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THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 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.

Your Yard And Garden

Here's some fine comment set forth by a former resident of Birmingham, Herbert S. Case, at one time managing editor of The Eccentric. Mr. Case, who now dives up in Munising, just east of Marquette, must have been moved by a cherished memory of the loveliness of Birmingham when he wrote:

Yard and garden contests throughout this country will give every home in America an outdoor living room. A playground such as Mother Nature intended for her children, with a green grass carpet for the kiddies' feet, sweet flowering shrubs and beautiful blooms to refresh mother as she hangs out the snowy linen, a garden of berries and luscious fruit for father to tend in the cool of the day. Friendly trees will throw a kindly shade over grandmother's head on a summer afternoon.

There's a life-giving tonic in the sun-washed air and a strength in the freshness of the upturned earth. There is peace and contentment in the great harmony of green things growing—the buds of spring, the flowers of summer, the ripe fruits and red-gold leaves of fall.

Living in this clean air, on the strength-giving earth, among beautiful trees and flowering shrubs will bring you health and happiness and peace. What more is there to be desired? Will you not then feel with the poet:

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The songs of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

Political Feuds

When one politician finds himself in possession of an extreme dislike for another politician, it seems, from rather careful observation, very easy for both politicians to work against each other. In the ordinary pursuits of life it is not impossible to dislike another; but project this possibility into the realm of politics and you obtain a background for a regular feud.

Which brings to mind a few choice words let loose a few weeks ago in the Michigan Legislature by former Governor Fred W. Green, upon the subject of political friendships and enmities. Mr. Green had just seen a red-coated oil painting of himself and two hunting dogs hung in the rotunda of the Capitol Building. When he spoke to the Legislators he had one of the dogs with him. And this is what he said:

"There are those in public office who are not worthy of the office. They have been unfaithful to friends who aided them. All one can get out of politics or public life is the opportunity to help his friends. I shall not hesitate to oppose those who have shown they are traitors to their friends. Nobody is going to kick my dogs around."

Many close observers of the Republican party in Michigan are convinced that as Green spoke those words he had in mind foremost the person of Governor Wilber M. Brucker. It is open information that these two men are farther apart politically now than ever before. You may rest assured that he who wins the political enmity of Fred Warren Green has been given no slight barrier to political safety and security. Brucker's only concern need be the ability of himself to prove a courageous loyalty toward good citizenship, honest friendship, and proper political promises.

Dolliver, A Versatile Chap

George Benton Dolliver, editor of the Battle Creek Moon-Journal, is a very versatile man. Aside from his editorial duties, he finds time this year to be Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan Masons, president of the National Editorial Association, leader of many Battle Creek organizations, and a prolific writer—both prose and poetry. Here's a bit of verse of his we recently discovered, containing a real thought:

They say the world is round and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there;
But there's one truth in life I've found
While journeying East and West,
The only folks we really wound
Are those we love the best.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those we love the best.

AUTOMOBILES COST, on the average, about 20 cents per pound—less than good hamburger steak. If we were goats we'd see an opportunity for saving on cars.

IT IS INCREDIBLE for the average person to believe that an editor receives great gobs of spring poetry every year. Which make the average person so often like the spring poetry.

Life's Important Thing

Using the lightness of a gaseous substance to suspend themselves above the earth's atmosphere, two Austran scientists made a balloon ascent last week, going up ten miles, more than any other human beings had ever done before. The scientists are studying certain cosmic ray conditions, seeking to bring to mankind new principles of the physical universe.

It is interesting to note that the scientists, whose bodies and whose balloon paraphanelia are physically visible to the eye, used an invisible gas to lift themselves beyond the clouds—proving, very earnestly, that "the things unseen are greater than the things seen."

Driven by a mind and a will, assisted by the invisible potencies of understanding, man has lifted himself from very primitive conditions upon this earth to the place he now occupies. He can, and will, go much higher than he now thinks—for every thought applied brings another thought to apply, and the unceasing application of thought will eventually bring the human family into pleasant and secure relationships now unbelievable to our day.

Valuable as the Austrian scientists' findings may become to the people of this world, there is another field of science vaster in scope, more valuable for the happiness and security of mankind. It was significantly referred to by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, one of today's greatest physicists, when he said: *"The most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values."*

State Salaries Paid

For its mishts and its mistakes, modern society pays great sums of money. These expenditures, after all, largely represent society's evaluation of the worth of lives less fortunate than the ones able to provide for themselves. As an instance, consider a small fraction of the money that Michigan pays to some of its department heads in the various institutions it operates: president Ypsilanti normal, $9,000; president Mt. Pleasant normal, $8,000; president Kalamazoo normal, $9,000; president Marquette normal, $8,000; president Michigan Mining college (Houghton) $12,000; president school for deaf, $4,500; president school for blind, $4,500; warden Jackson prison $7,500; warden Ionia, $5,000; warden Marquette, $5,000; medical superintendents (new hospital T. B.) Ypsilanti, $6,000; same head Kalamazoo, insane asylum, $6,000; same head, Pontiac asylum, same figure; same head, Traverse City asylum, same figure and same head and amount for Newberry asylum.

Ionia criminal insane hospital, $6,000; Epileptic farm head at Wahjameka, $6,000; Michigan Home and Training school, $6,000; state Psyhcopathic hospital, $6,000; boys vocational school superintendent, $5,000; girls training school superintendent, $4,000; state public school head, $4,500; Michigan Employment Institution for Blind, $3,500; Michigan Soldiers Home commandant, $4,000; Michigan state sanatorium, $5,000; commissioner pardons and paroles, $5,000; administrative board secretary, $7,500.

Attorney general, $8,000; auditor general, $2,500; secretary of state, $2,500; state treasurer, $2,500; superintendent of capital, $5,000; supreme court, seven justices at $12,500 each; state commissioner of health, $10,000; director public welfare, $5,000; four commissioners of labor and industry, $5,000 each; members public utilities commission, five at $7,500 each; securities commission chairman, $7,500; three members state board at $5,000 each; commissioner state athletic board, $4,000; state insurance commissioner, $6,000; banking commissioner, $10,000; superintendent of public instruction, $6,000.

Historical commission head, $4,000; state librarian, $5,000; commissioner of agriculture, $5,000; director of conservation, $7,500; superintendent of Mackinac island, $3,500; commissioner of public safety, $5,000; director state board aeronautics, $5,000; state highway commissioner, $7,500; and in the case of some members of the administrative board an added $2,500 a year is given under the administrative board act of 1921.

IF WE WOULD TEACH a double lesson to future generations i.e., the value of money and the evils of war, we might begin in the classrooms by showing that 70 cents of every dollar spent in federal taxes goes towards the payment of war's debt.

Things We've Said Before

Be Serious And Laugh

The world is usually more occupied in trying to forget its troubles than in trying to remedy them. We prefer to screen our ills temporarily with laughter rather than dissolve them with thought. We are told never to take ourselves seriously—because, if we did, we might become Platos or Socrateses, or something equally to be abhorred.

The fact is that all of humanity's great leaders have been intensely serious men. Not dismal, necessarily. Being serious and being gloomy are two different things. Many of them, most of them in fact, have had a decided sense of humor, but they took themselves and their work seriously. Life, to them, meant something real and earnest, a preparation, a training for greater tasks to come. Enjoyment is but the pitiful aim of brutes. Man's intelligence is given him for the purpose of progress. Pleasure is simply the oil to ease friction.

Laughter is a good thing, a useful thing, an invaluable thing. But laughter, after all, has nothing in common with happiness, nor perfect contentment with achievement. Shelley remarked that "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." Laughter is healthful. Laugh by all means, but laugh at the right time. You have seen pictures of Edison at work in his laboratory. Notice his expression. You have seen pictures of Booth Tarkington, serious and stern. Photographs of Ruskin reveal intensity of purpose in every feature. Examine a bust of Dante.

Life is a serious thing; a thing to be thought about; but it need not be necessarily sad. Go to see Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin and laugh. It's a good tonic. But don't laugh so much during the rest of the week that your brains haven't a chance. Nobody thinks while laughing. It isn't possible. Alternate once in a while, a laugh and a thoughtful frown. Real problems are not solved by denying them. You have a work to perform and it isn't just an existing and making yourself comfortable.

..EX-NTRIX

A Letter to That Small Fraction of the Great American Public Which Didn't Get in the House Races on Decoration Day

Dear People:

Even if you had to wait four hours to tee off and then shot only 150 on your favorite golf course, you had what would be called a whale of a good time as compared with the rest of us who went to the horse races on Decoration Day. I know. I went. It was fierce.

Some 13,000 other people went to the same place, of which 10,000 tried to get into 5,000 seats in the grand stand, and the other 3,000 stood right in front of me up against the fence. I didn't see a horse all day. If it hadn't been for the pari-mutuels I wouldn't even known I was at a race track.

With a good deal of fighting and shoving you could work your way up to those pari-mutuel windows before the race started. After the race was over you could get up there easy, but I never had any occasion for that. As a matter of fact, I didn't have any occasion to get up there at all after the fourth race. So after that I just stood back and watched the big score board out front, and when they posted the results of the eighth race I knew it was time to go home.

Funny thing about those first four races. Not being able to see the horses, the only thing I could think try to pick a winner out of the form sheet. It wasn't until the fifth race that I got so I could tell what all the figures meant. After that I picked three winners out of the next four, but of course it was too late then.

Incidentally, I had to drive 200 miles to get to the track. I figure I could have walked approximately half that back in the time it took me to get my car out of the park.

Yours for a happy Decoration Day in 1932.

PETE.

There IS a silver lining behind every cloud! No sooner had the Birmingham Board of Education announced that it would have to lop two weeks off the next school year to save expenses than 2700 kids, or thereabouts, became immediately and supremely happy.

This May Go On For Weeks And Weeks

Texas Guinan, who helped make Broadway famous, has left these shores for Europe, and, for one reason or another, ExN-Trix is inordinately interested. Perhaps the most important reason is that we spent several minutes last week writing what was, if you didn't know it, a very cute little poem about Miss Guinan. At that time, as was revealed in the cute little poem, it appeared that Texas was to be refused permission to establish a night club in London, but that she didn't give a chorus girl's whoopy, because she was going right on to Paris.

And now, bless her heart, it appears that Miss Guinan isn't wanted in Paris, either, for according to this week's papers, one of those nasty old ministers of something or other doesn't want to give Tex a license nor her dancing girls labor permits. The situation, we feel, calls for another cute little poem, as follows:

"You shall not pass?" Humph,"
Guinan said,
"Seems to me I've heard that one before;
'Twas another Frenchy—a guy named Foch—
Spoke that piece at the Marne in the war.

"But it's all right with me—you can have your Paree;
To get kicked out of France is no sin;
So come along, girls—tuck up your curls—
"Our motto is 'On to Berlin!'"

* * *

A Canadian astronomer says he's discovered a star 715 times larger than the sun. He's pretty safe about that, because it doesn't seem very probable that anyone will try to find it in a ballon. It would make a good one for a fellow to hitch his vagon to, though.

* * *

Guess Again, Mr. Bohannon

James A. Bohannon, president of the Peerless Motor Car Company, says that to be successful you should "be right more than 50 percent of the time." We're sorry, Mr. Bohannon, but until you tell us just how much more, your recipe doesn't mean a thing to us. Fifty percent might be a pretty good average for telephone operators, but it's far too low for most people in other walks of life.

Take your own private secretary, for instance. Wouldn't you set up an awful holler, though, if she were right only 50 percent of the time when she was taking dictation from you or writing your letters! And what about a piano player? What a racket there'd be if he hit the right keys only 50 percent of the time! And that's to say nothing about the tellers in your bank or the fellows who plav catch with hot rivets while working on the girders of a new building.

* * *

According to a newspaper man in the Atchison Globe, "newspaper men are great liars. They write a great deal about the spring poems they reject but the fact is that not more than one newspaper in a hundred receives a spring poem in the course of two years." Which, as far as this department is concerned, is 100 percent right. If we wanted a spring poem for this column we'd have to write it ourselves. And that is exactly what we intend to do as soon as we get around to it, which will probably be sometime next winter.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Business braceth up.

Warm biscuits and honey!

'Twill soon be picnic season.

How would you like to excursionize a little?

Robert Reynolds' old yellow nag gave up the ghost last week and we hope he has gone to rest.

Uncle Alf. Phelps of Troy lost his best cow, valued at $74, last Sunday night.

Every hitch post and railing in town was occupied on Saturday evening. There was a big crowd in town which fully made up for the dull days of last week.

Joseph Phillips, our efficient street commissioner, has sunk a drain below the street level and made even the crossing of Mill street with Saginaw street, besides working at other places, making equal improvements.

William Satterlee lost the tire off his wagon wheel while on the way to town one day last week, and taking off the wheels went home and procured a pair from another wagon. When he returned for the old wheels next day, he found the wheels on top of the school house near by. The mischief of the smart young boys who did this artistic work are known to us and it isn't the first caper they have cut up, either, and a repetition of like offenses will cause a publication of their names which will give them more publicity than they desire.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Rain aplenty now days.

This seems to be another one of our cold backward springs.

Last Sunday was not bright and warm with sunshine, but a grand good day to rest and read.

Any village would be proud of an orchestra as good as this village possesses. Why not do your share toward supporting it? They can't run on thanks, it takes money to make the fiddles go.

County Drain Commissioner J. S. Butler, while at his official duties down in Royal Oak Township ran into or onto a great big snake log around as a stove pipe and 15 feet long. Scared! His heart still flops. He tried with others to find the reptile but was unsuccessful. It is supposed to have escaped from some traveling show. Children stay in nights at Royal Oak.

A Royal Oak man who patronizes the mail order houses when he has the cash allows the children to play with the big catalogues. One morning the nurse girl came and told them there was a new baby at the house. "Who brought it?" asked the children The nurse replied that it just come. "Oh, I know," said one little tot, "It's a Sears-Roebuck baby."

This year all roads will lead to Pontiac July 4. The occasion will be a mammoth celebration under auspices of the Pontiac Elks Parades, athletic sports, games balloon ascension, fireworks, a hundred special attractions and many things heretofore unheard of will go to make up the day's program. Special rates on all roads.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Radio fans and all those interested in scientific wonders who will be in Birmingham Friday June 4, are due for many surprises when Maurice Francis known as America's radio wizard, operates a Chrysler automobile by radio without a driver.

The 800 feet of pavement, 20 feet wide, recently laid on Wide Woodward at the north entrance of the village will be uncovered sometime next week if the road inspectors see fit, traffic will be permitted over this strip by Sunday.

S. O. Wylie Bell, village commissioner and life-long resident of Birmingham, this week spruns on his fellow commissioners, president Shain and David Ladd, as men who are greatly influenced by the origins of such persons. They remark that such and such a person can not be expected to accomplish much, because or she comes from a humble or obscure family.

This way of judging people is particularly evident in the smaller towns, where the circumstances of one's neighbors are known. If a family lived in unprepossessing circumstances, or if a young person had undesirable parents, people would say that nothing could be expected from such a family.

Similarly it was remarked concerning Jesus Christ, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"

A homely old proverb says "You an never tell by the looks of a at how far he will jump." It often happens that a person's achievement is out of line according to what his family has done. Many boys from very fine families prove disappointing or disgraceful. And many who come from seemingly

The Other Chap Says Something—

IT'S TEAM WORK THAT COUNTS

(A Worthwhile Editorial Selected by the National Editorial Association)

That one Saturday afternoon all sports loving Kansas rose up and cheered when Jim Bausch, of the K. U. football team, grabbed the kick-off on the field at Manhattan and ran with it 95 yards for a touchdown. It was magnificent. Perhaps nothing like it was ever seen in Kansas before.

But have you stopped to think that it wasn't Jim Bausch that did it? It was TEAM WORK! Probably any other man on the Kansas team could have made the same run under the same conditions. Jim Bausch caught the ball on the right, and tucked it under his arm and ran all right. But is was the TEAM that made the touchdown. There were eleven men in that marvelous play, one of them running and the other ten seeing that he had a chance to run. Bausch was the shaft, the other ten were the head of the arrow. And so he ran, ("not an unfriendly hand touched him," said an account) because his team mates made an impenetrable wall around him. They wanted him to make that touchdown as much as he wanted to make it. In the eleven bodies there was one mind. That was what won.

It was that spirit that will win victories for any community. In every community there are men who have vision and capability and the will to do great things for the neighborhood or the town in which they live. The thing for the people in any such community to do is to run "interference" for these men, to clear the field and give them a fair chance. Team work counts in business as in football, in cities and in country neighborhoods as in college.—Charles F. Scott, Editor Register, Iola, Kansas.

PEOPLE'S ORIGIN

Many of our people, in considering the character of their neighbors, are greatly influenced by the origins of such persons. They remark that such and such a person can not be expected to accomplish much, because or she comes from a humble or obscure family.

undesirable families, yet make a name for themselves.

You can never tell what is in a poor boy or girl. Those with unfavorable parentage may yet inherit the brains of some long forgotten ancestor farther back. The schools of Michigan give much encouragement to young people of poor surroundings. The pupils read and study about famous people who rose out of environments just as discouraging as theirs.

Also they constantly read about famous business men or statesmen who came from humble homes and worked their way up by their own efforts. Half the successful men of America are of that type. Never say again therefore that boys or girls can not rise because of their surroundings. They may be acquiring just the grit and persistence in those surroundings that will carry them far.—Royal Oak Daily Tribune.

GANDHI AND TAMMANY

At Detroit last Thursday evening we heard Dr. Frederic B. Fisher, Methodist preacher at Ann Arbior, talk for one solid hour and a half on Gandhi, the great statesman of India. Dr. Fisher, for 27 years a resident of India, called Gandhi not only the greatest statesman in the world but also its greatest politician. His talk was a marvelous description and interpretation of the "little man" (he weighs 94 pounds) who is idolized by the 320 millions of India and who brought the British empire to its knees with his policy of fasting, silence and refusal to take the sword or to let his followers take it.

Dr. Fisher, a personal friend of the great Indian (he was educated for the law in London and talks several languages—English preferably) said that Gandhi lives on eleven cents a day and that although he could, by reason of his marvelous influence, have made millions, "not a penny ever stuck to his fingers." Ridiculed and hated by many, no man ever spoke a whisper against the character of Gandhi. "Not a penny ever stuck to his fingers." The thought of Tammany and of some of our great American cities where corruption runs wild. Not pennies but millions stick to the fingers of some of the contemptible grafters.

If this great United States could raise up a Gandhi—even though he went around in "B. V. D.'s" and cotton coat—we might not be so afraid of the Al Capones and the Tammanies.—Richard T. Baldwin in Northville Record.

No Wonder

A musician declares that England gave America the saxophone. No wonder they insist upon those war debts.—Punch, London.

And now Mr. Hoover might appoint a commission to find out what his fact-minded commission is up with the facts they find.—Judge.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

MUST be getting old and fussy. I've developed a grudge against a couple of words.

Every time I hear them, I can feel the hair standing up on my neck. I curl up, inside. I give a low growl, like a sleepy dog that's being teased.

It's too bad about me, of course. I suppose I've fallen out of step with the modern world. But just the same, I don't like to hear a young fellow saying, "I Sold Myself to that prospect and put the deal over in a hurry."

* * *

That's a new phrase—"Selling yourself." Our grandfathers didn't use it. They didn't even know what it meant. They sailed the seas and plowed the land, and if they were merchants they sold Things and NOT Themselves.

I've had young fellows try to Sell Themselves to me. They smiled, they made pleasant talk, they seemed very much interested in me and my affairs, and they made me think what fine young men they were and how much they liked me. And when they heard me purring, they got right down to business and began their selling talks. . . . They put business on a personal basis. They made a refusal seem like an insult to an intimate friend. They made me Mad. And when I said "No!" they looked "hurt," like trustful children who'd just been told there isn't any Santa Claus. And that made me twice as Mad!

* * *

One of these disappointed salesmen complained mournfully to a friend of mine that he was afraid I hadn't liked him personally. His personality had nothing at all to do with it. He'd failed to sell because in my family, at that time, we didn't need what he was trying to sell.

I don't see why anybody should throw himself in as a bonus, to boot, when he's selling a useful, respectable article. I don't get that idea at all. It gives me the creeps. . . . And if you give me my choice of salesmen, I'll take a grumpy old shoe clerk I used to know—who growled and said hardly a word, but sold us shoes and saw that they were good fits and took our money and said goodby. He could have been a bit more polite, but at least he was selling us Shoes, and not Himself.

Maybe I AM getting old and fussy, but I'm fed up on having young fellows try to "Sell Themselves" to me. Somehow it seems a long, long way from the sturdy Americanism we've heard so much about.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Banishing Superstition

Civilization progresses at about the rate at which mankind abandons superstition in favor of thinking.

It should follow that the greatest benefactors of mankind are those who teach others to abandon the blind fears of superstition and to seek natural causes of natural phenomenon.

When men realize that they are dealing with natural and not supernatural causes, they bestir themselves to improve their environment.

As superstition is pushed back, human thinking and achievement get their chance. So long as the ocean was thought to be a fringe of black terrors around the land, men clung to the shore and let superstition have its way.

When Columbus exploded the superstition and discovered that the ocean was just more water extending to more land the men of the Old-World became explorers, built ships and settled a new hemisphere.—William Feather.

Theodore Dreiser, author:

"Motion pictures are making the American mind smaller than it is, if that is possible."

A. J. Cermak, now mayor of Chicago:

"My advice to crooks and gangsters is to pack up and leave or prepare for long terms in jail."

E. S. Martin:

"There seems as yet to be no mass production of remarkable men."

Thomas Lipton, British tea merchant:

"If a business man cannot laugh he has no right to get rich."

F. B. Kelley, animal trainer:

"In the land of sawdust and spangles it has been decided that the tiger is the king of beasts."

Henry D. Hubbard:

"Today we have the automatic machine. Tomorrow we shall have the automatic factory."

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but names will be kept confidential upon request. Letters must be limited to 100 words.

To the Editor:

As a dog lover and fancier I should like to say a few words in defense of the present dog ordinance. I am being protested against by several dog owners.

To me it seems the very best thing for all the dogs concerned and the community at large, for what good purpose is this promiscuous freedom so many dog owners think is essential to their dog's happiness? I'm sure there is much that can be said against it, but to my mind the owners who protest against the ordinance have a mistaken sense of kindness to their dogs. The best evidence of our affection for the joy of our canine friends is to see that they are kept at home where we know they are safe and secure from the hundred dangers they are exposed to when allowed to roam the streets at will.

It is no hardship for a dog to be kept home, apart from anything else that is his "job" is to guard his home and "folks" and he will be a better pet and protection to them if he is taught this.

Whether you have a pedigreed dog or a mongrel, if you love him enough to feed, shelter and license him, he is worth providing him with his own kennel by "run."

It is not necessary to tie him up nor fence in your property if you don't care to, just square him off a part of the yard, allowing him room to romp when there is someone around to see he does not go away, or to take him for a walk. You will have a happier, healthier dog, one that is safer for your children to play with, for you never know what disease he may bring home to them, not the least being rabies from a dog having been bitten by another "unprotected" dog who had them.

There is much more that can be said, but I am writing this for your dog's sake, making your neighbors' property a secondary consideration. If you really love your dog, make him a credit to you and himself by training his eager little brain to do your bidding, and so commanding the respect and admiration of those who do not care for dogs.

JESSYN S. ROBINSON,
South Adams road.

To the Editor:

They say when a dog bites a man, it is news, but when a man bites a dog, it's news. Well, it looks like Mr. Outraged Citizen is "biting the dogs."

Most dogs are taught to mind their own business, although occasionally, like humans, we find one off the path, getting into mischief at somebody's expense. Mr. Outraged Citizen must be aware of a constant dog-frolic around his home, with no fence high enough to ward off this terrible man-eating, germ-spreading mammal. His neighbors have failed to identify that no dogs have been in the vicinity for days, perhaps weeks. If my dog takes a notion to visit Mr. Outraged's "hunting ground", I will expect him to be shot, that being the correct penalty for unwanted trespassers. But I don't believe my dog will call on the other hand, people will not rent from him because they can't keep their dog. Fortunately, there are plenty of houses where dogs are welcomed, but only a few Outraged Citizens—maybe only one in Birmingham.

The average man who own's or has owned a dog, will refute the gross exaggeration as outlined by Birmingham's Outraged Citizen in his letter. No doubt, they have saved thousands of lives and, by timely warnings, have saved more property from destruction than they have actually destroyed—a hundred times over. In comparing dogs to human beings, we find the former superior with intelligence that surprises. In my estimation, few men are loyal to their superiors, like a dog to his master. If a dog runs rampant over your property, you either shoot him or call the police, for that man is a criminal. If a dog really bothers you to that extent, you are privileged to end the busy life. Nobody wants a dog like that anyway. The intelligent man will not confuse wandering, homeless canines with well-behaved pets that mind their own business.

I would say that Mr. Outraged has made a host of enemies as the result of his letter but, worse enough, he doesn't give his name. If he did, his "dog mail" would be equivalent to a correspondence course in dogs. If our dogs could write, they could probably tell what a lot of good and what little harm they have caused the human race—and I am sure they would sign their names also.

JAMES J. KELLY,
290 North Woodward ave.

(Editor's note: The communicant who signed his letter "One of the Outraged Citizens" left his name with the editor to be furnished privately to anyone requesting it.)