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Aid To The Poor

Several weeks ago, in this column, we published some brief comment which was captioned, "A Passing Freight." As you may recall, it lauded the action of an exceptionally charitable local lady who, when a tramp lighted from a local Grand Trunk train, offered him food and raiment. Frank Bryce, editor of the Grand League Independent, appended the following comment to what we said:

"Yes, and it is a wonder that the old man didn't show his gratitude by then going in, knocking down the old lady, assaulting her, cutting her rings off her hands, rummaging anything that looked like valuables, and a few more such acts of appreciation. Every city is provided with legal means of giving aid to anyone who is stranded. It is better and safer if one who is kindly housewife have nothing to do with these seekers of aid, and direct them to the civic headquarters for such help!"

To which we add this suggestion: turn to the 91st Psalm, Mr. Bryce, and read carefully the following very definite promise: (and please remember that, where there is more of this "back-door charity" shown to the human family, there would be less need for the organized cold and quite professional "civic headquarters" type of charity.)

(Psalms: 91: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7) He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.  
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.  
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.  
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;  
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth by noonday.  
A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Commission

Just for the sake of variety, let's say something nice about the village commission.  
The temperature Tuesday night was not far from the 90 degree mark. On many other meeting nights this summer, the same heat has prevailed. And the commission has held forth many hours.

They talk about such prosaic things as alleys and pavings and many other matters, vitally important to Birmingham, but which few others in the village care about.  
There are many ways the members of the board could spend that one commission night each week—when the air in the municipal building is sweltering.

Perhaps it is a public spirit which holds them there. But whatever its name, it is worth while.  
So President H. T. Ellerby and Commissioners Scott Hersey, Laurence Hulbert, Lee A. White, Hope F. Halgren, Robert R. Allen and Harry Allen, stand up if it's not too much exertion in this weather—and acknowledge this applause.

Slow Drivers

Despite the heaviest traffic on Woodward avenue this season, reported over last week end, there was not a single serious accident between Detroit and Pontiac.

Perhaps there is no connection, but we believe the fact that police all along the line were keeping slow drivers as far to the right as possible or speeding them up, might have had a definite bearing.  
The slow driver has always been a traffic menace. Almost as great a menace, in many cases, as the speeder. Usually he occupies the middle of the road for his slowness and when the nervous motorist attempts to pass him there is a head-on collision.

It is wise of the police chiefs in southern Oakland County and the Detroit Auto club to reach its recent decision that the so-called "careful driver," who believes it "careful" to drive in the middle of a crowded highway at 15 miles an hour, is a traffic menace; it is also wise of them to take measures to keep him in step.

It appears that China and Russia are just taking a few nibbles to determine whether they will really relish a war.  
A Connecticut supreme court decision invalidated 1,493 laws at one shot. We have great respect for supreme courts.

In these days a left gifted physicist than Newton might have discovered the law of gravitation by playing the stock market.  
Crickets have ears on their knees, but it took a scientist to find it out. If girls were built like that everybody would know.

More Pay

Members of the Oakland County prosecutor's staff are now receiving small salaries for the amount of work they are doing.  
Norman C. Orr, prosecutor, draws a yearly salary of \$7,000. His chief assistant and one other receives \$3,600. Another member of the staff receives \$3,000 and the fourth receives \$2,000.

Granted that added recompense is gained by the men, from the prestige and experience the office gives, it must also be borne in mind that these attorneys are giving some of the best years of their life to the county and should be paid a more appropriate salary.

In their daily work, they are pitted against the most renowned criminal lawyers in the state. They have proved themselves capable of meeting them. Their work demands they always be on call, and in recent months they have been putting in an average of 15 hours daily, handling cases for the people of Oakland County.

A recent check-up showed an average of 21 persons per hour are interviewed daily over a 15-hour period in the office of the prosecutor. This is exclusive of all the investigation, court work and interviewing done in jails and elsewhere, that takes the time of the staff.

In Wayne county, the prosecutor receives a yearly salary of \$15,000. The lowest paid man on the staff receives \$4,000. And their work, we venture, is no harder than that of the Oakland staff.

This county is modern enough to pay salaries which will attract high type men to public positions and keep them there. While the present condition exists, there is always danger more men will resign, as did Preston Allen recently, because private practice is more lucrative.

Up North

In his column, "All Over The Lot," in the Chequamegon Argus, Chas. M. Howell, state Senator from Saginaw way, has this to say about a trip he recently made to Isle Royale, up in Lake Superior:

Greetings to 261 fellow weekly paper publishers in this great state of Michigan.  
Wish you all could have been with me on the state conservation boat trip to Isle Royale which took us from Mackinac City to this island way up in Lake Superior—a paradise if one exists short of Heaven, on this earth. Where deer, caribou, moose and other wild life and fish life too, is just as it was 75 years ago. Folks want the national government to take it over as a park and guess they will. They should. Autos can't get there and it's just too bad. I want to say to Fred Keister of Ionia and "Sky" Marshall of St. Johns and that Averill feller at Birmingham, Mich., that a trip on a boat is enough joy when you have a great gang of fellows such as Norm Hill, Col. Hogarth, Harold "Opie" Titus, the short story writer, Phil Schumacher of Ann Arbor, Col. Bill Louis of Grand Rapids, Bud Teagan of Detroit, the big auto dealers and such but when you can play around with this gang, cat and sleep with 'em and get to know 'em as you never did before and then go to Isle Royale, boy that's the life and we're thankful. And that Cook—Louis—say if Mr. Stratler and his chain of hotels could know how this bird can cook and dress up food he wouldn't be working for the great state of Michigan and just a word for this captain "Charlie" Allen. He knows his boat and he knows his great lakes and he nominated him as the world's foremost sea captain. And we wish this same trip to all subscribers of The Argus and the folks here at home who either don't take or miss the paper each week which is a misfortune for all of us.

Speed Boats

Gar Wood's Michigan VIII shattered many records Monday afternoon on the Detroit river up the Harmsworth trophy race and maintained the speed boat record for the United States. A huge crowd watched the races, cheered the victor and returned home singing the praises of Wood as a sportsman of the first rank.

Wood has proved himself a good sportsman as well. And that is the kind of person the crowd cheers.

Crowds who cheer never stop to ask what good motor boat racing, for instance, will do for man. How many of us help the body, soul or mind of an individual, the fastest motor boat in the world will be, is not material. It satisfied them that the Miss America VIII is the fastest motor boat that has ever skipped over the water.

The Winner

It is not simply potatoes and beets and corn and cucumbers that one raises in his well-hood garden; it is the average of human life. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds; and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

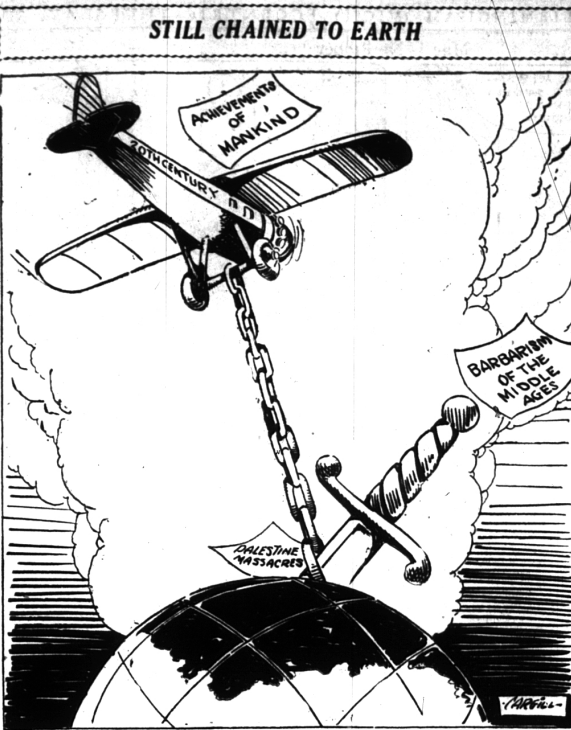
INSTEAD OF MERELY making one's nerves jump, some sort of an auto horn should be manufactured that will work the same motion upon the legs.

THE OLDEST LEGISLATIVE body in the world is the Althing of Iceland, which will celebrate its 1000th anniversary next year. Think of it—a political identity lasting so long!

Dad, too, is due a certificate of convenience and necessity.  
Speaking of names, Rev. C. R. Piety is a pastor at Flora, Ind.

The term "higher education" also applies to the price of the same.  
"Isn't it strange that princes and kings and clowns that cater in sawdust rings, And common people like you and me, are builders of the world?"

To each is given a bag of tools, a shapeless mass and a book of rules, And each must make, ere life has flown, A stumbling block or a stepping stone.—Author Unknown.



PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive contributions from its readers. All communications must be signed but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

BILLBOARDS

To the Editor:  
In deference to public sentiment the Standard Oil Company of California has caused 1,200 of its billboards to be torn down, according to an official announcement, which says in part:

"To permit the defacement and uglification of these highways is to disgust visitors and drive them away, which most certainly is 'bad business.' Any practice which arouses the contempt, anger, or resentment of motorists on the great annual pilgrimage from all parts of the country is detrimental to the state at large. Highway advertising as now practiced in many places has this effect."

It is beginning to dawn upon many billboard advertisers that their highway signs which mar the natural beauty of the countryside are an eyesore and an irritation to the great army of motorists who hold the chief buying power of the nation. Instead of making good will for the advertisers, these signs make bad will, and therefore represent good money worse than wasted from an advertising standpoint.

Executives of the Standard have seen the light, and their exteriors might be followed with profit by others who disfigure the landscape with offensive billboards.

JUSTINIAN.

THE OTHER CHAP

SAYS SOMETHING

THE MALT TAX  
The new Michigan malt tax gives us a big laugh Malt manufacturers tell in glowing terms of the many things their product is used for, including the making of bread and other things. Yet a year or so ago a malt salesman walked into The Advertiser office and wanted to put in an advertisement for his particular brand of malt. Asked if that wouldn't increase the manufacture of "home-brew" the salesman winked and said, "No, home-brewed bread." The Advertiser declined to advertise for him, because it was obvious that he wanted to increase the sale of malt for a very different purpose than that of making bread.

What malt is sold for nowadays is equally obvious to all. It must be brewed to state officials. Instead of trying to prevent the sale of malt at all, and thereby possibly shutting down on the production of home-brew, the state apparently says to itself, "you may buy malt all right, even though we know what it's for, but we'll tax it." It seems to us that in this way the state is winking at the production of home-brew and the consequent violation of the prohibition laws.

If state governments figure in this manner, how can they turn around and expect to find people paying attention to the prohibition laws? It is to laugh!—Tuscola County Advertiser.

SENATE'S PROBABLE ACTION

MAKES BILL DIGESTIBLE

By CHARLES P. STEWART  
Charles Press Staff Writer  
Washington.—Members of the House of representatives like Henry T. Rainey and Cordell Hull, who denounced the tariff bill, passed by their branch of congress last spring, as the worst pieces of financial legislation they ever had seen in their lives, certainly have been vindicated.

The senate tariff committee's action, in cutting it down, speaks for itself.  
Any list of tariff rates which was too high for a group of senators, including Chairman Reed Smoot, of the committee, James E. Watson, David A. Reed and Samuel M. Shortridge must have been too high for the senate.

In fact, it must have been worse than Representatives Rainey and Hull thought, because they both predicted that the senators would boost the whole thing.  
To assume that Committee men Smoot, Watson, Reed and Shortridge did not want to boost it would be doing them a great injustice, however.

They left the rates as high as they believed they would be able to get the rest of the senate to endorse. Perhaps they are higher yet than they can persuade a majority to accept.

Nobody but a super-expert ever understands a new tariff schedule, and the expert himself generally discovers, in due season, that he has made a lot of mistakes.  
Such bills have to start in the house of representatives.

The representatives' ways and means committee began work on this one away back last winter, with Chairman Willis C. Hawley, of Oregon, in charge of the job. Hence its name is the Hawley-Smoot bill—after the two chairmen.

First a series of tariff hearings was held, lasting for weeks.  
The minority members of the committee—Rainey, Hull, et al.—were allowed to be in on that. When it came to drafting the bill, the majority locked them out, to avoid being bothered by their kicking.

From the old law—itsself the highest tariff enactment in all previous history—the majority built up.  
Hence its name is the Hawley-Smoot bill—after the two chairmen.

Alf hands promptly yelled bloody murder, of course. Equally promptly and equally, of course, the house of representatives passed the bill.  
Then came the senate finance committee's turn.

As before, there were prolonged hearings, attended by all the members. As before, when the time arrived to draft the revised bill—revised from the representatives' model—the minority members were banned and the G. O. P. majority toiled secretly.

A few days ago the finished product was submitted by the minority, to make the most of—and by gosh—it was not as high as they had expected—not as high as it was before.  
So Chairman Smoot says, at first, "It's a little better, but the bill is a mere fumble of figures, signifying nothing. Chairman Smoot, however, knows more about tariffs than anyone else in the world and what he says undoubtedly is right. Under the present (the old) tariff law, collections are about \$15,000,000 a year.

Chairman Smoot says the house of representatives proposed law would bring collections up to approximately \$645,000,000, but the senate's schedule will stop in the neighborhood of \$605,000,000.  
In other words, the senate bill if we get off that easily—will increase the cost of America's living only 90 millions annually; the house bill—if adopted just as the house passed it—would increase it 130 millions.

At the high tariff fixers deliberately thought up this scheme—this cut from 130 to only 90 millions—it was good tactics. Even a free trader must admit that. Ninety millions, mentioned all by itself, sounds like a sizeable sum. Directly following a reference to 130 millions, it sounds much smaller—only 90 millions—think of that!—a mere bagatelle! But my impression is that the senate boosters bit off only 90, not so much as a matter of clever generalship, as because they were afraid it was all they could chew at one mouthful—that the upper house would choke on the 130 which the lower one was able to masticate, with its better set of majority teeth.

It goes to prove that the senate has better taste manners than the house of representatives, anyway.

New Homes Near The Quorton School

Several new residences within easy walking distance of attractive new Quorton School.

These houses run in prices from \$15,200 for a well built, four bedroom house to the largest and finest structures in fashionable Quorton Lake Estates.

With the opening of school only a few weeks away, now is the time to make your Fall plans.

Colgrove Buck & Tillotson REALTORS

Friendly Thoughts By G. Dewey Kimball  
To know a little and be sure, to have a little and feel safe, to be faithful to a trust, to be steadfast with a friend who is true, is wealth enough for any man.  
Go to the public for your knowledge of a public servant's worth, and you will find experience has proven to you his value.  
G. DEWEY KIMBALL FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Ambulance Service  
408 N. WOODWARD AVE. PHONE 870

RANDOM DOINGS of a Random World  
Mrs. Janet Holt, of Glasgow, a servant who inherited \$200,000 in 1925, has given more than half to charity.  
Wilhelm Schreiber, of Berlin, 92, and wealthy, has married for the fifth time; his bride is 32.  
Nearly 1,300 factories have been established in Mexico during the last few years. The new plants employ more than 50,000 workers.  
The world's largest wooden shoe factory is not in Holland but in Davenport, Iowa.  
A hen, owned by G. D. Kerron of Syracuse, Kan., hatched two chickens from one egg.  
Miss Ida Congleton of Balham, Eng., has started a 12,000 mile trip to Australia to get married.  
Miss Helen Willis recently won the British women's singles in tennis for the third consecutive year.

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