BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, JULY 23, 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 prescribed 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.

Frothy Beer Frolics

Of course, you must not assume that because some of the Legion boys drink beer at their conventions, that all of 'em refuse ice cream suddies. Many of the Legionnaires are perfect, law-abiding citizens—just as patriotic to their country during peace as when war threatens their national safety. But, referring again to those chaps who are unsympathetic to the W. C. T. U., would you care to scan a part of the Legion's official program used during the recent Pontiac convention?

Then kick your chops and observe how, under the date of Thursday, July 2, the program allots to the declining hour of 9:00 p. m. "Convention committees (if still able to maneuver) meet." For Friday the program flippantly admits for 12:00 midnight, "Annual Show (the less said the better but get your ticket in advance.)" Then, allotted to "All Day" the official program says "Ex-conscious vets 'what happened'"? Saturday, however, was the final day, and near the bottom of the program you learn that "Here goes me and my headache."

As we said before, not all the boys frequent those places at a convention—but enough of them do to cause a program to refer to the effects of good, old lager beer. And what are you going to do about it? Not much of anything, apparently. And why should you refuse a little cold lager beer to the boys who, now that the Armistice has been signed, require excitement to get half-shot instead of brutally killed? Personally, we refuse to drink because it's illegal to do so. And if we wanted to, we could find plenty of good excuses in the acts of others—even overlooking the frolicsome antics of an American Legion convention. We know something about the value of sobriety, and we stand for law and order. But unless the rank and file of our citizens rouse from their apathy toward law enforcement in this country, and work constructively for temperance, some day we may present for your perusal a set of statistics to show you what a lot of simps we all are for disregarding our opportunities to enforce law and order.

Until then, as Floyd Gibbons might say, "life is one hop after another—with something brewing all the time."

Sheriff Schram Is Cautious

Frank Schram, Oakland County sheriff, has evidently decided that he will not place his administration in any position that will cause him to face a damage suit. You may recall that, during the efforts to find the slayer of Walter Balko, local man who was killed in a lonely woods here two years ago, sheriff Schram's department came in for a damage suit, together with former prosecutor Norman C. Orr. The suit was settled a few months ago for $1,500.00. That is probably why sheriff Schram refuses to allow the county prisoners to serve in the workhouse, where unruly "guests" are required to have their hands tied to rings on the wall. Sheriff Schram is becoming more cautious—and that's the way he should be—don't you think?

"Ma"-"Ma"—Blah-Blah

"Ma" Kennedy Hudson, mother of California's superlative evangelist, Aimee Semple McPherson, got herself a man the other day—a Rev. G. Edward Hudson. They were hardly tangled up in the matrimonial knot when three women publicly declared that "Ma's" new soul-mate was either married, or engaged, to them. Whereupon "Ma" promptly uttered these divine, womanly, wifely words:

"What, only three women after him? Why, there should be 3,000. I don't care how many women there are after him. I would'nt have anything to do with him if there weren't."

"Ma" is brave—even if she sounds brutal. We suppose that now "Ma" will turn Girl Scout and write a book entitled, "Knots I have tied, and some I have not." Last reports, however, reveal that "Ma" will lose her new "Daddy."

Our Hunger For Music

Most of us possess sub-conscious desires and urges to play or to hear music. It is within us like hunger, like ambition, like the love that may flower into a beautiful comradeship with our mate. Music is one of the strongest outlets man and woman have through which to reveal a harmonious and rythmical self. Happy are those who offer melodies to the world—whether it be by string or reed, or the steady, stirring tune of an honest, sacrificial heart.

HERBERT CLARK HOOVER, President of these United States, is portrayed as a "hair shirt hero" in a recent book, "The Mirrors of 1932." Would it be amiss to assume, then, that Mr. Hoover is due for a close shave in the next campaign?

GERMANY HAS PROVED two things. First: that war doesn't pay; second; that you can't pay for war.

Use Of State-Owned Cars

The state of Michigan owns and operates many automobiles, some for the transportation of inanimate objects used in institutional and construction work, some merely for the carrying about of human beings. Some of the cars are used strictly for state business; others are used for business not stated.

For instance, according to Harry L. Izor, editor of the Durand Express:

Five state-owned cars parked at one of Lansing's numerous golf courses on a recent Sunday made an item of news for the reporter furnishing a weekly letter for the Michigan News Service. He puts it in cold type that the conservation department has over a hundred cars and trucks, while the state highway department sports many times that number. He then points out that a lot of these cars are used for family jaunts. If he will go a little further we're inclined to believe that he would find that the state also is furnishing the gas. His suggestion of economy, however, may stir up an investigation.

Restoring Destruction

Man comes along to a new country, a country whose natural resources are little disturbed by the primitive Red Man whose mocassined feet scarcely peeled the bark of a fallen tree. In the space of a few generations much of that country's natural resources are consumed—especially its trees. But man, ever seeking to rectify his mistakes, conceived wonderful plans for its restoration—even if the plan includes the commemoration of some other destructive activity he has found necessary to perpetrate in the name of Progress. This year millions of trees will be planted all over this country, by individuals and groups, some of them fitting tribute to the days when this land was clothed in the majestic uprightness of mighty forests. Would you not say, in defense of some of the depredations of man, that though he may carry an axe in one hand, his other holds a bag of seeds for the restoration of the thing he is destroying?

Those State Commissions

Joe Sturgeon, able young publisher of the Delta Reporter, at Gladstone, Michigan, told his readers last week that the Michigan Public Utilities Commission is a poor refuge for the common people who depend upon to protect them from the greed of grasping monopolies. Mr. Sturgeon is roused because a power company up in his community seeks to raise its rate, by and with the consent of the Utilities Commission in Lansing. He sets forth the claim that the Utilities Commission is merely a political defense for public utilities companies, and that it seldom gains a victory for the average taxpayer. We agree with Mr. Sturgeon, and also suggest that the Securities Commission be included in the general category of obsolete and useless commissions now draining the public treasury in salaries. Sometimes we wonder, as we observe the political manipulation of certain state affairs, how Governor Brucker, with all his touted idealism, can stomach some of the stuff that must be constantly before his very eyes. Some State Commissions are, we believe, generally hospitable refuges for the very groups they should not be so intimately concerned about.

Whither Speedeth We?

One of the most profound truths is that the only permanent, constant thing in life is change—for change, you will observe upon quiet reflection, is life itself. As one slows down, the world seems to speed up; as one grows older, life appears to slip back into youth; as one feels the need of rest, there comes the need for more work.

Most of this increased tempo of our modern life has come about in the past ten years. It walked in upon human beings along with the inventive progress of the present mechanical era. As our voices have been speeded through space with the aid of the telephone and radio, as our bodies have been projected from one place to another more quickly because of railway, automobile, and airplane, so have we been given an increased speed of work.

Life requires an even balance, a compensation for everything. We have speeded up our efforts in the human desire to afford periods of rest, of leisure for ourselves; then we find that the machine that carries us is a part of our very nature—we find it practically impossible to lose the momentum it imparts to us as we leap from its rapidly moving self. So too often we stumble and fall, like a boy who flings himself from an object that moves faster than his little legs can carry him along the ground.

Change is life. Speed too often is merely speed—another name for restlessness, discontent.

AMERICA'S STATUE of Liberty is receiving a new facial lighting system, which will result in better looks for Garibaldi's creation. The present lighting system makes the Dame appear as having too much chin, a long nose, and hollows under the cheeks. We suppose the Democrats will blame the Hoover administration for Liberty's haggard looks, eh?

NIAGARA FALLS HAS a deep bass voice, lower than any other sounds coming from any of Nature's phenomona, says a leading American scientist. Since this discovery was made under a Republican administration, we suggest that the Democrats better watch out what they say next year—or maybe the old cataract will slip off way up to Buffalo.

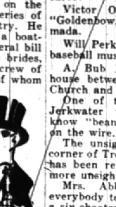
PIZZINO AND LIVECCHI, the two Detroit gangsters sentenced to life in Marquette prison for the slaying of a Chicago dope racketeer, were taken to the Upper Peninsula in a tri-motored airplane last week. Even if the police couldn't catch 'em on the wing immediately after the slaying, they are now able to take 'em on the wing after the trial.

AN ESKIMO WENT insane while viewing his first motion picture show in Denmark the other day. He probably lost his balance trying to figure out why the white man invented the eternal triangle as a barrier to remaining square.

SOME TIMES THESE "dark horses" selected at political conventions are not dark horses at all—they are perfect asses.

IT BEGINS TO APPEAR as though "dynamic" Detroit is about to blow a fuse.

..EX-NTRIX



Sir Threnody

New York—Sir Threnody T. Throckmorton, III, author, lecturer, statesman, financier and polo-player, arrived yesterday on the SS. Aquitania to give a series of radio lectures in this country. He was met at the dock by a boat-load of ship reporters, several bill collectors, four prospective brides, the Mike Walker, and a crew of federal agents, the latter of whom found two cases of Scotch Ale tucked away in Sir Threnody's golf knickers.

"Medicine," Sir Threnody explained as he stepped off the boat into 40 feet of water.

Besides his golf trousers, Sir Threnody was immaculately attired in patent leather dancing pumps, an afternoon cutaway, reversible vest and silk topper.

"Be jolly well prepared for jolly well anything jolly well," the jolly time is my jolly motto," said the noble fashion-plate as he was whirled down Fifth avenue in a paddy wagon.

Sir Threnody intends to enter the theatre as soon as he can scrape up enough money to buy a ticket.

* * *

SAVED!

Was beginning to think the column this week
Would be without a pome;
Inspiration had disappeared,
Ideas had fled my dome.
Then suddenly there crossed my ken
A blonde—long dress tight fittin'.
I saw, I stared, I grabbed my pen—
And now look what I've written.

The Book Nook

"Marcel Pompadour, the Autobiography of a Russian Wolf Hound."

Reviewed by Sibyl Simon

This is the strangest book, probably because Marcel was a very strange person. He never, for instance, would eat his corn flakes in the morning with milk and sugar on them like normal persons do—oh, never! Instead, he would lay them out on the table cloth one by one, and then roll a big red apple over the whole mess. Those that didn't break would be fed to Marcel's pet goldfish, while the pieces of those that did break would be wrapped up in a box and sent back to the company to be replaced by new ones. And then Marcel would sit down to an enormous breakfast of ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes and vodka.

Marcel tells the story of his life in the most advanced of psychological methods. It gets him a bit involved at times, as for instance in the 439th chapter where he is tempted to analyze the motivating reasons for his actions in commanding the 13th infantry to retreat at the Battle of Pork Hill; or when, if he had just ordered his men to do a half-split and a backspring, he would have won the big shiny sedan which had been offered as first prize.

"I can't quite decide," Marcel comments, "whether I did it for home and mother or for plain honest-to-goodness mercenery reasons. Perhaps even the question of principle entered in someplace, probably through the back door. Or maybe it was just the interest, and I figured I'd let the principle go hang."

It can easily be seen, of course, that none of these reasons makes sense, and that what Marcel really meant was that he did what he did out of pure bigness of heart, together with a couple of good healthy cross-reflexes. Nevertheless, you won't find many errors like this in the book. You'll be as crazy as Marcel if you read far enough to find this one.

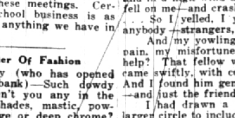
* * *

FAIR ENOUGH

"Herman Floring must return his former wife's bathtub," a news item says. "When he left her several months ago he took it with him. Lillian Floring appeared in court the other day and obtained an order for its return." Just a case of returning ring for ring.

* * *

Darlington, Wis.—J. Donald Dodge, one of this community's most promising young business men, has been missing from his home for a week. Last reports were that he was still travelling at 90 miles an hour straight south.



the direction in which he first headed after paying a fine and only visit to Sally Sipid, the girl who swallowed a railroad spike at the age of three years and had it removed seven years later with the aid of an iron magnet, two rip saws and four surgeons. Although she won't admit it, the belief is that they started telling Donald about her operation, the full extent of which consumes 13 hours and includes side notes on her love affairs with an even dozen interns.

* * *

"Now for a barrell of fun," said the gangster as he picked up his favorite automatic rifle and jumped into the limousine waiting at the curb.

Phooy

She—Do you think it's fair to kiss a girl that's engaged?
He—Oh, fair,—Voo Doo.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Well we should—relax our features!

Victor Olney and his steed, "Goldenbow," are visiting at Armada.

Will Perkins has blocked out a baseball mustache—nine on a side.

A. Bub Burnes liveth in the house between the Presbyterian Church and the foundry.

One of the operators on the Jerkwater telegraph line don't know "beans" when he hears it on the wire.

The unsightly billboard on the corner of Troy and Saginaw streets has been removed, leaving a still more unsightly pile of fence posts.

Mrs. Abbie Kneeland wants everybody to know that she keeps a six shooter for the benefit of all tramps and will not hesitate to use it if occasion demands.

The ladies of the history class have commenced work again. The topics for study for the next two weeks have been "Lord Beaconsfield and Carlisle." For the present week our own, James T. Field."

A young lady presented our junior editor with a button-hole bouquet consisting solely of migonette. Mitchell was overjoyed, grabbed his blue and gold volume of the "Language of Flowers," and when he found that it meant "your quality surpass your charms," he realized that it was a direct reflection on his nose. He will never smile again.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Found: A straw hat out near Ed Miller's. Owner will please call and pay for this notice and get the hat.

About $100,000 will come to Oakland County schools owing to the railroad taxes having been paid. It will be used for teachers' salaries.

The Birmingham High School alumni has financial troubles of its own and called a business meeting at the home of T. A. Ward last Saturday night. We hope they succeeded in solving the mystery of what to do with the surplus.

Farmers are now in the midst of haying, and when that is over, harvesting will begin. The hay crop is better than was anticipated a few weeks ago, and the farmers are having ideal weather for putting it in.

Some two months ago, Miss Emma Kurth presented at school one morning to Emeline M. Mitchel, a fat, prosperous looking polliwog in a bottle of water. The gift was delightfully received and last Saturday, with appropriate ceremony, in which the neighborhood girls participated, a bright, lively, educated, full-fledged green frog was consigned to the River Styx.

The Eccentric Plaza will have to be excused from any more ice cream socials if Mitchell has to get up Sunday morning, don his best glad rags, come down town and clean out the refuse, garbage, wash up and scrape out salt, brine, milk ice cream, cake, papers, rubbish, etc., etc., and plenty etc., all the forenoon. No more ice cream socials for The Eccentric. Parents or older brothers must come along to keep order and down the boys.

James Slocum of Flint, George H. Mitchell of Birmingham, and Ella Glaspie of Oxford appeared before the Detroit Board of Commerce committee on transportation Friady afternoon as a committee from the suburban towns to request that some action be taken to reserve the suburban cars for passengers from the outlying towns. They declared that city passengers often crowd in and take the seats which should be left for the interurban passengers. The Board of Commerce committee will see if the condition complained of can not be remedied.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Had it not been for the quick action of an automatic sprinkler system and immediate assistance of club employes, aided by the efficient Birmingham firemen under Chief William G. Olsen, the Oakland Hills Country Club, located a few miles west of Birmingham, might now be a pile of brick and ashes, as the result of fire which broke out over the kitchen of the clubhouse last Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

Due to the efforts of the Franklin Village Improvement Association street lights will soon be installed on Franklin road from the northern limits of the village to Seven Mile and Lahser roads, it was learned this week.

From Tuesday to Saturday of last week, in company with Clarence Miller local superintendent of schools, William B. Brown of Southfield avenue and John H. Wendorph of Brown street, we tried to catch some fish at Houghton Lake. To be perfectly truthful, we collectively caught four fish, which proves, (pardon our modesty) that fishing was poor. But we had a good time. Vliet kept the cottage clean. Brown proved that he is able to help his wife with the dishes, while Wendorph and I managed to "keep the home fires burning" and, incidentally, to keep said fires covered with food.

We know you one of the 52 citizens in attendance at the annual school district meeting two weeks ago? Every home in the district ought to have at least one representative at each of these meetings. Certainly our school business is as vital as most anything we have in this age.

A Matter Of Fashion

Young lady (who has opened account at bank)—Such dowdy checks! Haven't you any in the fashionable shades, mastic, powder blue, beige or deep chrome?
—Passing Show.

Just A Minute . . . .

From the Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research

Cities are ancient affairs.

There were seven to claim the birthplace of Homer—who was no modern—and the topless towers of the Ilium, of which he sang, rested on the remains of a half dozen communities which had followed one another in slow procession.

The Greek "polis" and the Roman "civitas" were well developed establishments with paved ways, a water supply, imposing public architecture, and the contributors of "polity" and "politics," and "citizenship" and "civilization" to the English language.

"Town from "Tun"

Historians say that the success-or to the "cite," the "civitas"—a manor house with its group of cottages for yeomen, villeins, and serfs,—was the repository of civilization during those dark ages that followed swiftly after the "peace" was called later "Pax Romana." Children in nursery rhymes still go down to London "town," and we have place-names aplenty ending in "ton."

A private estate was a "ham" to the Anglo-Saxons, and with us "ham" has come to designate the means of villages, a "hamlet."

"Eldermen" are Electors

From the Roman "villa," or country place, came "village" and with it those "villeins," half free and half slave, who tilled the soil for feudal masters. Villain and village—the knave of the stage melodrama, and the peaceful homes about the English church-yard,—have a common origin deep in English history.

These English villages grown great, the Normans chartered as cities, and gave them "maires" or mayors—puny successors to those "maires of the palace" who as executive officers of the Frankish kings preserved western Europe from the Saracens.

The Conqueror was elected King of England by the "Ealdormen," superiors in the Anglo-Saxon "caldermen," and "aldermen" they are to this day.

Policies Origins

The municipal functions which the "maire" and "aldermen" supervised were "policing," a term applicable to all public activities, a meaning still retained in army jargon that talks of "kitchen police," etc. "Municipal" itself is the brief Latin for "assumption of obligations."

Police officers were constables. Constables is from "comes stabuli" or counts of the stables in the eastern Roman Empire, then generals under the Frankish kings; later guardians of the king's castles; and finally wardens of the peace in a given area. It was a short step to "constables of police"—C. O. P. is the abbreviation these officers placed after their names. But our "cop" may come from the copper badges once worn by both English and American police forces.

The sheriff is, of course, the "shire-reeve," or tax collector for the shire,—nowadays a police officer. The coroner was once the "crowner," the recorder of crown pleas in the local courts. Today he is the investigator of deaths from unknown causes.

Place-Names Survive

There is little room here for city place-names. The hams, burghs, tons, and fords, are obvious. Indianapolis and Minneapolis carry the Greek "polis." The "casters" are the most interesting; "castra" from the army camps along the Roman streets or roads in England—as in our Lancasters and Manchesters as Caesar's marching legions leave footprints in a new world.

And "street" is one of those rare words that come directly into Anglo-Saxon use from the Latin, rather than through a Norman-French intermediary, a vestige of the Roman occupation.

The English chancellor of the exchequer is so-called because of the checkered table about which the finance officers sat. His estimates of revenue and expense were carried into Parliament in a leather bag or "budget," and budget it is today.

Changes Are Slow

Names of things governmental are permanent or change slowly through the centuries. We inherit these as we inherit our grand father's snuff-boxes, warming pans, and pierced brass fenders preserving them for their associations rather than their utility.

But the obligations and problems of government change swiftly in adjustment to present day industrialism, and newly devised methods of conducting public business are called by old names. New methods must be devised because no modern city could operate successfully with the procedures of say, purchasing, accounting, or employment in use even a generation ago.

Our Scrap Book

SUNRISE SONG

"Where are you going, Quonab?" he asked one morning, as he saw the Indian rise at dawn and go forth with his song drum, after warming it at the fire. He pointed up to the rock, and for the first time Rolf heard the chant for the sunrise. Later he heard the Indian's song for "Good Hunting," and another for "When His Heart Was Bad." They were prayers of praise addressed to the Great Sprit, or the Great Father, and it gave Rolf an entirely new idea of the red man, and a startling light on himself. Here was the Indian, whom no one considered anything but a hopeless pagan, praying to God for guidance at each step in life, while he himself, supposed to be a Christian, had not prayed regularly for months—was in danger of forgetting how.

Then there was one religious observance that Rolf never forgot—that was to keep the Sabbath, on that day each week he did occasionally say a little prayer his mother had taught him. "I prayed being seen at such times and did not speak of kindred doings. Whereas Quonab neither hid nor advertised his religious practices, and it was only after many Sundays had gone that Quonab remarked:

"Does your God come only one day of the week? Does He sneak in after dark? Why is He ashamed that you only whisper Him? Mine is here all the time. I can always reach Him with my song; all days are my Sunday."—From "Rolf In The Woods" by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Poems That Live

YEARS

Years many parti-colored years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear Adieu.
—Walter S. Landor (1775-1864)

* * *

ParaLaffs

Just About

As we understand the situation, the democrats are fighting among themselves to decide whether they shall fight among themselver now or later.—Virginian-Pilot.

Improve?

There's no telling how good business might be if all the people studying unemployment would go to work.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

Wonderful

Modern progress is indeed wonderful. It has made it possible for a man to get indigestion and a remedy for it at the same drug store.—Louisville Times.

Quite An Offer.

The professor who has announced his intention of presenting 30,000 moths to a museum has added to last year's overcoat as a companion piece, if he but says the word.—The Hamilton (Ontario) Spectator.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

I BUILT me a Spite Fence.

Said, "I don't like that fellow. I don't like his nose. I don't like the way he walks. I don't like the hours he keeps. I don't like anything about him. . . . I don't know him, of course, but I have a Sure Instinct about these things. It never fails and I know the instant I see anybody whether I'm going to like him or not. And I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE HIM!"

Whenever I talked about him, my sentences were peppered with "I's." I thought more about me than I thought about him. . . . So I built me a Spite Fence against him.

Built it between him and me so that I wouldn't see him. Curiously enough, he didn't seem to know it was there. I knew it, but he didn't. I had raised a wall, but he didn't seem to mind it at all. He nodded when he passed and angered me with his genial indifference to my dislike.

It was a strange thing, that Spite Fence. . . . It seemed alive. It grew. It sank its awiry roots into the meager soil of my petulance, drew a bitter sustenance and climbed to the blue skies above. And the taller it grew the happier I thought I was. It grew until it shut out my sun, even, and left me in the shade.

But finally it grew too high and too big for it mean little roots, and in a high wind and a thundering storm one night it blew over and fell on me!—and crashed in my roof—and made me a terrified prisoner.

So I yelled, I yammered, I screamed for help from anybody—strangers, friends, acquaintances, enemies, anybody.

And my yowlings were heard above the storm of my trouble, my pain, my misfortune, and who do you think heard and came to my help? That fellow who lived beyond my Spite Fence, of course. He came swiftly, with comfort and splints and bandages and gentle help. And I found him gentle and generous and thoughtful and sympathetic—and just the friend I had been seeking all my life.

I had drawn a circle to shut him out, but Life had drawn the larger circle to include us both. And my Spite Fence blew clean away in the cleansing storm and was never mentioned again.

The "Big Shots" Say:

Clarence Darrow, Chicago lawyer: "When people talk free trade they will talk nonsense."

Clarence May, preacher: "What is right on Monday cannot be so very wrong on Sunday."

Alfonso, ex-king: "The monarchy of Spain went by vote of the people, and if it comes back it must be by the same way."

John Dewey, professor: "Politics is a farce unless it deals openly and bravely with questions of work, commerce and finance that affect men where they live."

Will Durant, philosopher: "From the point of view of morals, life seems to be divided into two periods; in the first, we indulge, in the second we preach."

Aldous Huxley, scientist: "The narrow way commands an incomparably wider, and so far as we are concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path."

Henry Ford, auto magnate: "The average man won't really do a day's work unless he is etught and cannot get out of it."

Tom Shaw: "The only difference between a slave and a free man is that the free man can decline work."

Daniel Willard, president, B. & O. railroad: "While I do not like to say so, I would be less than candid if I did not say that I would steal before I would starve."

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

Children's Rights

I do wish . . . that every boy and girl in the world could have as happy a childhood as I had, with such all-round experiences with the fundamental things. . . .

I am convinced that all children ought to have a chance to become familiar with the open country.

They should know the joy of playing in healthful mud, of paddling in clean water, of hearing the rooster call up the sun, and birds sing praises to God for the new day.

They should have the vision of pure skies enriched at dawn and sunset with unspeakable glory; of dew-drenched mornings shining with priceless gems; of grain fields and woodlands yielding to the feet of the wind; of the vast night sky all throbbing and panting with stars.

They should feel the joy of seedtime and harvest, of dazzling summer days and of the crackling glittering winter nights. They should live with flowers and butterflies, with the wild things that have made possible the world of fable.

They should experience the thrill of going barefoot, of being out in the rain without umbrellas and rubber coats and overshoes; of riding a white birch, of sliding down pine boughs, of climbing ledges and tall trees, of diving head first into a transparent pool.

They ought to know the smell of wet earth, of new mown hay; of the lilac and privet in June, and eglantine, of an apple orchard in May and of a pine forest in July; of the crushed leaves of wax myrtle, of the faint and fitful gusts of the breath of cattle and of fog blown inland from the sea.

They should hear the answer the trees make to the rain and to the wind; the sound of rippling and falling water, the muffled roar of the sea in a storm, and its lisping and laughing and clapping of hands in a stiff breeze. They should know the sound of frogs in a bog in April, of bees in a plum tree in May, of grasshoppers along the roadsides in June, of crickets out in the dark in September. They should have heard a leafless ash hum, a pine tree sigh, old trees groan in the forest, and the floating ice in a brook making its incomparable music beneath the frozen crystal roof of some flooded glade.

They should have a chance to . . . sleep under the open sky. They should have the fun of driving a horse, of rowing a skiff, and sailing a boat, and of discovering that nature will honor the humblest seed they plant.—Henry Turner Bailey, in "Yankee Notions."

ABIDING FAITH

If I shall find myself afar from human kind
Upon the mountain peaks where wild storms rage,
If I shall wreck upon the bleakest shores of earth
With none to see my plight or lend a hand,
Or if perchance in desert wastes I'm lost
With not a trail to lead me back to life,
I'll not despair, nor think that all is lost—
I'll know that God is there, and I am not alone.
And crave that friendship which so much I need.
Or if to stand for what I think is right
Makes me a target for the jibe and jeer
Of friend and foe, and I an outcast am—
I'll know that God is there, and I am not alone.
—William Beckey in Cassopolis Vigilant.