

From the Pages of OUR MEMBERS

JEB

By RICHARD STANLEY

I tell you, Missy Whitfield, we niggers is gonna get our rights. You white folks can't hold us down always, an' when we get started, de debble himself can't stop us. You jes' wait."

"Oh Jeb, how you talk. If I thought for one minute you meant word you say, I would tell father and he would have you flogged alive. But anyway Jeb, I know you can't mean what you say, so I shan't tell him about you. Now run along with you, and don't ever let me hear you say such awful things again."

"All right, Missy Whitfield, but you 'll wait an' see. Dat's all. We got to say. An' when de time do come, don't even say I did't tell you in time 'cause some day soon somef'n awful is gonna happen."

With this Jeb departed and Lucy Gray turned again to her interrupted sewing.

Lucy was but slightly perturbed by Jeb's warning. It was absurd to think that it was anything but the idle talk of a good-for-nothing nigger. She told herself that it could never happen. How secure she felt, sitting there on the pleasant veranda of the old mansion. All about her were the symbols of an aristocratic civilization—a civilization which accepted as its due the right to dominate the lesser men. As she gazed out across the broad fields of cotton, she saw the black heads of those colored people bobbing up and down among the snowy white blossoms. There, mounted on a horse, was the overseer. He was the very embodiment of security; his

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS

On this page are more contributions received from readers of The Birmingham Eccentric which, because of space limitations, could not appear last week. Comments, praising the quality of the work done by the amateur contributors have been received by this newspaper and it is expected another call will be issued at a later date for repetition of the feature.

Jeb had gone. All was now quiet, and life on the plantation resumed its placid course.

And so things ran along smoothly for several years. Jeb was now forgotten, for his mother, who had begged Lucy's father not to sell him south, had died, and there was no one left to trouble themselves over a "no count, runaway nigger."

It was then, with a sudden shock of surprise that Lucy recognized Jeb standing before her.

That evening before supper Lucy asked whether she should tell her father of Jeb's visit. Of course, it was all the silly talk of a renegade nigger, but she had not forgotten how Jeb had aroused the negroes when he had been on their plantation before. As she recalled the scene, she remembered, Lucy determined to at least mention Jeb's visit.

"Father," said Lucy as they sat down to supper, "Jeb was here today."

Her father looked up from his plate.

"That runaway nigger back again? Good Heavens, will he ever stay in one place? Where is he now?"

"He's hiding somewhere in the swamp," replied Lucy, "and he's in an ugly temper. He told me that the niggers around here were going to have an uprising. It seems to me, father, that you should go to the swamp and find him. If he intends to do anything drastic you could easily stop it by sending him back to Louisiana at once."

"Do you think for one minute that he knows what he's doing? He's nothing but a nigger and a crazy one at that. Why, Lucy, even if he did manage to stop the rest of the niggers together, we could have a detachment of soldiers here in no time. The niggers would all be captured and finally hung. It's nonsense, even if he did manage to stop the rest of the niggers together, I wouldn't think anything more about it."

But stolid John Whitfield, so secure in the position of his aristocracy, had not reckoned with the deep racial hatred which Jeb held for him. He did not realize that in those nocturnal jaunts to the swamp, Jeb had planted the seeds of rebellion in the hearts of the other young negroes. Nor did John Whitfield know that by telling Jeb south, he had aroused the indignation of the young negroes who had been Jeb's companions. It remained but for Jeb to nourish these seeds of rebellion by telling his fellows of the hardships he had undergone—the long hours under the hot sun, standing waist deep in the water

With the Colonel

By AGNES CLEVELAND O'DELL

It started as an ordinary walk among his flowers. Such idle talk as I was wont to offer him (idle, because he rarely listened) seemed more idle than ever before.

I fell silent and as we passed a pine, a branch brushed by cheek. He stopped, he saying "turn your head" and there, in a nest like a soft little bed, lay two freckled eggs of a finch—the freckles but a foolish camouflage of the glory yet to be.

He led me along, silently skirting the edge of the deep shadowed shrubbery, where, stooping so low and peering and panting, I saw the low-nesting home of a thrush. They build body to earth, nearly, on the young grass.

High in a high tree, where the highest leaf fingers the sky, he bade me look and there, framed in a perfect knot-hole of a window, peered out a "bibbed and tuckered" flicker. She was, verily, like one of the women one sees at Harlem windows, leaning elbows on sills, watching the people that pass in the dust-trodden pavement below.

His barn walls bulge with wart-like bits for birds of every color and taste. There is no 'house shortage here. The very wealth of them confuses or else they have yet to learn the type of residence their human friends deem best suited to their needs. An ignorant blackbird, at our approach, flew from her nest in a robin's home, leaving three straining wide yellow bills showing over the edge. Perched on a tall pole the mar-

(Continued on Next Page)

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Little Chats About Your Health

NO. 3

Waste Not - - - Want Not

There's a trite saying to the effect that you can't eat your cake and still have it.

It is the same way with your health. You can't abuse it continuously and expect some hidden reservoir of strength to keep it going indefinitely.

"Waste not, want not" applies as much to health and strength as any other thing you can name.

Just how we shall live is for us to decide—but when medical assistance is needed there's only one logical course to pursue.

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50 YEARS AGO

A poem written by Mrs. Carrie Bishop, of Redford, in commemoration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Knowles, residents of Franklin follows:

'Tis fifty years ago today, since you and I were wed,
And we've walked the path of life wherever God has led.
Our visions of the future were bright before our eyes,
There was no thought of trouble or sorrow or sighs.

We have planned and toiled together from early dawn 'til dark,
With the home-fires ever burning, they always warmed the heart.
As the years have come and gone our love has not grown less,
But has found us close together to comfort and to bless.

And when beset with trials, we laughed them all to scorn,
And our cup of joy ran over, when we were a girl and boy were born.
We were a happy, joyous group surrounded with God's love,
And all the many blessings that come from him above.

Though our hair has turned to silver and our eyes are dim with years,
Yet our hearts are young and happy though we've shed some silent tears.
Hand in hand we walked together in the path our master trod,
Thankful for the many blessings that have come to us from God.

Many peaceful, happy days, have we passed in life together,
Always trying to be brave through the sunshine and bad weather.

Joys have come and sorrows too in the dim and far off past,
But the hours have all been glad, and the sorrows could not last.

Just fifty years ago today we were young and filled with bliss.
We started on life's journey with a promise and a kiss.
We had no fear of trials, the future looked all bright,
And all our work and labor filled our glad hearts with delight.

And we welcome our dear friends to our home this happy day,
Let our faces beam with gladness and our hearts be light and gay.
Fill the house with happy laughter, let us rejoice and sing,
Let the air be filled with music 'til the rafters crack and ring.

Don't Regret Later On

seize this opportunity—time is short—start today

Although this is primarily a Christmas Club Savings Plan You Can Use It As A Weekly Savings System To Assist You In Any Plans You May Have

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Increasing Club Plan		Even Amount Club Plan	
1c Club	Deposit 1c 1st week, 2c 2nd week. Increase 1c each week— —in 50 weeks you have	25c Club	Deposit 25c each week—in 50 weeks you have
2c Club	Deposit 2c 1st week, 4c 2nd week. Increase 2c each week— —in 50 weeks you have	50c Club	Deposit 50c each week—in 50 weeks you have
5c Club	Deposit 5c 1st week, 10c 2nd week. Increase 5c each week— —in 50 weeks you have	\$1 Club	Deposit \$1 each week—in 50 weeks you have
10c Club	Deposit 10c 1st week, 20c 2nd week. Increase 10c each week—in 50 weeks you have	\$2 Club	Deposit \$2 each week—in 50 weeks you have
	127.50	\$5 Club	Deposit \$5 each week—in 50 weeks you have
	Decreasing Club Plan	\$10 Club	Deposit \$10 each week—in 50 weeks you have
	You begin with the Largest payment and Decrease each week.	\$20 Club	Deposit \$20 each week—in 50 weeks you have
		\$50 Club	Deposit \$50 each week—in 50 weeks you have
		\$100 Club	Deposit \$100 each week—in 50 weeks you have
			12.50
			25.00
			50.00
			100.00
			250.00
			500.00
			1,000.00
			2,500.00
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