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Cleaning and Pressing - -
 Dry Cleaning—the modern way... which brings back the life and color to your clothes. All work done in our own plant.

Alterations and Repairs - -
 Experienced hands assure you of satisfactory repair and alteration work. Restyling done by expert tailors. You can depend on us.

Furs Serviced - -
 Furriers—who know their business—will alter, repair and clean your furs. Reasonable prices and guaranteed workmanship.

Matthews Tailor Shop
Ladies' and Gentleman's Tailoring
 214 EAST MAPLE

McClellan's
WEEKLY REMINDER

The Next Meal
 THERE is no breadline for this dog. His trust is in his master and the next meal. He knows loving care to be his. In return he humbly gives his love and loyalty.
 Master and dog become companions inseparable. A lasting friendship grows, develops, giving warmth to their mutual understanding. And best of all, every day is a happy one.

McClellan
FEED AND SALT COMPANY
 S. Woodward, near Theater Phone 314

Teachers' Council To Be Guests Of Cranbrook School

Cranbrook School will entertain the Oakland Division, Michigan Council of Teachers of English at a dinner meeting on Friday evening, February 28th, according to an announcement issued recently. The meeting will be addressed by President Clarence D. Thorpe of the Michigan Council and by several other guest speakers. Harry D. Hoey is the Cranbrook representative for the Oakland Division and Carl G. Wonnberger is the school's sponsor for the Michigan Council.

The subject of the dinner meeting is "Articulation in the English Program" and the leaders include Miss Vida McGiffin, Birmingham High School; Miss Betty Hart, Pontiac Senior High School, and Mrs. Vanderheide, Berkley High School.

It was stated that the program calls for a tour of the school at 6:00 o'clock followed by dinner in the lower dining hall at 6:30 o'clock. The meeting in assembly hall will be convened at 7:30 o'clock.

A tour of Kingswood, Cranbrook Institute of Science, Christ Church, Cranbrook and the Academy of Arts will be arranged if there is such a demand, it was said.

YOUTH, INC. DUKE WILL FEATURE DANCE ELLINGTON
 Featuring one of the outstanding soloed orchestras in the country, Duke Ellington and his band, Youth, Inc., has announced a "Hoochie" dance at the Naval Armory Ballroom for Friday night, March 28th. The entertainment to last from 8 until 2:00 o'clock in the morning.

Nel Campbell, chairman of the dance, stated that his organization wanted youth to get their education, to attend in possible. All Birmingham members of Youth, Inc., are cordially invited to attend, in addition to others who wish to attend. It was mentioned that tickets could be obtained from Schetter's Drug Store.

TROY CHURCH HOLDS FATHER AND SON DINNER

On Friday last a Father and Son dinner was held at Troy Presbyterian Church on Main Street near 17 Mile Road. Charlie Gehring, the Detroit Tigers' second baseman was the guest speaker for this occasion. A poem to Charlie Gehring was written for the occasion by Beatrice McDonald and recited by Mrs. McDonald's son, C. J. McDonald. A cake was presented to Mr. Gehring by the ladies of the church. There were also tributes to the father and to the sons and tap dancing by some young ladies from Cranbrook.

Flora Gibbons
ADVENTURERS' CLUB
Hello, Everybody!

"Blood Over Ireland"
 By FLOYD GIBBONS
 Famous Headline Hunter.

AND "the top of the mornin'" to you, Mrs. May Murray. And now, boys and girls, listen to our Adventurers' Club orchestra play the theme song, Bing Gibbons will sing it for you.

Now Paddy don't an' you hear The news that's going round! Sure they're hangin' men and women For the scarin' o' the green.

Here we are in Ireland. In a little town near Galveston, County Cork. The year is 1920—a bad year for Ireland—and the spot was that the Black and Tans referred to as a "hot bed of insurrection." May was a little girl during that reign of terror. Her father had a barber shop on the main street of their town and, like a lot of Irish, he was getting sick of the continual depredations and killings by the Black and Tans and the soldiers. But May's father was destined to get a closer shave than any he had ever given his customers.

May's father, May says, took no active part in the fighting on either side, but he made up his mind that he wouldn't stand by and see his place of business destroyed the way his neighbors had begun to do. The injustice of the whole thing rankled in his Irish heart and he told his family that if any damage were done to him he would have satisfaction or die in the attempt.

Just Let Someone Insult a Highlander!
 Came a day in November. Two drunken Highlanders, May says, started a fight in her father's shop. May doesn't say what the fight was about, so we'll have to imagine the cause.

Well, sir, those killed glants made it a real roughhouse. Windows and mirrors and shaving equipment faded away like snow before a desert wind, and so did the customers.

NOW, ANYBODY KNOWS THAT A BROKEN MIRROR MEANS BAD LUCK. IT DID IN THIS CASE—FOR THE HIGHLANDERS.

May's daddy went into action. You know those head rests you have on the back of barber chairs? Well, those things are supposed to be easy on your head. That's what they have them there for.

May's Daddy Knew How to Handle "Hard Guys."

But May's father must have forgotten that because he pulled one of them out of its resting place and used it like a shillalah. Wham! He let it smack the other fellow in the forehead with the soft side out.

TALK ABOUT BABE BUTH! SAY, THAT BARBER SHOP SLUGGER OF OLD ERIN JUST TOOK TWO SWINGS AND HUNG UP THE FOLLOWING REPORT: TWO STRIKES, TWO HITS AND THE VISITING TEAM RETIRED IN CONFUSION.

The Highlanders went out like two lamps and May's daddy swept their inert bodies out the door. Maybe he mistook those brushes the Highlanders were for cut hair, because he just cleaned up the way he did after a haircut.

Well, sir, as soon as the Battle of Barber Shop Hill was over, May's daddy knew that the war was just starting. Reprisals were the order of the day in those tragic times. They heard a groan from nearby as soon as the news got back to the barracks. So he decided to retreat.

Get Shot? No, Sir! Not This Murray!

Besides May's mother, two other young children were dependent on him and he couldn't afford to take a chance on getting shot. The three kids were taken out of bed, bundled into blankets and rushed out to the garage. Their mother hid them in some bushes exactly the way a wild animal would her young in time of deadly peril. And believe me, it was a time of peril. The infuriated soldiers asked no questions when they arrived to avenge their comrades.

BANG! THE EXPLOSION OF A HAND GRENADE IN THE SHOP TOLD THEM THE SOLDIERS HAD ARRIVED.

The mother and her three children huddled in the garden and trembled while the maddened soldiers ran through the house firing as they went. Nearby May's father hid and watched his life's work being destroyed.

Then into the garden came the enemy. May's mother thanked God that it was dark. Only the flashes as the soldiers fired at random lit up bushes where they crouched. Suddenly the hearts of the little group came into their mouths in horror.

"THERE HE IS," A SOLDIER YELLED.

It Sounded Like Time for Prayers, All Right.

And a volley of shots rang out. May's mother whispered to her babies to pray for their father and the children bowed their heads and prayed through their sobs. They heard a groan from nearby and nearly cried out their fears. Then came the ominous thud of a body falling to the ground!

May says she was certain that her father was no more. But suddenly the alarmed cries of the soldiers gave her hope.

They were gathered in a group around something on the ground. A match was lit and the sight that stopped the soldiers dead in their work of destruction sent a thrill of hope through their victims.

THE SOLDIERS HAD SHOT THEIR OWN COMMANDER BY MISTAKE!

All was confusion now. The work of revenge forgotten. The soldiers made a litter out of their rifles and carried their dying officer away with them.

May's Father Becomes an Outlaw.

May's father quickly joined his family. He led them by a roundabout way to their uncle's home a few blocks away. They were safe then, but he was posted as an outlawed rebel and a price put on his head.

Well, sir, May's father got out of town and, changing his name, roamed the country a fugitive, for two years. During all that time May's mother and sisters lived on the charity of neighbors. They never heard from their father. Communicating with his family would have certainly led to his arrest and execution.

But all things end sometime, and in 1922 came the truce and May's father came home safe to his family again—like a lot of other fathers—and the Dove of Peace now over the Emerald Isle. But the Dove did NOT bring a new house and shop to the impoverished family.

May says she is firmly convinced that her mother's prayer that night in the garden saved them all from death. And maybe she is right.

—WIND SERVICE.

Where the Taxes Come From
 By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
 National Chairman
 Sentinels of the Republic

"Taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors." Congress, as this is written, is beginning to remember that profound truth—and to realize that the public remembers it, too.

Therein lies a headache—not only for Congress but for all other officers of government, whether national, state or local, who have spent the people's money at such amazing speed during recent years.

The trouble is that in proportion to public expenditures, there are fewer earnings for the tax-collectors to levy on than there were, let's say, a decade ago.

Recently published figures have brought this fact dramatically to the taxpayer's attention. They show, for example, that whereas in 1929, taxes took one-eighth of the national income (which means the earnings of all the people), by 1932, they took one-sixth, and by 1935 more than one-fifth.

Or put it another way: In 1932, the average American labored one day out of every eight to pay the costs of national, state and local government; in 1932 he labored one day out of every six for the same purpose, and in 1935 one day and a few hours over out of every five.

Yet even that didn't meet the whole cost. If government last year had paid all its bills in cash, nearly one-third of all the money earned by the American people would have been required to balance the account. Instead, government borrowed, which means that the bill must be paid out of future earnings of the workers or their children—still in the sweat of the man who labors.

To say the politicians are searching feverishly for a method of producing taxes without the inevitable sweat, they find it a difficult job. Perhaps, which means that the bill will be paid out of future earnings of the workers or their children—still in the sweat of the man who labors.

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Two-Year Course • Higher Business Administration • Executive Secretarial Accounting • Teacher Training
 Open in College and High School Graduates Only
 Also other courses scheduled for thirty-six to sixty weeks.
 Faculty includes graduates from University of Michigan (2), Michigan State Normal, Northern State Teachers' College, Bristol University, England, and University of North Dakota.
 Ask for latest 48-page Bulletin

The Business Institute
 7 WEST LAWRENCE ST., PONTIAC
 Established - Now in Modern
 Call at the office, phone Pontiac 2-3551, or mail this advertisement for further information.
 Name _____ Address _____

TROY TOWNSHIP PRIMARY ELECTION NOTICE

The Primary Election for Troy Township to nominate the party candidates for the following Township Offices: Supervisor, Clerk, Treasurer, Highway Commissioner, Justice of the Peace, Mill Term, Member of Board of Health, Constables, will be held on

Mon., March 2, 1936
 at the various Township precincts.

Separate ballot is for each political party will be provided and each elector must name his choice.

Polls will be open from 8 A. M. in the forenoon to 8 P. M. in the evening (Eastern Standard Time).

GLENN W. LADD,
 Clerk of Troy Township.

DO YOU KNOW.



THAT IN EARLY DAYS, ONE HAD TO CHOP KINDLING FOR A WOOD STOVE, CARRY IT IN THE HOUSE, LIGHT THE FIRE, AND THEN COOK THE MEAL? NOWADAYS, WITH AN ELECTRIC RANGE, YOU SIMPLY SNAP A SWITCH AND START TO COOK!

THAT OVER \$3000 OF YOUR NEIGHBORS NOW COOK ELECTRICALLY!

THAT GROWING CHILDREN, ESPECIALLY NEED THE BODY-BUILDING MINERALS AND IMPORTANT VITAMINS SEALED IN FOODS BY ELECTRIC COOKING?

FOR LESS THEN THE PRICE OF A 5th PAIR OF SHOE LACES, YOU CAN COOK AN ENTIRE MEAL ELECTRICALLY FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE!

THAT LAST YEAR ALONE, OVER 5000 OF YOUR NEIGHBORS TOOK OUT THEIR OLD STOVES AND HAD ELECTRIC RANGES INSTALLED IN THEIR KITCHENS? YOU CAN HAVE A MODERN ELECTRIC RANGE PUT IN YOUR KITCHEN ON TRIAL* WITHOUT OBLIGATION, INSTALLED AT OUR EXPENSE. STOP IN AT THE DETROIT EDISON OFFICE.

Lenten Food Sale!

White Meat TUNA
 Fine Quality **10¢** Can

Choice **LEG O' LAMB** Lb. **24¢**

JACK FROST SUGAR
 Pure Cane **5 Lb. Bag 27¢**

Prime Standing **RIB ROAST** (Lb.) **23¢**
 Any Cut

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUPS
2 Tall Cans 15¢

ALL STEAKS Lb. **29¢**
 Round - Sirloin - T-Bone

Grosse Pointe Quality **Sardines**
 In Tomato Sauce **3 Oval Cans 25¢**

Rib End **PORK LOIN** Lb. **21¢**

LAST CHANCE!
 1200 Lbs. to go at this Low Price

Shoulder **LAMB ROLLED** Lb. **25¢**

9 A. M. Coffee lb. **15¢**

Economy Market
 303-311 EAST MAPLE
 PHONE 771 WE DELIVER OPEN EVENINGS 'TIL 9
 SHOP ON EAST MAPLE PLENTY OF FREE PARKING!

DID YOU EVER
 By DAVID R. INNES

Did you ever look squarely at some one called "self," in the hurry and flurry and struggle for self. And though you were painted, "success," even sainted. Feel small as the insect self? "EIT? EIT?" If you have—some thousand times or so—You're not all bluster and empty show.

Did you ever feel uppish—superior clay—And strutting your stuff in your own handsome way. Become so arrogant and terribly dying. That someone at last said their say? Hey? Hey? If you never did, then don't read this rhyme. For it's simply a waste of your precious time.

Did you ever crowd loudly pour prett' cocky crew. Then hear someone knock you "kerplang" for a row. And take a sound basting, and know defeat's tasting. And feel like a nickel—so low? Ho? Ho? Ho? If you did, give thanks to the basting rhyme. To the one who did it for work well done.

(Copyright, 1936)