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Our Troubles Loom So Large

"We've never experienced any conditions as precarious as the present," a friend said to me one day as we discussed the "trend of the times." "I have become so skeptical," he continued, "that I am about to believe the universe is more or less haphazard; that there is no such thing as immortality of the soul, and I am extremely doubtful of the immediate future."

I listened patiently to his harangue as he talked of the "terrible" condition of present day affairs, and thought of his rose encased, it seemed, in a steel vice. He could not rise beyond the few selfish ideas of an easy and comfortable existence, based almost entirely on the amount of actual money he could gain.

My mind went back over his easy life and mis-directed faith.

He was not a student of history, consequently he could not vision nor feel the hardships of the founders of his native land.

He had no mental picture of the hardships and trials endured by the pioneers who pushed through the trackless wilderness and founded, in the face of gravest dangers, the town in which he resides.

Evidently he had a very hazy conception of the terror and suffering through which his forefathers went in order that this may be a free and independent nation.

He was too young to appreciate the privations and sacrifice endured by his parents as they struggled through many lean years and attempted to stem the tide of economic distress. He had known no real hardships. Through the years of plenty and ease he had learned to worship the false gods of gold and silver. They now began to fail.

At least for the moment he had forgotten his friends. Had failed to appreciate the strength and health of himself and his family. He missed the orderliness of rising and setting of the sun; the beauty of blooming flowers and the song of the birds and the laughter of children.

When we are in trouble it is easy to forget the enduring blessing of the Creator and the symmetry of His creation.—Harry Myers in Lapeer County Press.

More Money Demanded

Demand for a controlled form of inflation is making headway in this country. More and more people, under the pressure of rising prices and scarce money, are shouting for relief. They want the federal government to control the money market, to stabilize the nation's currency values, to do something pronto to help the debtor class.

Here is an able argument set forth by The Mt. Clemens Monitor:

If you borrow a dollar which is worth one bushel of wheat and find when you come to pay it back, that it is worth three bushels, you have been dupped, and a fine talk about the sanctity of sound money is going to make you feel any better about it.

It is precisely that which has happened to millions of Americans in the last few years. Debt has turned into a self-increasing snowball, and it has become a load which is just about too heavy to be carried any farther.

Paying for a dead horse is never much fun; when the corpse goes on rising in value before you can get all your payments in, you hardly can be blamed if you decide that the rules of the game ought to be changed a little.

Inflation may be the height of folly. But an ever lofter peak would be to fight against inflation without offering any remedy for the wrongs which have made inflation look desirable.

If we are not going to have inflation we must have something that will whittle our debts down to the size they were when we contracted them. That is merely a demand.

And it must be something that will work.

SAYS THE PIGEON PROGRESS, through the typewriter of George Shaw: "The Romans built highways that were good for two thousand years—and Rome had no good roads." Well, George, neither did they have the direct primary.

WE SUGGEST that the National Plumbers' Association adopt Huey Long as a press agent. A fitting slogan would be: "Follow Huey and it will not be long before you can get a clean sock in any public bathroom."

MALE WEST may be an angel, perhaps because of the devilism from that she is in," bellered Bill Spivens, of Wagon Tracks, as he shook the ashes from the grocery stove last Tuesday morning.

ABOUT THE ONLY dent that some people make in life is in another's automobile fender. That is merely because they have failed to steer a straight course.

All of Us

By Marshall Maslin

IT'S TOO MUCH for me. I can't figure it out. I've thought about it, at intervals, for days, but I haven't solved it. I think at times that I've got it firmly by the tail, but it always slips out of my grasp and gets away.

What is it and I can't figure out? Well—and I'm just a bit puzzled—there are two things I understand these bright red fingernails that I see everywhere. I don't know what they are, but I can't get the idea of the RED ones through my poor little head.

Here I am, standing, talking, listening to an intelligent and interesting woman. She's not chattering. She's talking seriously, saying something that's worth hearing. I don't listen to every word she's saying. I don't stand there like a simple-minded booby looking at her lovely red fingernails. I see them fluttering before my eyes like pretty little birds. . . . I wonder why they are red instead of green or blue, and how long the color lasts, and how much time she must spend on them and does she change them every day or once a week? . . . I wonder why they are red instead of green or blue, and how long the color lasts, and how much time she must spend on them and does she change them every day or once a week? . . . I wonder why they are red instead of green or blue, and how long the color lasts, and how much time she must spend on them and does she change them every day or once a week? . . .

I wish some woman would tell why SHE does it. I wish she'd tell me before they go out of fashion—because after that happens I'll not be interested.

ITALIAN SUNSET!



FROM THE ECCENTRIC COLUMNS — of Long Ago

Bits Of News Gleaned From Old Files Of The Eccentric—The Items That Make Up The Historical Background Of The Birmingham Of Today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
How do you like the new time? The latest monetary in the vegetable line comes from Adlie Bayley's in Troy and consists of a half dozen turnips all done up together making one solid mass larger around than a bushel basket. It has created considerable interest in our office for the most week.

A crowd of young folks surprised Miss Stella Mills on the occasion of her fourteenth birthday on Thursday evening last. The evening was spent in that species of jollity so much enjoyed by young folks of that age, and the young hostess was remembered with several handsome presents.

Under Worth is chuck full of his northern deer hunting trip, and has presaged to our astonished gaze some venison shipped out by the industrious beaver, a toothpick from the foreleg of a deer, and the language of an astute hunter, "other articles too numerous to mention."

On Saturday last Walt North returned from a hunting tour in the north woods, 35 miles west of Tawas. He went with a jolly crew of about 200 persons, and came back with a deer altogether, one himself weighing 200 pounds, Walt himself shot two deer, and comes home looking as fat and rugged as a bear after his bout among the bucks of the pine woods.

The most fashionable event of the season occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Phelps of Southfield in the marriage of the only daughter, Miss Ella D. to Mr. Louis Klett. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. H. Tyler of the Presbyterian Church at 2:30 P. M. Wednesday, Nov. 7, and after a bout of 25 friends of Mr. and Mrs. Phelps for Detroit accompanied by three couple of their friends to visit the art loan and thence proceed to Toledo to remain a few days.

POEMS THAT LIVE
ALONE
From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common
From the true source I have not
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I lo'd, I lo'd alone.
Then—in my childhood—in the
Of a most stormy life—was
drawn
From the red cliff of the mountain,
The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd my flying by;
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
Of a demon in my view.
—Edgar Allan Poe

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PEOPLE'S COLUMN

The Eccentric is pleased to receive communications for this column. All communications must be signed, but signatures will be kept confidential upon request. Letters must be limited to 500 words, and must be in the office by Tuesday noon for publication the following Thursday.

BANK GUARANTEE
To the Editor:
At the Chicago Convention of the American Bankers' Association, objections were raised to a bank deposit guaranty. Now the Association of Reserve City Bankers has gone on record in favor of the bank of their objections is that it costs too much to guarantee deposits.

Well! What does that objection indicate?
If it costs too much it must be that these bankers expect too many failures, or at least more than the insurance fund can pay for. If that is true, then we must conclude that the bankers now advertising their banks are not safe places in which to deposit money.

But the most discouraging part about it is that the bankers only object, kick and complain, but do not offer a constructive suggestion which might have for its avowed objective, "safety for depositors."

Bankers have become accustomed to doing a banking business with the depositors' money and at the same time, they are required to do business at their own risk, and the risk is mortal, they are flabbergasted.

There is, however, much to be said against the recent banking bill, as passed in the last session of Congress. It taxes the banks annually a sum about equal to half the sum usually paid in dividends on bank stocks. That forces the banks to reduce their insurance savings deposits, in order to break even, which in turn makes the savings depositors pay the insurance. Also, it keeps a lot of folks from putting their money in the banks, for which reason, and other causes, bank deposits are not growing as they should, in spite of the fact that the total money in this country today is fully 50 billion dollars more than it was in 1929.

Furthermore, in case of bank failure, the bill provides for final payment in full to depositors only so that an effort is underway to use the sum usually paid in dividends on bank stocks. That forces the banks to reduce their insurance savings deposits, in order to break even, which in turn makes the savings depositors pay the insurance. Also, it keeps a lot of folks from putting their money in the banks, for which reason, and other causes, bank deposits are not growing as they should, in spite of the fact that the total money in this country today is fully 50 billion dollars more than it was in 1929.

When the bankers object to this bill, they should come forward with a plan for so organizing themselves for mutual protection against bank failures, and for so mobilizing their funds that sufficient money would be available for loans to thereby prevent bank failures. When a bank failure is prevented, the depositors are protected, the stockholders are protected and the community is protected.

Let the objecting bankers organize a central bank, owned by all the banks of the country, whose only business shall be to lend money to banks in distress—long time loans at fair interest secured by the bank's slow, good loans investments.

Under that arrangement, depositors would always be able to get all their money back, of course, they would either not take it or would put it right back. Such a central bank would be a doctor to sick banks, and there would be no need for the Glass-Steagall bill. Just as an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure so is the prevention of bank failures worth more than mere payment of losses after the fact.

Prevention of bank failures is the best kind of deposit guaranty. The bankers can give us this if they want to. Any successful banker will say, "A well managed bank need not fail."

THE DODO BIRD SAYS—
On the Democratic side of the fence the most current rumor is that an effort is underway to use the sum usually paid in dividends on bank stocks. That forces the banks to reduce their insurance savings deposits, in order to break even, which in turn makes the savings depositors pay the insurance. Also, it keeps a lot of folks from putting their money in the banks, for which reason, and other causes, bank deposits are not growing as they should, in spite of the fact that the total money in this country today is fully 50 billion dollars more than it was in 1929.

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An Easy Way To Help

Next week is to be "Toy Week" in Birmingham, and "Toy Week" is being conducted by the Birmingham Goodfellows to make it possible for Christmas to be come a living treat for hundreds of boys and girls to whom Dec. 25, 1933, might otherwise be just another day.

Nobody needs to be told of the work the goodfellows have done in gladdening the hearts of the city's poor in holiday seasons of the past. Unfortunately, they did so much last year that their magnanimity, coupled with the bank holiday, has left their treasury depleted they will be unable to continue this year their custom of distributing Thanksgiving food baskets.

Their Christmas program will be carried on as usual, however, and one of the most essential features of that program will be to begin with "Toy Week." The Goodfellows have volunteered to repair castoff toys for distribution to the boys and girls of indigent families in Birmingham. Last year, no less than 1,140 toys were thus repaired and given out.

The repair shop, as usual, will be in the fire hall in the Municipal Building. Contributions will be called for, and may be left directly at the hall. In either case, they will be received with gratitude.

The Goodfellows are ready, hundreds of boys and girls in the city are hopeful, and the antics of most of the rest of us probably need cleaning out, anyway. How easy it's going to be, with a broken sled or a castoff doll, to make the heart of a youngster glad!

A Heartening Football Season

Somewhat, there's nothing like a good football game to cheer a person's mind off his worries. Especially if his team happens to be on the winning end of the score does the fan's mind soar gloriously from thoughts of business depression, the rent, that grouchy boss, baby's front tooth and whatever else happens to be included in his particular bundle of mental strains.

A winning football team acts as a kind of catharsis to give the mind of all thoughts except those a person finds it most fun to think about. That's why Birmingham owes its heartiest respects to Coach Miles W. Robinson and his Baldwin High School gridiron eleven which, for the second year in succession, has come through with another remarkable record.

Unless some unforeseen catastrophe overtakes the team, it should dispose of Royal Oak, by tradition its most bitter rival, with little difficulty next Thursday morning. It then will have completed the season after having been beaten only once, and that by a team of college freshmen with the advantage of considerably greater strength and experience; having been tied but once, and that on a day it was suffering from over-exhaustion following a phenomenal victory over a school which has won the national high school championship; and having scored six victories in its other games.

All this, coming on top of the University of Michigan's great showing, has made it a truly heartening season for football fans in Birmingham—and a heartening season for football fans is a heartening season for just about everybody in this gridiron age.

Advertising Peace

"If public money can be spent to advertise recruiting," says Ernest Elmo Calkins, "it can be spent to advertise the futility and economic nonsense of war."

To Mr. Calkins, advertising is something more than a ruse; it is a constructive force—a civilizer, an educator and a crusader capable of exercising great good. Here for example is the type of "copy" Mr. Calkin would use to help build up a solid public sentiment against one of the public's worst enemies—war.

These are the soldiers dead in the World war.
Let us stand on the curbstone and watch them march by.
Tramp . . . tramp . . . not getting tired are you?
Why, they have been marching only for six months.
Tramp . . . tramp . . . ten in a row . . . two seconds apart . . . Why you look actually faint . . . stand up . . . the first day hasn't passed yet.
Tramp . . . tramp . . . ten in a row . . . two seconds apart . . . for one day . . . for ten days . . . for 20 days . . . for 40 days . . . for 46 days!

THESE ARE THE SOLDIERS DEAD IN THE WAR.
What a graphic presentation of statistics almost too great to comprehend. Think of it! A column ten men wide, sufficient to fill the average street from curb to curb marching steadily by morning, afternoon and night for a month and a half.
It is three years better way of picturing the destructive force of modern warfare! Public money is being spent after every day for purposes infinitely less merited than on public advertising of this sort.—Dick Cook in Hastings Banner.

NO LESS THAN 12,000 TEACHERS in Michigan are unemployed at the present time, fighting to be hired by the State Department of Public Instruction. The annual production of teachers is about 7,000, of which less than half have educational training beyond the high school stage. Does this mean that Michigan needs better trained teachers?

OUR SCRAP BOOK
HENRY VIII
His majesty is twenty-nine years old and extremely handsome. Nature could not have done more for him. He is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom. He is a great deal handsomer than the King of France, very fair and such like. He is extremely proper in the selection of which France is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture.

He is a stable and gracious, harms no one, does not covet his neighbor's goods, and is satisfied with his own dominions, having often said to me "Sir Ambassador, I have not any potentates to contend themselves with their own territories, and I am satisfied with my island of ours." He seems extremely desirous of peace.—From "The History of England," by the Original Sources of European History." Sebastian Giustiniani to the Senate, September 10, 1549. "Brown, Caliban or the Venetians, Venetian.

Jest For Fun
Self-control needed
"I'm thinking of getting a radio," said Jones. "I'd like one like yours, they're quite good," replied Smith.

"How many controls has it?" asked Jones.
"Two," he replied bitterly; "my wife and my daughter."

Famous Firms Puts & Pans
It is
Our rivals are insects, says an eminent entomologist. Of course, but it's earned hard to make the girl of your dreams realize it.—Boston Herald.

Paralaf's
By the Time
An eastern university has established an advisory bureau for persons in love. But by the time a lover realizes that he needs advice he is no longer in love.—San Diego Union.

Paralaf's
Another public student of international politics are trying to figure out is which of the Chinese governments the Japanese have insulted.—Judge.

Paralaf's
A New York sheriff is proved to have banked \$3,000, 000 in six years. Tammany Hall leaders are said to be investigating why it took him so long.—San Diego Union.

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