

BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1931

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which are of local interest. All copy must be accompanied with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be submitted to the office of the editor, 235-237 North Woodward Avenue, Birmingham, Mich.

If We Had Our Way . . .

We'd probably make as many mistakes as one would be expected to make when one seeks to do things which one shouldn't seek to do. That's what we might do if we had our way.

We'd try to impress upon John Bradshaw Howard, who is being honored this evening at the Community House with a testimonial dinner, that his life is a distinct glorification of his Maker, and worthy of emulation by those who touch any portion of the circle of his influence.

There would be fewer news (so-called) stories coming out of Hollywood, California. We'd arrange for a celestial chisel—and let the sweeper take care of the dust.

No one would be allowed to stand upon the floor of the Michigan Legislature unless he could do so without support. We'd see that all legislators were made to retire early each night; that there would be no exchange of cards, consumption of soda pop, or other forms of political profligacy.

You may rest assured—if we had our way—we'd arrange to have Benito Mussolini settle this question of the American citizen. Italy's iron man would not waste so much old gold trying to make Lord Chestfield admit that it was a lucky strike when men (and women) started to walk for miles of riding to the canal.

Yes! If we had our way we'd engage some chemist to discover a potent herb which, upon being administered to retiring politicians, would cause them to write auto-biographies setting forth the difficulties (personal or otherwise) which they encountered while trying to live up to their official duties. Then we'd hold a public auction for the sale of the recipe—and thus learn which of the two major parties values highest its worth to the people.

Spend Your 1-Cent Pieces

People who are hoarding one-cent pieces bearing the imprint of an Indian head in the hope that Uncle Sam will pay a high price for these coins some day are doing their best to keep the Treasury from the Department, one-cent pieces are worth exactly one cent and never will be worth more.

No body knows exactly who started the rumor that one-cent Indian pieces were taking on some mysterious value in the eyes of the government which would eventually call in the coins at a premium. The report grew until letters began coming into the Treasury from all parts of the country asking for verification of the rumor.

Poor-Bill—Poor Bill!

Now that Michigan's biennial gathering of wits (who said anything about half-wits?) has herded up the ancient, long-suffering dome of the State Capitol at Lansing, we are reminded of a verse written some time since the Big Flood—a verse that fairly cautions for the copious gushing of tears from the average citizen. Here are the tender lines—read 'em an' weep!

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West. An' my 'ole heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly planned Should wander from the path o' right is hard to understand.

I told him when he left us, only three short years ago, He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row. But he said the farm was hateful, and he guessed he'd have to go. His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road.

But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame, An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name. He writes from out in Denver, an' the week's mighty short. I just can't tell his mother, it'd crush her heart.

An' so I reckoned, parson; you might break the news to her. Bill's in the legislature! but he don't say what for.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN shudders when he hears of the number of people in India who are bitten to death by snakes every year. Don't you suppose the average Indian does a bit of the same shuddering when he reads of the automobile fatalities in our country annually.

Niagara Offers A Lesson

Niagara's American Falls, under the tremendous explosive power of King Winter's frost, changed its countenance a few days ago. Honey-moon couples, and others, who have spent long gazing upon the stupor of co-operating raindrops in this great wonder tumbled along, will never again see the American Falls as it was in those dear, dear days—no longer back.

For ages Niagara offered an almost unchanged picture to those who beheld it; true, erosion was constantly at play along its edge, but the wear and tear was imperceptible to a generation, a century, or even a millennium. Small, dark, black, along Niagara's sides and crest, systems of his own—of his enjoyment and often his material profit. Why not?—was not Niagara a great rock—a sort of personified perpetuity?

That is the way man builds—he picks out what he likes and creates out of it. He civilizes his civilization. Too often he forgets the erosive agencies that are eternally penetrating the rock—like the frost of Niagara's frigid winter, King Winter and his son, Jack Frost. And then, for man, there comes the dissolution of Babylon, the fall of Rome and Greece, the disintegration of the East, the French and Russian revolutions—and even our own cataclysmic a turmoil as the recent World War!

Niagara still rolls its way to the sea; each bit of invisible moisture rises heavenward to be born in the marvel of a cloud; the rain falls upon the valley, and it is small to the exploding, rolling rock, or great gorge and canyon into the Great Lakes, and much of it finally sparkles 'neath the still black, oning rays of the sun that gave it birth; as it creates the cataract we know as Niagara. And as they go they work—do tiny drops of water! Cracks change into open channels. Small, dark, black, along Niagara's sides and crest, systems of his own—of his enjoyment and often his material profit. Why not?—was not Niagara a great rock—a sort of personified perpetuity?

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There is a lesson in the cracking of Niagara's American Falls. It declares that mankind must never cease holding fast to the finer, character-building influence of life; it affirms the need for cementing the people of a family, a neighborhood, a nation, together, love, it is a lesson in the elements of Universal Brotherhood. It agrees with the Book of Leviticus, wherein is stated: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart. . . . Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Niagara—a new Niagara—rolls on. And mankind, beholding its grandeur, will profit by building its own edifice upon a great rock—far enough removed from the erosive influences of life to assure safety.

THE OTHER NIGHT, as we observed the activities of Birmingham's finance commission, we were impressed with the great array of legal talent at the disposal of the community for almost nothing. Including Clare Ogden, village attorney, there are Harry Allen, president, and Charles Lewis, commission member, both excellent lawyers. The commission is fortunate, indeed, in having its problem sifted through the legal minds of this trio—many a pitfall, and lawsuit, have been avoided because of their careful analysis of municipal problems.

CLARA BOW, THE "M" Miss of the Hollywood studios, is being revealed more intimately to an observing public; this is happening during the trial which she instituted to recover money which she claims was stolen from her by her former secretary, Daisy DeVoe. It begins to appear as though Clara, in her effort to stop legal action into the heart of Daisy, also broke her bow in the process—and may miss it altogether.

SOON BIRMINGHAM will be given a zoning ordinance. The bill is being introduced by members of the Village Board. According to the Commission's proposed ordinance, the plan will be in connection as to not change very much of the old mile-square section of Birmingham. It is felt that little, if any, objection to the zoning ordinance will be manifested when the public hearings are completed this spring.

Things We've Said Before . . .

"Become As Little Children" A few minutes ago we were sitting in our sanctum here at home, inditing various bytes of thought for this week's Eccentric. Our wife was in the next room, getting Billy and John ready for bed. Then came the time for them to gather about her knee and we heard their childish voices start out with.

"Now I lay me down to sleep . . . and I'll be a little child again." Noisily they crept into the room and watched their faces as they repeated, word for word, the prayer being taught them by their best earthly friend. Something inside us responded to the glow in our sons' countenances. Although we are unable to see them, we think we understand a flicker better what Jesus said to become as little children. We hope to understand a flicker that is part of Billy's and John's mission in our life.

EX-TRIX

A WORD TO THE WISE AND A SONG OR TWO LIKE ME AND YOU TOO!

From the solemn dignity thou fastest because Nature—or some mischievous children have made of the subject, thou didst not especially pry upon by the laughing gods; for, in thy fall there is the most of it. It gives thee opportunity to rise again and walk with the pride and caution of one who has learned a worthy lesson.

From thy fall thou shalt realize; in the fall thou feelest the tumult of the time disconcerted; to inarticulate murmurs die away. Weave the eternal ages watch and wait.

Today's Reflection Briefly may be the soul of wit, all right, but there's little wit in the shoe manufacturer who produces shoes of the sort of which last but for a few days—and then goes the way of all flesh.

THIRTY THIRTY DAYS Out of the year, a cork. Out of the year, a cork. Out of the year, a cork.

When you hear this one? "You sometimes find pearls in oysters," pleasantly remarked the waiter to the customer who ordered oyster stew. "I'm looking for oysters," replied the man.

Sing a song of ping-pong. But take care you don't get either in your eye.

Gov. Willbur M. Brucker, in an address at Saginaw the other day, declared that he believed in the "old King" because he could, as chief executive officer of the state, be elected in the event of a tie—and could pare millions from the proposed state budget—even though he would lose a million dollars. Mrs. Brucker for each \$2 he might spend.

Believe it or don't? A woman recently rushed into the office of a doctor and said, "Stop! Stop! Stop!" "Turn it off!" Whereupon she said, "I was evidently an adjoining room."

Present indications are not now being considered by the electorate. Voters in all parts of the state do not care a fig for whether the woman who killed the same ones who drew their pay for a year. But the registered voters are concerned.

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Poems That Live

Divina Commedia Oft have I seen at some cathedral A laborer, pausing by the dust and mire, Lament his burden, and with reverent feet Enter, and cross himself, and on his knees to repeat his paternoster o'er;

From the solemn dignity thou fastest because Nature—or some mischievous children have made of the subject, thou didst not especially pry upon by the laughing gods; for, in thy fall there is the most of it. It gives thee opportunity to rise again and walk with the pride and caution of one who has learned a worthy lesson.

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THE "BIG SHOTS" SAY:

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO Mitchell thinks there is a bile or something on the end of his nose. He is so sure of it that he tells it all as soon as he gets a day's leisure. To the casual observer he is a man of no account, but to the boxing glove with a serious attack of the measles.

Modern Spain and Spanish Bull-Fights is the subject of Mrs. Stone's lecture tomorrow evening, instead of "France," etc., as announced in last week's issue. The lecture the former subject is said to be the finest in this able lady's repertoire.

Grant Race has secured the lucrative position of messenger in the office of the city engineer, now an session at Lansing.

Farmers in this vicinity say that the present season, although so severely cold, has been a most successful one for stock. A good deal of fodder being eaten up clean. Good shelter and careful feeding, makes good fat, sleek stock.

It was only a little twig, but it came down on the head of a foreman, who was carrying a load of lumber. The foreman was in the middle of a walk when it fell on his head.

The "Ripple" bade fair to take the preponderance in the popular vote. It was a very healthy man to receive bad news at breakfast and then go out and get pneumonia straightaway.

Wells D. White, president Ferris Institute, denouncing "petting schools," said: "Students are in school primarily to study academic courses, and not to experiment with the comic book."

W. Kennedy walks with a crutch, caused by being kicked on the knee by a horse.

Twenty-five years ago The stork departed Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Adams with a pretty baby girl last Saturday.

A Woodward Ave. lady had her hair done by a hairdresser on the warm rain. A remarkable event for Jan 22, 06—midwinter.

The Board of Supervisors has purchased a handsome mirror and hatbox for the ladies of the Court House. The glass is about 24x18 inches and the hatbox is golden oak.

Saturday was a busy day for Birmingham. Saturday evening and Sunday morning there were dozens of people on the streets. It was an angry, jealous day, and heathened the husband and pecked at the wife. He called her names and she called his. He was on the nearest neighbor.

Down on the corner of Woodward and East Monday morning there were dozens of people on the streets. It was an angry, jealous day, and heathened the husband and pecked at the wife. He called her names and she called his. He was on the nearest neighbor.

The editor of the Eccentric was at the city hall Saturday evening and was curfewed at nine o'clock was taken by the boys and girls in this town can stay out all night if their parents don't mind. It doesn't make any difference if they do.

If you are a freeloader outside of the city or any village, in this town you will find a very good thing to do. You can get a job in the city. You can get a job in the city. You can get a job in the city.

Five years ago William H. Smith, builder, this week announced that he has started a new building. He intends to construct in the south part of this village, to be known as the "Birmingham Building." It will be a fine building.

Boydus Earl, 6, the youngest professional violinist in the world, will give a public in the Baldwin Auditorium on Monday night. He made his first public appearance when he was only three years old, and in the three years since has given concerts in the largest theaters in America and Canada.

Victor Peck of Birmingham, a Junior at Albion College, is one of the many who are being honored by the city of Birmingham. He was awarded a scholarship for his work on the gridiron last fall, which was awarded on last fall's Albion eleven.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

Arthur Greenwood, British minister to this country, has been seen about until the people of the world have been assured of security.

Max Edelman, merely the skilled use of the mind and the stores of human knowledge about any problem.

Allen Hoben: "One of the greatest luxuries in the world at the present time is to be able to read a newspaper."

Thomas F. Rider, preacher: "The beauty of a woman was once looked upon as something signifying the internal beauty of the soul. But this idea has been discarded."

Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War: "This world needs more religion, not less. Less religion causes poverty and more."

Henry Thornton, President Canadian National Railways: "Warfare has been described as a physical game in which both sides lose."

John Bassett Moore, former Judge of the World Court: "A frown or scowl on the face of a man is a more effective weapon for revolutions."

W. Arbuthnot Lane, British physician: "A man is known by a perfectly healthy man to receive bad news at breakfast and then go out and get pneumonia straightaway."

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Who's Who and Timely Views

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