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**Our Youth And Liquor**

Here are two paragraphs, taken from the speeches of two citizens of the United States, yet both relating to a common problem. One was made in Birmingham, Michigan, Monday noon, while the other was made in New York City Tuesday night; one was made by a serious young male student of Baldwin High School—the other by an equally serious minded adult whose name is Herbert Hoover, President of the United States.

Here is what the student, Richard Fleming, told Birmingham Rotarians Monday noon when he talked on the problem of shaping youth's morals: "Recently, in two classes in the Baldwin High School, a vote was taken to determine how many students went out of the probable 40 or 50 in the two classes had not tasted liquor since prohibition; only two of this entire number could say that they had not. The majority of these cases were due to the parents who in this way might be responsible for their sons' leaving the straight and narrow in later years."

And here is President Hoover's statement to the annual meeting of the Associated Press members Monday night in New York City: "No individual has the right to determine what law shall be obeyed and what law shall not be enforced. If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guarantee of its repeal. If it is right, its enforcement is the quickest method of consolidating its permanency."

President Hoover speaks the truth when he demands that the United States is in a serious way with regard to respect for law and order; student Fleming is far from being wrong when he reveals the source and nature of prohibition's violators. Besides: Arnold seems to have become legion. And a number of young minds in Baldwin High School have, it would appear, been subjected to polluting influences that insure the future flourishing of bootleggers in America.

**Our Debating Team**

Birmingham's Baldwin High School debating team, although defeated a few weeks ago by Mason, and thus eliminated from the Michigan High School Debating League for this year, deserves a great deal of commendation from local citizens. Richard Fleming, Patricia Chandler, and Norma Martin rendered valiant service to their school; Jack Russell and Barbara Hill, substitutes, also deserve credit for the part they played.

Birmingham's team this year came a stage nearer the coveted championship, and, perhaps, next year they may win the cup. At any rate, these young people reflect credit upon the Baldwin High School, including H. Earle Corveot and other members of the faculty who aided in the art of public speaking.

**Reading The Bible**

We would that some day, a way agreeable to all may be found to enable boys and girls to become acquainted with Holy Writ; for he or she who peruses the Bible will at least be better for it, even though its entire spirit is not revealed to the reader. Pitiful, indeed, is the plight of the millions of people today, today, or tomorrow, who is not at least slightly acquainted with the Scriptures; sophistry is a yondering portion of wisdom, entirely without understanding. Happy is the lot of the boy or girl into whose hands the Word of God is placed.

**Perennial Re-Birth**

We spent a portion of one day this week driving and walking in various sections of Birmingham and vicinity. Everywhere we could see that Mother Nature had responded to the warmth of last week, as grass, bud, and leaf appeared in the first stages of removing the winter's desolate barrenness from the earth's coverings; everywhere, too, we saw people working in their yards, allies of the season's perennial re-birth of the floral kingdom. 'Tis Nature's undying assertion that "nothing dieth in my world"; 'tis man's chance to say the same thing of his own daily opportunities to "love thy neighbor as thyself," to lose himself (and thus find himself) in the loftiness of his own idealism.

WHEN YOU TURN an ordinary man into a policeman, you ask him to swear allegiance to his job, which includes allegiance to his country; and if he accepts a little graft from friend bootlegger, society is more than willing to point its finger of scorn. But when you swear an ordinary man into the very important position of American Citizen, and he accepts a little liquor from a bootlegger, party of whose profits go to the lawless policeman, society turns its eyes sadly away. There are, it would appear, many stratum of conscience.

CARL SANDBURG, the often misunderstood poet, recently announced that "I shall not inflict another volume of poetry upon the egg-headed American public until 1932, and maybe not until 1935." But we're not all such bad eggs, at that, are we, Mr. Sandburg?

**"As The Twig Is Bent"**  
Evidently J. F. McMullen, that fine, venerable, pacific blood-thirsty editor of the Linden Leader, up in Genesee County, must have had some personal experience with the Detroit Free Press, for read what he says in his last issue: "The Birmingham Eccentric takes a shot at the Detroit Free Press for its seeming double minded attitude on the 18th amendment, making it sort of a good god and good evil, just to suit its fancy. However, Ben Averill, don't expect too much from the dear old Free Press; for like some seed that is sown on stony ground, it gives great promise for a spell, but because of its root, it withers at the top."

**What Nation Shall Win?**

Here is an interesting attitude to take when viewing the problem of prohibition in the United States; it was written by Thomas Nixon Carver, professor of economics in Harvard University. Ponder these words: "So long as all the rival nations are wasting resources and man-power in drink there may be no differential advantage in favor of any one or against any of the others; but when one nation, such as the United States, makes a definite advance in this form of economy, unless it indulges in some folly that will neutralize the advantage thus gained, there is no reason to doubt it will gain on all others, year by year, decade by decade, and century by century, and eventually dominate the civilization of the world. They who refuse to take this great step forward in the economy of human resources, whether they understand it or not, are definitely choosing to occupy a secondary position in the civilized world."

**Speaking Of Big Men**

A few weeks ago, in commenting on some eulogistic remarks published in the Munising News, in the Upper Peninsula, we disagreed with editor Herkbert S. Case over the manner in which the office of Commissioner of Pardons and Paroles in Michigan; we did not make an attack upon the ability of Mr. Case's townsman, Arthur D. Wood, in handling the job, but we did say that said Mr. Wood should have some help in order to manage the job with more fairness to the State.

Far be it from The Eccentric to underestimate the capacities of the big men from the north pine country of the Wolverine State; and especially men who have withstood the raging elements that come in with the southern surf of old Lake Superior in the Upper Peninsula of their dear State, in accordance with the shifting tides of political economy, and have done the work of more than one man—so why should we even hint that Commissioner Wood (whose very name presents an indispensible case of whose ruggedness and stalwart Republicanism) should do a lesser share of the world's work than his predecessors? We are even willing to concede that this case, Commissioner Wood is doing three men's work.

But we draw the line at admitting that he is doing the work of four, five, six, or seven people, as we have observed, are required to properly dispatch the office of Commissioner of Pardons and Paroles in Michigan.

Yes, Herb, your misunderstood our original comment anent your fellow townsman; we are willing to grant the splendor of your big men from the north pine country, but our memory still tells us of the Kokonuss of Rhodes hasn't moved a foot since it was erected centuries ago on that little Aeian minor island in the Mediterranean Sea.

NOW COMES THE NEWS that John J. Raskob, who managed the unsuccessful campaign of Al Smith last fall, is about to be made a member of the board of directors of a large United States rubber concern. This ought to enable John to stretch Smith's following over more states by erasing some of the recent campaign's mistakes.

DETROIT, MIRACLE CITY of a miracle world, able to revolutionize the entire world through the manufacture of horseshoe carriages, seems unable to get together a police force capable of honoring the title of law enforcing agencies; yet not so strange—especially when you consider that many of its most responsible citizens paralyze the bootlegger, and many of its most forceful preachers join "Michigan's legalized misdeed" in the cry for the return of legalized murder.

The government estimates that farmers of the United States lose 10,000 acres of land each year by the erosion of rivers. No estimates have been given yet how much the farmers lose annually by their weeding-down processes of fraudulent stock promoters and their erosive effect upon gold mines.

SOME QUEER THINGS happen during the meetings of state legislative assemblies. For instance, last week the Michigan Senate okayed a capital punishment measure, and this week the House argues the merits of Bible reading in the public schools. Though an occasional angel may make its appearance via the mentalities of some legislators, one must admit that plenty of devils enter by the same route.

**Just Being Mother**

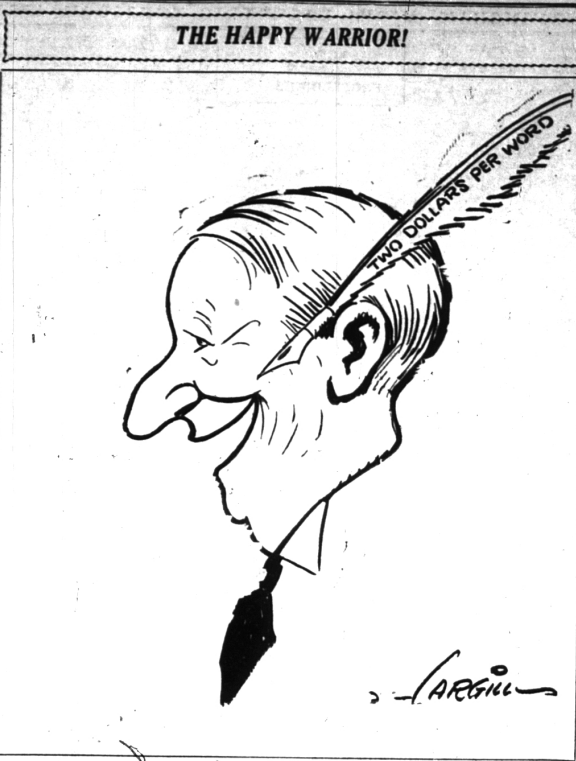
I sometimes wish that I could write a story  
That little folk would always want to hear,  
A story of the butterflies and flowers,  
Or fairies gay and tiny dwarfs just queer.

How glad I'd be if I could paint a picture  
Of children playing in the field of daisies,  
Or of the stately canopies of night.

The things that other people are achieving  
That all seem fine and wonderful to me  
I usually long to do. If I had leisure  
Perhaps a famous genius I might be.

My lot it seems is just to be a mother.  
To wash the dishes, make the beds and sweep,  
Cook meals each day and launder little garments,  
And comfort we ones when they fret or weep.

To see that little minds and souls and bodies  
Grow in a healthy way, and to forget  
Their failings. With an endless store of patience  
To right the things that each day finds apest.



**THE HAPPY WARRIOR!**

New Item: A Smith to receive \$2 a word for article in national magazine.

**The WORLD and All**

Some Grew Childish Early  
If you want to read stirring American poetry, don't neglect Vachel Lindsay, or Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, as he was formerly called.  
Read aloud, and read properly, there are few poems more stirring than "The Congo." I first heard it read by Witter Bynner, who gave me the impression of knowing more literary clubs and women's clubs.  
Then there's "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" which I think is great modern music. And "John Brown." You must know how to read Lindsay poetry, but once you get into the spirit of it, you find what you ought to find in good poetry.

Lindsay has written readable prose, too. A long time ago he wrote a little book entitled, "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beaty," and it is most simple narrative, interspersed with verse. No affection about it. In fact, when Lindsay wrote that, he didn't know he was a great writer. Neither did anybody else. Lindsay that he is a master of Herbert Quick, who had way of seeing greatness in writing younglings grew up and wrote better and better poetry.  
His latest book, "The Library of Washington Street," published by Macmillan, is a great disappointment to me. I think it is decidedly juvenile, or, at least, sophomoric. I'm afraid someone has sold Lindsay that he is a master of this or that; that he has a mission and a destiny in America, and that he must be about it. I hope he isn't getting childish at fifty, but the book sounds childish.

I'm all for Springfield, Ill., which Lindsay's home. But even Springfield can be overdone. Whooops, Vachel, what about Wichita?  
I recognize the imperial virtues of Springfield and Wichita, and I recognize the respective chambers of commerce can't be wrong. But Lindsay has conceived that Springfield-worship is an essential part of the grand market that he supposes himself to represent. He's positively self-conscious about the grand market, and he has had this book put up with many florid pictures of Washington a horseshoe.

Mr. Coolidge doubtless finds it great relief that he has to worry about what next morning's Congressional Record will say about him.  
WE HEARD IT SAID BY—H. Earle Corveot, Baldwin High School debating coach: "I have never seen so responsive a group of students who are interested in public speaking as I have observed at Baldwin during my two years here. If Birmingham and vicinity will continue to increase its interest in the mental activities of our students, in such subjects as debating, I am sure that it will bring out our young folks to better and higher things."

**DAWES' PIPE QUALIFIES HIM FOR BRITISH POST—STEWART**



By CHARLES P. STEWART  
Central Press Staff Writer  
Washington. — Charles G. Dawes has at least one qualification for the post of American ambassador in London—his pipe.  
Most British statesmen, like other Britons, smoke them—or cigarettes.  
The theory is that the English climate spoils cigars. It does make tobacco mouldy. I doubt if it makes cigars any mouldier than pipe tobacco or cigarettes, but the English think it does other things.  
Anyway, a pipe is distinctly British.  
It is particularly so, smoked in a plug hat, a coat with long tails, pearl gray pants, spats and patent leather shoes, in evening dress, or—at court—in knee breeches and a sword.  
The ex-vice president smokes his pipe like a true Briton—regardless of accessories.  
The underslung Dawes mode of pipe is not British, to be sure, but it is a briar. English probably will not cavil over the peculiarity of its pattern.  
The Chicagoan recognizes the pipe's superiority to all other forms of smokes.  
This is bound to make the English like him, from the jump.  
They may not say so to a visiting American, but they secretly regard clear-smoking as a species of "swank"—English for "bluff." It is either that or other. They really welcome a pipe.

General Dawes' physiognomy is suggestive of a cat's.  
Perhaps the suggestion is most in the general's chin. Without being a weak or receding chin, a cat's chin is not that—nevertheless it is rather light.  
The mouth shuts with a kind of tight-lipped smugness which is cat-like, too.  
Even the general's figure has a



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takes a dickens of a while to heal.  
The ex-vice president is advertised as a wonderful man for the United States embassy in Britain because of his record of diplomatic triumphs in the past—Or triumph, to be more exact. On consideration, it is hard to recall more than one.  
The "Dawes plan" is a matter of history, anyway.  
That was the plan by which the question of German reparations was settled temporarily at a mighty critical juncture after the war. A re-adjustment of it is in progress now, but the "Dawes plan" certainly did serve to stave off a serious situation until it seems likely a satisfactory permanent agreement will soon be reached, in the calmer international atmosphere of today.  
Nobody can take away from the "Dawes plan" the credit for having averted a peck of trouble at the time it was devised.  
True, it was Owen D. Young's plan. However, General Dawes was chairman of the commission on which, as a member, Mr. Young thought up the scheme; so it was called after the general and he got all the praise for it. If that

is not skillful diplomacy, what is? The ex-vice president has attained qualification for the London embassy, too, which must not be overlooked—for it is a vital one. To keep up the job costs a lot more than it pays. Hence our ambassador to England must be a very rich man, and General Dawes was more than one.  
Automobile tires which will give service up to 20,000 miles have been developed.  
Resources of the 25 1/2 banks of the United States total more than \$114,000,000.  
Spain produces a billion and a half pounds of silver annually.  
France has four living former presidents, Loubet, 91; Fallieres, 69.  
It is reported that the Duke of York, second son of King George, will be the next viceroy of India.

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By G. Dewey Kimball  
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