

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have new value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be submitted before noon on Wednesday. The subscription is non-refundable. However, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to make it readable and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room the material written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used.

Time Is Your Fortune

When all it said and done, people possess nothing so valuable as their own time—the length of their stay upon this plane of the Universe. Time, then, may be compared to one's fortune; the returns it brings depend upon the kind of thing in which it is invested. Good companions, good books, good conversation, good moral thinking, may be likened to a substantial banking institution, and will always pay a dependable interest. Poor companions, poor books, cheap conversation, impoverished poor thinking, may be likened to a fraudulent stock promoter's scheme, and never pays a dividend. After all, the way you spend your time is the investment that makes you a success or a failure.

Waiting Room Needed

Proposal made by Manager James W. Parry that a street car and motor bus waiting room be provided in one that deserves attention.
Hundreds of persons are forced to stand in the cold, rain, and snow daily while waiting transportation to points north and south of here. Many travel to Detroit and Pontiac daily and they are afforded no protection in the center of Birmingham.

Mr. Parry proposed an enclosed safety zone at the northwest corner of Maple and Woodward avenue. He apologized for it, saying it may not be a thing of beauty. It could be made beautiful, to a degree in keeping with plans for Woodward avenue. The fact that enclosed safety zones are ugly, as a general rule, is no reason why that rule can not be broken. Besides being a thing not displeasing to the eye, it would also be useful.
He points out that this would allow traffic to proceed with the green light, instead of having to halt in back of motor buses as it now does—for the buses would travel on the car tracks—as well as afford shelter needed.

An Open Invitation

To Editor J. E. McMullen, Linden Leader, Linden, Mich.
Dear Sir:
Could you possibly get away from your office for two short trips at the expense of The Birmingham Eccentric?
This is the idea. You have painted rosette pictures of prison life as you write in the column of your paper. You deride the "mollycoddling" of criminals. You say the state prisons are something like comfortable vacation resorts. You make it seem that the happiest day in the life of a convict is when a judge sentences him to life imprisonment.

We disagree with you. We have seen the men slave in penitentiaries over long hours of back-breaking work, to return to their lonely, miserable cells at night and sleep all night, to wake up the next day and the next. Why are they there? They do not know.
We would like you to spare a little time from your duties and take two trips: one to Ionia and another to Jackson. We would like you to inspect the state prisons at both these places. We will arrange all details of the trip, pay all expenses, and even furnish an agreeable and pleasant traveling companion, if you wish.

All we ask in return is that you write us a letter, of medium length, stating that you entered the thorough inspection, and telling whether your notion remains the same about the treatment the state is affording criminals.
We hope you will accept this invitation which is made in good faith, and that you will let us know when you can accept, so arrangements may be made.
THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

Heroism Brought Home

The feat of two nuns and a few nurses in the bundling 47 sleepy and startled children from the orphanage, Villa Maralac, a few miles southwest of Birmingham, in a few minutes before fire swept the building is one that should long be remembered.
Wakened to find flames rapidly eating the dry building, the sisters, who have devoted their lives to caring for the homeless, the poor and the weak, displaying remarkable presence of mind and courage that deserves commendation. They awakened their little charges, some of whom were badly crippled, and hurried them to the play room. To avoid panic they told the state prisoners they must hurry to a neighbor's home for a party. When the children had been led to safety, the nuns and nurses remained in the face of the flames to see that all their little charges were out of the home.
That there was but one fatality is due to the bravery of these women. In the face of an unlooked-for danger, they met the occasion with intelligence and bravery they merit the gratitude of all.

Thinkers Needed At The Wheel

Your mind determines whether you stay where you are, or cross the street, like a hen, to get to the other side. Your mind has created the modern transportation marvel known as the automobile, and it determines whether you shall go at ten or sixty miles an hour; it also tells you whether or not you shall obey traffic signals, or whether or not you shall ob-ordinate your individual wishes to the adjustment of the good of the many.

Some people are so selfish that they crowd out a line of traffic at a street car office; they are known in automobile parlance as "road hoggs." Some people are so careless that they fall over boxes, into holes, break windows, misuse furniture, and deface the general landscape; they become "reckless drivers."
Some people are so wholly unfit to take care of themselves decently that they become robbers, cheaters, bootleggers, bandits, and murderers; many of them are driving automobiles.

You must go through a lot of red tape to get a license to carry a revolver; you need not go through much red tape to get a license to drive an automobile. More people are killed by automobiles in a few weeks in this country than are killed in an entire year by revolvers.

Your mind determines what you shall do with yourself, or with anything you may have. It seems to us that a person's mind ought to be taken into consideration when he or she seeks a license to operate a motor car.
Man's progress in transportation, automobiles have come to fill a substantial place in modern society; in themselves, they declare: "Here I am, use me for transportation of people and things—but if you would keep me in use, treat me with intelligence."

Too many motorists sit behind a wheel when they ought to be in the rear seat, where their thinking may be wasted in motor advice, but not expressed through steering wheel and accelerator.

"Bigger And Better Saloons"

Cleveland, Ohio, is an old city that has been a large center of population for many years. Within its confines are many splendid institutions, and its municipal government has been the model of many other cities. Right now, Cleveland has a chief of police named Graul, who is making a bold stand for bigger and better drinking emporiums. Here is what the Cleveland Press, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, says about the subject; it is written in a vein quite different from that of most newspapers.

Chief of police Graul, of Cleveland, has had the courage to come out boldly for our friend the saloon. We hasten to mingle our clear, sweet tones with his. We, too, have courage.
We defy its enemies—the Society for the Modification of the Eighteenth Amendment. This noble society, which logically ought to furnish dry leadership, but doesn't, is composed exclusively of gentlemen—they all own dress suits. While their leader—a local Knight Commander of the Bath—owns two or three dress suits and any amount of silk underwear.

These gentlemen feel they have been done a cruel injustice. Alcohol is the lubricant of Society. It's the drug that lets them tolerate one another. Without it they suffer and are dumb. It's the only thing that's the symbol of leisure, the badge of nobility. Without it country clubs are so many Houses of Usher populated by gloomy firms of life.
And yet they unjustly refuse to return to the mermaid friend man his meeting place, his club—our merry old drinking the Saloon.

Do you recall the old picture that used to tear our heart strings? A gaily-lighted saloon. Some one has put a nickel in the mechanical pump. A group is playing Seven-Up at a little round table. A redneck back dryer is asleep in a corgee. Another group is singing "The Pardon Came Too Late." Two Irishmen have just knocked a Johnny back cuckoo. And Father is standing at the bar all ginned up telling how good he is and who he can lick. He is having a glorious time.

While outside his little daughter, in tattered shawl and dress, is standing in a cruel snow storm murmuring, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now."
The picture was supposed to furnish Dry Propaganda. But did it? Didn't it show that the saloon was a thoroughly cheerful place where good fellows met? Why the devil should Father go home? Here there was laughter and cheer. There he was out in the stove and Mother was on hand to call him a big bum. Here there was good liquor and loads of free lunch. There there was milkman's milk and corn flakes and prunes. Here there was the laugh of his wife.

The saloon was the poor man's club, and unless he let himself be annoyed by starving relatives, he thoroughly enjoyed himself.
We are for the return of the saloon and this without restrictions. Chief Graul is entirely too narrow in wanting to limit hours and the number of drinks per capita. Why limit anything so entertaining?

We are not only for the return of the saloon without restrictions. Chief Graul wants it back, but them as frank and open as green goods. Then when a gentleman saves up and puts on a grand drunk his friends and relatives can gather outside and cheer his triumph. And his little daughter can lip "Och, Shee Paps."
Of course the saloons will cut in heavily on the Ford and Chevrolet market. But who so wants a Ford or a Chevrolet when he can lap up good old back beer and Golden Wedding rye? And stand with one foot on the brass rail and tell the bartender what girls are stuck on him and what girls he can lick. Without the saloon, the poor man has no means of self-expression, no chance to be big and bold. It is his club, his theater, his music hall, his confessional.

If the suppression of the liquor traffic was an infringement of personal liberty, why isn't a restriction of it equally an infringement?
We try not to understand, but we are sure the poor folks as much right to be big as the rich. The hardening of the liver, general immorality, high blood pressure, halitosis and delirium tremens as the rich?

Yours for bigger and better saloons.

A NOTE TO THE NEW village planner from a superficial glance at other cities. Why not a recommendation for more courts in Birmingham? Houses constructed in courts may be made beautiful. Their grounds can be kept orderly. Their streets, free from traffic, are safe for children.

ALSO PITY THE POOR MALE MAN!



The Other Chap Says Something

THE HOOVER MANDATE
Out of this election has come one unmistakable demand upon the owner: he must stand by prohibition. America is dry. If he polly foxes, if he does not take leadership morally as well as officially, and if conditions do not improve, the country will turn Hoover's victory to ashes.

It is observance rather than obedience which will save the situation. Too many men and women in America defy the laws of the country and its constitution by countenancing and not recognizing bootlegging. There is no stopping the bootlegger so long as his customers are willing to buy. The situation as it is there is no way to stop the consumption of booze except by the example of a strong leadership in the White House and in official life.

The Republican party is definitely the party of prohibition. For prohibition is the handmaiden of property. We must stop being hypocrites. The prohibition law is the law, not merely for the bootlegger but for his patrons and beneficiaries. Jails will not stop the boot'zeer. But when his children go hungry and his wife can't pay the rent, we shall have a law-abiding country, and a decrease of crime.

FORLORN FIGURES

RUBBER
Nov. 1 marked the end of the so-called Stevenson plan for the restriction of exports of crude rubber from British colonies. This is the first time since the other experiment in restriction, designed for the purpose of advancing the market price of a commodity. The Stevenson plan was frankly based upon the market price of crude rubber, the restriction increased when the price declined. In describing the passing of the scheme, Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the United States, pointed out that prior to the World War his country was importing crude rubber to a tonnage about one-tenth of what is being imported today. In a period of about 14 years the consumption of rubber in the United States has increased tenfold. Under the circumstances it would seem that the necessity for an export restriction was entirely lacking.

men deposits beneath the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah. It may doubtless be provided in the end that there are no substitutes just as good as rubber, but the experiments will certainly add something to the industrial worth of the world. Out of such circumstances as have been experienced during the last six years in the rubber industry always comes something of lasting benefit to the public.

OLD AGE PROBED
The subject of old age—about which we confessedly know little—was discussed long ago at a conference sponsored by the New York Academy of Medicine. The conference was attended by several hundred medical men from every part of the country.

Among other things, a distinction was made between chronological old age and physiological old age. One begins to experience physical aging when the body fails to recuperate after marked physical strain. Physical aging may begin in the thirties or the forties. Nothing much was disclosed about mental old age, which is a far more delicate subject. The medical men confirmed the general lay belief that mental old age comes later than physical old age, and that the deterioration is slower.

In the United States there are supposed to be 5,500,000 people above 65; 1,680,000 above 75; 250,000 over 85, and 60,000 above 90.
The maximum possible age at present conditions is believed to be about 107 years. One medical man argued that since a horse is mature at 5 years, and lives five times that stretch, or 25 years, a man, who is mature at 18, should live to be five times that old, or 90. No doubt this is true enough, since men do live to be 90, but will science ever be able to make the normal life-span 90? At present the best that can be said is that a person aged 50 can reasonably expect to live until he is 71.

One belief exploded at the conference as a fallacy was the notion that people born of parents who had lived 80 years had a better chance of longevity than those born of short-lived parents.
No particularly exciting or novel conclusions were arrived at in the course of the conference, and most people could perceive the futility without feeling that they had been much illuminated or enlightened as regards this perplexing subject. One value of the conference, however, will be to focus the attention of medical men more upon old age. Mentally speaking, the paradox might be ventured that old age is still in its infancy. We shall hope for more tangible information regarding old age as the medical men return, from time to time, to their discussions. (Minneapolis Tribune.)

Advertisement for Colgrove Buck & Tillotson REALTORS, featuring a photo of a man and text: 'Friendly Thoughts By G. Dewey Kimball'. Below is an advertisement for G. DEWEY KIMBALL FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 300 N. Woodward Ave, Phone 850.

Advertisement for Colgrove Buck & Tillotson REALTORS. Text: 'Congratulations. For more than a year the Kroger Grocery & Baking Company has been looking for what they call a star location in Birmingham. This means a forty-foot store, equipped to carry their largest and finest assortment of groceries and meats. Naturally, they came to us, and this week they are opening the location we selected for them on the west side of Woodward Avenue just south of the old Post Office. The Kroger Company, like ourselves, believe in both the present, and the future purchasing power of Birmingham-Bloomfield district, and we congratulate them on opening of one of the largest and finest stores in their greater Detroit district.'

Advertisement for G. DEWEY KIMBALL FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 300 N. Woodward Ave, Phone 850. Text: 'In a spirit of sympathetic helpfulness we tender our professional services. Rules of life are but memorandums of the deep significances we feel. Our judgment is more closely attuned to what we should or should not do, than any published restriction can state. A man feels things to be right or wrong that are not described upon the statute books or the court's calendar. Conscience remains our safest guide.'

DIRECTORY listing for McAlpine-Starr, Inc. Engineers - Surveyors (Registered), 108 South Woodward Birmingham, Mich. Phone Birmingham 805. Also listing for Arthur L. Weeks Architect, Field Bldg, Birmingham Telephone 1140. A. C. Adams Funeral Home, 108 North Bess Street. Dr. G. R. Norton OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, 1245 West Maple, Birmingham, Mich. Dr. J. S. Donaldson Dentist, Telephone 1597, Suite 209, WABEK BUILDING. Clare H. Ogden Attorney-at-Law, Room 3, Oakland Savings Bldg, Phone Birmingham 805.