Dudeney has lightened the Calvinistic gloom with humor and lifted the spell of unreality and horror with understanding of human motives.

She recognizes the significance that hidden in apparent commonplace is in factfulness to detail we feel her steady hand.

The tale begins with Penelope at 40, free—or so we at first suppose—from the tyranny of her two aunts with whom she had lived from childhood in grim and formal elegance.

Draughter Review Book
Written By Mother
This is the review by a Birmingham woman of her mother's latest book. The book has been presented to the Baldwin Library by Mrs. Fulleylove. Mrs. Dudeney has written other novels and issued collections of short stories.

Resolved to remain young, she tries to shake off the traditions of Grace's fanciful invalidism and Mabel's fanatical piety. Her failure to do so is because she cannot believe in Mabel's death... even though she has kissed her in her coffin.

Mabel's unrelenting spirit and malignant will haunt Penelope, who feels certain, on her return to England, after three years of aimless wandering in Europe, that Mabel will be there to meet her boat.

From now on, the victim of religious fanaticism in a personality stronger, even in death, than her own, relives the past in a series of dramatic episodes.

Step by step, she moves backward in an unremembered void. She has neither vista nor background. "Each day is like a knitted stitch of the needle."

At last, she is a little girl of eight.

A Calvinistic conscience, pitilessly forced upon a wavering mind, early destroys Penelope's emotional clarity, and instead of a firm and fearless approach to life she is ruled by doubts and fears.

Unwilling memories of the wailing harmonium; family prayers; long hot Sunday mornings in an old brown chapel, with an old man in a black gown thundering in a pulpit; these are too deeply bitten in to be effaced.

A romantic dreamer, hungry for life and love, she gains and loses, inevitably, both.

The chief attraction in Mrs. Dudeney's novels lies not so much in ingenuity of plot as in her penetrating study of character.

Her vivid pictures of the countryside have, too, an exceptional appeal. Descriptions of Brighton today and thirty years ago catch the spirit of the changing "times" and the garments of those decorous times.

The biting humor which Mrs. Dudeney injects into her minor characters is not only extremely enlightening, but it serves to make the improbable seem convincing and relieves a tension which is at times intolerable.

It is impossible to convey the richness of this writer's observation, or the sureness with which she can express it. Among all her novels, there seems to be no human emotion she has not fathomed.

She is gifted with a rare sincerity, and that is the secret of her strength and her appeal.

THE TIRED CAPTAIN
By A. KENT GUTHRIE
(D. Appleton & Company)

By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

When the author selected the adjective "tired" to describe the captain in the service during the war, about whom he writes, he did well enough as far as he went. However, he should have at least nodded to this very humble and apathetic reviewer. I attempt this notice in a not-alcoholic condition, though I laid the book down a half hour ago and devoted the interval to the vigorous application of cold water externally, and hot, black coffee internally.

Mrs. Curtis, himself a tired aviator, attempts to rewrite Rodand's Cyrano De Bergerac with a change of time and setting and form. If your son is a tenderfoot scout, give him Cyrano, someday, with the request that it be rewritten, according to the fullest of his imaginative capacity and literary experience. The result will be similar to this novel.

Two aviators during the last war are very close friends. The homely one writes poetry. The pretty one signs it. Everyone thinks the pretty one is the aesthete, and very much so, because the lyrics are claimed by the book-pollmen of Fleet street to transcend anything of Shelley's.

The homely one loves a girl but the pretty one marries her because she thinks, like the rest of the world, that the homely one is just someone who hangs around. Then she has to tell the pretty one nice things to say to the fiancée who becomes Mrs. Pretty One. The beautiful husband is killed and the homely friend stays drunk for

quite a while then sets out to rescue some fishermen who have not even been introduced to him. Curtis calls this a beautiful gesture and, really, had I been awake, I should have been quite pleased, as the in-entirely wonderful book.

I suppose I should say something complimentary about the novel and I can and am pleased to do so, but the punctuation is perfect. The story is told mostly in monologue, which necessitates many dots and triple quotes. Everyone of them is flawless. Really, if you like punctuation, there it is.

And another thing that pleased me is its cleanliness. Despite the fact that it concerns aviators during a war, the author has shown that a book may be clean and that whether it is true to actuality or not, at no time does any member of the feminine sex who is not, in every sense of the word, a lady enter the story—even when the boys are on leave in Paris. Nor does the conversation even become degrading. The only shocking exception is a single "damn," and after all I am broadminded enough to forgive it, so long as it only occurred once. We are told that some of the boys become drunk but when they come into the picture and speak for us, we know they are only playing drunk and that it is all a little joke. They are merely giving an imitation of a vaudeville actor's imitation of a drunken man. Unless my memory fails, they even say, "Hic."

"ALL KNEELING"
By Anne Parrish
(Harcourt & Brace)
(A Review)

By DOROTHY E. WILLIAMS

Anne Parrish has taken a lace valentine heroine, made her to pose and strut for us, still within her delicate and always charming frame and then has sat back and quietly and gently laughed at her own creation. In her laughter she has tried to be subtle, but in that very profusion of subtlety she has become obvious—commonly obvious.

Christabel Gaine is this heroine. Her background and life do not matter. Always her imagination embellishes the past to make the lace frame more fascinating. She has a fairy gift of charm making a shrewd and scheming nature, which she utilizes to keep for herself the center of the stage. Christabel is real enough, when dressed in the heavy robe of words and situations Miss Parrish has given her.

An authoress who feels confined by her home surroundings, Christabel, beautiful, young and brimming with youthful confidence, goes to New York to live in a shop girl's dream of the Bohemian quarter. She conquers there, ever keeping in mind her picture of herself as a "golden queen" but soon tires of this and her artist lovers who lead to their queen far too readily.

She is finally attracted by a normal young man who can give her a background and genuine beauty. She marries him and from this background manipulates her world of suitors while the husband plays golf.

There is but one person to balance the saccharine sweetness of this novel. That is "Nick" or "Nicky," and unfortunately he is most unconvincing. He enters the book but occasionally and in a maudlin manner. He grinds out his conversation like so many platitudes.

There is a trick the authoress has of giving psychological contradictions which is disgustingly obvious though true. As she does it too frequently. As when Ellen reasons, "They love me and I love them. It's all right. Nick is here. I'm all alone."

No, no! Nick is here! I'm alone.

And again the cruel way in which she draws her characters leaving no tiny bit of the pattern for the reader to fit in. "Christabel began to copy, the letters growing more and more scalloped through her agitation at the thought of Curtis."

Miss Parrish laughs at Christabel but one tires of continually laughing with her and the laugh dims to a sickly smile and then finally boredom. Her conversation which captivated her listeners. The time she made her usual "tag" entrance at a dinner party. "See! I've walked through the Milky Way." I've gotten stars all over my skirt!

Miss Parrish in no way approaches the polish and niceties of language that she is. "The Perennial Bachelor." Too, in her intense concentration on Christabel she has drawn no character out of the group of characters that move about smoothly in a pattern of lives and loves in the novel.

"The Perennial Bachelor" was good in that she forgot her writing in the portrait of the life of the man who moved through the influence of three generations. But in the reading of "All Kneeling" there is a feeling that Miss Parrish is ever conscious of her writing in a rather amateurish way.

She is a lover of words and it is possible that she has chosen this to be the true and the true strengthens her by a scolding of words. She has gone too far in producing a "All Kneeling" so thought effects and strained to do so, but it would seem that a more delicate suggestion of effects and the part of Miss Parrish would

prove more powerful and less monotonous.

The plot moves steadily and rather interestingly, following in the wake of this "little golden queen." And Miss Parrish has made her a queen before whom all kneel. But she is a fairy queen without the gauzy setting or she is rather a too pretty princess with very lovely sets to illumine her stately tread acting, a princess who would put should the queen come on the stage!

Miss Parrish has had little to say and she has said it in a wordy manner, which is nevertheless readable. There is a feeling of word suffocation when it has finished "All Kneeling." Yet it is a prettily worded book concerning a pretty woman—and that's about all.

BOOK NOTES

The Children by Edith Wharton, Appleton, 1928. The effect of divorce on the children is sadly but amusingly presented in this story of seven children wandering about Europe in the care of the older sister with the assistance of three nurses. (Complete review later.)

Houdini by Harold Lockhart, Harcourt, 1928. The story of the magician who thrilled thousands during his life.

Life and Times of Peter Stuyvesant, by Van Loon, Holt, 1928. History of the Dutch settlement in America. The author has made the interesting illustrations.

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EMIL JANNINGS in "The Street of Sin"
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A glamorous romance of two lovers who defied the world!

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TUESDAY—SEPTEMBER 25
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With EVELYN BRENT
An amusing situation done in the sophisticated Menjou manner! Also a two-reel novelty, "ALICE IN MOVIELAND."

NEWS COMEDY TOPICS

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—SEPTEMBER 26-27
Corinne Griffith in "THE GARDEN OF EDEN"
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