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THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 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 technical 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.

Justice Will Be Served

After long months of rumored corruption, graft, political intrigue and scandal in Oakland County, and the apparent delay in the formal preliminaries to the investigation by the 23-man grand jury of these rumored evidences of man's selfishness, Oakland County now awaits, with confidence, the decisions of that select group.

The selection of the jurors has been accomplished only after a painstaking investigation of their ability and fitness for the responsibility they were about to assume. It is a credit to the county that such men were chosen to drag the unpleasant, weighty burden into the sunlight of honesty and truth. It is also to the credit of the prosecution, being conducted by Mr. Phillip H. Robinson, that a good start has been made.

To Circuit Judge Glenn C. Gillespie belongs no little amount of civic appreciation, and his action in publicly making his charge to the jury is characteristic of the man's sincerity.

There are many who will agree to a distribution of thanks to the prosecution, the jurors and the judge. There are those, too, who will continue to complain, no matter the outcome. There are those who will again declare that if evil existed it was the people's fault.

And if the people are to blame for the weak or incompetent persons they trusted with sacred duties; if the people are reprehensible for lack of vigilance, for inattention to their civic responsibility; for apathy towards their government—then the people are to be commended for having asserted their rights in demanding a fair and impartial investigation of the ugly rumors, and for having obtained such worthy investigators, judge and jurors to perform the task of seeing that justice will be served.

For more than half a century things have gone along peaceably in Oakland County. The calling of a grand jury in all those years was found unnecessary. But when it was found necessary, a foundation in facts was laid, according to the officials now conducting the investigation.

The number of indictments returned remains with the jurors after the testimony of the witnesses and the evidences of the prosecution have been presented. It is our turn, now, to wait with the confidence born of tolerance for justice to be served.

A Citizen Of Eternity

Whatever may befall us, we pray that there will abide with us the willing desire to stoop over and pick up the broken fragments of any shattered dream, and smilingly, hopefully, patiently, seek to rebuild it. May we ever be tolerant of unavoidable delay, knowing that, in the fullness of time, all good that we deserve shall come to us. Finally, may we ever be obedient to those high moral impulses that surge through most of us, realizing that we are not the children of any single moment—but the citizens of Eternity. When one lives for a long time in one community, one is inclined to be very desirous of retaining his good name; when one moves about, from place to place, staying but a little while, the urge to keep his name unblemished is not always so strong; that's why we suggest that you recognize your life as an eternal verity—that you are a citizen of Eternity, whose good name must be kept good forever.

BLOOMFIELD TOWNSHIP PAYS about 10 per cent of the total county tax and is exceeded only by the cities of Royal Oak and Pontiac. Bloomfield Township has one supervisor representing its taxpayers in the county government. Pontiac and Royal Oak are represented by several supervisors on the county board which establishes Bloomfield Township's valuation.

THE SPEED AND EFFICIENCY with which the Oakland County Grand Jury proceeded to its task and the announcement by Phillip H. Robinson, Assistant State's Attorney General in charge of the prosecution, that indictments may soon be returned, is evidence enough that the people WILL be served. It is also evidence of the ability of Mr. Robinson and his assistants, I. A. Capizzi and Clarence Smith.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is on another tirade against the Republican party. Now he comes right out and demands that what this country needs, more than a good five-cent cigar, is a Democrat for president. Of course, that depends upon whether or not it is suggested that it be Mr. Hearst.

ARE YOU AN ERGOPHILE? The National Puzzlers' League recently coined the word. It means, "one who loves his work."

"THEY SAY" is the name given by too many people to that mysterious, unreliable gossiper of ruination.

FARMERS, LIKE MANUFACTURERS in industrial lines, are preparing for another big crop of foodstuffs. Hope springs infernal in all people, it seems.

Organized Lobbyists

Much criticism has been directed at the so-called lobbyist group that infests Michigan's Legislature every time it meets. This criticism comes from various sources, very often from persons or groups who, at a given time, are opposed to the specific acts of one or more lobbyists. Most all criticism toward the lobbyist comes from an inconsistency in human nature; that is to say, very often the most vigorous enemies of the lobbyist group become active lobbyists in turn.

For an instance of this kind just recall the bitter opposition of ex-Governor Fred W. Green toward the lobbyist; compare Governor Green's opposition with his introduction of Jack Dempsey upon the floor of Michigan's Legislature prior to the passage of boxing laws, and Green's appearance upon the United States Senate floor in behalf of Spanish-American War veterans' legislation.

There is a certain very definite danger in the organized lobby system; but without the representatives of various business and professions, quite often crusaders for improvement in human relations, there would be much very dumb and harmful legislation passed every session. This is merely because the average Legislator is an ordinary person, quite uninformed as to the details of the many matters he must consider.

The organized lobby group can be used to real advantage by the people; this will happen through the manner in which the Legislators handle them. The best we can hope for is to expect the Legislator to sift the testimony and argument of the lobbyist through the seive of honesty, moral courage, and what is best for the greatest number of citizens.

Heaven help our government when the restraining influences of the lobbyist group are removed. By the same token, the people will need heavenly aid when the lobbyist group gets its way too often.

A compromise between the two is the wise course to pursue, if the substantial welfare of the electorate is to be considered, in our opinion.

The Average Man

The average citizen, unmindful of the sensitiveness of the forces, visible or invisible, that sustain him, thinks only in terms of the fleeting hour, the illusive pleasure. He wonders not about the universe within which he lives and moves, and has his being; basis content to play as a child, when a child—or even when a man. In brief, the average citizen of the world is so busy watching the surface of the path beneath his feet that he loses the limberness of his neck and cannot tilt his chin star-ward. He sees all about him strange things happening—but never thinks what causes them, or how they can be changed.

The average citizen, then, is concerned with average things. He is quite willing to leave the arrangement of the race that is to be run to a few specialists. It is enough, he feels, to have to move his feet—let the other chap work with his head.

The average citizen, would you not say, is like all of the human body, except the part above the neck? Still, that is not so bad, either—for a body that was all head would not be a normal body, now would it? So let us not lament the fact that the average citizen is so average; so long as he fulfills the functions of his place among humankind, does the tasks that come his way with a will and a willingness, he is living up to his average obligations.

There is this consolation, anyway—to carry out the physiological comparison a bit more—that Mr. Average Man, though he may not be too much bothered with the complexities of brainology, lives fairly close to the human heart! And that's worth snuggling up to, don't you think?

EDUCATION DOES NOT MEAN packing up your clothes and proceeding to spend some of dad's cash in the vicinity of a fraternity house.

WHEN THE AVERAGE MAN enters politics for a career, he forthwith starts upon a series of almost unbroken mistakes. For, Dear Children, political promises are synonyms of human fallacies.

IF YOU WOULD SEEK TRUTH, look for it not in the teeming cities. Rather search for it along the countryside, where God's sunlight still permeates the landscape.

IF YOU WISH TO FIND a logical proof of the fact that mankind never will get along satisfactorily while herded up in vastly populated areas, just turn your attention upon Chicago. From recent accurences there, one would almost say that Chicago's major intelligence rests within the stockyards area; for it is there that organic life treads swiftly (though not a (r) mourously) up the inclines that lead to painless slaughter.

IF YOU ARE A DEMOCRAT you are anti-Republican; if you are a Republican you are anti-Democrat; and if you are either a fanatical Republican or an enthusiastic Democrat it is quite questionable whether or not you are a good American.

IF THE AVERAGE CHURCH collection platter could speak up after it makes the usual Sunday rounds, we wonder how many of the congregation would feel that they had really skinned the Lord of His proper dues.

OF LATE WE HAVE WONDERED just why some people argue that this country needs a good five-cent cigar more than anything else. Even without it, many things seem to be going up in smoke.

HOW NATURALLY FUNCTIONS the good old hen! Hard times seem to have little effect upon the favorite fowl of the barnyard, for, no matter how the average laymen may lie about the times, the hen goes right on laying—and her husband continues to crow about it. Surely, a roving hen gets the worm away from the early bird.

A SOLDIER BONUS is a subject about which Congressmen spend many hours in discussion and finally use as a means of showing the public that, after all, Presidential vetoes are things to over-rule.

ARE YOU A GOOD FRIEND to the person you married? If you are, you have found a friend in truth and in deed.

FUTURE GENERATIONS may find instead of log cabins or other humble abodes as the birthplaces of future heroes, only memorial plaques in hospital maternity wards or significant bronze plates on the front doors of apartment houses.

..EX-NTRIX

GARDEN HINTS

Now is the time to contemplate that spring planting. Take out all the attractive envelopes and seed catalogues. Spread them in neat rows on the dining room table. Turn a strong light on them. Stand back a few minutes and vision how attractive your garden will be. Then get some Easter bunnies and a few Easter chicks, placing them in attitudes of munching on the lettuce, radishes, onions, etc. Go up into the attic and get that old musket grandpa bequeated you. Oil it carefully. Load it with buck-shot. Go down into the dining room. Aim carefully at candy bunnies, chicks, etc., —and blaze away! You'll never get a similar chance when the weather's good.

—o—

What kind of fertilizer did they use in the good old days to fertilize the Annhauser-Busch?

Vox Polly

"I hate the proverb, 'look before you leap.' In its place let us put 'Jump and you will get there'."—*Bishop of Chelmsford.*

—o—

Rudy Vallee's radio impersonation of Harry Lauder was not half so ridiculous as we can well imagine Harry Lauder's impersonation of Rudy Vallee might be.

—o—

"Ha'ircuts is when you go to a barber shop an' th' barber torchures you for seven years, almost. Barbers uses only a few tools but they use 'em worsen' a dentist almost. Barbers don't never stop talkin' hardly, neither. Getting a haircut is havin' cold hardwear pressed agen yor neck and every other hair that ain't cut off sudden is drawed out slow. Barbers cover you up all over with a sheet—all but your head—an' then they begin workin'. No matter how careful they be—an' gener'rally they don't cut you hardly—they is sure to spill lots o' hair down yore neck an' makes you itchy. Then they drowns you almost in perfume an' let you go outside fer air."

—o—

When housewives make sweeping interpretations the broom they use generally is woman's intuition.

—o—

It's an unfortunate thing that many of the unemployed who had useful occupations before being laid off now have to compete with such specialists as Christmas Tree trimmers, decoy duck painters, hobby horse builders, animal cracker models, designers of gaffes for catch basins and ghost writers.

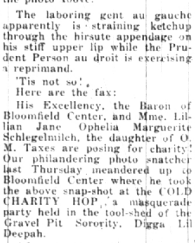
—o—

"When times are bad," advises a young attorney, "grin and budget."

—o—

When interest in the more strenuous games such as ping pong and badminton has worn off, it is expected tick-tack-toe, tiddle-de-winks, parcheesi and other more cultured pursuits will occupy the time of those who have found time in which to do anything bu grow gray hairs.

THIS WEEK'S TABLEAU



"Don't believe everything you see," is our advice to perusers of the photo above.

The laboring gent au gauche apparently is straining ketchup through the hirsute appendage on his stiff upper lip while the Prudent Person au droit is exercising a reprimand.

'Tis not so!

Here are the fax:

His Excellency, the Baron of Bloomfield Center, and Mme. Lillian Jane Ophelia Marguerite Schlegelmilch, the daughter of Mr. M. Taxes are posing for charity! Our philandering photo snatcher last Thursday meandered up to Bloomfield Center where he took the above snap-shot at the COLD CHARITY HOP, a masquerade party held in the tool-shed of the Gravel Pit Sorority, Diggs Lil Deepah.

After much persuasion, the Baron and Mme. Schlegelmilch agreed to pose as "The Bullder and Upholster of The Society For the Suppression of Singers of Three Blind Mice." The Baron doffed his waistcoat and seized a building implement, while Mme Schlegelmilch dipped her hands in tar. The Baron seized an old bottle in which a candle had been stuck to furnish illumination and was in the act of blowing out the light while Mme. Schlegelmilch was about to assume a pose of upright righteousness. The shutter clicked too soon and the results are shown above.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Volney H. Lee of Royal Oak recently lost a valuable cow.

—o—

The Birmingham Band were out screaming the successful candidates at the recent village election and return their thanks to E. Whitehead, Jr., and Treasurer Jno. Frank Durkee for favors received.

—o—

Not long ago Addie Bayley was out with a neighbor looking for corn. Our informant does not state whether they got corn or not, but just as the lady of the house opened the door in answer to A. B.'s summons, the said A. B. disappeared into a cistern adjacent thereto. A careful examination of the immersed, only showed two badly scraped shins.

—o—

Big Beaver Notes—In our report last week we forgot to mention the cigar factory of Mr. Prager. He has succeeded beyond his anticipations. Also the barber shop of L. G. Smith, which has been a great accommodation to our citizens.

—o—

Maurice Blair and Mel Buell were driven into a snow bank while chopping, by a large limb falling on them. No injury to either.

—o—

Will H. Parker, an old Birmingham boy, is handling the subject of mesmerism before large audiences in Montana territory with a skill almost equal to Mills who once psychologized all the youths of Birmingham.

—o—

The Detroit pulpits are thundering red hot sermons at theaters and theater goers in general, and Sara Bernhardt in particular.

—o—

Prominent among the steppers on the avenue Saturday we noticed Fleet Foot, Barbaw Maid, Longfellow and May Queen.

—o—

Great rejoicing over the recovery of Mr. Prager's cows, which were lost last Nov.

—o—

If the traveling Clawson correspondent would take a little more pains and fling in a little better shape, he would please very much. Things that happened Christmas are a little stale at this date.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Our townsman, J. H. Miller, is debating whether he had better accept or not the offer of $5 per day of eight hours for plastering in Detroit. We wish we were plasterers.

—o—

Rural mail carriers complain of the frightful condition of the country roads. They are unable to make their trips on time, as the bottom seems to have fallen out of the highways at this writing.

—o—

If our lighting plant people don't instruct their man in lighting his lights horseback style, to keep off from our citizens' curbs and plats of grass, there will be a disabled lamp lighter in our midst, and a vacancy in the acetylene force. U C it's got to come.

—o—

There is a very bad lot of young boys who make a practice of what is called "swiping" small articles from all the store keepers in town. Their parents are honest, respectable people, and it would surprise them to know that their son was in the ring. Our dealers report losses continually.

—o—

Good roads now would be a very fashionable fad.

—o—

Fred Parks is having a time with Job's comforters.

—o—

A big thunder and lightning storm Saturday night just like April.

—o—

The Lady Maccabees will give one of their famous teas in Maccabee Hall on March 9. Tickets 15c. Everyone invited.

—o—

Definition of a high-toned afternoon tea—Giggle, Gabble, Gobble and Git!

FIVE YEARS AGO

For the first time in its history Birmingham will vote in two precincts at an annual village election next Monday. Recent rapid growth of the community during the past year has made it necessary to create a second voting precinct so that voters may not be required to stand in a long line to cast their votes.

—o—

(From the Village Players review): In "The Giant's Stair", Miss Betty Penny, as Til, an imbecile sister of Mrs. Weatherburn, acted by Ida Maxwell Lamborn, did as fine a bit of character acting as has ever been seen at the Community House, where the Players put on their monthly shows.

—o—

Declaring that Birmingham's fire equipment is taxed to its utmost to look after fire protection in Bloomfield and Troy townships, including this village, Commissioners Wylie Bell and David Ladd Monday night approved Manager Starr's decision that no more contracts should be entered into with outside communities.

—o—

Charles A. Bingham, former village commissioner, at present chairman of Birmingham's Planning Commission, Tuesday noon told members of the Exchange Club that one of the most imperative needs of the village right now is a Chamber of Commerce.

—o—

A permanent exhibition of pictures from the studio of Paul Honore has been established in the Community House. Pictures by other local artists as well as Mr. Honore will be included, and all will be for sale.

Creed

Dear God of all, I did not know
How beautiful and fair
And sweet life was, until I found
That in the source of prayer
Great peace and joy and comfort dwelt.
I felt them surging as I knelt
Through all my body, through my life
Dimming the war of sin and strife.

I did not know, or so it seems
That somehow one night find
Such solace as a prayer can bring
To body, soul and mind.
A voice that whispered long to me,
"None hears your prayers, How could it be?
You must fight sin and greed and pelf
To win or lose, just you yourself."

I have been blind and very dull
And soul sick oft and sad
Since childhood faith went far astray.
Now I feel blest and glad.
I know that if I pray and fight
For what is good and what is right,
It matters little who or where
Or how God is; He answers prayer.

—*Beatrice McDonald.*

The Other Chap Says Something—

A CELEBRITY

Albert Einstein, probably the greatest mind of the Twentieth century, is among us. The American people has taken him to its generous and hospitable bosom. It is possible that they understand even the outlines of his magnificent relativity concept? Well, consider the questions popped at him by reporters.

"Does your theory affect religion?" asks one young man. Einstein could have truthfully responded that it had no more bearing on matters sacred than a table of logarithms has on the Immaculate Conception. Instead he parries politely—"There are so many religions," is the gentle answer.

"Are the other places of the universe inhabited?" asks another. It happens that Einstein is not an astronomer, but a physicist. He spends his time studying the spectra of galactic light rays, not peeping at Mars for canals or photographing bleak craters on the moon. He has no more specialized knowledge of these matters than he has of broiling a steak, playing the marimba or skinning a horse. Nonetheless he answers courteously, "Maybe other beings, but hardly men."

The questions reveal the questioners rather than the German scientist. Yet nevertheless the strange welcome persists. Einstein, the people vaguely know, is a great name. Therefore he receives hands of social children, is invited to address luncheon clubs and pestered for autographs like any other channel swimmer, movie star, racketeer or champion tree-sitter.—William Allen White in Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

THE EXPANDING DOLLAR

The man on the street, when discussing the present depression, rarely takes into consideration the expanding dollar. Those of us who went through the period just before and during the World War learned the problems that the shrinking dollar brought with it. We saw the prices of food stuffs and materials in general appreciate in price because of the increased demand until the dollar would buy only about half of what it would in 1913. To adjust conditions to this "depreciated dollar" wages in all lines of employment were increased until they found a balance with the dollar or rather with the appreciated price of necessities. The continuance of this artificial condition following the war and during the time that the exorbitant demand for materials made by war's depletion of them buoyed up prices delayed the day of shrinkage in prices until the present. We are now facing that natural consequency of the extravagances of war; we are witnessing the gradual expansion in the dollar in its journey back to normalcy. How near it will come to getting back to the place it occupied in the world's trade in 1913 remains to be seen but indications are that depression will not stop permanently until it gets there.

In this connection artificial measures are being taken to keep wages where they get to during the period of price inflation brought about by the war. We are also witnessing an effort on the part of government to hold prices of commodities on a fictious plane through legislation. Indications are that both efforts are doomed to fail and that in the end all artificial means will surrender to old man Economic Purity.

Henry Ford, the apostle of the high wage, is keeping his wage rate up but is effecting reduction by cutting the time of the wage earner and maintaining the machine mass production which he brought in during the decade just past to meet shrinking prices. To the laboring man employed in a Ford factory the result at the end of the week is the same whether such workman draws pay for three days at $7.00 per day or six days at $3.50 per day; the family pocket book has the same amount of cash in it.

It seems that when the people generally and industry in particular come around to view the situation in its true light that we will be faced with an economic revolution. Will labor submit to adjust its wage to the expanding dollar just as it demanded such adjustment when we had the shrinking dollar? Upon the answer to that question depends very greatly the answer to the problem of the expanding dollar which is the greatest problem before us today. Will it be solved according to carefully considered economic rules or will attempts be made to change by legislation the inevitable eventuality of those economic laws?—Tom Coulin in Crystal Falls Diamond Drill.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

If the capital punishment bill is rushed through in time for a referendum decision at the April election it will give either side of the question a proper hearing. For example this writer, before this question is submitted, would like to go through the records of Michigan prisons and ascertain the number of lifers who have been lawfully released since Latimer began his term at Jackson. In other words the administration of any law is the real answer to its usefulness. Capital punishment, if enacted, will be only effective for the poor criminal without friends. Loeb and Leopold are a perfect exhibit of how money and influence operate in a death penalty state. If every man who sometime in his life has missed being caught will pay back his luck by favoring the fellow who was not so lucky, Michigan will never kill legally. But for some unseen power most of us sometime or other would have had our names entered on the jail blotter. Always remember that a thin line separates the lucky criminal from the man whom the social order attempts to improve by legislation. If you have never experienced any of this legal luck vote to kill. Your position is correct. We belong to the other crowd and thank God for His divine goodness that thus far has permitted us to stay on this side of the line. In the final analysis capital punishment is a personal matter. What right have we to recommend death for anyone? Play fair with that 'still small voice' and remember this compelling quotation credited to John Bradford, who seeing a criminal pass by, declared:

There, but for the grace of God goes John Bradford.

—Murl H. DeFoe in Charlotte Republican-News.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

Got Any Chlorophyll?

YOU KNOW what Chlorophyll is of course. It's the green stuff in plants, in the leaves, that keeps the plants going through the seasons, through the years. It works by photosynthesis, in the light, and its business is to make starches and sugars, food for growing things.

A green plant cannot live without Chlorophyll. It's colorless, really, though sometimes it seems green or red or brown or yellow. It's never been isolated in its pure state, but the botanists know how precious it is. They know it is the heart of living for growing things.

If a man has no Chlorophyll, he's a parasite or a bum—like a toadstool, slimy and clammy, or certain beautiful orchids that live on decaying vegetable matter.

Neither can we live without Chlorophyll. We have it, too, somewhere in our system. It's in us, but we cannot see it and cannot isolate it, for all to feel and recognize. It's that mysterious power some men and women have for making the best of things, for taking Courage and Strength from the air and building up a new life when they seem at the end of their resources. In the cold and wintry days of their lives, they do not lose hope. They KNOW that a Chlorophyll is part of them and will not be denied.

You can tell by watching a human being in times of trouble if he is as worthwhile as a green-growing plant—if he's a parasite or a bum, if he gives up and moans or grits his teeth and keeps going.

We say of a plant: It has Chlorophyll. We say of a man: He has the Stuff. You look at a tree in the winter and though its branches are lean and bare, you know it will come back in the spring of the year. You look at a man, you look at yourself, and you can't be so sure. But you hope you have Chlorophyll and you'll prove it by spring, or even sooner!

The "Big Shots" Say:—

A. S. Eddington, British astronomer:

"It may be that the human race is no better than it was two thousand years ago. But it is different and that in itself is a good thing."

Elsie McCormick:

"The average woman marries what she can get rather than what she wants."

Stanley Baldwin, British statesman:

"During our infancy all the world is in a conspiracy to persuade us to sleep; during the rest of our lives all the world is in a conspiracy to persuade us to wake up."

Ethel Mannin:

"According to an unwritten law among women, a woman can be attractive or she can be clever, but she can't be both."

Arthur Bodanzky, conductor, Metropolitan opera:

"Golf—bleedy—this is the ope not a golf links."

J. E. Hall:

"Why is it so few people can close a door quietly? The door slammer is a real disturber of the peace."

Herbert Hoover, president of the United States:

"Most of our native criminal class are products of city slums."

Ernst Lubitsch, movie director:

"A movie not made is a movie not spoiled. So I make as few as I can."

Hamilton Fish, Jr., chairman, House committee investigating Communism:

"There is much that present day industrial capitalism can learn and borrow to advantage from Russian communism."

Joe McCarthy, new manager New York Yankees:

"Baseball is baseball in any league."

Walter Lippman, publicist:

"Journalism in the next decade is likely to become less Napoleonic at the top and less Bohemian at the bottom."

Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland, for the fourth time:

"Here we believe that government should mind its own business. We believe that the people who are least governed are best governed."

A. D. Little, former president of the American Chemical Society:

"We may look with confidence to the chemical industries for contributions which should go far toward supplying the stimulus essential to the revival of our prosperity."

Harry Emerson Fosdick, preacher:

"The greatest danger to Christianity lies not in atheistic efforts to attack it but in believers who belittle it."

H. G. Wells, British historian-author:

"There are plenty of people who could be first class bridge players, but they have something better to do."

Isabel Paterson, writer:

"A review of much modern fiction in its own sprightly vein would consist largely of blanks, dashes and asterisks by the time it got printed in a daily paper."

Nicholas Murray Butler, president, Columbia University:

"It is not the business of the college to entertain the public."

Aldous Huxley:

"Leisure as such is quite intolerable except in fairly small doses."

ParaLaffs

Real Need

Among the other old-fashioned things that need a new definition to bring them into harmony with the times, is the term "securities."—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Proof

If Mr. Hoover wants to prove that the cost of living has declined during his administration he can point out that seats on the stock exchange which sold for $600,000 early in 1929 can now be bought for $250,000.—Judge.

Sure Thing

"The average thief is sing out for what he can get," declares a detective. And eventually in for what he has got.—Passing Show, London.

Must Be Perfect

Concern advertises the perfect bridge lamp. Must be light enough to see by and too heavy to throw.—Dallas News.

Check, Says Dad

Fashion decrees broader shoulders for men this year. Necessity also demands stiffer backbones.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Easily Possible

Scientists say that city air is much worse than country air. Possibly because so much of it passes through saxophones.—Judge.

No Proof

A scientist says that human intelligence is 450,000 years old. Yet motorists cling to the illusion that they can untangle a traffic jam by honking.—Toledo Blade.

That's The Way

"Mustaches must be grown on the installment plan," says a barber. A little down each week.—London Opinion.