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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 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.

Bloomfield Township's Problems

Bloomfield Township's affairs seem to be upon the verge of some sort of enlightenment. What has been going on within the precincts of our township government seems to be, during these days of local political activity, the subject of considerable discussion.

There are those candidates who, feeling that township affairs have been shrouded in too much secrecy during the past few years, pledge themselves to give the taxpayers full and timely explanations, if they are elected.

Many of the conditions of the past are under criticism by several of the candidates who are to be voted upon next Monday. Regardless of the one who is elected supervisor, the electorate begins to feel that now is the time to give more publicity to the affairs of our township government—a unit that levies and collects more than a million and a half dollars each year.

To date, chief among the subjects being debated by the various political candidates are these: what is the method of determining the value of a township official's services? Why are "bonuses" given to township employees, on top of their regular salaries?

What is the exact status of the new township park, with regard to profit and loss of operation? What proof can be shown for the need of Bloomfield Township paying $104,850.00 for a gravel pit consisting of 34 acres of land, and upon what statute did the township board go ahead and buy this gravel pit without submitting the proposition to a vote of the people?

Why doesn't the township have a complete audit of its books each year, by a representative public accountant concern of sufficient size to stand fearlessly behind its report, instead of an abbreviated audit by the township clerk?

The above questions are some of those being tossed about the village and township these days, and they ought to be answered by those in authority. That they will be answered is the belief of many interested electors.

Pennsylvania's Great Paw—

The great state of Pennsylvania paused in its official toleration of the gangster and the political racketeer last Monday, and threw a huge copper switch which caused 2,000 galloping volts of electricity to burn out the stain upon its fair escutcheon when it electrocuted Irene Schroeder and her clandestine lover, Glenn Dague. The tiny rivulet of electrical energy—like Jove's thunderbolt—removed from the 22-year-old female form of the Schroeder woman all desire or ability to kill another person. Pennsylvania, holding within its great paw the helpless life of a woman, hesitated not to follow her example.

Good, old Pennsylvania! the home of Franklin and his stunt of coaxing electricity from the clouds by way of a kite.

Sweet are the uses of electricity; it takes our voice around the world, lights our darkened places, heats our shivering bodies, frys our beef-steak and eggs, curls Milady's fair locks, furnishes power for our factories, and chases the souls out of human beings. It is like life, this electrical energy; like life, it must needs be held in restraint by logic, by true fraternity, by usefulness; else, like life, it ends in death.

THERE APPEAR TO BE two groups in Oakland County, when it comes to a decision with regard to the merits of Miss Ann Reese, friend of the court at Pontiac. The group is for her; another is against her. Both undoubtedly are seasoned with the salt of politics. And when a situation becomes seasoned with the salt of politics; generally the stew is salty.

LOCAL FATHERS AND SONS last week participated in fellowship at the numerous Father and Son banquets held. This annual event, sponsored by the Y. M. C. A., has done much to bring new concepts of the relation between fathers and their sons.

SENATOR NORRIS, of Nebraska, offered this ringing thought the other day: "President Hoover has been assured by the Secretary of Agriculture that they will give the farmer sympathy, anyway, even if he starves to death."

THE LOCAL PUBLIC SCHOOL system is finding it somewhat difficult to obtain money to run on, because of delinquent taxes. Last week the school board had borrowed $185,000.00. The condition is not serious, but worthy of concern.

HAVE YOU PURCHASED one of those illegible 1931 automobile license plates yet? You have until Saturday, the last day of February—and then you'll have to march.

NEW YORK IS SAID to be the largest Negro, Irish, Jewish, and Italian city in the world. Which probably accounts for its likeness to ancient Babylon.

Voting For Your Home

"As Maine goes, so goes the nation" is only a politico-proverb invented to amuse or beguile the electorate. That many national elections have resulted similarly to those in the northeastern state is only a coincidence, or perhaps, a phenomenon.

The true proverb is: "As *you* vote, so votes the nation."

"Absurd," do you say? No, not absurd. *For you are everybody!* As a citizen your vote is as good as that of the craftiest politician in the country. Your vote is your only voice in the management of your government. If you fail to vote, you defeat the principles of the democratic form of government to which you owe your safety and your progress.

We can urge you to vote. We can belittle you for neglecting to vote. We can cajole, entreat and implore you, play upon your vanity, your weakness or your strength—but with words alone. We cannot mark your ballot for you, and we wouldn't if we could. Your heritage is that voice in government which may, through neglect, become but a whisper —or no voice at all.

It depends entirely upon you. As *you* vote, so votes the nation.

There is a primary election, tantamount to election, next Monday. If you have not been interested, you should be now. It is not for the selection of a president, or senator, governor, or legislator in state government. You are asked to elect a neighbor—figuratively speaking". You are asked to assist in choosing a candidate to supervise the business of government in your own particular little world, just outside your door.

If you were forced to elect the men with whom you work in your business or profession, you certainly would take more than a passing interest in his selection. Why not take that personal interest in the men you choose for public office next Monday?

"... he that Killeth . . ."

You who wish to bring to the state of Michigan the primitive savagery of capital punishment, will do well to ponder the statements upon this subject by Robespierre, the great French revolutionist. This Eighteenth Century Terrorist was indeed an ardent opponent of capital punishment—that was before he entered politics and led the movement which resulted in the removal of the head of Louis XVI. Incidentally, it may interest you to know that Robespierre, a few weeks after he had chopped off the heads of 1,300 people, lost his own by the same process.

Yet this great French jurist left as a heritage to mankind some eloquent and powerfully logical reasons why he disapproved the use of capital punishment as an aid to the punishment of capital crime.

Just fascinate yourself by these words—words that came from a mind undoubtedly as well informed as any resident within this state today:

"Outside of civil society, let an inveterate enemy attempt to take my life, or, twenty times repulsed, let him again return to devastate the field my hands have cultivated, inasmuch as I can only impose my individual strength to his. I must perish or I must kill him, and the law of natural defense justifies and approves me. But in society, when the strength of all is armed against one single individual, what principle of justice can authorize it to put him to death? What necessity can there be to absolve it?

"A conqueror who causes the death of his captive enemies is called a barbarian! A man who causes a child that he can disarm and punish, to be strangled, appears to us a monster! A prisoner that society convicts is at the utmost to that society but a vanquished, powerless, and harmless enemy. He is before it weaker than a child before a full-grown man."

Continues Robespierre: "The first duty of the lawmaker is to form and to conserve public morals, as the source of all liberty, the source of all social happiness. When, to attain some special aim, he loses sight of this general and essential object, he commits the grossest and most fatal of errors. Therefore, the law must ever present to the people the purest model of justice and reason. If, in lieu of this puissant severity, of this moderate calmness which should characterize them, they replace it by anger and vengeance; if they cause human blood to flow which they cannot prevent—which they have no right to spill; if they exhibit to the eyes of the people cruel scenes and corpses bruised by torture—then they change in the hearts of the citizens all ideas of the just and the unjust; they cause to germinate in the bosom of society ferocious prejudices which in their turn again produce others. Man is no longer for man an object so sacred as before . . .

The Eccentric is fully aware of the necessity for swift and certain punishment for those who, deliberately and ruthlessly, take the lives of any and all who stand between them and the things they want; and The Eccentric pleads for the enactment of that kind of legislation which removes them from the scene of action, and not by death. If society can make deliberate murder bring death as the penalty, society can also make a life sentence mean life!

For, don't you see, the pity of the use of capital punishment is that it causes the people to cease seeking better solutions for the problem of major crime; better reform in our law enforcement and judicial systems is no longer the goal of society when we fallaciously depend upon one crime to stamp out another crime.

Mere killing, or capital punishment, is "the easiest way" to remove a social problem, some people think; perhaps that is the same manner of reasoning that causes a person to kill another human being.

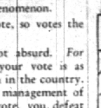
" . . . he that killeth by the sword must be killed by the sword." So sayeth St. John the Revelator. What sayeth Michigan?

JUST A BIT MORE OF THAT FINE human quality known as courage, perched securely behind the benches of more American judges, and this thing we call "gang rule" would soon be but a memory. Think of all the millions of dollars the American taxpayers spend for the administration of so-called justice, and then weep when you figure out how little efficiency is obtained in the expenditure. Be thankful for what characterful judges we have, though! And pray for more!

A BRITISH WOMAN, just having circled the globe in a tiny plane, told reporters that "my husband is the bravest man in the world; he went up with me in the air when I made by second flight at the controls." If we wanted to be mean, we'd agree with those who believe any man brave when he allows his wife to control the matrimonial ship—but we wouldn't even venture such a remark, ourselves.

...EX-NTRIX

SIGNS OF SPRING



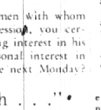
BUSSES TOLD NOT TO SPLASH

. . . Newspaper headline . . . Naughty busses! Naughty, naughty, naughty! Now you're gone and *drenched* momma! See what you've done! There goes the soap on the floor! Now you've got suds in your eye! Well, momma warned you and now she'll have to punish. She told you not to splash. . .

Now that Chicago has gone and elected William Hale Thompson (This is written before the election is on. Now that Chicago has at last rid itself of the Thompson regime, the international expletives so profusely applied in the recent campaign by adherents of both sides, probably will be forgotten by all but the novelists who employ such descriptive pronouns, adjectives and adverbs to make a dull story duller.

Then, of course, there was the evil politician who lay awake nights trying to figure out how he could collect the jury fees for the dead men whose names were listed on the grand jury panel.

THIS WEEK'S TABLEAU



Ladies and gentlemen—and those of you who are Republicans in summer and Democrats in winter, do not be deceived by the above photograph. It does not represent a fiend in human shape about to change the shape of the imploring little lady in the attitude of genuflection. Ah, no!

Our enterprising photographer last week snuck into the sanctum sanctorum of the Bloated Bakeries, Inc., at Oakland and O. K. avenues while the semi-annual broadcast of that most famous of our home industries was preparing its once-half act opera, "The Loaf Rises in the Yeast" or "Such Crust, Harriet!" He snapped the above photo.

What appears to be a sinister sword in the biscuit hands of the gent (at right) is no sword atall. And what appears to be the Old Hay Helmet Bobbin Used to Wear, is no hat atall. The implement he carries in his left hand is not a poignard—so don't be poignant about it. The weapon is a well-worn corkscrew, folks. A well-worn corkscrew. In fact, the corkscrew was used so often in opening the dough bottles at the Bloated Bakeries that it abandoned its devious ways and "went straight."

The little lady whose flowing tresses dangle like so much wet alfalfa on a windless Fourth of July, is Luella Larnyx. She is begging the bozo for bread—and he is about to give it to her—and how! To insure accuracy in aim and precision, in fact, he has attached a feather to the Large Loaf which he holds above his head. The worn out corkscrew is employed to give the reverberations a chance to rebound. The bread tosser's monicker is Alonzo Aloysius Alimony, whose three initials, in an attractive monogram, may be obtained by any motorist who wishes to join a rather obscure eyeling club in any of the principal cities.

CUFFLINKS FROM A KING

And I'll learn to play billiards so well, my dear,
That long before next spring
My skill will win a sovereign.
And cufflinks from a king.

WE RISE TO OBJECT

A cynical columnist recently declared that bank clerks are sad because they have to handle so much money that isn't theirs.

For our part, we have seen but few tellers or bank cashiers who are sad. Melancholy, perhaps, or even despondent—but not sad.

Sadness somehow implies remorse. Did you ever know a sad man who did not regret having done something or neglected to do something? The only sad employes in banks are those described as being 5 feet, 8 inches tall and $12, 303.29 short.

QUESTION BOX

Dear Sir: Who is this fellow "Bill"? I've read a great deal in the papers about him lately. He seems to be very active in Lansing these days. Must be an influential fellow, too. For instance, in the daily papers the other day I read not less than a dozen different headlines that read something like these: ommitted

Bill Would Legalize 3½ per cent beer.
Bill would make felons of hit-run drivers.
Bill would limit city's borrowing.
Yrs. truly.

ETC. The "Bill" you refer to is a politician. He is the same fellow after whom babies born on the first of the month are named. No, he is never paid.

THE "BIG SHOTS" SAY:—

Jan Christian Smuts, South African leader:
"The end of government is not merely good government, but the education of the people in good government."

Ernest Wild, British peer:
"The legal profession is unpopular because it has to bear the mistakes of both the law-makers and the law-breakers."

John H. Lyle, Chicago jurist, militant foe of gangsters:
"The day is coming when no highwayman or robber will be admitted to jail. That is the ultimate solution to the crime problem."

Roger W. Babson, economist:
"To get ahead in this period every concern must tell the dollar where to go instead of asking it where it went."

Thomas W. Lamont, financier:
"The American people never do anything by halves."

William Ralph Inge, England's "gloomy dean":
"Nineteenth century England was a going concern. Post-war England is a gone concern."

David Lloyd George, former British premier:
"We were lassoed to Wall Street. We have been dragged over the course by the wild horses of Wall Street."

C. H. K. Marten:
"Education is what is left after you have forgotten all you ever learned."

Eden Phillpotts, English novelist:
"Every home needs a woman and a cat, so long as they are not under the same skin."

Nicholas Murray Butler, president Columbia University:
"Thinking is one of the most unpopular amusements of the human race."

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

INCOME TAX PROPOSED

The Michigan state legislature, which convenes on January 7, is going to be confronted with as serious problems to be solved as ever faced a legislature of this state.

With demands for larger appropriations than ever before and a deficit that in itself is staggering, there are two things that appear to many of the members of the legislature to be necessary.

They feel that there must be some pruning, some cutting and some vacating, with a new source of revenue found that will bring into the state a number of millions of dollars.

An income tax seems to be the one hope that looms above the horizon as a means of obtaining revenue to meet the deficit and the additional appropriations that are anticipated by the session soon to meet.

There seems to be the feeling that, with the exemption of the man of a family who has an income of $2,000 or less, that an income tax should be collected from all whose salaries are above that mark.

It would appear that if there must be new revenue rather than less to carry on the business of the state, that it should be placed upon incomes rather than upon the cash value of the returns from their investments.

Whether Wilbur M. Brucker, as the new governor, had to pledge himself during his political campaign to so many office-seekers and officeholders as to make it impossible for him to reduce the state force by several thousand men, and eliminate many of the boards and commissions, which are maintained at a great expense to the state is not definitely known, but it is hoped that he will be able to cut down the salary-expense of the state for the coming year by a good many thousand dollars.

Whatever else is done, the people generally will be opposed to any further increase in taxes. It is already a burden that cannot be borne by farmers and small landholders and calls for a reorganization of state government that will cut expenses, reduce taxes and provide a more economical state administration than that the state has heretofore known.—Pat O'Brien in Iron River Reporter.

SOME "DIRTY SKUNKS"

An editorial friend, Harry Izor, of the Durand Express, chides us mildly for not being "so hot" for Governor Brucker. Which is not the case, however. We have the idea in mind to be as helpful as possible to the present state administration, not as a fair weather friend, but one who will stick with him whenever he is being unjustly assailed. He is like a new broom now, sweeping clean and nobody standing around with muddy feet, but later on, after he has rapped a few knuckles trying to reach in and filch public monies he will have plenty of grief on his hands. When that time arrives we hope to do and say things that will meet with the governor's approval. For four years we saw a set of dirty skunks trying to blacken the character and good intentions of Fred Green because he would not bend to their opportunities, so we know the pity of it all. When that same situation arises in Governor Brucker's political life it will be the time to step to his side and help hand out a few socks—we aim to be there.—Fred D. Keister in Ionia County News.

Fantasy
(with Walter Damrosch via Radio)

A happy hour on a busy morning,
A morning filled with the tasks of home,
Though fingers may stop for never a moment
The heart and fancy are free to roam:
So they travel afar with the loved musician
To his beautiful land of music and dreams,
And they catch the cadence of song and rhythm
With the lyric lore of the varied themes.

Away to the glorious land of music,
Away on the wings of the morning wind,
Garbed in a gown of blue and silver,
Leaving the time-worn tasks behind,
Dancing the way in jeweled slippers
With an airy fairy lithsome tread
To the wonderful mystic land of music
That lies just over the flower-strewn mead.

Home again from the land of music,
Back to the finest place on earth,
With a soul refreshed by joy and beauty
And a heart overflowing with love and mirth.
Magic was rife with the bands and polkas,
Magic that scoured and dusted and swept.
While I danced and sang in the land of music
The tryst with home and the tasks were kept.

—Beatrice McDonald.

FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS —of Long Ago

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

Thorne & Converse are chuck full of business.

H. J. Bloomberg is seriously ill with his old ailment.

The square-toed measles is a very complicated complaint.

F. W. Sherman playeth the B-flat cornet for the Royal Oak None-Such troupe.

A whole sleigh load of our school pupils and teachers visited the asylum last Saturday. None remained however.

Wednesday night is corporation election, and the fight will be those in favor of the present position of the sidewalks against those who like the old way best.

The flyers were out in full force Saturday. Prominent amongst them we noticed Ned Daines' stepper, D. E. Wilber's team and Tom Adams's pacer.

Frank Roche rejoiceth in the fattest boy and the most oleaginous jerker in the country. The growing lad will be a cooper, and of course will (w)hoop 'er up accordingly.

Thomas Adams is the living hero of twenty-four runaways while driving equines of all ages from the frisky colt to the steady "old plugs," which run away with him just from a sense of duty.

For first-rate pig-killers and butchers, we would recommend Miller and Baum of Troy. Lately while Tib was away, it took the above two young men four hours to peel the hair from one little pig, and it was a good day for pulling hair, too.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Perkins have actually been and gone and got up and stayed away from home a whole week, visiting friends and relatives at Flint! This is the first time since they were married, that they have been away from home for so long a period. How's that for industry and sobriety.

Kipp Opdyke solemnly avers that he hasn't bought any farm as yet, and further that he will in future keep his collateral secure through the columns of The Eccentric, just as soon as he buys the farm. Now let's give the poor man a rest. He is getting hollow-eyed and grey headed, under the volley of questions from everyone he meets.

To the Editors of The Eccentric—

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

For nearly two years Bro. S. R. Williams has been preaching, inviting and arguing an attendance to his church, the old reliable M. E. Church building on Maple Ave., and last Sunday, very, very early in the morning about 7 o'clock a. m. he was made happy by seeing men, all men, rushing for his church in answer to his call along with the janitor, A. Bunyen, to assist in putting out the fire. The attendance was fine, notwithstanding the hour and the work done by the fire department was quick and successful. This crowd of helpers were called out by a fire alarm rung in and whistled in by Brother Bunyen, the janitor. We heard one good lady say that of course she did not wish the church to burn, but if it did she would just love to see the steeple fall. Terry the terrible Turk of the telephone had all he could do answering calls and telling excited subscribers where the fire was. He says out of the 1,000 subscribers on the board every one "rung up" but one and asked where the fire was and that was Ed Parks' phone and that would, only Ed was at the fire with his squirt and as he says the extinguishers are first class useful O. K. practical and for sale at Johnston's Livery Barn and one at least should be in every well regulated family.

In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Do your statements possess a clarified conciseness compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency and a concentrated cogency? Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and inane verbosity.

Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and vivacity, without rhodomontade or transcendental bombast; sedulously avoid all pollysyllabic profundity, ipsittaccous vacuity, veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast; sedulously avoid all pollysyllabic profundity, ipsittaccous vacuity, veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast; shun double entendres; prurient jococity and pestiferous profanity, obscurent or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly and truthfully, and you'll be an Eccentric and the best that has ever been offered. And that settles it.

FIVE YEARS AGO

As soon as the School Board gets possession of the six houses in the Castle plat behind the Hill House, which will be sold in five lots, longing to Charles McCarthy, and Bert Gardiner on Merrill street, will be ready for sale March 4, the method of purchase to be through sealed bids.

Mrs. Robert Chissus of Rivenoak avenue who has been laid up for about five weeks with a broken ankle, is slowly recovering and expects to be able to walk again in another week or two.

Acting upon a letter from persons whose property is situated adjacent to the present Grand Trunk railroad, the Zoning Commission this week decided to make no restrictions on the property until definite announcement of the removal of the tracks is made. Property owners along the tracks claim that it should become business frontage, which was not so considered by the original zoning plan. Presentation of the completed Zoning Ordinance and map will probably be made to the village commission in two or three weeks.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

Marriage Can Be Friendship

ARE YOU friends with the man you married?

Are you friends with the woman who is your wife?

If you're not, you're not really married at all, because a marriage without friendship may be many other things, but it's not a true marrying of a man and a woman. It may be an economic arrangement, it may be the parenthood of children, . . . may be passionate love affair, but it is NOT marriage.

* * *

Often when I think of marriage, I think of that time many years ago when Robert Louis Stevenson came by canoe to the town of La Fere in northern France and spent the night in the inn that was kept by soft-spoken Bazin. Bazin said to Stevenson, "I am married and I have my pretty children. But frankly, it is no life at all. From morn to night I pledge a pack of good-enough fellows who know nothing!" . . . But after the work was over, Bazin and Stevenson sat at the front door talking together and Madame Bazin came out and sat there, too, tired from the day's work, "and she nestled up to her husband and laid her head upon his breast" and "he had his arm about her and kept gently patting her on the shoulder."

They were friends, and Stevenson said to himself: "I think Bazin is right, and he is really married."

* * *

A dozen years ago I was a soldier in that town of La Fere, when all its buildings were in ruins, and I looked all over for the inn with Bazin's name on its wall, hoping to find the place where there had been a marriage with friendship. But I did not find it, and I'm sorry I didn't. . .

And not long ago I heard a woman saying, "My husband and I are very good friends." I wasn't supposed to hear what she said, but I listened just the same. Her husband loved her, but she didn't love him any more; it wasn't her fault; she just didn't, that's all, but she and he were good friends. "Which is," she said wistfully, "perhaps better, after all, than being lovers."

No, not better, for lovers ought to be friends as well. But certainly better than being bound together in wixenish, nagging, distrustful stormy strife. Many marriages are like that; in many marriages one is always accusing, one is always explaining. "And who are the estranged?" asked Thoreau. "Two friends explaining," he answered. Two people "married." Two people fighting. Two people tearing at each other and snarling because they can't be Friends. And that, really is no life at all!

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.

To the Editor:

Most people think that a soldier at the Front is in great danger, but that he is comparatively safe when he drives his own automobile around the city or in the country. During the 18 months of the World War 50,510 members of the A. E. F. were killed in action or died of wounds. During the 18 months constituting 1930 and the last half of 1929 approximately 50,900 persons were killed in America by automobile accidents alone. Private passenger cars accounted for 78.5 per cent of the total.

The figures were compiled by statisticians of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., which is one of the leading writers of automobile and Personal Accident Insurance. The figures were calculated on the basis of reports from 40 states in the hope that the public would realize the increasing seriousness of the situation.

Young Drivers To Blame

We get a false idea about how accidents happen. Many of us believe that a youth is a safer driver than an older person, but the figures show that 26 per cent of the fatal accidents were caused by drivers between the ages of 18 and 24 years, a span of seven years. 50.6 per cent were caused by drivers between the ages of 25 and 54, a span of 30 years. This would indicate that the younger driver does not have the mature judgment of the older driver. We have all heard the joke about the woman driver, but the figures show that male drivers caused 94.2 per cent of fatal accidents and 92.4 per cent of non-fatal injuries. The ladies stand acquitted.

About 91 per cent of the fatal accidents were caused by drivers who had had one year or more of experience, and about 88 per cent of the fatal accidents were caused by drivers apparently good condition. Furthermore, about 80 per cent of the accidents occurred on dry roads. This certainly indicates that most of the accidents are due to carelessness or overconfidence.

The consumption of gasoline was less in 1930 than in 1929 which indicates that fewer miles were driven. In spite of this, deaths due to automobile accidents increased. What to do with the problem is a serious question. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, representing the Stock Fire Insurance Companies, has for many years studied this problem in the decrease fires and it has put on publicity campaigns, such as Fire Prevention Week, to make people more careful. The Eccentric is the editorial Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters representing Stock casualty insurance companies has done some work in the public schools to impress on school children the danger of automobile accidents and the work has been successful. No doubt everyone of us would be glad to see the automobile manufacturers, the automobile clubs, and the insurance companies get together and try to impress the public with the importance of being careful drivers.

DONALD G. HOWARTH.

ParaLafs

Just Habit

According to an economist, money is the people's servant. Here today and gone tomorrow.—The Humorist, London.

In Big Cities

It is said that there are people in Chicago who have never seen anybody shot. I don't believe this. We have citizens here who have never been struck by a falling judge.—The New Yorker.

Serene?

With the return of the long skirt there reverts to concealment full many a gem of purest rayon serene.—Arkansas Gazette.

Dangerous

An American jazz orchestra which sailed the other day for a tour of South America will be lucky if it isn't mistaken for a revolution.—San Diego Union.

Too Cheap

Now that the engineers have figured out how to lengthen the life of autos, maybe they'll do something along the same line for pedestrians.—Ohio State Journal.

Right

Business recovery will probably begin about the time some of our leading optimists finally run out of conversation about it.—San Diego Union.

He Wouldn't

It's ridiculous to think that liquor will ever be legalized in America. Al Capone wouldn't allow it.—Elizabeth Journal.

Defined

Politics is one party trying to get in office, and the other party trying to stay in.—Wauchula Advocate.

Maybe

A will missing for more than 70 years was found in a family Bible in Detroit. Somebody accidentally knocked the Bible off the parlor table?—Macon Telegraph.

They Do

The laundries are not responsible for all the saw-edges on standing collars. The roughnecks wear 'em down themselves.—Los Angeles Times.

Might Not Be

It might not be a bad idea to try business as a tonic for business.—Nashville Banner.