The Birmingham Eccentric

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THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1933

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 in presented before noon on Wednesday. The right is reserved, however, to make such superficial changes in the copy 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 upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Why Do Banks Collapse?

Many, many Michigan men, some of them officials, others financiers, are engaged in answering this question: "What caused the collapse of Michigan's banking system?" We can answer that question from our own observation thus: Michigan's "influential" (and other) banks and bankers were not regulated, inspected, or properly controlled by governmental officials (both State and Federal) who are paid to do that job; the sound, good, and wise conservative bankers were supplanted in the big institutions by ones who were more of the gambling and speculative types, willing to "play with other people's money;" too much "pressure" was also brought to bear on some bankers, requiring them to take undue risks in loaning money; and a State and Federal government by decree closed them in February and March.

Outside of that, the banks were solvent, sound, properly managed and regulated, inspected, and properly controlled by governmental officials. And, unless a sound form of bank deposit guaranty is created, the whole damn orgy and nightmare will be repeated at some future time. If you don't believe it, just stick around for another decade or two—or, if you can't do this, be ready to ask your children and grandchildren (when they join you at the pearly gates) what happened to their bank funds.

Life Changes For All Of Us

Unable to meet the demands of reconstruction that face the United States, the Congress places in the hands of the President powers far beyond those ever granted any modern sovereign during peace time. This is proof that the Congress at last faced insurmountable barriers that it, itself, allowed to be thrown up in the country that it is supposed to govern wisely and well.

We who live today and observe the changes that come upon us, are unable to perceive in detail the revolutionary readjustments that are being installed in our political and economic life. These changes slip upon us like the seasons that come and go; like a warm summer that becomes a cool fall, then a chilling autumn, followed by a frigid winter. We accept the changes almost as naturally as we choose a change in clothing; that is, most of us do—simply because we can't seem to control the matter.

The human family climbs from the cave and cliff of free rents and the limitations of its own legs to the heights of suburban homes, city flats and penthouses with high taxes and rents, plus the almost limitless potentialities of high-powered motor transportation—and what availeth it all to the human family?

But let us not wax heatedly these warm days? Do not some people win and hold happiness? And does not a kind Providence still offer His benedictions upon them who fight the good fight?

Is Leebove In Control?

You who have long been respected citizens of Michigan will naturally resent any assertions that an outsider who came here only four years ago is virtually in control of your State government. Yet that assertion is being made in many sections of Michigan, not excluding both Houses in the State Legislature. It is made when Isaiah Leebove, former New York City lawyer and now a Clare, Michigan, oil operator, is referred to as second only to Governor Comstock. Leebove is being painted as a very, very sinister influence in Michigan affairs. It seems to us that his official status with Michigan's government should be explained by Mr. Comstock himself. Otherwise the public will be left to its own inventive devices, and this will hardly reflect glory upon any of the principals concerned.

National Debt Slavery

In seeking to muster its forces to assist in defeating an alien enemy, a government always goes deeply into debt to finance the project. The same thing is true when such an "alien enemy" is a depression, such as our country has been in for nearly four years. But what a saddening awakening comes when the "price" must be paid later! And it looks as though the "price" to be paid for the war against depression will come in the form of some repudiation of its internal financial obligations, either in a scaling down of the debt, or in the issuance of "cheap money." We can see no other way out, for no one has yet been able to lift himself from the earth by his own bootstraps.

Hold Open Grand Juries

In the estimation of this newspaper, most grand jury investigations are valueless, as far as the public welfare is concerned. What we need are more courageous prosecuting attorneys who, willing to live up to their pre-election promises, go after those who are believed to be crooked. Grand juries conduct their proceedings in secret; all such investigations ought to be *in open court*, where the strength of public opinion may be brought into play, and thus assist the sincere type of prosecutor.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, to obtain a little recreation from his arduous cares of State, is playing with whitecaps off the seafoot the New England coast. We hope the rest continues his good health and spirits.

Vandenberg Excels Green

From numerous sources there come, from time to time, rumors that former Governor Fred W. Green will be a candidate against Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg in 1934. Aside from the admitted right of Mr. Green to run, if he wishes, there persists this belief: Mr. Green does not like Senator Vandenberg, and therefore intends to make it a personal matter to embarrass the able Grand Rapids citizen who has distinguished himself at Washington.

Personally, we hope that Mr. Green will not enter the race. Our hope is based upon these two reasons, first: Senator Vandenberg has done a very hard job very well to date; second: Senator Vandenberg is head and shoulders above the Ionia manufacturer in matters of statecraft that concern the common welfare of Michigan and the whole nation.

Former Governor Green will receive much less support from his Michigan friends in a Senatorial race than he did when he ran for Governor. During his two terms as Governor Mr. Green revealed himself as a very, very expensive public administrator. Persons who supported him before, many of whom still like the Ionia chap as a personal friend, are not going to "warm up" to his Senatorial ambitions. Rather, they advise him to remain a private citizen, build up his furniture business, continue to lobby for prize-fighting and horse racing, and regain his health.

Republicanism in Michigan needs strengthening these days. The best way to aid in this is to nominate able, proven, and statesman-like people to head its ticket at election time. Senator Vandenberg is such a person. Michigan Republicans want to keep him at Washington. One of their 1934 political slogans should read: "Victory with Vandenberg."

Sportsmanship

The thing that distinguishes a genuine sportsman from a "bum sport" is that those who have the spirit of sportsmanship not only know how to win gracefully, but how to lose uncomplainingly. The difference between a genuine sportsman and the other kind is that your real sportsman never tries to shift the responsibility for his failure upon somebody else.

We have long believed that the sporting attitude toward life is the soundest of all philosophies of living. Try your best to win, but if you lose don't be too quick to blame somebody else for your failure. Nine times out of ten, people get whatever rewards their individual ability, character and industry entitle them to. But it is our observation, also, that about nine times out of ten the man who fails is ready to lay the blame upon the Government, or the capitalists, or the boss, or anybody else but himself.

True sportsmanship does not imply taking defeat lying down. The true sportsman never knows when he is licked. He never accepts defeat as final, but continues to strive to the end of the game. He observes the rules of the game rigidly. If he doesn't like them, he may try to have them changed, but so long as the rules are as they are, he follows them.

We hear a great deal of whining in these days of depression, but every little while we run across a real sportsman, who hasn't let circumstances lick him, but is starting out afresh to try to win the game of life. To every such man we take off our hat.—Republican, Stanley, Wis.

Pecora Takes Another Peek

Ferdinand Pecora, fighting legal counsel for the U. S. Senate finance investigating committee, began this week to question the heads of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., big New York international banking house, along lines similar to the recent Morgan hearing. Although these huge financial octopuses are perhaps too shrewd openly to violate laws that are supposed to regulate them, they will reveal operations that are opposed to the general public welfare. And that revelation will some day be followed by some changes in the laws, to the end that the public will be protected a fractional part of what they think they are.

There has been altogether too much predatory competition in the United States to insure its peace and prosperity; we are now on the verge of a more cooperative competition with the Federal government in the role of referee. Such is the economic and political evolution of a country whose original inhabitants and natural resources were ravaged without plan or studied purpose by an adventurous people from every spot on the globe.

But nations, like individuals, become wiser as they mature and learn by experience what is good for them and what is bad for them. In such a period is our own United States; may it find greater security in the hands of those who value "dignity, greatness, peace."

All of Us

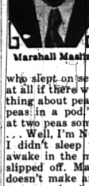
By Marshall Maslin

YOU SAY I have a grouch? That I must have gotten out of the wrong side of the bed?

Don't say that. It isn't true. All I want is to be left alone . . . Don't speak to me, don't bother me, just let me alone.

If you say I have a grouch, I may seize upon that as an excuse for having one . . . Don't give me that excuse.

Just ignore me. After a while I'll come through and be my normal self . . . If you let me alone too much, I may even object to that. I can't be sure.



Marshall Maslin

You know how it is. A fellow has his ups and downs. Sometimes he's high, sometimes he's low. There are times when he can stand anything, either just let me alone, like the princess in the fairy story, who slept on seventeen mattresses, but couldn't sleep at all if there was a pea under the lowest one. (Funny thing about peas, isn't it? People say, "As like as two peas in a pod." That's ridiculous. Just take a look at two peas sometime. They're very different indeed.) . . . Well, I'm NOT like that fussy princess . . . Maybe I didn't sleep very well. Maybe a cat yowled me awake in the middle of the night. Maybe the covers slipped off. Maybe it was something I ate. But it doesn't make any difference. I'm all right. I haven't any grouch. Anybody can see I haven't . . . Of course I'm not whistling and grinning like a silly ape, but a fellow can't be acting like a clown all the time, can he? . . . There are times when he's serious, when he realizes this world is a serious place—with problems and worries and heavy obligations—and when he realizes that, it makes him sort of solemn and thoughtful.

And then people come around and say he has a GROUCH! . . . Yeh? Well, I haven't . . . "Hear the birds singing?" (Just a squeak and peep, that's all.) See the pretty flowers? (I hope a snail eats them.) Observe the nice green lawn? (If you fall down on it you'll get green stains all over your new pants.) See the airplane flying through the fleecy white cloud? (And what an unearthly noise he's making too.) . . . NOW I HAVE GOT A GROUCH!

(That's what happens every time when you try to cheer up a grouch. The only thing to do is let him strictly alone—like nettles and wet paint.)

From THE ECCENTRIC Columns of Long Ago

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Live animals in the procession on the fourth.

A long line of excellent hitching posts have been erected for the M. E. church goers.

The beautiful bouquet which adorns our sanctum sanctorum is presented to "the junior" editor by Miss Mabel Opdyke. Thanks.

Charles Wixom has been on a trip to Bay City and beyond with Marvin Rose and returned last week. They drove to Saginaw, thence to Bay City and report a fine time.

Reported: That Frank Ford has bought the lots between L. B. Peabody's and Whitehead & Mitchell's drug store and will erect a fine three story brick block at once. Hope so.

When you come to the 4th of July, bring your bunting, your lap robes, or anything else that you want to leave for careful attention at The Eccentric office, where they will cheerfully be cared for by a corps of able bedside assistants.

One of the finest roadsters owned in this vicinity is the buggy recently purchased by Julius Kendell at a price which makes the goose pimples come out on our back as big as walnuts. Jule is peculiar in many things, among others he will have nothing but the best of everything.

A surprise party of about 20 couples surprised Mr. Clark Vaughn last Saturday night and had a little dance in honor of his birthday. Ice cream was among the refreshments and dancing was the amusement and carried on until about 11:30 p. m. when they dispersed, wishing the social could long life and happiness.

The prettiest, most artistically painted house in B'ham is the residence of John Baldwin. The color is green grey trimmed in two deeper shades of the same color and tastefully niched in, in true Venetian style. Grimley and Sherman are the decorators and are justly pound of their labor.

Fred Cartwright, Esq., of Warren, presented his daughter Minnie (Mrs. Wm. Muehlhausen) with a handsome new $60 Domestic Sewing Machine. It was an agreeable surprise to Mrs. M. and gratefully appreciated.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Ol Sol is forcing the thermometer up in the 90's (even in the shady corners.

The National Box & Body company at Pontiac is closed and in the hands of a receiver and 200 men are idle.

Bathers at the mill pond here after must wear a bathing suit or trunks. So many lady and gentlemen visitors strolling around were sights they see make it quite embarrassing for the visitors. The rule will be enforced. Remember boys, no suits—no swim.

The following young ladies were chaperoned by Mrs. E. Plunkett last week to see Vaughan Glaser play "In the Bishop's Carriage," Miss Viva Thompson, of Pontiac, and the Misses Juanita Plunkett, Marion Porter, Lou MacDougall, Gertrude Madge, Rena Deninger, Marion Glizbe, Hilda Montgomery and Lucy Ward.

The Library is indebted to Mr. Theron Smith for a copy of "The Circle" by Katherine Thurston, many thanks Mrs. Smith. The Youth's Companion and St. Nicholas, the best juveniles of the day, can both be found at the library.

One day this week William Hilliard located a swarm of Italian bees just swarming. He went around, got a box, got several stings and then with D. B. Wilkinson got a hive for his find. What he got back to his busy bees who did he find? Say what did he find? Mrs. Lizzie Clement with a business instinct had sold the bees to Smith the bee man of Campbell's subdivision. Stung! cried William, not once but many times, and tears flowed from his nearly closed eyes caused by the sting bugs.

Soft drinks are again being furnished on the interurban cars.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Action is under way today for the widening of both East and West Maple, avenues from Woodward avenue.

Birmingham's teaching force was completed Monday night with the election of two teachers for the Adams School by the Board of Education. The total number of teachers is 102.

Patrolman Frank Gettles of the Bloomfield Hills police department is in a critical condition today at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, Pontiac, from injuries received when he crashed head-on into an automobile driven by William Lusconi, 23 years old, West Maple avenue, late yesterday at Hazel and Woodward avenues.

Robert R. Allen was elected president of the Birmingham Exchange Club at the meeting Tuesday noon.

Bids are to be received at the village offices tomorrow for the paving of nine Birmingham streets, part of the improvement program to be undertaken this summer. The money involved in the project is approximately $80,000. The streets to be paved are Forest, Hamilton, Henrietta, Bloomfield Court, North and South Bates, Martin and Merrill.

Sheriff Frank Schram today announces his intention of being a candidate in the September primaries to succeed himself in the sheriff's office of Oakland County.

Birmingham's chances for a larger postoffice hinge on a report soon to be made by a representative of the Government who recently completed a canvas of the conditions here, according to word received by The Eccentric yesterday from Grant M. Hudson, congressman from this district.

THAT'S WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS

The Other Chap Says Something—

PRE-PRIMARY CONVENTIONS NEXT STEP IN POLITICAL FUTURE

Two bills have been introduced at Lansing designed to eliminate the evils of the present primary system. A party convention would choose state and county party candidates. If, after the convention had made its choice, there were other aspirants, they could get their names on the ballot by petitions carrying 25 per cent of the number who voted that party ticket. In this manner self-starters would be eliminated. Anyone who could secure 25 per cent of the party strength could not be termed a self-starter. This plan would do much to forestall such primary races as have attracted literally myriads of self-starters, and disgruntled defeated aspirants.—Wm. H. Cansfield in Livingstone Republican-Press (Howell).

DOE, ROE, WOE

John Doe bought a house priced at $10,000 and mortgaged it to Richard Roe in the sum of $6,000.

Using the mortgage as security, Richard borrowed $3,000 from Peter Woe.

Doe kept up interest payments to Roe and Roe to Woe, and everything was serene.

Then John Doe fell on evil days and could not pay Richard Roe, and Roe could not pay Peter Woe; serenity ceased.

John Doe had influence with the lawmakers, and he induced them to pass a bill absolving him from keeping his contract with Richard Roe; and Richard Roe was consequently unable to keep his contract with Peter Woe, and so Roe and Woe went to smash; but Doe was thoroughly satisfied, and congratulated his friends the lawmakers on accomplishing a great constructive act.—New York Sun.

NEEDED—A LEADER

The Republicans were thrown out of control at Lansing because they were too aimless, too compromising and frequently too spineless. But the change made possible by thousands of thoroughly disgusted Republicans hasn't improved matters at all. The Michigan public has been surprisingly patient. Possibly voters realized that an entirely new administration needed time to adjust itself. But months have gone by and there is no sign of the present government "getting together" with itself.

The answer to the Lansing mess is leadership. Michigan needs a man in charge who can get action through persuasiveness, tact or whip-cracking—just as Franklin Roosevelt has done at Washington.—Dick Cook in Hastings Banner.

These days, when everything is cheap and even skirts came down, our taxes, still, it seems, must leap in country, state and town. But still I'm using a roundelay and dance upon the floor; no more I'll hear that greature bay, that wolf before my door. Although he hasn't moved away, I've reason to rejoice; he's howled so long and loud that now the critter' lost his voice.—Peter Rabid in Grand Rapids Chronicle.

While the lights were low, just toward the end of a movie, a woman took advantage of the dim light to daub a few splats of powder on her face—only she had one of those reversible compacts, and used rouge instead. Then the lights went on, flashed on people began to leave the theater and she sat with her red nose in the center of a laughing crowd.—"As her nose reddened . . . and was her face red?"—Alice Fox in Delta Reporter.

The "Big Shots" Say:—

College vs. Prison

"It Costs the state of New York as much to send a man to prison as it costs a father to send his son to college," says Bernard J. Fagan, state parole commissioner. Fewer men who go to college are sent to prison. Their better opportunities and training help them to avoid the temptations which lead to wrong-doing.

If there were some way for the state to spend on under-privileged boys and young men, for constructive educational purposes, the money it spends later in punishing them for committing crimes, would it not lower the amount of crime and prison costs?

Prevention of crime by preventing poverty and increasing opportunity seems a rational activity for public authorities as well as private agencies. More will be done along such lines as civilization advances.—Harry Whiteley in Dowagiac Daily News.

Dr. George Crile, famous surgeon, is quoted as saying that worry, fear, hate and jealousy are murderers, for the reason that they kill a man by consuming his brain cells. What is more vital, perhaps, is the fact that such emotions destroy the best there is in the individual—that self which we speak of as the soul. Self control is essential to both physical and spiritual welfare.—Bill Berkey in Cassopolis Vigilant.

Sign of the Sock

For an insignia to be worn by those who are co-operating in the anti-hoarding campaign, we suggest a sock turned inside out.—Ohio State Journal.

Clarence True Wilson, general secretary, Methodist Board of Temperence, Prohibition and Public Morals:

"If the people of this country don't want Prohibition, there should be a way to get rid of it, and if they do want it, they should have a chance to prove that they want it."

Albert Einstein, in Rotterdam, after a trip to the United States:

"Sometimes the Americans are just children. You should see them flocking to see me as if I were a miraculous animal."

Ogden L. Mills, former Secretary of the Treasury:

"Whatever is to be said of the so-called rich men of the country, they create wealth for themselves and in doing so create wealth for millions of others in developing the resources of this great country."

Margaret Sanger, Birth-control Crusader:

"You cant work on an idea nearly a generation without penetrating some minds."

Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War:

"We have been driven, against our will, to the inescapable conclusion that the nations continue to live by their own capacity to defend themselves against aggression."

George Bernard Shaw, British author:

"The Irish are in just as strong a position as anyone else in the British Empire but they don't know it."

Ships and Sealing Wax

By ALLEN TENNY

Some time ago, this department published several paragraphs entitled "A Newspaper Man's Portrait of the Perfect Public Official." I tried not to be too harsh on the officials, and one Birminghamite who falls into that category actually told me he believed "there was a good deal of truth" in what I said.

He suggested, however, that to be fair in the matter I ought to draw a portrait of the perfect newspaper man from the viewpoint of the public official. Knowing that one is as much of an anomaly as the other, I readily consented, with the following result:

The perfect newspaper man, in the eyes of the public official, is one who always spells names correctly, and knows everybody's initials without knowing their private affairs.

He asks questions that are at least faintly intelligent, and never asks the same question more than once.

He knows instinctively when a person is talking for publication and when he isn't—but if he isn't sure he always asks.

* * *

He doesn't call up at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning to find out something he probably should have known long ago, and he never calls back more than three times on the same story.

He is willing to wait a reasonable length of time in hallways and outer offices before being admitted to the person he wants to see—and if he isn't admitted at all, providing the cause is justified, he doesn't pull down the chandeliers, tip over the chairs, and walk out in a huff.

He is neither a window peeper, a keyhole-gazer, nor a butt-er-in.

When he comes for an interview, he brings his own pencil and paper, knows in advance what he wants to find out, and leaves when he's through.

When he wants a photograph, he asks for it instead of stealing it—or at least he asks for it *before* stealing it.

* * *

He is respectable and works for a respectable newspaper. If he happens to know that a certain public official beats his wife every morning before breakfast he doesn't use that knowledge as an instrument for extracting news, for he's smart enough to realize that the official probably knows that he, the newspaper man, beats his wife every night after dinner.

He knows news when he sees it, but he knows there is plenty of legitimate stuff around if he'll take the pains to look for it, and spurns the easier course of inventing it.

He is as accurate as is humanly possible, and as thorough as the copy reader allows him to be.

* * *

Without allowing the King's English to be too rudely handled, he is careful to report direct quotations precisely as they were spoken, and followed them when they were spoken.

He is as quick to praise an honest man in office as he is to blast a scoundrel, and he doesn't allow his private prejudices to interfere with his reporting of public affairs.

He is courteous and respectful, and may even be polite.

He makes friends without expecting undue favors.

He keeps promises and respects confidences.

He is dependable.

He stays sober while working.

He doesn't exist.

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 should be limited to 500 words, and must be in the office by Tuesday noon for publication the following Thursday.

PRAISE FOR AUXILIARY

To the Editor:

I wish to express my appreciation of the attitude of the American Legion Auxiliary in selecting local citizens to assist in its recent campaign to raise money to be added to the Barnum swimming pool fund. Such unselfish acts, I feel, are worthy of honorable mention.

The public received the campaign in such a courteous manner, too. Even after the campaign was closed, I received offers of help which showed the fine attitude and splendid co-operation of Birmingham citizens toward a worthy cause.

IVA F. DEAR,
720 Pierce Street.

Our Scrap Book

KING HUMMING-BIRD

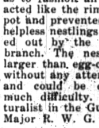
We had opportunities at different times of learning something of the life in this watery tunnel. One day a deer was seen swimming across it; otters dived and gambolled near its mouth and barked at passing boats; the labba and agouti used to drink at its margin; the yawarri, a small forest oppossum, suspended from its roof a pensile nest. Many kinds of birds might be noticed in the creek. In the lower vegetation were white-capped and black-and yellow tanagers; toucans and parrots lived in the awning; red-and-blue kingfishers shot from the banks and darted swiftly along the arcade.

But by far the most charmin bird feature of the creek were the numerous nests of the king-humming-bird. They were exquisite little cups, two inches in diameter, forming almost an exact hemisphere. Made of soft elastic felted material from the feathery seeds of the silk-cotton tree, moistened with saliva and interweven with spiders' web, they were fixed to branches or strands of creeper that happened to overhang the water. Sometimes they were fastened to swinging foliage only a few feet above the stream. The margin of these little cups was delightfully adapted to the swaying movements of the branches that supported them. The birds had bent over the edges of their nests in such a way as to fashion an inturned rim. It acted like the rim of a safety inkpot and prevented the eggs or the helpless nestlings from being jerked out by the swayings of the branch. The nests, though little larger than egg-cups, were placed without any attempt to hide them and could be detected without much difficulty. —"Naturalist in the Guiana Forest," by Major R. W. G. Hingston.

Jest For Fun

Special Investigation

"That boy you were with last night is a special investigator."



"What's he investigating?"

"The theory that kissing is dangerous?"

—o—

Reptilia

The STEGOSAURUS (now extinct)
Was quite astonished, people think,
To find that up and down his spine
Were sharp-toothed ridges in a line.
And so he sat with dismal smirk
Regretting Nature's handiwork,
And after an existence brief,
He pined away and died of grief.

The AXOLOTL is amusing
Because when he is reproducing,
He does not wait to come of age,
But spawns while in the larval stage.
Among all mammals and reptilia
There isn't any creature sillia.

The SALAMANDER, spotted lizard,
Has, instead of teeth, a gizzard.
He oft disports himself in flames
And calls his mother dirty names.
Of all indigenous amphibia
Of Madagascar, Crete, or Libya,
We don't mind telling you with candor
We prefer the Salamander.
—Michigan Gargoyle

Left Behind

"What on earth are you doing, dear?" she shouted downstairs to her absent husband.

"I've just let the cat out," he replied.

"Well, for goodness' sake, let its tail out too—as quickly as possible."

—o—

Not A Prayer

Jailer (to prisoner waiting execution): "You have one hour of grace."

Prisoner: "O. K. Bring her in."
—California Pelican

Poems That Live

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.
—Thomas Carew