The Birmingham Eccentric

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GEORGE S. AVERILL — Editor and Publisher
ALLAN NAY — Managing Editor
PAUL AVERILL — Sales & Advertising Manager
ARTHUR N. WINGERDEN — Asst. Advertising Manager
CLAYTON E. WALKER — Production Manager
CLARENCE B. WARNER — Sales Representative

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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 published 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 persons 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 on being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Yesterday Is Dead!

As YOUTH today goes forth into the world, from the cloistered shelter of school and college, to do battle with life, it needs every possible encouragement. For seldom has the world presented to a new generation more perplexing problems, fewer opportunities for all to engage in work, than in these times. So, to encourage YOUTH, (and their elders, too), let us look into the realm of inspirational thought with the following editorial from the Kansas City Star:

Young folks just out of school. You have had a rough time the last two years. You were anxious to get to work. Nothing opened up. You felt you were butting your heads against a stone wall.

The year passes on to you a phrase it saw the other day—you and to the others who will join your ranks next spring.

The phrase is, Yesterday is dead!

The country has been bogged down before. It is going to begin to pull out shortly, just as it always has pulled out. But mark this. Business is not coming the way it was before. It never does, after going through the wringer.

And yet, if the old leaders and old methods have passed away, A new bunch of aggressive and resourceful young fellows will come stomping up to grasp new opportunities.

For Yesterday is dead!

New opportunities, mind you. Not the opportunities of the last decade. Those are gone. If experience is your guide, recovery will not come in orderly fashion along the old lines. Keen men will see business chances here and there even while things are at a low level. Chances that grow out of the depression with its changed demands.

Perhaps these will lie in new products of science, in inexpensive novelties, in house cooling, in cheap farm tools. Men who live in the past will overlook these opportunities. They will be thinking of things as they were in 1929. So they will fail to see the new conditions and take advantage of them.

But the alert young crowd will jump at the new chances, develop them, build up with them as business goes up.

Remember, Yesterday is dead!

Can Cities Pay Their Debts?

Detroit is facing the same situation that confronts any business concern whose expenditures greatly exceed its income. In the case of the concern, bankruptcy ensues. Creditors realize little, if anything. Then the concern is able to reorganize, re-open, and start all over. In the case of a city, or other unit of government, bankruptcy at first takes place in a mounting tax rate, attended by an ever increasing tax delinquency. As the delinquency increases, so does the tax rate, until finally few are left to support the burden. Repudiation then sets in—unless money is inflated and the taxes come in in larger numbers. Instead of paying off the old burdens of government, however, new ways of spending the new taxes are found, and the old debt burden is seldom lowered, or entirely eliminated.

Income Tax Avoidance

Ability of J. P. Morgan and his many partners to escape income tax penalties for the years 1931 and 1932 is due because the tax laws were not framed severe enough, in the opinion of James Roosevelt, son of the President, in a statement he issued recently. Well, that is undoubtly true—but the public would like to know if the chief framer of that ever became a partner in any leading New York bank firm after he framed the law. That, alone, would be interesting to out.

Potential Customers

Those who believe that the advent of modern machinery has produced an overwhelming surplus of goods and that the world cannot use all that mankind can make, overlook an important fact.

The so-called civilized, or industrial, nations have a population of around 400,000,000 people. Other sections of the world, with 800,000,000 additional people, offer new sources of customers and will consume vast quantities of manufactured goods if their standard of living is raised and they are able to buy.

IN MICHIGAN'S EXHIBIT at Chicago's Century of Progress, we hope nothing is said about the banking situation. There would be no sense in sending Governor Comstock there to tell why he called the original holiday, and, besides, he ought to stay in Lansing.

THE WAY HELPS a child helps humanity with an immediacy in which no other help given to human creature in any other stage of human life can possibly give again.—Phillips Brooks.

IF MICHIGAN'S LEGISLATURE does legalize dog racing, it would be improper to point one's finger at them and say, cannily and caninely: "There, see! you've gone to the dogs."

GOLF, IN THE NAME of a game that rich men used to play at, is a game that poor men, and others, now spend a portion of their time (not much money) at.

An Open Mind

Some of the essentials for success, says William Lyon Phelps, Yale Professor of English, in a recent issue of the Rotarian magazine, are:

"Apart from the imponderable values of the open mind, there are three definite gains by freeing one's nature of prejudice," Professor Phelps goes on to say. Every man will enjoy better success in his business or profession or whatever may be his field of activity, by possessing a mind open to suggestions, to new points of view, to new methods. History is full of the business failures of those who would not learn; who seem to think that although the calendar declares that this year is 1933, the methods of business should remain exactly what they were in 1902. The open mind means a progressive mind."

Secondly, he points out that as nearly all difficulties with individuals, communities and nations arise from misunderstanding, and misunderstanding invariably follows prejudice, it should be clear that if we wish to get along either with our partners or with our rivals, we must have an open mind, the key to understanding. Many men, in their attitude to others, are like suspicious dogs. They are prejudiced against every person and every proposition that is unfamiliar. This makes them difficult to get on with; and one cannot succeed in modern conditions if one is awkward or hostile in intercourse.

And thirdly, the absence of prejudice, entirely apart from technical efficiency, immensely increases one's capacity for happiness. "The world is so full of interesting people and interesting objects that the failure to find life interesting certainly does not lie with the world; dullness exists only in the individual mind. Thus, anything that can increase our capacity for happiness will increase our happiness. I have never seen anyone with an open and eager mind, who remained consistently unhappy."

A Sham Of A Man

Not long ago the lights of pride, conceit, wealth, authority, flared bright from the countenance of Joseph W. Harriman, 68-year-old former head of the Harriman National Bank & Trust Co., in New York City. That was before he was indicted by the federal government for alleged falsifying of bank records, the trial of which is now going on. Since his indictment, you may recall, he vanished from a hospital, from which he had fled and then tried to commit suicide. This fellow, once a powerful figure in Mammon's realm among human beings, proves himself a coward when brought into the outer fringes of the Realm of Justice. He typifies the sham and the fraud among real men; his kind may be seen in many other places upon this earth; he exemplifies the famous Bible question: "What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world, yet lose his own soul?"

Millions In Missing Money

According to W. O. Woods, Treasurer of the United States, there is now outstanding $472,199,000 in old large sized bills which have been officially recalled since July, 1919. While about $7,000,000 per month continues to come into the Treasury for replacement, it is known that a large part of this balance has been lost or destroyed.

It is interesting to observe the enormous sums lost by people every year through carelessness and much of the large money still out will probably never be turned in to the government. This fact is illustrated almost every time a large security issue matures. Inevitably, some of the paper never comes in for payment and while the percentage thus lost is not great in comparison with the amount outstanding, it makes a considerable total.

Youth Rides The Crime Wave

Detroit's superintendent of police, John P. Smith, declares that a majority of crime today is committed by boys less than 21 years of age. That statement ought to ring in the ears of every parent who cares about the welfare of his boy or girl. For, though only a fraction of youth may go wrong, this minority, like the bad apple in a basket of good ones, tends to bring about bad influences throughout all human existence. It pays, therefore, for the parents of good boys to be mindful of the need to help in controlling and improving the bad boys; this may be done by bringing characterful influences into your own children's lives, also by support—to the limit of your ability those worthwhile agencies of society that seek to uplift and reform youth.

I SEE THE TIME soon coming when the farmer will not only raise raw materials for industry but will do the initial processing on his farm. He will stand on both his feet—one foot on the soil for his livelihood, and the other foot in industry for the cash he needs. He will have a double security. Agriculture suffers from a lack of market for its product, industry suffers from a lack of employment for its surplus men. Bringing them together heals the ailments of both. That is my conviction and that is what I am working for.—Henry Ford.

BEFORE THE BAR of justice the rich man looms no larger than his poorest brother—we said *before the bar of justice*. Too often, however, justice not only has no bars, but has no lock upon its doors. In such a case, the rich man fares better than his poor brother. It will be interesting,—won't it?—to observe the final outcome of the U. S. Senate investigation of the firm of Morgan & Co.

A READING, MASS., man and wife, were awakened early the other morning when a truck, carrying 92 kegs of beer, crashed into their home—the truck driver had fallen asleep. So, in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, the man and wife hopped out of bed, figuring that something was brewing.

FORTY OF EVERY 41 persons in New York City voted wet in the repeal election held in the Empire State recently. Do you wonder, then, why blind pigs flourished so easily in the larger cities, or why juries have been so reluctant to convict in liquor cases?

UNTIL YOU CAN answer this question: "Where can I sell it, and how," your concept of the game of business is largely that of the same rules that govern a crap game, namely: chance.

HE WHO FREELY magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity.—John Milton.

A MIDLAND, Michigan husband complains that his wife was stolen at a prayer meeting. Then what was "hell" for the husband must have been "heaven" for wife.

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Picnics and stewed bugs are in order.

A week ago Saturday night the "reading room" at the store of C. W. Jenks' shop was entered and the entire furniture of the room carried off bodily and Mr. Jenks is naturally wild thereat. He wouldn't care if the thing broke where it went to.

They say Mort Tasier is in need of a stump puller. Wonder what for?

Our May subscribers are coming up finely; they's right, we can stand a pile of dust now.

The spring season of Messrs. Converse & Rabinski was opened in new spring goods. Our young friend Charlie Griffin did it under the supervision of D. Broughton, the Franklin wagon maker.

The B'ham cornet band will give their usual evening concerts on our public square. What the band needs now is a suitable stand built, say near the fountain where they can play and be seen. The expense would not be much and THE ECCENTRIC will donate liberally towards building the structure.

The Pontiac Bee carries our apology for the noise at the Kinney concert and says that "the B'ham girls wanted to be petted" or the angelic Pontiacers wouldn't have tried their blindfolds on them. That is a probable story, isn't it, knowing the reputation of Pontiacers as our citizens do! Oh, Mac, the band boys are responsible for the racket and "you can't rub it out either."

A rumor of a wedding in high life, to have come off last Sunday evening, created a little people, but fortunately there was no ceremony.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Eva Blanche McClelland graduated from the Northwestern University in the class of 1908, the Cumnock School of Oratory on Thursday, May 28th. She stands very high as a student and is an accomplished musician and is to win in her chosen profession.

Just a bunch of pretty girls, eight in number, with Mrs. Elsworth H. Plumb and as a chaperone, enjoyed the "Graduate" at the Lyceum, as presented by Vaughan Glaser, last Tuesday evening. Fine time.

Sorrow for all this summer, our dear friend and friend to all, Mrs. Mary F. Cooper, has gone away for the summer. Her stay will be among friends in Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula.

Our street commissioner, Charles E. Smith, is a very busy man nowadays. He has just finished up painting the fire hydrants red, white and black, vows that the colors are symbolical. Black—the reign of the liquor trade before local option came; red—the fingerprint and sign of the bitter campaign; white—the sign of purity since May 1st, since when the country has been dry, dryer, dryest.

Wanton hoodlumism and throwing of flowers in yards is a disgrace to our village. Last week people had to gather up all their tulips and flowers in sheltered places than being stolen. One lady on Brown street with a puny bed, that was the pride of her heart, lost all blossoms and roots. Shame! Shame!! Shame!!! Count present of the evil doers would cause consternation in some of our best families.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Fifty-seven students compose the graduating class to leave Baldwin High School at the end of this semester. This number is the first year in the history of Birmingham schools that mid-year graduating exercises will take place. The class will finish its next January is composed of 42 students, it is announced.

Preliminary work toward the paving of Woodward avenue in Birmingham is being done this week, with men from the State Highway Commission cutting down the trees along the highway. The work was started Monday.

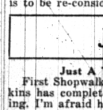
Birmingham's tax rate is lower for this year than it has been in five years. A rate of $15 per $1,000 was decided upon by the village Commission Monday night when Robert McClellan, village assessor, submitted his report.

An intense discussion over the introduction of another proposed zoning ordinance for Birmingham and the re-appointment of a planning commission and possibly the hiring of an expert city planner is expected at the Commission meeting next Monday night. A new solution, introduced by H. T. Lerby, village president, last week, is to be re-considered.

Just For the Fun of It

Just A Taste

First Shopwalker: Poor old Parkins has completely lost his hearing. I'm afraid he'll lose his job.



Second Shopwalker: Nonsense! He's to be transferred to the Complaint department.

—o—

The Time Soul

I think I love you very much,
And that will be my way to do.
I'm not in sympathy with such
Uncertainty, but you
May have sufficient confidence
For both of us, although
You'd better be on your defence
Young fellow—that I know.
—Margaret Fishback in "Life"

A man entered a hotel, placed his overcoat on a rack and pinned a card to it on which was written: "This overcoat belongs to a champion prize fighter. Back in 10 minutes."

When he returned, the overcoat was gone, but the card was still there. To it had been added: "Overcoat taken by champion long distance runner. Won't be back at all."

—o—

He Knows His Racket

Tramp: But, lady, every Easter for 25 years I've received something from this house—since before you were born.

Miss Fortyodd: Oh, well, that's different. I'll see what I can do.

—o—

Famous Firms

Sick & Tired

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BREW SEA!

Forest Rookies Tell How Uncles Are Made of Oaks

The following communication, addressed to the editor of The Eccentric, is written by two Birmingham young men from Camp Custer. It describes all of the pleasures and hints at a few of the inconveniences which make life interesting for recruits in President Roosevelt's reforestation project.

Dear Editor:

We feel that it is our duty to enlighten the people of Birmingham as to the advantages of sending some of its local youth into the wilds of Michigan to take part in that great project of President Roosevelt, the reforestation plan. We are taking our duties very seriously; every night before we are rudely rustled off to bed by the blatant blare of bugles, we address some fatherly oak thus: "O mighty patriarch of the forest, soon thou will be once again; soon there will spring forth from the bosom of Mother Earth who conceived thee another of thy progeny, planted there by our own puny hands and nourished into manhood by the power of Nature."

Of course, the effect on the oak is very pathetic. The poor old monarch of his now sparse kingdom weeps tears of joy at the thought that soon he will be no longer alone, and his acorns swell with pride as he ponders the prospect of being uncle, which, of course, is to be expected.

People in Birmingham wonder how we are faring in the land of Corn Flakes and Breakfast Cereal, out here in the wilds with nought but abounding sergeants and other evils which make it hard for the boys here, most of whom left their morals and tooth paste at home. Yes sir, as we step into our white-sheeted beds, snap out the light, stoke up the stove, we look out and view the glories of an unadulterated nature, unadulterated except by the lights from town, the smoke of the factories, the curses of sergeants, and the backfiring of autos on the nearby roads.

Some people wonder what we do for excitement; well, we'll tell you. We haven't had quite as much excitement as when two tents burned down over a couple of fellows' heads or when they made a mistake and gave us dog biscuit for breakfast, but—it is exciting trying to decide what kind of beans we're getting, lima, kidney, or baked, hashed beans, sliced beans, human beans, or just plain beans. Aha, we hear some rejected son of Birmingham murmur, "But what is the novelty of being up there in the wilds?" Allow us to answer him.

If you don't think there's novelty here, come up and let the dentist tell you you need a couple of teeth, you haven't got, or let the sergeant major tell you you have the mumps, or get some superior buck private tell you they give you injections with eight-inch needles, or just come up here and find out there are no models of the feminine sex. This in itself, is a novelty, or a lack of it.

If you think there is no novelty in this land where romance is stifled by cigarets and the strains of a accordian and the strumming of a banjo, where even the colored folks refuse to come here and get acquainted with the cynical sergeants, where it is a privilege to be here, though, and that there are splendid opportunities for every lad in the corps. Wait hopefully for the letter from home which will give you some more "inside dope" on how a couple of typical rookies in this outfit are faring under the regime of this great project of the Presidents.

Smilingly yours,
WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON,
SETROWBRIDGE GAIL.

P. S. (Dear Ma: I lost that three cent stamp you sent me; so I put a copy reader to stick this note for you. Those socks you sent me have holes in the toes, and that pair of underwear was so long I had to get them cooked, horizontal or vertical. My, wasn't the dude? Yes, I wash behind my ears every day and never speak to family. I'm sure the major will like that and make me a lieutenant or something.

Well, here's how,
BILLY.

P. S. S. (Dear Ma: I thought I'd send a note in with Billy's letter; so you'd be sure and read it. That jar of peppermints you sent me was kind of moldy; so I gave it to a stray dog that's been hanging around my tent and the next day the major had me put in the brig for three days for making his pet spaniel sick on his back. I wrote Aun Tabitha and thanked her for the two dollars she sent me, but I haven't received any more yet. I asked the chaplain for a loan for the money I'd make me a corporal or a sergeant, but he said that in the few days we've been in camp I hadn't conducted myself so well, that he'd make me a nonentity. I don't know what that is exactly, but one of the other boys told me I'm really lucky; so I'm trying to live up to it.

Will you please send me that "The Lives of Great Saints" and also tell Nellie I'm thinking of her always and will write her a special letter the next time I write The Eccentric.

TROBY

P. S. S. S.—(That's just our joke, Ma'amor, Mr. Editor.)
W. C. R. and S. T. G.

Looks So

Now that the girls have bobbed hair on the sandstrip alike, it seems they're getting fed up on Arkansas Gazette.

Our Scrap Book

PROVERBS OF JAPAN

A man learns little from victory, much from defeat.

A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed.

A good drum does not require hard striking.

Buy land that slopes toward the center and marry a girl whose mother is good.

He who buys what he needs not, may have to sell what he needs.

When all men praised the peacock for his beautiful tail, the birds cried out with one consent, "Look at his legs!" and "What a voice!"

The stone may hurt the dog but not so much as the hand that throw it.

Love does not recognize the difference between peasant and mikado.

Skillful workmen need not travel afar to earn their bread.

One dog yelping at nothing will set ten thousand straining at their collars.

The path of duty lies in what is near at hand; and men seek for it in what is remote.

Better go without rice for a little than be in debt for long.—Christian Science Monitor.

ParaLafs

Difference

Don't confuse the spelling. Bologna requires chewing. The kind you swallow whole is Boloney.—Newark Ledger.

A Cinch

Hay fever cures are consistent, anyway. It isn't a fever and isn't caused by hay, and they don't care it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

May Be

If all these groups being organized to help the railroads will only ride on trains and pay full fare, the roads may be saved.—Miami Herald.

Instinctively

"The first thing a lion-tamer has to learn," says a circus owner, "is to keep on the right side of the animals" We ourselves instinctively choose the outside.—Punch.

ALL OF US

By Marshal Maslin

THAT CAT of ours is getting to be practically worthless.

All he does is eat and sleep these days. He doesn't even run around the neighborhood.

He goes out and sleeps in the sun or prowls in the shadows of the dark night. He climbs up the vine outside the dining room window and miaows on the window till until we let him in.

Then he makes a beeline for his dish under the kitchen stove, and if there's any food in it he eats it. But if there isn't, he gives us dirty looks and makes a few mean cat remarks about people that don't know how to take care of a cat.

If that fails, he stalks into the living room and flops in front of the fireplace, drawing closer and closer as the fire dies down, until after a while he's virtually sleeping in the ashes.

Marshal Maslin

He thinks he owns the house, too. If you push him gently out of the way he complains in low mutters. . . . He doesn't play with the cat next door any more. He refuses to chase things you tie on the end of strings for his amusement; he has put aside these childish things and esters at our efforts to amuse him. He's grown up, he says, and we haven't. . . .

That's the trouble with human beings, we heard him saying to another cat the other day. They never grow up, sometimes you think they're mature, but they never are. They are always slipping back into infantilism, just when you've made up your mind that they are rid of all that nonsense.

Now, a cat's different, he went on to say. When he's a kitten he's fond of nonsense. He plays with bits of fluff and runs up curtains and has a delirious time, exercising his young muscles. But when he's grown up, he knows better. He realizes there's little to do in life but eat and sleep and wash yourself with your tongue and save your energy.

The OTHER CHAP Says Something—

FRIENDSHIP

There are those who are much perplexed over the generosity of one Isaiah Leebove, of New York City, and Clare, Michigan. Mr. Leebove donated somewhere in the neighborhood of $10,000 toward the campaign of his friend, William A. Comstock, now governor of Michigan. Mr. Leebove claims his natural friendship for Governor Comstock prompted his generosity.

That's the kind of friends one should cultivate. Too many friends have one-way pockets. Right offhand, we can think of no acquaintance who would jar loose any such amount in our interest. However, that should be no reflection on the governor nor on Mr. Leebove.

Since the time of Shakespeare the Jews have resented the opprobrium heaped on their race by the bard of Avon in his famous character of Shylock. Mr. Leebove may have been spurred on to donate the $10,000 to help overcome the prejudice engendered against his race by the episode of the pound of flesh.

Then, too, Mr. Leebove is one of the Clare oil magnates. When wealth literally flows from the ground it is hard for anyone to pine pennies. A man who will go to bat for a friend to the tune of $10,000 should win universal admiration in this day and age of Shylocks. He should be accorded the plaudits of the multitude. Certainly he should not be viewed with suspicion.

There have been too many monuments erected to generals and money-grabbing industrialists. John D. Rockefeller gets big headlines when he gives away a dime. Why not pay a little more attention to the generosity of Mr. Leebove? There is room for another monument on the capitol square. We suggest one to Mr. Leebove. We make the further suggestion that he be pictured extending the right hand of fellowship with a certified check for $10,000 clasped between his thumb and forefinger. The epic of Damon and Pythias has its modern counterpart. That fact should have due recognition.—Vern J. Brown in Ingham County News.

BURDENING THE FUTURE

Down in Washington they are talking about billion dollar bond issues to finance construction programs for ending unemployment. Mortgaging the future for the sole purpose of soothing "pains" caused by mistakes and miscalculations of the present is not a sound policy. Piling up the tremendous debt burdens will not relieve unemployment of the generations who will have to pay them; rather it will cramp their ability to deal with present issues by mistakes and miscalculations of their own day; in other words, issues of such tremendous magnitude will make citizens of the future pay for our own mistakes as well as their own. Such a wastrel attitude is a slovenly solution to a problem that is admittedly acute and difficult.—Dick Cook in Hastings Banner.

WAR, CHRISTIANITY AND PEACE

The condition of the world for the past fourteen years, during which time the cry of peace has endeavored to alight time and again, without success, get steadily more involved. All the nations of the world talk peace and buy guns.

There are just two facts to consider: first, do we want to continue our civilization on a basis of fear which inevitably leads to war, or do we want to begin to devise a plan for mutual co-operation which eventually will bring benefits to every land and to every life? The time of peace, if it ever prevails.—F. W. McGiff in Redford Record.

There is no such thing as a "100 per cent liquid bank." A bank that could pay out all its deposits over night wouldn't be able to make any loans and of course it couldn't make any money to pay expenses. Then how could it be a bank? No, better than 100 per cent liquid banks are safe banks. And guaranteed deposits is one of the best ways to make them safe in the eyes of the depositors.—Dick Baldwin in Northville Record.