

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish articles of merit which have not elsewhere been published. The right to use any article published in this paper is reserved for the publisher.

Death Only Can Win

Once again the Grim Reaper hovers over the Michigan Legislature. This time, it appears, he will come nearer to getting his way than for many, many decades.

Observe the adept manner in which the Grim Reaper has captured the attention of the Legislature and the Governor.

With his cunning wiles, the Grim Reaper hews the Michigan Legislature.

With his palsied hands he planes the boards. With his bony fingers he taps the pegs into place.

His deathly crowds around the better to watch him work, apparently as anxious as he is to have the work completed for early shipment.

The murmur of organized hate runs through the crowd. Some of the state senators join the Grim Reaper's rasping song.

Most of the other branch of the Legislature applaud the theme of the dispirited, half-hysterical tune.

The tune is a dancé macabre—a trunting, haunting dance of death.

The thing is finished, 'twall cluck tightly the fangs of my man—'twall hold, it needs a slender wire to hear it—'twall its future occupants warn from the chilling human bandaging that sent them there.

"A life for a life!" the crowd had roared. "Have mercy!" was drowned in the din.

"I'm afraid for my life!" whined Justice, who had been foretaken by her twin brothers, Swift and Sure Punishment.

"Behold our masterpiece!" chorused the Governor and the Legislative wakers.

And now they seek a victim. Who will it be? "Capital punishment does not avoid the ends of justice, and often defeats them."

If We Had Our Way

We would require every public official in high places to take a moral test, by which the electorate could obtain truthful information about his ability to withstand the predatory influence that might, upon certain occasions, seek to sway his judgment.

If we could have our way with the golfing world, we would require every member of the golfing club to have his brain in such a manner as to cause them to record every stroke they take next summer.

Yes, sir, if we had our way there would be greater attention paid to develop the abilities of some women to perform responsible positions in the business world.

We would create a permanent home, far from the stampeding herd, for all professional lobbyists. Then we would, after sufficient time, obtain a report of the conditions in the aforesaid home, and reveal to the world the inability of certain people to practice what they preach.

We would require each motorist to undergo an examination of sufficient scope to qualify him as the equal of an ancient pusher of wheelbarrows. In this manner we would decrease accidents, and prolong human life.

We would require every husband, upon leaving the table, to remark to his wife: "Well, sweetheart, that was a fine meal you prepared for my weary body. I love you more every meal."

We would require every man to have a desk behind the partition. There was only one article that I found in my newspaper, Robert Bridges wrote it, and I found it in my newspaper.

All women born are so perverse. No man need boast their love possessing. If no man seem better, nothing's lost.

All women born are so perverse. No man need boast their love possessing. Though God had made her for a blessing, she is a curse.

All women born are so perverse. No man need boast their love possessing. The silent sea, the silent air, the silent earth, the silent woods, the silent mountains.

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The Other Chap

Says Something— A Valentine. A bit of paper lace and times you give space for the poet's mind to grace its pages fair.

Moses would fail. A modern Moses would need sand blast equipment and a huge amount of water to wash away the tabulating of the laws of a modern legislature.

Sinnick's Cynicisms. "Oh, don't you just love tri-lets," cooed Cassim Bin-Bindaf to the Blond Young.

We Ask You—Is This Progress? Down in the silent east, the silent west, the silent middle, the silent south, the silent north.

Shaping Minds With Movies. How far do modern films—silent, sound, or talkie—enter into the construction of the thing we call mankind?

Vox Polly. "All I want is a position easily acquired by good looks, and I don't care for my 19 years on the stage to get where I am, and I don't propose to sacrifice that by a few more years of the same."

Privileged. The secretary of a huge store, obviously upset, dashed into the manager's office.

Paralaf's. The good old days were those when a luxury didn't become a necessity.

Kindhearted. A Chicago band held up and robbed a man on his way to the dentist.

Always Has. The world now has almost everything that a crowd of people of the kind they promised to be.

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FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO. It is perfectly killing to be seated at Pontiac and spend the afternoon at the Court House listening to a trial.

SALESMANSHIP. In this day when business barometers and sales' men are the center of attraction, talk of low prices may be overshadowing another more important factor in business.

ROBERT BRIDGES. Robert Bridges wrote it, and I found it in my newspaper.

ALL WOMEN BORN ARE SO PERVERSE. No man need boast their love possessing.

THE SILENT SEA, THE SILENT AIR, THE SILENT EARTH, THE SILENT WOODS, THE SILENT MOUNTAINS.

HOW FAR DO MODERN FILMS—SILENT, SOUND, OR TALKIE—ENTER INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE THING WE CALL MANKIND?

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The "Big Shots" Say:

Margaret Bondfield, British Minister of Labor: "We are passing out of the age of the world's affairs, we made a joke by persons who wanted to say something smart."

Thomas A. Edison, scientist: "The brain, if used, has enormous capacity."

Lord Darling: "The critics have read these words of wisdom of fiction. I suppose, but I have some doubt about it, because they almost always praise them."

J. Brooks Atkinson: "There is one thing the American likes—namely, a good dumping, particularly of his neighbor."

Greta Garbo, movie star: "What I missed most during my first Christmas at Hollywood was holy."

William van Loon, historian: "The medium but not the man, not by which genius gets even with life."

Lord Buckmaster: "There is something greater than the pride of success. There is the glow of learning."

Amelia Gall-Curel, singer: "The singer of today wants to achieve everything and do little work to achieve it."

Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick: "Nothing is right until it is beautiful."

Robert Littell, author: "The machine of today there is a tendency to reach for a lucky and a thought."

Aristide Briand, statesman: "War does not pay."

John H. Finley, newspaper editor: "The newspaper man must know the truth as fully as he can be known, be ready and fearless to tell it, and then know how to tell it."

Ernest Dinet, French author: "The more machines the better, because the more machines the more leisure, and the more leisure the more intellectual and moral life."

W. L. Garrison, abolitionist: "I want to know the whole truth about Nathaniel in 1790 with a family consisting of his wife and three female children, who were his parents'—Canojaharie (N. Y.) Courier."

Hokey Hokey! Driver—"I wasn't going forty, nor fifty, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

Judge—"Here, steady now, or you'll get into something!"—Rammer-Jammer.

Now for a Hot Caneback. Mrs. Newlwyed—"I'm sorry dear, but dinner is a little burnt to-night."

Mr. Newlwyed—"What? Did they have a fire at the delicatessen today?"—Puffinder.

Silence With a Kick. "Every time my wife hears a noise at night she thinks it's burglars and wakes me up." "Burglars don't make any noise."

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin. How About That Other Self? I've a friend who lost two days out of his life—and doesn't know where they went.

He crossed the street in an automobile hit, got recovered consciousness in a hospital one week later, got well at last, and is now walking the streets as briskly as ever.

Of course he doesn't remember the days of his unconsciousness. You would not expect him to do so. But the odd thing is that he has completely forgotten the two days just before the accident.

The accident happened on a street where he had lived for many years. He didn't find them anywhere. Nothing he sees or does ever reminds him of them. They are lost, apparently forever.

And that's another of those things I wish I understood. I've read a lot of the subject of the mind, but I've discussed that thing with doctors. Nothing ever gave me any satisfactory explanation of what happened to those two days.

That same thing has happened to other people. They've lived their lives. There are strange cases, too, of people who have two personalities. They live for a few months, as a rather sickly, unattractive person, and then they suddenly switch back to the other personality. And neither personality can remember the other.

What happens to us, anyway? What's going on inside of us when we are happy and behaving decently, what has become of that other self when we are furious and in a bad temper? It's a question that better human beings like to think we're after. I wish I knew.

But somehow I'm glad I don't know. I'm glad I'm not one of those solid, unchangeable creatures. I'm glad we move about the way we do. It gives us something to work at. We can slip back, but we can go ahead, too.

We can be as good as dead, but we can become a lively, energetic person, and life can never become dull or monotonous so long as we carry that mystery of personality within us—as long as we can never be quite sure which of us is really us.

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As long as we can never be quite sure which of us is really us, and which is some other fellow we'd like to be.

Michigan's Winter Sports

Coleman W. Hungerford, in his excellently edited "Michigan Sports," takes occasion to point out the sports possibilities of Michigan.