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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1936.

IS IT A RED HERRING?

Cecil county was treated to a veritable shower of small dodgers Wednesday, in fact they "covered the county like the dew," to tell the populace in general, and the laborers in State roads gangs in particular, that their representative in the State Senate is offering a bill in that body to increase the pay of State road employes to a minimum of forty cents per hour. No one will deny the fact that these men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow on the roads of the State have been discriminated against, and it is pleasing to note too that Senator Cobourn has decided to listen to at least this measure of relief. However, he comes in on the tail end of this proposition as this measure has been advocated for several years by some of the leading citizens of the county who in season and out of season have been battling the cause of these men. After all, it is not the Senator's baby.

Does this bombardment then, represent a "red herring" in the action of the Senator toward his actions and consistent vote against the relief measures now pending in the extra session? So far Mr. Cobourn has not explained conclusively to his constituents, nor has he shown any inclination to see that relief in Cecil county is a fact and one which the great majority of people in the county do not ignore. Relief revenue is needed and is only fair on a State-wide program, and consequently must be provided for through taxation. If not in one form, then in another and Senator Cobourn, or any other Senator or Delegate can gain nothing by telling his constituents he voted against the taxes provided in the relief bill. Minority voting to save political hides will just not go in this case.

WHITE PLAGUE BATTLE CONTINUES

It is pleasing to note that the Maryland Tuberculosis Association, in cooperation with the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated members, will continue its annual early diagnosis and health education program.

As in the past, the association will continue its effort to bring before the public the necessity of the early diagnosis of tuberculosis, the fundamentals of good health, the preventative measures to be taken against the disease, and the importance of good health and tuberculosis control.

In the minds of those closely associated with the work, it is thought that tuberculosis could be quickly brought under control if this information could be impressed upon the people. Each year since programs in this field have been carried on, there has been a definite decrease in tuberculosis deaths, with the exception of certain years when the national life has been upset by outside influences.

Clinics have been scheduled in various counties for the month of April and will be continued throughout the year.

HELP THE POLICE

The appalling stories revealing the most complete control of a great municipality in Minnesota by denizens of gangland are almost unbelievable and the thought of complete domination by bank robbers, burglars, murderers, racketeers and gangsters of all description of a large city in this country is a staggering blow to the intelligence and decency of the land. True however, is the fact that this city where crime is running rampant, has practically reached the stage of demoralization and in an effort to wrest control from the unspeakable element, the police department is being reorganized and provided with the most modern and scientific equipment for the detection of crime and the running down of criminals.

When the gangland wave first started to move over the country, police heads were quick to realize the situation and by grasping the opportunities offered by science managed to keep one step ahead of the criminal element. In the intervening years, as gangsters have been routed from one section of the country to the other, state after state has adopted the tele-typewriter system of communication, by which the news is flashed from one end of the state to the other, and through this means of broadcasting a net can be weaved around a criminal the instant the crime is detected. The criminal class is fully informed as to the states operating these systems, and he is well aware too, of the futility of trying to avoid the meshes of the law in the states where the tele-typewriter system is in operation.

However, the criminal too has gone modern and through the convenience of the automobile, the radio and airplane, he is offered opportunities to escape arrest that our officers, vigilant as they are, find hard to combat. In Maryland, so far, we have been free of organized crime, but even so, both State and county officers are severely handicapped through lack of rapid and prompt communication between various police stations in the state and adjoining states. And, the failure, in a majority of cases, to apprehend and punish law breakers is due to the complicated and slow motion system under which the forces now operate. Practically the sole protection offered in most of the counties of the state is the Sheriff's office and the State police, and anything that can be done to facilitate the capture of criminals will not only lead to make greater respect for law and order, but will tend to suppress crime.

A bill has been introduced in the Maryland Legislature, which provides a system of rapid and intelligible communication, not only among the various law officers of the State, but to those states surrounding Maryland. The purpose of the bill is to obtain prompt distribution of police information both in its preventive aspect and in the rapidity with which news of crime committed is brought to all police agencies operating under such a uniform system and unless this state adopts such a system, there is apprehension that when a crime is committed in a bordering state the perpetrator will flee to this state. The system, the tele-typewriter, will as the bill provides, be under the charge of the Superintendent of State Police and all offices throughout the state can on application and agreement as to terms, connect themselves with the main office. Towns which are not eligible to connect to the system will also materially benefit by its establishment because their local peace officers may place an alarm on the system by telephoning the nearest point equipped with a machine. Thus, the cooperation of all of the organized police departments in the state and adjoining states will be available to every section of Maryland.

This bill has our most hearty endorsement as we feel the installation of this system will play an important role in not only reducing crime and its accompanying losses, but will create a feeling of greater safety among the citizens of this county.

HIS SOUL AND MINE

A cardinal to my window came—
His soul poured into mine;
With twittered love-notes bursting flame,
To speak of things divine.

His scarlet cloak, and robes of state,
A crown on regal brow;
With golden sceptre wields the fate
Who at this throne may bow!

He warbles low and soft and long;
He pinions earth and air;
New joyous raptures, lilting song
In ecstacies do flare.

He wafts good-bye in guileless way
As summer's sun goes down;
He trills, "I come," at break of day,
That morning holds no frown.

Of hope, new faith in vibrance tells;
Of power, long in line;
His praise in exultation swells—
He pours his soul in mine!

—By Orvilla Adele Gilpin.

"And It Comes Out Here"

Dispelling The Fog

Mr. James P. Warburg's book, telling how wrong politically, economically financially and ethically the course of the Roosevelt administration has been, is now out as a campaign document. Whether the publication was paid for by the duPont Liberty League or by its annex, the Republican National Committee, does not appear upon the publication.

According to the reliable New York Times, the Republican National Committee is distributing 200,000 copies of the document and Pierre S. duPont, chief among the Liberty Beleaguers, has also purchased a large lot from the publishers.

When the little volume was issued serially to the anti-administration newspapers, it was stressed that Mr. Warburg had been the financial adviser of the Roosevelt administration. That was not quite correct, for the part he played—and I think the only part—was as one of the financial advisers of our delegation to the World Economic Conference at London.

There he strove valiantly to effect a currency stabilization agreement with Great Britain and other European countries but the recommendations of the group of which he was a member were not accepted and that was perhaps the reason for the young financier's decision that the New Deal in all its phases was sollialistic, communistic and generally scandalous. Perhaps another reason is that the young banker is associated with enough corporations and other financial establishments to make him acceptable to the duPont dynasty as well as to the courtiers around the duPont throne.

In the course of his argument seeking to show the radicalism of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Warburg quotes Mr. Frank R. Kent, whom he says "is a good Democrat." If the definition of a good Democrat is a propagandist who admired President Hoover and whose writings consistently decried the Democratic movement, that started five years ago, to bring about a return of the government to democratic principles, and who has ever since the Roosevelt administration came to Washington devoted his writings to assailing that administration, Mr. Walberg's definition may be accepted.

At that Mr. Kent is probably as good a Democrat as Mr. Walberg, who insists on his reluctance to assail the President and who proclaims his affection for the President and then proceeds to assail him as being insincere, superficial in his knowledge of economics and finances, as a man destitute of a definite objective, as a man bent on breaking down the American form of government in favor of socialism and dictatorship. He accuses him of being a showman rather than a statesman, and it is indeed difficult to think of any other charge against the President's competency for his job than those embraced in the Warburg pamphlet.

The President's Rigid Adherence To His Promise

Among the least of the accusations he makes are that the President has defaulted on his promise and so he quotes from one of the 1932 campaign speeches the President's declaration that he would "carry out the plain concept of our party which is to reduce the cost of the current Federal Government operations by 25 per cent."

The very first month he was President of the United States, Congress passed and the President signed a bill cutting expenses and laying down a definite program of expenditures and a definite estimate of receipts. He announced at that time a program for a completely balanced budget by June, 1936.

Presently there came along to the White House another bill passed by Congress, which the President returned with a veto message in which he said "the bill exceeds the estimates submitted by me in the sum of $228,000,000. I am compelled to take note of the fact that in creating this excess the Congress has failed at the same time to provide a similar sum by additional taxation." He mentioned also that the bill increased the compensation for employees of the U. S. Government $125,000,000 over his budget estimate.

The bill was promptly repassed over the President's veto. And it is interesting to note that 25 or 30 Republican votes were cast to wreck the President's economy program. Dr. Fess of Ohio, one-time chairman of the Republican National Committee, was among the economy wreckers. So was Mr. Vandenburg, now a promising candidate for the Republican nomination. So was Senator Dickinson, of Iowa, a not-so-promising candidate for the same honor.

As there were only 35 Republican members of the Senate when this vote was taken, and several were absent, it might be practically stated that the Republicans with whom Mr. Warburg is now casting his lot were unanimous in their decision to make it impossible for the President to carry out his idea of saving 25 per cent of the government's regular annual disbursements.

Norman Thomas Has Some Words For It

The theme song of the pamphlet is that Mr. Roosevelt discarded the Democratic platform on which he was elected and took up the Socialist program of Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate in 1932. And yet Norman Thomas shouted out in a speech nó later than last month that "What Mr. Roosevelt has given us in state capitalism***for the purpose of maintaining insofar as may be possible the profit system with its immense rewards of private ownership and its grossly unfair division of the national income." And Thomas also issued this pronuciamento in his speech: "Emphatically Mr. Roosevelt did not carry out the Socialist platform, unless he carried it out on a stretcher."

It is no more surprising to find the youthful inheritor of a large fortune and the views of an old-time captain of finance now ranged with the duPonts, their affiliates, subsidiaries and attorneys in carrying out against President Roosevelt and his policies, than it is to find the wealthy gentlemen who spent millions in lobbying against admiration bills introduced to check the looting of stockholders in their corporations and to protect the depositors in their banks.

He is not the only one among the group, accustomed to direct and control preceding administrations, who sought to do the same thing with the incumbent administration and, who, when they found that this could not be done, immediately discovered that the President of the United States was a socialistic, communistic, syndicalistic, bolshevistic, would-be-dictator, bent on wrecking the country to the gratification of his own vanity. That's the way the minds of the Warburgs of America and of the world generally work.

SALMON CRASHES BEST PARTIES!

A salmon's life is NOT a happy one! Not generally speaking. For, in the course of a typical salmon-life, he travels from river-bed to ocean and back again to the home river, battling his way upstream only to die!

But a happier fate awaits those thousands and thousands of salmon each year who, in the prime of their ocean existence, in the icy waters of Alaska, are caught and canned for American table delicacies. They are endowed with a pleasant immortality—and are destined to be featured in the leading role of many a memorable salmon dish.

Canned salmon has long been a great American favorite—a food packed with high protein value, rich in vitamin D, iodine, calcium, and other minerals. Economical and nutritious, it deserves an even greater use on daily menus.

"ENTERTAINMENT" ★ "ON THE AIR" ★

By "DIAL"

Much attention among popular music lovers has been turned toward the new "swing" styles which are being developed by all of the leading orchestra leaders. Benny Goodman, who batons the "Swing Time Revues" every Tuesday evening, and Jimmy Dorsey, Bing Crosby's Thursday evening ork pilot, are outstanding in their interpretation of the newest of radio's heigh-de-ho. Most of the band leaders admit dialing Goodman and Dorsey each week to learn the latest doo-dads of the "swing kings."

Benny Goodman

*** Following his long-term stay at Chicago's most popular supper rendezvous, George Olsen will accept the offer of a Los Angeles night club and move his musical crew coastward. Olsen's Saturday evening "Celebrity Night" programs will then emanate from Hollywood.

*** Sigmund Romberg is another radio headliner to shift his program building point to California. Movie producers have been clamoring for his services and the famed composer-conductor has finally arranged with his sponsor to broadcast from the west coast. You hear the Sigmund Romberg programs every Monday evening over NBC.

*** Add Eva LeGallienne to the list of great stage stars who have been attracted to the microphone by the producers of the Radio Theatre programs. Famed stage and screen players enthusiastically welcome the Radio Theatre's campaign to revive a nation-wide interest in the fine arts of the drama. Dialers everywhere are taking advantage of their weekly opportunity to hear the best plays of all times enacted by the most famous players by catching this CBS feature on Monday evenings.

Eva LeGallienne

*** Al Jolson is enthusiastic about the decision of several of the major league ball teams to do their spring training on the West Coast. Between his Chateau broadcasts, Jolson being an ardent baseball fan, watches his diamond favorites tune up for the pennant races.

*** The Jack Benny shows over NBC Sundays are probably the most flowery on the networks. Mary Livingstone always comes to the mike with a corsage of orchids from her comedian husband, and she gives him a red carnation for his buttonhole every week. Johnny Green, Kenny Baker and Don Wilson are favored with white ones from the poetess.

*** Much of the success of "The O'Neills," heard Mondays through Fridays on NBC, is attributed to the sterling characterization of Mrs. O'Neill, played by Kate McComb. Mrs. McComb never became interested in the theatre until she was well past 40, all her previous interest being centered in singing for her own amusement. But when "The O'Neills" was cast, she was chosen out of all the people who auditioned for the program.

Kate McComb

*** When Charles Dornberger accepts a job, it takes on the aspect of a life work. Four years ago, Dornberger accepted a four weeks' engagement to appear with his orchestra at a smart Montreal hotel, and he was held over there for four years! But he's finally back in New York broadcasting over NBC.

*** James Melton, leading radio tenor, is the central point in one of radio's latest developments. "The perfectly balanced program" is the effect sought in the Friday night program over NBC starring Melton with Red Nichols' orchestra. The public's choice as to the right amount of classical songs, pop tunes and hot music have been figured out just as a diet expert might figure a meal, and is being used as a formula for the program.

James Melton

*** The King's Men, western quartet who were practically unknown in the east last year and are now featured on four commercials, have branched out into the production field. They are the organizers of the mixed choral group heard on the Ed Wynn show.

*** Loring "Red" Nichols, the bandsman, goes Joe Cook one better. Cook has a baseball in his home which was NOT autographed by Babe Ruth; Nichols possesses half a grapefruit taken from a banquet table at which George Jessel was NOT toast-master!

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NOTICE TO ALL

DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS

The attention of those who have failed to pay their 1935 State and County taxes is called to the provisions of Chapter 128, Acts of 1935 as passed by the last session of the Maryland Legislature.

According to this enactment it is the duty of the Treasurer to enforce collection of all State and County taxes unpaid on April 1st of each and every year. The Treasurer is required to proceed on April 1st to publish in th local papers an alphabetical list of all who have faied to pay their taxes on that date: and if said taxes are not pid on or before the second Mondy in July next ensuing together with interest accrued thereon and all other costs, the Treasurer is required to proceed to offer each and every parcel of land or personal property for sale to the highest bidder. It is mandatory on the part of the Treasurer to comply with the above provisions and they will be rigidly enforced.

It is suggested by the undersigned that every tax payer to whom this notice applies, make an especial effort to make settlement of his or her taxes prior to April 1, 1936.

EDWIN S. DORCUS
Treasurer of Cecil County

Romantic Gift

By VIRGINIA WOODALL

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"MAMA!"

"Shut up!" a voice ordered not unkindly from within and a woman appeared, face worn, vaguely hard, her hair straggling about her cheeks. She drew up with a start to regard the man standing on the porch. A stifled gasp escaped her, for recognition had been swift.

"Eric! So you've come back!"

"Maisie, isn't it?" he asked. Then he smiled and offered her his hand. "Gee, it's good to see you again. Where's Clita?"

The mountain woman's eyes lifted, widened, shifted suddenly from Eric to the baby, then back again. Had it been so long ago—

"I guess I've done you wrong, Eric," she said quietly. "I kept on sending you them morning glories every spring . . ."

"You sent them?" He stepped nearer, regarded her, with anxious eyes. "Why I—I thought Clita sent them. Where is she?"

So that was it. She had been right. The years had told. She looked into his eyes again as if searching for some hidden expression that would tell her more. Incredulous, it seemed . . . At last with lowered lids she beckoned him to follow. In the back yard beneath the tallest of the trees a nameless headstone reared its gray drabness above the withering grass.

"There, Eric. She's dead."

"Clita dead?"

"Maybe it was two years after you went, Eric. I—we can't write, none of us, and always—well, we didn't expect you'd ever be coming back to the mountains."

He had dropped on one knee beside the little mound, head bent. "Clita" he sobbed. "I didn't know. I didn't—know."

Inadvertently the mountain woman stepped nearer, so that her outstretched hand all but touched his curly head.

"I came as soon as I could," she heard him saying. "I've been in South America eight years. I promised I'd come back if she'd wait. I kept writing . . ."

A little later he stood reverently beside the grave, but try as he would he could not imagine the body of his beloved Clita there beneath the ground. Suddenly he had found all the magic gone from the mountains. Mountains that he loved.

"Yore letters are all in the house there, just like you sent them," she told him. Her voice softened. "Clita waited for you, and then she took sick and died. She used to sit here and dream about you, I reckon. She asked me to send you the morning glories every spring. I took them down to the grocery store and got the man to send them."

"That was awfully good of you, Maisie. You were always such a good kid. And you haven't changed much. Not a day older than when I saw you last. A little maybe, but not much. And Clita—was she pretty when she grew older—like she was then?"

"Yes—awful pretty."

"She was the prettiest girl in these parts when she was—let's see, how long ago has it been? Ten years. She'd be twenty-eight now, wouldn't she? Just eighteen then, and you were twenty-two."

Closing [illegible] he saw, as he had done hundreds of times, in imagination Clita's tawny, unruly hair, her clear, sweet eyes.

"I guess you'll be wantin' to go see yore home place," the woman was saying. "Ain't much of it left—just the walls. I dig the weeds out of your burying ground sometimes."

Eric thanked her again, aware of her kindness, but aware, too, that she had become a stranger to him. She walked with him down to his car, not insisting he stay for a visit when he refused with a hasty excuse of business matters her invitation to remain for dinner.

"I'll be coming back again," he lied, "And—and, Maisie, I want to send a stone for—for her grave. What'll I have written on it?"

"Just Clita I reckon."

Watching until his car disappeared around a curve, she turned and walked heavily up the path to the house. A man stood on the porch waiting for her.

"The kids said a stranger—city feller—was here."

"Eric Swanson."

"Eric!" He straightened, taking his hands from his pockets. "What was he a-wantin'?" His eyes narrowed "Didn't reckon I'd ever see him again."

"He won't come back no more. Guess he was just—sorta—homesick. Men git like that sometimes." She gazed at the mountains thoughtfully. "Men ain't got half as much sense as women, because they never look facts right square in the face."

The man chuckled. "Maybe. Say, was he glad to see you?"

She smiled a little. "I reckon. Mistook me for poor Maisie. And he's going to send me a nice tombstone with my name on it for my grave."