

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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An "Eye For An Eye" Preacher

Dr. Joseph A. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, devoted a portion of his allotment of eternity last Sunday night to statements favoring the erection of a yellow or electric chair for the State of Michigan.

Of course, Dr. Vance may say what he pleases just as long as his congregation wants to pay him for his preachments; if his present supporters should outgroup him, he'd soon find another job with some other group—for a chap at entertaining and forceful as the Doctor (like the bearded one of the stake charmer) will always find enough people to part with dimes "just to see what it looks like and to study its noises."

Let's be charitable toward Dr. Vance on one important American issue, namely: the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, plus Michigan's anti-liquor legislation; let's assume that the Doctor stands squarely for the acceptance of the outlawry of liquor. And then we wonder how many times, as he stood in his pulpit, looking over his congregation, he lamented the fact that many of his church members, though professing themselves good citizens, clandestinely purchased and drank hard liquor.

"Dear Heavenly Father, help me to bring Thy message to the hearts and minds of all my congregation; assist me in bringing to each of them a true consciousness of the evils of all bad things, including the terror of intoxicating liquors; make them good citizens of the United States. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

And don't you suppose, as some of these law-breaking members of his congregation looked up at their preacher Sunday night, hearing from his own lips a series of statements in violation of those Divine injunctions "Thou shalt not kill," "Love your enemies," "Bless them that curse you"—well, don't you suppose these folks found some degree of smug complacency and justification for their personal violations of a mere man-made governmental prohibition law?

Dear Doctor Joseph A. Vance, "doeth the fountain send forth at the same place sweet and bitter water"? Can you reconcile capital punishment with your desire to outlaw war? Can you find room in your own church to erect a modern gallows or an electric chair? Would you change the chancel of God's House into an execution chamber?

If you must plead for capital punishment, Dear Doctor Vance, why not be consistent and engage a modern carpenter to take apart the Cross and, with the same blood-splattered nails that held up the right the Galilean Carpenter, erect a gallows? Road into a sturdy galley; stand back, as the noise harkens, nods the changed wood and, as the noose hangs empty, waiting for a fellow-man, survey the work proclaiming heart and from the earth throes proclaim thy handiwork before the world and shout to men that life is lived to death and shout to the people and reveal the transformed Cross as it leans out from all the naked void, and lend a hand to that drear figure of a man whose name a Liberator trampled in the dirt—the public executioner!

FRED PATTERSON, OF THE Holly Advocate, last week declared that, since Hearst and Durant have offered \$25,000 for prohibition letters, he will offer that much or less to anybody who can give him an accurate set of figures on how many Holly men vote dry and drink. Such a set of dry figures might prove to be all wet, at that, Fred.

THE EVENING RECORDER, of Albion, does not get excited over the fact that Michigan may have won its status books certain facts that go to extremes—such as the life sentences for fourth-time liquor law violators. The Recorder finds solace in the legal power to pardon or commute a sentence, which is vested in the Governor. "Somebody, somebody, must have the final say; experience has shown the practical wisdom of fixing the place of last resort in the mind and heart of the chief executive officer of the state," says the Albion newspaper.

NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW how many hundreds of thousands of dollars it has cost Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Michigan through the criminal tendencies of Paul Jaworski, executed Monday in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania; nor how many lives were lost during his underworld activities. "A little help for his parents when he was a boy, a bit of good advice and an example when he was a youngster—ten minutes with these little acts done to have done a very different life for the grown-up Paul! Then there are had influences working about the lives of many of today's youth—'We all playing our parts to give a cup of cold water to the thirsting brothers'—"

Dr. Little Resigns

Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, in his resignation to the Board of Regents this week, paid the price of a crusading spirit in educational circles. He will have served about four years at the helm of the Ann Arbor institution when he leaves next spring. Little is more than the period of actual service which a Certain Man crusaded nearly two thousands years ago. Such is the price of progress in any land, at any time.

As a scientist, Dr. Little was possessed of a mind that dealt largely in cause and effect; when he saw an evil condition that acted as a barrier to educational progress (whether it be scholastic or social) he put the condition beneath his laboratory microscope, studied the condition thoroughly, and then went after a remedy. Unfortunately, most of his remedies were not acceptable to the lay minds with which he had to deal.

It may be a long time before the full truth of the underlying causes of Dr. Little's resignation may become known to the public. Time only will reveal whether or not his rejected plans were right. And in the meantime we prophesy that Dr. Little, now 41 years old, will be heard from again for the kind of chap whose light cannot be hid under a bushel. Unfortunately, Dr. Little possessed little of the political sense that so marked his predecessor, Marion Leroy Burton. Michigan would, indeed, be fortunate if Dr. Little's resignation were the last resignation he could obtain a combination of the two personalities, Little and Burton.

In the meantime, may we ask: "What price education?"

What Of An Airport?

Birmingham, together with Royal Oak, Clawson, Berkeley and the township of Royal Oak, Troy, Southfield, and Bloomfield, are considering the advisability of jointly building an airport. From present indications, about \$104,000.00 is to be Birmingham's share for the land only, with more for hangars, improvements, etc. Next Monday night our village commission will discuss the subject, and either reject or approve the proposition for disposal by the electors in March.

Certainly, this is an important subject, for in this rapidly moving age the inventive genius of man has transformed methods of transportation until now we have arrived at the dawn of air travel, and before many years many individuals will own their private vehicles of the air. However, Birmingham, in disposing of this proposition of an airport, will probably consider it from the standpoint of immediate need for internal development.

An airport located near this community is destined to become a decided asset; airports are as necessary to airplanes as garages are for automobiles. The whole proposition dwindles down to the question of money with mounting taxes, can afford to make the old road do—and postpone the immediate purchase of a further asset that in the luxury class while it tends to the more prosaic work of improving streets and alleys, parks and boulevards, sewer and water mains.

Certainly, the communities in the southern end of Oakland County can use an airport—but they must keep their financial feet on the ground while solving the problem.

"The Great Open Spaces"

"Down in Birmingham the other day one of the commissioners of that largest village in the state of Michigan said: 'Ten years ago, over a 16-foot pavement, it took me about an hour to go from Birmingham to down-town Detroit; today, with splendid wide highways, it requires about the same period of time. Increased numbers of motor cars and traffic 'stop and go' lights have decreased the efficiency of the speed that more and wider highways promised us.' And what would happen to the people of 'that largest village' if they did not have the wider highways to travel over? They would then have some to complain, or else they would all have to travel in airplanes to get to the beach would they get? George, better advised than he, would they great open spaces of the North, one of the finest sections of the state the sun ever shown on. Even our highways are getting somewhat crowded, yet we can travel in fifteen to twenty minutes, a distance of nearly seventeen miles. Why worry about getting somewhere? If you must have good things you certainly must pay for them.—PAT O'BRIEN from Iron River (Mich.) Reporter.

Local Traffic Hazards

The fact that five persons were killed in traffic accidents during 1928 in Birmingham and another five, met death near the village, calls for some action.

Other communities in this neighborhood have reduced their traffic fatalities to nothing during this closing year. The question is a serious one and no time should be lost determining whether there are unnecessary hazards in the village and, if there are, what can be done about them.

JOE HAAS, PUBLISHER of the Holly (Oakland County) Herald, writes "have heard some comments on an extra edition of a week ago Saturday. That's right, newspaper enterprise"; Thus does good news travel; thus is heralded to other places the activities of this community. Thanks, Joe, for your heralding.

THE OTHER DAY WE WERE discussing reformers and reform with Muri H. DeFoe, one of Michigan's outstanding weekly newspapermen, who guides the editorial destiny of the Charlotte Republican-Tribune. He ventured the opinion that many reformers are of the "cash and carry" caliber; that is to say, they are reformers for the wages that are in it. In this group we both thought that Rev. Holtsapple, Michigan anti-league leader, would get a front seat.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO do things without being told; there are those who do things who are told; there are those who do things who are told; there are those who do things who do not do things—they are the dead among the living. (Heavy Snuff.)

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH



WHO'S WHO AND TIMELY VIEWS

SIGNIFICANCE OF HISTORY DECLARED NOW UNDERSTOOD
By DR. JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON
President, American Historical Association
(James Harvey Robinson was born at Bloomington, Ill., June 29, 1863. He was graduated from Harvard university, later studying at the University of Freiburg, Lecturing in history at the University of Pennsylvania in 1891, he joined the faculty of Columbia university the following year where he was professor of history until 1919. He was an organizer and lecturer of the New School for Social Research, New York City, from 1919 to 1921. He has written several history books and psychological works and was recently named president of the American Historical Association.)

NEARBY and YONDER...

by T. T. Maxey

DEAD LETTERS

The receipt of unbelievably large numbers of letters addressed to individuals and concerns which could not be located at the address given and could not be returned to the writers because no return address was given, led the Post Office department, as far back as 1925, to establish a dead-letter office in Washington for the purpose of working out a proper disposition of such mail. Incidentally, the large amount of money found in unclaimed letters likewise led to the establishment of our present postal money order system in 1864.

But the flood of undeliverable letters continued to increase at an alarming rate and the establishment of the parcels post made matters worse, so that several branch offices had to be opened. Undeliverable letters are opened and destroyed unless they contain something of value or information making their return to the writers possible. Those containing anything of obvious value are held for one year awaiting claim, after which time, if unclaimed, their contents become government property. Letters carrying name and address of sender are returned. Undeliverable parcels are held for a time and finally disposed of at public auction.

During a recent year, the postmaster general reported the disposition of 24,956,892 undeliverable letters; 5,810,074 being delivered, 19,810,020 destroyed, 80,007 filed awaiting claim, 24,077 "under treatment" and 335,376 unclaimed parcels, of which 161,376 were delivered, 25,882 destroyed and the balance to be finally disposed of at auction.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By GROVE PATTERSON

STARELOGISTS
I call them starelogists for lack of a better or more definitive designation. They are the folk who stop and stare whenever an ambulance draws up in front of somebody's house. Who is sick or hurt? Well, somebody by the name of Jones, perhaps. What difference does it make to the starelogists? I don't know, but it may make some difference. They gather about and stare, very much as crows do when another crow has fallen into a hole and broken her leg.

You should see the starelogists block the street when a casket is being carried out to a waiting hearse! Why don't they go on about their business? Why exert their bad breeding to the whole neighborhood by staring at a coffin or trying to get a glimpse of someone who is weeping?

Really, the starelogists are enough to make one discouraged with the Caucasian race at times. Chinese, whom most Americans consider quite inferior, never stare. In China, window shades and shutters are not necessary, because every Chinaman goes about his own business. It never occurs to him to stare into the homes of other folk as he goes by. He knows that the doings in the homes of other people are none of his business.

One great lesson we could learn from the Chinese, if we would. Namely, that it's a fine and noble thing to mind one's own business. The starelogists are annoying in railway trains, in trolley cars, buses and waiting rooms. Travel over short or long distances, is likely to become boring. Starelogists become bored, I suppose, just as others do. But the others stop it out in minding their own business. Starelogists take it out in staring at other passengers.

They child will not at once catch on. He will stare another time. It requires frequent reiteration, however, to make the point necessary occasionally to point out the evils of starelogy. I think it is very important to teach young children not to stare. It requires frequent reiteration, however, to make the point necessary occasionally to point out the evils of starelogy.

England at one time had hundreds of offenses punishable by death and the gibbet was a demand. Michigan, very similar that did not put an end to those crimes, so that the Empire revised its list of crimes to reduce the extreme penalties. They had paid in blood for their folly. Experience in other states in the United States does not bear out the contention that "a life for a life" has succeeded in preventing the crime of murder. It is a strange thing to see, that states having capital punishment have more murders committed within their borders than do the other starelogists in the car.



Remember This!
that nowhere in the history of this country, has well chosen real estate in a growing community failed to show a profit.
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Friendly Thoughts
By G. Dewey Kimball
Nature teaches men to smile. As the frowning clouds turn to gleaming gold when a friendly sun beams upon them, will the gloom of our lives be lighted if we continue to smile with friendly sincerity.
Wherever there is sympathy, there exists understanding. And there can be friendliness in a business arrangement and it can be equitable without bargaining.
G. DEWEY KIMBALL
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state where life imprisonment for murder is the supreme penalty exacted.
We are passing through a period of hysteria in law-making, a period when fanatical viewpoints are apt to be expressed in legislation. We can best serve our community and state by opposing these measures.—Mt. Clemens Monitor.
RUTH SHAIN, President
Phone your news items to The Eccentric. Phones 11 and 12.

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BILL BOOSTER SAYS:

ONE MORE SHIRLER, TREE VINE AND FLOWERS WILL IMPROVE ALMOST ANY RESIDENCE PROPERTY IN THOMAS COUNTY HAVE TOO MANY OF THEM TO LIKE TO SEE THE HOMES IN OUR CITY ENRICHED BY COLORFUL LEAFY BOWERS

