

On the pages of eternity, the seasons play little part, for seasons are but periods of time, and time is no measurable part of Eternity. Love is the measuring stick of Eternity.

The Birmingham Eccentric

PART TWO

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR—NO. 44

BIRMINGHAM, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1929

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IMMIGRATION LAXITY HIT BY OFFICIAL HERE

Police Chiefs Guests Of Anderson At Annual Meeting

70 MEN IN ATTENDANCE

"All an alien needs to enter the United States is \$100. With this he can have an attorney get out an injunction restraining authorities from interference." This was the gist of the talk made Thursday noon by John S. Zurbick, district inspector in charge of immigration at Detroit, to the 70 police officials who gathered for their monthly meeting at the Chateau. Ten Roop, Chief James Anderson of Birmingham was host to the Wayne County Michigan Chiefs of Police Association including police officials from communities within 40 miles of Detroit.

Asks Aid
He asked co-operation of police in locating persons who have entered the country illegally. Detroit and the surrounding district forms an open port for illegal entry, he said.

"We often find it difficult to deport undesirable because the law requires that they be found guilty of moral turpitude. While guilty of moral turpitude, four convictions of violation of the liquor law will place a person (Continued on Page 3, Part 3)

Lucky Samaritan



No wonder E. P. Grimes, Port Arthur, Tex., machinist, is wearing a broad smile. He has inherited \$80,000 in property, according to terms of the will of the late Judge John R. Garland, of Marietta, Ga. Five years ago Grimes rescued the judge's wife and daughter from an automobile wreck and rushed them to a hospital.

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Glimpses

at and about BIRMINGHAM
By RAYMOND GIRARDIN

A VERY-DETERMINED YOUNGSTER WITH A DIRTY FACE placed a large basket, which contained confections and cigars, on a scales as I looked on the other day. He then stretched himself to insert a penny in the slot. Then he emitted a series of the direct possible inflections against the scales. He became unbelievably profane in referring, for any and all who cared to listen, to the manufacturers of the scales. "Mister," he said to me, "This scales lies. It says this basket weighs only 26 pounds. I sell this stuff. I carry this basket all day and night and I know it weighs more than that." I thoroughly agreed with the young purveyor of billingsgate and left. But now I wonder, was it his act? Did he go through the same procedure when the next yokel came along, seeking to induce sympathy and a dime? He might very well have been a young masher with a perfected layout. Very well, indeed.

I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED SUCH A THING COULD happen, but I have seen it, and to anyone who is interested, I shall show the newspaper clipping. The eminent Dr. Edgar Guest, Detroit's gift to the cultural world of letters, has called Eugene O'Neill a moron. While he does not use the name of either the playwright or the play, he is good and darned mad in one of his solemn songs in the Free Press, and he says the meanest things! I guess he'll show these here people they better not write things which are beyond his comprehension. If they do, they are darned old morons, that's what they are. Strange Interlude! Huh!

WHY, THE QUESTION IS OFTEN PUT TO ME, DO YOU have that beastly morbid strain? The world has been good to you; you have everything in yours favor. Which is to say, why be troubled by music from an accordion since I, myself, do not play one.

I MUST BE LOWER CASE) 'WAY OFF THE JUNGLES of Pontiac sends in an interesting low-down on Mr. Rachmaninoff and his mental gyrations during a concert. It is very nicely done, yet, despite the tremendous temptations in these hurried times, I hesitate to run it, since Commissioner H. L. Mencken includes a sketch so similar in his Burlesques. And, after all, it is the commissioner's day. However, I await with palpitation the arrival of L's promised first hand painting of a Tunney-Heeney gate-crashing attempt.

I AM TOLD THE STORY OF THE AGED NEGRO WHO shuffled onto a used car lot and made a purchase. For the information of the finance company, he was asked for references as to his financial responsibility.

"What responsible person can vouch for you?"
"Well, if you call up John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford, Senator Gurnea."

"Cut it out," said the salesman. "Who do you know?"
"I know all them genn'man well. I was a Pullman porter for 15 years and they used to want me in particular. I can give you some more references, too."

Still More About the Trip

(By Fred D. Keister)

Editor Ionia County News

We presume that many of you folks are wondering how the group of newspaper men came out who visited the Michigan Reformatory last week. To relieve your sus-

pense right at the beginning of this week's outburst of oratory, I'll say they all came out of the front door after spending a couple of hours or more in an attempt to get out just exactly what happens to a man after the judge gets through saying, "It is the sentence of this court," etc.

"Put 'em in jail and keep 'em there," is an expression commonly heard these days, but if those who make these sweeping assertions could see the effect of such an indictment against a man who has sinned against the laws of society, it is more than likely they'd have a change of opinion.

It is not in our mental makeup to be hardboiled, neither are we a softie, but just try to keep a respectable distance between two extremes and hope for the best. We believe crime should be swiftly and adequately punished, but it should never be overdone. To exact excessive punishment is just as dangerous to society, as treating crime lightly would be.

We didn't start out with the idea of discussing crime and it's solution, so right here is where we quit. But we would like to give an impression or two that seemed through the concrete while we followed the editorial party in their tour last Friday behind grey, somber walls.

The face of one little fellow haunts us still, he said he was seventeen, but for nearly two years he has been an inmate. Over at Kalamazoo during his fifteenth year he stole an automobile, his first crime. He was given 1 to 5 years. Let outside the prison walls as a trusty this little home-sick boy, did just as you or I would do, he ran away to satisfy that longing to see his father and mother.

Recaptured he was returned to Ionia and is serving his second year, nursing the hope that next September he will be given an opportunity to start all over again. He was sick last Friday afternoon when we stopped beside his cot; his little boyish face filled with pain and longing, yet trying to appear cheerful. Just a little kid that wants to be home, to be away from all the degradation, the lewdness, the filth that comes from crowding men and boys like a lot of sheep into one big room.

Society is exacting its pound of flesh, but someday it will reap the whirlwind. You herd boys with older and more hardened crim-

inals and you are sending a human soul straight to hell. It's no wonder that Governor Green, Warren Shean, and everybody else connected with our penal institutions are begging for Michigan to do away with the dormitory system at Ionia and give them a chance to treat wrongdoers as human beings should be treated; to at least have an even chance to reform first offenders instead of destroying every instinct for decency within their bodies.

Warden Shean seems admirably fitted to do the work for which he has been selected. Daily, hourly contact with crime, some of it in its most revolting form, does not seem to have crippled his ability to look straight through things and pick some good from a lot that is bad. Both Mr. and Mrs. Shean, with boys of their own, look with understanding upon this pitiful situation and are earnestly trying to salvage all that is possible from the wreckage that is being cast up from the depths. It is not their fault that some mother's boy is under their jurisdiction, but no mother need worry that her boy will not be given his fair chance to become a better boy if he listens to the kind and fatherly advice of Warden Shean and other officials of the institution.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS:

ONE FELLOW WHOM I KNOW SHOULD MEND HIS WAYS—I MEAN THE CHAP WHO IS A GOOD FELLOW AROUND TOWN, AND AN OLD CRAB AT HOME—HE WON'T RECOGNIZE THE DESCRIPTION, BUT IT WON'T DO ANY MAN ANY HARM TO THINK IT OVER—ARE YOU AS COURTEOUS TO YOUR FAMILY AS YOU ARE TO STRANGERS?



With that off our chest let's turn to brighter subjects for a little while. Every time we begin writing that "blue river" stuff it spoils a whole day for us. Among the brighter things we can think of just now, is the easy time our friend, the governor, is going to have trying to get the patriots to agree to a state income tax. If the average individual could see the existing condition of our state institutions they'd turn out and give the governor a little help in his financial battle.

Not every funeral director can use the Symbol of Service which is pictured here. As a matter of fact, only one funeral director in a community is entitled to that privilege. The funeral director who renders the most complete and thoughtful service, at the most reasonable price, is the Golden Rule funeral director in his community. A distinction in which one may very properly take pride.

One Can Be Proud

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