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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 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 Wednesday. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the work submitted as are necessary in the style of the paper and as are required by laws of the state. Because of a mechanical condition 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 publisher.

Our County Blunder

Because he operated in a manner considered illegal, Arthur W. Spencer, former Oakland County Drain Commissioner, has piled up a charge of over a million dollars in useless expenditure, according to a recent statement by Circuit Judge Guy A. Miller, of Detroit, who is hearing the case. This money will be spread upon the county at large, and every taxpayer will have to contribute to an expense that Judge Miller holds absolutely illegal.

It is such acts on the part of public officials that rouse the voters to wrath—and little else than wrath. Under the plan of operating a county with a Board of Supervisors you have a legislative body without any real management. True, there is the Board of Auditors; but they are appointed by the Supervisors, and therefore without any direct responsibility to the people. The various county officials, such as the Drain and Road Commissioners, appear to be beyond the financial control of the Supervisors. Imagine a corporation trying to run its business without a general manager, and you get a glimpse of the reason for such deficits as the one incurred in two or three years by a Drain Commissioner who, aside from his vote getting abilities, was not qualified by technical training to handle the job.

Gov. Brucker vs. Legion Wets

Here's a political puzzle for the dopesters to solve: Governor Wilber M. Brucker was elected a year ago largely through the efforts of the Michigan American Legion. Governor Brucker is a pronounced dry. At the Legion's annual convention in Detroit recently the boys voted for the repeal of the 18th Amendment and the Michigan delegation was overwhelmingly wet. Col. Fred Alger of Detroit worked hard for Brucker's election. The Colonel is wringing wet; he is a leader of the Crusaders' movement to bring about repeal.

Question: will dry Brucker get the wet support of the wet Legion and the wet Alger in 1932? It begins to look as though Governor Brucker and the Legion support are destined to part. Perhaps the Governor will be a candidate on an avowed dry ticket next year. Perhaps he won't. Anyway, the 1932 gubernatorial election in Michigan offers some promising maneuvers.

Cupid's Poison Arrows

Cupid may not know any permanent boundaries, and his arrow may be swift and of long flight. But in the hands of an outfit that advertises to arrange meetings of men and women with the sole view to matrimony, Cupid's arrow may become a poisoned bar. That was the case with Harry F. Powers, the West Virginia flirt who, via the channels of a matrimonial agency, played upon foolish women's hearts, and eventually killed five people. Perhaps a few persons have won lasting happiness my marrying one of the opposite sex through the aid of a matrimonial agency; but they are undoubtedly so small in proportion that they do not justify the harm they inflict. Anyway, if people want to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows, they ought to go where the target practice is less dangerous than is offered by matrimonial agencies.

White House Secrecy

There is a growing tendency on the part of President Hoover and his Cabinet to maintain a strict silence upon matters concerning the government of the United States. Newspaper correspondents in Washington are finding it more difficult from day to day to obtain accurate reports for their readers back home. God help these United States when any group of public officials succeeds in keeping its official acts secret. If American newspapers do not rebel against any efforts to silence it, our country will soon be plunged into a dark autocracy, or dictatorship. Closely following upon the heels of a silenced pen will come a silenced tongue. And citizenship will mean servitude. Let's demand an open policy from the White House.

DO YOU REMEMBER, 'way back in 1929, Harry Culver, then president of the National Real Estate Boards, told an audience to "get ready for one of the greatest waves of prosperity this country has ever known." Well, we're all ready, Big Boy—let 'er loose!

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, noted peace advocate and 80-year-old chancellor-emeritus of Leland Stanford University, posed on to his eternal reward last week in California. Dr. Jordan endured much for the cause of peace, and is deserving of the gratitude of all who strive to remove the war god from the thoughts of men.

DETROIT'S MAYOR, Frank Murphy, gave a breakfast to 1,000 Legionnaires one morning last week. Well, isn't that providing for welfare?

The Cost Of Crime

While many elements in the cost of crime are indefinite and not subject to an estimate, the Wickersham Commission in one of its reports estimates that crime in one year exacts a toll of considerably more than a billion dollars from the people of the United States. This has been summarized as follows:

"Federal criminal law administration $	12,768,000
State police	2,000,000
State penal and correctional institutions	51,720,000
Criminal law administration in 300 cities	247,700,000
Private industrial police in Pennsylvania	1,280,000
Private protective service in large cities	10,000,000
Private watchmen	159,000,000
Armored-car service	3,900,000
Private correctional treatment of criminals	810,000
Insured losses due to crime	47,000,000
Mail frauds	68,000,000
Insurance against crime	106,000,000
Safes, chests, vaults	4,227,000
Bullet-proof glass	311,000
Known incendiarism	2,000,000
Burglary of banks	1,800,000
Thefts from jewelers	2,000,000
Railroad freight thefts	1,100,000
Forgeries	40,000,000
Indirect cost through loss of productive labor	332,000,000
Total	$1,124,314,000"

We refer often to the high cost of armament and the terrific burden of expenses in connection with war. Side by side we should keep before our minds the enormous waste in money caused by crime.

Every citizen in this country can help reduce this charge. Every mother and father in Birmingham entrusted with training of children can share in the task of instilling proper ethical conceptions and moral principles to guide the conduct of their children through life.

Royally Spoken . . .

Please read these remarks upon a subject as vital as your life—for it touches those human affairs that determine whether or not your stomach shall be filled or empty. Observe life during the past 30 years as Harry M. Royal, keenly intelligent publisher of the Ocean Herald, over in Shelby, Michigan, portrays it in his column, "Random Remarks." Says Mr. Royal, speaking of the United States and its progress since 1890:

Politically ten presidential campaigns have been conducted. Many political issues have been fought in the battles of the ballot. This country of peace has been engaged in two wars with foreign foes, the aftermath of one, more than a dozen years past, still hangs, an undissipated pall, over much of the world. No person now living will see the end of its influence upon the affairs of the world. Striving for the elimination of its scars and its prejudices is the greatest service that any country can give, just as unselfish service to community and country is the demand upon Americans today.

"Ill-fated President Harding happily used a later much abused word when he urged a 'return to normalcy.' He was then, ten years ago, suggesting a normal condition of business affairs. Since then we have had a boom and a bust, but 'normalcy' only briefly. We shall 'return to normalcy' when people will occupy themselves sensibly going about the affairs of life, with faith in God, their country and themselves, when they realize that the wealth of nature is as abounding as ever, that neither the sun nor the rain has deserted the earth nor the people thereof; that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his face; that no foolish fiat in contradiction of natural economic law can bring prosperity, nor idleness and waste gain plenty."

Needed: Just Horse Sense!

Every time a newspaper reader encounters the daily record of the havoc wrought by speeding automobiles when they run amuck on crowded streets, the phrase "horse sense" takes on a new significance. The horse which prompted the coining of the words may be a vanishing quadruped—in time, a museum piece—but the qualities it exhibited in the phaeton era of American life are still worth emulating. As some funster facetiously remarks: "Horse sense is always sure to result in a stable government."

The old reliable horse never took a chance with busy traffic, but slowed down to allow vehicles to pass. The horse keeps to his side of the road, and attends strictly to its business, the hauling of a wagon or buggy to the destination without mishap. Perhaps the horse's slow progress is not keyed to the tempo of our hurrying days, but safety is the sure reward of a plodding gait, and the occupants of the vehicle thus have a better chance to see the scenery and say "good morning" to pedestrians.

To have "horse sense" is to watch where one is going, to stay out of get-rich-quick speculations, to be abstemious in eating, to go to bed at reasonable hours, to say "neigh" to many golden-voiced invitations to desert the high road for devious by-paths leading to disillusionment and disaster.

Even though the modern man may ride in a high-powered automobile and prefer all the high-geared mechanism of civilization, he will probably do well to hold fast to some of those old-fashioned virtues of foresight, caution, serenity, and concentration to be found in the words "horse sense."—*The Rotarian Magazine.*

IT SEEMS SCARCELY CONCEIVABLE that millions of boys will again be set to disemboweling and slaughtering millions of other boys whom they have never seen and with whom they have no real quarrel. Yet that is what the perpetuation of the war system plans for, anticipates, prepares for—and inevitably leads to.—The Portland Evenings News, August 10, 1931.

IF YOU EVER SEE another slot machine in Oakland County, slip the word to Sheriff Frank Schram or County Prosecutor Clarence Smith. The latter recently stated that his office is "out to clean out the slot machines."

SOON WILL BEGIN the grand scramble for seats from which to witness football games in Ann Arbor. That's when everybody believes in going to the seat of higher learning.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Bondy, well?

How about that artesian well?

Miss Emma Soults has been presented with a handsome piano by her father.

John Allen, Jr., hands in several large and amazingly good looking Irish lemons, which are a wonder this dry season.

Willie Ebling of Big Beaver met with a serious accident last week. In sliding down from a hay mow in a barn where they were threshing, he came in contact with a pitch fork and sustained very painful injuries.

Several big potatoes have been laid on our editrial table. First Alex Wardell of Troy, hands in an old whopper or rather several good sized ones rolled into one which is indeed a curiosity.

The following is the experience of a member of the reading room while on a little trip recently: "One day this summer he rode 50 miles in a railway car, seated behind four men, who were playing with those awful playthings of the devil—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, pedro, and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarreled and never called names once. After we got out at our station, we sat at the window and watched a party of young men and maidens playing croquet. In 15 minutes we saw two persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies and a week loafing young man three, and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard that it frightened a horse: the other young girl pounded her mallet so hard on the ground that it knocked the buds off an apple tree; they both banged into the house at different doors, and the two young men looked sheepish and went for a drink. Now why is this?

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Why not have a fire alarm in the eastern and southern districts of the village? It would save time.

We pay taxes enough, why can't we have a street sprinkler? (Ed. —We don't know. Ask Miss Mattie Baldwin. She can tell you.)

Every town in the county should have an improvement society. Clawson has a progressive club and many a good deed has it done. Come now let Troy, Amy, Southfield, Franklin and Royal Oak fall in line.

The Birmingham High School is deeply regretting the resignation of Miss Ethel Traphagan, which goes into effect this week. Miss Traphagan resigns on account of ill health. Her vacancy will be filled by Miss Green of Batavia, N. Y.

The party given by the Birmingham Dancing Club at the Birmingham Shaw Hall last Friday evening was a success in every sense of the word. Despite the warm weather a large crowd was present and as usual everyone enjoyed the evening.

Twelve young ladies of the Presbyterian Church are planning to give a play, "Rebecca's Triumph" at the Library Hall the middle of October. Great preparations are being made and the first rehearsal was held last Monday evening at the home of Miss Marion Porter. Knowing the girls' ability, we feel sure of their success.

The Village Improvement Society have marked the two fine old elms opposite the residence of Mr. Herbison on Adams avenue, by placing on each "These trees are one hundred years old." Every fine old tree in the village should be so marked.

Charles H. Scelzaec left Wednesday for his new field of labor in the United States of Columbia in South America where he is under contract for two years, developing mineral and timber interests for a syndicate composed of Detroit and New York capitalists.

FIVE YEARS AGO

A beautiful theater!

This is the substance of the many complimentary remarks made by visitors to the new Village Players' home which is rapidly nearing completion on Chestnut street near Elm. Half of the roof is on the building and shingling soon will take place. The sidewalls are up and an excellent idea of the way the structure will appear when completed may be obtained.

Meeting of the state administrative board called to pass on the proposed widening of Woodward avenue through Birmingham was postponed this week because of the Republican convention held in Detroit.

Work has begun on the new palatial residence of Senator James Couzens at Wabeek farms, Bloomfield Hills, and every effort is being made to have the home ready for occupancy by the latter part of next summer.

Dr. S. S. Marquis, pastor of Christ Church Cranbrook, Lee White and Prof. Morris Tilley of the University of Michigan, are in the east now looking for and investigating candidates for the headmastership of the new boys' school at Cranbrook, which will open next fall.

The first aid station at police headquarters here already has more than served its purpose, according to Chief James Anderson, who reports that in less than two weeks there have been five occasions to use it.

HERE'S YOUR HAT

The Other Chap Says Something—

THIS LIQUOR BUSINESS

Michigan state prison's population was believed the largest in the world one day this week. The number of inmates reached a new high record of 5,556 when 16 prohibition law violators were "dressed in." Mr. Miner, the Jackson member of the prison commission, declared within a week that the prison population, at the present rate, would pass 6000 by Christmas. Congressman Seymour Person, of Lansing, personally dry but legislatively wet, told a church audience at Lansing Sunday night that many sections of the United States have already assumed an attitude of nullification toward this law and that, in his opinion, this area is expanding all of the time. Lt. Governor Dickinson replied to Mr. Person's arguments from the same pulpit Sunday night. Everyone agrees with the claims of Mr. Dickinson that the old saloon was a curse, that liquor is harmful to the human body and robs the youth of his rightful physical and mental heritage and all that. But that answer is no longer sufficient. For the first time in the history of our own nation crime is profitable and the basis of this gigantic corruption is the traffic in and control of illicit liquor supplies in our great cities. The issue has gone beyond the judgment and sympathies of the two extremes. The great middle section of this country is coming to realize that the moral fibre of the whole country is already honeycombed by a public and private indifference which had its beginning in the breakdown of public opinion with regard to prohibition enforcement. We cannot have preferred prohibition law breaking in this country and expect to maintain respect for other laws. This is exactly our present situation. There are more cocktails served in American homes today than any time in the history of the country. How can our children react to proper law enforcement when they meet up with these temptations outside of their home circle. Prohibition has gone beyond a political question in this country. It is the greatest moral issue of our time. Brainbidge Colby, secretary of state under President Wilson, in a speech the other night correctly interprets these conditions when he inquires:

Can a serious American fail to be impressed by the relaxation of standards, both of public and private conduct, discernible on every hand? The great material expansion following the war years seems to have driven from our minds the old conception of civic responsibility and duty. Our energies seem centered upon getting on in the world, rather than getting up in the world.

The Christian Science Monitor (dry) commenting on the Colby query quite properly adds:

> "a civilization which will permit crime to pass unpunished and will even view without agitation the evidence of a working alliance between crime and the forces upon which society relies for crime repression must quickly alter its ways if it is to be saved.—Murl H. DeFoe in Charlotte Republican-Tribune.

OFFICE AND THE MAN

The elections caused many heartburns, where men had set their hearts upon offices from which a cold and critical electorate barred them at the polls. They produced at least one agreeable surprise. The pastor of a church at Hooksett, N. H., was elected to the general court, against his protest that he was not a candidate.

Jefferson once observed that "whenever a man has cast a longing eye on offices a rottenness begins in his conduct." When offices are thrust upon men who do not seek them, a new dignity is given to both the recipients of this unusual honor and a system of government that permits the people an untrammeled choice of their public servants. The good people of Hooksett forced the office to seek the man, which is a safer rule of politics than to exalt the man who seeketh too much the office.—Detroit News.

DRINKING OFFICIALS

You never heard that Sheriff Franch, Prosecutor Miller or Judge Royal A. Hawley had been caught taking a drink, or in any way winking at law breaking. Their private lives are as free from suspicion as their public service has always been. The man or woman who violates any law in this county knows in advance there will be no mercy shown. It may sound like old-fashioned Puritanism, but it seems to get results. I'm not a moralizer. I don't think the prohibition law is working out as its sponsors said it would, but I do believe that the man who takes an oath before high heaven to uphold the laws of this country should respect his word. I think the judge who sentences a prisoner to prison for violation of the prohibition laws and then goes out to a country club and indulges in highballs with his cronies is as much of a menace to society as the person he sent to prison—even more so, he helps to create disrespect for the very laws he has sworn to uphold. You can't create hypocrisy in human hearts and expect our social order to continue.—Fred D. Keister in Ionia County News.

Dinner Stories

Complete Job

Peggy—I'm divorcing Charlie. You don't know what I've gone through living with him.

Marie—Well, everybody says it was all he had.—Canadian Magazine.

Hampering Reform

A temperance organization in Kansas succeeded in getting a bootlegger in jail. The prisoner berated the leader of the organization for ingratitude. "You folks busted up the greatest temperance movement in this country for years," he said. "I was selling them fellows whiskey that was diluted as high as 75 per cent, and if you had left me alone another month I'd a had 'em drinking pure water."

Might Be Dangerous

Jones was interviewing a pretty girl who had applied for a position in his office. "You say you were last employed in a doll factory, what doing?"

"I was making eyes for three years."

Jones gazed at her thoughtfully for a minute. "All right, you're engaged," he said.

And then as she rose, he remarked, "By the way, don't demonstrate your ability when my wife is in the office."

Jumbo's Sweet Tooth

"Speaking of animals remembering," said the tall, elderly man, "when I was a boy I once gave a circus elephant a stick of striped candy."

"Well?"

"After that, whenever that circus was to parade in the town, the barbers had to take in their striped poles."

Heard In An Office

"So your boy is at college. How is he making it?"

"He isn't. I'm making it and he's spending it."

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

By MARSHALL MASLIN

I KNOW HIM. So do you.

He blusters. He swaggers. He has a red face. He growls. He snorts. He shouts.

He bullies his way down the highway in his automobile and can't bear to have anybody get ahead of him. He cuts in on the car ahead when there is not really room to pass. If there is the slightest delay in the traffic, he honks and honks and honks.

He snarls at waiters and orders them around. Complains of the service. Kicks about the food. Is never satisfied. Tips with a grudge.

Hardly anything ever pleases him. He's crotchety, he's cranky. He insists on the best all the time. He talks a good deal about the "mob," about "nuts," about "saps." Sometimes, when his stomach is full, and he's just put over a deal, he talks genially to those he considers his equals and condescends to those he considers his inferiors.

He has humanity nicely divided into those below and those above. He bears down on the people beneath him, he kneels to those who have more money or more power.

At home he's the boss. He has ideas about raising children and he puts them into practice. He thinks he is a good husband and a fair father—but the family may have other ideas.

In fact, he looks upon himself as a Strong Man, who has made a success and is afraid of nothing.

But he's wrong.

He's afraid of the most important thing—he's afraid of Life. Secretly—and he will confess this to no one, not even to himself—he is not comfortable, he is not at ease with living. He blusters because he is afraid. He swells out his chest because he does not know how to be at home with people. His contempt for his "inferiors" is a self-defense. His swagger is an empty pose. He is lonely—he is a Scared Cat!

Whom am I describing? Not any particular human being, I must admit, but I'm thinking of a considerable number of men whom I have known and of almost any of us, when we are afraid we have lost the way and will not admit that we are just lonely and frightened children who don't know how to act. There's a Scared Cat in most of us, but when life gets him by the tail he pretends to be a Terrible Tiger. And sometimes he succeeds. And sometimes he makes a miserable mess of it.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

E. Q. Johnson, U. S. District Attorney:
"Our theory is that a hoodlum in a penitentiary on one charge is there just as effectively as on any other charge."

Sir Hubert Wilkins, on board Submarine Nautilus, Arctic Ocean:
"The crunching of the uneven heavy ice above us was a fearful, ungodly sound—unlike anything heard anywhere before."

Henry Berenger, former French Ambassador to Washington:
"A crash in Berlin is immediately felt in Washington and every panic in Frankfort causes trembling in Wall street."

George Engles, radio broadcasting official:
"The public is spending more for amusement than ever before."

Alexander Legge, former chairman Federal Farm Board:
"I forecast a future for the American farmer better than anything he has enjoyed in recent years."

Carl Williams, acting chairman, Federal Farm Board:
"The Board has discovered and, hopes the people have discovered, that continued purchase in the face of over-production is not a remedy for the situation."

Rogers Hornsby, Manager, Chicago Cubs, referring to newspaper writers:
"They can write anything they want about me. It doesn't bother me because I don't read it."

Ted Cook:
"One of the sadder facts of life is that an education which prepares you to enjoy leisure doesn't prepare you to get it."

Earl Jellicoe, Admiral of the British Fleet:
"We have set an example in disarmament which no other nation has followed."

Oswald Mosely, British Politician:
"The ingenuity of the human mind for finding reasons to postpone or delay action is the most powerful factor in modern politics."

Heyward Broun, columnist:
"It isn't the crime wave which terrifies me so much as the undertow. I mean the mass of fool plans and suggestions which are being poured into the papers."

Daniel A. Poling, radio preacher:
"My chief concern is not with the young flapper, but with the adult flopper."

Arthur Thomson, British scientist:
"I think that there is a great tendency to make a scapegoat of sex."

Our Scrap Book

MINSTRELS IN MEXICO

As the twilight settled, I entered the narrow street that led to my lodgings. At the farther end, between the ranging balcony, a group of children and natives were gathered about a band of wandering minstrels. As if drew near, the thrill of a triangle and the thrum of a harp accompanying a weird chant rose on the air. The quartette in appearance, costume, and bearing were quite different from any of the Indians I had seen about Aguas Calientes. They were much lighter in color, and were distinguished by a certain air of independence and dignity.

The tallest and oldest of the band held in his left hand a short harp, quite Greek in its design. The youngest shook a tambourine, with rim and rattles complete, but without the drumhead. The third tinkled a triangle, while the fourth, a delicate-looking, large-eyed, straight young fellow, handsome as Greek gods, with teeth like rows of corn, joined in the rhythmic chant. As they stood in the darkening shadows beating time with their sandaled feet, with harp and triangle silhouetted against the evening sky, and zarapes hanging in long straight lines from their shoulders, the effect was so thoroughly classic that I could not but recall one of the great friezes of the Parthenon.—H. Hopkinson Smith, in "A White Umbrella in Mexico."

ParaLaffs

We Haven't

You never hear of a man asking for a divorce from a wife who thinks it is more important to get a good meal on the table than it is to get an unbroken complexion on her face.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Alias Collectors

The favorite indoor sport is dodging facts.—Los Angeles Times.

Some Places

To grow old gracefully seems to mean that you are not to have any opinions.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Just It

Co-operative marketing of wheat has been a great success except for the fact that the farmers wouldn't co-operate and there hasn't been any market.—Judge.

Sad Truth

There is much more protein in wheat this year than usual, but also far less dough.—Wichita Eagle.