BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1930

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of this state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

Osborn, Pedantic Oracle

Chase Salmon Osborn, pedantic oracle from the Soo, who seeks to supplant our own Senator James Couzens at Washington, is engaged these warm days in stewing himself in a froth of cute political phrases, with the intent to hypnotize the voters into casting their ballots for him. You can't blame the Upper Peninsula human dynamo (and otherwise splendid citizen) for the way he is carrying on—especially if you happen to know him.

For Mr. Osborn, were he parked in the midst of a mountain of old iron, bottles, brass, rags, and concrete blocks, would enjoy the environment to such an extent that he would regale the scenery with huge slices of Webster's dictionary and Roget's Thesaurus. He is a grand chap—is this man Osborn, and enjoys himself so much with his freedom of motion and verbiage, that it would be a terrific handicap to place him in the United States Senate.

As one newspaper editor to another, we heartily endorse keeping Mr. Osborn out of the United States Senate. Here is one reason: the cost of newsprint is increasing at an alarming extent, and if Mr. Osborn were a Senator his speeches would increase the size of the Congressional Record to such proportions as to consume the available wood pulp in a brief part of the next session of Congress. And then how could we publish newspapers.

We must admit that former Governor Osborn is a human dynamo, as we mentioned three paragraphs up; by the same token, to carry out the electrical simile, although his sparks often illuminate the darkness of human perception with a brilliance quite scintillating, yet we must remember that there is the possibility of a short circuit, or a blown fuse.

Personally, we like Mr. Osborn as a private citizen. For a practical relationship between the people and the Senate at this time, we'll stick to James Couzens. For we opine that Couzens will ever remain Couzens, while Osborn might become,—well, use your own imagination, can't you!?!?

The Price Of Progress

Here's some comment that doesn't reflect very much credit upon Oakland County. It was printed in a recent issue of the Cheboygan Observer; of course, it is exaggerated in the last sentence, but, nevertheless, it is poor advertising, and worthy of the consideration of the Board of Supervisors of Oakland County. Here it is:

"Pontiac, endeavoring to be the third city in the state, carried on an extensive 'Come to Pontiac' campaign, which attracted a lot of people to that southern Michigan city. Now those people haven't anything to do and already it has cost the county $703,200 to keep the poor this year and the year is only half gone. It is going to make Oakland county the highest taxed county in the world."

A Dry Thought

Here's a thought by Frances E. Willard, estimable lady connected with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, upon the important subject of human uplift. She believes that "there are the same difficulties in enforcing the restrictions of license as those of prohibition. We have also learned that if prohibition does not always prohibit, neither does civilization always civilize, nor education educate, nor Christianity Christianize. But they are God's great levers by which we can lift; His blessed tools with which we can work, His leaven in the lump of humanity, obedient to the slow, sure law of growth. As these mighty forces of God are granted all the time there is, wish full scope to run and be glorified, we have learned to claim as much for prohibition, youngest but most hopeful daughter in Christ's kingdom."

IF THE AVERAGE American farmer manages to hold on until winter comes, he'll be able to eat all the ham and eggs he wants—if somebody gives him the ham to go with the eggs that someone else'll give him.

FROM TEE TO GREEN affords plenty of variety—what with hooks and slices, bunkers and in-the-roughs, lost balls and wandering caddies. Golf is just like life—not enough long green.

IF SOME MEN and women would take half the time they devote to mere frivolities, and use it to solve some of the more serious problems that confront them, there would be fewer serious problems—don't you think?

"MICHIGAN NOT LISTED as a drought state" is the way Detroit Saturday Night captions a story last week. Well, speaking of the weather, here is one phase of Nature that doesn't depend upon legislation for actual dryness.

WE SUGGEST to railroad and steamship companies that, if they wish to encourage more tourist trade, just start a grand jury investigation.

Telephone Facts

At the time of the last official telephone census we had 59 per cent of the world's 32,712,284 instruments.

We have 16.3 telephones for each 100 persons of our population. Canada, with 13.7 per hundred, is the only other country even approximating this record. Germany, second to the United States in total number, has but 4.6 instruments per hundred.

The 11 American cities with populations in excess of 200,000 have an average of 22.8 telephones per hundred, while only two foreign cities have an equally high average. New York City has nearly as many telephones as Great Britain. San Francisco leads the world in telephone density, with an instrument for every three persons.

In the space of a single lifetime the telephone has encircled the world, and bound cities, states, nations and continents together through the medium of the spoken word. No other industry has done more for world unity of thought.

Our Changing Affairs

The world in which man lives undergoes unceasing change; light and darkness, warmth and cold, boiling furnaces or electric fans and refrigerators; naked legs, arms, and shoulders for the summer tan, sheepskin or fur for the winter insulation; people laugh or cry; hungry or satiated; satisfied or discontent.

Why, Folks, people are so crazy for changes in their ordered affairs that, on occasion, they erect a beautiful national Capitol in Washington, and then some of them spend their time within its legislative halls trying to make the country over.

Take the matter of bills introduced during the last Congress. No less than 14,947 of them were introduced from March 4, 1929, to July 3, 1930. This is an average of 26 bills to each Congressman.

The results of this vast amount of proposed legislation are not so imposing. Only 140 bills became public laws affecting groups of people or the entire nation, while 281 were written into private laws affecting certain individuals or corporations only. Committees of Congress made 2,066 reports that resulted in 927 resolutions and laws.

What the third session, which starts on December 1, will bring forth is necessarily a matter of speculation. Returning Congressmen will find a calendar already well stocked with would-be laws and will probably be confronted with reports of ten bills that are now in conference.

Shall We Be Humbugged?

America had better watch out for the manner and method which some politicians use at election time, or we shall be so completely humbugged by certain candidates that somebody's going to be elected simply because they promise to make two plus two equal five!

Are we becoming so sophisticated as a nation that we must accept the politicians' half-truths, or even deliberate misrepresentations, as real truths? Is the superlative exaggeration used by unethical advertisers in some of their sales copy serving as an example for the grasping candidate for certain offices?

For instance, review Tennessee's recent primary contest; Congressman Cordell Hull, who won the Democratic nomination for Senator, is a nationally famous authority on tariff and taxation. Yet his opponent, Andrew L. Todd, deliberately campaigned on a platform that promised voters an impossible system of taxation.

In Texas, "Ma" Ferguson ran on a platform of "vindication". In Alabama, Tom Heflin is raising the cry of "persecution." The primary campaign in North Carolina that sent Senator Furnifold Simmons to defeat, was based almost entirely on outworn issues of the 1928 presidential campaign. Ruth Hanna McCormick, striving to reach the Senate, reaped a harvest of votes in the primaries by promising the Illinois electorate protection against the World Court.

The burning question in Minnesota's Republican senatorial primary was whether Senator Thomas Schall, fighting for reelection, or his opponent more closely resembled Minnesota's famous senior Senator, Mr. Shipstead. Senator Schall won. In Arkansas, the candidate for nomination to the Senate seat now held by Joseph Robinson, complained that Mr. Robinson had been in public life too long and should now step down and give a "younger man" a chance.

A Senate committee is now investigating campaign expenditures. Why not appoint another to investigate campaign issues with the purpose of saving the electoral mind from complete paralysis through an overdose of humbuggery?

Real Progress

The old saying that "You can't keep a good man down," might be paraphrased into "You can't keep a good industry down."

A generation or two ago, when electricity first came into common use, the seers of the time forecast the end of the gas industry, as gas, up to that time, had been used principally for lighting.

Today gas has 21,000 or more industrial uses, is an outstanding cooking fuel, is coming into increasing favor for heating and refrigeration, and is employed in one way or another in most modern homes. That is real progress.

WHEN THE MODERN flapper-chicken starts out to "get her man," there is plenty of cackling and crowing.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has appointed another commission. He is certainly doing all he can to relieve unemployment.

HOW WILL THESE tree-climbing and sitting boys be able to explain their inability to sit still at the table? or in the schoolroom?

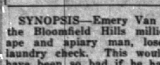
Inspired Thoughts

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive,—what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

..EX-NTRIX

The Celluloid Collar Mystery

SYNOPSIS—Emery Van Dime, the Bloomfield Hills millionaire ape and apiary man, loses his laundry check. This would not have been so bad if he had not also lost his famous celluloid collar. This collar, the gift of King Frederick of Pawpawwallawalla, contained as a laundry mark, the combination to Mr. Van Dime's private safe. In the safe are Mr. Van Dime's controlling shares in the Piety Hill Steel Works and Tissue Paper Doormat Co., Inc. Now go on with the story.



Hip Sing and On Leong, the big sugar tong men from Franklin, abandoned their game of jacks to examine the mysterious package that had been thrown through the skylight. After a cursory test of the package's weight the two coffee-colored sons of the Orient attempted to open it. There was an ominous hissing sound—as if a gun were expiring. There was also a strange odor as of asbestos burning.

Then—a terrific explosion—and the two Chinamen were shrdlu, shrdlu, etaoin, etaoin . . .

The End

Joke

The pale young curate was up for the first time, and though he had read and re-read the notices in advance, this is what the people heard: 'As the schoolroom is still somewhat clamp and dammy, the meeting will be hauled in the hell below. The lecture on Friday will be on Unclean Spirits: I hope a good many will be there. Also, you will find the preachers for next month hung on the notice-board outside.—(Editor's note: The foregoing is a good joke. Englishmen please copy and send to relatives in London. The joke was recently uncovered in the Missing Pages of Adam's diary and reprinted in the Parish Magazine of Leigh (Lancs) in Merrie England.)

Horse-Scope

"If the stars incite, stay in at night."

According to the stars good and evil aspects will be staging a foot race today. First one and then the other will be ahead. The astro-prophesy that this is likely to result in a tough day for the Smart Sammies that earn their daily bread by the nasty trick of picking the right pony.

While this configuration prevails people who suffer from nightmare should refrain from dumping in a heavy cargo of apple dumplings, especially when they are in the habit of dining at a late hour.

Children born on this day will never learn the gum chewing habit from other children.

Jake Gabble was born on this day and will be remembered as the greatest baseball authority that ever spit tobacco juice through the open door of a country store stove.

Vox Polly

"The emeralds from the Russian mines today are insipid."
—B. M. Lall of Agra, India, member of a high caste Hindu family.

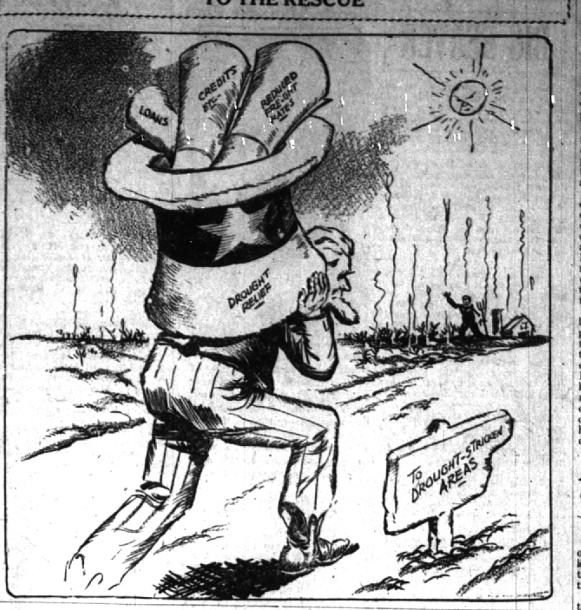
OUR WEATHER MAN

Indications that the long drought might come to an even worse end than was anticipated are announced today. Rain falling in quantity settled upon Michigan during the week caused the earth to crack, and clouds of steam denser than a London fog arose. Many persons believing the steam to be fog began speaking with a cockney accent and a Tower-of-Babel confusion resulted. The forecast for the next week is: Fair and warmer, probably some visible snow, rain, hail, sleet and cat-and-dog showers, either early of late in the week. The sun will rise and set, as will the moon, in all probability, no indications having been made to the contrary.

Famous Finales

HIGH TIDE, Fla.—Abe Munch, 78, sued his wife for divorce here recently. Abe says he always knew his wife was stingy, but that all bets were off when he discovered her making soup out of beet tops, small pieces of suit case handles, and a bit of meat so small that it couldn't be seen with the naked eye.

TO THE RESCUE



The Other Chap Says Something—

When The Right Idea Penetrated Enough Heads, Horse Thieves Became History

The greatest enemy of progress is not opposition, but inertia.

The people are much like an avalanche on a mountain side.

Once on their way they sweep everything before them, usually without much discrimination, but they are hard to start.

There are only two ways to enlist a community or a crowd in your cause.

One is an appeal to reason and the other is an appeal to emotion.

If you appeal to reason, you must attract each individual's attention, arouse his interest, convince his intelligence.

It is a slow and tedious process, requiring patience; but it is the only way to popularize a sound idea, and when the work is done it is permanent.

Appeal to emotion gets quicker results, but emotionless enthusiasm is an abnormal state, followed by a reaction that leaves the situation as it was except for the harm that always accompanies frenzy.

It is appeal to emotion that generates the fury of a mob, wins the blind loyalty of class conscious voters, or arouses the religious ecstacy of a primitive camp meeting.

Appeals of this kind usually are made to unintelligent people by charlatans who have axes to grind.

It is the lack of intelligence that makes them successful.

And, quite obviously, it is the lack of intelligence that makes appeals to erason unsuccessful.

Thus we come logically to the conclusion that lack of intelligence is responsible in large measure for the inertia that makes men content in sodden indifference when common sense, prudence and decency urge quick and drastic action.

You can't persuade men to move if you can't make them see the need of it.

When 300 helpless prisoners were burned, the horror of it aroused the emotions of the dullest and there was universal demand for better and safer prisons.

Yet automobiles kill almost thirty thousand victims each year and there is no organized popular protest because the toll is taken in a less spectacular way that arouses no emotion.

Reason alone can stop the slaughter.

Your reason can put an end to all of the excesses, follies and organized pillagings that now harass and shame America.

Reform must depend on whether there is sufficient reason in the community to overcome the inertia of the mass.

You can't push a stalled car from a railway crossing until you assemble enough people who have sense enough to know the job needs doing.

—Robert Quillen in Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.

"The Richest Man In New York"

The Sunday School World recently called attention to the death, in New York City, of a man who called himself the "richest man in New York." His name was George White. He was ninety-four years old when he died, and he had spent sixty-six years as a teacher in New York City schools. During that period he had taught, or directed the teaching of some 225,000 boys and girls. When he was in his sixties, former pupils organized in his honor the George White Alumni Association, and annually since then he has been their guest of honor at a dinner. Literally thousands of distinguished men and women have cherished his memory, and called him the man who laid the foundations for such success as they have attained in life. A few years ago at one of these annual dinners he said that life had left him "a poor man in money, but a rich man in friends, in memories, in mind and soul, in the knowledge that life has counted for something. I doubt if any man from the President down influences as many lives as the man who spends his days as a teacher. I believe I am the richest man in New York."—Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

Wilbur Brucker admits if he had not stepped out for governor when he did he would have been counted out by now, which is the untarnished truth. His own confidence, vision, courage and ability is responsible for his leadership in this contest. He is hopelessly out in front and if the field keeps down to DeLand and himself it almost amounts to no opposition. Senator DeLand is able and equipped with republican traditions unequalled in Michigan but the public is just not interested, it seems, in a politician of his type. This is not said offensively but politicians fall within certain definite classifications. This year the style exemplified by the Brucker personality and performance is the popular vogue. Political styles change and sometimes quickly. Groesbeck and Green furnish the best and most recent exhibit of this statement. Groesbeck is the cold, calculating executive with a tremendous driving force. When he plays it is a matter of keeping fit. His companions merely serve, never entertain. Green is the delightful personality who considers friendship in reaching and making decisions. The Ionia man loves company and Camp Kennedy is as much a part of his political equipment as his desk in the executive office. Brucker is somewhere between Groesbeck and Green. He represents the Greek idea of moderation. After six years of Groesbeck the public wanted a little visible human relations in its government. The Green chuckle did the business. The world tires of seriousness. There is such a thing as being too useful for safety. Read the history of Caesar and Alexander. The Master Himself is the world's greatest example of official trickery and envy. No matter what you hear no one can start now and get close to Brucker in this fight.—Murl H. De Foe in Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

They Have Murmured:

FLOWERS

Remove the flowers from this earth and you would lose one of Nature's greatest adornments; you would almost remove from mankind the necessity of yearning for immortality, for flowers are to the earth what man is to God—a reflection of Divine Concept. How many people marvel at the witchery, the magic of Nature, as the sun light and warmth, the moisture and oxygen, combine to release into bloom the IDEA of Loveliness that lies behind each tiny seed? Too few men and women are enamored of the beauty of the world of flowers, don't you think?

"Your voiceless lips, O, flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book."—Horace Smith.

Bovee believed that "to cultivate a garden is to walk with God."

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

"Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness." Wilberforce.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Roger W. Babson, economist:
"The real optimist is one who fills his rain barrel when it storms instead of talking sunshine."

John Carter Smith, preacher:
"The laws of the country forbid continuous polygamy, but we have substituted for it consecutive polygamy."

Walter Damrosch, director:
"The radio will save family life from disruption."

J. A. Brittain, physician:
"The age of efficiency begins at thirty-five and continues up to fifty-five, and the greatest degrees of efficiency are attained in the last ten years."

Glenn Frank, President University of Wisconsin:
"The agricultural part of America must organize as the rest of American enterprise are organizing or the farmer will be lost in the shuffle."

Frank K. Loesch, head of Chicago Crime Commission:
"The power of the gang consists in the enormous sums it realizes from protected gambling, and especially from beer running."

Richard E. Byrd, explorer:
"This Admiral Byrd business sometimes hangs very heavy on the shoulders."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York:
"Ninety per cent of unemployment is wholly without the fault of the worker."

Poultney Bigelow, author:
"The ex-Kaiser is comparatively poor. He has nineteen families to support."

George Horace Lorimer, editor, Saturday Evening Post:
"It is good to have money and the things it can buy, but it is also good to be able to look back and discover that you haven't lost something that money can't buy."

K. A. Plimpton-Kent, English citizen:
"I can give you the basic reason for the supremacy of American players. American children are never suppressed. The result is an adult full of self-confidence in front of any crowd."

John Haynes Holmes, pastor, Community Church, New York, speaking to an audience of negroes:
"The future belongs, not to the white man, but to the colored man."

David Lloyd George, former Premier of Great Britain:
"Preparations for war are going on in every country of the world. There are more men trained for war in Europe, Asia and America than before the great catastrophe of 1914."

Charles W. Curtis, Vice President:
"Good laws are the result of the application of common sense and sound judgment to immutable principles."

E. R. A. Seligman, Columbia University Professor:
"The university professor must be like the judge. His reputation for impartiality must be equally unsullied."

Karl B. Radek, Soviet officer:
"Although governments have not reached the point of officially uniting against the Soviet, the steel, oil and money kings who control them are hard at work and their chiefs of staff are sowing the soil for a new harvest of destruction."

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request.

To the Editor:
Dear sir:

My business takes me to Birmingham every day and it has often occurred to me that the problem of the caddies might be taken care of by the village authorities.

Frequently, I have heard the complaint that the caddies endanger their own lives and those of the persons whom they seek to obtain "lifts" from, while walking along Woodward avenue, and Maple, Adams and Southfield roads. Most of these boys, I know, do not live in Birmingham but they must pass through the village to get to their golf courses.

Couldn't the village have the boys remain at some selected place, say a school playground, or the Y. M. C. A., where delivery trucks from the different golf clubs would make regular trips? In this way the boys would be kept out of mischief and caddy-masters might easily obtain caddies without having to depend upon the generosity of motorists who happen to be driving past the golf clubs.

Yours truly,
S. GERARD DILWORTH.

OUR SCRAP BOOK

DISHONESTY IS WASTEFUL

Honesty is among the greatest of labor savers. Every merchant knows that a dozen dishonest customers will consume more of his time than a hundred honest ones.

In certain parts of the world thievery is said to be so common that peasants guard their fields at night with shotguns. Truly this means waste. Yet even in our own country the guards and watchmen of private property comprise a small army.

Every device to prevent dishonesty is a waste, viewed in an economic sense, because if the ideal of universal honesty existed, thousands of persons could be placed in productive employment and millions now invested in preventive systems could be released for productive enterprise.

Honesty is such a valuable aspect of character that we could afford to spend almost any sum of money to implant the virtue.

Those who have little to do with the dollars and cents side of people often wonder why business men are hard-boiled. The wonder is that they are so tolerant. Not only are they frequent victims of downright dishonesty, but only by everlasting vigilence do they manage to survive.

This is the reason why honesty is perhaps the most highly regarded of all qualities in the empire of business.—William Feather.

Kidding The Great Ones

Abu Amru Ibn Habed Abad, the first Moorish King of Seville and the founder of the Abadite dynasty, explained the situation to his nephew, Guiseppe Newman.

"It's just an old Spanish custom," he said.

All of which needs an explanation. And here it is:

Ever since man felt the urge to organize, from the first gnina in the polish caveman days, to the present hysteria for Kiwanis, Rotary, Knights of Columbus and Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, the gang that lands the first blow has half the fight won. And so it was with Abu Amru Ibn Habed Abad, founder of the Abadite dynasty.

He it was who bounded into sunny Spain one rainy night with an army of scimitar swinging sons of Satan who promptly dispatched the inhabitants to Numbers and took possession of the wine and orange orchards. Then it was that old Abu Amru Ibn Habed Abad began his pleasant reign. He built, among other things, the first factory for the manufacture of hairless Mexican hot dogs, blind pig tapestries, celluloid parrots and beer bubbles.

And now we get to the main part of the story.

Guiseppe, it appears, approached his royal uncle and "Dancing With Tears In His Eyes," exclaimed, "Ah, most illustious guardian of the Newman destinies and the Abadite dynasties, I am greatly puzzled, vexed, disturbed, peeved, aggravated, upset, bothered, annoyed, and perplexed. Last night, while wandering on East Maple Bulvard, I chanced upon an iron grill from behind which the sweet sounds of a senorita slitering about in soft slippers smoke my surlicular organs."

"Singing, she was, and the name of the song is the cause of my puzzlement, vexation, etc. The quality of her voice was as a sascharine as a rubber buzz-saw and the words she sang were: 'What is this thing called Love?' Ah, great uncle, tell me the answer sfore I lay me down in eternal swoon."

Abu Amru Ibn Habed Abad chewed the ends of his moustache and in a voice as of one pronouncing a benediction, he replied:

"It's just an old Spanish custom."

O, Rare Content

Schmul—Which would you rather have, a million or twelve daughters?

Levy—Twelve daughters.

Schmul—Why?

Levy—If I had a million, I'd want to have two, three, ten, a hundred millions more. But if I had twelve daughters that would be enough!—Musketeer.