

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which are of general interest to the community.

Michigan's Matrimonial Barks

During the year of 1928 statistics just revealed by Uncle Sam argue that 37,300 couples entered into a conspiracy to annihilate single blessedness and ride the smooth seas of Twentieth Century Matrimony.

During 1927 only 26,276 marriages were performed, which proves beyond any question or doubt that 1,024 more marriages were committed last year than during the previous year.

But, when one gazes back into the conjugal past of this Wolverine state, one should not get too puffed up about increasing marriages for, so shout the statistics, in 1916, just before the United States entered the World War, 40,112 couples obtained the services of preachers for matrimonial purposes—quite a bit more than even last year.

Just what creates this backward condition in Michigan is not known, although our statistical department is now carrying on correspondence with other countries, including Lapland, to learn just what creates this backward condition in Michigan.

It may be amusing, too, to learn that of all these embarkations upon the Sea of Matrimony in Michigan during 1928, 1,403 of them set sail from Oakland County; however, this should not surprise you, for you who are interested, for, whereas Michigan has more shore line for sailing purposes than any other state in this country, Oakland County has more lakes within its ragged edges than any similar political unit in said Michigan.

When we very much regret to say that even if Michigan has so much shore line, and Oakland County has so many lakes, its respective citizens are really not used to getting into or upon deep water—as evidenced by the increasing number of matrimonial wrecks strewn about; in 1928 10,133 divorces were granted to people who, at some previous time, had stood before a marriage performer, with hearts beating in perfect accord, and hands trembling in perfect accord. The year before, 1927, witnessed the fact that binds severed from 10,215 couples, 323 of whom were from Oakland County; in 1928 Oakland County divorces increased to 398.

When one studies these figures, or statistics, whichever you like, one is appalled at the apparent inability of proper knots being tied by the ministerial or other marriage performing gentry; and when one really realizes that Michigan's great shore line is so conducive to matrimonial embarkation, one necessities wonder what will happen to our voyagers when the Great Lakes-S. Lawrence waterways project is completed.

One must wonder, mustn't one, in these tempestuous and tumultuous sea-faring days?

It Is Surprising

WE WERE SURPRISED to learn the extent of the power invested in the village manager of Birmingham by the commission. This was called to our attention recently when the largest number of village readers had been obtained to secure alley right of ways at the rate of \$100 a day each. All arrangements were made before the commission knew about it.

David H. Ladd and E. H. Tillotson, the men who are doing the work, are highly capable, and have a perfect right to set a proper valuation on their work; in fact, it is undoubtedly true that the quality of their work could not be surpassed by others. But the surprising part of the whole affair is to us that manager Parry's manner of handling the project of alley ways should be so unskilful and so questioned by his official employers, the village commission, and that when the commission becomes surprised, why shouldn't the remainder of the populace be more than surprised?

SOME DAY IN THE NEAR future, we hope, members of the Birmingham school board and high school faculty are going to decide to cancel the proposed football game between Baldwin high school and Mt. Clemens, scheduled for next fall. As a matter of fact, it really is up to the school officials, for they are supposed to remove from their pupils' lives any influences that are not ethically or sportsmanlike; what is the use of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to teach boys and girls to become useful men and women, and then subject them to barbarian treatment upon a gridiron?

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of two letters, one from Rachel Mackay Burmy, reminding the local First Baptist Church, the other from Katherine F. Mann, on behalf of the Community House Board, thanking The Eccentric for its help and co-operation during recent months. Thank you, folks, for your thanks to us—and call on us again when we may be able to serve you.

The Sins Of Sinclair

It really doesn't make a great deal of difference what you feed people, so long as you feed them varying quantities of onions, cabbages, wheat, beef, and what have you; food, taken into the stomach, is fairly digested, generally serves to perpetuate the physical form of a man or a woman, and thus keeps them in something of the usual phenomenon that you are accustomed to see. All in all, food serves to maintain the 98 cents worth of different chemical elements that we are told makes up the average man or woman.

So it is with Harry F. Sinclair, Teapot Dome oil lease man, who started in this week to serve 90 days in an old jail in Washington, D. C., because he refused to answer certain questions directed his way by a U. S. Senate investigating committee. Your Uncle Sam—quite to the surprise of millions of citizens who had been led to believe that rich men never go to jail—decided to keep Mr. Sinclair away from fall guys for three months, and is feeding, housing, and entertaining the multi-millionaire in a common, ordinary jail.

But what we started out to say relates to the manner in which food maintains the physical average and general condition of people, and Harry F. Sinclair, we suppose, will lose none of his ruggedness from prison food. 'His first breakfast, at six a. m. Tuesday morning, consisted of cereal, lobster, bread, coffee, and sugar. A pretty good assortment for an idle person to be sustained on until noon, at that hour. But what Mr. Sinclair ought to be concerned about is the kind of mental food he consumes for, with all his wealth, comfort, and ability to purchase things of this world, he has not been able to avoid the stigma of being confined to a common jail. Such circumstances as he now finds himself in illustrate the Biblical question: 'what profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and 'what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

From all appearances, Mr. Sinclair has valued his soul very cheaply. Yet, even in his present misfortune he can take courage for his future, and resolve to dedicate his life in a more altruistic service to his fellowmen than to disrupt a President's cabinet.

During the next ninety days we suggest that Mr. Sinclair obtain a Bible and, opening it to the 15th Psalm, join David in singing: 'Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle; who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.'

He that putteth his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.'

The Home Of The Future

Whatever archeologists may discover as to the history of the family; whatever biologists may conclude as to its origin and development in the dawn of human history; the outstanding fact about the family is, that the world's greatest moral and religious Teacher put himself and all his authority squarely and finally back of the permanent, monogamous family.

History, biology and psychology as far as they have been developed proclaim that his view is the best and best for the race. With this wealth of authority back of the Christian ideal of family life, it must and will prevail. Defections in religion, fads in philosophy, blunders in social science and the corollaries in working in human life and society, may destroy this ideal for many a year, but they will not destroy this ideal that holds fast to this ideal is the race and the nation of the future.

Jesus taught emphatically that this ideal is the expression of the original and fundamental law of life as it came from the hands of the Creator. Departure from it is the violation of natural law as well as divinely revealed law. As everywhere else, retribution is riveted to transgression. Social disintegration has always been the form that such retribution has taken.

The converse is equally true. As Burns wrote of the Scotch cottier's home: 'From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur springs.' We could say with equal truth in the future. The nation that uses the monogamous, literate, religious home will lead the world.

The novelist may glorify sexual attraction and call that love; the movies may jest about and commercialize promiscuity; the stage may exploit sex perversion; but the pleasure of parents will be above the welfare of children; the materialist may scoff at spiritual obligation; the atheist may flout the authority of God; and the rotten one proclaim his own right to live as the best of the field; but neither Jesus Christ nor his church has given up the purpose to make this monogamous ideal universal and world-wide.

With the authority of the Bible back of it, with the convincing power of the Holy Spirit ever at work, with the growing help of the scientific spirit and the moulding power of a Christian state and Christian laws, this ideal will regain all its former force and will be the rule of life for all men and women.

One man and woman, united in a permanent bond, which establishes a permanent estate, living together in mutual respect and good will, rearing their children in knowledge and the fear of God; such is the home of the future. In it lies the happiness and progress of the race.

—CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.

Mother's Day

The golden dandelion blooms again. And bridal wreaths and lilacs are in bud. Gay crocuses come peeping through the mud. And violas blue are growing in the fen. Along with these happenings in this charming month of May.

Comes one more lovely than the rest. We call it Mother's Day. A little space of time we set apart. A few hours from our task or playtime spare. In which to give of pleasure to share.

With Mother, dear, of every day. A pause to mark another milestone on life's transient way. In beautiful remembrances. We call it Mother's Day. —BEATRICE McDONALD.

HIS MASTER'S VOICE



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.

VETERAN'S BONUS
To the Editor: Approximately 400,000 veterans of the World War have failed to file application for Adjusted Service Certificates...

AN AMERICAN CREED
Always pouring through Michigan's best newspapers in search of those things we believe our readers are entitled to see discovered in the crystal Falls Diamond Drill the following article copied by that paper from the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and written by Jay E. House.

I believe in this country and I am for it. Like every other human institution, it has its defects. Certain of its citizens annoy and disturb me. I too, am human.

I believe less than half of that which is known to be true and less than ten per cent of what I hear. My judgments are based on these approximations.

I do not believe that beyond the line of assured comfort there is anything to money except responsibility. I do not believe, taking them as they come and go, that men in public life are dishonest. I do not believe they are engaged in feathering their nests. I believe that, striking an average, they grade a little higher than men not in public life.

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ISLAND LAKE ESTATES

Still another beautiful site has been sold on the oak-covered shores of picturesque Island Lake. Situated just a few minutes west of Bloomfield Club on Long Lake Road, Island Lake Estates offers the most charming all year round residential possibilities in fashionable Bloomfield.

Colgrove Buck & Tillotson REALTORS

Friendly Thoughts By G. Dewey Kimball

One outstanding feature in the lives of good, great men is their love for their mothers. That arresting spot upon the calendar known as Mother's Day should cause every man to prove his love by constantly doing the little kindnesses that will reward mother for her years of unselfish labor and faith.

NOTICE OF TAXPAYERS OF VILLAGE OF BLOOMFIELD HILL

One of the bonds between Mr. Gann and his illustrious brother-in-law, the newspaper article reveals, is a love for horse racing. Mrs. Gann's husband has attended several Kentucky Derbies, as any appropriate from the Blue Grass State should, but Washington State life will keep him too busy this year.—(New York Times.)

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