

The Birmingham Eccentric

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Editor and Publisher: GEORGE K. AVERILL.
Managing Editor: ROBERT C. SWIFT.
Business Manager: PAUL NEAL AVERILL.
Editorial Assistant: ARTHUR K. WINDENEN.
Production Manager: CLAUDE E. WALKER.
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Local Tax Increases

Do you know that 1,400 New State and Federal tax laws were enacted in the past year in your country—everyone of them seeking to take money away from you? While most people work to secure their futures, and are concerned too much with their own little world, movements are being taken place outside by those who spend your taxes—movements that ever and ever seek to place heavier burdens upon the already over-burdened taxpayers.

Do you know, Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham Taxpayer, that if you showed more interest in your own local community's city and school meetings, that you could save yourselves taxes every year?

Birmingham's city government is an excellent example of how a disinterested public can be made to pay for its lack of interest, for our city government's budget is a constantly increasing one. Except only in rare instances, the "tax spenders" will, like lusty growing youngsters, demand more and more money to spend on their quite natural ravenous appetites. That's why Birmingham's city taxes have kept mounting for years, and they will continue to mount just as long as you who pay the taxes refrain from active interest in local affairs.

Flatter Your Wife

Flattery is one of the most deadly of weapons that you can use to get what you want. If you want your wife to make something for you, or to do anything else, flattery is the best way to get it. Flattery is a useful and productive point in society, if it has the mental attitude that makes for right thinking and living.

The Southern Michigan State Prison is the most modernly equipped institution of its kind in the world. It has branches of learning to fit any desire on the part of the inmate to better himself. It has large spacious grounds for sports and various other outdoor activities. Its cells are clean and equipped with excellent plumbing. It has an Arts and Crafts department where men make novelties for sale, some of them supporting their families with their profits.

Unfortunately, the men who take advantage of these facilities are too few, but those who do have more than justified the present progress of penology in modern prisons.

THE GOVERNMENT BOYS down in Washington say that 98 per cent of the nation's houses are occupied, and that "we face a housing shortage." Well, bring on the building material boys, for plenty of the "homeless" want clapboards of their own to keep the shrewd away from them.

NO LIFE EXISTS upon this earth without some good reason. Nor is there any person whose opinion about something is entirely worthless. Consider the case of the watch that won't run; even it is right twice each day.

Now that the baseball season is over, we suggest that if the Dapster he himself to the football stadium and trip some of the time and paper make from the gridiron.

THE HIGH COST of hog pork in most markets is more than eclipsed by the high cost of political "pork" now being marketed by the Roosevelt administration.

THE BURNING QUESTION of the hour is simply this: when will the coal miners quit their strike and go back to work?

Practical Paragraphs
By John Edwin Price

WHAT USE LODGES? Of what use are the Lodges and other Fraternal Order in our lives? This question is often asked.

Are they merely mutual admiration societies? Are they the same small group meet every time and go through the same program. If a church or a theatre always put on the same performance how many people would they attract?

How many times have we heard that? But let's take a look. Lodges are not a mere social gathering. They are a great deal more. Did you ever wonder why?

Take for instance the matter of monotony of program. Isn't it true that in a given season there are only a few songs that we hear over and over again at the theatres?

Also there aren't many different foods, yet we eat them every day.

The lodge ritual is a life theme song to many people. By petition they have come to fully grasp some of the truths that have become life-giving food to their inner selves.

But more than this, lodges by taking in new members, they are well known to the principles of living across to some people who wouldn't get them any other way.

Fraternity is the golden cord that binds the heart of humanity.

When rightly directed it puts courage in the step, gives inspiration and guidance in your own life, you add to the life of the money that they have acquired. Rather, you look for records of those men and women who have fought and died for the life of their fellow men—those values of the spirit and the soul that alone make the human family wealthy.

Opportunity In Prison

Over in Jackson, where the State Prison of Southern Michigan is located, the inmates publish a weekly tabloid sheet, called The Spectator. Within its pages, from time to time, are verse and prose made of words and values, and this sheet undoubtedly affords fine channels for the up-building of morale among the inmates. A recent issue of The Spectator contained an editorial on the subject of "Opportunity In Prison," and we are re-printing it here to show our readers that serious thinking takes place even within prison walls. By this issue, we encourage enough to land there. The Spectator, by the way, is edited by Jay Hart. Here is the editorial:

Some years ago we heard two profound gentlemen debating the question: "Does any good come out of prison?" The debate was settled to the satisfaction of no one, and to the best of our knowledge no lasting good ever came from the matter.

The debate in question was based on facts relative to prisons that had been standing for fifty or more years without any intelligent improvement either in their buildings or their systems of penology having been attempted.

We wonder what these two gentlemen would say if they could study the modern progress of today with the vocational agricultural, academic and business schools; well stocked library; greatly enlarged sports program; large, well ventilated cells; hospitals with the finest equipment; in fact everything so improved as to give penal dependents the opportunity to better themselves if they so desire.

We do not wish to portray the modern prison as a playground. Life of necessity, in any place of confinement must be drab, when confined by walls and bars, lack of education or inability to take part in social activities.

Recently, two brothers serving life terms were released from an Ohio penitentiary. One, Daniel Webster, saw an opportunity in prison and took advantage of it. He built up a mail order business in his prison cell. His profits were sufficient to enable him to finance the education of his two sisters, contribute to the support of his mother and save money for himself.

John Joseph Boggs, his brother, studied diligently in his cell and completed courses in aeronautical engineering and radio engineering, as well as law, by correspondence study courses.

Thus we see two men who took full advantage of the opportunities afforded them in prison, not so much because of the effect it would have on their securing paroles, but because they were sincere in their efforts to fit themselves for a useful occupation, when and if they should be released, as well as derive a profit and living as near a normal life as possible during their incarceration.

Thus we see the aim of penology changed from the old days of imprisoning a man solely for the purpose of keeping him caged in a cell as long as possible, to little or no regard for his mental or physical condition, to the aim of making the inmate a better citizen, to fit for a useful and productive position in society, if he has the mental attitude that makes for right thinking and living.

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Happenings of Long Ago

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

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Tom Hanna rode a bicycle to perfection. He and John Leggett of Detroit were in town Sunday evening for their bicycles.

A party of thirty people finished the camping season at P. N. Lake one day last week.

Our thanks for a liberal supply of wedding cake, with compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blending.

Bert Readdy is trying to master that mysterious musical instrument called a piccolo, and he will succeed.

Clarkson is being cheerfully entertained by strong opposition to the movements of its village board.

The band is a little short handed just at present, but with every prospect of a glorious future ahead. So may it be.

John Sharp went to the Pontiac fair with his girl—started so late—both went asleep on the way home, broke down, broke up.

The Evening News sagely listed the Oakland Women's mills and the Avon agricultural fair at Royal Oak. Someone has been invited to him out of the wrong bottle.

The M. E. church stewards have decided to build a new horse barn to the use of their pastor, and it will be roomy, neat and present a much better appearance than the old one.

The very air is filled with law. The sidewalk war law, the Southfield law, the law we are even threatened with a first class libel suit. Yes, verily, the aggrieved party calls it "liable" suit, and we think it is.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Delegates from the Woman's Club in Pontiac and from the Woman's club of this place were in town for the annual convention for women's suffrage.

Mrs. Nellie Schouder entertained twenty ladies from Detroit last Saturday. This bevy of feminine loveliness was given by Mrs. Nellie.

The latest trio of ladies that ever went out for a day's enjoyment recently were Mrs. Battie Brown, Mrs. Anna Parks and Mrs. I. N. Baker. They were the welcome guests of Mrs. W. A. Lake cottage.

The enjoyment began very early in the morning and lasted until late in the evening. Here is Julian F. Leet around town again, almost as

good as ever, after eight weeks' seige of typhoid fever. At times he certainly came near the final, but a good constitution brought him out all right.

That Bert Churchman is original and successful in all his designs goes without saying. His latest scheme is original, daring and most disastrous to his work, which is coaxing, luring and drawing hawks to within shooting distance. He will sit on a post, and soon attracts a chicken hawk by his cries and the fluttering of his wings. The hawk, by curiosity, and perhaps with designs on the bird, comes within the death zone, when bang! goes Bert's gun and a dead hawk is the result.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Five Birmingham residents were injured, two of them critically, in traffic accidents over the weekend.

After voting to cut the salaries in the various county departments 12 percent or approximately \$100,000, and voting down resolutions to oust Herbert G. Hayes, Royal Oak member of the welfare commission, the Oakland County board of supervisors Tuesday adjourned again until they will be called again by Bruce Leggett, chairman of the board.

Only \$4,987 of \$9,500 sought for the Y. M. C. campaign has been pledged so far, and more than half of the pledge cards have yet to be turned in to campaign headquarters. Robert D. Lynd, secretary of the local Y. M. C. announced yesterday.

There is no new village school on the east side of town was indicated in an announcement made by the Board of Education. The breaking of an oil gauge and the destruction of a barn on Terrace Tuesday at 1:25 a. m. broke in the basement of Harbor Terrace Tuesday at 1:25 a. m. covered by insurance, according to the Bloomfield Hills Fire Department, which extinguished the blaze.

Ernest T. Engel, physical educator, instructed at Barnum High School, is in active charge of the Baldwin High School. He has been in charge since his appointment last week.

Mrs. William Lynch, Birmingham, has been appointed to the Community House last week.

carefully. Be courteous to all, especially to servants, animals and strangers, that every day may be free from accident.

Don't be a motorist, that is, don't let your days may be long upon the highway which the State gives the right of way.

Thou shalt not injure, kill, or unjustly considerate.

Thou shalt not make thy brain with intoxicants, sleep, carelessness or any other enemy that renders thee inefficient.

Thou shalt not steal thy fellow motorist's part of the road.

Thou shalt not bear down upon fellow motorist or pedestrian unwares, nor blind him with glaring lights.

Thou shalt not place thy fellow motorist's place or anything that belongs to him. Safety first takes no chances on sorrow. Mind your own business for conscience sake. Be courteous.

Publisher's Auxiliary.

HOW TO STAY MARRIED? HERE ARE 8 RULES

If you're married and want to stay that way, and if you want to get the maximum of happiness out of it, observe these "musts."

1—Keep the "in-laws" at a distance.

2—Avoid jealousy.

3—Discipline your relationship with your wife.

4—Consolidate your home by having children.

5—Maintain a budget to check extravagance.

6—Don't entertain too many casual friends.

7—Have a church affiliation.

8—Don't "load" your marriage in alcohol.

These maxims were laid down by the Rev. C. C. Conner, the annual married couples' service at the Drexel Park Presbyterian Church of which he is pastor.

They were based on direct advice of 500 married couples who replied to questionnaires.

Perfect age for getting married was fixed as between 23 and 29 for men and 20 to 25 for women.

"If you intend to get married don't make it a runaway elope. Experience proves it doesn't work out."—Chicago Herald Examiner.

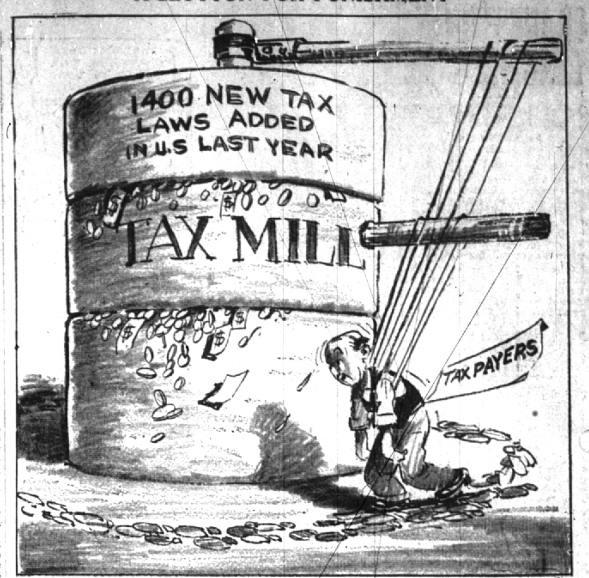
Embarrassed
"It's no use," said the director to his colleague, "I have to get a new typist."

"Pity," said his colleague, "Miss Pity," said his colleague, "I am, obliging sort of girl. But she will get interesting when I'm dictating to ask how to spell words."

"That certainly is a great waste of time."

"I don't object to that," explained the director, "but it looks so bad to have to keep saying 'I don't know.'"—Tit-Bits.

A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT



'My Country, 'Tis of Thee'...

By T. H. MILLINGTON

NOVELTY IN TAXES

Here is a suggestion from a local citizen for the laying of taxes, which has enough novelty to merit thought. He said about as follows:

"Taxes should not be levied as a punishment for enterprise, as they now are, but there should be some graduated arrangement of merit and reward."

"There is no such thing as a free lunch," said a politician trying to distract money-making in art which no law can kill, and imposing obstruction of justice is part of the art. The art of the fine arts, but has its own rewards."

My friend may have hit on a new and sound economic idea. I am lost because he is thinking on financial levels above any past experience of the writer's. On the other hand I do know that some people are born to be taxed. I once witnessed a scene in a restaurant, demonstrating the truth of that phenomenon.

I was sitting at the same table as a patron who, very much displeased with something, called the waitress and rudely upbraided her, much to my embarrassment.

Of course, the girl resented the insult, and with arms akimbo, shifting her gum into a safe position in her chest, gave that man a choice piece of her mind and vocabulary.

Whereupon the patron, now furious, retorted, "Don't you know who I am? Don't you know that I am the biggest taxpayer in this city and county?"

Giving him a withering look, and with the utmost scorn, she said, "I believe you should have a cent lunch, and never a tip from you! I'll bet you own a cemetery, too, so you can get your grave dug out of there."

Incidentally, he owns a cemetery.

Blue Eagle Resurrected
He suggested the Blue Eagle might be resurrected for this more honorable function, in that in which it got killed. These emblems should be gold-trimmed, in order to make them more conspicuous and increasing gold supply.

The advantage of gold would be in the theatre and in dusting, probably would need the money which that gold would bring.

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lots in Just

From market reports, every man seems excited to a chicken in a pot for the price of two cars and a garage.

New Nazi commandment: "If thou art healthy, thou must not remain unmarried." And if thou want to stay healthy, don't rile thy wife.

Selassie's temporary refusal to accept U. S. Red Cross services have arisen from his reluctance to deprive America of them during hunting season.

An actress reveals "there's something trim about the well-dressed American woman." On the other hand, her husband has a rather trimmed look.

You've got to hand it to pork and ham. Prosperity has failed to estrange them from their partners' beans and eggs.

I CAN NOT BEAR THE WIND I love the lashing of the rain. In puddles and upon the house, its steady drip against the pane, its patter on the roof as night. Like footfalls a timid moon. My heart sings out in glad delight whenever I see summer flowers! All freshly bathed in gentle showers.

I love the beauty of the snow Scattering downward from the sky. No lovelier sight than this I know—Earth blanketed in spotless fair. And downy robes. Oh, let me die When I shall quit this realm of woe To rest beneath a flower strewn mound When snow lies white upon the ground.

I do not love the wind at all. It seems to crouch and wild and sad. I shudder when I hear it call. At night, awakening me from sleep. It moans and groans and sounds like wailing.

And make me want to fret and weep. It is not so beautiful nor kind. I don't want the ruthless wind. —BEATRICE McDONALD

Fewer and fewer people, it seems, are willing to immortalize themselves on any altar that some one else may enjoy life.

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