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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 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 publisher.

Human Happiness

If there is any real objective in human existence that is generally acknowledged as a desirable one, it is contentment and happiness. Yet how few people in this world, comparatively speaking, are really in possession of a guide map to such an attainment. Boys and girls are born, reared in a more or less standardized fashion, and then loosed upon the sea of life without chart or compass—too many of them without even the suggestion that a certain orderliness of the stars may be counted upon to direct them on dark nights. Plenty of people become proficient in a business or a profession; plenty of money comes to plenty of people. But happiness and contentment! ah, that is another matter about which the world, as it is now organized, has too little time for consideration. The spiritual potentialities of human beings has not yet been scratched; when it is sounded, peace and serenity will be the common lot of all those who participate in the effort.

Dogs Better Than Man?

Over in St. Johns, Clinton County, a young man named Ed Sturgis died a few weeks ago, from lack of help as he was allowed to lie alone in a house for a week, following an accident. The owner of the house, one Cleo Brock, is reported to have refrained from calling a doctor or even the relatives of Sturgis, who was paid about as much attention as a skunk hit by a passing automobile. That's pretty inhuman treatment. A judge, later hearing the case, admitted that Michigan law offers no punishment for such cruel neglect. Had Brock treated his horse or dog so, he would have been prosecuted. But to accord such neglect to a human being is merely an oversight. This case offers a fair sample of the incompatibility and the inconsistency of many phases of modern jurisprudence. Sturgis' case will probably bring forth a remedial measure during the next Legislative session. Much of human safety and security is obtained "after the horse is stolen."

A Suggestion: Pay Your Taxes!

Are you interested in an education for your children? Are you interested in good roads, lights and sewers? Are you interested in maintaining the orderly functions of state, county and township government?

Of course you are. If not, you would have no place in the American social order. The annual and most tangible opportunity for manifesting that interest is being given to Bloomfield Township residents this week. Statements of the 1931 winter tax levies have been mailed out, and it now becomes the duty and the privilege of every taxpayer to respond with prompt payments.

These are hard years. Hard on individuals as well as on agencies of government. Tax delinquencies have steadily mounted until the total has become so staggering that those who have paid their taxes in the past are beginning to wonder whether there is any use in trying to keep on paying them.

The use is just this: The welfare of our government structure, and therefore of our social and economic life, depends entirely on the collection of taxes. Without this, the whole structure crumbles and falls.

Thus, though you may feel the age-old resentment that your taxes are too high, or may wish to give into the temptation of "letting them slide for a year," you yourself will be the actual loser in the end. You will have to pay them eventually or lose your property, and since the school districts and other units of government are so hard pressed at present, why not pay them promptly?

There will no doubt be scores of people who will be absolutely unable to pay their taxes this year. There will be others who will be able to make only a partial payment. For these latter, township officials have made arrangements by which they will be able to receive any portion of the entire statement, to be applied against any one or more items on the tax bill.

Therefore, if you can't pay all, pay what you can. But pay, and pay promptly! Think of the schools, if nothing else, and what a handicap it would be to your children if they were forced to close, even for a short period.

HERE'S A BRIEF APPRECIATION from way over in England; it came with the request of A. S. Botting, who asked that his Eccentric be sent to a new address. Wrote Mr. Botting: "I need hardly say how much I look forward to receiving, each week, Birmingham's newspaper, and reading all about the doings. It reminds me of the seven happy years I spent with my brother, Jack, and his family, at the Endicott farm. And I sincerely thank him for having had it sent to me, and your office for sending same, too."

FOURTEEN THOUSAND CHICAGO teachers have been paid in scrip since last April. A total of nearly 18 millions of dollars is due them. Chicago school teachers ought to be able to prove that two plus two equals . . . nothing.

Parades, The Cemetery And Playgrounds

. . . Thirteen Armistice day parades have swung down the road since word echoed around the world that peace had come. Thirteen times men have paraded to triumphant music.

There has always been a thrill to marching men, ever since the first knights went forth, steel clad, to seek the Grail. Small boys instinctively parade to the sound of a round red drum and little tin horn. There is an innate martial rythm in man that makes him join ranks.

But war itself is a bitter reality. The heraldry that precedes it is nothing more than a dazzling flash in the pan.

Broken ranks, mute reminders of half-remembered battles, show that. Slim green beds in other lands, too far away for flower tributes, are added testimony. The dream-scoured hearts of the men who came home aren't always pleasant places. Battle fires leave scars sometimes, that 13 years are slow to heal.

An army on parade is a glamorous thing. An army in action is a tragedy. The brave gleam of the passing helmets doesn't lead to a playground.

The bravery which the soldiers displayed in battles, half-lost under the tangled weeds of 13 years, isn't forgotten. It made a tremendous impression on civilization. Because the suffering that went with it has dragged its scar across the years is added reason that the time for the abolition of war, so far as is possible, is at hand.

World leaders aren't seeking a millennium. They aren't pleading for pity—just workable principles of carrying on the game.

Men should march. They keep step better when they swing down the way. But they should not have to march to battle. Nor should they be called upon to surrender their common heritage—lamplight at dusk, firelight on the floor, rain on the roof, children's voices.

The fragment of a marching army should be a plea for universal disarmament.—Terre Haute (Ind.) STAR, Nov. 7, 1931.

Helping Our Neighbors

Fred W. Johnson, chairman of the Birmingham Unemployment Relief Committee, sounds a frank and manly note in his statement published in last week's Eccentric upon the subject of helping people during these strenuous times. Mr. Johnson, himself an employer of many people, and keenly alive to the human relationships in our modern social, economic, and political structure, offers a splendid perspective when he observed that "Times like the present one come upon us, sometimes when we least expect them. The one who has lived in comfort and security often finds himself, in these shifting economic days, left without means of supporting himself and his family. These unfortunate circumstances descend upon people in all walks of life.

"The basic principle of the Birmingham Unemployment Relief Committee recognizes these unfortunate conditions that attend life, and is pledged to forget everything except a combined and co-operative willingness to help where help is needed. We have banded together to avoid duplication of effort and waste of food and clothing.

"It is my hope and trust that, when the present depression is over, we all shall emerge into a new and brighter day—a day that will bring to each of us a new and regenerated comprehension of community spirit and friendly neighborliness that spell out the real meaning of that great Christian appellation, 'A Good Samaritan.'"

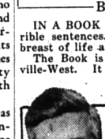
IT IS SAID THAT OUT of every 100 licensed airplane pilots in this country, four are women. A take-off on the men?

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

IN A BOOK by an Englishwoman I read two terrible sentences. Of the kind that split open the breast of life and lay bare its quivering heart.

The Book is "All Passion Spent," by V. Sackville-West. It is about an old, old woman who had lived brilliantly for 70 years with a brilliant man who had been prime minister of England and viceroy of India and who died a duke and was buried from Westminister Abbey. All who had known her had thought her happy. All but one man, as old as herself, nearly 90.



Marshall Maslin

To him, months after her husband's death, she confessed:

"'I should have been a painter,' said Lady Slane.

"'Ah!' said Mr. FitzGeorge, with the relief of a man who has at last secured what he wanted. 'Thank you. That gives me the key. So you were an artist, were you, potentially? But being a woman, that had to go by the board. I see . . . I remember looking at you and thinking, that is a woman whose heart is broken.'

"'My dear Mr. FitzGeorge!' cried Lady Slane. 'You really mustn't talk as though my life had been a tragedy. I had everything that most women would covet: position, comfort, children, and a husband I loved. I had nothing to complain of—nothing.'

"'Except that you were defrauded of the one thing that mattered. Nothing mattered. Nothing matters to an artist except the fulfillment of his gift . . . When you chose that life you sinned against the light.'

"'Don't scold me any more,' said Lady Slane, looking up and smiling. 'I assure that, if I did wrong, I paid for it. But you mustn't blame my husband.'

"'I don't. According to his lights, he gave you all you could desire. He merely killed you, that's all. MEN DO KILL WOMEN. MOST WOMEN ENJOY BEING KILLED, so I am told. Being a woman, I dare say that even you took a certain pleasure in the process. And now, are you angry with me?'

"'No,' said Lady Slaine, 'I think it is rather a relief to have been found out.'"

* * *

Are those two sentences true? Do men kill women? Do most women enjoy being killed? They sound true in that book—are they true in life? Some men will deny them, many women will say they are false. Are they, or aren't they?

I think they are. I have known fine women in whom the light of life is dimmed by weak but stubborn men. I have known women who seem to enjoy the death of the best part of them. . . . We despise the man who kills, we pity and despise the woman who dies slowly on her knees and delights in her own agony.

Look about you. Do you know some man who kills the woman he loves? Do you know some woman who licks the hand of her petty tyrant? . . . And ask yourself, "Will some men always be like this? Will women ever change? When will men and women be comrades?"

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Frank Jenks' cat had 18 kittens recently Fact. Vouched for by Ed. Beardslee.

Mason Leonard bought H. W. Randall's oxen at auction on Saturday last. Price $104.

To Mrs. David Hanna, on Tuesday Nov. 29, twin boys. David has our congratulations.

Alex. Wardell of Troy soon leaves for Lennon, Genesee County, where he will pass the winter chopping.

Mrs. Mac A. Randall is visiting relatives in Dundee this week, and Mac stands his grass widowerhood like a little man.

Will Elwood shouldered his little gun about two weeks ago, braced up, spit on his hands and departed for the wilderness of Saginaw county in quest of game, having just procured a barrel of salt to preserve the venison. He came home last week and the entire score foots up two sick looking squirrels. Comment is unnecessary.

Our sanctum was braced up on Wednesday last by a beautiful buttonhole bouquet, which was presented to us by a Mill street young lady of this place, and as we pinned it to our palpitating breast, our feelings overcame us and—well the fair donor has our sincere thanks.

Don't forget the social party at Library Hall tonight. The ladies will present a short play called "The Masquerade." Doors open at 7:30 P. M., play begins at 8 o'clock sharp. At the conclusion of the play those who so desire may remain and enjoy themselves by dancing.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Beginning Monday, the hardware stores will close at 6 P. M. Standard Time, except Saturday.

Almost a carload of deer from the north arrived at A. R. Parks' market Tuesday. They were a great sight.

The Misses Lou McDougall and Rena Dennison attended the alumni ball at the opera house at Rochester, last Thursday evening.

The Social at Mr. Purdy's was a decided success. Nearly 100 people enjoyed a pleasant evening. Something over $19 was the financial result.

Is 13 unlucky? It will be for you if you don't attend the Presbyterian ladies church fair, chicken pie supper and social next Wednesday. Watch the date.

When a late freight pulled into the Grand Trunk yards at Detroit, one night last week, Detective A. S. Campbell, of the railroad company found a mail sack clinging to the side of a cattle car. The bag was from Birmingham, Mich., and had evidently been pulled from the rack arm, as the train passed, says the Detroit News.

Web Bray's big bunch of hogs that he shot lately, weighing 225 pounds, arrived Tuesday. One day more and the big deer could have been confiscated by the game warden.

Come to the sale at the Presbyterian church and see what the children will sell in the candy and popcorn booth for they have a fine collection of Christmas presents for sale.

There is one satisfaction in being a farmer, it can not be said that he "sins" when money he gets; he earns every dollar of it, and when he gets it, he does not take a cent of it from some other man. It comes to him first handed out of the earth, and his money is the cleanest in the world.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Carol singing on Christmas Eve is receiving unusual interest everywhere this year from those who are interested in preserving the beautiful rituals which symbolize the spirit of Christmas.

Census reports considered at the meeting of the school board Monday evening showed little variations in the numbers of children in the three sections being considered as sites for additions to the school system of Birmingham.

Members of the Baldwin High School football team last night were entertained by their mothers at the annual fooball banquet and theater party. All members of the squad, the coaches and representatives of the faculty assembled for the dinner at the high school.

News has come of the unusual success of Miss Marion Trumbull in the leading feminine roll of "The Goose Hangs High," a comedy by Lewis Beach, which was produced by Theta Alpha Phi, honorary dramatics fraternity at the Michigan State College.

The end of the football season finds $888.93 in the athletic fund the largest amount ever on hand at this time, according to Louis Randall, business manager of the Birmingham public schools.

Fire hose and police clubs will be laid to rest temporarily tonight while one half of the Birmingham fire department and one-half of the police department will prepare, and the other half of both departments will eat the annual rabbit dinner at the K. of P. Hall.

Not So Funny

It's funny, but back when it was clothes instead of complexions girls had to put so much on, they could get to parties by eight o'clock instead of 9:30 or 10 as is the case now.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Right

India, it is said, is to have a constitution somewhat like ours, and all we have to say is that India will have to be pretty strong to have a constitution like ours.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"For They're Hangin' Danny Deever in the Mornin'!"

The Other Chap Says Something—

THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNOR

When the taxpayers drive onto their state capitol grounds these days they want to be careful where they park.

In the drive way which the taxpayers maintain for those who have business at the capitol there has blossomed forth a gorgeous painting. Dazzling gold stripes run diagonally back into the drive way. Huge gold letters emblazon the word "reserved" between the lines. Yes, gentle readers, a parking place has been reserved for Governor Wilber Marion Brucker —and how.

The executive rolled into the Capitol drive a few days ago. He lolled in the soft rear seat of his luxurious Reo Royale as his state police chauffeur dexterously piloted the gubernatorial chariot. When his excellency rolled up at the rear portals of the state house —there was no place to park. Common taxpayers, other state officials and newspapermen had filled every space. Of course, the governor might have alighted, and the state paid chauffeur could have found a place farther down the driveway. But such ignominy could not be suffered, by cracky.

The executive leaped nimbly out. He told Tommy Ryan, who directs traffic in the driveway, to salute, stand at attention and prepare to receive orders. Tommy did.

"When I drive in here tomorrow morning I want a place reserved. I am the governor of this state I'll have you know," said his excellency.

Tommy didn't wait until the next day. He didn't wait for anything at all. He went into action, and the gold paint budded and bloomed.

And so, fellow citizens, there is always an unoccupied, reserved space back of the capitol now when the governor is away. Even if he goes for a week the parking place remains reserved and sacred to the governor of all Michigan.

—Michigan State Digest.

AGE AND EFFICIENCY

The late William James, reputedly the greatest of American psychologists, is said to have declared that most men are old fogies at the age of 25. Bruce Barton interprets this statement to mean that by the age of 25 most men have formed permanent prejudices and have closed their minds to all new ideas.

If this theory be correct, which we do not believe, there are certainly many striking exceptions. Many men long past the age mentioned have struck out into new fields of endeavor and have developed abilities in later life of which they gave little promise in their youth.

As to the continuance of executive and creative activities to ripe old age, innumerable examples may be cited. Consider Oliver Wendell Holmes, an active member of the Supreme Court at 90; President Hindenburg of Germany at 84; Andrew W. Mellon holding one of the most important cabinet positions at 76; Thomas A Edison, who continued at work until a short time before his recent death at 84. The list might be continued almost indefinitely.

Some former notables who prolonged their activities far beyond the alloted span of three score and ten may also be mentioned. Sophocles finished his "Oedipus at Colonus" at 90; Titian continued to paint almost to the time of his death at 99; Michaelangelo did some of his finest work after he was 80; Clemmenceau wrote his memoirs at 84; Tennyson wrote his lyric masterpiece, "Crossing the Bar," after he was 80; Goethe completed "Faust" at about the same age.

But if these grand old men ever heard of psychologists it is evident that they did not take them too seriously.—Tuscola County Advertiser.

GOD'S GIFT TO LITTLE MEN

One of the characteristics of great men is humility. The contrary fact is that little men are noted for conceit.

Bruce Barton pondered this, and one day hit upon the explanation.

"God is just," concluded Mr. Barton. "He distributes talents with impartial hand among the sons of men. To big men He gives the satisfaction of achievement; but He penalizes them with hours of depression, introspection, and self-doubt.

"Little men would be discouraged if they could see themselves in their true light. So conceit was sent into the world—

"God's great gift to little men."
—Bagology.

GOVERNOR SILENT ON TAX RELIEF

Governor Wilbur M. Brucker refused to comment Friday—no reads a news despatch from Lansing—on the plan advanced by State Treasurer Howard C. Lawrence, under which the State would assume responsibility for all Covert road bonds sold by the counties. The bonds would be retired from receipts of the automobile weight and gas taxes, thus relieving local property levies. The Governor said he had not had "time" to consider the proposal.

We were so much in hopes that, now that the peach, apple, cherry and squash festivals etc., were near a thing of the past—for this season at least—that our chief executive might find "time" to attend to some of the matters of state so much more in need of his attention, as well as for the ultimate good of the public.—Rochester Clarion.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Charles H. Mayo, famous surgeon:
"Unless you have been brought up to work in early life, do not go out and try to do stunts after you are fifty or sixty years old."

Sinclair Lewis, author:
"The mystery is not why lecturers come, but why the audiences come."

Will Rogers, humorist:
"A frozen asset is just a banker's mistake."

Adele Astaire, dancer:
"I am the sort of person who doesn't like to work."

Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War:
"If the League cannot prevent war, there is nothing that can."

Stanley Baldwin, British political leader:
"I hate elections but you have got to have them; they are medicine."

David Lloyd George, British Liberal leader:
"There is more actual privation in one American city than in the whole of Great Britain."

Albert Edward Wiggam, author:
"A man's character has nothing to do with his face."

John W. Belches:
"There are so many troubles to worry about, why worry about any one of them?"

Henry Ford, friend of Thomas A. Edison:
"I remember several years ago someone asking what, in my opinion, was the greatest thing that had occurred in the last 50 years. I replied, 'Mr Edison's conclusion that there is a future life for all of us.'"

Walter S. Gifford, Telephone company executive:
"You must season statistics with judgment."

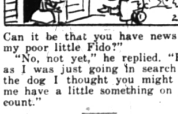
Jest For the Fun of It

Advance Information

There came a knock at the door. The cottager opened it.

"Good morning!" said the shabbily dressed visitor. "Is it here that you are offering a reward for a lost dog?"

"Yes," said the cottager anxiously. "I'm offering 10 shillings.



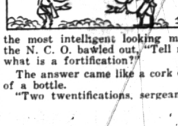
Can it be that you have news of my poor little Fido?"

"No, not yet," he replied. "But as I was just going in search of the dog I thought you might let me have a little something on account."

Hay Foot! Straw Foot!

"For the last time," shouted the sergeant, "I ask you the simple question, 'What is fortification?'"

The recruits stood fast to a man. No one asnwered. Striding up to



the most intelligent looking man, the N. C. O. bawled out, "Tell me, what is a fortification?"

The answer came like a cork out of a bottle.

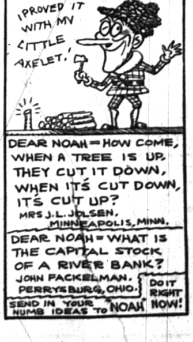
"Two twentifications, sergeant.'

First man: "You say you bagged a lion in Africa, really?"

Second man: "Yeah—I bagged him and bagged him but he wouldn't go away!!"

—George White's "Scandals."

Famous Firms Up & Down



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. Letters must be limited to 500 words.

Would Fire Manager

To the Editor—

The Birmingham Eccentric of Dec. 3 gives us the news of a reduction in the village payroll of about $9,000. This adjustment of the payroll expense with discharge of two employees, effecting a saving of approximately $12,000, was recommended to the Village Commission by Village Manager James W. Parry at the regular meeting Nov. 30 and adopted after no discussion.

It is apparent from the foregoing that the Commission evidently does not realize the seriousness of the financial crisis which confronts the tax-payers of Birmingham at this time. From the action taken to date it seems that there is little to indicate that the people will receive any real relief from the present administration. To careful observers it is obvious that the Commission has been, during the past two years at least, and is now, dominated by the village manager, and in spite of any effort that may be exerted by the people who will have to pay the bills, they do not intend to effect any desired change which may put a stop to the extravagance and waste in the spending of public funds. The feeble attempts of the Commission to mislead the public into believing that the affairs of the village are not in as bad a condition as reported leads me to state that there is very little if anything to be expected from the present administration in effecting a program of rigid economy which the occasion demands.

Since 1926 there has been a decided falling off in revenue derived from the payment of village taxes. Delinquency in tax collections has been increasing steadily until in 1931 about 50 percent were unpaid. In spite of this alarming fact the expenditures by the village officers have been cut very little. Every business man knows that these methods, if continued, lead to bad results. For instance, over a period of the past two years there has been a cut of only 2½ percent in the village payroll, which now amounts to about $118,000 annually. Every well managed corporation maintains a payroll percentage in proportion to reveue. According to competent authorities payroll expense should not exceed 25 percent of actual income.

If the business affairs of the village had been managed efficiently during the past few years, conditions would not be so bad as they are today. Apparently the village manager has deceived the Commission into the belief that the funds necessary to meet the ever increasing deficit would come from some mythical source. That the financial condition of the village is really serious, no one conversant with the real facts can deny. Against the advice of serious minded and competent financial experts, important changes in management have been deferred until the time has come when some drastic changes must be effected. Hundreds of Birmingham property owners agree with me in the belief that the first major change in the village administration should be the dismissal of our present village manager, James W. Parry. I have been deluged with requests of citizens from all parts of the village to prepare petitions for circulation and I am sure that hundreds of taxpayers would welcome an opportunity to petition the Village Commission for the immediate discharge of the village manager.

However, I believe the Commission should be given the right to act on their own initative and will therefore wait patiently a reasonable time to give them a chance.

ARTHUR J. TUGGEY,
Justice of the Peace.

"Real" Is Right

Captain Campbell says there is no excitement in going four miles a minute. They say stopping at that speed is the real thrill.—Detroit News.

About Ripe

That fellow who says the true sleeping sickness is confined to Africa should observe America's public conscience.—Publishers Syndicate.

Poems That Live

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When it bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though lofty,
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Thine!

—*Bryan W. Proctor* (1787-1874)