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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not heard from above, students and others. The right to accept, however, is reserved. Changes in the paper submitted as necessary to the style of the paper. The Eccentric's advertising rates must be in 25 cent increments. Refund on advertising orders will be made only upon receipt of the original copy. The Eccentric will be glad to accept upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

Youth Sits In The Gallery

That the good fortune of youth out surpasses the wisdom of old age is regularly evidenced in the attendance at symphony concerts at Orchestra Hall. In the comfortable seats on the main floor sit the gray-haired music lovers. In the boxes sit the patrons of the art. But way upstairs the gallery gods reign.

The advantages of the gallery gods are far more numerous than those of the gray-heads, and even more numerous than those of the patrons. There is a rarefied air in the gallery—not that the atmosphere downstairs ever is stuffy. Sound is better heard from above, students and others. The right to accept, however, is reserved. Changes in the paper submitted as necessary to the style of the paper.

Among the gallery gods there is no display of exotic garments and the distraction of glittering jewels. Among the gallery gods are enthusiastic students of music and appreciative teachers, modernists, adventurers.

Keeping Us Dry

Word from the national organization of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in convention at Houston, Texas, reveals an inclination toward a unified effort to retain prohibition. Our own opinion of the present work of the W. C. T. U. is that it amounts to very little in the practical scheme of government; when any Oakland County law enforcing officer, as a candidate at election time, openly states his views of prohibition, openly. Not since prohibition became a local mystery and a national bewilderment. The ladies had better get busy, and right quick, too, if they want to accomplish things.

Foolish Wealth

Jewels representing material wealth beyond ordinary comprehending are shown these days by several of the Maharajahs of India, who are in England attending a round table conference to liberate India from British rule. One of the Princes of that vast empire carried fifteen millions of dollars worth of precious stones, just "suitable for travelling purposes." Back home he probably has ten times that many, hidden away in his royal storerooms. Here you see how the head of a people may selfishly return too much of his country's wealth; history is sprinkled with such foolish possessions of wealth—money. You wonder why India's people are clamping under the despotism of the British? It is the customs that suppress the rightful growth of human life.

Speaking Of Sparking—

The other day a Birmingham man, speaking of the improvements being made in the realm of electrical power, suggested that Niagara Falls should be hatched up entirely to turbines, and converted into energy. He would remove Niagara's scenic beauty, altogether, except for an occasional dam. But we stumped him when we asked: "Do you mean to tell us that you would have the future brides and grooms of America try to obtain romance from a string of unpoetic electric wires, strung from pole to pole?" He was only shocked—as he should be, too, for taking hold of so live a topic in so careless a manner.

MORE AND MORE the art of music is taking a part in our lives; which calls to mind the necessity for greater emphasis on music and music appreciation in our schools. Apparently the Birmingham public schools are meeting the demand for better musical instruction, if only in the hands of the increased teaching staff, plus the students who seek instruction. Do you suppose the music instructors in our schools could offer helpful advice to older musical groups, such as our Thursday Musicals, for instance?

FOR 18 MONTHS New York's chief of police put men to work in an effort to find out who was stealing thousands of dollars from the pants of some 100 men; no culprit was taken into custody. Is this a modern instance of continued masculine gallantry toward—well, who said anything about wives?

KINDLY OLD J. E. McMullin tells the world in his Linden Letter that "on the streets of our national capital an 11-year-old boy was arrested for toting booze, and absolutely refused to squeal on his boss. In ten years that kid will either be a congressman or an oil baron."

National Scandal Again?

What a lousy (please overlook the adjective in this case) time some of our political boys are required to have down in the national bedlam, known as Washington, D. C. (D. C. must stand for "Don't Care," doesn't it?) Just think what an ideal it is in the way of exposing and exposing plots and conspiracies, congressional investigations!—and all in the name of government, too, although we think some of it is selfishness for self or party.

From conversation overheard in places where conversation may be heard, Washington atmosphere promises much sensationalism for the newspaper readers of the land this coming winter.

What would politics be without its exposures and scandals, its plots and conspiracies, its congressional investigations? We are promised much of this sort of thing soon. Rarely has the Washington atmosphere been so favorable for sensationalism.

That the Taprot Dome scandal will be "dearfed" in comparison with revelations to be made concerning federal postoffice leases is assured us by Senator John Blaine, of Wisconsin, chairman of the Senate Committee investigating these leases.

A congressional inquiry will undoubtedly result from the published charges of corruption in disposing of government shale oil lands as stated by Ralph Kelley, former employee in the Interior Department, and denied by President Hoover and Cabinet officials.

While Representative Jack Garner of Texas reiterates his demand for an investigation of government tax refunds to large corporations, Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart, of Iowa, brandishes his tomahawk around the benign head of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon.

Congressional bootleggers and prohibition spies have been, but Congress has not yet taken any action. More investigations are demanded, with facts, names and dates asked for.

In an effort to gain and hold the friendship of other countries, your Uncle Sam finds it necessary on many occasions to offer gifts to their rulers and men of state—just as often happens these days between men and men, before and after marriage. State Department records these gifts: wine, silk, jewelry, and other valuables. When in 1853 Commodore Perry journeyed to Japan in the interest of friendly commercial relations, he took with him gifts to the Emperor consisting of perfumery, whiskey, wine, cherry cordials, champagne, chinaware, books, telescope, rifles, swords, ammunition and tea.

"Getting Out The Paper" "Getting out a good newspaper is a fascinating task, but it is also a difficult one," stated the Redwood Miner in a story on many publishers may wish to reprint for the benefit of certain of their readers. "No other job that comes to mind is quite so taxing, so hurried, or demands greater pains. From the moment a newspaper is started, be it either daily or weekly, the work is carried on under the most difficult conditions. Put yourself in the editor's position and you will see."

"Could you, for example, spell correctly, off-hand the names of a large percentage of the residents of this town? If you could do that, could you write their initials correctly without resorting to the telephone directory or other authority?" "Could you give the names of all the names of your city officials, your local school board, your county officials, your leading state and national officials, getting all the names, initials and offices correct?"

"Could you gather the threads of a story from half a dozen persons, and weave them into an intelligent, readable account of the first writing?" "Could you write seven columns of material of 1200 or 1400 words each in two or three days, week after week, year after year, and when you had finished those seven, pound out two or three columns more before press time?"

"In writing a headline, could you call to mind in a moment enough synonyms so that you would not repeat the main thought in the same words?" "Could you judge in a minimum of time what size headlines, and what position in the paper could be given to each of the 75, 100 or more stories that might appear on your paper?"

"Could you detect in a moment, or exercise 'snap' judgment, on the dozens of questions a newspaper man must face daily and get a majority of them correct?" "We won't tire you—but if you could do these few simple things and a thousand and one more difficult ones, in fact, you should be a newspaper editor."

"The point we wish to make is that one can produce a good newspaper only after continual diligent study and years of practical experience. You have heard dozens of persons remark that they could write one, and a good one, too, a bit better, in fact, than you, if they are getting. That is not true, unless they have gone through the years and study that a good newspaper demands of its makers."

EX-TRIX

"When it gets cold enough outside," explains the Arkansas school boy, "the snows, sorta. That is, when it's real cold it's called 'snow' and comes down like little pieces, almost, 'n' it melts probable. Snow is queer stuff. You can roll it up in balls, like and throw it. Snow sticks to things, but it ain't hardly like glue. If you slide on snow regular for a long time after a while, An' snow that melts and freezes again, like, drips and is icicles. Snow is always white, almost."

ODE TO AN ONION Monocotyledonous of the garden. Here's a little verse for thee—May we ask your pardon?

Lilaceous little bulb Strong men honor thee, And the warty debauchee From thy strength doth flee.

Firm thou art, and glossy, too, When the spring is here; And thy vernal coming brings Gardeners great cheer.

No good sauce was ever made Sans thy pungent grace; Show without thy elegance Should go and hide its face.

Universal love for thee Never goes to sleep; When the chef doth bruise thy skin All the world doth weep.

Dinner Stories SMART LAD "One of my ancestors won a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling artillery," said the Baron.

"But my dear Baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades gunpowder had not been discovered." "I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor." "How did he win the battle, then?"

"He brought the artillery to bear on the Saracens, and the stupid folk, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been invented, and fled in dismay!"

Uncle Eggs Says "You very seldom see a man with a set of false teeth laughing at a man with a top pee."

A CHUCKLE A DAY KEUPS THE BLUES AWAY "I heard the price of those hose if they fail to prove holoproof?" "Salesman! My dear madam, do you die every day."

Vox Polly "Dead languages are dead because they have no slang to vivify them."—Dr. Frank H. Vitzelle, dean of American lexicographers.

Shortest Verbs We De- termine Pies—Cincinnati Enquirer. I Di- Et. Et.

Inquiry Shows Latin America To Be Head Over Heels In Debt "Christian Science Monitor They haven't anything on Oakland County, sez we."

We learn that John T. Millen, director of the Detroit Zoo, is contemplating the addition of a typical barnyard for the benefit of city kids who do not know what barnyard animals look like.

Domestic animals, we knew, were fast becoming extinct but we didn't think they had become that rare.

Now, if John'll only establish a special cage for our favorite folk, the decoy duck, everything will go along swimmingly.

The United States mint makes it first; it's up to us to make it last.

ADVICE FOR UNEMPLOYED You white-collar guys who specialize in different kinds of work before the depression and made money that's becoming extinct but we didn't think they had become that rare.

Now, if John'll only establish a special cage for our favorite folk, the decoy duck, everything will go along swimmingly.

The United States mint makes it first; it's up to us to make it last.

THE ANXIOUS SEAT



PEOPLE'S COLUMN

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

Editor, Birmingham Eccentric In your paper of October second, there is an article in which the Village Engineer, Mr. Harold H. Corson, complains of the condition of the river as it runs through Birmingham.

"This mental state is bad enough in any one but it is at its worst in a salesman. A salesman in despair gets few orders and he spreads the contagion of fear. There is a lot of unemployment these days but we suspect that a little more of it would do no harm. We are thinking of the salesman who cannot keep his wits to himself and of the salesman who does not believe that business can be found and therefore goes on a hunt for it. Courage, resourcefulness and pertinacity are the cardinal business virtues of today, and they are destined to be rewarded. Men who lack these qualities are in the way."—Editorial in Chicago Tribune.

WHAT PRODUCES OUR CRIME Looking over the editorial page of a metropolitan paper of considerable prestige recently, the editor of this paper was struck by the world is discovering the amazing fact, suspected by many philosophers, that poverty and hardship do not breed crime, and that crime is bred out of ease and luxury.

Tough! The problem of the hour for the politicians is not, is it dry enough?—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

If and When A pat on the back might do us the best, all right. If it's done with a brush at the age of 10—Austin American.

Right Merrie No wonder they call it Merrie England: Nearly 2,000,000 people in that country are paid as much as a dollar a day for not working.—Dallas News.

Good Idea At any rate, we believe France would have acted more effectively in the matter. It had chukled Mr. Hearst out instead of chucking him out.—Greenville Piedmont.

Can't How can a gangster be decent when he murders a man during the course of a robbery? The fact that there is too much "ease and luxury" is merely to find some explanation of what seems to be quite apparent and that is that during the past year several millions of people have been out of work while millions more have only been able to barely make a living.

It would be a most unfortunate revelation, if, on the very edge of our work-day in this country, to find that some one would work five days, in order to have greater leisure for the cultivation of art, music, literature and pleasure, we should discover that it meant a certain measure of crime, immorality and lawlessness.

Those who are willing to encourage bootleggers to continue in their crime, by purchasing their bottled goods surreptitiously, cannot expect to exonerate themselves from their guilt by making prosperity responsible for the crime they have committed. Let the cause of crime be placed where it belongs—upon those "good citizens" who speak

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO Marc Masters has killed five deer up in Saginaw Co.

The Slick-Water-Snow-Shovelling Brigade were out in full force Wednesday morning.

Mrs. H. Harris has a stray calf; he's about two weeks. Any one who knows the whereabouts of the youthful boyvine will be rewarded by communicating with the owner.

We are reliably informed that Team and Beattie, our mighty Nimrod, shot six more fine old poor sickly rabbit, and then laid to their dogs run it down and kill it. Four bunnies.

Advertising is booming just now, and our readers know how much they appreciate The Eccentric as an advertising medium by the way they read every inch of space we can spare.

Baby arrives last week, to Mrs. F. Roche, a boy, to Mrs. Cyrus Jarvis, a boy and to Mrs. Oliver Fickett, of Troy, a girl. Long Oliver is a happy baby. The arrival as he was over the result of election.

Don't go to Detroit or any where outside of Birmingham to purchase your holiday gifts. Just look through our advertising columns and you will find you can do just as well, and save a lot, when you take your travels expenses into consideration.

A young man, who lives on Main street, went wooing last weekend and made a formal proposal of marriage to a Friday widow of six weeks, and was fairly refused—she is already engaged to a young fellow who has a more interesting part in the drama of life entitled "The Rejected Lover". He is a withdrawn, shabby creature, but the Kexel is as sweet as ever.

When the Monroe foot ball team struck Birmingham, Thanksgiving day morning, they met the Muskrat yell mixed with the Monroe yell we felt sorry for our boys, but we were glad to see the last meet their Waterloo, but the result proved our error. The game was a draw, and the Monroe high school proved an excellent school for the place, and school eleven of the last high school to defeat by the fast score.

Mr. Whiting, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. R. Todd, is returning to the place, Los Angeles. He has been in Michigan for some time.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church are working for their annual Christmas supper to be held at the church on Sunday. Young people are to have a booth and many beautiful and dainty things are being made for Christmas gifts. Save your money and save what you can buy and have a good thick pie supper for 25 cents.

Our winter is starting in fine. The first fall of snow this winter was on Dec. 2, when we woke up and found the snow from our four inches feet of snowfall.

Mrs. Henry Grinnell, Jr., of Mrs. Franklin, is quite ill and attended by Dr. J. L. Campbell of this place. Dr. Campbell is conversant and her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Four Birmingham children were left motherless as 5:15 o'clock Tuesday morning when a south-bound Grand Trunk freight engine struck and killed Mrs. Rosa Merrick, 64, of 112 East Ruffner street.

The Baldwin High School next Tuesday from 2 p. m. to eight p. m. the property owners of the Baldwin school have given an opportunity to accept or reject one of the most important issues that have ever confronted them.

"Accumulated wealth will be of very little value to society unless it voluntarily comes to the rescue in time to prevent public suffering."

Alice Hutchinson, British social hygiene expert: "The thumb-sucking child never gets anywhere and is making a hopeless mess of life."

Calvin Coolidge, Ex-President: "Accumulated wealth will be of very little value to society unless it voluntarily comes to the rescue in time to prevent public suffering."

Mack Sennett, moving picture comedy producer engaged to Marjorie Beebe but no prettier complement with than this has been paid me in many years time."