BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

(Founded in 1878)

Published every Thursday at Birmingham, Mich., in The Eccentric Building, 220-222 North Woodward Avenue.

Telephones 11, 12, and 13.

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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	$2.00	One Year	$2.50
Six Months	1.00	Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.50	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, NOVEMBER 6, 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 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.

Who Pays, And Pays . . .?

Oakland County, during the period of this coming winter when taxes are again levied for the privilege of living in this land o' ours, will seek to collect the huge total of $2,836,460.00. This amount of mazuma will be distributed to the state, county, and school districts; it's a helluvalotta money, Folks—if you know what we mean—and there's no use in utterin' too much complainin' about it, either. $689,808.00 of it is the increase over any year in Oakland County's taxpaying history—but plenty of it is made necessary because the county is feeding and clothing and warming many, many unfortunate men and women, little boys and girls.

Oh, we have often gotten het up about Oakland County's governmental affairs; in fact, several times we got so hot that we threw the old slice bar into the governmental stove, and pulled out a few clinkers. But the darn old coal somehow gets clogged on the grates again, and incomplete combustion takes place; then the coal makes too many ashes, too.

The affairs of any unit of government are no better than the support that is given them by the rank and file of people; alertness, vigilance, fairness, tolerance, common decency are some of the requisites necessary in human beings if you will obtain good government. And no public official—no matter how competent or serious he may be—can give you a better government than you, as citizens and taxpayers, DEMAND.

So, when you pay your taxes this winter, although you may be certain that some of your hard earned dollars will be wasted by some—not all—of the various units of government, don't get mad about it; at least don't get so mad that you refuse to correct the situation.

Human Nature Unchanged

People's wearing apparel, means of transportation, favorite recipes, sports and other things, may change from time to time, but certain fundamental traditions and customs remain for centuries. Briefly put, there are few elemental ways of being either good or bad; these elementals, of course, have their ramifications, but on the whole, by and large, human nature requires a long time to effect noticeable change.

Take the matter of national morals. Most people living today are of the belief that their forefathers in this country were saints—far from acquitting themselves as many do today. But the folks of several generations ago had their trials and tribulations—even if they lacked automobiles, airplanes, the talkies, and cross-word puzzles.

Here are a few items culled from a Massachusetts court docket of the vintage of 1646:

Henry Walton fined for saying he would as leave hear a dog bark as to hear Reverend Cobbell preach.

John Studley fined for stealing his master's ox and selling it to him.

Thomas Gray of Marblehead whipped for being overseen in drink.

Philip Crumwell fined for not living with his wife.

William Claus whipped for spying into the chamber of his master and telling what he saw.

Charles Phillips fined for being in drink three times in two days.

Mrs. Griffith fined for swearing.

Sarah Parrig fined for wearing a silk hood.

Sarah Collins fined for railing at her husband and calling him "a pot-gutted divel."

THE AUTHOR OF a recent book on Al Capone, Chicago gangster, starts a closing sentence with something reminiscent of Omar Khayyam: "the moving trigger-finger writes . . ." and, we suppose, having writ, leaves the corpse for the bereaved mourners, and the mystery of it all to the shrug of a policeman's shoulders.

SEVERAL NEARBY SCHOOL districts are soon to feel the economic pinch. Half-day sessions loom upon the horizon; the cause is inability of land owners to pay their taxes. Southfield and Troy townships are hardest hit; Birmingham and Bloomfield townships fortunately are not in such dire straits.

ONE OF THE NICE THINGS about Michigan Democrats is that they never lack for something to talk about. It appears that the Republicans of the state nearly always hold all the elective offices, providing the disciples of the donkey with plenty of peanuts to feed the elephant.

THE CHAP WHO TOOK the advice to marry a beautiful,-but dumb, girl, now regrets his vain action. He knows that, though beauty may be only skin deep, dumbness knows no bonds—not even matrimonial ones.

SOME PEOPLE ARE so wise they even admit that the Creator of the earth did a fine thing when He arranged the earth's revolutions to meet the demands of the 24-hour clock.

Gangsters and Sunday School

Today's boys and girls who live in or near Birmingham are offered a wide selection of opportunities for education. Proper parental training, plus schools and libraries, plus instruction in some House of God, will determine the nature of that boy or girl when grown up. Regardless of whether or not you, as a parent, go to church, the wisest of people assert that your children should receive some training of the soul.

It pays—in dividends greater than a similar investment of time in anything else on this whirling globe. Don't scoff, Folks, at the idea of sending your child to a Sunday school; listen to these words of District Attorney Amen, of New York City, who has had much experience with racketeers and gangsters:

"The records shows that, when questioned, these gangsters state that they never attended church or Sunday school. I am not speaking of any particular church, but I do wish to state emphatically that the lack of church and Sunday school influence is the direct cause of many of our young men found in the criminal classes. In the church and Sunday school the young man will meet the right-thinking people and will receive moral and religious training, which will be of great influence for good in later life. Do not take my words for it. Ask any rabbi, priest or minister, or any successful business man of today and see what he has to say. Do not get the opinion that only mollycoddles attend church and Sunday school."

They Will Exaggerate

Do you want an example of the sort of exaggeration that becomes chronic with the modern political mind? Then observe this sentence, part of a telegram sent out last week by Governor Green to the Governors of other states, in an effort to win support for the proposed U. of M. vs. Detroit University football game: "You realize better than any other citizen of your state the deplorable situation in which hundreds of thousands of people find themselves . . ." We have no doubt but what the governors of states know something about the "deplorable situation," but we'll wager that any social worker knows much more. However, when a person begins to deal in superlative exaggerations on most things, you cannot expect him to stop with any degree of studied consistency.

You Are Not Alone

Never allow yourself to think that your destiny lies outside the boundary of other people's lives; true, you may be something of a recluse, a hermit, seeking your own pleasures, depending very, very little upon your neighbors—but in actuality you can no more separate your life from the lives of all mankind than you can divide the ocean up into individual drops of water. And if you could, you would be worth a mere drop of water—just something to sparkle in the sunlight for a brief moment, and then evaporate before being absorbed.

What Is A "Political Issue"?

Michigan Republicans refused to argue, in the recent campaign, the matter of prohibition. Governor Green constantly reiterated that "prohibition is not an issue." Personally, we'd like to have the Governor define the word "issue." In the meantime, may we suggest our own interpretation of "political issue"? A political "issue," then, is something or other which a political candidate may discuss without danger to his position before the voters, before election.

Value Of Poverty

The biographies of nearly all great men and women reveal one common inheritance, namely, poverty. With lack of material wealth as an aid to their mental, moral, and intellectual talents, they have reached high places in this world. Fortunate, indeed, is the boy or girl who, very early in life, is taught the lesson of poverty—or if not actual want, then the value of really wanting something.

MOST OF THE RECENT POLITICAL campaign promises held out by successful aspirants at last Tuesday's election will be forgotten by everybody. It's one thing to paint a picture of what you think government ought to be—and quite another thing to accomplish it. And that goes for all candidates, too.

WHAT HAS BECOME of the old-fashioned student who did "home work" at home? And where is the parents who used to help him? Why, ask teacher—she doesn't know.

AS ONE OF OUR FRIENDS recently remarked: personally, we are in favor of the five-day week, seven-hour day, with a minimum wage of $30.00 per day. Who wants to hire us?

A VERY UPRIGHT SORT of man is the husband of Ellen Waldron, of St. Louis. He ate his meals standing up because she told him "never to put your foot under my table again."

MUSSOLINI SAYS that, each night before he goes to sleep, he reviews the mistakes he has made during the day. For some to follow his plan, would result in sleeplessness.

ONE OF THE MOST trying jobs in the world is the guiding of tourists through mountains. It is all uphill work.

NOW THAT COLLEGES and universities are in production again, we can start in to learn some more about football.

Inspired Thoughts

Man-Making

We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making, if
It does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the work, unless
The builder also grows.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

..EX-NTRIX

ETIQUETTE LESSON

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum.
"What manners!" says momma.
"My, My!"

Don't Tell Anybody

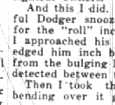
Or the Thrilling Adventures of Arf, The curb-stone setter, Continued.

(What went on before . . . Arf is born. He lands in the Bowery. He is blown into Holyoke, Mass. He is arrested. He escapes. He is adopted. He is kidnaped by the Artful Dodger, of Brooklyn who now holds him in his power and compels him to act as his ruse in obtaining money under false pretenses, a criminal offense. If you've read this far you might as well finish it.)

My plan to deceive the Artful Dodger was completed. While he sleeps, thought I, I will pilfer his pay-roll, grab his ill-gotten gains, lift his loot, steal his swag, cop his kale, delete his dough, bag his bucks, dip his do-re-mi, confiscate his cash, misappropriate his money, in fact, and return it to the rightful owners.

And this I did. While the Artful Dodger snoozed my appetite for the "roll" increased. Slowly I approached his mattress and edged him inch by inch, away from the bulging lump I so easily detected between the bed springs.

Then I took the 50,000 and bending over it greedily, I said



The sound of my voice awakened him and with a scream of perturbation he crawled methodically from his bed. In the meantime, however, I had run out into the night—with the money in my mouth.

(To be Concluded Next Week)

Vox Polly

YPSILANTI, Mich.—When Mrs. Ida H. McKay sought to cure coeds in her speech class of lisping she was informed the girls didn't want to be cured. They liked their lisps, they said, because it makes them more attractive to male students.

The man who called small change chicken feed never took a flapper to dinner.

Hearse Verse

Advice to those who live in little towns,
Where gossip never ceases:
Pick friends—not, clowns,
And don't pick them to pieces.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

What is an icicle?
A stiff piece of water.

What kind of a hen lays an Italian egg?
Guinea hen.

What is a free thinker?
Any man who isn't married.

PET PHRASES OF POPULAR PESTS

Political Chairman: The man I am about to introduce.

After Dinner Speaker: In closing I just want to say.

Movie Moron: Isn't he cute?

Deadbeat: I'll put a check in the mail tonight.

Saleslady: Isn't that hat a lovely little thing. It was just made for your type.

Telephone Talker: I called you several times, but I guess you were out.

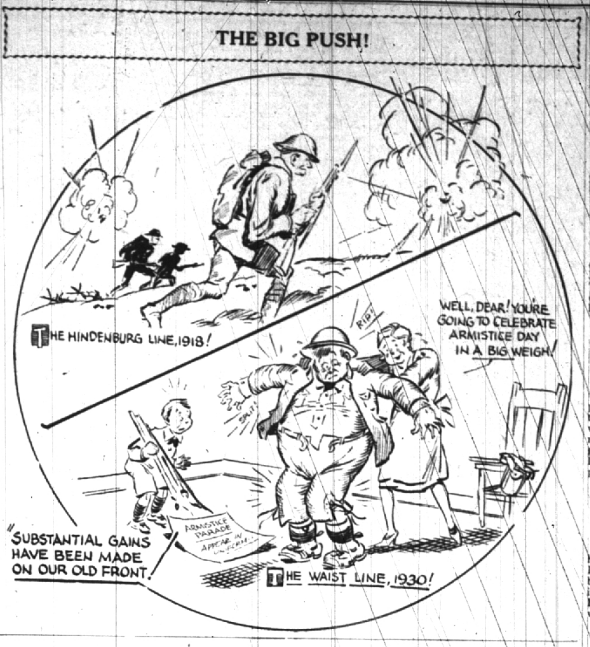
Famous Finales

SILO, Ky.—Basil Fret is sorry that he bought such a good bird dog. When officers raided Fret's property they found a still, 26 barrels of mash and 76 gallons of moonshine, BUT THEY COULDN'T FIND FRET. They were about to leave when Fret's pointer trotted out of the house and "made a point" in a patch of weeds. Officers kicked the weeds and out popped Mr. Fret.

SALLY'S SALLIES

Some women put their figure before their health because it's their weigh.

THE BIG PUSH!



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:—

I belong to the minority in a "wet" state (New York) but the reception of my views on prohibition by various groups in Birmingham leads me to express myself through your columns.

I favored the Eighteenth Amendment because I was disgusted with and alarmed at the lawlessness of the liquor interests. I wanted to outlaw liquor and abolish the saloon and that is what the amendment did. That it would diminish drinking I also hoped, but that it would stop it altogether was farthest from my thoughts, for cupidity and appetite always find a way.

From what I can see conditions are very much better now than they were under the previous system of license, even though the law is imperfectly enforced and so I am still for the Eighteenth Amendment.

Of course it is for the several states, through their representatives in Congress to say whether there shall be a change or not. But will they now reverse their almost unanimous action of thirteen years ago by originating any resolution in Congress looking towards repeal? It is their right to do so but my guess is that the states are not looking for trouble of that kind, even with federal support. They burned their fingers once with that fire.

Yours truly,
HARVEY SIMMONS.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Dwight W. Morrow, Republican candidate for U. S. Senator from New Jersey:

"Any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponent blames it for the drought."

James J. Walker, Mayor of New York:

"All the glory is gone, all the glitter is off. It is just a hard job and someone else can have it."

Wolfgang von Gronau, German Trans-Atlantic flyer:

"To my great surprise I did not see a single gunman in Chicago."

Kathleen Norris, author:

"The fear of age blinds us to beauty."

G. K. Chesterton, British author:

"In some modern books the immorality is so chaotic that it makes one laugh. It reveals mental, not moral, collapse."

Romert Hutchinson, doctor:

"Vegetarianism is harmless enough, although it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness.

Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican candidate for United States Senator from Illinois:

"Women want a speaker to get up and say it and get it over with—no funny stories, nor bunk. Men never will learn that."

Eugene R. Black, President, Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank:

"If the mortgages on our farms in America were paid, there would be no farm problem."

A. E. Heath, professor of Philosophy:

"By looking at things with a slightly humorous twist we are not likely to be bamboozled by high sounding phrases."

The Other Chap Says Something—

NOT WAVERING

Editor Murl H. DeFoe of the Charlotte Republican-Tribune, writes the following:

"The writer is wavering in his opposition to capital punishment. The dastardly killing of State Trooper J. S. Burke by bank bandits has reopened this biennial discussion. We would like to suggest one other plan before committing the state to legalized killing. It is public flogging. By public we mean on the court house square. How many times would a young offender, no matter how vicious he is, return for a public flogging? Jail and prison sentences do not seem to reach the pride and vanity of these youthful criminals. Add ten lashes once a week across the bare back to the present day sentences and the state would be well on the way toward suppression of crime. Seems like a step backward and we wouldn't want the flogging job but the plan, in our opinion, would go a long ways toward changing the viewpoint of most of our early stage criminals. If that fails then it will be of these potential law breakers."

You are not "wavering," Mr. DeFoe. You are coming to see the viciousness and fiendish depravity of modern criminals in its true light. You are wrong about the public whipping post. That would soon excite a revolt. This punishment of crime is not a pretty thing—it is not a thing to expose to the view of innocent boys and girls or to the morbidly curious. It is a sorbid but solemn responsibility being forced upon decent and law-abiding citizens in order that they may protect their lives and property. It should be done behind closed doors, but none the less severely and effectively than you have outlined.—Clinton County Republican-News.

SCHOOL AND THE COUNTRY LAD

School in the country has something that the city pupil knows nothing about. There are the roads—and we like those narrow country lanes with weeds growing along the side—sometimes these roads are dusty, sometimes they are muddy, but always they make "barefooting" a luxury. Let the city lad pound the unchanging sidewalks and view the monotony of house fronts—the country boy has such a variety of changing things that if he has anything of the poet or artist latent within him it will be brought out by those walks through the country lanes. He sees nature dying in the fall time—blanketed with snow during the winter, and coming to new life with buds and sprouts in the springtime. The smell of plowed sods, the odor of dying weeds, the fragrance of springtime—ever changing those sensations—ever changing the moods that go with them. There is the music of the country—songs of birds—the honk of geese as they travel southward in the fall and north in early spring—They suggest distance and space as they leisurely wend their way through the skies—what are books to that? Books are what men, other men, say about all those things, and who cares about what others say about what you witness yourself? Least of all a carefree schoolboy.—Sibley (Iowa) Tribune.

CRIME IN THE COMICS—

Crime has been extended to the funny page. Andy Gump is charged with a super theft and has been in jail. Tilda was seen sitting on a bench in a cell. Harold Teen is out on bail. Not long ago Ella Cinders was before the court. And even the dog Riley appeared behind the bars.

Crime is not so funny; but some of the unsolved mysteries are. When innocent Andy with a thimblefull of brains and scant discretion can be accused and Harold can be arrested for a robbery he did not commit, our American system of something or other seems to be at fault.

Crime is no joke. But the myriad pettifoggers and slow courts are. When a civil case can drag on for years in but two courts, here is something that will never be arrested for the speed limit. Technicalities are allowed to trip up justice; but clipping is penalized on the football field. A jury has to be blindfold in our estimation.

Sherlock Holmes gained popularity largely because of Scotland Yard's humorous attempts to catch criminals. But Scotland Yard is different today and, like the Canadian mounted police, always gets its man, largely because A. Conan Doyle held it up to ridicule.

The joker can sometimes laugh in a reform when serious preachments fail. One reason why Sherlock Holmes died before Doyle was because his work was done.

The funnies may help to serve the same purpose in America. Maybe Gump in jail may also help Mayor Thompson of Chicago to find his wife's jewels. That magistrate now has something closer at home than the King of England to worry over.—Flint Weekly Review.

OUR SCRAP BOOK

RESPONSIBILITY MUST BE PERSONAL

To get results, responsibility must be personal and individual.

The instant responsibility is divided it ceases to be effective.

Someone once said that if you have five men available for ditch digging, you can get more work done in less time by appointing one man foreman and letting four dig than you can by asking all five to dig without a leader.

In one case you can hold one man responsible for results, and you can get results; in the other case all five will be equally responsible—and also equally irresponsible.

"Buck passing" is the by-product of divided responsibility.

The most efficient business organizations are those where duties are exactly known, and where responsibility is definitely fixed.

We need groups for deliberation and individuals for action.

—William Feather.

ParaLaffs

It Would

Medical science has reduced our death rate 50 per cent since 1900. Now that we all may expect to live longer, it would be nice if some one would do something about what on.—Judge.

Fair Exchange

Most of the navy recruits come from the corn belt, but why not? Eastern cities provide most of the farm experts.—Duluth Herald.

It Does

Position means everything. A dress that hangs down behind is an evening gown, and a dress that hangs down in front in an apron.—Detroit News.

Patience, Brother

Amos Woodcock has told the country how he will enforce prohibition, but not when.—Miami Herald.

Solved?

Trained investigators are gradually coming to the conclusion that Jake Lingle and Arnold Rothstein killed each other.—New York World.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Ain't you ashamed to borrow your local paper. Subscribe for it yourself.

Now it's all over and done with, everybody quit lying about their neighbors and let us have peace for about four years.

Married at Pontiac last Sunday, Mr. Lorenzo Shannahan to Miss Dinah F. Vokes, both of Troy. The newly made pair have our best wishes for a long and happy life.

Whitehead (Rep) had a Garfield and Arthur brandy sauce pudding Wednesday last, and he was mean enough to send the pudding bag string to Mitchell (Dem) and insisted that the little man should chew it.

Anyone who found a silk pocket handkerchief, white center, brown border, please leave it with George H. Mitchell at Hagerman's store, right a way, for the good lady says she lost it at a Democratic meeting and never expects to see it again.

Died in Southfield, Oct. 17, of old age and general debility, Bobby, beloved bird of Miss E. E. Logan, aged 10 years. "Bobby" was buried with appropriate ceremonies.

Robert Hunn, of Southfield, having fixed up his residence, on Pierce street, so that it fairly bristles with neatness, moved into it as a permanent home this week. He is an honest, quiet citizen and we are glad to have him with us.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mrs. S. J. Harris is doing as well as any one could expect under the circumstances and is a very patient patient.

Married in Detroit, Saturday night last, Miss Jessie Gould and Mr. Fred Nixon. Congratulations are in order.

The Misses Lou MacDougall and Edith Koontz spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lou Roy at their home in Detroit.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage, Saturday evening, by Rev. S. R. Williams, Miss Eleanor Frazer and Walter Groves, all of Birmingham and vicinity.

The Ladies' aid society of the Baptist Church will hold its monthly business meeting and supper at Mrs. Cassius Crawford's Wednesday, Nov. 8th, everybody welcome.

Visitors at Lone Pine last week and this are the sisters of Mrs. Emma C. Tibbills, Mrs. Ellen Bower, of Farmington, and Mrs. Ida Tibbills, of Vassar. All had a good time until Mrs. Tibbills was called home suddenly by a phone call on account of dangerous illness of an aged aunt there.

The anti-spitting ordinance No. 64 just passed by the Village Council of Fowlerville, for sanitary purposes, would delight the heart of Mattie Baldwin of our place to see the Birmingham Council act likewise.

One of the teachers in our vicinity was somewhat surprised at the lightness of one of her pupils when the following conversation took place. "Robert," said the teacher, "give me an example of the use of the word 'damper' in a sentence." Robert thought a moment, then delivered himself of the following: "Teacher is damper-ticular about our English."

Through her attorneys George W. Caswell and Aaron Perry, Jennie Smith, of Birmingham has filed a declaration of a suit for $10,000 damages vs. the D. U. R. She sets up that on the night of Nov. 20, 1904, she was a passenger on one of their cars and that the conductor jerked the bell rope to start the car before she alighted. She was thrown to the ground and claims the damages for internal injuries she alleges she received at that time.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Oakland County's 1926 budget will contain substantial salary increases for many county officials, according to the report accepted and adopted by the Board of Supervisors who were in the Fall session at Pontiac last week.

Paving of the west side of Woodward avenue from Pontiac to Detroit will be completed before winter if the weather remains favorable for three more weeks, according to Leon V. Belknap, county road engineer.

Despite the fact that assessed valuations of property in Bloomfield township have mounted vastly during the past year, the total annual winter tax rate this year is in excess of that of a year ago. According to figures furnished yesterday by Robert T. Moore, Bloomfield township supervisor, the rate for this year will be $30.18 for each thousand dollars of assessed valuation in Birmingham. A year ago it was $29.07. The rate varies in much lower amounts through the balance of the townships, due to school conditions.

A cousins' party will be given by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Raymond Saturday night at their home on Harmon avenue. There will be a buffet supper, followed by bridge. The guests are all related and will include Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Davock, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wasey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wasey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Buick, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Davock, and Mr. and Mrs. Justin Whiting.