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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 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 publisher.

How Your Taxes Increase

You pay taxes into the coffers of your various units of government primarily because you, along with others, believe that the collective method of buying such necessary utilities as water supply, police and fire protection, sewage disposal outlets, educational and recreational centers, and other allied human inventions, is the cheapest and best way to maintain what you are pleased to refer to as modern civilization. Taxes become, then, your contribution (sometimes voluntary, these days often forced) toward the maintenance of the common good.

You deem it necessary or prudent to buy something for the collective use of your unit of government, whether it be a new road, a school house, a library, street lights, parks, battleships, or a block of stock in some nice, noisy war; so you agree—a majority, at least, of you agree (either by active or inactive methods) to pay your portion of the cost, and the tax collecting system you have created gets busy and provides means of getting into your pocketbook.

If you are making lots of money, you may occasionally grumble because your tax bill mounts annually; but, if you are like most people, you will not grumble loud enough to stimulate yourself and others to take the kind of action that causes tax statements to become smaller the next year. As long as you are making money, you'll accept the new improvements that your public officials give you, praise them for being efficient servants to your needs, and somehow or other manage to meet your tax obligations.

Perhaps, however, when the first signs of a suspension of business come your way, your income may be threatened with decreases; if you live in a county such as Oakland, where real estate subdivisions have become the fad (attracting practically every person, directly or indirectly, as investors) you will wake up some morning to discover that many, many persons are delinquent in their taxes. You will discover that those who regulated the manner in which your governmental obligations were sold, to provide funds for the special assessment improvements, such as roads, drains, etc., managed to transfer delinquent taxes to the county's "general fund." That means that those who are able to pay the taxes are required to meet a tax rate increased to make up for the delinquency. So the delinquent taxes increase, and so does the rate.

All of this came about, of course, by and with the consent of the majority of us taxpayers. From this condition there is no relief, apparently, right now. We shall be required to pay to the last farthing those obligations which we allowed to be heaped upon the books of the various units of government. We shall pay in American money or in the loss of what property we may have, should it become necessary to levy upon it. The only other way out is to repudiate the obligations. This will hardly be considered by any American tax unit today.

What is the answer?

Ultimately, the only way to give people what they must band together and buy under our form of civilization, and give it to them economically, is to obtain honest, capable men and women to administer the various offices of government. We must set up a system of hiring or electing officials that will produce not only honest ones, but CAPABLE ones! Merely being honest is not sufficient to be a business success.

Some day, as deserving people, we shall have created such a system. And, when that day arrives, taxes will be lower than they are today, and society will obtain from the lowered taxes more than it ever obtained under the present spoils systems of politics.

National Insecurity

Glenn Frank, brilliant president of the University of Wisconsin, says that "America is like a starving man holding food at arm's length." He declares that "the leadership that has developed our policies for using goods and distributing wealth has proved inferior to the leadership that has developed our processes for making goods and producing wealth." In other words, if America is to retain not only its economic leadership but its present national identity as well, it must perfect a practical plan for the safety and security of wealth—and that can be attained only by setting up a system of capitalism that will insure full bellies and warm backs for the average American.

IT PAYS TO BE STUDIED in your replies to questions. Do you recall the case of the chap who stood before the judge, on trial for assault? The judge asked: "You threw a brick at the complainant. Was it large as big, for instance, as my head?" The defendant sized up the judge's dome and answered: "Yes, Your Honor, but not so thick."

NEW YORK MAY BE the biggest city in the United States, but that doesn't mean that it is the best. If it were the best, then why does its Mayor, Jimmy Walker, spend so much time away from it?

Gasoline Tax Funds

One of the easiest and most satisfactory taxes collected in this country is the gasoline tax, used for the development and maintenance of good roads. The few pennies that you pay at the filling station, added to those paid by every other motor car driver, are largely responsible for the great travel arteries that spread themselves over the United States. Now, in the face of a growing delinquency in real estate taxes, there rises a clamor for the diversion of part of the gasoline tax to relieve the property tax.

In our humble estimation, the gasoline tax should never be used for anything but the perpetuation of those public utilities that are necessary to the safety and comfort of motor car driving. When you begin to divert one form of tax to another, you create a perversion of tax principle that can only end in chaos. If it is necessary to relieve the property tax by creating another form of revenue, let's create the new form; let's even lower the gasoline tax, if it seems policy to do so in order to make it easier for the public's flattening purse. But let's all agree that a gasoline tax should be used for roads—not for purposes that may never benefit directly those who pay at the filling stations.

Dr. Wilson Not True

In what seems like a burst of temper, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, nationally known dry leader, condemns the American Legion because it voted, more than two to one, for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. He ventures into the world of flying words to the extent of referring to the Legionnaires as "staggering drunks, bent only upon violating the law." In many respects we have admired Dr. Wilson for his type of moral courage; his utterances upon the Legion convention do not impress us with the realistic truth, however, and we are sorry that he fell into the stupid humor of imputing the whole Legion program.

What's Politics?

Being one of the newspapermen referred to by Verne Brown, of the Ingham County News, in the following comment, we are presenting it here— especially since the boy who asked the question is our son, John. Mr. Brown, by the way, is a member of the State House of Representatives, and is now being talked of as Speaker to succeed Fred Ming, of Cheboygan. Here's what Mr. Brown has to say upon the subject:

Four newspaper publishers were returning from an editorial conference in a west Michigan city. On the way home the discussion had turned to state affairs and men prominent in the public life of the commonwealth. The word "politics" had been frequently employed as the four editors discussed and argued men and policies. A nine-year-old son of one of the publishers, taking advantage of an unexpected lull in the conversation, inquired, "Dad, what is politics?"

There was no answer and the question of the nine-year-old lad who had remained quiet through miles of endless debate between his four grown-up companions, was repeated.

One undertook to quote Webster that politics is the art of government, another insisted that politics has only to do with party management—and then all agreed that politics used in the discussion which had preceded the question was defined by neither.

Politics?

A candidate seeking the office of mayor on a "dew and sunshine" platform and capitalizing on human suffering while a city is bled white under the false doctrine of doles and bonds and moratoriums, meanwhile satellites are sucking the lifeblood of the taxpayer in frauds and graft.

Congress passing the farm relief act in the face of warnings from every sound economist and wheat and cotton facing record breaking and bank breaking depression.

Politics?

Candidate for congress in a Michigan district now has in his patform the proposal that the federal government shall bear the burden of public roads and public schools, while another proposes that the current tax be not spread but that our own expense be met from bonds issued for our children to pay.

Politics?

A candidate weeps tears for the poor taxpayer and then votes to make more jobs and higher salaries for his friends. As one editor puts it "they work themselves into a high state of emotion telling what a friend they are of the taxpayer but after election they act like a rich relative at a family reunion."

Thousands spent in traffic surveys and highways built where delegations dictate and political interests insist, regardless alike of facts or the demands of travel.

A hue and cry is raised over the state budget and the annual tax levy when it is never intended that the tax will cover the budget or expenditures kept within the budget.

Paternalism and bureaucracy run rampant and business is stifled—agriculture goes into a slump and industry wanes. Result, taxes remain unpaid while new levies are pyramided.

Deficits become the rule, funds are juggled, emergency bond issues pile up, pensions and doles take the place of wages and income, the people complain and candidates continue to promise.

Politics?

Speak-easies and gang-warfare. Loaded juries and weak jurists, bribed policemen and cowardly courts; kings of bootleggers and queens of harlots. The underworld vote under orders while the upper classes vote like dumb-bells.

Politics?

Spurious bonds sold to guileless investors under state sanction. Incompetent examiners pass over the defalcation and banks are wrecked. Special improvement taxes are heaped upon innocent land holders to line the pockets of real estate promoters. State road funds are diverted into channels for like purpose. Economy is preached and gross extravagance is practiced.

Politics?

Who can answer the lad's question, "What is politics?"

GOVERNOR WILBER M. BRUCKER, of Saginaw and Michigan, appears to have revealed some bad political etiquette when he failed to lead President Hoover to the Michigan reception committee, during the recent Legion Convention in Detroit. The reception committee consisted of the state administrative board, Senator Couzens, etc., etc. Governor Brucker's reception committee received . . . a rebuff, it is said. Evidently the Governor thought he was going to crown something . . . even a President.

IT WAS A VERY WISE MAN who, observing the effects of the depression on mankind, said, "Never get down in the mouth. If you do, don't be discouraged. Remember that even Jonah came out all right with the whale."

MAYOR FRANK MURPHY the other day advocated the repeal of the 18th Amendment to the American Legion Convention. By the way, what is the present blind pig total in Detroit now-a-days, anyway?

THE RADIO CORPORATION of America is making a hard fight to control the air. Some of these days Congress will "give them the air."

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

50 YEARS AGO

A cold wave struck us Tuesday. Guess the clerk of the weather is home from his summer vacation.

We have just completed a mammoth old woodshed and now our friends can't bring us wood on subscription any too fast.

Jake Lawson of Clawson wishes it distinctly understood he hasn't sold his dog, and that his canine friend is not for sale, never was and never will be—so there.

A cooper in the employ of Sam Mills, by the name of Charles Mann, made 220 apple barrels last week, and stopped work at 2 P. M. Saturday. Pretty brisk work.

The head bona potato so finally handed in by William Gould. It is about as big as a conceited man's idea of himself, and weighs 3½ pounds.

Detroit horses are being attacked with the new contagious disease called "pink eye." Glad we didn't get a horse.

Last Monday evening the high school Lyceum decided that a farm was better than an education for a young man. The vice-president, Molly Smith, presided over the meeting. Revy Goodman delivered his oration on education, and it was well received. Next Monday evening the Lyceum will discuss whether the lives of great men are greater incentives to the young than books. Chief disputants: C. A. Bigelow, I. B. Richardson.

Our office curiosities the past week have consisted of a large fungus or puff ball, brought in by J. V. Stevens. The shape of the article was such that it needed only six strokes of a black paint brush to make everyone want to shake hands with it, thinking it was Mitchell. Then Joseph Meade handed in a peach with a sort of a unicorn horn on one side, which was the marvel of the age, until we ruthlessly ate it up—horn and all. Bring along your curiosities —especially the edible ones.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Fair Weather.

Clarkston will have no lecture course this season; guess the Clarkston people most interested have met the fate of Birmingham managers—it don't pay.

Say, do you want an organ that with a little cleaning, polishing and fixing up will be worth $30? If so, take $7 and, go see Gene Smith and get it. It is a great bargain for someone.

Pontiac had a federal officer looking about the city for a location for the new postoffice building. He facetiously remarks that the building to please all the Pontiacers will have to be set on wheels and run about to suit all.

New books in our library: House of a Thousand Candles", by Nicholson, a story that has stood the test required by many libraries; "The Lightning Conductor", a story of an auto tour through Europe, has some fine descriptions of English scenery, its author is Williamson; "Balasch of the Guard", by Stanley Weyman, and a new book by Captain King.

For the benefit of the Pontiac Hospital Association a fine series of entertainments have been laid out by the ladies in charge for the coming winter. Among the coming celebrities to entertain Pontiac, Birmingham and the vicinity are such noted people as Robert M. LaFollette, Governor of Wisconsin; Hon. Henry Watterson, the Schildkret Hungarian Orchestra, Gillilan the humorist (why not Ellis Ellsworth Plumstead? None better).

FIVE YEARS AGO

At the Community House board meeting Monday morning Mrs. G. R. Wilson announced that the response received from cards sent out by the committee warranted the attempt to organize classes in English and dress making and that next Monday evening was the date set for the first meeting. Mrs. Charles J. Shain is to be the teacher of the class in English, and she will be assisted if necessary by Mrs. L. H. Waldrip. Mrs. Harry Conine will teach the class in dress making.

Approximately $375 worth of equipment for the fire department was approved by the commission Monday night. This includes hose, assemblas, nozzles, hats, gas masks, gaskets, steel brooms for grass fires, and cannisters for gas, smoke and ammonia. Purchase of several hundred feet of fire hose was discussed but not approved.

Almost $200,000 worth of building permits were issued in Birmingham during September, according to the report made from the village offices. Records show this to be the third highest month of the year.

Birmingham police department made 14 less arrests in September than during August, according to figures issued in the monthly report compiled by Chief James Anderson. There were 125 arrests in August and 111 in September.

Eleven traffic lights to be installed at important road intersections in Oakland County have been purchased by the county road commissioners. This followed authorization by the County Board of Supervisors at the expense of the county, but after being installed, the maintenance cost will be borne by the townships.

Petitions have been received by the County Road Commissioners for the paving of two stretches of road in Oakland County approximating 14 miles.

Jim—"She seemed like a good sensible girl."

Tim—"Uh huh, she wouldn't pay any attention to me either."
—People's Gas Club News.

THE ROAD BACK

The Other Chap Says Something—

ART AND INDUSTRY UNITE

INDIVIDUAL artists and manufacturers have long desired to unite their activities so as to bring some measure of beauty into the industrial processes of modern civilization. But they have been relatively so few and scattered that they have not exercised much influence on the general trend of industry.

For this reason the decision of Mr. William Graham, president of the British Board of Trade, to form a departmental committee to deal with art and industry will be a first and no doubt most effective step toward rendering such aspirations practical; it is intended also to establish a central committee to coordinate into a widespread and powerful movement the unorganized and sporadic efforts frequently made to reconcile beauty and economics. It is probable that a permanent exhibition of well-designed articles will be opened in London, and local and traveling exhibitions at home and abroad.

Now, this movement is intended chiefly to introduce higher aesthetic standards into such fields, for example, as glassware, furniture, and interior decoration. Perhaps in time it will extend its influence to economic activities where today there is no aesthetic standard at all. There is certainly no reason why it should not and cogent reasons why it should.

Contrary to the general impression, it seldom happens that there is any essential antagonism between economic necessity and artistic taste. Superficial opposition between aesthetic and industrial interests there often is, but with study it can usually be overcome. Beauty and efficiency are near relations. The least attractive factories are often the most out-of-date.

Frank acceptance of genuine economic necessity, on the other hand, often unfolds possibilities for new beauty, just as scarcity of space in New York has resulted in the new architectural form of skyscraper. There is a way of reconciling beauty and utility, if patience is exerted to search it out.—Christian Science Monitor.

IT'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT

We once visited an art gallery. On the walls were hung many of the famous works of art by the most gifted masters. The halls of the gallery were thronged with people who had been attracted by the exhibit. The great majority of the visitors passed through the halls giving but a fleeting glance at the pictures as they passed. Now and then a picture with an especially brilliant coloring or an original treatment of the subject, attracted their attention for a moment and they passed on, conversing together of matters wholly unrelated to the subject of art. Others got no further than the first hallway, where they stood as if in rapture over the beauty about them. Each picture seemed to speak to them and something within them answered. Some were attracted to quiet woodland scenes, some to the beautiful sunsets, some to the rolling turbulent sea, dashing its breakers upon rocky coasts. Some were attracted to one and some to another type—each finding pleasure in the contemplation of the type that interested. The first group after it completed its hour at the art gallery left it with a blur of colors, here and there punctuated with a brighter spot that stood out because of its contrast. The other group left the exhibit with a distinct impression of this or that beautiful masterpiece into which some genius had put the essence of a great soul. We thought as we watched them, how like life. Many who go through life, pass by and never experience its finer, deeper, and more beautiful things. They are attracted only by the bright flashes of color, the clashing jazz as they crowd on for new thrills, new riots of color, new stimuli. Others take time to let into their lives some of the beauty some of the calmness and peace and quiet about them.—Herbert S. Case in Munising News.

DETROIT'S TROUBLES

Detroit is surely having its troubles. It was only a short time ago that scandals broke out in the conduct of the welfare department, and one man alone got away with $207,000. Several others were put in jail for the same offense. Now money which has been received for traffic court fines has disappeared and warrants are to be issued for the supposedly guilty parties. We are glad that we live in a smaller town, where such things are not very apt to happen. We don't pretend to say definitely whether officials in smaller towns are more honest, or whether the opportunities for graft and embezzlement are less, but we prefer to think it is the former.—A. D. Gallery in Tuscola County Advertiser.

California boasts the most pilots and New York the most airplanes.

Poems That Live

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

From "The Contrivances"

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free:
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical.
But ever true.
—Henry Carey (?-1743)

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

Marshall Maslin

I AM full of envy.

I envy the doctor, when he relieves the suffering of man.

I envy the architect, making his dreams come true in wood and stone and steel.

I envy the lawyer, when he toils to see that justice is done.

I envy the engineer, building a bridge or a road to some far place.

I envy the teacher, bringing out the strength and wisdom that is in the young heart.

I envy the scientist, with his eye close to a microscope and the tiny mysteries.

I envy the astronomer, scanning the heavens for the solution of its broad wonders.

I envy the artist, who sees colors and forms that are not present for me and who can make them live again on a blank shred of cloth.

I envy the music makers, who can remake the harmony of life for me.

I envy the comedian, who makes men laugh.

I envy the poet, who draws magic from simple, common words.

I envy mothers, who must be great artists, too.

I envy a dog his eager devotion, a cat his self-sufficient composure; I envy the eagle in the air and the fish in the stream; I envy the carpenter with his plane, the iron worker high on his narrow metal plank; I envy the farmer and the sturdy rise of hope in him each spring of the years; envy him plowing and sowing and harvesting; I envy the young fellow so sure that the world will be his and I envy the young girl her smile and pretty composure.

I envy the pilot guiding his great ship through the tortuous channels; I envy the aviator who is friendly with the clouds and the sun; I envy an infant growing, a child learning something new every day of its life, and old people, too, who are still happy, though the years are piled high behind them.

When I think of these things I see that I envy and I like all men and all women and all creatures who are Getting Something Out of Life.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

Clifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania:

"Our people know that unclean money sits in the seats of the mighty. They know they are not getting a square deal."

Wm. H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, Governor of Oklahoma:

"Were I to become a candidate (for president), the most vitriolic attack ever known in American politics would be turned loose against me."

Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor:

"Voluntary unemployment insurance is inaugurated as a measure for the conservation of food."

Merryle S. Rukeyser, financial writer:

"At present prices, the cotton grower is a philanthropist, working for the community, not only without compensation, but at a loss."

James J. Davis, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania:

"When too many wrinkles appear in the stomachs of men, their ears become deaf to law observance pleas and their brains become numb to every other thought than that which concerns the preservation of the lives of themselves, their children and their wives. Under such circumstances, the germs of Communism and anarchy flourish."

ParaLaffs

Mebbe Not

But jake paralysis wasn't as bad as this jack paralysis.—Boston Post.

We'll Say Not

The public won't object to gangland's fake silver coffins so long as the contents are genuine. —Detroit Free Press.

"Sure" Thing

About the only thing certain in regard to the disarmament parley is that there will be a whole lot of parley.—Indianapolis Star.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request. Letters must be limited to 500 words.

To the Editor:

I write in support of the position taken by Mr. Arthur J. Bleasby in his letter published in a recent issue of The Eccentric.

That you and you have considered "Mirrors of 1932" worthy of re-publication has subjected you to no little criticism.

Regardless of the contents of succeeding installments, the assertions in the one purporting to describe President Hoover are so utterly contrary to fact as to be both stupid and insulting.

An anonymous letter containing statements derogatory to a private citizen would receive no space in The Eccentric, yet you sponsor a cheap and vicious attack on the President (and on others) from the pen of an anonymous author.

Such a policy is contrary to The Eccentric's usual high standard of journalistic ethics. I am confident that you will wish to make amends in your columns for this unfortunate insult to the President.

Yours truly,
L. D. ATHERTON,
444 Baldwin avenue.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Athertan's criticism of The Eccentric is accepted in the good humoured spirit in which it is given. Again we say that these articles do not necessarily reflect the opinion of this newspaper, but are published to at least reveal the other picture of the various subjects as reflected in "The Mirrors of 1932." We suggest the reading of another book, "The Washington Merry-go-round." It makes the "Mirrors" look like a gentle shadow by comparison.)

To the Editor:

I have been following closely your column, "Mirrors of 1932," and find it very interesting.

The author of the "Mirrors" presents facts regarding the political aspirants for the next presidential election that are truthful to the effect that it is startling. The frankness with which the candidates are discussed from a political angle expresses pointedly many of the suspicions that people are even now secretly harboring in their minds, hesitating to accept as truths.

In spite of the adverse criticism expressed in the "Mirrors" in regard to these men, their good qualities are even more clearly accentuated.

Respectfully,
MRS. SUZANNE M. CRAIG,
1538 West Maple Avenue.

Our Scrap Book

RIVER MOODS

The St. Lawrence can be hauntingly beautiful and you may come upon it in many moods. The harvest moon of a night when the day's business is done and serenity descends upon the deserted docks, is something to remember. Slowly the river turns a misty blue grey and miles of yellow lights wink along the quays, their reflections lying like golden fringe upon the uneasy water, still restless with the labors of the day. Or, out where the water broadens between the sloping banks and ship-like farmlands, you will find the river lying drowsily under a summer sun, gleaming and wincing, scarlet buoys bobbing and bowing, and ships from the Seven Seas, decked by the river's immensity, crawling up to port. Then there are the storm-swept days when the clouds hang low and the water, still restless with their grips your heart with its ethereal and transient beauty. Or, again, there are the sunsets when the river lies like a tranquil pool of gold; or moon-flooded nights when the water shimmers like beaten silver and ebony hills stand like sentinels under a sparkling dark haven.—Blodwen Davies, in "Saguenay."

Life's Little Laughs

After Second Thought

The owner of a small store whose premises had been burned met a friend.

"A terrible affair! I am ruined, I am ruined; I just stood there helpless, watching it burn. My face got white, white white—white as your shirt."

Then, looking at his friend's shirt, he added, "Whiter."—The Visitor.

All The Same to Him

Teacher: "This is the worst composition in the class, sir. I'm going to write a note telling your father about it."

Pupil: "I don't care if you do, because he wrote it."—The Kablegram.

Poor Hubby

Doctor: "Madam, I'm sorry, but I can't cure your husband of talking in his sleep."

Wife: "Well then, couldn't you give him something to make him talk more distinctly?"—Oil Pulse Magazine.

He Learned

Grace—"And you say he doesn't know how to kiss?"

Beryl—"I said he didn't know how to kiss."

All Work, No Play

Dibbs: "Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"

Higgs: "See one! I married one!"—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.