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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 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 copy 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.

Detroit: Big Or Good?

Certain vested interests in the overburdened and unbalanced city of Detroit are fearful that the Fourth City of the United States may trade places with Los Angeles, the Fifth City. They lament such a terrifying possibility—not upon the ground that Detroit will lose any of its peace and happiness (if it still has any of these values left) but that some of the money-making attractions that go with being THE Fourth City may be lost. Briefly, the reason why those who are fighting to keep Detroit ahead of Los Angeles concerns itself only with monetary returns.

How would Detroit, or those interested in the municipal race with the California metropolis, retain its population lead? Simple; just annex villages, towns, and cities as rapidly as it becomes necessary. For instance, when Los Angeles cops off a couple of suburbs, then all Detroit needs to do is to reach out in any or all directions, take in whatever it can, and then blazon forth to the world that it is still THE Fourth City!

As though mere size has anything to do with the values of life that people are really concerned with!

As though you might expect, for instance, to find within any greedy, grasping and too often grafting metropolis the kind of community life that is found in Birmingham, Pontiac, Ferndale, Royal Oak, Pleasant Ridge, and other nearby communities. Oh, we do not mean to imply that even a small majority of Detroit's fine citizens want the kind of a town they now possess; (as you bring to your mind the mess it has gotten into with its own municipal government.) no, God bless 'em and help 'em, most Detroiters desire honest, clean, efficient government—but they simply can't obtain it for the very good reason that already their town is too huge for controllable municipal administration.

Henry Ford's own argument upon this subject is backed by many people, including Kagawa, acclaimed as the modern Christ of Japan. Here is what Kagawa said about big towns in an article in a recent issue of the Christian Century: "We must cure the towai-byo—metropolitan polismania. Ford is right—I have the same idea—that no city should grow to be more than 200,000 in population. What do you have a big city for? Unemployment, social unrest, class struggle, suicide,—throwing oneself down to the ground from the top of a skyscraper! Let's have the rapid transit to connect with smaller towns with gardens. In Denmanyo villages of Japan there are sunshine, back gardens, vegetables, streams beside the gardens, plenty of sunshine and red cheeks!"

Detroit may argue that, by annexing other communities to itself, it will save unnecessary duplication in taxes to pay for administration. To that may be answered, without fear of contradiction: for every dollar that we, as smaller residential areas pay for local clean government, you—because of your bigness and its attendant uncontrollable government—actually waste treble the amount in inefficiency and corruption.

There are many things in life that people want, that they can get only in small centers of population. Compared with the small community, the big municipality offers as much to the home-lover as an apartment house does over an individual flower-bordered bungalow.

As far as lasting values are concerned, Detroit may well forget the pace that Los Angeles, or any other place, sets with regard to population growth. Until it assimilates what people it now has, the Motor City will do well to forget size, and pay more attention to its character.

CHET HOWELL, state senator, also publisher of the Chesaning Argus, is as happy as a boy with a new bicycle over the success of Wilber M. Brucker for the Governorship. Mr. Howell fairly beams his exuberance—one would have to be green with envy for huge gobs of ornery meanness to frown upon Chet's countenance.

NEVER MIND, SETH Q. Palver, of Owosso, disappointed Republican aspirant for Attorney-General who was double-crossed by Governor Fred W. Green at the state convention in Grand Rapids recently: just continue to be a good sportsman and who knows but what you'll pulverize 'em in the hence.

SIMPLY BECAUSE it is related in the Bible that Jesus once turned water into wine, the Hearst papers argue that all ministers should agree that prohibition should not be imposed upon the American public. Well, the Bible also records that Jesus was crucified on the cross—yet the Hearst papers are against capital punishment. Why do they oppose the quaking aspen cross, or the modern electric chair, and yet favor the flowing bowl? They apparently discriminate between the kind of "juice"—for they draw their's from the vine, not the wire.

WHO REMEMBERS WHEN people overwhelmingly favored bond issue after bond issue for various and sundry public improvements?

Panics Are Mental Attitudes

When FEAR grips the human mind, intelligence flees from the head, and panic, in varying degrees, takes place. According to all we are able to learn upon the subject, the present suppression of good times is based very largely upon panic-stricken minds, induced by an orgy of speculative gambling when the stock market crashed a year ago. Just as the inflated values of stocks of a year ago were only creations of the mind, (for the basic wealth of the industries owning the stocks was not in keeping with the inflation, as we all know) so is the present business lack a manifestation of people's minds—with the pendulum of faith merely swung the other way.

Have you ever been seated in a large auditorium, a theater, or other place where human beings have been herded up in close quarters, and listened to the cry of "fire!" as it sounded from some fear-gripped human throat? And—though you may not have seen this yourself, you have read about many such incidents—do you not recall instances of where the cry of "fire!" was merely a false alarm, yet resulting in a general rush for exits; many times one or more persons have been hurt—even killed—as stampeding, fear-impelled humans blindly fought their ways to desired safety. Whether founded upon fact, or not, the feared cry of "fire!" generally induces panic among those who hear it. Just so do most people react to the cry of alarm in the economic system.

And just as order is restored in a theater where no fire really existed, and the audience returns to its seats for the performance, so will the citizens of our country, and of the world, be quieted of their economic fears, and start in to make the normal purchases of life. Already the buying period has begun—and those who purchase now are assured of greater economies than those who wait until the laws of supply and demand send prices upward.

Fear is giving way to faith. The economic cry of "fire!" was only a false alarm, after all.

The Dark Continent

It is said that less is known about county government in the United States than about the government of any of the other political subdivisions.

Yet these county governments are responsible for a very important part of the total tax bill. If they are inefficient and wasteful, we must all pay for it. On the contrary, if they are economical and efficient, we all benefit.

County government has been called the dark continent of American politics. Until we pay greater attention to it, there can be no appreciable reduction in local taxation.

Beer Drinking Contests

A Texan from El Paso, whose name is given out as J. A. Dent, drank a half gallon of beer in Juarez, Mexico, in just 22 3-5 seconds; he was given a $20 gold piece and the title, "champion beer drinker of the world." And that makes some dent in and among beer drinking circles, we suppose.

A woman also entered the contest, but was disqualified from winning second place just because she spilled some of the beer down her shirt waist.

Anyway, according to Detroit prices, we are informed by our spy in that nearby burg, Dent consumed a fortune in beer during the contest. Just think how Michigan could relieve its tax burden by staging several beer drinking contests—and collecting the malt tax.

The Tragedy Of Self

There is a world within each of us which, if we gave it time to grow and flower into reality, would delight us with its marvellous sweetness, its beauteous loveliness, its grand harmony and orderliness. But most of us are unable to find time to attack life's simple fundamentals—we are too concerned with mere trivialities and empty strivings. Most of us are cathedral organs—with no one to play upon the keys.

JUDGE A. R. CRESTON, of Iowa, recently handed down a decision in which he admits that no court should, or could if it wanted to, stop a woman from talking. You don't suppose the judge's wife is responsible for that decision, do you? So do we.

FRANCE, ACCORDING to certain economists, is attracting a major portion of the world's gold, and is destined to get into difficulties if too much of the yellow stuff is centered there. The same thing seems to happen when you garner too much wheat in a country—many appear to starve.

NOW, WE HAVE LOTS of respect for respectable Democrats—and we always thought that "Bill" Comstock, candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket, was such. But when he campaigns on the premise that he will find a job for everybody, we think he's all wet. He might just as well argue that he can repeal the prohibition law by himself, or call off a rainstorm.

OWNERS OF THE FAMOUS Detroit night restaurant, Oriole Terrace, are seeking to have the federal government remove the padlock placed upon its front door for alleged liquor violations. Looks, however, as though the padlock might remain a staple article.

Inspired Thoughts

Your Power With Your Child

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It bent and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past,
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it still it bore,
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded it with power and art—
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone;
He was a man I looked upon.
The early imprint still he bore,
But I could change him nevermore.

—(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.)

..EX-NTRIX

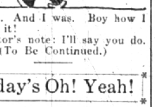
Don't Tell Anybody

The Thrilling Adventures of Arf, the Curb-Stone Setter
Continued

(What went on before: Arf, famous dog-adventurer, is about to be tagged farewell by his brutal master when Sleezy Slumber, a Bowery character, comes to his rescue and knocks the aforesaid brutal master for a row of waterproof sponges. Both Sleezy and Arf, however, had forgotten that Arf's master carried a bottle of nitroglycerin in his vest pocket. When Sleezy's victim hit the floor the result was hair-raising and Arf "comes to" in Holyoke, Mass., running down the street, yelling, "Fire!" As he turns a corner . . . Now go on about your business.)

I sprinted into the middle of a parade of bearded firemen observing Fire Prevention Week with all the appropriate ceremonies. I upset two floats and the ladder truck before I could stop. When the confusion became more confused and those who had heard my last shout of "Fire!" saw me, the chase was on.

Back into the business district I ran, hardly knowing where I was going. In a few moments I would drop, turn up, as does, kick in, sign off and give up the ghost, I thought. Every step of the way was torture. But as I rounded another corner, a very large policeman caught me and took me in his arms.



says he. And I was. Boy how I needed it!

"Editor's note: I'll say you do.

(To Be Continued.)

Today's Oh! Yeah!

DIPLOMAT DRESSES FOR BIG CEREMONY; PATRIOT SHOCKED

Valhalla.—Benjamin Franklin, famous patriot, while working in his laboratory in the Elysian Fields today, was informed that Hanford MacNider, new minister to Ottawa, wore his full regimentals when he appeared at the ceremony to present his credentials to Viscount Willingdon. Mr. Franklin, soberly dressed, was experimenting with a new electrical device. At first he did not seem interested but when the announcement was repeated Mrr Franklin accidentally crossed two wires. There was a blaze of light and Mr. Franklin declared, "I'm shocked." His remark was repeated in official circles in Washington, D. C., today when other patriots criticized Mr. MacNider.

Little Wonder

(Advertisement)

STRAYED AWAY—IRISH TERRIER, wore yellow collar; $50 reward. Phone Siddle. Apricot 4697.

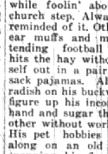
(From a Contributor)

Times remain bad, but the business of highwaymen still is holding up.

Star boarders also exert a far-reaching influence.

SHORT-SHOT BIOGRAPHY

Franklin Maccabee Bones McTavish was born in White Collar, Alabama, the year that Carrie Nation discarded her rubber heels. At the age of 12 Frankie played the part of Rolling in Joe Jobb's great play, "Near Beer." Since that time Moms. McTavish has been troubled with several little idiosyncrasies, and even today this day may be seen walking about with purple spats, triple-headed cane and a flashlight in his lapel. When he was 16 he lost his sock supporters while foolin' about on a village church step. Always blushes when reminded of it. Other facts: Wears ear muffs and mittens when attending football games. Never hits the hay without decking himself out in a pair of crimson cossack pajamas. Always east horseradish on his buckwheat cakes. Can figure up his income tax with one hand and sugar the bones with the other without working up a sweat. His pet hobbies are: Plunging along on an old plug days, and snapping his fingers to the tune of "Big Dick" and "Little Joe" at night.



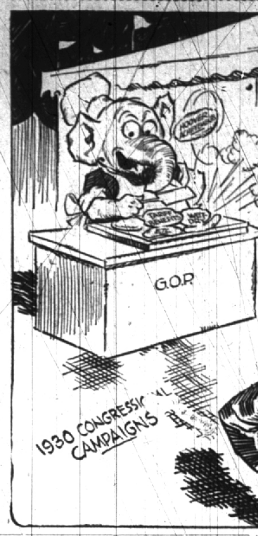
Famous Finales

(Special to Horus Pocus)

CORKVILLE, Miss.—Always a careful man, Rill Whipplebranch leaves nothing to chance. To be

sure the safety catch was on his pistol, he pulled the trigger. A surgeon took the bullet out of his thigh.

THEY'RE RED HOT, FOLKS! R-R-RED HOT!



The Other Chap Says Something—

A FINE TEAM

When the Republican state convention met here last week to name the new state administrative board, it selected two especially able and fine young men to the important posts of secretary of state and state treasurer. They were Frank Fitzgerald of Grand Ledge, secretary of state, and Howard Lawrence of Ionia, state treasurer.

Fitzgerald had no opposition for the appointment he so richly deserved, while Howard Lawrence stood head and shoulders above candidates nominated to oppose him. He deserved his victory.

Both of these men are young, energetic and capable. No one has ever had the opportunity to question their integrity, or their qualifications for the positions they have been given. In them the state has two young officials who will reflect nothing but credit upon their offices.

Mr. Fitzgerald has been in the service of the state for over a dozen years. The convention probably named no man for office better acquainted with state affairs, and more genuinely respected and liked than Frank Fitzgerald.

While we may have questioned the company Howard Lawrence has kept during the past four years, The Chronicle is pleased to see him advanced. Regardless of the band wagon he may be aboard, Howard Lawrence is Howard Lawrence and we feel that with his four years of experience at Lansing, in the very heart of state affairs, Mr. Lawrence will be a good public servant.

These two new comers to the state administrative board will make a team of public officials of which the whole state can be justly proud.—Geo. Welsh in the Grand Rapids Chronicle.

PEOPLE ARE DRY

The 18th amendment has not been a failure as many believe. No law the government has passed or tried to enforce has received the co-operation of much more than a majority of the voters of the country. It takes time to bring about a revolution of thought and action, and to do this it has been necessary to educate the people, not by roundly condemning the opposition, but by showing the way.

We have no sympathy with the person who says the 18th amendment has been a failure. Those people have been using exceptions to influence their thought, without giving consideration to anything but their personal desire or from a few exceptions they can point to.

In the United States Congress as well as Senate, and we can come to Michigan in our law making bodies and we find that the big majority of them are dry and will do everything possible to make the nation so. They know that by arbitrarily passing laws that cannot be enforced they weaken the dry law, and for that reason have withstood the onslaught of Mr. Hosaple.

The majority of the people of the country are dry and will remain dry but do not and will not countenance the criticism and supervision that is trying to be forced on them by the Anti Saloon League. Paul J. McDonald in Gaylord (Mich.) Times.

A GILBERTIAN PUZZLE IN MARTAIL RELATIONSHIP

Here is one that convinces us the tourists and resorters have pretty much left the north country to shift for itself, and that the relocation of the St. Ignace auto ferry dock isn't bothering our neighbors any longer, because our brother editor of the St. Ignace Republican-News was able to think up this one:

"I married a widow with a daughter. My father, who was a widower at the time, frequently visited us. He fell in love with and eventually married the daughter, thus becoming my son-in law, and my step daughter becoming my mother-in-law, as well as becoming my step mother.

"Shortly thereafter, my wife gave birth to a son, who is my uncle, for he is certainly the brother of my step-mother. To involve matters more, my father's wife also became the mother of a son. This boy is my brother and also my grandchild.

"My wife is logically my grandmother for she is my step-mother's mother. I am therefore my wife's husband, and grandchild, and since the husband of anyone's grandmother is his own grandfather, I have to acknowledge that I am my own grandfather."

STREET BEGGING

Street begging is a $150,000,000 business in the United States alone, according to William F. McDermott, Chicago newspaper man, now visiting in the September "Rotarian." Add to that the $100,000,000 collected by fake charity organization racketeers and you have a tidy quarter billion dollars that big-hearted American citizens give to charity panhandlers.

When four "legless" cripples in Chicago traveled to their posts by taxi, reports Mr. McDermott, they were arrested by police and found to have nearly $100 in their pockets—a half hour's profit. An Omaha "blind" pencil-seller was found to own a prosperous rooming house. University students have found panhandlers making as high as $200 a day, and a palsied New York subway "specialist" was discovered to have $40,000 in first mortgages.

Fake charity promoters and "war relief" are surefire appeals. They know that few citizens will risk ridicule by checking-up on those who solicit in the name of religion or soldier-welfare.

The solution of the problem, says Mr. McDermott, is for the Chamber of Commerce, or some other non-partisan civic organization, to prepare a roster of authorized charities. Citizens would be asked to refrain from donating to causes not on the list.

The problem of the line beggar can be solved by such charitable institutions as the Salvation Army issuing relief tickets. The citizens supplies himself with these coupons, which, when presented by the recipient to the organization, are good for lodging and breakfast. The citizen is then billed for the actual cost. Wherever such systems are in use, says Mr. McDermott, they have been found useful in weeding the truly needy cases of poverty from the false.—Northville Record.

ParaLaffs

Arc Arms Proper

The bureau of standards of the United States department of commerce has taken upon itself the task of defining the position of the woman's waist line. It seems that is a subject which could be decided at an arms conference.—Wichita Beacon.

And the laziest guy in the world is the fellow who hires a caddy on miniature courses.—Judges.

Is It Fur Or?

A man can borrow a cigarette from a girl now, but the worst won't have happened until the frail can borrow a compact from the man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Smith W. Brookhart, U. S. Senator from Iowa:

"Too many American Legion conventions have just been drunken revels."

George W. Wickersham, chairman Law Enforcement Commission:

"If an adequate sum were expended yearly for the welfare of our children perhaps one-half of the money expended in maintaining delinquents would be saved."

E. P. Mulrooney, Police Commissioner, New York:

"The modern killer runs little risk. He hires a boy 16 or 17 years old; the boy does the shooting; not even knowing the man put on the spot or why he is killed."

Anthony Hope Hawkins, British speaker:

"Some day soon we will be faced with the difficulty of establishing a universal language which will be understood by the empire, by the U. S. A., India and America. What that language will be, I do not know, but I am disposed to think it will come from Hollywood."

Ivor Brown:

"A high brow is one educated far above his intelligence."

The Prince of Wales:

"When you are too old to play golf you had better die."

F. G. Bleaford, authority on English pronunciation:

"I think the ideal accent is that which betrays neither your mother's birthplace nor your father's income."

Paul L. Hardesty, New York banker:

"We can safely say that the present cycle of depression has practically reached the bottom and the worst is over."

Morris Lichtenstein, Rabbi:

"When oppressed with failure, when stricken with suffering, in bereavement, man forgets his doubts and his wavering beliefs and instinctively turns to God for rescue."

Albert Bushnell Hart, Historian:

"The name Ford goes along with that of Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama and Christopher Columbus in bringing the ends of the earth together."

Adolph Zukor, moving picture executive:

"We are in close touch with business conditions in the smallest hamlet in the country. We feel no pessimism. Business right now is normal throughout the country."

Gilbert K. Chesterton, British author:

"The modern novel impresses many as a kind of sack which people use as an indiscriminate dumping place for ideas."

Nancy Astor, American born peeress:

"If married women look at a bachelor they get a little more reconciled to their husbands."

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME

OUR SCRAP BOOK

DEVELOP A SENSE OF HUMOR

A sense of humor is the finest flower of civilization.

With a sense of humor one can face the world and enjoy his misfortunes, be they business or personal.

Without a sense of humor one would travel the road of life without pneumatic tires or shock absorbers.

The three nations that I most admire have a highly developed sense of humor. The three that I most dislike have a distorted sense of humor, or none at all.—William Feather.