THE ECCENTRIC

Birmingham, Michigan

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A PRESIDENT HAS DIED

The President is dead. The word rang around the world! Today a nation that has been built upon Industry, a nation that is recognized as the most powerful on earth, a nation that has its full share of political graft, vice and shame, will stop for a while to pay homage to a man. This man was not a genius. He had his faults, for he was human. He had his good points, for he was human. He had achieved a position higher than is reached by most men, it is true, but not simply because he was a clean-minded, honest and sincere man. Comparatively few people in these United States have ever seen him, fewer have heard his spoken word.

During his illness the best aid that modern medical science could offer was given him, and the prayers of countless lips went out to that something called God imploring that he might be saved. And to no effect. The Recording Angel had dipped the pen and as the ink ran out it spelled the name of Warren G. Harding! Death is strange and mysterious, and yet, as far as human knowledge is concerned, it has come or will come to everyone. The passing of some affects only individuals, the passing of others affects nations. And why? It depends upon the position one held or the contact one had with his fellow men. The nation mourns for Mr. Harding because he was President, and in his death a President has died. He was made of common clay, even as are you. But to this common clay was invested a great trust. He did not betray that trust, and therein he has achieved immortality. The measure of life is not its span but the use made of it, and because of this will the memory of Warren G. Harding be revered.

THE GREAT GAME

Jessie James was famous, and so was the Carson trio. Benedict Arnold commanded his share of attention, as at present does the gentleman who decreed that all girls working in his factory must wear gowns with sleeves on them. And all because of national publicity.

There is a man who has just taken his family to Europe. A few months ago he was an obscurity as far as national or international prominence was concerned. Of course he had held down the Mayor's chair in Detroit, and he was recognized as a wealthy man as far as monetary riches were concerned, and he had put the street railway system of Detroit in a sorry mess, and he is at present one of Michigan's senators. But all this didn't carry his name very far from his home state, nor did it cause many newspaper services to broadcast his pictures. And he wanted to take his family to Europe.

While European society isn't as exclusive as it used to be, still it doesn't hold 'open house' for every American that goes over there to visit. Mr. Couzens must have realized this, and hit upon the happy scheme of putting up a cry for 5 per cent beer in Michigan under the guise that in doing so he was speaking the minds of the people of Michigan. Only an amateur gambler would wager that he didn't smile to himself, for the scheme, worked fine. Even some of the clergy took it up, and made asses of themselves.

Michigan's senator became a national figure. New York and San Francisco reporters alike learned to spell his name with an "e" instead of an "i", and he and his family stepped aboard the European-bound steamer to the accompaniment of camera clicks.

It's all in the game, isn't it, Senator? Now that you're in Europe stay as long as your family wishes, and don't hurry back on our account.

SNOBBERY

An upturned nose blinds its owner's eyes and hides his feet, whereby he does not perceive that he is just as near to the ground as anyone else. Because it happens to be his good fortune to possess more talent or riches than another, he therefore supposes himself to be superior by his own action. Like the lady of Bobby Burns' famous verse, the snob can't see the vermin crawling on his own back.

It may happen, certainly, that a man's widening circle of acquaintances involuntarily removes him from old and intimate friends and lessens the opportunity for frequent intercourse. It may also happen that certain clashes of sentiment will make some acquaintanceships disagreeable. But these things have no relation to snobbery.

A snob is essentially superficial. His life is bound up in shams and vain shows. He buys an automobile and thereafter has a contempt for pedestrians. He gazes upon the Woolworth tower and imagines his country cousins to be pitiably ignorant and beneath him. He is lucky in business and spurns former acquaintances because they have not shown as much "good management" as he has. He is usually to be found in a circle of sham aristocracy, supposedly far above the "common herd."

It is a significant fact that no great man was ever a snob and no snob was ever a great man. The greatest figures to which we can point in history were all truly democratic, regardless of the age and station in which they were born. Their judgment of men was based upon what they were and not upon what they possessed. These statements apply also to women. There are many snobs in America; but—no true American is ever a snob.

BACKBONE

One of the greatest assets that man may have is the courage of his convictions. In fact, it is necessary to achievement. Not only is this applicable to individuals but especially is it relevant to groups of individuals who have been invested with the power of government.

It is always wise for a governing group to be open to suggestions of individuals, but it is folly for this group to be ruled by these suggestions. That they should profit by them, is good, but when they are run by them, the minutes of the group are likely to be filled with phrases such as "the matter was discussed and laid on the table for tabulation and consideration." Too many such "layings on the table" tend to cause the public to lose confidence in the group. When people feel aware of certain factions and conditions that may exist and that are obviously the cause of such lack of action, they are inclined to wonder as to the color of these gentlemen's spinal columns.

If, in a community where there are factions, those elected to govern endeavor to eat the cake of both sides, they may suddenly find themselves in an extremely ridiculous position. And if, through the habit of constant dilly-dallying, such a group is unable to execute the courage of its convictions, taking for granted that it has some, it is time for it to throw up the sponge and get out.

Money stocks in the United States have increased $3,284,000,000 in the past six years, the Treasury announces. That means $4,729,000,000 is in circulation now, or about $42.51 for each person. We wonder who has the $41 which belongs to us.

A Boston theatre owner learns from a psychologist, that exciting films cause bodily temperature to raise. Why doesn't he order a long series of blood-thirsty motor pictures for this winter and save his coal bill?

New Jersey grave-diggers are organizing into a union, seeking 'better working conditions.' They fail to explain what this term means. Evidently between grave-diggers and get-rich-quick undertakers we'll have to stay alive in order not to go bankrupt after we die.

Canadian constables are peeved because motorists who cross the border from the States don't immediately put Canadian flags on their automobiles. They seriously demand that the American flag be taken from cars on reaching the boundary. Neighbors are hard to please.

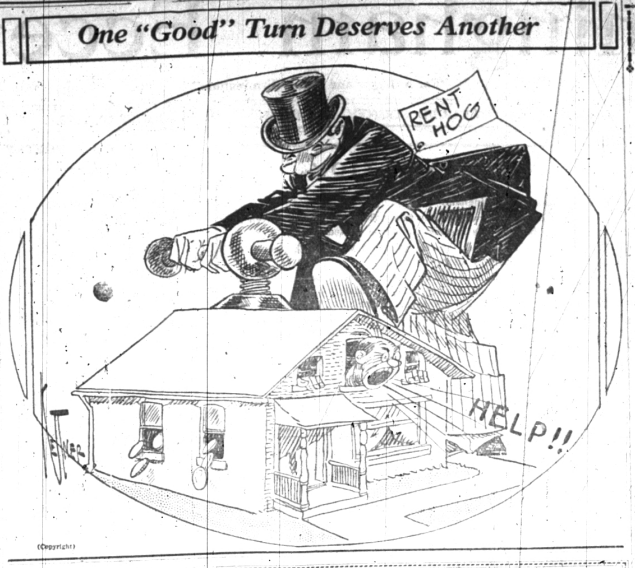
John Brunner of Pana, Ill., thought he was a wizard because he persuaded a rooster to sit on a hatching of eggs. For three weeks he (the rooster) patiently sat on them as faithfully as any hen, but his patience had a limit. He broke the eggs ran out and joined the sympathetic hens. Nature is sometimes queer, but can't be reversed.

New Jersey manicurists must now wear long sleeves and uniforms, and discard powder puffs and lip-sticks. Evidently sober solons recognize that Mr. Average Man gets foglist when a pretty woman trims his nails, and aim to protect the 'tired business man' from himself. Many men were found to have gone to a manicure four times a week to have their nails pared. Verily, a fool and his nails soon part.

The Crown Prince of Sweden must postpone his marriage to the daughter of what the laws call a "private man." The laws are being changed so he can take her as a "private wife." Where a Crown Prince is concerned, we should think they would have also a "private law."

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but the modernist will tell you that it acquires a brilliant polish.

One "Good" Turn Deserves Another



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RHYMED REVIEWS

Water, water, everywhere, but
not a drop to drink; sometimes
it's in the cellar, but seldom in the
sink. We pay our good, cold dol-
lars in taxes every year and all the
liquid we hear of is poor Ham-
tramck beer. We love to scrap
and squabble—we like to yell and
cry; we'd rather fight with all our
might than even try to die. Elec-
tions are delightful, we've tried
them and we know; we hold them
very often, every few months or
so. We love to play with iron;
we built a tank in town and ever
since our Village has gained a
great renown. The tank is still un-
paid for—it's down below the hill
—and all our laws are broken
'cause we haven't paid the bill.
We aren't a peaceful people;
We're like a lot of boys who jump
and shout and sputter out and
make a lot of noise. It seems we
ought to better this town of our's,
so nice, and boost the population
once or even twice. This can be
done so easily—the only thing to
do is work as one—from sun to
sun—and stick to it like glue. 'Tis
said the sun is brighter, the birds
sing sweeter, too; that nature
builded finer out here for me and
you. The grass is fresher, greener
—the sky a fairer blue, and flow-
ers bloom still larger and have a
radiant hue.
But, folks, ere we forget our
starting subject, let's get back from
the brink and once again refer to
what we started out to tell you—
of late we've had an awful lack of
rain. The weather just ahead
looks mighty heated, the grass so
green has turned a sickly pale; the
tank is with us—heavy is it seated
—I'm now about to finish this sad
tale. The only way to make this
town some wetter—the way it may
be done if we so care—is to take
it from the "personal faction" fet-
ter, and move it to the shore of
Lake St. Clair.

Art of Giving and Taking.

In unity there is strength—but to co-operate successfully men must give and take. The art of getting along with others is to concede a point for the sake of harmony.

A Beauty Hint.

"It's all very well to talk of rouge and powder, but, say what you will the best cosmetic for a girl still remains, even in these days—a man's admiration."—From "Love and Life," by Louise Heilgers.

Short and Maybe Snappy

By G. R. A.

Warren G. Harding's lips are forever sealed to this world. His thoughts can never again be voiced by him to an audible world, nor his actions ever become the object of anyone's vision. The world will remember him as a kindly man; a patriotic citizen; a dutiful son; a sociable neighbor; a loyal husband to one woman. It is to be regretted that he leaves no children to carry on his ideals. He is mourned because he was KIND; though he was President of the United States, this alone would not have brought forth tears from the multitudes—he had to have that Christ-like attribute of kindness to make him loved by all. Fame and wealth may erect material monuments of granite, but it takes that finer stuff of the soul to enshrine one's memory in the hearts of millions of people.

It must have been a facetious headline writer who declared in last Sunday's News that "Northern Michigan Is Blue; Berry Crop Sets Record." He was speaking of huckleberries—not of the farmers who are a trifle upset over low markets.

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle is appearing in a Detroit theatre this week, attempting to find out "if the people will give me a chance to 'come back' in the films." This rather fat earth-worm has evidently learned that a good majority of this country's population demands clean actions from those who occupy public places—but he learned it a trifle too late. True, he was acquitted of any crime in connection with the death of Virginia Rappe, but that doesn't bring the poor, deluded woman back to life. We hope the public will some day forgive Fatty for some of the things he has done in private life, but we think they are not ready to do so yet. The former film comedian has a few more mental pangs to endure before he can appear on the silver screen.

A New Yorker is now attempting to nationalize all holidays, making each one fall on a Monday. This will give the toiler a chance to have two days in succession to rest up, he claims. We think the idea is good, and hope Michigan'll adopt it as soon as possible. It will give the tired automobilist a much needed chance to rest up after Sunday's motoring on Woodward avenue; it will also afford the undertaker a chance to obtain more assistance in removing the victims of auto fatalities from "America's Most Dangerous Highway."

A professor of Brown University has doped out a scheme that will properly classify man and woman. He has finally decided, after years of research, (it doesn't say how many times he married), that there are 27 classes of both species, and that by closely studying his scheme, a man may better pick out his life-mate. We suppose that the next generation will entirely dispense with divorce courts, in view of this announcement. We also begin to wonder why a certain Pittsburgh millionaire had to formulate 57 varieties—as though a mere pickle was of more importance than the offspring of Adam and Eve!

"When New York Is Just Itself," was the caption of an article in a Detroit newspaper last Sunday. And we were under the impression that Izzy Einstein, the famous prohibition sleuth, had entirely cleaned up the place, as per the instructions of the Volstead Act. We suggest that some Detroit reporter write a story entitled, "Detroit Coming Into Own—Or the Secret of Hamtramck Moonshine." Another title might read "Make Your Home In Detroit, It's Just Across the River From Windsor—and Ontario Will Soon Be Wet."

James S. Couzens, one of Michigan's representatives in the United States Senate, arrived in England and immediately began to attack the Volstead Act in the presence of Englishmen. Couzens declared, according to news reports, that "America is suffering from long-haired men and short-haired women whose fanaticisms produce the most serious results." Mr. Couzens evidently forgets, however, that a great majority of our people believe in "fanaticisms" and that they will be the only ones to say whether he will be returned to the Senate when his present term expires. It may be true that prohibition is a joke in our large cities—especially Detroit, where "film" has absorbed most of his ideas about the Volstead Act—but he must not forget that the majority of America's electors live in the country, where it is rather hard for vice and license to be "bought and paid for." No, Mr. Couzens, there is less wrong with the Volstead Act than there is with those who are supposed to enforce it.

Calvin Coolidge is the second red-headed man to become President of the United States. The other was Thomas Jefferson. Would it be too early to intimate that Mr. Coolidge may have "silver threads among the gold" before the dawn of a certain Wednesday in November, 1924?

The majority of deaths occur in the deceased's home. It is a peculiar and potent caprice of God's that caused the late President Harding to pass away in a San Francisco hotel—many miles from Marion, Ohio, or Washington, D. C. For many months—even years—the people of America have paid too little homage to the man who presided over the destiny of their country. Who can say that God wasn't a bit weary of political and social strife in the United States, and merely touched the brow of Warren G. Harding while he was on the soil of our farthest Western state—that America might leave a trail of tears and bitter remorse at their abuse and neglect of a man such as Warren G. Harding? Harding's death brings from all patriotic citizens a visible token of grief—and would he not be happy to have us take from his death the lesson to be more kind toward those with whom we come in contact each day? For we may not pass this way again.

Dr. Henry Tralle, New York preacher, urges "love-making classes in our churches." Many years ago that same thing was advocated by Henry Wood Booth, of Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills, whose articles are appearing in The Eccentric. For any purpose whatsoever, a Church is infinitely better to meet in than a dance hall; if marriage is the holiest of man or woman's sacraments—and it undoubtedly is—then young people should be brought together in an atmosphere of sacredness. The strains of a jazz orchestra do not awaken the finer emotions and thoughts that are given expression by the pealing of a church organ.

"A woman can make or break a man." That is an ancient axiom. Take heed of the works of Mrs. Harding, Woman; to her is given most of the credit for making of an humble country boy the President of the United States. Through all the late President's life she was his guiding star, his counsellor, his true friend. He is gone from her; yet the memory of what she has done for him will console and carry her through her remaining years. Mrs. Harding's married life is eloquent proof that most of the good things of life are woman's handiwork—the greatest of which was Jesus, the son of Mary.

In a little farmhouse in Vermont, at 3 o'clock in the morning, John C. Coolidge swore into the office of President of the United States his son, Calvin. Perhaps, in the distant past, the same father took the same son over his knee and administered a sound spanking for something which his youngster had done that wasn't "nice and proper." John C. Coolidge little thought, when he used to take little "Cal" upon his knee, that he would some time see his boy at the head of the greatest nation on earth. The fathers of little children today cannot prophecy what their boys and girls will become in the future. But, fathers, remember that the children of today will run affairs of tomorrow; your son may be a peddler or a President—you cannot tell which. But you ought to do all you can to make of him a good man—you ought to fit him as far as it lies in your power for the office of Chief Executive of the United States. And, remember, that children are taught less by precept and more by example!

LIVIN' ROOM LYRICS

By CHARLES S. KINNISON of Birmingham

To Youth

Listen, youth—please listen well
To those few things I'll try to tell.
I'm feeble, now, and stooped with age,
And soon I'll totter off the stage.
And now that I am nearly through
I'd like to leave these thoughts with you.
I shall not talk of sin and crime,
But, Youth—I'd speak on 'Wasting Time.'

Your future seems far far ahead—
But, Youth, wait not till Time has fled
And suddenly, you wake to find
Your youthful days lie far behind—
Wait not till then to value Time,
But do it now, while in your prime.
While time and health are yours to use,
In any way your heart may choose.

You're living now, your days of June,
But soon you'll reach life's afternoon;
And as your sun sinks lower and lower,
You'll find you're yearning more and more
For Youthful days you tossed away.
So use them now, the while you may.
Time's moving by in silent flight—
You're passing, too—on toward your Night.

Old Age accepts and listens well
To these few thoughts I try to tell.
They know that all I say is true—
And, Youth—it vain they envy you.
I'm much too old to pray and preach,
But, Youth, of you I do beseech
To cherish well your youthful prime,
To use each hour—waste not your Time!

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Forty-Three Years Ago

Born on Friday last, August 6, to Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper, a fine baby girl.

Little Winnie Delney has been very ill, so ill that her life has been despaired of, but with good medical aid and careful nursing she was brought through.

Last Monday evening a whole big wagon load of prominent Democrats followed by several carriages, went up to the J. K. Cooper farm and assisted Will Jenks to raise a Democratic pole on said farm. It is a beauty, stands 75 feet above the ground with a fifteen foot hancock and English stripes attached. A few well chosen remarks were made, three hearty cheers were given and soon after the crowd dispersed having raised the first Democratic pole in Bloomfield since,—the Lord only knows when.

The school board have hired the following efficient corps of teachers for the coming school year: Principal, W. D. Clizbe; assistant principal, not engaged; grammar department, Miss Flora Jenks; intermediate, Miss Nellie Richardson; primary, Miss Agnes Parks. These teachers are all experienced and were selected from a host of applicants, with special regards to their ability to perform the arduous duties of their respective positions, and we predict a large attendance of foreign scholars the coming year. Parents and guardians are rapidly coming to a due appreciation of our superior advantages, and no better corps of teachers were ever commissioned in our school than the above.

Miss Aggie Merrill of East Saginaw, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. M. Bloombeck.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Edwin S. Harger, ex-sheriff of Oakland county, passed away Monday, July 25, at the age of 72 years, after a lingering and painful illness. He leaves a widow and eight children. Funeral services were held at his late residence on Thursday, July 28.

Mrs. William Reynolds met with a serious accident one day last week while driving in the country with an aunt and uncle from Pinconning. The conveyance was a double seated carriage, the guests occupying the back seat and Mrs. Reynolds officiating as driver. Some of the bolts in the buggy suddenly gave out letting the two front wheels down and precipitating Mrs. Reynolds over the dashboard to the ground. With great pluck, she hung on to the horse to keep it from running, but sustained more serious injuries thereby. She is badly bruised and it is feared has sustained internal injuries. The other occupants were not thrown out of the carriage.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baldwin are entertaining their son, A. C. Baldwin and wife, also Dr. W. Wilson and wife of Grand Ledge. The doctor spent a part of his early life in Birmingham.

Henry Spicer of Bay City, was smiling on his many Birmingham friends the fore part of this week.

Anonymous Nonsense

When one is weary and dull to invariably seeks some sort of amusement. Because of this, Lake Orion, Bloomfielders and the Oakland county fair is a thriving business. I was weary and dull, and in order to keep myself out of jail, those Bloomfield Hills, as the place in which to satisfy my craving for amusement. They were giving a play of some sort in an open theatre. The show must be been a take-off on the Romans, for there were a lot of men dressed up in tin pots like a sardine. She was with me, so I knew that something would turn up. I always take her when I want amusement. She's funny. She prides herself on her knowledge of past history, and so I knew that she would be right in her element mingling with the Romans. I wish she could mingle with the cooking utensils with as much ease.

We strolled about for a bit, and finally ended up at the corner of the theatre. There was a man standing there with so much hardware on him that only his walrus mustache showed. She recognized him at once as the gardener and in her democratic way went up to him and chirped: "Are you Appius Claudius?"

The gardener hung his head. "No," he responded meek, dejectedly, "I'm not happy as Claudius; I'm as happy as all."

She didn't think she'd care for the video, so we went over to where they kept the riding horses and she began to ask the groom a lot of questions about the tired they used, how they got the horses so shiny, and if he didn't think God had a purpose in mind when he made horses' hoofs so hard.

Just then a stable boy went by leading a saddled horse. "What's it got that strap around it for?" she asked, pointing to the girth.

I think the groom was tired of all her questions by this time, but he was too polite to tell her so, so he said: "Well, you see, all our horses 'ave a keen sense of 'umor, an' so they sometimes 'ave sudden fits of laughter, when they 'ear some of the questions some people ask us, yes, but bands 'round 'em to keep 'em from bustin' their sides."

Little Maudie awoke about two o'clock the other morning and asked her mamma to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mama replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."

TO THEE, BETTEE

I saw you once—that was enough,
We have not yet met, that is true,
But all the old names love their mutt,
And mountaineers "still" love their
dew!
and
There's not a spidur in the sky,
There's not a glow worm in the
sea,
There's not a crab that soars on high,
But finds no dream, dear maid, of
thee!
and
When watery Phoebus ploughs the
main,
When fiery Luna gilds the lea,
As they run up the window lane,
So fly my thoughts, dear love, to
thee!

SMALL TOWN HUMOR AND PHILOSOPHY

By BUCK CAMPBELL

Never help to stuff a cake for the other fellow to pound you over the head.

Never trust a man with a bad record, even good men sometimes go wrong.

Most of the ills of humanity are imaginary and a lot more are only an excuse for laziness.

The devil has a mortgage on a lot of fellows whose carcass would not pay the expense of a foreclosure.

The lazy loafer is always a firm believer in luck, luck plays an important part in the success of his energetic neighbor.

From the number of accidents in this country it looks like it would be better to put shoe shinners on the police reserve instead of the machines.