

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)

Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich. in the Eccentric Building, 232-234 Woodward Avenue. Telephone 11 and 12.

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the U. S. Postoffice at Birmingham, Michigan.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	(This Oklahoma County)	(Outside Oklahoma County)
One Year	\$1.50	One Year \$2.50
Six Months	.75	Six Months \$1.25
Three Months	.40	Three Months .75

The Eccentric is a member of: National Editorial Association; Michigan Press Association; University Press Club, and Oakland County Weekly Press Association.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1930

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have new value and which are written by persons not well known to the public. The right to publish is granted on the understanding that the author will be paid for the work submitted to the style of the paper. The Eccentric is not responsible for the return of material not published. The Eccentric is not responsible for the return of material not published. The Eccentric is not responsible for the return of material not published.

WE ARE FIFTY-TWO TODAY

The Eccentric, with this issue, enters its fifty-third consecutive year of publication. For 2,704 weeks, without interruption, this newspaper has gone forth into this community, seeking to reflect, in a constructive and helpful manner, the social, business, and governmental activities of this splendid valley and its adjacent territory. Today we start on another milestone of our journalistic journey. We view our antiquity with renewed optimism, mindful of our tasks to perform. Despite our age, we claim perpetual youth as our heritage—for to keep abreast of fleeting time, limber legs and healthy hearts must await the starter's gun as, each week, The Eccentric is gathered in from the four corners of its community and marshalled together in printed type upon the modern news page. So, cheerful good readers, for fifty-two is still a young man.

WOMEN WANT IT DRY

American women are becoming more and more active in seeking the retention of the prohibition laws in the United States. Probably they are mindful of the fact that strong drink affects them more seriously than the drinking men; for a man may be drunk, and therefore oblivious of the empty stomach and unclad backs of his wife and children—but the women and children are not unmindful. The only difficulty with temperance is that it breeds intolerance, whereas sobriety merely breeds serenity of mind.

HENRY AND NEW YORK

Henry Ford, of Dearborn (in case you don't know where he lives) tells "waiting word" that "pleasure interests in New York" seek to discredit him by publishing statements about the witness of his home-town. Mr. Ford, you may recall, is for keeping prohibition in the U. S. Constitution. And he hopes he continues to shake his finger at New York, which seems to be the center of the world of inland cities, and which also cries so much about liquor that it must regret the distance which the 12-mile limit is from its Atlantic seaboard.

PRICE OF GREATNESS

Recently Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors, and Walter P. Chrysler, president of the Chrysler Motor Co., visited Cuba in Mr. Sloan's yacht, Rene. The men probably required the usual amount of food, raiment, and shelter that their employees enjoy; in this physical respect all men are alike. But what they carried away in their mind was vastly different; mentally, they encompass a large portion of the world's activities—they are not restricted to any one neighborhood. (Perhaps they would like to be like common people, for the price of greatness is always solitude, and loneliness.)

HONOR'S LEGACY

Men and women, when they pass on to other worlds, leave but two possible things behind them: one is material wealth, the other is spiritual wealth. Material wealth consists of various forms of property, wealth, and spiritual wealth consists of those high and lofty attributes of character that endure one to others, and is found only in those who have been clean, wholesome, and kind while they walked about during a span of life. The late William Howard Taft, when viewed from the standpoint of the high places that he occupied while he lived, left but little material wealth; only \$475,000 worth of real and personal property. But he did leave a great and honored name, and a personality that will do much to improve the conditions of those who continue to inhabit this planet earth.

The home surroundings reflect all through the life of a child or a grown-up. If the home is restful, cheerful, pleasant, the human beings in it are likely to be far happier at their work as well as during their hours at home.

Some perfume manufacturers try to sell their merchandise by suggesting that individual odor is the mode. That fact was known many years ago, and really suggested the use of perfume. Nothing is new except the odor.

America has had its fling at the bizarre, at the flaring tintinnulations of a reckless prosperity. The remembrance of a better day is upon us—even in hazy dining rooms where, some day, we fondly hope you people who wait upon us will be able to pronounce those foreign words that bring mystery to the menu card.

It is interesting to learn how much money some people spend on the physical things that surround their children, yet neglect the bestowal of proper companions for them. Patched pants or muddy feet are infinitely better wearing apparel for children than tainted ideas.

RUSSIA: A NATIONAL BANKRUPT

Agitation for the recognition of the Soviet government of Russia by the United States of America goes merrily along—with little success to date. There are those who argue that by entering upon diplomatic relations with the present rulers of Russia we will aid in destroying world unrest, and will bring about better methods of permanent peace.

If this be true, then two plus two equals five, in our estimation. The recognition of the Soviet government by any country places upon it a respectability and an authenticity that makes it possible for the Soviet government to circle the world. Our observation of doctrine in Russia, under the observation of Soviet rule, brings us to the conclusion that nothing in the world has yet been evolved among governments that is any proved improvement upon the United States and its own governmental institutions.

Many of those who argue that the recognition of Sovietism do so because they are reaping vast financial profits from the land of the former Czars. They are being pulled by their purse-strings, and not their heart-strings, we believe.

As long as people herd up together under a common language, common customs and traditions, and a common economic scale, they must be ruled by certain policies; in this respect they are like vast business organizations, that are dominated by boards of directors and an active management.

Would you invest your life's savings in a defective organ, or organ that has consistently shown great losses? Of course you would not. Then why should the United States place its stamp of approval upon a policy of government in Russia that has resulted in naught but economic, moral, and spiritual bankruptcy for most of its people?

GOLDEN WHEAT AND DOLLARS

People who plant seeds in soil in an effort to grow food to feed the human race are doing one of man's necessary jobs. Without food we would perish as human beings; without farmers we would have little food—therefore the problems that confront the farmer concern every human being.

One of America's greatest problems is this: what shall be done to bring more profit to the farmer, and greater food supplies to the people who live away from farms? Even Presidents have been elected or defeated upon their attitudes toward this important subject.

Nature is bountiful in her generous crops for all who till her soil; with few exceptions, man always gets an abundant crop reward for his labors on the farm. But how can these crops be marketed so that the farmer may receive a greater price for his merchandise? This is the important problem, and must be solved. If an economic balance is to be maintained between agriculture and industry.

Take this country right now, for instance, with regard to the wheat market. Because European countries bought 180,000,000 less bushels of wheat in 1929 than they did in 1928, American granaries are groaning with overflow; so far this year 18,000,000 more bushels have been added to the 1929 surplus—and the Federal Farm Board is scratching its head bald to figure ways and means of turning the unused wheat into usable dollars.

In the meantime the American farmer is denied the fruit of his labor. Now, let's look several thousands of miles westward, into a land torn with internal strife, China. Reports say that in one province, Kansu, dogs and men are devouring each other in the long drought. Women and children are being bought and sold; the streets are strewn with the dead.

Isn't there a rather disjointed world standing by, as millions of human beings in two countries are in want, while barns burst with wheat? What mental chemistry must yet take place among the nations of the earth so that people may not go too hungry? For, surely, from the lip of a bounteous nature there falls a harvest of good things to eat.

How to turn golden wheat into golden dollars seems to be the 20th Century's task . . . and echo returns the hollow echo of a still unhalloved earth sentence upon Adam: " . . . cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it was thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." (Gen. 3:17, 19).

As man's inability to live with woman becomes more apparent in our divorce courts, will the time ever arrive when insurance guaranteeing alimony will be sold at the marriage license counter? Let's hope not.

Worry can wreck human beings. It can cause indigestion, severe headaches and many other ailments. If the human being can arrange his affairs so as to avoid unnecessary worry, and can use a little will power to avoid fretting and fuming, he can get far more pleasure and success.

Inspired Thoughts

The Editor's Song

If you have a tale to tell,
Boil it down!
Write it out and write it well,
Be careful how you spell;
Send the kernel, keep the shell;
Boil it down! Boil it down!
Then, when all the job is done,
Boil it down!
If you want to share our fun,
Know how a paper's run,
Day by day from dawn to dusk,
Boil it down! Boil it down!

When there's not a word to spare
Boil it down! Boil it down!
Heave a sigh and lift a prayer,
Stamp your foot and tear your hair,
Then begin again with care—
Boil it down! Boil it down!

When, all done, you send it in,
We'll boil it down.
Where you end, there we begin;
It's our best friend,
With a scowl and with a grin,
We'll boil it down; boil it down.
—FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN ADVANCE

HOCUS POCUS

What perplexity in the mind of the Arkansas school boy in contemplating his recently-arrived baby sister?



Vox Poppy

(Fashion Flash)
FARIS—It's a brown derby and red necktie for the well-dressed man this spring.

Horse-Scope

According to the stars, this is an excellent day to call on Mr. Neighbor for the return of your lawnmower. Do not get excited, however, if one of the wheels is missing, as the lunation of the month warns against quarrels on small provocation.

This may be considered an auspicious day on which to begin an ocean trip around the world, especially if your "cruik" rail is of the non-collapsible type.

Children born on this day will never alter their ways. Youngsters of their own age, in order to play with older children, will have to be "Valentine Vacuum" born on this day, and will be "soda slinger" after ever chewed the flat with a flapper.

Hoi Polloi

Wizard Tinklesstein . . . Govt. Grump. The Wizard was made a split-second after WIZ had purchased a LARGE



STACK of Waste Paper with SMALL STACK of loose change. You will note that Mens. Stein is wearing a new suit, while Mr. Grump is thinking plenty. If you like exciting sports, you might try and pick the winner.

How's Old Hints? Never throw away an old doughnut. It can be used in playing quads.

A New York manufacturer has placed on the market a plug that looks like a new plug, but is a container in which can be carried soft drinks such as sarsaparilla, lemon soda, ginger ale and rootbeer.

What's the use? If you groan when the specialist punches you, he thinks you are pretending, and if you act the he-man, he thinks there's nothing wrong.

Famous Finales

(News Item)
HOUSTON—Wounded in the right shoulder, Eugene G. Dollard, 36, was in a hospital today while his 20-year-old wife, Mrs.



What's the use? If you groan when the specialist punches you, he thinks you are pretending, and if you act the he-man, he thinks there's nothing wrong.

"Wisecrux"

(From The Pathfinder)
Facing the Fact
And then there are people who think that if Lon Chaney took a beauty man he would have difficulty in waking up.

Or Perkin's—Overtime
If you take a dozen oranges, six lemons, two pounds of raisins, and a package of corn, you'll probably arrest you for stealing.

SUNNY SIDE UP



The "Big Shots" Say:

Havelock Ellis, English philosopher: "Life always must be a discipline; it is as dangerous that only by submitting to some sort of discipline can we become equipped to live in any true sense at all."

Grayson Mallet, Prevost Murphy, New York banker: "I am opposed to prohibition because I consider that the last ten years have shown that it is absolutely impossible to enforce. It has led to more crime, more corruption, more hypocrisy than any other law."

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, eminent New York clergyman: "Yes, take life seriously, but take it playfully, too. We get our happiness out of things that we do as seriously."

Walter Lippman, psychologist: "The passion for spectacles, for second-hand non-participation in life, is certainly one of the symptoms of civilization which appears in overripe and declining youth."

George Ade, American humorist: "Nobody has yet discovered much difference between the fifty that golf ball and the dollar golf ball, except that the latter has a better quality of tissue paper wrapped around."

Owen D. Young, referring to America's position in world affairs: "America is too rich to be loved."

Sir Michael Ernest Sadler, British educator: "Education must produce an elite. The elite must emerge from the whole range of human society."

Ernest C. Drury, former Premier of Ontario, Canada: "Crime is increasing; drunkenness is increasing; violations of liquor laws are increasing; motor accidents are increasing. Whatever the solution of the drink problem may be, it is not government control."

Frances Friable O'Donnell, writer: "Whatever mode of life tends to develop the most perfectly rounded, the most genuinely successful, the happiest woman at the head of the household, is the mode that will make the best mother—and consequently, the best child."

John Dewey, American philosopher: "It seems to me that the chief danger to religion lies in the fact that it has become so respectable."

George Creel, American journalist: "Viewed from any angle, the case of the Democrats, as a party of opposition, is hopeless."

Mrs. Augusta W. Hinshaw, leader among women: "We make laws that permit no bloodshed in personal acquisition. But it's still the stone hammer, in some sublimated form, that brings down our boots."

They Have Murmured:

What is life? No one exactly knows; it is capable of being observed, of course, and its action, through human consciousness, is the sum total of all mankind's activities. It is, too, the subject of many statements.

"Life is a plan of God." (Hence the stone hammer, in some sublimated form, that brings down our boots.)

"The greatest fact is, that life is a service. The only question is, 'whom will we serve?' (Faber)."

"Life does not come by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and the setting of the sun." (Augusta Evans.)

Kidding The Great Ones

Adam, popular ancestor of man, leaned over the balustrade of his third-story staircase, gazing over the Garden of Eden. Adam was lonely about something. What could it be? He was getting old; Eve, his good wife, was old, too; but age in those days did not mean fading beauty. The older one got in those days, the more beautiful became one's mind.

Let an organization lack such a man and everyone will soon be doing their figuring in round dollars, using engraved stationery for wrapping paper, discarding pencils for the second sharpening, and the sheriff will be waiting just around the corner. — William Feather in Beggars.

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OUR SCRAP BOOK

THE "HARD-BOILED EGGS"

In every successful organization there must be one hard-boiled egg with no respect for the feelings or temperaments of anyone. Somebody has to say "No." Somebody has to fire the inefficient help; somebody has to growl when the office boy is five minutes late. In short, every organization needs a disciplinarian.

Sometimes the top boss can do this ugly task to an assistant. Sometimes the unenviable burden is passed around until the treasurer finds it on his shoulders. Being compelled to say for all children, he must check extravagance and inefficiency whether he likes it or not.

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PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications from its readers. If you have a story to tell, or a comment to make, or a letter to write, please send it to the editor.

I should like to voice a plea on behalf of the interurbans on the Pontiac-Detroit line, which the officials of the Eastern Michigan System evidently are attempting to consign to a premature and undesired grave.

Interurbans are, really, young and light, and as a rule, reliable in following their time schedules. In addition, they offer to the rider the chance to catch up on his back reading, which, according to his bent, may be fiction, history, or philosophical. Their greatest handicap is their firmness and fairness between cities, which is, of course, the company's doing, as their step in engraving one of the buses.

Buses, I grant, are sometimes more comfortable than interurbans, but they are frequently stuffy and hot, and are, of course, more expensive. I rode on this winter were either poorly heated or crumpled, chilled, and nauseated. It is a severe trial on the eyes to read on a bus in the daytime, because of the driver's grins and yawns; at night, it is impossible because the driver can see better without lights behind him.

The greatest evil of the bus I have yet to speak of, I have frequently heard, but never seen, when in a hurry, and after paying my fare, proceeded with my errand, and found the bus empty. Mr. G. M. Garage and lunch room, where the journey was temporarily arrested, was a relief, but the bus was being slowly frozen to death or slowly gassed, or both.

The driver would enter the station, and there, under a canopy, in a shave, a hair cut and perhaps a shampoo. He would next partake of a nourishing meal, and then, after enjoy a leisurely smoke, chatting pleasantly with his friends, he would return to the bus and drive the passengers to Detroit.

I have no evidence to prove that bus drivers actually do spend their time in this manner. I say, apparently, because the bus is empty for at least some of the time to happen. Sometimes the interurbans pass the bus, and the passengers join in the fun. Imagine what friendly "Busses in the hearts of the lovely passengers if the driver posted a sign, "Waiting for the bus, please wait." Cards and dancing within. Refreshments served.

I am quite serious in writing this letter, because I feel that I deplore these evils of the bus and bus service, which are real and I prefer the interurbans, where they would be run more frequently.

AN OLD COMMUTER.

Skimming Headlines

During the past year Mexico's government opened 2,681 rural schools. The schools were in German's great World War admiral, passed into the realm of the "battling" fleet. The admiral, aged 80.

The Dominion of Canada engages its official attention to ways and means of stopping the smuggling of liquor into the United States.