BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1931

NOTE: The Eccentric is pleased to publish stories of events which have news value and which are written by persons not connected with the editorial staff of the paper. All copy must be presented before noon on Wednesdays. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary to the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical situation in the composing room, headlines written by those other than members of the staff cannot be used. Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The Eccentric will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publishers.

McKay Challenges Brucker

Political life in the state of Michigan has been filled with increasing strife during the past year—especially so within the last three months. Perhaps the necessity on the part of the general public to conserve their decreasing resources, reflected mightily these days in delinquent taxes, has caused the public official in general to take on a sombre color in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Peter People.

There is the Wayne County grand jury investigation; there is the Oakland County grand jury investigation; there is trouble on the surface of Macomb County's governmental depths—there is distrust and mistrust in many other sections of our state. And now comes a story in the daily newspapers about the manner in which former state treasurer Frank D. McKay, of Grand Rapids, spent several millions of dollars of Michigan's money for certain municipal bonds of a nature intimated to be insecure.

In viewing the McKay matter, it is interesting to reflect upon the closing paragraph of a story in the Detroit News last Sunday, written by James Sweinhart, a Birmingham resident. Reports Mr. Sweinhart, as words coming from embittered McKay: "... I want Brucker and Voorheis to investigate fully. Brucker has been telling around what he was going to do to me. I want this investigation to go into every detail—then you'll find everything I did was right and, to the best of my ability, was for the good of the State. But, sometimes, I think this is all politics—*they don't want to find things are all right* . . ."

The italics are ours—we use them to emphasize what we consider to be McKay's challenge to the Brucker administration. Such a challenge should not go unheeded by Governor Brucker.

We have an idea that certain political camps are very, very alert to the present or future mistakes of the Brucker administration; everything that Governor Brucker, directly or indirectly, does, will be tallied for or against him—but only the things against him will come out two years hence when he runs for re-election.

Governor Brucker promised Michigan a house-cleaning, if it would elect him; he is now in office—in complete possession of all the cleaning tools used by the house-wife, so to speak. It is inevitable that his broom must gather up some of the season's grime and dirt; will he wield the broom in such a manner that the sweepings eventually reach the out-of-doors, where the whole world can view them, or will he conveniently lift up a corner of the political rug and sweep the grime and dirt beneath it?

Spring is about upon us! The first robins have already been seen; soon Mother Earth will burst forth in glorious green; the house-wives of Michigan will open doors and windows in the annual "cleanup-paintup" campaign. What will happen at Lansing?

Well, the Democrats and the anti-Brucker Republicans are waiting to see.

And, we believe, one of Governor Brucker's immediate tasks should be to accept Frank D. McKay's challenge that ". . . they don't want to find things are all right . . ."

Cupid Misses Some Missus

Oakland County, during 1930, was the stage for much marital bliss, and also much lack of marital kiss—according to figures just released by the Dept. of Commerce. There were 881 marriages in 1930, with 346 divorces—which might make some people think that the preachers were playing right into the hands of the lawyers. In 1929, a more prosperous year, Dan Cupid arranged to have 1,588 couples take the matrimonial voyage, and in that same year incompetent crews of 421 Ships of Matrimony went on the rocks. Thus, you see, while the sun rises and sinks, the rain falls, the snow sleets, and little violets push their delicate selves up through the moist earth, human hearts are made happy and miserable. Life is filled with strange opposites, isn't it?

If enacted, the proposed legislation now before the State Senate to further regulate township government in townships whose valuation exceeds $25,000,000 should add to the people's confidence in township officials. While we believe the charge that "secret" meetings have been held by Bloomfield Township's board is a severe criticism for which no substantiation has yet been offered, we have confidence in the incoming township board's desire to keep the public informed as to what is being done, whether the proposed law is passed or not.

That dinner to be given tomorrow night in honor of Mrs. Myrtle E. Carson, former village clerk, is not only a courteous gesture to the loser in the recent election, but a grateful recognition of service well done.

Will you be there Monday night when the Village Commission establishes the village budget? Or are you just another disinterested voter?

Swift, Certain Punishment

We are in entire accord with all good people who wish to remove the deadly human killers from society; we differ, however, with those who demand that the State enact the death penalty as a means of permanently removing the killers from society. Our plan is for the enactment of legislation that takes away from the Governor the pardoning power for cases that are designed to come under the proposed capital punishment bill, to be voted upon in Michigan April 6; our ideas concerning a solution to the problem of deterring major crime call for logical, reasonable, and quite possible changes in court procedure and law enforcement—the two present barriers to crime's greatest deterrent, i.e. swift and certain punishment.

Upon this subject of capital punishment, let us turn to the sage observations and advice of Lewis A. Lawes, present Warden of Sing Sing Prison, in Ossining, New York. Mr. Lawes has witnessed many human executions; he has long had first-hand information upon the subject of modern crime and criminals; what he has to say upon the subject ought to be worth your reading. Warden Lawes states that there are three facts that summarize the ineffectiveness of capital punishment in our present-day war against major crime; they are: (1) In the eight states of the Union that have definitely abolished the death penalty, the homicidal rate has not advanced appreciably; (2) there has been no definite abatement of murder in the forty states that retain capital punishment; (3) neither the imposition of the death sentence nor consequent executions have been followed by a marked falling off in homicidal rates.

The logical alternative to the death penalty is competent police power to convince potential murderers of all types that their guilt will be promptly established and as promptly punished by imprisonment for life. The answer to homicide in Michigan or elsewhere in America, is not death with its hopeless finality. The answer is to be found in more effective law enforcement. A governor of one of our abolition states recently confirmed the fact that, since abolition of the death penalty, convictions for murder in his state increased 50 per cent.

With the speedy detection of criminals by police officers should follow quick justice in court, instead of the present method of delayed trials until the public no longer remembers the incidents of the case. During the ten years from 1917 to 1927, forty-one per cent of the criminal cases appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois were reversed. And during a similar period in Missouri (1914-1924), the percentage of criminal reversals were forty-three and six tenths. Standing alone these figures mean nothing. But analysis discloses that in Illinois more than three-fifths of the reversals, and in Missouri more than two-thirds, were due to the misconduct or ignorance of the prosecutor, or the trial judge, or both. If these examples can be taken as typical of court procedure in the United States, then is it not reasonable to assert, that among the first places reform is needed to stop the toll of crime, is in our courts.

The "habitual criminal" of today has only contempt for our imposing array of threatened punishments. True, there is an element of deterrency in every form of punishment, but the large problem is whether a law is an enforceable and necessary deterrent. Crimes of passion are never deterred by the death sentence, nor are homicides committed by criminals while engaged in the commission of felonies, according to Warden Lawes. The death penalty, likewise, means nothing to the deliberate murderer who plans in advance, with complacency against detection.

So many human factors enter into each case from the moment of capture that it is difficult to conceive of absolute certainty of guilt. "Positive" identification by eye witnesses have been frequently recanted and disproved. Many men of questionable guilt have gone to their deaths only because they were unable to procure funds for thorough investigation.

Another factor is the undue delay of trial, judgment and final disposition of all homicidal cases. In New York, of two hundred and eighty-nine cases in which the judgment of death was carried out, thirty-nine men waited six months to know their fate, while two hundred and fifty waited anywhere from six months to more than two years. This condition exists in America wherever capital punishment prevails, and does not lead to swift justice, most effective as a crime deterrent.

California is a capital punishment state but in 1928 there were seventy murders in Los Angeles. There were nine first degree convictions and three executions. Did this serve to deter others? Apparently not, for in 1929 there were seventy-seven murders.

Some persons have insisted that, in Chicago, whenever the judges imposed death sentences the murder rate dropped considerably. As a matter of fact the contrary is true. Thus, the year 1922, preceded by ten death sentences and six executions, witnessed an increase of thirty-eight homicides over 1921; and in 1927, preceded by ten death sentences and eight executions, exceeded 1926 by thirteen. There were no executions in 1928 and the following year saw a decided decrease in the murder rate.

Several states after experimenting with abolition have restored the death penalty. But look at the results. In 1918 Arizona was without capital punishment and there were twenty-four murders. In December of that year capital punishment was restored, and there were twenty-five murders in 1919, thirty-five in 1920, sixty-three in 1926 and fifty-four in 1928. Since the restoration of the death penalty in Missouri the murder rate has climbed from nine and seven tenths in 1919 to eleven and three tenths in 1928.

Capital punishment in the United States, may be regarded as virtually abolished through indifferent enforcement. Retention of the death penalty in the penal code results in theatricals that lend glamour to the accused fighting for life.

With this mass of facts and reasoning against the death penalty, it seems impossible that the people of Michigan should approve the measure.

Birmingham's social and fraternal organizations admit into their ranks with pleasure the recently-formed Men's Club of the First Methodist Episcopal Church! Such organizations, founded upon Christian ideals, should contribute much to the general advancement of the community's common heritage—brotherhood.

There are more bills in Lansing this time of the year than at any other, we believe. And practically all of them are in the Legislature—a bill for this and a bill for that, as it were.

..EX-NTRIX

AH! DOGGEREL NO. 1357

Late last fall
When leaves and all
Began to fall,
Birdie, you went south.
Snow up here
Was scarce, my dear,
The ground was bare—
In fact, we had a drought.
Cold winds blew
Down south where you
Were wont to coo
Your joyous little ditties.
Spring is here!
We give a cheer
For you my dear,
Now that you're back in cities.

* * *

HOOVER GRANDCHILDREN DISAPPROVE BALD HEADS

—News item.

Ah, children of a great man's dad,
We surely are appalled.
Someday you'll be remorseful, sad,
If grandpa e'er grows bald.

* * *

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On the marquee of the Fox theater in Atlanta:
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
WITH JANET GAYNOR

On the book counter of a Liggett drug store:
Why We Misbehave
for One Dollar

On the wagon of a nut peddler in Los Angeles:
When You Think of Nuts
Think of Me

On a doctor's office in New York:
The public is requested not to mistake me for another quack
next door.

On the side of a negro preacher's home in South Georgia:
Marrying, Preaching and Whitewashing on short notice.

In another southern town:
Ellis, the One Trip Plumber!

On a highway near Kansas City:
MISS TERRY'S INN
DROPIN

Slogan of a Miami messenger service:
We Deliver Everything
But Your Wife

Sign on the doorbell of a marrying parson in Cincinnati:
Ring the Bell for Judge Bell
If You Want to Use Your Rings
on Your Belle.

In a Michigan grocery:
WE GIVE CREDIT TO THOSE
WISE ENOUGH NOT TO ASK
FOR IT

—The Pathfinder.

WITH THE ROOKIES NOW IN TRAINING

Goofer's Gulch, Ariz.—"Hopalong" Cassidy, noted in song and story as the shootin'est cow puncher in these parts, will remain on the NBC ranch instead of joining the Tygers, it was announced today from the bunkhouse. Cassidy, a distant relation (by 40 rods) of Glassford Cassidy, decided 100 per cent today in his tryout. He did not qualify for the shortstop position he sought. "Cassidy is a cowboy and not a shortstop," said Manager Hanlon Sterrit, manager of the team. "Cassidy is physically shaped for his occupation and he's been dodging bullets for so many years he could not get out of the dodging habit when on the field."

* * *

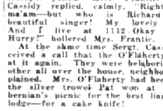
VIVA VOCE

* * *

(Or the reasons the police were unable to answer Mrs. Lillian Frantic's appeal for aid. And the tragedy which concluded the harrowing tale.)

CHAPTER I.

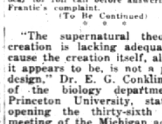
Without a word of warning, Richard the "Lionhearted," Mrs. Lillian Frantic's pet song-bird, toppled from his perch and lay on the red velvet ring, twitching as if in agony. An occasion-ally "Sweeet" was his only reply to Mrs. Frantic's heart-breaking appeal to learn what was the cause of his anguish. She had forgotten, of course, that the bird had been allowed the freedom of the cellar and that Mr. Frantic that very morning had begun his his new batch of beer.



Mrs. Frantic dashed to the telephone. She jerked the receiver from hook and shouted "Police! Help!" into the mouthpiece. Before the exclamation point could be added to the word, "help," Sergt. Timothy Cassidy (no relation to the cowboy or ballyhoo) was answered.

"Richard is dying! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" yelled Mrs. Frantic. Sergt. Cassidy replied, calmly, "Right away, ma'am. Who is Richard?" "My beautiful singer! My lovely canary! And I live at 1112 Okay Terrace. Hurry!" hollered Mrs. Frantic.

At the same time Sergt. Cassidy received a call that the O'Flaherty's were at it again. They were belaboring each other all over the house, neighbors complained. Mrs. O'Flaherty had broken the silver trowel Pat won at the Hibernian picnic for the best bar in the lodge—for a cake knife!



Sergt. Cassidy sent his only available officer to the O'Flaherty wrangle and waited for the rest of the men to gather for roll call before answering Mrs. Frantic's complaint.

(To Be Continued)

* * *

"The supernatural theory of creation is lacking adequacy because the creation itself, although it appears to be, is not a perfect design." Dr. E. G. Conklin, head of the biology department of Princeton University, stated in opening the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Michigan academy of science, arts and letters.

* * *

A law to tax billboards according to the amount of horizon they conceal has been proposed in the Michigan State Legislature. Now what will the Sunday motorists hide their picnic lunch refuse behind?

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Our ban boometh.
We have some cake promised.
Farewell snow! Beautiful, adieu!

We noticed the genial phiz of Rans Stevens of Armada on our streets recently.

A bran new true blue silk dress was recently built on Mill St. We smell a wedding.

Mel. Sly had a sick horse in town Tuesday, but with the aid of W. H. Camp the feeble equine recovered.

Nort McHenry took the funniest kind of a lunch up at Harrison Young's party last week, and the boys finished it in short order.

Sugar snow brought out both Bert and Daniel Nixon with large quantities of new maple sugar, early last Monday morning.

Frank H. Peck, a typographical adjuster of the movable alphabet on the Ionia Daily Sentinel, spent the fore part of the week in town visiting his parents.

Mrs. A. Daines is visiting relatives near Bennington. She attended the nuptials of Miss Idalia Jackins who lived there some time ago with Frank Hagerman.

The people of the town line and vicinity will be grieved to learn that Dennis Kelley, a Farmington liner, is now in the insane asylum at Pontiac—looking after the wants of the afflicted.

A petition is before the village board signed by many residents of Pierce St., praying for that body to give outlet to surface water running down said street. At this writing the cellars are completely flooded.

Now that part of the fence surrounding the soldiers' monument is down, should it not look full as well if the whole of it was removed and have it neatly sodded with a gradual slope? We think it would greatly improve its appearance and move that it be tried for a while at least.

Ye candidates beginneth to shaketh hands.

A valuable horse of a span of matched blacks of A. Granger died yesterday.

John Luye lost most of his potatoes by freezing in the pit.

John Benjamin has finished husking corn.

Frank Hollister boileth sap.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Heavy snow storm Monday last.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Little Cadillac, whose hustling proprietor is making a specialty of Sunday dinners at 25c.

There is no nicer tree for ornament or for street planting than the mulberry. Plant them for the birds.

R. J. Coryell, our landscape gardener and nursery man has the contract to describe the grounds of the J. H. Wendell home just north of our village, a part of the old Wilde farm. When Mr. Coryell is finished it will be the pride of the avenue from Detroit to Pontiac.

On Saturday evening, March 24, there will be a cap social at the U. P. church. Each lady is requested to bring two caps alike. Refreshments, ice cream and cake will be served. A good time is promised.

People driving horses should be careful to keep off from lawns and curbing and take a little special pains not to mark up a man's greensward in front of his home even if it is in the road, by driving over. The suffering public say "Please keep off."

At its meeting of March 9th, the Woman's Literary Club of Birmingham by a unanimous vote passed a resolution thanking the village board for and congratulating the citizens of Birmingham on the passing of the ordinance against expectorating on the sidewalks and the floors of public places. It was signed by the entire club.

It is a courtesy to your guests to see that their names appear in the local paper. It is due to your friends and yourself that, when visiting, their names should appear in the paper. Remember that the newspaper is made by human hands and brains, and if the item concerning yourself or your friends does not appear it is largely your fault. No newspaper worker is omnipresent.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Basing their arguments on past experiences of Birmingham in the matter of providing public utilities, members of the village commission this week compiled a short summary of the reasons why they favor the annexation of approximately 2000 acres of land to Birmingham. These annexation propositions will be balloted upon at the annual election to be held Monday, Apr. 5.

Violation of the automatic traffic signals at the intersection of Maple and Woodward avenues has brought about the arrest of ten offenders since last Sunday, officer Lawler also reports that a number of staggering citizens trying to find their way home in the wee hours of the morning have been taken in and kept in the station until they could find their furnaces. However, they were given an appointment to see the Judge later in the week.

Determined to make the name Birmingham mean to many people that trees are one of the village's chief attractions, village commissioner S. O. Wylie Bell, Monday night, voiced himself as in favor of planting at least 1000 trees of various kinds here this year. President Shafer and Commissioner Ladd easily agreed with the idea.

Tomorrow Miss Romayne Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Thompson of the Thirteen-Mile road, will return from Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., to spend the spring vacation with her parents.

Loneliness

I gaze across the freshly fallen snow
And in the distance see a little mound
Old now, and almost levelled with the ground,
And just close by
Another grave quite newly made!
Two babes who slipped away
When skies were dull and gray
And snow lay white upon the ground as now.
Unto God's Will all earthly mortals bow.

The stars are shining down upon the snow,
And though the earth is beautiful and glad
My heart will always be a little sad
Just at this time.
One longs to hold a baby close
Nestled upon one's arm
Safe from all fear and harm.
I kiss each baby face and hold each hand
A little while each day in Memory Land.

—Beatrice McDonald.

Just A Minute . . .

—About The Power Of The Past

From
The Detroit Bureau of Government Research

A. D. 449, Hengest and his Saxons drew their boats up on the gravel shore of Ebbsfleet, to make Britain an English, not a British, nation, and to lay the foundation of English and American government.

Little groups of kinsfolk drawn together behind a shelter of moat and hedge-rows, near the fumesipe outside our town—held meetings of markmen much like our township meetings of today.

Prof. Arthur W. Bromage, of the University of Michigan, has recently written in the "American Political Science Review" of what the survival of these ancient townships, and nearly as ancient counties, means in Michigan after the elapse of 1500 years.

A system of primary school districts, townships and counties, obviously instruments of rural government in a primitive agricultural society, finds itself in growing conflict with the needs of industrial and urban southeastern Michigan.

The foundation of county government in Michigan is the township, and only Michigan, New York, Wisconsin and Illinois still retain the unwieldy township representation in the county legislative bodies.

Article VIII of the Michigan constitution provides a county board of one supervisor for each township, and such city representation "as may be provided by law." The law sets up a sliding scale of urban representation that penalizes larger municipalities, the some cities are represented in accordance with charters granted before the constitution of 1908.

In consequence, the urban population of many counties is underrepresented in county matters. In Washtenaw County, 20 townships with a population of 26,806 have 20 supervisors, while two cities with 37,000 inhabitants have only nine. In the urban counties (excluding Wayne and Washtenaw) city folks have one supervisor for an average of 53,000 persons, while country folks have one for every 22,000.

The legislature might increase the urban representation, but is not likely to do so as long as that body is distinctly rural in character.

The lower house of the Michigan legislature consists of 100 representatives elected from districts containing "as nearly as may be an equal number of inhabitants,"—except that there is a representative for each county which has a "population equal to a moiety (more than half) of the ratio of representation." A constitutional amendment to repeal the moiety clause was defeated by a majority of more than 100,000 votes in 1930.

It has been suggested that in this time of paved roads, automobiles, and telephones, the primary school districts and townships—and eventually even cities and villages—should be abolished and the county made the sole unit of government.

Such a plan sounds very revolutionary—but has been seriously proposed for New Jersey by a State Commission of Inquiry into Local Government.

Whether it is materialized in the full or not, the simplification of county government is an obvious next step in the interest of better and less expensive government.

The constitution provides now for county governments cast in one mould, with a biennially elected county sheriff, county clerk, county treasurer, a register of deeds, and a prosecuting attorney. In addition there are coroners, county surveyors, drain commissioners, school commissioners, and numerous judicial officers. This is the type of government cities suffered with for many years.

Yet, to quote Prof. Bromage: "In 1930, Michigan counties ranged from Oscoda with 1728 people to Wayne with 1,888,731. Their economic and social conditions varied from impoverished acres that had witnessed the passing of the lumberman to areas of great wealth built upon industrialization. The spread in valuation was from less than two million dollars to more than four billion. All in all, the diversification is astounding. Michigan has resort counties, agricultural counties, lumbering counties, mining counties, industrial counties, counties large and small, urban and rural. It is a vast array defying common treatment."

One answer is "home rule" for counties as it is at present enjoyed by Michigan cities. This would permit the citizens of each county to draft their own charter, providing preferably for a small legislative body, the abolition of townships or primary school districts, and the appointment rather than the election of a dozen and a half county officers—all with proper safeguards for the state functions that counties perform.

In 1919 and 1921 a constitutional amendment providing that counties might "frame, adopt and amend charters for their self government . . ." was debated, but little accomplished. In 1929 a similar proposal passed one house of the legislature.

Lastly, comes the desirability of county consolidation. Eighty-five per cent of Michigan's population lives in thirty-five southern counties. The remaining fifteen per cent is spread thinly over forty-eight counties in the north. One block of nine adjacent counties has a total population of 47,031 and a total valuation of $31,585,890 supports nine complete and separate county governments.

The expense of local government accounted for ninety-three percent of the tax levy in that area, and for 1928, one third of those taxes were delinquent.

Some time ago, James County, Tennessee, united with Hamilton County, which contains Chattanooga. Now the union of numerous other counties is being urged—in Tennessee, New York and Michigan.

Reclaimed marshes have long since erased the black marks of Hengest's fleet; but in Michigan Hengest's government still flourishes.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

I've just read a magazine article by a young woman who learned to fly and who thinks it's grand!

It probably is. Flyers like it. Once a man's a flyer, he's always a flyer, in his heart. Flyers get a faraway look in their eyes. Flyers find something up there among the clouds that we never find down here. And this young woman is happy when she's up there, too. The hours she spends alone in the heavens, in her airplane, are sweeter than any she has ever known. Flying makes her feel happy, gives her a sense of joyous remoteness, of power, independence. Flying sets her free!

I understand that. Who wouldn't understand it? . . . And if this young woman had stopped at that, her article would have been perfect. But of course she didn't. She wasn't satisfied with her own contentment of the air" in a little man-made machine. She wanted to feel that by her flying she sets all other women free. As she flys over the prairies, she looks down and sees little houses far out in nowhere . . . a hundred miles from a railroad station. She sees big barns and little homes, a man plowing a field, children playing around a schoolhouse, and in the background of one of those little farmhouses, she sees a woman with a baby. The woman is bending over a washtub, her back bowed, her head down, her arms buried in hot water and dirty clothes.

And as the Flying Lady goes overhead, with a wave of the hand and a roar of her engine, the Farm Woman pauses for a moment in her toil and wipes her hands on her apron and looks up . . . And looks and looks and looks until the Flying Lady is just a bird speck on the horizon.

* * *

The woman in the air thinks: "That woman down there is saying to herself that I have set her free. I am doing what she, or her daughters, will be doing some day. She washes, I fly, but I am flying for her and for all other women."

All nonsense! The Woman Who Washes is thinking nothing of the sort. She is saying to herself: "Some people have it easy! God, if you care about me at all, get me an electric washer some day."

The Lady in the Air is having a good time, but she isn't satisfied with just that—she wants to Feel Noble. She does a little Funny Thinking and is happy. She is kidding herself, as we all kid ourselves at times, and she is running high thinking into the ground.

I may be wrong, but I don't think I am . . . What do YOU think? Does HER idea of a good time set anybody free? Does yours?

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Queen Mary, of Great Britain:
"I like frocks of medium length that come just above the ankle."

Al Capone, reputed gang leader, Chicago:
"I'm not going into the literary business. That would be cutting in on the work of the boys who are writing about me."

Dwight W. Morrow, U. S. Senator, from New Jersey:
"The only reason which inclines me to believe the stock boom is permanent is that none of the brokers think so."

J. B. Priestly, British author:
"To me New York is a place where you are interviewed at 4 o'clock and get an indignant letter from a reader at twelve."

James J. Corbett, former heavyweight champion:
"Health is a man's normal condition; he must do something foolish to lose it."

Will Rogers, humorist:
"I bet after seeing us, George Washington would sue us for calling him 'Father.'"

Elmer Rice, student:
"Decency varies according to time and place, to conditions and social strata."

Paul Poiret, French fashion arbiter:
"There is nothing reasonable in fashion."

* * *

ParaLaffs

About Time

A man in Chicago, whose wife deserted him 34 years ago, has filed suit for divorce, on the grounds that it doesn't look as though the lady is coming back.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure

Canadian naturalist says a bear will run if you him straight in the eye. That "heh, heh, heh" is the chorus of the Wall street lambs.—Arkansas Gazette.

Couldn't Have Heard

If it be true, as one rumor has it, that the Wickersham commission has only a dozen cures for the prohibition malady, it must be because the commission hasn't been listening.—Springfield Union.

Time to Think

A bunch of princes are urging a United States of India. Wait a minute, your royal highnesses, do you understand perfectly that this will probably mean a senate?—Nashville Banner.

THE OTHER CHAP SAYS SOMETHING

Blowing Hot and Cold

The Diamond Drill has been very much impressed by Gov. Brucker's declarations for retrenchment in state expenditures and we have read his follow-ups on the subject with a great deal of pleasure. We have noted, however, that while the Governor is preaching retrenchment, about every other department of the state's government is talking "business as usual." Are they blowing hot and cold on the proposal and will they in the end leave the Governor high and dry on an island of appropriations amidst a sea of protest from which he will have to dig himself out? It begins to look that way.

Talk about any state activity to those in touch with the activity and they will talk economy but under their breath they'll declare in favor of the project they are personally interested in. If it's an upper peninsula legislator he's for having upper peninsula institutions and special privileges for his section taken care of. If it's a Wayne man he doesn't want any of his pet institutions shaved. This economy talk, outside of the immediate presence of the Governor himself, seems to be retrenchment at the expense of the other fellow.

If there's going to be any real saving it must begin somewhere; someone has got to consent to go with less money. No one seems to want to be that someone.

So long as the agitation is in the talking stage it's fine; they're all talking "economy." The shoe will pinch when the appropriation committee gets to work and even afterwards when the whole grist is put up to Gov. Brucker. Then will come the biggest test Chas. Gov. Brucker will have to face. If he gets over the hump and makes good his declaration for retrenchment his fame is made. We're hoping that he stands firm.—Tom Conlin in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

Methuselah's Diet

(From The New York Times.)

In the course of his address before the British Medical Association at Winnipeg, Dr. Robert Hutchison quoted the following poem, which he attributed to "The Southern Planters, U. S. A.," in support of the health practices of Methuselah:

Methuselah ate what he found on
his plate
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the
calorie content—
He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner
he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in
granular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He carefully chewed every species
of food
Unprobled by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by
some fancy dessert,
And he lived over nine hundred
years!