BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)

Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in The Eccentric Building, 270-272 North Woodward Avenue.
Telephones 11 and 12.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(In Oakland County)		(Outside Oakland County)	
One Year	$1.50	One Year	$2.50
Six Months	1.00	Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.75	Three Months	1.00

All newspaper and advertising copy must be in The Eccentric office by Wednesday noon to obtain insertion for that week.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 10, 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 the state. Because of the 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.

Our New County Auditors

We herewith set forth our congratulations to Oakland County citizens for having obtained the services of Seymour D. Adams, Robert Y. Moore, and Stuart D. Patterson as members of the re-organized Board of County Auditors. These three men, the first two, Messrs. Moore and Adams from Bloomfield Township, are capable public officials, well deserving of the responsibility vested in them by the people. We prophecy an era of more economical county government under their supervision.

In this respect may we also compliment the three county officials who selected this trio of Auditors? They are Probate Judge Dan A. McGaffey, County Prosecutor Norman C. Orr, and County Treasurer Albert W. Willson. In their selection of Messrs. Adams, Moore, and Patterson we believe the appointing group showed fine discretion and judgment.

The electorate will watch with renewed expectancy the activities of the new Board of Auditors who constitute, in actual practice, the general management of county government.

Newspaper Reporters

Occasionally the newspaperman, in his unceasing task of gathering and recording the news of the day for the benefit of the community, meets a person who resents what may appear to be a journalistic intrusion into private, or semi-private (and often public) affairs. The person who is being interviewed, for example, may take offense because the newspaper reporter asks many questions, some of which may not seem to be necessary at the time.

The conscientious reporter, however, likes to have the public realize that his task is to bring to the community, in each issue of the newspaper, an honest, constructive, and wholesome reflection of the activities of that community; in the work of gathering news reporters are merely enquiring representatives of the citizens who subscribe to the newspaper—and a good reporter seeks to record an event so that the material questions that arise in the minds of many people may be answered.

Many people make the mistake of thinking that a reporter asks questions because of a personal curiosity, or an insatiable tendency to "stick his nose into other people's business." Such is not the case, however, for the legitimate newspaper reporter would much rather be doing something else less trying, just as the lawyer or the doctor find it restful to do something outside of their professional demands.

It may interest the reader to know, too, that the average newspaper reporter is the animated encyclopedia of enough information about his territory to start a revolution (or some other social upheaval) if he were to publish said information. However, to the great credit of American newspaperdom it may be recorded with due modesty that newspaper reporters rarely betray confidences—and, more often than the public can appreciate, the average newspaper editor stretches his limitations in order to serve as an instrument of aid in his community.

Here's a paradoxical tip, too: if we wanted to keep something out of a newspaper (something that ought not to be printed for the good of society) we'd make sure that the nearest newspaper office was acquainted with it, in confidence; editors are human beings—generally more than willing to help others.

One of the year's hottest jobs is to sell next winter's coal.

It begins to appear as though the farmer will have to do what he could only do for farm relief—help himself.

One of the best recommendations for the extension of credit is a reluctance on the part of some one to accept it, don't you think?

Prosperity of a stupendous kind galloped over the length and breadth of the United States during the past ten years. It seems now, however, that it has thrown a shoe, or worn them badly, and is now getting re-shod in the blacksmith shop of Old Man Economics.

Now that the official report of Pontiac's police department has been made known, undoubtedly Pontiac's taxpayers are thoroughly acquainted with the highly satisfactory condition of said department. Official reports are great affairs—especially when prepared officially.

Taxes are the legalized voluntary (?) contributions of people toward the creation of a pot o' gold from which public officials take the money necessary to carry on various items of government. The more interest that people take in their government, the less dross attaches to their pot o' gold as it boils 'neath the cupidity and the greed, the foolishness or the plain incompetence of those who tend the pot's boiling processes.

Politics—Prosperity?

For nearly a year the present President of the United States, together with all those fellow-politicians and other agencies to which the mass of people look for all earthly blessings, has been under a severe handicap; the "readjustment" period which started in earnest when the stock market tobogganed last October will be attributed to Mr. Hoover—although Mr. Hoover and the Republican party had very little to do with the economic trend of this country since 1928.

Fault for public condemnation of elected officials for bad business conditions is not, however, altogether with the electorate; this latter group has been educated by the political parties to believe that each one can bring about prosperity by being elected—so the public swallows one of the sides, and expects a miracle to take place with their individual bank accounts.

It is like appointing a man to head the weather bureau because he promises you good weather—and then blaming him when it rains too much or not enough. We are inclined to believe that economic changes, although somewhat traceable to the actions of human beings, are governed after all by definite laws, just as natural law governs the action of the natural elements of water, wind, or growth. When mankind complies to the exact laws of economics (which largely include true morality and the humanity of man for man) he may expect order and perfection; but not before.

Quillen & Brisbane

Robert Quillen, well known editorial writer and paragrapher, recently uttered these words anent another well known e. w. & p, one Arthur Brisbane, Hearstian oracle; says Mr. Quillen, from his South Carolina sanctum sanctorum:

"Some days ago a lady in Washington, D. C. wrote a letter teasing me because I am careful to avoid discussion of Prohibition in my syndicate editorials. She diagnosed it as a case of cold feet. That isn't the true explanation, however.

"Many papers with many creeds and many policies give me a place in their columns. I am a guest on the premises. And in a world where there are ten thousand worthwhile things to discuss, it isn't good manners to hold forth on some subject offensive to one's host. There is a tacit understanding, never expressed but understood as a matter of common decency, that I won't abuse my privilege by stirring up trouble for the paper.

"The syndicate writer can develop great influence. Arthur Brisbane, for example, is one of the most influential men in America. He, more than any other individual, was responsible for the late tragic bull market. His daily column in Hearst papers and scores of others is at times pure propaganda—for Florida or California real estate, for more airplanes and fewer battleships, for this or that hobby of his. He impresses simple minds by saying the obvious in an entertaining way. He makes his points, not by brilliant writing but by constant repetition. Appearing daily in every American newspaper, displayed as well as Brisbane is, any ordinary writer would be famous and powerful within a year.

"A writer's 'greatness' is like the success of a cigarette slogan. People at last accept him and quote him simply because anything seen in print day after day and year after year becomes a normal detail of their existence—like sunlight, the telephone, the radio. Once accepted, he can put over any pet 'ism' if the newspapers and his own sense of fair play don't restrain him."

Some day some nut will compile statistics to show that if all the energy exerted by human beings in walking over golf courses were harnessed to industry, the country's water falls could dry up and there'd be no need to worry about a power supply.

We have yet to hear of any modern flapper who will not remove the wrapper of a box of candy from any one of her admirers. Candy boxes know no boundaries; they are ever true—even to false teeth.

Mankind rushes into armed conflict, paying little attention to its monetary cost. When the last gun is fired, however, the taxpayers begin to learn something of the high cost of steel-clad fireworks.

Nine young girls down in Grafton, Virginia, were banned from the streets by the mayor because they wore only "shorts." The mayor, feeling that the business depression is severe enough without any artificial stoppage of work, made the girls return to their camp for more covering. We suggest the Grafton's mayor visit the north side of Chicago, along the lake, and see how much unemployment exists in the Windy City.

It begins to look as though Bishop Cannon will have to train some larger guns upon Rep. Tinkham, in their mutual attacks upon each other.

Andy Mellon has issued much praise for the new tariff laws. Would this imply that certain large American corporations will serve some more melon at harvest time?

Inspired Thoughts

Blind

"Show me your God," the doubter cries.
I point him to the smiling skies;
I show him all the woodland greens;
I show him peaceful sylvan scenes;
I show him winter snows and frost;
I show him waters tempest-tossed;
I show him hills rock-ribbed and strong;
I bid him hear the thrush's song;
I show him flowers in the close—
The lily, violet and rose;
I show him rivers, babbling streams;
I show him youthful hopes and dreams;
I show him maids with eager hearts;
I show him toilers in the marts;
I show him stars, the moon, the sun,
I show him deeds of kindness done;
I show him joy, I show him care;
And still he holds his doubting air,
And faithless goes his way, for he
Is blind of soul and can not see.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

..EX-NTRIX

A LITTLE ADVICE

Cultivate a sneer, my dear,
And folks will think you're wise.
Then sneer at every seer, my dear,
But not at other guys.

Emulate the proud, my dear,
Tilt your nose a bit.
But not at other guys, my dear . . .
When they hit—you stay hit.

Antarctic, Algernon, is not a relative of Admiral Byrd.

* * *

"What a lazy animile is the pig," says the Arkansas school boy. "He don't do nothin', hardly, 'cept waller in th' mud. Pigs look a lot like a ball o' air wrapped up in a skin, almost, with a tail an' a snout. An' pigs is th' only animile that has snouts. Pigs is lazier, even, than th' hired man. Pigs is so lazy they won't even get up outta their troffs at night so they can go t'bed agin."

* * *

Evidences of Returning Prosperity

A man ordered some merchandise in a Detroit department store the other day and the clerk, while wrapping the material, said: "Do you want to charge this—or will you pay for it?

Vox Polly

"Second avenue wants to wear a work what Park avenue wears to a tea dance or to church on Sunday morning."—Jean Patou.

Horse-Scope

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

According to the stars, this is a poor day for thin skinned individuals who "burn easily" to fall asleep on sandy beaches under a boiling sun. While this sway continues many persons will be reminded that overdoing a thing is worse than not doing it at all.

The seers declare that this should be a day of planning and dreaming instead of acting, but those who earn their daily bread putting so many nuts on so many bolts at so much per hour are advised to do their planning and dreaming after they get to bed in the evening.

Children born on this day will never run the risk of spilling little babies out of their buggies by climbing up where they are not supposed to just as soon as their mother is out of sight.

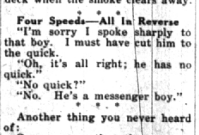
Steryl Swnski was born on this day, and will be remembered as the man who was wise enough to change his name to John Walker.

Social Swank

This is Mrs. Hexter Haxton Harton Von Sardine, who will hold a "dilly-dally party" at her new country home in the near future. The guests anticipate thrills and surprises, for the Von Sardines are noted for their ORIGINAL notions in the way of entertainment.

Hoi Polloi

Sam "Flashlight" Slickgat and Professor Paul Prexy, The Master of Mathematics has a plan for getting rid of men who "put them on the spot." The gent with the



captious cap has a plan for getting rid of anybody that interferes with his plans. If you like indoor sports you might try and select the gent that will be on deck when the smoke clears away.

Four Speeds—All In Reverse

"I'm sorry I spoke sharply to that boy. I must have cut him to the quick.

"Oh, it's all right; he has no quick."

"No quick?"

"No. He's a messenger boy."

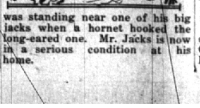
* * *

Another thing you never heard of:

Once upon a time there was a Chamber of Commerce that sent a letter to census officials, protesting that the count was too high.

Famous Finales

WEST WIND, Ore.—Alfalfa Jacks, 38, colored mule driver,



was standing near one of his big jacks when a hornet hooked the long-eared one. Mr. Jacks is now in a serious condition at his home.

CUTTING REMARKS IN ORDER!

The Other Chap Says Something—

FAVOR THE SCENERY

Club women of America have taken up the slogan, "Favor the Firms which Favor the Scenery," and have announced they will give the special consideration to products not advertised on the landscape. With the women doing 85% of the buying we believe that their campaign to restrict billboards to commercial districts will be effective. Thousands of individuals are sealing their mail with this statement: "I favor products not advertised on the landscape." That beauty and bill boards cannot exist on the same landscape is a foregone conclusion.

In the fight they are waging, they will have the backing of high officials in both the state and Federal government. Thomas MacDonald, chief of the U. S. Bureau of public roads, declares that the first step in highway beautification is the elimination of the rural billboard and those who have long been offended by such eyesores will add their approval to this statement. The rural billboard is doomed to go. We are not going to have our beauty spots cluttered up with more man-made ugliness.—Midland (Mich.) Republican.

HE STOPPED THE PAPER

A few days ago a subscriber who is a well known citizen, came to our office and stopped his paper for the reason, he said, that it did not just fit his fancy. We have since met him on the street, and it is amusing to note the look of surprise on his face, despite the fact that he stopped his paper. Some day and it won't be long either, that gentleman will be stilled forever. Neighbors and friends will follow his lifeless clay to the silent city and lay him to rest among the silent flowers. An obituary will be published in these columns telling what a good neighbor and beloved citizen he was—which the recording angel will overlook for charity's sake—and in a short time he will be forgotten. As he lies there in the cold, cold graveyard, wrapped in the silent slumbers of death, he will never know the last kind word spoken of him by the editor of the paper he spitefully "stopped." Did you ever pause for a moment and think that your editor, whoever he may be, will write your obituary some day?—Tarpon Springs Leader.

MORE ADVERTISING

"When hard times pinch, double your advertising."

That was a business maxim tenaciously applied by H. J. Heinz founder of the "57 varieties" company. It helps to explain the dominant position of this firm in its field of manufacture.

Business as a whole seems to have borrowed the maxim of the "pickle man" to increase advertising appropriations in the face of threatened adversity.

During the depression of the winter and spring 36 of the 50 largest cities showed an increase in newspaper advertising. National magazines carried more advertising during that period than in the corresponding period of a year ago. Radio broadcasting gained more than $2,500,000 in advertising revenue for the first four months of this year.

The result was that the advertisers who followed the Heinz Maxim did a good business at the height of the depression and commodities of all kinds continued to flow from warehouses into homes. And since sales tend always to lag behind advertising, the full effect increases promises to register itself in the forthcoming buying season. There will be no "summer slump" for members of the Heinz school.—Gratiot County Herald.

THE DODO BIRD

Then the Dodo Bird talked of other things. He spoke of poor Charlie Bowles, Detroit, mayor. For the first time in the history of that great city have the newspapers all leaned the same way politically—and they are leaning hard now on Mayor Bowles. To the victor belongs the spoils, but Mayor Bowles' spoils are certainly being spoiled. The News, the Times, and even the Free Press are whacking away at Charlie. But Charlie had it coming to him. He wanted to be mayor only for the spotlight the position would throw on him. But the spotlight has turned from a golden haze of happy prominence to an x-ray, and the x-ray penetrates too deeply. Charlie Bowles went into office on a wave of sentiment built up by those who knew that he would be mayor in name only and that they would run the city. There were many sugar-daddies that helped put Judge Bowles into office, and sugar-daddies always demand the limit from their sweeties. And Charlie is too corpulent to be much of a sweetie. There are many who wish that the vivacious, hard-boiled, soft-hearted, and sincere Johnny Smith was at the helm. He could do more than a dozen Bowles to kick Detroit out of its present state of depression. But people are very apt to park their common sense outside the booth before they go in to make the little blue cross. Charlie Bowles as mayor is wavering badly, and he will go out of office with far less prestige than he had as municipal judge before he went in.—Herbert S. Case in Munising News.

Kidding The Great Ones

Benjamin Franklin was a leading printer in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, long before the Mellon family acquired a majority of the land titles in that dauntless commonwealth. Mr. Franklin, who allowed his hair to grow rather long so that his wife could manage him better (from which fact Mr. Franklin, after observing his savings on barber bills, remarked: "a penny saved is a penny earned") was quite a chap in those early days of American life.

Among his hobbies, was the flying of a kite. As a boy he had made and flown many kites; now that he was a man he often thought: "what a fine thing for a man to be a boy again, to fly kites, run away with front gates, and break windows." So, at least during the day, he flew kites. (From this accomplishment came the wisecrack "aw, go on an' fly your own kite!")

On one of his kite flying episodes he braved a thunder storm and proved to the rest of the world that lightning and electricity are one and the same thing.

Among his achievements, you may remember, is what has since fallen into the small magazine called The Saturday Evening Post; when Ben ran it it was known as the Pennsylvania Gazette. The Sage of Philadelphia, recently interviewed by Printer's Smear, stated: "Yep, I allus knew the Gazette would lose its great following and become a small sheet like The Post. I had hoped it would stay a newspaper, but now it takes so long to run off its small circulation with the antiquated machinery that Cyrus K. Curtis insists upon keeping in Philadelphia, that, as a current moulder of opinion, The Post is a perfect blank. It reminds me, somewhat of my Almanac—only not so funny. Anyway, I suppose Mr. Curtis is doing as well as he can, what with so little revenue from advertising, etc. What do I think of Philadelphia today? Say, young feller, from where I sit on my statue I can see plenty—but I would be ashamed to print it in my old Gazette, even. Soon I'll tell you more about it—so come again when I'm not so busy."

The "Big Shots" Say:—

F. Scott McBride, general superintendent, Anti-Saloon League:
"The League was born of God. It has been led by Him and will fight on while He leads."

George W. Wickersham, chairman Hoover Law Enforcement Commission:
"I believe the record of 1930 will compare most favorably, from a business standpoint, with recent normal good business conditions."

George W. Wickersham, chairman Hoover Law Enforcement Commission:
"Much of the blame for the unsatisfactory conditions of our law and judicial procedure justly is placed upon the bar."

James E. Freeman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop:
"The church cannot be holy on Sunday and worldly on Monday."

William V. Pratt, Admiral, Commander in Chief of the U. S. fleet:
"The London naval treaty suits me. I say that realizing if any fighting comes off now I will have to do it."

Heywood Broun, columnist:
"I would advise no girl to embark upon a major crime until she has first passed a successful screen test."

Bobby Jones, golf champion:
"If there is a strong course-wind, play your ball over and let the wind blow it back on to the fair way."

George W. Norris, U. S. Senator, from Nebraska:
"In every battle fought, in the various steps we have taken from barbarism, it was a contest between human beings and dollars, and it is going on yet."

Miguel de Unamuno, Spanish professor:
"As a boy King Alfonso made pigs jump through a hoop and now he tries to do the same with politicians."

Phillip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer:
"War profiteers got away with $20,000,000,000. I am going to get some of that back."

Will Rogers, humorist:
"The United States has never lost a war or won a conference."

Aristide Briand, French foreign minister:
"We must talk European."

They Have Murmured:

VIRTUE

Did you ever try to determine the exact meaning of this word virtue? Doesn't it really mean, after all, a sort of power of action gives to those attributes of character that uplift and protect one? For instance, isn't it worthy of any man's or woman's efforts to become honorable, truthful, courageous, chaste, forgiving, and the host of other fine things that we are asked to strive for? Then, we think, the attainment of one or more of these attributes brings with it a "virtue"—a state of being that brings to the wearer of virtue a sort of Divine protection.

Emerson says "the only reward of virtue is virtue." And William Penn adds, "to be virtuous is to overcome our evil feelings and intentions."

"The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary actions, but by his everyday conduct." Pascal.

"All bow to virtue then walk away," laments De Finod.

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:

"I wish to take this opportunity to commend Rev. F. M. Atkins and Rev. D. L. Woodward for their stand on the recent question of the organization of the local branch of the Women's Organization for Repeal of the National Prohibition Amendment.

"Rev. Atkins certainly hit the nail on the head in his sermon. I admire him and his courage; he certainly should stick to his position. Carrying guns is restricted, and I think guns are much quicker and more painless means of killing oneself; liquor should also be restricted.

"If these women in the organization would work for better enforcement of the amendment instead of seeking to abolish it they would get better results."

MRS. FRED S. ROSS,
Willits street.

To the Editor:

Birmingham seems intensely concerned with the subject of prohibition. It is probably fortunate that it is being opened for discussion. To make it have its fullest value may this writer suggest the following points?

Since the subject is a debatable one accuracy of communication is of the utmost importance.

Debating that is not based on accurate statistics is about as futile as trying to run an auto without fuel. Competent statisticians, such as F. Ernest Johnson (1) and Professor Irving Fisher, (2) have collected accurate statistics in regard to prohibition in America. From such competent sources can be gotten judgements concerning the effects it has had. Persons who spend most of their lives handling statistics are most likely more able than we to interpret what these statistics are significant of.

To the extent that the directly relevant facts are presented to us will they clarify our apprehension of the significance of the problem—provided that they a accurately communicated.

W. E. P.

1. Formerly (and he may still be) Secretary of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

2. Author of **Prohibition At Its Worst.**

To the Editor:

Because of the many hysterical statements about prohibition which have been voiced all over the country during the past 10 years, and particularly in Birmingham during the past two weeks, I should like to make a few remarks regarding the logic of the situation.

No intelligent understanding of any problem is made possible only by a mental classification of its fundamental principles. Nothing so clouds the prohibition issue—so befuddles the mind and forbids a comprehension of the real factors involved—as the introduction of religious dogma on either of both sides. Prohibition is a sociological problem, or a political attempt to solve a sociological problem and not a religious one.

Nevertheless, the battle of the churches rages. Ministers of different religions offer proofs to their parishioners that God did and did not authorize the drinking of alcoholic beverages—that Jesus drank or did not drink—that if He were alive today, He would be for and against prohibition. Ministers and priests are not alone guilty. Devout members of the church hurl philippics at each other regarding the opinion of God, which coincides remarkably with their own—and the testimony of the bible on this controversial subject.

Religion has nothing to do with prohibition. It is a 20th Century law, made by the men and women of America to remedy an evil, age-old it is true, but of peculiar force in industrial America of today. The issue on Prohibition is not the attitude of Christ towards wine in Galilee 2000 years ago, but this:— Has it or will it reduce drunkenness and give us a better humanity? On these merits, it must stand or fall.

S. E. O. K.

OUR SCRAP BOOK

SCARED INTO IT?
(From The New Yorker)

Seated on a cold bench in Madison Square, looking upon the perpendicular and vasty halls of life insurance, we meditated upon the life and times of Darwin P. Kingsley. No test is so apt to turn one's thoughts to the uncertainty, the hazards, the unreliability of life, as a bench in a park—the streets of looking people go, each groping his diagonal course along; the companions of the bench, one asleep, one reading the want ads fearfully, one reading the obituaries darkly; the chimes spilling the incomprehensible hours, each bell with its tongue in its cheek. As we sat there, cold and afraid, hunched into our coat, we recalled a little newspaper item saying that the New York Life Insurance Company had recently had the greatest day in its history—five thousand new applications for policies. That was it—everybody was scared; people were timid birds running to cover under Mr. Kingsley's wing. After a bit, we got up from our bench and skulked about at the base of the towers, enjoying the momentary security of their nearness. Then, hearing another bitter hour strike, we walked away, still cold and unsured.