BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

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GEORGE RODGERS AVERILL - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
ALLEN TENNY - - - - MANAGING EDITOR
PAUL NEAL AVERILL - - ADVERTISING MANAGER
CLARENCE S. WARNER - - ASST. ADVERTISING MANAGER

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 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 editorial 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.

Mrs. Retta Barr: Good Citizen!

Did you ever pause in the mad rush and hurry of these Twentieth Century days and, seriously and prayerfully concerned with life, ask yourself this question: what can I do that will bring me the greatest comfort and blessing? Wasn't your answer something like this: by helping others, I can do the most good? which merely brings us to this conviction that . . .

Mrs. Retta M. Barr, for the past 17 years a member of the Baldwin Public Library board, of Birmingham, 16 of which were spent as its president, must have within her own consciousness a deep and satisfying sense of having performed her civic obligation long and well. To give of your time to a community project as long as Mrs. Barr has done, merits real gratitude.

From the less spacious quarters in the old library building, that stood for many years where the Briggs Building now stands at the southeast corner of Woodward and Maple avenues, to the present beautiful Baldwin Public Library, is a great step. From a comparatively few shelves of books to the many, many rows now obtainable, is also a mark of progress—and how fine must be Mrs. Barr's recollection of the part she has played in the growth of Birmingham's library.

Last week Mrs. Barr submitted her resignation to the Library board, due to ill health. Many local citizens are mindful of the untiring efforts to make the library a helpful part of our community life. To them we suggest the formation of some plan that will reveal to Mrs. Barr how grateful we are for her labors to make the Baldwin Public Library the success it is. Perhaps the plan will be the placing of a suitable plaque in the Library, or a picture. Whatever it may be, we herewith offer our support, financial and otherwise; and may we suggest that some member, or all, of the Library board project the plan?

Our Youth And The "Y"

Every generation places upon its boys and girls the highest value of anything it possesses—for around its youth the world builds its hopes, its dreams, its aspirations for a better civilization. And properly so, don't you think? For it is youth, with its fertile soil for the planting of good example and precept, that makes an old world new—and better.

All of which reminds us that, among the worthy institutions which society has set up for the building of character in youth, especially the boys, (and please don't forget that the boys make the future world for the girls) is the Y. M. C. A. Birmingham and vicinity has always been fortunate in its Y. M. C. A. personnel, for from its activities have come many fine qualities to the boys of this community.

For over a decade it has been our privilege to observe and participate in some of the local "Y" activities, and we have often thrilled to the wholehearted cooperation which many of our citizens manifest in its affairs. Many local men have given of their time and their money, to the cause, in carrying on a program that offers to the youth certain opportunities for moral and spiritual growth that are peculiarly in the province of such an organization as the "Y." And on more than one occasion we have witnessed young men, turned to manhood, reflect in their public and private lives some of the fine qualities that the "Y" influence has left upon them.

Fortunate, indeed, is the boy of today who is enabled to participate in the activities of the local Young Men's Christian Association, whether it be in the splendid summer camp training, or the Hi-Y groups, and the athletic activities sponsored by it every year. Many of our adult citizens, too, have enjoyed the soft-ball games staged during during the summer.

In our humble opinion, the modern Y. M. C. A. program is an essential influence in every growing boy's life. Since its activities are carried on entirely through public support, its success reflects great credit upon the community that appreciates its value to the extent of contributing generously to its needs.

Legion Seeks Members

Local American Legion boys are staging a drive to bring into the fold every Birmingham and nearby ex-service man. "In order to participate in all the activities of the convention, an ex-service man must have his dues card from the American Legion," Ernest A. Burtraw, commander of the Charles Edwards Post here in Birmingham, stated. He was referring to the national convention to be held in Detroit this month. It seems to one that any ex-service man, whether he likes beer or not, will be performing a patriotic duty by maintaining his Legion affiliations; for two reasons, either one of which he may choose—first, he can assist the Legion in carrying out its various activities; second, if he doesn't like the present plan of activities, his membership entitles him to a voice in changing them.

Who Loves Whiskey . . .

Verne J. Brown, publisher of the Ingham County News, at Mason, is also a member of the House of Representatives in Lansing. He is recognized among the newspaper fraternity as one of the serious-minded editors in the state—and Mr. Brown generally expresses fully and completely, with a real desire to tell the truth, his thoughts upon any subject. Although The Eccentric disagrees with some of Mr. Brown's ideas, we have never questioned his sincerity.

Referring to the recent torch murder at Ypsilanti, and the part that whiskey played in the tragedy, Mr. Brown says some pertinent things. In fact, he is so outspoken that we suggest, when he returns to Lansing again next year, he introduce a resolution in the state Legislature, the passage of which will require every law enforcing officer in Michigan, including the judiciary, to make out an affidavit showing his personal attitude toward John Barleycorn. Here is what Mr. Brown says:

"The influence of whiskey and the power of rum is rampant today as ever. It has always worked injury to the younger generations, under all conditions, at all times, in every land. It became so bad under the saloon system that an outraged public outlawed it—and then went to sleep thinking the war was over. The fact is, the fight had just begun. Like a great fire ravaging a forest the flames died away but the fire still smouldered underneath the soil of society, undermining the very roots and eating into the vitals of the soil itself.

"Whiskey has wielded—is wielding—its influence over judges and enforcement officers. Whiskey has been able to exact interpretations of the law which make the pursuit of the 'pigger' well nigh an insurmountable difficulty. Within Ingham county recently sheriff's officers had tried for weeks to secure evidence against a known 'piggery.' The operatives were clever. They would sell to none except known patrons and shameful though the confession may be, among those patrons are counted some very respectable citizens of Ingham county. Finally an officer saw two men enter, saw them emerge soon after with packages under arms. They were accosted, the packages were found to contain liquor, but neither the patrons nor the pigger could be prosecuted because at their first appearance in were released because court decisions held that the officers did not have positive knowledge at the time of arrest that the bottles contained intoxicants. The fact that they did contain moonshine whiskey carried no weight in court.

"Whiskey did not die with prohibition. It didn't even play dead. It has not been idle. It is not idle now."

Our Juvenile Home

Dan A. McGaffey, Oakland County Judge of Probate, is a real disciple of the truthful search for a solution to the modern crime problem. He is severe in his denunciation of the present penal system, which he labels as dominated with politics and barren of a serious desire to reform wrong-doers. Judge McGaffey believes that the adult criminal could have been saved when his first boyish mistake was discovered. That is the principle upon which he seeks to conduct the Oakland County Juvenile Home, with the able assistance of Ross Tenny, superintendent of that institution. The Eccentric feels strongly with Judge McGaffey in his views of the crime problem. We wish to congratulate the Judge for his sturdy heart and loyal courage—and we know that more than one Oakland County erring youth of today will have cause, later in life, to bless the hand and heart that now guides his reformation in the Juvenile Home.

What A Difference Fifty Years Makes

1881—Fifty years ago women wore hoop-skirts, bustles, petticoats, corsets, cotton stockings, high buttoned shoes, ruffled cotton drawers, flannel night gowns, puffs in their hair—did their own cooking, baking, cleaning, washing, ironing—raised big families—went to church Sunday—were too busy to be sick.

Men wore whiskers, square hats, ascot ties, red flannel underwear, big watches and chains—chopped wood for stoves—bathed once a week—drank tencent whiskey and five-cent beer—rode bicycles, buggies or sleighs—went in for politics—worked 12 hours a day—and lived to a ripe old age.

Stores burned coal-oil lamps—carried everything from a needle to a plow—trusted everybody—never took an inventory—placed orders for goods a year in advance—always made money.

1931—Today women wear silk stockings, short skirts, low shoes, no corsets, an ounce of underwear—have bobbed hair, smoke, paint and powder, drink cocktails, play bridge, drive cars, have pet dogs, and go in for politics.

Men have high blood pressure, wear no hats, and some no hair, shave their whiskers, shoot golf, bathe twice a day, drink poison, play the stock market, ride in airplanes—never go to bed the same day they get up—are misunderstood at home—work five hours a day, play ten—die young.

Stores have electric lights, cash registers, elevators, never have what the customer wants—trust nobody—advertise "inventory daily—never buy in advance — have overhead-markup-markdown-quantity-budget-advertising-stock control—annual and semi-annual, end-of-month, dollar day, founder's day, rummage, economy day sales—and never make any money.—*Barr-il Bulletin.*

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON, the Los Angeles escorter of souls to lofty places, recently required her audience to pin their collection offerings to lines strung about the Angelus Temple, where she presides as proprietor. It was a brilliant stroke of finances—or should have been, if the irreligious human desire to "keep up with the Joneses" was manifest as the organ pealed off the notes from each member's bankroll.

OAKLAND COUNTY'S GRAND JURY met one day last week, and then adjourned until September 21. This was because Phil Robinson and A. I. Capizzi, of the state's attorney-general's office, are investigating corruption in another section of Michigan. In the meantime, however, Oakland County citizens are cultivating the gentle art of patience.

..EX-NTRIX

(A factory in Neosho, Mo., according to a newspaper item, broke all records in July by turning out 36,000 pairs of pants, topping the former high mark in June by 2,500 pairs").

The year's at depression,
The day's in the dumps,
Stocks are at bottom,
The kitchen's skin-bare,
Debts bring oppression,
Reds man the stumps,
But God's in his heav'n—
There are still pants to wear!

ART DEPARTMENT

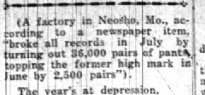

Exhibit A

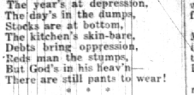

Exhibit B

Above are pictured specimens of the art of two of Detroits best known brush-slingers. Exhibit A is Col. Frederick M. Alger's conception of what the interior of the Fourth City's most popular speakeasy will look like 24 hours after the American Legion convention gets underway. Exhibit B is Rev. Roland N. Holsaple's conception of the same scene.

It will be apparent even to those who are not connoisseurs in the painting racket that the colonel and the reverend belong to two entirely different schools of art. These can best be described by pointing out that the school to which Police Commissioner Watkins belongs stands just about mid-way between the two.

* * *

"UNIVERSE RUNNING DOWN? COMPTON SEEKS ANSWER"
—Newspaper headline.

If Mr. Compton doesn't find the answer we suggest he come straight to us. We can guarantee to take him to at least a dozen people right off the bat who are doing their best to run the universe down, and doing a pretty good job of it at that.

* * *

I think that I shall never see
Anything nearly so ugly as a knee—
A knee without a sock for cover,
A knee that knocks against its brother.
Garters are worn by fools like me,
But any girl can show a knee.

* * *

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE
(Part IV)

(What has gone before: In preceding chapters we have followed the impetuous Eugenie as school girl, tight rope walker, cow puncher and stevedore. When last spotted, Eugenie was swimming the English channel to France, followed by huge schools of sharks, whales, swordfish and octopi. Now go on with the story).

Eugenie was in the water exactly three weeks, five days and 13 hours. When she finally scrambled out, she was greeted by three brass bands, the King and a squadron of undercover men. Eugenie, unabashed by royal pomp and show, walked right up to His Excellency.

"Well, how do you like me in my bathing suit, kingy?" she asked. "And what did you think of my little swim?"

"Terrible!" replied the king with all the tact and sympathy he could muster. "Your back-stroke is a joke, your breast stroke is lousy, and—"

The lights went out, a shot rang through the stilly night, the bands struck up "The St. Louis Blues," Eugenie and the King were married the next day.

And that, dear readers, is how Eugenie got to be an empress. The story of how she got her hat has never been confirmed. Rumor hath it that she went through her husband's pockets one night after an extra long poker session, while a still more ugly report insists that she carried on a secret correspondence with the Exchequer and finally extorted the jingle out of him by threatening to hatch up a scandal.

Some authorities even maintain that she never had a hat, but of course that's a pretty bald statement. So you'll have to suit yourself about that, and if Empress Eugenie styles will help you any, go to it!

The End.

SALLY'S SALLIES

When a woman gets her face lifted she also gets her pace lifted.

From The Eccentric Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

School's commenced.

Good deal of wheather now-a-days.

James and Claude Pearsall threshed 900 bushels of grain, mostly wheat, in half a day last week, and moved the machine four times at that.

"The Sisters," "The Bailiff's Maid," "The Echoes," "A Lesson in Love"—new German translations, have been added to the Ladies' Library.

On Friday last Mrs. E. A. Warner was made the recipient of a handsome gold watch and chain, at the hanus of her husband and other relatives on the occasion of her 40th birthday.

One of our high-flavored young ladies says she is "just gasping to see Robson and Crane in their great characters of the two Dromedaries." She is too "utterly ut" for any good.

Mr. Robert Hanna purchased last week all the land on the east side of Pierce street adjoining him owned by Mrs. Sidney Drake. Three hundred dollars was paid by him in cash for the property.

Miss Mattie Baldwin paid a flying visit to relatives up the lake shore last week. She begins her duties as principal of a Detroit school next Monday, having been promoted to a very lucrative and responsible position.

Base ball ran mad lastweek, two match games taking place on Friday and Saturday, in which the 'Heavers' of Big Beaver, whipped the 'Zecks' of Birmingham, by five runs, and the 'Our Boys' of the Town Line, got away with the 'Claw Sons' of Clawson very handsomely.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

State Fair now open.

Last day of the Pontiac races. The thresher is now heard in all parts of the country.

Albert Hadsell of North Woodward has cut the first corn.

Someone stole C. H. Hoffman's bottle of milk Sunday night and he says, "Please return the bottle. No questions asked."

Mrs. L. C. Philbrick of Farmington was bitten by a caterpillar and suffered much from the effects of the poison for several days.

Pontiac now suffers from an ice famine. A coal famine is due in about 90 days. In fact, a famine is necessary to regulate prices.

We have a law that forbids shooting in the corporation either with air-guns, shot-guns or any weapon, yet only last week two Nimrods were out on Maple avenue, two big men after one little bird.

The Sunday lid stays on, so far in Birmingham, very tight. Many are inconvenienced and some swear cuss words because they cannot get fresh meat, ice cream, a piece of ice or even medicine.

Mr. Corvell has been employed by the Village Improvement society to trim the trees in the park. His artistic work has greatly improved its appearance and is a contrast to the work of the average trimmer who cuts everything.

Eleven young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a supper last Tuesday evening served in the style of their ancestors. The fire was kindled in the woods north of this village, over which the supper was cooked. It consisted of baked potatoes, broiled steak, cake and coffee. The guests certainly enjoyed the evening and almost wished that they had lived in the olden days.

A local resident happened to our old time friend, George H. German, while driving at the Pontiac races last Tuesday afternoon, in a mix-up of three trotters in a race, one of which our friend was driving. After a separation it was found that our friend had a broken leg. He is as well as can be expected and thankful that results are no worse. About the time the accident occurred, one of Pierre Buckley's boys fell overboard from the grandstand and with the other accident a panic almost ensued.

* * *

FIVE YEARS AGO

Preparations are being made at village schools to take care speedily of the 1,900 students to register when classes resume Tuesday. A record enrollment is expected.

Work is practically completed on every school building that was being remodeled during the vacation months and most of the teachers have returned to Birmingham and are ready for he opening.

Building permits to the amount of $109,650 were let during the week of Aug. 20-27. This amount is divided between business and home buildings.

Woodward avenue from the Birmingham village limits north to Pontiac will be complete in a 20-foot strip and opened in time to accommodate traffic on Labor Day and for he State Fair which opens Sunday.

Birmingham will observe Labor Day quietly.

No celebrations of any kind have been announced for the general public nor have permits for street parades been sought. Public buildings and banks will be closed and the post office will only accommodate outgoing mail.

Inspection of Oakland County's potato fields, Thursday and Friday, by a group of northern and state men, Oakland County Farm Agent, Harold M. Vaughn, and county growers revealed that there will be a fair crop for this county.

Birmingham observed the most quiet week-end in many a day over last Sunday.

In marked contrast to the activity of he police department on previous weeks, officers had little to do but man the traffic controls. There were no arrests, not even calls to settle family disputes.

Poems That Live

THE SURFACE AND THE DEPTHS

Love took my life and thrilled it
Through all its strings,
Played around my mind and filled it
With sound of wings;
But to my heart he never came
To touch it with his golden flame.

Therefore it is that singing
Nor heed the slow years bringing
A harsher voice;
Because the songs which he has
sung
Still leave the untouched singer
young
But whom in fuller fashion
The Master sways,
For him, swift-winged with passion,
Fleet the brief days.
Betimes the enforced accents
come,
And leave him ever after dumb.

Lewis Morris (1835-1907)

The "Big Shots" Say:

William Lyon Phelps, author and teacher:

"I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a singer loves to sing, as a poet loves to write."

Alexander Legge, former chairman, Farm Board:

"Agriculture is better off than any other American industry."

David Reed, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania:

"I have observed that the wheat farmers, instead of profiting from the policies of the board, appear to be the chief sufferers from its experiments."

Charles L. Parsons, secretary, American Chemical Society:

"At the close of the war, while 30 per cent of the casualties came from gas, yet gas was responsible for only 2 per cent of the deaths."

The Other Chap Says Something—

PRISON KILLERS

The desperate break for freedom made by three convicts in Marquette prison yesterday, resulting in the death of Dr. A. W. Hornbogen and the wounding of three other innocent men, should mean much to all of us as a state. It should serve as an incentive to remedy existing conditions in Michigan's penal institutions.

Our prisons are crowded to overflowing. The Marquette prison's population was several hundred more than it was intended it should hold. Yet more and better prisons are not the remedy.

Hot on the trail of the news of the killing was the cry for "capital punishment"—yet that is not the remedy. The killers preferred death to re-imprisonment, so they suicided. You may say that if we had had capital punishment, they would not have had the opportunity to make the break for freedom. Yet only one of the three had been sentenced for a crime that would have fallen under the capital punishment list.

Though it will undoubtedly do little good, we must repeat the only way to solve this problem of crime is to rectify conditions which lead up to the committing of the crime. Nip the bud before it has a chance to bloom.

We have no soft heart for criminals, nor are we looking at the situation through rose-colored glasses. But the futility of trying to kill the criminal weed by cutting off its top with one hand and throwing fertilizer on its roots with the other, should stop being a favorite pastime for people who are supposed to be intelligent.

It is hoped that the death of such a splendid man as Dr. Hornbogen may make us do a bit of deep thinking. If so, then he has died a martyr.—Herbert S. Case in Munising News.

SELFISH POLITICIANS

Gov. Brucker gave a talk at the Ionia Free Fair last week. Little different from many of those delivered on frequent occasions, except in one particular. That was the declaration that some critics of the administration were selfish in their motives, and that he (the Governor) might in the near future feel compelled to expose their selfish aims. Gov. Brucker is learning that there is no decency, no ethics, no honesty, in the methods of selfish politicians. Masquerading as public benefactors politicians are scurrying hither and yon in their frantic efforts to get their hands onto the particular prize they have in mind for themselves or their henchman. The honest public servant is beset at every turn, his troubles made serious by the chorus of the mob, allowing itself to be misled by the phrases of the false accusers.—Joe Sturgeon in Delta County Reporter.

COMPLIMENTS MICHIGAN JUSTICE

All must agree that as long as men are being hanged or electrocuted for three fiendish brutes of Ypsilanti, Mich., deserved no better fate.

But is any one so sure that their fate is better than death?

They are young. They are doomed to spend all the remaining years of their life in prison. For a night's debauch they must pay with thousands of days of the kind of suffering that only prisoners know. Hard labor and relentless discipline will be their only prospect until death frees them.

Before arguing that Michigan should have had a capital punishment law, consider the advantages of its system.

On the day that these three murderers were captured they were removed from society forever. It takes more than a year on the average to send a man to the gallows or the chair.

Fear of the death penalty is not a deterrent to murder, because every potential murderer knows that the chances of beating the death penalty are almost 99 out of 100. He will be given plenty of time and plenty of legal assistance.

Justice that is swift and sure is more to be feared than vengeance. Life in a cell, without the slightest hope of liberty, is a punishment beyond the imagination of the law abiding citizen.

This country needs more of the speed and severity of Michigan justice.—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

TINSEL STARS

Flamboyant ceremonies inaugurated fast commuter service between towns along Wider Woodward avenue and Detroit the other day. The man who made Wider Woodward and express train service possible was not there.

On the platforms, and at the head of the cheering crowds, the place that should have been held by Alex J. Groesbeck was usurped by those who had little to do with the greatest improvement project ever undertaken in the state. Wilber M. Brucker, governor; Paul Voorhies, attorney general; Kit Klardy, member of the public utilities commission and Brucker political lieutenant, and G. C. Dillman, state highway commissioner, were the bright and shining stars. Far away, immersed in work as usual, sat Groesbeck, whose energy and vision created the great transportation scheme.

Many there were who thought Groesbeck should have been there, in this instance his absence was excusable. Had he gone he would have shared only in the glory reflected from Brucker and the others. The people sometimes forget easily. They wanted present state officials at the top of the program, because around them glows an aura and a glamour that does not grace those who have stepped out of office. The office, rather than the man, attracted the program makers of Birmingham.

In the minds of the people at large, however, Groesbeck will always be remembered as the builder of highways—and particularly as the builder of Wider Woodward avenue. He conceived and put into operation the project. It was no small task that attempts to make it a political football since have been unable to hold its progress.—Michigan State Digest.

LONG DELAYED

Gov. Brockers order to clean up the speak-easies and hooteh joints is a fine idea, but too long delayed. What state and county officers are doing now just goes to prove what they could have done long ago if they had tried.—George English in Huron County Tribune.

All of Us

—By Marshall Maslin

YOU SIT on the seat, you grasp the handle bars, you set your feet on the pedals, you give yourself a start—and away you go, riding a bicycle.

Keep pedaling and you will keep going. Lean inward when you make a turn. If you fall off, get up and get on and try again. The secret of the thing is Confidence. If you're afraid, you'll never learn to ride a bicycle.

When you ride a bicycle, you are using some law of motion. You ought to know what it is, but I've forgotten. But you don't need to know that the law exists in order to use it. You ride the bicycle and that's enough for you . . . In the beginning it seems like a very difficult and rather terrifying thing to do—to ride a bicycle. But after you learn how, you can't understand why it ever seemed difficult. And you couldn't UNLEARN it if you tried.

* * *

Living must be something like that.

Some people have a bad time from the start and never seem to be at ease in life. They go at it awkwardly, as if they would consider life by main strength and determination. Or they are timid and uncertain and they look upon life as a sort of diabolic machine contrived to make them ridiculous.

There are certain laws about living, but the fortunate people can use them without hardly knowing they exist. Laws about getting along with people, laws about winning your way and accepting victory and reconciling defeat, all kinds of laws about big and little things, laws about trivial or magnificent affairs. And some people who have never been to school at all know instinctively, it seems, how to use these laws of life; while other people who are packed with learning and noisy with theory never do seem to learn how to live and are like fumbling children to the end of their days.

Wise living is like riding a bicycle. A good deal of faith must go into it. A good deal of natural wisdom. A good deal of confidence that even if you do fall off you'll not be hurt very much and you can get up and get on again and keep going until you conquer the thing you are trying to do.

Our Scrap Book

BOOKS AS RECREATION

Books are the greatest and the most satisfactory of recreations. I mean the use of books for pleasure. Without books, without having acquired the power of reading for pleasure, none of us can be independent, but if we can read we have a sure defense against boredom in solitude. If we have not that defense, we are dependent on the charity of family, friends, or even strangers, to save us from boredom; but if we can find delight in reading, even a long railway journey alone ceases to be tedious, and long winter evenings to ourselves are an inexhaustible opportunity for pleasure.

Poetry is the greatest literature, and pleasure in poetry is the greatest of literary pleasures. It is also the least easy to attain and there are some people who never do attain it. I met someone the other day who did not care for poetry at all; it gave her no pleasure, no satisfaction, and only caused her to reflect how much better the thought, so it seemed to her, could be expressed in prose. I'm the same way there are people who care nothing for music. I knew one Englishman of whom it was said that he knew only two tunes; one was the national anthem, "God Save the King," and the other was not. We cannot help these people if they do not care for poetry or music, but I may offer you one or two suggestions founded on my own experience with regard to poetry. There is much poetry for which most of us do not care, but with a little trouble when we are young we may find one or two poets whose poetry, if we get to know it well, will mean very much to us and become part of ourselves . . . The love for such poetry which comes to us when we are young will not disappear as we get older; it will remain in us, becoming an intimate part of our own being, and will be an assured source of strength, consolation, and delight.—From "Recreation," by Viscount Grey of Falloden.

Life's Little Laughs

The Smallest Risk

Master—If the National Gallery were on fire, which five pictures would you attempt to save?

Pupil—The fine nearest the door.—Pages Gaies.

Stage Fright

Film Director—Terrible! What can I do to make you put more life into that kissing scene?

Film Actor—Pull down that curtain, get everyone out of here and give me along with that stunning blonde over there.—Blue Jay.

Dead To The Facts

"Did you say the professor is absent-minded?"

"Absent-minded! Why he read an erroneous account of his death in a newspaper and sent himself a wreath."—Exchange.

Primrose Path

"Did yer notice that Mrs. Iggins 'as got a black hoye?"

"Yus, an' I say it ain't respectable—wot, 'er 'usband not out of jail for another week yet."—Everybody's Weekly

Literally

"Those hold-up guys are clever."

"Yeh! You sure got to hand it to 'em."

Antedated Proof

"Your heart is quite sound. With such a heart, you ought to live to be seventy."

"But, doctor, I am seventy."

"There! What did I tell you?"—Fliegende Blaetter

Financial Genius

Manager—There might be an opportunity in our financial department. Have you had any financial experience?

Applicant—I'm supporting a $10,000 wife on $5,000 a year.

Amateur Gardener Gets Busy

Not long ago a seed company received the following order: "Please send me one dozen strawberry seeds, one hole in his wife complete, one dozen plum seeds, ten square yards of grass and six wall flowers with pieces of wall. Also send enough baskets to hold the strawberry and plum crops, and some back combs for the honey. The grass should be green in color and the seeds a flavor unpopular with chickens."—Boston Transcript

That Explained It, Of Course

Tommy had handled in his home work and the teacher had examined it closely.

"Tommy," he said, "this looks very like your father's writing. What have you got to say?"

"I teached," said Tommy after a considerable pause, now I come to think of it, I used his fountain pen."—Tit-Bits

ParaLaffs

It Does

An expert calculates that 60 per cent of the American women artificially shape their eyebrows. That must take some pluck.—London Opinion.

He Should

The most tactful thing a hunter can do when he shoots a friend by mistake for a rabbit is to compliment the friend that he thought he was a noble stag or a bull moose.—Arkansas Gazette.

All Except

A. F. of L. leaders predict that there will be a definite recovery of business by autumn. They tell us everything we want to know except what autumn.—The New Yorker.