

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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Lack Of World Economic Co-operation Makes Fat Years Lean

The economic history of mankind may be divided into two periods—the period of paucity, and the period of plenty. Paucity permitted competition. Plenty compels co-operation.

Suppose a man is drowning in shallow water. If he clutches at his rescuer's throat, it is not fatal for the rescuer may startle up and drag the frightened swimmer to safety. But if the desperate swimmer is in deep water he must help his rescuer or they will both drown.

When the world had too little in goods and the means of production, competition was perhaps inevitable. The means of social contact were few, for the making and using of things were local. Since there was no standardization in the production and consumption of goods, there was diversity in social habit, in political theory, and in the thought entertained as to the means of achieving national ambitions.

Our present difficulty is that the theory of rivalry—economic, political, cultural—survives persistently into the new condition which requires mutual helpfulness. Paradoxically, paucity of knowledge and of wealth permitted of water, while plethora necessitates conservation. We may or may not be too proud to fight, but we are certainly too tight to fight.

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'I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes...'

CHRISTMAS, in the cycle of endless time, the Christian world embraces the opportunity to commemorate the activity of its Saviour. In many ways, some of them material, some of them intellectual, and some of them spiritual, men and women seek to make December 25th a day of giving something new and regenerative into their lives.

Whether it be in the palace of a king or the hovel of a peasant; in the crowded city mart or the thinly settled rural area; in the factory or on the farm; on land or sea or in the forest; upon the desolate desert; whether the sky be white or black, wherever human hearts yearn for better human relations, there is enthroned the leavening spirit of the lowly Nazarene.

God, the Creator of the Universe, roused mankind from a partially depraved state of thinking when He caused human consciousness, in the person of the Three Wise Men, to make the Star of Bethlehem His own. Soon the entire neighbourhood of Bethlehem was interested in the Manger Babe, and from thence on the minds of men and women became aware of the uplifting, sustaining influence of His life and His teachings upon the world in which we live.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was the name of the Bethlehem Babe, grown to manhood. In the very way we are told by history, Jesus lived the normal life of the normal Jewish lad. He was blessed, of course, with a Virgin Mother; the boy was nurtured, too, under the wonderful kind protection of a fine foster-father, Joseph. His boyhood and His youth have been the subject of vigorous soul-building and character-forming influences; His early manhood must have been attended by mental and spiritual stimuli that were but the fore-runner of the attributes of self-sacrifice, humility, devotion, loyalty, love, and the myriad other qualities that have endeared Him to the consciousness of mankind.

Today, as we reverence Jesus' name, and at the same time give thanks to a Common Father for giving the world Love through the Man of Galilee, we all agree that without the record of the history of Jesus' life and teachings, as revealed in the Bible and other sacred writings, this world of ours would, indeed, be a barren pilgrimage. We are made mindful, as we concentrate upon the value of Christianity to the world, that the influence of one life can re-make our world, can re-fashion the entire pattern of human existence.

As we search through the documents of scripture, we are caused to realize that a poor infant, born in our world in a lowly stable, (because there was no room in the inn for Mary and Joseph), reared in simple surroundings, without material wealth, most truly exemplified the promise that "... he who humbly himself shall be exalted."

In our world of today we have just emerged from a period of extreme material prosperity. More people have had more money to spend, more entertainment and amusement to enjoy, more luxuries and more leisurely hours. Without material wealth, most truly exemplified the promise that "... he who humbly himself shall be exalted."

And so, in the midst of the valley of a world depressed by the loss of its material wealth, we are recognizing that mere material wealth is "vanity of vanities," we approach this Christmas season with the necessity, and also the greater desire, of putting to use the first verse of David's 121 Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

If Christmas means anything to the world, it ought to mean that human life, unless it exemplifies those lofty attributes of Jesus Christ in men and women, is as bereft of real security and safety as a house built upon sands. Christmas, then, becomes to us a perennial reminder of a precious Life that once walked with mankind upon the slopes of Judea, and still walks with mankind wherever men and women are.

In the springtime, with a little sunshine, some warm rains, and some human hopes, bud bursts into life and blossom, the lifeless brown grass comes into life and grows green again. The gifts of God to the earth and glorifies its Nature. So, too, may Christmas bring into our lives the warm sunshine and rain of kindness, of tolerance, of sacrifice, of devotion to all good and true things; under these beneficent influences our hearts will flower into new patterns of joy and happiness.

Such, in a measure, is the message of each Christmas to a yearning, groping world of humankind. Blessed, indeed, are those who, upon the perpetual altar of brotherly love, place their offerings to the world's peace and happiness. Their days that are long, their nights restful, and their lives a benediction.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all and God bless you.

JANE ADAMS, NOTED CHICAGO settlement worker, this year shares the Nobel peace prize with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University. The prize includes \$400,000 in cash. This annual award is a significant emphasis on the value of peace as a world virtue. World peace, of course, is only possible when human beings in a city block agree to live in peace with the world at large; but the multiplication of a city block in a cosmopolitan city.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, plus Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon, tell the new Congress that four billions of dollars are necessary to run the country, and must be raised by taxation. Much of that money, of course, will get into the hands of the international banking group—and unemployed Americans will probably continue to go unemployed. Some day some courageous Congressman will "show up" the international banker who, behind the curtain of "patriotism," allows his own country to be looted for two per cent interest.

RIGHT AT THIS Christmas time we suppose the Democrats, if asked to give the Republicans a present, would come through with a well-filled sock!

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Is that you Susie? A sweet and comely "Aunt-Kit" Smith of Troy is visiting at Cyrus Jarvis' this week. His wife, Mrs. Jarvis, is a most interesting and lovely woman. There will be a Christmas tree at the Baptist church this Friday evening and everybody invited.

Pindar Worth of Troy has a flock of Xmas mutton, fine wool, that he has sheared last Friday for 1,485 pounds. An average of 18 1/2 pounds each. Good eating there. Dams Rumor has it that there is to be a quiet little wedding on Tuesday next between a young man living near Rochester and a young lady from Troy; and we guess Dams Rumor has it about right.

Michael Bloomberg emphatically says he will positively and surely be 92 years of age the 27th of February next and that he was born Feb. 27, 1792. If you are a mathematician you can see it yourself. We know of a lively young school matron near Rochester who dressed all the boys in her school big and little, for indulging their mischievous propensities by firing with a willow bush and the bush was applied to them; we suppose in the same manner only more so.

Girls you should not stay out so late on Monday nights because the school is locked up half past nine sharp. You know it's a bad practice to be borrowing a ladder to climb over the upper window that time of night.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The blue cross. Ering me the blue cross. The roller coasters on the D. & P. line have donned their winter underwear. Before we come out again the 25th of December will have passed, and we wish one and all a Merry Christmas.

It is said the Library Society have had a resolution to make to the village, this next spring. Young gentlemen, is the time to talk serious.

What present will last the longest? A year's subscription to our paper will last the longest. It is not meant for you, it is best not to repeat it.

Monday morning Ben Weston appeared for duty with a brand new buggy, and that day a brooding hen was accidentally backed into his new outfit upsetting the carriage and frightening the driver. The hen was killed and the daylight out of the new vehicle. Ben's beginning to think there's no use trying to have any sense.

Monday afternoon, Ed. A. Park's team, employed by the telephone office, was called to the scene of an accident at the cars and ran wildly away west to Bates street, where they were loaded with a horse. A stranger approached this group. For a while he watched the state of the horse and presently approached them. Of the one nearest he asked: "For a few sou's a day," was the surly reply.

Christmas will be observed in Birmingham religiously. The churches and their environs have planned services for Christmas Day, and the Sunday following. The churches are the hearts of parishioners the full realization of the sacred significance of the day.

Village commissioners at their meeting last night confirmed the preliminary assessment roll for the year 1931. The roll was presented to the Madison street between Lincoln avenue and Clawson. The assessment roll was presented to the Madison street between Lincoln avenue and Clawson.

Birmingham today is looking forward to announcement within the next two weeks of candidates for the Village Commission to be voted on at the election March 14. More than 1,000 tax statements are being mailed daily from the Bloomfield Township office and all are expected by officials to be in the hands of the voters by the end of the month. The roll was presented to the Madison street between Lincoln avenue and Clawson.

LESSENING THE BURDEN A new plan is being tried out here in Oakland county of permitting the tax payers to pay their taxes monthly rather than annually. Oakland county residents will have the opportunity of watching this new experiment in the City of Royal Oak. If this plan works in Royal Oak and is discovered that this new system of paying will bring in a larger percentage of the total tax levy than the present system, it will be worth anything said which would result from the additional bookkeeping.

One of the most serious handicaps of Oakland county today is its tax delinquency. It is true, that going on a monthly paying basis will not do away with the

SILENT NIGHT



The Other Chap Says Something—

Our Scrap Book

THE EVER CHANGING SAHARA

Because, in our school geographies, the deserts were invariably tinted saffron, we have become accustomed to speak of them as "yellow." But the Sahara, though frequently tawny in spots, runs through the whole gamut of colors. In the early morning it is a dirty bluish gray, of much the same tone as the refuse from a soda-shaht manufactory; but as the sun rises it becomes a dazzling white, like drifted snow, so bright that the eyes must be protected with tinted glasses. Under certain atmospheric conditions, however, I have seen the outcropping rocks of the hammada become as red as the walls of the Grand Canon. But the desert assumes its loveliest tints with the approach of nightfall, when it gradually changes from white to vivid orange, to blue, to amethyst, to deepest purple. Then, when the stars come out, it changes to gray again, an indescribably soft and misty gray, like smoky chiffon over silver tissue.

ParaLaffs

Nature's Mistake Fish, we glean from a wild life note, have ears or something very like them, and, good grief, they use a vocabulary the ones who they would have would have if they could only repeat what they heard!—Boston Herald.

Just So About the only difference between the old dime novel and one of today is \$1.90.—Ohio State Journal.

That's It! What we all want is wartime wages with which to buy things at panic prices.—American Lumberman (Chicago).

Not Our Worry We can't help wondering what will happen when the angels get to heaven and St. Peter doesn't give the Fascist salute.—Dallas News.

Jest For the Fun of It

FAIR ENOUGH! A Scotchman who sits step up in front of a restaurant window, in which was hung a card bearing the words: "LUNCHEON FROM 12 TO 3 P. M., 40c."

Oh, I may turn an easy verse. Or pick a phrase, or point a rhyme. Or swear a gentlemanly curse in metre on our son's time; Or I may put a pretty curb, With semi-colons, on the pace Of little phrases: wild and rare, Or catch a sound by the gills With wicked emphasis, or grace A lyric with appealing frills, Embroider, say, a nice setting, Or catch a sound by the gills And snare iambs in a net. Yet there are days, and this is bookkeeping.

It seems a silly thing to do. —Wilfred J. Funk in "Life"

FREE LANCE LETTERS

My name is Corra Mae French, I will be five years old next month and have a doll named in long, her name is Buehah. If you have enough doll cash, would like one for Buehah. —Corra.

I have been a good enough boy will you please bring me for Christmas, rubbers, a truck, doll, a hat and a doll box. I want a ball for my sister Ruth. Also a pair of gloves and a pair of shoes. My name is Martin. Who I live on Franklin-road. —Dear Santa:

I want a big doll, a doll buggy, and desk and chair with it and a doll house and a doll box. I want a ball for my sister Ruth. Also a pair of gloves and a pair of shoes. My name is Martin. Who I live on Franklin-road. —Dear Santa:

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The "Big Shots" Say—

S. L. Rothfarb, "Boss" of the theatre and the air: "This (to give the public what they want) is a fallacy for two reasons: you don't know what they want and they don't know what they want."

Henry Ford, auto maker: "Money is like an arm or a leg—use it or lose it."

Robert Hutchason, doctor: "There is considerable virtue in the closed mind, for an ever open mind is apt to be the receptacle of much rubbish."

Nicholas Murray Butler, president Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: "In a controversy between the victor and the police no citizen can be neutral. He must be on the side of the police."

Inez Haynes Irwin, author: "America and Spain are the only two nations outstanding in international copyright union."

John J. Pershing, General, U. S. A.: "We are today again in a battle that is like an arm or a leg—use it or lose it."

David Baird, Jr., defeated Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey: "From now on I sit it would seem that the vote has been cast against the Administration and existing times."

Shigeru Hojoe, Japanese Gene: "A regional state of eye exists in the Nonni river section because of the belligerent attitude of the Chinese."

W. Buchanan Taylor: "Too many advertisers look upon advertising as a thing to blame if it does not increase sales, and a thing to praise to appreciate if sales are made."

Frank Franz, anthropologist: "Children of the well-to-do generally mature more rapidly and attain their growth than those of the poor."

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University: "Believe me, the year 1932 will be a good year for some of our plattitudes."

Letters To Santa

Dear Santa Claus: Please remember the poor children please remember my Mother and Father. Please give me some doll clothes in a suit case with a doll. Please give me some good books. Please do not forget my mother and my father and my sister. —Marie Mitchell.

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