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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 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.


## County Government Costs

Oakland County supervisors, now being given an excellent example in practical economy by their new board of auditors, during the present session are manifesting signs of frugality themselves. That is to say, the supervisors are seriously considering ways and means of decreasing the overhead of county government, to the end that taxes may be kept within reasonable bounds.

On the whole, Oakland County's governmental costs have been rather high; this does not mean that responsibility for the various expenses incurred against the credit of the county should be attached solely to the various public officials—for many of the officials have merely followed out the legally expressed demands of the general public for new improvements, or other matters rendered in the name of government.

For more than ten years Oakland County, along with Detroit, and many other rapidly expanding areas in this country, has been sailing over rollicking seas of prosperity; since a government can at best only reflect the thoughts and desires of those who constitute it, it is no surprise to learn that taxes rise in proportion to other expenditures—for when the average citizen is "flush" with money, he pays little heed to his tax receipt.

We commend any efforts on the part of county officials to curtail the cost of conducting government. Even a casual glance at the alarming increase in delinquent taxes in Oakland County should warn those aboard our Oakland County Ship of State that shoals and reefs lie ahead, and extreme caution must be exercised by those in charge if all passengers are to make port safely.

## A Real Woman-Hater

You may recall how roundly Schopenhauer, the German scholar and philosopher, hated women. Well, if the pessimistic German gent still clings to his ideas after all these years, he must have been first in line to receive T. M. Zink, 73-year-old Iowa chap who did this the other day: left his entire estate in a trust fund which will total $2,000,000.00 in 75 years, this sum to be used for a beautiful library over whose door will be chiselled these words "no woman admitted."

Zink, it appears, liberally and unreservedly detested womankind. He left his own daughter but five dollars, and willed that his widow may live in his house as long as she wants it for $40.00 per month. To say the least, Mister Zink must have made it easy for women to stay away from him.

Here, you see, "truth is stranger than fiction." It is difficult for one to believe that any man could so hate one or more people as to do what the Iowa corpse did by the manner in which the alphabet was arranged in his last will and testament.

Do you suppose that Zink's monument of hate will ever immortalize his withered soul?

A FAMOUS AUTHORITY on fire prevention declares that "fire prevention is largely a woman's job." True, Oscar, too true—for do not the ladies encourage men to do the sparking?

CHAIRMAN LEGGE, of the Federal Farm Board, believes that the solution to the wheat problem in this country is to raise less wheat and more corn—and to feed the surplus to stock. Would this mean that America must raise more hogs of the four-legged kind? Then, doesn't it naturally follow that the quadrupeds become bipeds via the dinner table? "Pigs is pigs," eh?

"WHY DON'T SOME of the big city politicians come right out for the use of bloodhounds in co-operation with police departments?" a blushing young damsel recently asked us. "Because, Dear Lady," we told her, "the big city politicians don't need to resort to bloodhounds in order to bleed the taxpayers—for said taxpayers get stuck plenty enough without canine teeth."

AN EFFORT IS BEING MADE in Germany to have the League of Nations prohibit the use of airplanes in warfare. Why not include the use of ammunition, too?

BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR., under fire for many months because of his alleged bucket shop and political activities, is a constant source of embarrassment to organized religion in this country, we believe. The best way we can think of for Mister Cannon to aid the cause of religious advancement in this country is to enter a backwoods retreat, a cave, or any other form of shelter that will allow him to step out of the limelight.

"POLITICS IS A FIGHT for spoils, not for justice," says E. W. Howe, Sage of Potato Hill, Kansas. Mr. Howe is nearly correct—would have been completely right had he said that politics is a fight in which most people who get into it are concerned only with its spoils, while a courageous few engage in its deathly whirls and eddies for justice. The few are like leaven; they make the thing endurable.

## Teachers And Parents

We suppose that the average school teacher is quite interested in his or her task of training children—something like parents. We suppose that teachers, like parents, become fretful at times, and (because they are not parents) are able to become much less interested in their pupils than parents. Really, when you ponder the lack of training and experience that both parents and teachers have upon the subject of bringing up children, you will be astounded at the success of some of their efforts.

Children are but new vessels, so to speak, into which civilization may pour the best of its attainments, so that these children, when grown to men and women, may offer enlarged ideas for the improvement of the human race. If teachers and parents are able to realize their respective functions with clearness of vision, they become inspired with their mission toward children, or adolescent youth—and fortunate, indeed, are children born of such inspired leadership.

## Go Back To The Farm

The best and most permanent manner to aid in stimulating business is for the state and federal governments to encourage competent persons to go back to, or take up, the ancient and honorable art of farming. Right now there are too many people herded up in the big cities with nothing to do. You can't eat shoes, automobiles, or radio tubes—but you can eat corn and wheat, beef and mutton, and you can wear wool, and you can keep warm with firewood. Instead of handing out what amounts to a dole to the unemployed, why not start them in business for themselves—on the land?

## Promising Politicians

The Farmington Enterprise, published by Hyman Levinson, a former Birmingham son, has this to say about politics and politicians:

"Well, it's all over now and all we have to do is sit down and wait for January 1, 1931, when the millenium will begin. For did not the candidates, those who were elected (as well as all those who were not), declare that they would run each of the offices of the County on a basis of economy, efficiency, courtesy, honesty, co-operation, energy, fearlessness, competence, soundness, impartiality, constructiveness, vision, friendliness, fairness, progressiveness, independence, regularity, accomplishment, good judgment, capability, integrity, unselfish service, faithfulness, experience, knowledge, and sincerity? What more could anyone ask?"

UP IN CHESANING, near Saginaw, Chet Howell, a state senator and leading light in many a political campaign throughout Michigan, publishes The Argus each week. Mr. Howell, during the recent gubernatorial campaign, was one of the first Michigan newspaper publishers to get behind the candidacy of Wilber M. Brucker. Chet is a valuable ally for any political figure in this state to have.

DOWN IN HACKENSACK, New Jersey, the proprietors of a "saloon" advertised it for sale in the classified section of a newspaper. We presume under the heading of "opportunities."

FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS of brown sugar were seized by Detroit police one day last week from a huge alcohol plant. The sugar was turned over to the Public Welfare Commission, to be distributed among Detroit's needy. Wasn't that sweet of the Detroit police?

TWO PITTSBURGH NUTS decided to see how long they could shake hands—and they lasted 383 hours. Think of all the energy they expended without even getting a single vote. (Politicians take notice.)

MAYOR-ELECT MURPHY'S plan to relieve un-employment in Detroit will consider men only who have lived there at least one year. We have no particular fault to find with this plan, but, considering it from a national aspect, we see in it a means of hastening federal relief to all needy citizens. For a hungry stomach is a hungry stomach anytime, and any place.

REPUBLICAN PARTY LEADERS, we observe, are determined that the popularizing of a plan to repeal the dry laws must be countenanced by themselves, if President Hoover is to be re-elected two years hence. How can they reconcile dry repeal with a Quaker's prohibition convictions? Surely, this must be admitted a corking good question, from which there is no twisting or turning—as with a corkscrew, eh?

A FRIEND OF OUR'S, Greek by birth, laments what he defines as "the fall of ancient Athens and the uncleanliness of the American bathtub." He was referring, you may guess, to the abuse to which Earl Carroll puts the enamelled concavity.

ONE VERY CERTAIN WAY to gain firsthand information about the capriciousness of the mob is to seek election to some major political office. Then you will learn just how impossible it is for even a small minority of the electorate to be able to vote for, or against, you with intelligence.

A CHICAGO JUDGE recently rendered as his opinion this: it is not illegal to own or sell a still, providing its use is not intended as illegal. Well, we must admit that we had entirely forgotten that a still may be used as a concrete mixer, airplane motor, fire hydrant, or snubber for automobiles.

NEW YORK CITY finds it necessary to use the services of 50 magistrates to conduct its municipal courts. A grand jury investigation now going on there places 13 magistrates "under scrutiny," news dispatches say. Well, that's lucky for the other 37, eh?

"DRYS ARE URGED to take heart," was the way a Detroit News headline writer referred to a speech given in Flint the other day by Dr. Ernest H. Charrington, secretary of the World League against Alcoholism. Well, according to the medical fraternity, too much alcohol is not good for the heart—so the drys ought to be away to a good start.

CORRECT THIS sentence: "I want your advice; really, I will follow it."

ISN'T IT TOO bad that the earth owns but two poles? So, if he becomes restless, we suggest that Admiral Byrd focus his efforts upon a trip to Mars.

## ..EX-NTRIX

### YOU'D NEVER HAVE THUNK IT!

Sandy MacSpinich, 93 years old, won the Midget Golf Course Championship at Eternity, Kan., yesterday, shooting the 18 holes in 17, one under par. Sandy's remarkable feat was made all the more remarkable on the home hole which he scored in nothing at all—less than a fraction. When MacSpinich dropped his ball to tee up on the eighteenth, his ball fell against the rubber knob on his crutch, bounded down the thirteenth fairway, struck a no parking sign and carromed into the cup. The rules committee allowed the score.

### Horse-Scope

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

The position of the stars this morning forecasts the return to popularity of croquet and long skirts. So long as the constellation remain in their present position salesmen of polo, golf, and soccer equipment will meet with success.

While the stars are in this position, housewives who delay cleaning out the children's playroom will be in danger of falling on the little red toy fire engine in back of the dining-room door.

Children born on this day will have "intelligent upper teeth" at the age of five; begin smoking when they're 23 and enjoy cribbage and fan-tan on rainy afternoons.

Rudolph Rausmitem, the famous Viennese composer of "Love Sends a Little Gift of Geeseberries," will long be remembered as the only musician ever to combine the oboe and the bassoon to express utter disillusionment in a symphonic poem.

* * *

### THIS WEEK'S SIMILES

As obsequious as a candidate before the primaries.

As agreeable as a candidate nominated to office.

### Don't Tell Anybody

**The Thrilling Adventures of Arf, The Curb-Stone Setter**

**Broadside and Head-on**

I, Chauncey Arf, admittedly the most adventurous dog in Bloomfield Township, am ready to tell all. For many years I have been beseeched and implored by various journals of the day and night, to tell of the amazing experiences that have made up my life. Their magnificent offers I readily spurned because I fully intended to carry my secret glories with me to the grave. I shall dig into the past and drag forth such amazing incidents in my complicated life, both on the stage and in real life, that the reader will be unable to restrain himself.

Why do I tell all now? What made me break my promise to myself?

Well, every dog has his day, even if they are dog days, but read on, Macbeth, and may the best man win!

Born in East Orange, N. J., of poor but honest parents, I'm told, my first recollection of life was in the Bowery of New York. Even as a child, how I loathed, hated, abominated, despised, abhorred and disliked the life there. It was just a series of kicks and quarrels with the other dogs in the neighborhood. Many of the scars I bear today I suffered as a mere child. When I grew to my full size, of course, no dog dared even bark in my presence and many of them today believe they are worms, or harmless kittens, or snails, because, having displeased me, they suffered the penalty. I hypnotized them and they have never been able to escape my hypnotic power. Even today, were I to wish it, I could summon them merely by thinking of it. But, that is only a chapter in my history. We shall return to it.

First among my vivid memories is the hideous "Cut-throat Chester" Colin, a knave if ever there was one. He it was who beat me into temporary submission when I was but a few months old and could not adequately defend myself. Colin trained me to pick pockets. I became very adept at it. In fact, of the many dogs in his kennels, I was the best pick-pocket of them all.

In my childish ignorance I believed that the constant practice we were forced to undergo was only part of an innocent game. And then, one day when I stole Colin's left shoe from off his very foot while he was unaware of it . . . the beginning of the end of my career with him had begun.

I had taken the shoe and buried it beneath the soiled dishes in the sink when Colin returned hurriedly from outdoors. It was not until he had stepped into the cold snow drifted about the front door that he had missed his shoe. He came straight at me and in violence thundered, "Where did you put my 'kickeas', you thieving little so-and-so?"

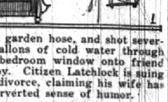
"In de kitchen, ya half-wit" says I in a bantering tone of voice. "Look under Thursday's dishes, you'll find it there. Pretty slick, don't you think? Of course you don't"

With that, "Cut-throat Chester" drew a sharp, double-edged swordfish from beneath a secret compartment in his bullet-proof vest. "Bah! You saffron-colored so-and-so," he screamed, "this will end ya . . ." and he lunged viciously towards me. Calm as ever a dog has been before or since, I raised my right paw as if to ward off the blow when suddenly—

(To Be Continued.)

### Famous Finales

FLIPTOWN, Ia.—Angry because her husband, Lemanuel, smoked cigars in bed, Mrs. Irma Latchlock stepped outside, picked



up a garden hose, and shot several gallons of cold water through the bedroom window onto friend hubby. Citizen Latchlock is suing for divorce, claiming his wife has a perverted sense of humor.

## NOT ALL THE FREAKS ARE IN THE CIRCUS THIS YEAR!

## The Other Chap Says Something—

**NOT ALL MEN HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR CREATOR—**

An incident in the life of Captain Nick Danese, a marine diver who was held captive by pressure in twenty-two feet of water for a period of twenty-six hours in lake Ponchartrain this week, proves conclusively that all men have not forgotten God.

More than one hundred men labored in the rescue of the captain, pumping oxygen thru a hose to the diver's helmet. After twenty-six hours of work before a crowd of fifteen hundred people awaiting in suspense, the diver was finally rescued.

The first thing Captain Danese did after his rescue was to hold up his hands to the crowd and ask them all to kneel in thanksgiving to Almighty God for his rescue. Everyone of the fifteen hundred kneeled and many silent prayers of thanksgiving offered, and it is reported that hardly a dry eye was evident during this impressive procedure.

The indifference of man is a common failing, but when one is face to face with his Maker, his faith manifests itself. The lamentable thing about this fact is that so many wait until the last minute of the eleventh hour before realizing the reality of a Supreme Being. "God is merciful," and in many instances He overlooks man's shortcomings and answers the prayers of His children, an example of which, no doubt, was the experience of Captain Danese.—Eaton County Journal.

**THE RENAISSANCE OF THE SUSPENDER**

The other evening we discovered an attractive little tea room on the west side where you can obtain a sandwich and cup of coffee much less poisonous than is usual in such establishments. The place is nicely decorated, and a half dozen attractive young waitresses add to the interest in the scenery. Possibly this last attraction is what brings the customers, most of whom appear to be high school students. They sit around drinking coffee, or dancing to the strains of a nickle-in-a-slot phonograph. The costumes of the female patrons are not to be described by a male pen, consisting of just the regular or garden variety of girls' apparel, but the clothing of the male customers presents one interesting point. They all wear suspenders. And the suspenders, instead of blushing unseen beneath a vest and shirt, stare the beholder boldly in the eye. The trick seems to be to get suspenders—now referred to more genteelly as "braces," after the British fashion—of as pronounced a coloration as possible, and then to wear them as conspicuously as may be. A number of the gentlemen make assurance doubly sure by wearing both suspenders and belt. (No doubt this reduces the insurance premium.)

Probably we should take this renaissance of the lowly suspender as the text for a discussion of the New Freedom or the New Something Else; however, we have a suspicion that it merely marks the success of some smart advertising agencies to "Make America Suspender Conscious."—The Grand Rapids Chronicle.

**YOUR YEARLY TOLL TO CRIME**

A certain former President of the United States, who is now attaining distinction as Columnist Coolidge, has performed a valuable service by drawing striking contrast between losses entailed this year by the drought and those caused every year by crime.

Mr. Coolidge uses the estimate of "a reliable authority" that the yearly damage from crime is $7,500,000,000. Calculations of other authorities have placed it at $13,000,000,000 and $16,000,000,000. In any case, drought losses, regrettable as they are, total only a fraction of the cost of crime.

Americans have heard so much about methods for reducing crime—reforming court procedure, improving police protection, divorcing politics from racketeering, preventing prisons from becoming schools of crime, moral education in home and school to lead youth away from criminality — that many have become somewhat bemazed by the intricacies of the problem. But such a simple and timely comparison as the distinguished columnist makes—bringing home to every individual that he pays a yearly tribute of more than $60 to crime—should give new meaning to the truism that crime does not pay.—Christian Science Monitor.

**CHARACTER**

The Christian religion has survived and assumed leadership in the Western World because it emphasizes conduct more than faith. "Faith without works is dead," declared Paul. The Christian religion has taught men to sublimate their animal instincts, to repress them. And these instincts being repressed have turned up in human life in a creative spirit, the possibility to initiate things, to go ahead, to take responsibility. The repression of these gross animal instincts have given men what is called character; that is, to say habits of industry, thrift, chastity, tolerance, benevolence, and something more than the mere attitude of live and let live known as loving kindness.

The reason why rip-snorting, hot-shot evangelism fails in the Christian scheme is because it rips out of the subconscious too many of man's primitive instincts. The yowlers, the pulpit pounding kioodders who teach men to hate Catholics, despise pagans, and distrust the Jews, are not preaching "Christ and Him Crucified." They are prophets of Baal. Evangelists of the Aimee McPherson type reveal this in their private life. The other day Aimee's mother said that Aimee beat her up and broke her nose, and Aimee responded by saying that her mother threw herself on the floor and began yelling. People who act like that inevitably teach like that and their teachings are futile. They stir up a few emotionally unstable people for a few days, a few weeks, or a few months, get them to "profess Christ" when they have no sort of notion what the Christ really stood for.

The Christian religion teaching men restraint, stressing duties rather than considering rights, making men walk humbly, circumspectly, even if they walk briskly, helping men to sublimate their lusts and desires, has transformed the environment of man in the last two thousand years in Europe and America as no other principle ever changed outer humanity in all the centuries of history. But it has been done not by emotional outbursts but by practicing the Christian virtues which only may be practiced when one keeps one's instincts well in leash.—William Allen White in Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

**On Top of the World**

Teacher—Jimmy, you should strive to be a successful man. You should aspire to reach the pinnacle of fame. Do you know what pinnacle means?

Jimmy—Yes, teacher; my father always enjoys a nice quiet game of pinnacle.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Will the operation be a dangerous one doctor?"

"No, no! You can't have a dangerous operation for ten guineas."—Punch.

## OUR SCRAP BOOK

**IDLE MONEY EARNS NOTHING**

A large city bank advertises "A circulating dollar gathers no interest."

It would probably be impossible to write a statement in so few words containing less truth.

A circulating dollar is the only dollar that does gather interest. A dollar in my sock or in a safety deposit box of a bank certainly does not gather interest, and yet such a dollar would be stationary.

Of course, we all know what the man who wrote this advertisement had in mind, but in failing to express himself clearly he simply helped to increase the economic illiteracy of his readers.

Theodore Price, of New York, once asked the members of an audience to count the money in their pockets. The figures showed that 500 men had approximately $30,000.

Mr. Price said this was altogether too much; that two-thirds of this money should be in the banks, working.

Banks, of course, are required to keep a certain percentage of their depositors' money in the safe, but this money in the safe does not earn anything. Other money, out at interest, must work all the harder to support this idle money.

Money is a tool, an instrument of commerce. When it is idle it is like any other idle machine—earning nothing.—William Feather.

## The "Big Shots" Say:—

**Elsie Janis**, actress, quitting the stage:

"I shall not get married. Why should I get married just to please a lot of people? Marriage is all right, if it is the thing one wants, but I don't want it."

**Kathleen Howard**, fashion editor of Harper's Bazaar:

"We're still waiting for men to treat us with the deference that they gave our mothers. The stage is set for a revival for romantic manners in men."

**John W. Davis**, former Democratic candidate for the presidency:

"To suggest that the task of establishing rules of international conduct is arduous is not to confess that it is impossible."

**E. Farquhar Buzzard**, professor of medicine at Oxford:

"The result to be aimed at (in recreation) is to have the mind preoccupied with problems entirely different from those existing with the individual's work."

**Smith W. Bookhart**, U. S. Senator from Iowa:

"Capital is not so important as humanity."

**Gilbert Seldes**, writer:

"It is the commonest experience to find scientist talking in terms which are almost indistinguishable from those of religion."

**Nicholas Murray Butler**, president, Columbia University:

"If those who achieve great wealth honestly and honorably treat their accumulation as merely a personal or family possession, then they strike a blow at liberalism of which communism will be quick to take advantage."

**Franklin D. Roosevelt**, Governor of New York:

"In some instances these big mergers take over a company worth $200,000, write it down on their books as costing $1,000,000 and issue stock for it."

**Hermann Keyserling**, German philosopher:

"The Chinese are the most civilized humanity which exists."

**Thomas A. Edison**:

"The work of the old masters is not art; their value is in their scarcity."

**Clyde R. Miller**, professor:

"Certainly, there is a point of diminishing returns, in dollars and cents, in formal education. If this were not so our Ph. D's would be millionaires."

**Knight Dunlap**, Johns Hopkins professor:

"One brain is equal to any other brain for purposes of training."

**Patrick Vizzard**, 104 years old:

"Prohibition is no good, modern girls are all right and a few bad habits are a good thing."

**Wallace Winchell**, manager of Salvation Army Hotel:

"Just place buttermilk next to every speakeasy and the buttermilk will win."

**Albert Einstein**, relativity professor:

"No one knows as yet how far I have gone. I do not myself."

## WHO'S WHO AND TIMELY VIEWS

### Economic Problems Described As Requiring Action

*By WINSTON CHURCHILL, M. P.*
*Former Chancellor of the British Exchequer*

*[Winston Churchill was born Nov. 30, 1874. He was educated at Harrow, preparatory school, and Sandhurst, military academy. Entering the army in 1895, he served with the Spanish in Cuba and later saw service in India and Africa with the British army. During the early days of the World war he served in France. His first important political position was in 1906, when he was under-secretary of state for the colonies. He rose rapidly, becoming president of the board of trade, home secretary, first lord of the admiralty, lord rector of Aberdeen university, minister of munitions, secretary of state for war; for air; for the colonies; and chancellor of the exchequer. He has written several books, and now represents the constituency of Epping in Essex in the British parliament.]*

The classical doctrines of economics found their citadels for nearly a century in the treasury and the Bank of England, and were all part of one general economic conception, amplified and expounded in all the Victorian textbooks and indorsed by most modern histories. But we are now in the presence of new forces not existing when those textbooks were written, and it is certain that the present economic problem is not solved at all by those books, however illustrious their authors.

It must be observed that economic problems, unlike political issues, cannot be solved by any expression, however vehement, of the national will, but only by taking the right action. You cannot cure cancer by a majority. What is wanted is a remedy. Every one knows what the people wish. They wish for more prosperity. How to get it? That is the grim question, and neither the electors nor their representatives are competent to answer it.

It would seem, therefore, that if new light is to be thrown upon this grave and clamant problem, it must in the first instance receive examination from a non-political body, free altogether from party exigencies, and composed of persons possessing special qualifications in economic matters. Parliament would, therefore, be well advised to create such a body subordinate to itself, and to assist its deliberations to the utmost.

I see no reason why such an assembly should not debate in the open light of day, and without caring a halfpenny who won the general election or who had the best slogan for curing unemployment, all the grave economic issues by which we are now confronted and afflicted. I see no reason why the economic parliament should not for the time being command a greater interest than the political parliament.

## Dinner Stories

**MURDER WILL OUT**

"When you told me this story last year you said you only killed three mutineers; now you say you killed thirty."

"True enough, Miss, but that was last year, afore you was really old enough to know the 'orrid truth—all of it."

**It Evens It Up**

Doris—Papa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet.

Youth—Is he?

"Oh, very! The last of my boys he tried to throw out was an amateur boxer."—Yorkshire Post.

**Con Spirito**

Dickering, dickering, doc,
With patients lined up for a block;
With fits and conniptions,
They wait for prescriptions,
Liquor me, liquor me, doc!
—Cincinnati Enquirer

Passenger—I smell powder smoke.

Pilot—Yes, that's Chicago down there.