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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and of interest to the general public. All copy must be submitted by the writer, and must be accompanied by a check for the cost of the paper submitted as are necessary to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use any material appearing in the Eccentric without compensation to the author, and to use the same in any other publication.

The "Blacklist" Is Unfair

As defined in Webster's, the word "blacklist" means "a list of persons thought deserving of censure, punishment, or adverse discrimination; a list of persons stigmatized as bad debtors or untrustworthy, made for the protection of tradesmen or employers." Therefore, to be placed on a "blacklist," it would seem, is a thing that any honest person—no matter what his views or opinions may be—would seek to avoid.

Which brings us to a brief consideration of the uses of a "blacklist" which the Daughters of the American Revolution are using in their campaign to provide "a bigger and better Navy for America."

As Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, pastor of Detroit Central Methodist church, recently declared, the D. A. R. has perfected a "blacklist" of prominent American men and women, whom they are attempting to believe in the eyes of the American people. And all because these men and women, disagreeing with the plan to spend 750 millions of dollars for national defense, have dared to say so.

Like all organizations, we suppose that the D. A. R. is composed of a great majority of splendid women, in whose blood flows the Spirit of '76, and through whose minds surge fine thoughts for the betterment of their country; if that be the case, we'll wager that a personal canvass of each of them would reveal that, although they are in favor of an adequate national defense, they may not agree with the launching of a huge naval program—the kind of a program that brings alacrity and competition to and among other nations.

Then, among the D. A. R., you will find a small minority that is in power, doing as they perhaps think best for their country, yet, in their spirit of enthusiasm and zealotry, stooping to the low level of "blacklisting" other equally enthusiastic and zealous men and women who may disagree with the D. A. R.

An honest disagreement with the opinions of others is expected and ought to be accepted among those who are able to a spirit of tolerance for the opinions of others on any given subject, which may be backed up with a program of quiet, yet forceful, educational treatment to bring another to your way of thinking. Force ought not to be used—and "blacklisting" is, we understand, an unfair and subterranean quality of force.

The very human impulses that have made the Daughters of the American Revolution possible as their basis a difference of opinion regarding the conduct of government; the institutions which have sprung up in America since the landing of the Pilgrims, institutions which we teach our children to respect, and revere, are the results of divergent thought.

The D. A. R., because it consists of a portion of the fine women of this country, possesses potentialities for much good; it ought to have plans for social betterment, and it will be respected for crusading for any good cause only when its tactics are free from such un-American methods as the use of a "blacklist."

See This Splendid Drama

Tuesday evening we attended a presentation of "Saint Joan" by George Bernard Shaw at the trials and tribulations of the illustrious French Maid Joan d'Arc. It was at the Bonstelle Playhouse, that splendid Detroit institution where Decency in drama always wins out over Obscenity—thanks to the guiding genius of the very wonderful idealist, Miss Jessie Bonstelle. If you want to see something great, done splendidly with Eden Gray as Joan, see "Saint Joan" this week. Tomorrow and Saturday Clara Clemens Gabriolowitch, wife of the famous musician and daughter of Mark Twain, plays the part of Joan.

The showing of "Saint Joan" is especially appropriate during this week, preceding Easter Sunday; it will create an audience which, like the Easter, it reveals the ever-present capacity for Godly souls to uplift the world of men and women.

IF YOU WANT TO VIEW a beautiful church edifice, we suggest that you arrange to visit Christ Church, Cranbrook, out in Bloomfield Hills. There you will see an edifice executed in a degree that rivals some of the famous European cathedrals. It is right at your door, too.

THE OTHER DAY WE SAW J. B. Minton, new local Grand Trunk station agent, getting the flower bed to his office ready for Spring planting. We were glad to see this, as it is fitting tribute to the late C. C. Osborne who, while station agent for many years, patiently tended the flower bed to the pleasure of hundreds of local citizens who love flowers.

AS THE RESULT OF FLOODS in the west, Reno, Nevada, is said to be covered with five feet of mud in places. What else could be expected from a just Nature when men and women, for years, have deposited so much matrimonial filth upon Reno's landscape? Yes, Nature always maintains an even balance between its activities and those of humans.

April, sunny April,
Versatile, but dear,
Bringing purple violets,
Bringing warmth and cheer.
Baby tulips all in bud,
Birds a singing, balmy winds,
Children tramping through the mud,
Gathering their precious finds,
April, you are so kind and gay,
Like a little child at play!

Mad, capricious April,
What is this you bring?
Tears and smiles together,
Springtime, glorious Spring,
Azure skies all mixed with gold,
Happy dreams of summertime,
Woods of the garden plot,
Days and nights sublime.
April, slipping fast away,
Bringing lovely, radiant May!

—BEATRICE McDONALD.

Our New U. S. Senator

Arthur H. Vandenberg, 44-year-old editor of the Grand Rapids Herald, has been selected by Governor Fred W. Green to succeed the late Senator Woodbridge W. Ferris in the United States Senate. Undoubtedly, a majority of the citizens of this state are satisfied with the Governor's action, and extend their congratulations to the new Michigan member of the higher branch of Congress.

Mr. Vandenberg, by ability and temperament, is exceptionally well fitted for the task that he has been called upon to perform. Few people have a better understanding of the early struggles of the people who have made America than Mr. Vandenberg; in his position as a newspaperman, he is also well informed of the struggles that are going on today within the United States and—because of his sincerity and loyalty for good things, his sympathetic understanding of the problems that beset organized government—we believe that our new Senator will dispatch his office with a maximum of credit for his state and his nation.

Michigan expects much of Mr. Vandenberg, not at first, but as time goes on—for we, too, think that he will be elected at the regular Fall election for six years.

Birmingham is especially interested in Senator Vandenberg because his colleague, Senator Couzens, lives here. Between these two ambassadors of Michigan in the United States Senate, much good will come to the people.

The Role Of Death

How people who argue for the use of capital punishment as a deterrent for crime can reconcile such method with the true spirit of civilization's progress is one of the modern wonders of the Twentieth Century. The total intent of progress, as we understand it, is to create, through intelligent creative thought, the type of conditions for the human race that will make them healthy, happy, kindly, and fill them with an abundance of the needed requisites of life.

Any effort on the part of any person is supposed to be directed to the benefit of other people; and such efforts depend upon people being alive in order that the application of things and ideas may be tried.

Somebody—certainly far from sane at the moment—kills another, and the so-called civilized world sets out to do vengeance, a kind of vengeance that is supposed to have a good effect upon the killer, as well as to remind the balance of the body politic that killing human beings is unlawful.

In states where capital punishment exists, what happens? Well, the newspapers make a sensation of the person about to die; in picture and word the world learns all about the gallows or the electric chair, how the condemned one behaves, how the body dangled at the end of a rope, or how it stiffened and then crumpled in the electric chair. Breathless with melodramatic anticipation, the public follows each step of the ordeal, and then—the curtain runs down—turns to its routine pursuits and patiently waits for the next act when another human being (as insane at the moment of killing as the one that preceded him) to the gallows or chair) is coached by his jailer for the Role of Death.

From the perspective of pure reason, there can be no true and lasting uplift for a society that kills its kind; and from the statistics compiled in states where capital punishment exists, no proof can be found that society is deterred from the terrorism of the murderer.

All of us remember the old copy-book maxim to the effect that children are taught more by example than by precept. The same holds true of adult society. In the case of capital punishment, however, the so-called civilized state follows the example of the uncivilized murderer. Quite illogical and foolish, isn't it?

As a matter of fact, capital punishment will never deter major crime; and the accepted modern treatment of violators of the law will do very little, if anything, to correct the condition. Crime is but the fruit of seeds that grow in human consciousness; the seeds get into this consciousness sometime during the existence of the individual who commits an offense against society.

What is the solution? It lies in another old copy-book maxim which says "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined." Society will be rid of a great deal more of its crime—or any other form of evil—when it sees that its children are given fuller and more complete knowledge of the powers that are contained within those attributes of character that express the essence of brotherly love, unselfishness,—in a word, Christianity.

Yes, as we understand it all, the real hope lies in the children of a generation. Teach children what you will, and you'll always obtain a major crop of the things you plant within their minds.

AND WHO, may we ask, would ever teach a child to kill?

OUR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR, Joseph P. Little, of Dorchester, Minn., sends in a letter with this request: "Will you please accept my subscription for a one-year period for The Birmingham Eccentric?" In reply to Mr. Little, who is a high official in the Chevrolet Division of General Motors, we say: "Will Tracy & Cotton, your Birmingham Chevrolet agency, accept orders for Chevrolets?" You just bet we will!

SPRING SHOWERS!



War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.—Cowper.

Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven.—Carlyle.

That justice which prevents a crime is better than that which severely punishes it.—Latin Law Phrase.

The instigator of crime is worse than he who perpetrates it.—Latin Law Phrase.

The proper man does not know whether he is loved.—Lucan.

That should be considered long which can be decided but once.—Syrus.

You should neither fear nor wish for your last day.—Martial.

Political gratitude is the essence of things hoped for.—John J. Ingalls.

The man or woman who says, "How much?" instead of, "Wrap it up," is the one who gets ahead.

What is there in the vale of life Half so delightful as a wife; When friendship, love, and peace combine To stamp the marriage-bond divine.—Cowper.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant.—Confucius.

He who is firm in his will moulds the world to himself.—Goethe.

He who complies against his will Is of the same opinion still.—Butler.

Oh, woman in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made; Where pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!—Scott.

Many men resemble glass, smooth, polished and dull so long as unbroken—then sharp, every splinter pricks.—Richter.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

I will be lord of myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule and only he can rule.—Goethe.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.—Bovet.

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet.—Bailey.

A losing side is full of suspicion.—Syrus.

DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, the very intelligent pastor of the Detroit Central Methodist Episcopal Church, told an audience recently that the Daughters of the American Revolution are too intolerant in their attitude toward contemporary critics of American government. Inasmuch as Dr. Hough is still a bachelor, he is passing up a chance to do a bit of personal reforming with at least one of the daughters unless he allows one of them to take advantage of leap year.

FOR THE RETURNS THAT CHRISTIANITY offers the church-goer, the price in American money that is paid is often too little. Without the organized church, society would be in a very less civilized state, and life and property would be worth much less than assayed at today. Certainly, if the average American home costs, either in rent or taxes and investment, \$100.00 per month to live in, it ought to be worth more than half that amount per month to live in so kindly a Universe as the one in which this earth planet revolves. Think of that when the collection plate comes to you next Sunday.

A GOAL TO REACH
The most lovable quality that any human can possess is tolerance.

Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another's point of view.

It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their opinion and their own peculiarities.

It is the bigness that enables us to get people to be happy in their own way instead of our way.—Public Ledger.

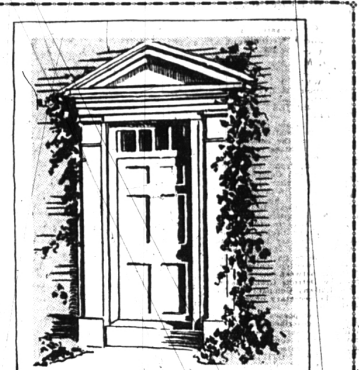
Radio: A device used chiefly for broadcasting a tune called "My Blue Heaven."

Rabbit fur is known by 75 different trade names. And not one of them is "rabbit."

In some localities both corns and "corn" appear to have gained quite a foothold.

Harry Rush, 104 years old, was recently fined in California for reckless driving. Well, boys will be boys.

When Arthur Vandenberg takes his seat in the United States Senate we wonder if the article will be a product of some Grand Rapids furniture factory. It ought to be—unless it comes from the reed factory at Ionia.



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Another of life's little ironies is seen in a recent occurrence in Toledo, O. A physician called to treat a man injured by a fall on a slippery sidewalk jokingly remarked to his patient that he should "watch his step next time." Then leaving the home the doctor fell on the same sidewalk and broke his own leg.

Mrs. Helen Berman of Dover, Eng., has traveled more than 3,000 miles about Europe carrying her baby in a suitcase with air vents.

Martha Hale, a California school girl, has no arms, but can write, operate a typewriter, comb her hair and perform many other duties.

About 4,000 Girl Scouts of New York city passed tests in cooking during the last year.

The planet Venus has no moon. Enforcement there would not have to contend with moonshine.

Lindbergh is physically perfect except for slightly flat feet. But he doesn't walk much, anyway.

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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.

SAFE SAFETY LINES

To the Editor: Observing a crowd at Woodward and Maple avenues last Wednesday afternoon, I hurried over to see the wreck or fight or whatever it might be. In place of this, however, I found that the Village of Birmingham, undoubtedly inspired by the Spring weather, was clearing up and painting up in the form of new lanes for pedestrians in a bright yellow. Keeping these lanes freshly painted is mighty important, for I'm sure that we all feel safer when crossing a busy thoroughfare between the lines, which make a sort of "sidewalk across the street." Why, though, does this have to be done in the middle of the afternoon when the traffic is light?

Under ordinary circumstances this would probably be a mid-night job, but as the line marker was a brand new machine, I concluded that the novelty had not yet worn off. Thus they were using it in the bright sunlight with a police escort and protection, at great annoyance to the lines of

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know. I want to be able, as days go by, Always to look myself straight in the eye; I don't want to stand, with the setting sun, And hate myself for things I've done. I don't want to keep on a closet shelf A lot of secrets about myself. I want to be myself, as I come and go, Into thinking that nobody else will know The kind of man I really am; I don't want to dress up myself in sham, I want to go out with my head erect, I want to deserve all men's respect; But here 'in the struggle for fame and self I want to be able to like myself. I don't want to look at myself and know That I bluster and bluff an empty show. I can never hide myself from me; I see what others may never see; I know what others may never know, Whatever happens, I want to be Self-respecting and conscience-free.—Anonymous.