BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1931

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.

Brucker's "Best Bet"

Governor Wilber M. Brucker is going to encounter some extremely difficult political barriers when he seeks re-election in 1932, if present conditions are not changed. It is no secret that ex-Governor Fred W. Green is becoming more and more unfriendly to Brucker; siding with Green are Howard Lawrence, state treasurer, John Gillespie of Detroit, and Bill McKeighan, Flint vote boss.

Gillespie, whom Brucker bitterly denounced last fall, has been given the job of getting money to put the Republican party over next year at the polls. You thus begin to see complications. As we see it, the only chance Governor Brucker has to outwit the Green crowd is to accomplish something really out standing for the people—thus he would be able to create his own circumstances (like Napoleon mentioned to somebody or other). Brucker went into office with more promises to the voters than any two Governors before him; what will he be able to deliver? To us, it appears that his "best bet" lies in the direction of law enforcement; if he is able to clean the state of any corruption and graft, he will gain the public goodwill.

Both Are At Fault

Seldom do you find a boy or a girl grow into an adult state of moral being which is very far superior to the example set by his or her parents. There is nothing that has a stronger influence upon people than the human example. Take the present-day criticism of public officials—especially law enforcing agencies elected and supported by the people. Most of them manifest about as much respect for law and order as the ordinary citizens—which is probably why certain laws are so loosely enforced.

Speaking to an audience in Raleigh, North Carolina, recently, Smedley D. Butler, fiery U. S. Marine, stated: "The people, themselves, are responsible for lack of law enforcement. There's not a police force in existence that can't clean up a town in a week when the mayor orders it, and the mayor will order it when the voters order him, and then see that their orders are carried out."

This applies, generally, to counties, states and municipalities. All the people of a given area have to do is to back up public officials in carrying out what the voters want. When citizens permit, or acquiesce, in conditions anywhere they have no right to complain. They are, as Gen. Butler says, "responsible."

A Difficult Task

In an effort to reduce the expense of conducting the local public schools, the school board has instructed supt. Clarence Vliet to "make such changes in both departments as will not react on the high educational standards of the system, impair the morale of the teaching force, or unduly circumscribe the community service now rendered, but which will effect a 10 per cent reduction from the present budget cost of instruction and operation, in addition to taking care of the normal growth in enrollment for the coming year." If the Board's desire is attained, will some mathematician determine how much money has been wasted during recent years by the spending of the 10 per cent now to be saved?

BIRMINGHAM'S CONTRIBUTIONS to the pageant of progress daily being enacted in public affairs the world over includes this week some interesting reports of Birmingham boys "making good" in distant lands: Pennock Wallaston, village youth, is representing his community with distinction as a member of the plebe track team at the United States Military Academy at West Point; Claude Streb, another village youth, wins honors as a painter and his still-life, "Brass," is prominently displayed at the Lansing Art Club; Nelson Vance Russell, Ph. D., professor of history at Coe College, and a former villager, is awarded the Lloyd Fellowship by the University of Michigan.

ANOTHER BIRMINGHAM resident's name was added to the list of aviation's immortals last week when Capt. L. M. Woolson, designer of the Deisel airplane motor and one of the most active workers for the establishment of a municipal airport at Detroit, was fittingly honored by a tribute to his memory. A bronze plaque commemorating his achievements was installed in the Municipal Hangar at the Detroit Airport. Capt. Woolson last spring joined Harry Brooks in the ranks of men whose lives have been sacrificed for the advance of the science of flight.

THE OAKLAND COUNTY BOARD of Supervisor's cordial reception of Bloomfield Township's new supervisor, Perry A. Vaughan, was made even more eloquent last week when that august organization appointed him to the ways and means committee and the county drains committee.

Good News

Good news is a word fitly spoken. It has value beyond that of gold and precious stones. The power of good news is as evident as the air we breathe, as necessary as meat and potatoes, and is as nourishing.

A word of approval, a smile of appreciation, and simple praise releases within us something briskly regenerative which kindles to flame the smouldering fires of ambition and aspiration. It is as though a weight has been taken from one's back.

Reality springs from the hard core of the impossible. Real accomplishments in this world have been inspired by the voice of a silver trumpet sounding good news.

Have you such a word for us? You, our friends and neighbors; have you a good word for us who are struggling to do a day's work well before the sun goes down? Say something to hearten us. Give us the word that will set us afire with resolution to do better 9nd to go farther than ever before.

Be generous, spread your good news far and wide so that none within the sound of your voice will go untouched, uncomforted. Sing us a song of the first robin of spring delayed. Speak to us of the good we have done aforetime, and prophesy of the great things we are to do by and by. Feed us with faith and arm us with courage, and we will go out and accomplish the impossible, and return singing songs of praise for the sustaining strength of your good news.

Be a harbinger of good news. Forget the bad news. Many of us are too conscious of our earth-bound condition. It is ever present, weighing us down. Doubt and fear have tied clogs to our feet. Ignorance and misunderstanding have laid heavy burdens upon our backs.

We look to you who know us, who work beside us sharing the fortune of the day, to speak good news while our ears may still hear. Speak and set wings to our heels. Our great need is for the words that tear away the leaden sky and let the stars shine through.

Could you perform a greater service than this? Is there a higher calling than that of trumpeter of good news? Great is he who hews out the way, but greater still to the hearts of men, is he who whispers the right word of hope, inspiration and courage. Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world, has been born of the good news that some shining soul passed along the line.

When you start out tomorrow morning, try to see how much good news you can pass along, and the help you give your fellow men, will help you.—Senator J. V. Weber, Herald, Slayton, Minnesota.

To Promote Peace

Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan, retired, favors no war, except in case of defending against an attack, unless a referendum is held and a majority of the voters favor the war.

Bernard M. Baruch, financier, wants to eliminate all profit from war. He would do this by "freezing" all prices so that no one could profiteer during the continuance of warfare.

Under the plan, proposed by Baruch, chairman of the War Industries board during the World War, all prices would be fixed by presidential proclamation at the pre-war level.

McGowan, paymaster and chief supply officer of the Navy during the war, said the constitution should provide that this country not declare war unless a majority of its citizens favored that action in a referendum.

He added the amendment also should provide that if the referendum resulted in war every able bodied male citizen between the ages of 18 and 35 be drafted. He advocated prohibiting any increases in wages during war also.

These plans are all very good and we are glad to see any measures adopted making war less profitable. The referendum is not worth much at present —popular opinion can be stampeded. Later it might become more effective.

The removal of all profit from war, if effective, would be a much stronger deterrent from war. Business men would not lightly back a war, if it meant strict governmental control of their business. But, so far, while nations have been able to draft human lives for war, no country has been able to draft dollars—patriotism doesn't go that far, yet!

Things We've Said Before

The Character Of Man

Man revolves about Reason as the earth about the sun. It is Reason that has lifted man out of the dark void of ignorance up into the bright sky of earthly domination. It is Reason that warms him, feeds him, clothes him, guides him. It is Reason that makes plans grow, blossom and produce fruit. Small wonder he bows before his Star!

Reason is his certificate of life—as man—but Reason alone is deadly. A man who merely reasons and does not feel, will never really know anything. He will die as the moon has died—cold and brilliant, still facing his Sun. Reasoners are often contemptuous and intolerant of Emotion. They label it: Weakness. No! Emotion is the atmosphere of man. It softens and diffuses the light of Reason. Thus it is that true poets, like Shakespeare, are classed as "immortals." Possessed of acutest reasoning ability, they have also sufficient Emotion to give it "staying" power. No work of pure Reason or pure Emotion will outlast the centuries.

The Emotion may be too active. It produces clouds; darkness. The wind rises; thunder crashes; lightning and gale play havoc with carefully laid schemes. Then what happens? Tears. The clouds dissolve. Reason returns. Creation smiles. The storm is past.

Genuine tears are not a weakness, but a destroyer of weakness. Reason, however, may sometimes force them as an irritant to "play upon" Emotion, in which case they become despicable. A man knows nothing of life who has never beheld the rainbow of returning Reason through his tears. Without atmosphere and without rain the earth would never prosper. Without Emotion and without tears a man's soul will shrivel up like sunbaked clay in a moisture-less season. We are given senses and sensitiveness as aids to Reason. It is possible to bask in sunshine and yet feel stifled. A breath of fresh air is sometimes preferable to light. So it is that Reason may occasionally seem a very poor substitute for Emotion. The sun is shining and we would be making hay, but the light is oppressive and the odor of hay is disgusting, for we wish to love and be loved.

..EX-NTRIX

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

(or an explanation of the sound effects, and how created, at the broadcast of the underworld tale of the same name during the Flotsam and Jetsam Soap Co. hour over the Emerald Green Network.)

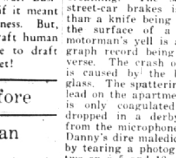
The above scene depicts the stirring climax of the radio playlet previously mentioned. In the foreground we see Spumoni, a notorious gangster so called because of his cold heartedness, and Parmagiano, his villainous confederate. Across the street are: prone, Big Shot Charlie; arms raised, Double-died Danny Derkin.

The scene calls for the following sound effects: A gentle spring breeze blowing; an approaching street car with bell clanging and trolley cable twanging; the measured and cautious steps of Big Shot Charlie and Double-died Danny coming down the apartment house steps; Spumoni's snarling whisper; Parmagiano's petrifying profanity; the sudden discharge of the machine gun; the sliding grind of Big Shot Charlie as he slumps to the pavement; the rhythmic breathing of Spumoni and Parmagiano; the screech of the street-car brakes; the motorman's terrifying yell; the crash of broken glass in the basement windows of the apartment house; the spattering of lead on the walls and the subdued sound of their entrance into the bodies of their victims; Double-died Danny's dire malediction.

The gentle spring breeze sound is imitated by the simple expedient of the announcer's ability to imitate a hurricane. This sound is reduced to a minimum by the operator at the control board. The approaching street car effect is accomplished by two restaurant waitresses loading a tray with soiled dishes. The crackle of electrical sparks from the trolley cable is effected by another announcer who lights hisz cigarette lighter at intervals. The sound of the cautious footsteps on the stone stairs is made by rubbing two fried oysters together slowly and then jotting them in dough.

Spumoni's snarling whisper is created by the character playing the part of Spumoni. He grates his teeth while chewing snuff. Parmagiano's petrifying profanity is a talking machine record that has been left on the steampipe by some careless child. An assistant, shuffling a deck of cards creates the delusion of a machine gun being fired. Big Shot Charlie's dying grunt is created by dropping a 1902 dime in a pan of minced meat. The rhythmic breathing of the two gangsters is their small attempt at restraining their breathing. The screech of the street-car brakes is nothing less than a knife being scraped across the surface of a platter. The motorman's yell is another phonograph record being played in reverse. The crash of broken glass is caused by the breaking of a glass. The spattering sound of the lead on the apartment house walls is only congealed candy being dropped in a derby hat 9 feet from the microphone. Double-died Danny's dire maledicion is created by tearing a photograph album in two on a 5 and 10 cent store vise.

Vox Polly



"There are three kinds of congressmen. There is the kind that likes the social life—their secretaries do all the work. There are those who don't do anything. There are those who do all the work. They are the backbone of Congress."—Rep. Walter G. Andrews of New York.

* * *

AN OLD MASTER.

A Switch In Time Saves Whines

This remarkable etching, the work of the Javanese artist, Wen Doo Wee-Yeet, recently was uncovered in the local Y. M. C. A. boiler-room by Irwin (Fourstraight) Neff. That it's value is valueless can easily be seen by the Old Master's signature. Originally thought to be the work of Darling Chickens, its authenticity as a work of the Yen period in asiattic art was determined by Luke! Luke! the Hittite expostulator.

It is proposed to hang the original out the window of the Second National Bank of Big Beaver.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

How's your left arm? Have you been vaccinated yet?

Found; a shirt cut a la nightgown which the owner can have by calling at this office and paying for this advt.

We hear of an individual living north of Bloomfield Center who has been vaccinated on both arms and legs, and of course fears no evil.

Tommy Harris wants it distinctly understood that he is the father of a bouncing baby boy instead of a girl as reported in our last issue.

The following new books have been recently added to the Ladies' Library: Lenore Dare, Lost In a Great City; My Wayward Partner, Ouarda, Fair Barbarian and the Trumpet Call.

The doctors are being kept very busy vaccinating the inhabitants of the corporation of this village by order of the village board. Drs. Post and Raynale have been appointed and have scratched nearly every left arm in town.

The school for telegraphy bids fair to flourish. Mr. Faurot has established a circuit from the depot to our office and from there to the depot again. No doubt by the time our readers have received their papers, the line will be extended to several new points about town, the instruments will be clicking in half a dozen places, and the local telegraph line will be the town talk, with half the boys in the burg talking in their sleep about insulators, ground wires and dots and dashes.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Look down, pick up and let's clean our streets, yards and premises.

Some persons think there are at least 100 dogs too many in this town.

A woman's darned curiosity is always responsible for her husband's lies.

There are at least 50 houses in this town with no trees along the street front.

When a man talks of his own honesty, we begin slyly to hide our editorial scissors.

Why is it that a woman tells a funny story the same way she throws a bean bag at a cat?

The Welch motor works of Pontiac have established a private telephone exchange of 40 numbers.

Bull is on at Pontiac. Any one with a thirst in the county seat on Sundays must now emigrate to some foreign city for a toddy.

If game warden Toms is up on his eyes in trouble and all over the way the fish law is interpreted. Guess after hearing all sides from everyhoddy that he propel thing now is to all get fish any way they can.

Next week we intend to devote our first page to village improvement notes and we ask everybody to send in their suggestions as to the best way to improve our little city in order to attract attention from visitors with a result of inducing them to come and live with us.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Zona Gale, internationally known as a famous author and playwright, laments the passing of Birmingham's great trees in the path of commercial progress. She was a guest here last week of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gore of Yorkshire road.

Practically three years have passed since April 28, 1922, when William C. Harris, representing the Community House Association, formally presented the House to J. H. McBride, then village president, who accepted it in the name of the village of Birmingham, and the third birthday will be celebrated next Wednesday.

Rev. Robert Marenus Atkins, or "Bert," as we like to call him, has been in Birmingham less than a year and is elected president of the Rotary Club. This shows that Burt is quite a likeable chap, and that he is bound to get along wherever he may be. Although we congratulate him on his ascendancy in the club's affairs, we think the club itself is luckiest of the two parties concerned.

"March!"

"March!" is the crisp and curt command
The calendar gives to the armies of Spring
In the training camps in the far south land
Where they have been drilling and marshaling—
Birds all poised on eager wing,
Warm winds drenched with rain and sun,
And every leafy and twining thing
Ready to start and move as one.

And the buds of the lilac under the bark
Wait for the signal there in the dark.

The robin scout goes far ahead
To spy out the enemy's land and sing
A note of defiance. The oser's red
Is a flag of revolt in the name of Spring.
But discipline fails as the armies fling
Into action with joy in the glorious fray,
And soon they are dancing and noting
In the wild abandon of April and May.

For ever invading Spring's advance
Begins in a March but ends in a dance.

—WINFRED ERNEST GARRISON.

Just A Minute....

—ABOUT PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT

From the Detroit Bureau of Government Research

No one today—or rather, not many folks today—believe that the earth is flat and square and has a pillar at each corner holding up the heavens, and that through windows in these heavens the rain falls, and on on through the maze of superstition about astronomy, chemistry, physics and the natural sciences that hobbled thinking until a few centuries ago.

Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, Huxley, Pasteur, and more lately Edison, Burbank, and Chamberlain to mention a few of thousands of students—have enumerated principles of exact science that are accepted by intelligent men everywhere.

But in the field of social science, its great thinkers from Aristotle to John Stuart Mill have made no similar contributions to accepted principles of government.

Their observations about government may have been true of the times in which they wrote, and may be true today, but certainly are not believed with finality.

Exact sciences deal with matters subject to examination and proof within the four walls of the laboratory. The social sciences are based largely upon the vagaries of human observation applied to equally erratic human conduct. When one unstable agent endeavors to observe and postulate concerning another equally unstable, valid conclusions are seldom expected.

Montaigne summed it all up when he said: "Man is a marvelously fickle and unstable subject, and on whom it is very hard to form any certain and uniform judgment."

In consequence, principles of government are anybody's opinion. The citizen who would not speak about microbes, ions, or nebuli, will express himself with utmost confidence about forms of government, methods of selecting public servants, and in general the proper way things can be done or in minutia on the most difficult of arts—that of men living together in amity.

Government is a collective effort to which everyone contributes taxes and opinions—or sometimes just opinions.

Yet, out of the welter of opinions, some based upon prejudices and others upon facts, have come certain conclusions that are generally accepted as applying, or rather that should be applied, to local government.

First, national politics, should have no part in city government. Of course, there will always be politics of some kind as long as men are elected to office. But these politics should be of clean streets, better schools, control of disease, police protection, etc., through the long list of local issues, rather than be the politics of a high tariff or entrance into the League of Nations.

Mathew Quay, who was no tyro in politics, once said that "city government was good just in so far as it was removed from the control of the national political parties. When city government is a cog in the national or state political machine public employees are more anxious to serve the political party that gives them their jobs than to serve the public that pays their salaries.

Second, there should be one method for selecting the men who determine policies and another for selecting those who administer those policies.

The principal qualities required of those who determine policies are those of correctly interpreting public opinion, of not being subservient to minority groups who pretend to represent such opinion, and of testing the results secured by administrators. Such qualities can be secured best by popular election.

On the other hand, the qualities required for the successful administration of policies are training, experience and character. Obviously, these are not discovered by popular election, and probably the ablest administrators would be those least inclined by temperament or economic necessity to enter public service via the ballot box. Successful administrators must be appointed, and under conditions that will insure selection because of outstanding ability. In the government of the City of Detroit most administrators are appointed by the Mayor, but with no other standards than the chief executive's personal judgment. In the government of Wayne County too many administrators are still elected.

Third, when such administrators are appointed for ability they should remain in office so long as they serve well, and not be blown about by every political breeze or retire because the rewards of public service are ridiculously small. Successful industry would not expect to change capable department heads every two years, and the business of government will never be successful as long as it continues to do so. In the last sixteen years in Detroit there have been many commissioners of police, commissioners of public works, controllers, and—of most importance—mayors.

Fourth, there should be one government for each local urban area. The community problems of such an area—of health, police, education, sewerage, water supply, transportation, etc.—cannot be solved separately by a lot of adjacent but independent cities and villages.

Nor can the overhead costs and duplication of government be reduced so long as these independent units 'exist. Yet in Wayne County there are 144 governmental units electing 938 officers.

There are many other improvements in government that are accepted without much dissension—but which will be made effective only when the public wants its government as modern and efficient as its automobiles.

Charles Kettering, director of the General Motors Research Laboratory, said in a recent address, "If anyone went back and picked up the products that were made 20 years ago, and tried to sell them today, he would fail."

Government is one product of ten years ago, and of many years before that, which in spite of our of date organization and wasteful procedure is still sold to taxpayers and citizens for cash.

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin—

Plant an Oak It Will Outlive The Trivial You'll Not Be Sorry

IF YOU'RE planning a garden, plant an oak.

Don't say, "But oaks grow so slowly, I want trees that will make a showing right away."

Don't worry about that—oaks grow much faster than you think. Before you know it, almost, an acorn will be towering far above your head.

Plant other things, too, but be sure to plant an oak. Plant an acacia. It will grow swiftly and make yellow bloom in the spring, and grow old soon, and break apart. Plant yarrow by a wall, plant hollyhocks that climb toward the sky in a season, plant roses that climb and adorn a wall and shower you with petals.

Plant dahlias that die down each year, plant primroses that wear themselves out in the making of beauty, plant that leggy butterfly bush that fills a corner in a year, plant petunias and tulips and gladiolus and all those other flowers that make a riot of color in your garden. Plant little things that delicately grow close to the crevices of a rock.

* * *

But plant an oak. It has small leaves. You will not notice its flowers. The bees will not swarm about it. Even the birds will not nest in it at first. It will not, in its youth, make much of a show. But it will last. It will not die down in a season. It will anchor itself deep in your earth and make plans for a long life. And you will say to yourself, "This tree will last longer on this earth than I ever shall. It will make a shade when I am gone. And though people will never wonder who planted that tree, they will admire the noble fellow and be grateful for its company. Plant an oak in your garden. Live lightly, do foolish things, waste some of your time extravagantly. Don't be so solemn. Don't imagine that everything you do or say is important. Drop that black disguise of dignity and decorum and be the Genial Idiot you'd like to be. But somewhere in your changing heart, Plant an Oak. Take one corner of yourself seriously. Guard one part. Decide that this one thing in life IS important and worth protecting. . . . I don't know what that one thing is for you, I'm not saying what it is for me—but I know that is exists and is an oak that will survive and shelter your life when all the light things and the trivial interests have gone back to nothingness again.

You'll not be sorry that you planted an oak.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Alfonso, King of Spain:
"Tariffs are modern warfare. They are worse than bullets."

Walter A. Strong, chairman, Advertising Federation of America:
"Advertising will lessen the evils of depression, shorten their tenure and quicken the return of prosperity."

H. C. Bailey:
"The origin of civilization is in man's determination to do nothing for himself which he can get done for him."

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University:
"Both major political parties will be split in the next presidential campaign, with candidates forced to take definite stands on prohibition and economic problems."

Hugh Thomson Kerr, Pittsburgh, moderator, general assembly Presbyterian church:
"I could pick twelve men in this room of greater intellect than the twelve apostles. Ministers of today are of keener intellect and are better educated than at any time in the past."

Alexander Legge, former chairman Federal Farm Board:
"Unless wheat and cotton farmers reduce acreage the prices of these commodities will continue to drop."

Kathleen Norris, novelist:
"Hard times are good times in which to get ready for better times."

The Other Chap Says Something—

GOVERNMENT HUMAN

The unseen power and authority we know as government is intensely human. After all it is merely the orderly operation of the mentality, flesh and blood of the group. Because of the state house holidays last week end there was some confusion over the delivery of State Conservation department films to the local committee of ladies in charge of the evening program at the Congregational church. In desperation Commissioner George Alexander, the department head, was located at his home late Saturday night and the story reported to him over the phone. The lady admitted it was almost ill-mannered to bother the department head with such a trivial item but excused her conduct on its local importance, to the persons sponsoring the program already advertised. How and what happened is unknown to the ladies but they were restored to something like normal blood pressure when the films arrived at the editorial household by special messenger. Mr. Hogarth has quite an unusual name but it will never be forgotten by a group of grateful Charlotte ladies. Your government is just the cross section of accommodating, capable and conscientious men and women who serve you officially. —Murl H. DeFoe in Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

STATE POLITICS

Young Mr. Rubiner, connected with the attorney general's department, in a meeting said some pertinent if indiscreet things about the Michigan Legislature last week to the Lansing Junior Chamber of Commerce. He intimated that certain committees were dominated by "interests" and that certain bills would never reach the floor of the House. Every member of the Legislature, jealous of his honor, arose and roared. John P. Espie did a fair share of the roaring for himself and his colleagues and was placed on a committee with six other lawmakers to pin the vociferous Mr. Rubiner "down to brass tacks." While the young attorney's loose talk may prove politically embarrassing to his chief and was the mouthings of an immature mind, there is just a possibility that back of it all there is just enough of the truth that it may start a real sensation. We are wondering if our state Legislature is starting on an epidemic of investigations comparable to those carried on by the United States Senate.—Schuyler L. Marshall in Clinton County Republican-News.

IN A NUT SHELL

Dean Robert Russell Wicks of Princeton university, standing in charge, put the whole prohibition question in a nut shell. Discussing experimental living in relation to "conventional temperance," Dean Wicks said:

"We are certainly having some experimental living around this question of freedom to drink. Everywhere people are trying to guide this experimental living by desire. But so long as we use desire as a guide, we can find no control over the prohibition situation that is becoming one of the greatest menaces to our national life.

"A necessity is working strongly to restore temperance. This necessity is a public fear, the ominous power of the underworld. Gentlemen and ladies of society and college students contribute to funds to support an underworld with its chiefs at the head of organized criminals, with it millions of dollars to bribe officials, corrupt courts, run the politics in the big cities and make government well nigh helpless. This liquor traffic has always been an outlaw.

"There may be some change in the law that will help. But, honestly, is there any process of law that can regulate a fortune-making traffic that serves an unregulated popular desire? As sure as the sun shines, the time is coming when sheer necessity will incline more and more people to restrain their desires for the public good."—Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

ParaLaffs

Expensive

Cheap politics is always the most expensive to the taxpayer.—Louisville Times.

Not Everything

Roger Babson says that farmers who raise spinach are making money. And yet, what is money with a troubled conscience?—Detroit News.

It Does

"Marriage brings a lot of change into a man's life," says a novelist. And it takes a lot out, too.—The Humorist.

Defined

An extraordinary session of Congress is one that doesn't do the country very much harm.—Arizona Producer.