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THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 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.

The Dance Is O'er . . . .

One of the Seven Arts has lost its greatest exponent.

Anna Pavlova, whose innate gracefulness won universal admiration, is dead. No longer will the beauty of her motion transform a colorless stage curtain into a sylvan paradise. No longer will crowds gather in theaters to applaud her art, and thousands who anticipated her return tour of the United States will feel in her loss a personal bereavement.

Let the historians of the dance record her brilliant career. While her rhythmical perfection now is stilled she will continue to dance in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to see her perform before she retired from the stage in 1924.

Anna Pavlova's dance is over—but somewhere a light-hearted little girl, ignorant of the sorrow this great ballerina's departure caused, dances, dances, dances in the sheer joy of artistic expression, little realizing that some day she may attain the perfection that was Anna Pavlova's.

Your Zoning Ordinance

Members of the Village Planning Commission and other supporters of a zoning ordinance for the Village of Birmingham are anxious to learn what is the public sentiment towards their tentative plan for a zoning law. For this reason public meetings are being held each Friday evening in the Municipal Building where a large map on which the proposed districts are outlined is exhibited.

Even if your concern for the future development of Birmingham is confined only to the neighborhood in which you live, it is without doubt to your advantage to attend these meetings. Problems which confront other neighborhoods may be similar to those which confront the immediate area in which you live. The problems of building restrictions, park sites, segregated districts for apartment houses, single dwellings, etc., are everybody's problems.

You cannot know whether you approve or disapprove the tentative zoning plan unless you know what it is. The best way to find out what it is, is to study the map in the commission chamber of the Municipal Building at one of these regular Friday evening meetings.

We Live And Die By Them—

Perhaps nothing that mankind has invented for his practical use has so played havoc with his comfort and safety as the promiscuous use of the automobile. By this we mean that the motor car, an instrument of great value when in certain hands, becomes an engine of destruction when allowed to be the plaything of irresponsible persons. The only remedy, of course, is stricter examination of applicants for drivers' licenses.

All of which leads us to this observation: under our present system of the manufacture, sale, and use of automobiles, we have enjoyed an increased prosperity; anything that slows up automobile production aids in creating unemployment, which is followed by a business depression. So why should anyone seek to legislate stricter laws that will in any way decrease the manufacture and sale of motor cars? Haven't we already proved this pneumatic paradox that our prosperity increases only when we are busy making automobiles, so that we who manage to escape being killed by them shall live?

Pick Your Own Stone

Speaking of precious stones, the diamond, emerald or ruby are not the kinds best fitted for all people. You don't need to have plenty of "rocks," either, to obtain one of the many stones that mankind has perfected for his fellow-beings.

In a recent issue of the Detroit Motor News, we came across the following suggestions of 1931 birthstones; so come up a little closer to the showcase and look them over:

For laundresses, the soapstone; for architects, the cornerstone; for soldiers, the bloodstone; for politicians, the blarneystone; for borrowers, the touchstone; for policemen, the pavingstone; for stockbrokers, the curbstone; for shoemakers, the cobblestone; for burglars, the keystone; for beauties, the peachstone; for fathers, the grindstone; for aviators, the moonstone; for motorists, the milestone; for pedestrians, the tombstone.

You And The World

To adjust your own desires to those of the world about you, and yet retain your individual character growth, is an effort worthy of the most dauntless of souls. As Emerson once put it: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Mischievous Tongues

One bit of wisdom which men begin acquiring from their earliest experience is the necessity of a proper misbelief in evil tongues. Evil reports about our neighbors start easily and fly fast. Who believes them indiscriminately finds himself shortly the only truly good person around the place. If he is so unhappy as to hear the current rumors about himself, he may even have to scratch his own name off the white list. There's a sort of person whose breath, like that of the fabled Chimaera, blackens and scorches everything it touches.

As far as individuals are concerned, the wise man learns to disregard the tongue of scandal. He believes evil of his neighbor unwillingly, and only after requiring the utmost proof. If the evil tale persists, the wise man for his own protection and his neighbor's will take pains, before believing, to go to the source of the facts. We have learned this lesson as it applies to persons. It has not been so well learned as it applies to peoples. This has a good deal to do with the persistent peril of war.

There are almost six hundred Rotary clubs in Europe, and the Rotarian visitor from North America who goes about Europe attending meetings of these clubs, discovers no enemy peoples there. If he looks into their hearts a bit and gets a grasp of their different difficulties, he finds himself acquiring a sympathy for each and every one. Like our next-door neighbors at home, the peoples of the world are doing as well as circumstances allow. They have their own prejudices and shortnesses of view; but like the rest of us, each is doing the best he can.

Now there is a tongue of slander concerning peoples as there is a tongue of slander concerning persons. Some misguided persons have thought it necessary, for the promotion of patriotism, to make us hate other countries as we love our own. It is as easy to believe evil of strange peoples as it is to believe evil of the neighbor on the other side of the hill—easier, in fact.

All too often the inky tongue of evil is playing on that weakness. It is making us think we do not like this people or that, this nation of that. It is making us expect evil of them.

Just as we have learned to be suspicious of such talk about our neighbor around the corner, so it behooves us to be skeptical when it concerns our neighbors across the sea. With a nation as with a neighbor, when the tongue of evil is laid against it, we will withhold belief till we see the proof. This is the path to peace.—(JANUARY "ROTARIAN"

A Mother's Influence

We are indebted to Murl H. DeFoe, very able editor of the Charlotte Republican-Tribune, for the fine word-picture of a fine episode during the inauguration of Governor Wilber M. Brucker. Here is revealed the leavening influence of woman upon men in public life—in this case the tender devotion of a man toward his mother. Mr. DeFoe sayeth:

"Tender and beloved in the sight of my son," a quotation from Proverbs, was given meaningful illustration at the inaugural dinner tendered Governor Wilber M. Brucker and the other state officers at the Olds, Thursday evening. This writer sat next to "Bob" Brucker, a brother of the governor and who sat facing their mother, seated perhaps a dozen feet away at a place of honor at the speakers table. The supreme happiness of this beloved mother was radiated in every smile and gesture. She was just as proud of "Bob" as she was of her other boy, now governor of a great commonwealth. Honors are pleasant but the heart of a good mother never discriminates. So it was a joy to glimpse the little passwords of affection, silent of sound but a gripping message of love and devotion that never changes nor fades. In addition to the presence of his mother, Governor Brucker faced the superlative task of replying to a presentation speech by his Colonel (an Ohio Federal judge) under whom he had served in France. A person of less courage, culture and ability would have been overwhelmed and waived aside the oratorical climax afforded by the situation. Disarming any remarks or speech he had in mind Governor Brucker stepped out and through the maize of honors—such as he had never before known—and spoke as one inspired. No Michigan inaugural has ever before witnessed just such a dramatic, colorful and deeply spiritual scene. "Ahaziah walked in the way of his mother," a pathway that leads to high and honorable place. Wilber Brucker is ethibit A.

Soldiering In Schools

Whether military training is a legitimate part of public school education or not has been put squarely up to Congress by Representative Edward Browne of Wisconsin. Mr. Browne recently introduced a bill that would withdraw all federal support from high school cadet corps in the Capital. In support of his measure, the congressman attacked military training as "worthless" from the physical education standpoint and decried the purely social features of the cadet corps system.

This same question has been agitated for years by the student bodies of our State Universities, and at some schools, the opposition has succeeded in abolishing the R. O. T. C. altogether. The growing sentiment against imbuing students with the spirit of Mars is well expressed by a paper in College Corner, Ohio, which comments on the University of Cincinnati's action in abandoning compulsory military service:

"To force men into military service is no function of a university dedicated to freedom of the conscience and freedom of the mind. To teach the arts of war, under compulsion, is unfaithful in a school that is maintained to foster the life-giving arts of peace. And to force some students into military training while sending others to Geneva to learn the ways of peace in the League of Nations is hypocrisy."

Good Work, Mr. Potter

There are many fine men in this community who, without material remuneration, take upon themselves duties which uplift and enlighten their fellow-men. Among such is Earl G. Potter, of Rivenoak avenue, who teaches a men's class each Sunday at the First Presbyterian church. Mr. Potter has disciplined himself so that several hours of his time each week are spent preparing for his Sunday devotions; those who constitute his class agree that he brings into their lives something fine and well worth including in their own conscious thoughts each day. Such religious activity, stimulating as it may be to others, must necessarily bring to Mr. Potter an enlargement of soul for himself; thus, you see, how one may grow by giving of himself to others.

..EX-NTRIX

THE WICKERSHAM REPORT

For eighteen months a restless world
Did fume and fuss and snort,
Awaiting smile impatiently
The Wickersham report.

The Wets were all expectant and
The Drys expected, too,
That the problem would be settled
By this scholarly old crew.

"We'll have light wines and beers,
hurrah!"
The Wets in glee did shout.
"Ah, no!" the Drys retorted then,
"We'll tote the drinkers out!"

And then the sage commission sent
Its document so queer
To President Herb Hoover and
The Senate, but—my dear—

Although it advocated things
That made the Drys "hooray!"
It also gave the Wets a chance:
To frolic and be gay;

Appended to the document—
And this should make you laugh!
Was this perplexing little thing,
This mooted paragraph:

"There are differences of view among the members of the commission as to certain of the conclusions stated and as to some matters included in or omitted from this report. The report is signed subject to individual reservation of the right to express these individual views in separate or supplementary reports to be annexed hereto."

Uncle Eppa from down Ohio way sez: A goose never gets like an owl when it's on a lark.

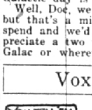
Wagontracks, Jan. 29.—Arabella Peterkins, head of the local church league for the Saving Heathens In The Big City Missions, today expressed her indignation at the latest move of Science to Smack down Religion.

She declared: "These here reports that they're goin' t'put loud speakers in church steeples and broadcast th' church bells ringin' from other countries when the eager th' money-grubbers is to take religion out o' th' people livin' in th' country. Fust thing y'know they'll be broadcastin' dance tunes out o' th' church bell-towers an' we won't be able to get th' young 'uns inside at all!"

Dr. Gunstaf Stromberg, noted scientist now in California with Prof. Einstein and other luminaries in the sphere of astronomy, etc., says that the length of the Galactic day is 250,000,000.

Well, Doc, we can't dispute you, but that's a mighty long time to spend and we'd be too old to appreciate a two weeks' vacation in Galac or wherever it is you say.

Vox Polly



"From the standpoint of visibility, the new license plates are a complete flop." C. L. Stowers, taxi driver.

Tragedy!

(Continued from ???)

. . . Lisping little Luella limped into the Five and Ten Cent store.

"Here at lath!" she said to herself, because no one was with her. In this same store the lady saw the object of her little heart's desire two weeks previously. It was a shiny-faced doll . . . a cheap doll . . . a ten-cent doll.

Luella approached the counter. "May I thee th' dollth?" asked Luella.

But the Big Blond behind the barricade said not a word. Luella repeated her request, tightly clutching the thin dime she had found in her bedroom slipper. Still the Big Blond maintained her silence. After Luella had lisped her question for the fifty-sixth time the Big Blond turned away and little Luella left, crying as if her heart would break.

Another customer, witnessing the scene, demanded of the clerk why she had not answered the little girl's question.

"I wath afraid th' little thweetheart'd think I wath mocking her," replied the Big Blond.

Reports from Austria state that a match which can be lighted 600 times has been invented. The invention, it is believed, will do away with cigarette lighters as Christmas gifts. The greatest draw-back to the match, however, is the difficulty one will have in determining how many times it has been lighted before it gets into the hands of the lightee. The new match also will do away with the old joke about a match lighting twice, and the superstition of "three on a match."

"The sheer pleasure of living," somebody writes, "has decreased appallingly." So that's why stop signs are ignored?—South Bend Tribune.

OUR WEATHER MAN

"February second will be Groundhog Day, but if the groundhog comes up into this wind it'll blow him so far we won't be able to tell whether we'll have any weather at all between now and next Groundhog Day."

In Appreciation of J. B. Howarth

--o--

Some choose to live Life's little span,
Unmindful of their fellow-man.
Some choose to live apart, for self—
Pursuing only golden pelf;
They do not have the time, they plead,
To lend a hand to public need.
But, here and there, we find a Soul,
Who has, in Life, a different goal—

Who lives to serve, whenever he
Is called upon—and you, "J. B.,"
Are such a man. You've always stood
Behind the cause of Brotherhood—
And every other worthy cause—
And never looking for applause,
But find satisfaction in
Those noble goals you've helped to win.

You do your splendid bit, and then,
Give credit to the other men—
You've struggled not, for your renown.
But just to help this little town.
In all good things, we try to do,
We know that we can count on you.
Your twinkly eyes, your smiling face,
Your innate culture, wit and grace—

Your gentle ways, your Christ-like creed,
Have helped us better lives to lead.
And may your life be sweet, and long—
And every day bring you a song!
And when at last you have to quit,
This town will say: "He did his bit—
And lived throughout his earthly span
A friend to God, to child, and man!"

—Chas. S. Kinnison
January 22, 1931

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

Arthur Ford, after "rassling" successfully with measles, has recovered.

Johnnie Hickey labors with a game hand—the result of a small cut and catching cold in it.

Every farmer boy thinks the old horse can trot in three minutes while the sleighing lasts.

Township politicians are already making up their slates for the spring campaign. Rather early, gents.

A broom peddler had a horse taken violently sick at the National hotel barn Wednesday. W. H. Camp, V. S. and H. D., was called and the unfortunate equine recovered

Sam McCrumb is in a dilemma. His regular old "setters," Messrs. Brower, Hutchinson, Richardson, Drew & Co., formally notified McC that if he didn't promptly furnish cushioned seats and silver-plated cuspadores, they would withdraw their patronage and "set" elsewhere. Sam is figuring on the probable expense of the free lunch system, and perhaps will try that awhile.

The Birmingham Mills has a contract for flour to be shipped to Europe, but the scarcity of water prevents their filling it at present. Think of it: Birmingham filling a trans-Atlantic contract! Well, getting the snow will probably melt sometime between now and the dog days, and then you can make the mill stones hum.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

A big chunk of wood knocked out of a telephone pole one day last week by an auto that ran away with its driver two miles north of our village. The piece is two feet long and 10 inches thick, and was brought in by Geo. Warner. The machine, after striking this pole broke down another and plunged through a Page woven wire fence out into a field. The driver is still in the hospital.

Five Years Ago

A rather lengthy discussion of the proposed new local Zoning Ordinance was held, it being the consensus of opinion among those present that Birmingham was in need of a Zoning Ordinance that would do the greatest good for the greatest number of people. A formal favorable vote on the idea was registered following a discussion led by President Colgrove and David H. Ladd.

Clarence Cowles of Saginaw was in attendance at the funeral of Wm. Flinn and met many of his old friends with a cheerful smile and a hearty hand clasp.

The Other Chap Says Something—

IT IS BETTER TO WEAR NO JEWELRY AT ALL THAN TO BE CONTENT WITH AN IMITATION

I think there is nothing more beautiful than the love of a boy and a girl.

When older people—those people without an understanding, to whom life is like ashes in the mouth—when these ridicule the love of a boy and a girl it seems to me a sacrilege.

"A boy and girl affair," they say; "it will not last."

Perhaps not. But whether the boy and the girl are separated and grow apart as development brings them new standards and tastes, or whether their love grows deeper and stronger with the mellowing years until their heart roots entwin and they become inseparable comrades, in either case they will look back upon their first love and treasure the memory of it as obscure and broken old men treasure the memory of some triumph the world has long forgotten.

Love is the province of youth, as Spring is the time of mating. Young love is the finest and truest love because it take no account of cost nor considers the world's opinion. It never is mercenary or calculating. It is ennobling—purifying—inspiring—a passion so near to the sublimity of religion that few can tell where one ends and the other begins.

Fortunate are those—blessed are those—who love while they are young and free.

But young or old—soon or late—blessed are those to whom love comes!

Wait for it. Though you feel lonely and cheated while waiting, still wait for it. Though life offer you many bribes—a fevered passion that will burn itself out, a mating of convenience, an exchange of romance for bread and butter—still wait for love.

To accept less is to sell your birthright. For though the cynics scoff and wise men coin words of derision, love remains the prize and the richest experience life has to offer.

It may never come to you, but it is better to wait in vain than to close your door against it by accepting something less. The prince doesn't stop if he finds you entertaining commoners.—Robert Quillen in Fountain Inn Tribune.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

After the Children Go to Bed

WHAT'S THE most peaceful hour in the day? Of course, if you're not a father or a mother, you may not know. But if there are children in the house—and if you'll be honest about it—you know what that hour is, just as well as I do.

It's the hour after the children have gone to bed. Longfellow had another hour in mind. He seemed to think that the Children's Hour—just BEFORE they go to bed—is the best in the day. Well, it may be the best; it is certainly the busiest. But it's far from being the most peaceful.

The quietest hour, of most blessed peace, is the one that comes after the children have gone to bed and have closed their eyes.

Then grown-ups can be themselves, without considering the children. They needn't read children's books, needn't answer children's questions, needn't guard their tongues from the little pitchers that have big ears, needn't settle children's problems, needn't do any of those scores of things that are part of the complicated business of being a parent.

That business, nearly all parents will agree, is a satisfying one, that strengthens and completes a life and adds a deep beauty to existence. . . . But it isn't all fun. There's food to prepare, slivers to be extracted, colds to be treated, problems to be solved—and even patient, precious love grows weary in the last mile of the upward slope of the day. But they go to bed at last.

The littlest one takes the tooth he lost during the day and puts it under his pillow, in sure faith that it will turn to a dime during the night.

The oldest one goes, too, reminding you that you said he should have a pair of skates for his birthday. You say good night, you close the doors, you feel relieved, you find a comfortable chair—and you sit at last, at peace with the world.

You're no longer just a Parent, you're a Person. Or you hope you are. You think you are, at least. The strain—and children ARE a strain—is no longer on you, in you, all about you. You are You and you sigh contentedly. The children are well and they're sleeping. You are living quietly, being yourself, and enjoying existence. The silver cord is loosened for a little while. You love your children, of course; nobody could love them more; but there are times when you do want to Get Away. And this is your Recess, your shore leave, your temporary liberty—that hour after the children have gone to bed, the most peaceful in all the day.

THE "BIG SHOTS" SAY:—

Carl Sandburg, poet:
"The past is a bucket of ashes."

William V. Pratt, Admiral, U. S. Navy:
"Britian will always be the stronger sea power until we get a bigger merchant marine."

Amelita Galli-Curci, operatic star:
"No one really sings in opera. You just make loud sounds."

Henry Ford, industrialist:
"I haven't anything to say about anything. It's cold and I'm always being misquoted."

Sinclair Lewis, American author, speaking abroad:
"Our American professors like their literature clear, cold, pure and very dead."

William Lyon Phelps, author:
"He whose mind is free of jealousy is in a state of magnificent spiritual health."

Benito Mussolini, Italian dictator:
"There are politicians who persist in the illusion that they are alive."

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

Mrs. Albert Einstein, wife of famous scientist:
"I believe that a woman who is busy in her home making it a real one has no time for what you call a career."

Nathan Krass, rabbi:
"The public ought to censor plays by its presence or its absence."

Ezra D. Pound, writer:
"It is as important for purposes of thought to have a language efficient as it is in surgery to keen tetanus macilli out of one's bandages."

Adelbert Ames, General, oldest living West Pointer:
"Maybe you think it would be great to be 95 years old, but when you get there it looks different."

Sherwood Anderson, author:
"It is not a laughing age. Notice how little laughter you hear on the streets."

Thomas A. Edison, inventor:
"Prohibition is eternally right."

Dean Inge, Divine:
"I cannot understand how anyone can believe in a God who is angry if thirteen people sit down to table."

Sir Arthur Balfour, Englishman:
"A visit to the United States today is almost a nuisance."

Bertrand Russell, Pacifist:
"Patriotism is the willingness to kill and be killed for trivial reasons."

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.

Birmingham, Mich.
January 24, 1931

Editor,
Birmingham Eccentric,
Birmingham, Michigan
Dear Sir:

I am writing to correct what seems to be a deliberate confusion of facts on the part of the blackguard who is endeavoring to found a "Society for the Suppression of Badminton."

Badminton is not, as he has stated, a British game. It is the first of all games invented by the white settlers of this country. In short, the Pilgrim (or Badminton) Fathers are the true creators of the sport. While I was good enough for the founders of our country is good enough for me, and, I make no bones about the matter, much too good for that fiend in human form who is endeavoring to tear down the sacred institutions of our land.

So much enamoured of Badminton were the Pilgrims, in sooth, that when they had occasion to go into battle against the Indian, they were wont to rush to the fray carrying Badminton rackets in lieu of guns. It is also recorded that when the fighting was fiercest and the issue in the gravest doubt, some sturdy soul would raise his voice in the shout "Badminton," and try he taken up by all the rest until the very woods and hills rang with the wildness of it. The Indians were invariably thrown into the most helpless confusion by this ruse and slaughtered by the thousands. After the battles is was the custom for the feathers of the dead and captured braves to be taken to the home of the brave Miles Standish, there to be used in the making of shuttlecocks. Shuttlecocks bearing the famous Standish trademark, (a double cross under a picture of John Alden) are, incidentally, in much favor with the discriminating collector of early Americana. For a time, indeed, weekly Badminton contests were held in the Harvard stadium, which few people know was built originally for that purpose, between picked teams of Indian and no Indian. These were abandoned when it was found that the Indians, who used tomahawks in place of the usual racket, were forever losing hold of them, much to the dismay of their opponents. When this happened time after time, the Whites severed athletic relations with the Redmen, who then became an inter-tribal league.

But enough of the history of the game. Now, as to the identity of the loathsome scoundrel who sneers so arrogantly at the simple games of the Pilgrim Fathers. Beyond a shadow of doubt, he is employed as an undercover man by the Ping-Pong manufacturers of the world, with orders to dash about the place doing what lies in his power to turn the hearts of the American people against "Badminton the Beautiful" as it has been so charmingly called by one of our most noted divines. Beware, oh citizens of this nation! Will you allow yourselves to be led like sheep by this bellwether who is fat with feeding on the souls of impoverished and maniacal Ping-Pong addicts? Unless immediate action is taken, the time is coming, when the whole of our fair land will be dependent for its well-being on the rise and growth and bloated makers of Ping-Pong. Death and destitution will come with their rise to power, and in no time at all, every loyal American will be a Ping-Pong fiend, and the whole country populated by Andorrans, for it was in Andorra that Ping-Pong was born and finds its horrible growth.

So, fellow Badmintians, I hurl my defi in the very teeth of the contemptible jackal of the Ping-Pong interests. If he has no teeth, I hurl it anyway. I realize that I am slipping the leashes of the dogs of war, and I fancy that I hear in the distance the gargantuan laughter of the great Mars, but our country must be saved! As some one, probably a perfumer, has said so well, "Millions for Defense, but not one scent for Tribute."

I call, therefore, for a meeting to be held in the High School Auditorium on Friday next at 9:00 p. m., for the purpose of forming a "Society for the Suppression of the Society for the Suppression of Badminton." Bring your rackets.

R.

P. S. I view with the eye of scorn the suggestion in my enemy's letter that we would use the fire hall for a Badminton court if the opportunity offered. Doesn't the fool realize that the fire engines are in the way?

R.

ParaLaffs

New System

As we understand the news from Poland, Pilsudski has provided the old two-party system. One party is in office and the other in jail.—The New Yorker.

Cheap Enough, Too

You can save a life in China for $1.85. You can save one here by just blowing your horn.—American Lumberman.

Scientist Wrong

People have no staying power nowadays, says some medical writer who evidently hasn't been walking the floor the past thirteen months with 500 shares of sick stock.—Detroit News.

Explained

The victor in a Chinese battle seems to be the one closest to the telegraph office.—Dallas News.