How About It Kent County Citizens ?

NO. 2.—HOW ABOUT IT.

It has been truthfully said that "Time makes more converts than Reason." The continued abuse to which the commoner has been subjected by our present political regime has awakened, as previously stated, a demand for relief. The experience of the past year has made thousands of converts to Democracy and the revision of Federal policies;—i.e., "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

With each successive season, life has been grievously oppressed with accumulating burdens — each day presenting undue hardships; until, at l ast, his daily meditation has converted the heretofore contented citizen into an enlightened tntagonist now ready to assert his rights; and with the only weapon at his command (a vote) to relegate, what is supposed to be a Representative Administration, to deserved ignominy.

No one can deny the assertion that the present crisis is in a great degree due to political intrigue. It is readily seen that a selected coterie of wealthy nabobs controle the deliverations of our legislative halls; and indirectly, have enacted laws that inflate their illicit resources to the detriment of a multitude of their loyal and reputable fellow citizens.

Where are the flaunted liberties of America? Do they radiate from the once happy homes of our husbandmen Where is the unlimited wealth of this great Republic? Can it be found in the pockets of the proletariat? Is rural America surfeited with gold; or, is it in the coffers of Wall Street? It would be folly to dispute what evidence plainly reveals. Everywhere we see wealth accumulating in the hands of a few, whilst the multitude are destitute and in distress. Of course, in a minor degree, this will continue ever the same:—Still, that immense number who are engaged in gainful pursuits are entitled to their reward, and deserve the first consideration of governmental supervision; but, modern government has degenerated until it has reached the level of scandalous corrution; and with the gold standard as a covert weapon, has repudiated the passive automatons. As we try to penetrate the unrevealed future, what shall we anticipate? Will another century see Democracy or Imperialism

Time has wrought a marked change in many American homes, and is about to make a lamentable division in our social intercourse:—namely, two classes, the rich and the poor; the indigent to toil that the opulent may dissipate. Industry is the fountain head of all wealth—open to all alike—but the exclusive privilege enjoyed by the wealthy to dedicate our rates of exchange has occasioned the stagnation that is now affecting every industrial home. This is monopoly's scheme of filching the purse of the unsuspecting mediocrity. It is reasonable to suppose the "great majority" will contribute to bear this oppression As expounded by the present administration, has not reason lost its appeal? The public has been exhorted to await the munificent era —the ever-convincing promise of the "powers that be;" and with timorous judgment—like a gregarious herd—they have trailed along to the end of the rainbow and its "Pot of Gold;" until today, they find themselves prostrate, helpless and ignored; at the same time, realizing what damned fools they have been.

The present political promise is an "imp of the perverse;" time has proven its protective policy to be a maelstrom of perfidy and a monster that has absorbed the fullness of our commonwealth and left the husks for the deluded millions; who, like the frolicking crowd of Hamlin, followed the Pied Piper. Does it mean nullification? This is the crux that needs to be solved and remedied without delay. One hundred years ago (1832) John C. Calhoun termed it the "Tariff of Abominations;" realizing with his profound judgment how such legislation would affect the country.

Time has converted millions of freemen, who have heretofore submitted to vassalage, to adopt a mode of action that will elevate them to a standard of manhood that will defy the effontery of capitalism and the laws of an imperious government. With no thought of disloyalty to the Star Spangled Banner, our people who are not as stupid as they are supposed to be, are forced to assert themselves and demand the defeat of the politico-financial dominance that has destroyed public welfare and inaugurated a period of national distress. Shall we accuse Fate as the author of our ills? Have the laws of Nature changed to such an extent as to permit the oppressor in his rapacity to restrict "a certain class" to the level of mendicants? Capitalists have about reached the apex of their dominance. They perceive the yoke of servitude no longer is born with docility—that hunger makes a demon of the passive serf, that it excites the human heart to deeds of violence; until at last, tragedy becomes the record and the finale of injustice.

The "inner circle" who have become prosperous by flooding the political exchequer with profits off human slavery offer no apology for corruption. These plebian recruits who would deny their origin, and who regard themselves as representative citizens are wholly responsible for the divergence of society—the breeding of a communistic element—the inciting of crime by withholding life's necessities, and the indirect contributors to the crisis now pending.

They have changed the world's peace into confusion and anarchy by inordinate cupidity and debased methods. No man can gainsay this statement—the "writing on the wall" is such that all may read; and, is sufficient evidence.

Is patriotism a lost attribute of our representatives? Has honesty no place in the breasts of our officials? Have we failed to maintain a self-respecting system of National Government? What has withered the source of prosperity and happiness that once was so prevalent in the United States?

A country abounding with every condition conducive to a contented life; should excite the envy of the world; but, Great Scot! What do we see? A favored land with bountiful harvests and our people crying for bread; warehouses packed with hoarded comforts and our people begging a dole; financial institutions overflowing with money and our people penniless.

Everywhere the tendency is "down and out." 75 per cent of the wealth of the U. S. is held by 3 per cent of the people—Since 1900, our population has increased 22½ per cent whilst bank resources have increased 586¼ per cent—amounting in 1931 to seventy billion dollars—$70,000,000,000.

By what method has this money been absorbed- Does it present evidence of mighty accumulation by the excessive charge for our necessities? With few exceptions, we are paying 50 per cent to 100 per cent more for our purchases than was levied prior to the World War; this, with all commodities in abundance.

What has happened to the power of exchange? Is it not apparent to the most illiterate suffragist that protected industry is the mighty compress that is squeezing the last penny from his pocket in exchange for a mill? It has been suggested that one-third of the planters produce be destroyed (the poor man's revenue), but never a word do we hear advocating the destruction of the protected manufacturer's stock that labor could profit by further production.

Why not have the "man with plenty" disgorge? Open his bulging warehouses—offer the contents at 50 per cent discount (only a partial loss to him), then watch a fair price move the stock

It is readily understood the farmer hasn't the boodle "to pay the piper:"—his ills have awakened no interest in legislation at Washington. Without money he has no friends. Give him an "even break" he is anxious to build or repair lower prices, it would at once create a greater demand for their products.

Part of that surplus money which is now in bank would be passed out to the dealer and the mechanic. Labor would satisfy its need — the rhythmic exchange thus established would encourage all business to do likewise — consumption would increase with every "turn of the wheel" and the flood-tide of prosperity would appear.

Low prices will move more merchandise than the high figures; but, the "per cent" don't climb so rapidly.

The Federal Farm Board hold 250 million bushels of government wheat for which, they say, there is no demand. Is this irony or a direct falsehood? The floods of the Yaugtse-Kiang have rendered ten million humans absolutely destitute — China's government would like to buy some of this grain—deferred payment—if settlement is never made, charge to charity and "profit and loss"—a pittance only to Uncle Sam.—Feed them, reduce our surplus and boost our market.

With six million unemployed men in the U. S., together with their dependants (an estimated total of eighteen million) in need and with no provision for the approaching winter, what would a limited donation of this cereal (judiciously distributed) mean to many a distracted father as he gathers his brood about him and awaits the terrors of the remorseless elements.

Mills could be commandered to make flour; which, when in the hands of the beneficiary could be used in barter. Before spring eighteen million mouths would gnaw a goodly hole in this wheat stock:—but, the government is indifferent to "its own;" yet the President readily advocated the loan of $1,200,000,000 for German relief.

The day has arrived when all men must consider their future and their economic security. Another decade will revolutionize the present. With possible pauperism awaiting one hundred million free-born Americans, it serves no useful purpose to suggest action until Washington is purged of its corruption and the anathema of the present administration.

Place a Jacksonian Democrat in the White House—give him the opportunity to succor a disheartened people; to give them life's true enjoyments and to build their happiness on an enduring foundation,—then, and not till then will an oppressed nation know the blessings of Democracy.

, "HOW ABOUT IT."

Builders Fear Ravages of Death-Watch Beetle

The church of St. Lawrence Jewry in London was reopened a short time ago after workmen had completed the task of restoring the woodwork that had been damaged by hordes of death-watch beetles.

These tiny borers are feared for their destructive habits and they have long been associated with superstitious beliefs.

In the quiet of the night, when the hammering of the insect is heard in the home of the European peasant, the sound brings uneasiness because of the primitive superstition that the nocturnal tattoo presages the death of some member of the family or of a neighbor.

The death-watch beetle and his numerous cousins belong to the group Ptinidae. They do not always choose for their food such structures as Sir Christopher Wren's church of St. Lawrence Jewry, for old books, furniture, house timbers, drugs, ship's stores, piles of old paper and tobacco are included in the pest's diet. One member of the family thrives on opium, another feeds on capsicum and a third has a pronounced weakness for dried tobacco.—New York Times Magazine.

Golden Words Uttered by Tongues of Unknown

There are hundreds of people whose names we do not know, though their words have passed into history.

There is the nameless, well-dressed woman who, meeting Wordsworth walking by Loch Kathrine one fine evening, observed, "What, you are stepping westward?" She gave the poet the idea for his poem, Stepping Westward.

There is the watchman who passed under Pepys' window crying, "Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty morning!"

There is the man who first invented the Breton fisherman's petition as he put out to sea, "Oh, God, do thou help and guard me; the sea is so wide and my boat is so small."

And who was the poor old dame who, when questioned by a kindly bishop, held up her dry crust and said, "I have all this, and faith"?

And there are, of course, all the unknowns whose words are sung and said around the world and will not pass away.

Disavowal of Liability

"He washed his hands of the entire affair" we read every now and then, the implication being, that the person of whom this is said simply refuses all responsibility for or interest in the particular matter under discussion.

Certainly, if any phrase sounded modern, this one does; and yet, surprising as it may seem, it is a direct allusion to Matthew 27:24.

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail no longer, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."—Kansas City Star.

Eye Seldom Motionless

According to a Russian scientist, the human eye moves involuntarily about a hundred times a minute.

Chester River Regatta Held Under Difficulties

A driving rainstorm out of the North East interferred very much with the third annual regatta of the Chester River Yacht Club last Friday and Saturday.

The Patsy, in charge of John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, gained a second leg for its owner on the gold cup championship free-for-all event Friday. Cold rains and a chilling north easter kept ten entries from appearing.

The only otner entry was the Toodles, John J., Jr.'s, boat.

The race committee met after the races to consider the question of disqualifying both the Raskob entries for failing to carry lifeboats. However, it was decided finally to award first place to the Patsy and second to the other Raskab entry.

The star boats, six in number, were on hand, and Harold Wharton Smith won the nine-mile race with his Urchin. Smith is captain of the ChesapeakeBay fleet of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association.

Hammond Gibson, of the Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club, was second with his Eel, while C. Henry Reeves, of the Gibson Island Club, who won the Bloody Point challenge cup race Sunday, was third with Sailfish.

A mishap caused withdrawal of two of the star class entries, owned by Mr. Raskob. The Carrie Buggs, sailed by his son, broke a rudder and when the latter's sister, Miss Betty Raskob, saw his plight she pulled alongside his boat with the Whistling Son, both dropped from the contest.

FIREWORKS DISPLAYED

A fireworks display provided by Mr. Raskob, whose wife, Mrs. Helena S. Raskob, and family donated the Bill Raskob memorial gold trophy for the free-for-all championship, was the chief feature on the entertainment program Friday night. A dance followed.

It is estimated there were six thousand people who viewed the display from every available site.

SATURDAY'S RACES

Northeast storm warning displayed along the coast did not hamper the racing earlier in the day, although full reefs and eased sheets were the rule, some of the canoes sailing under only two sails. One unexpectedly strong gust sent a Miles River Yacht Club entry into a capsize, the three who were sailing it finding themselves suddenly in the choppy water.

Luckily a shoal jutted out at this point and the boat's occupants—Cynthia C. Hawkins, of Claiborne, the owners; Grace Hawkins, her sister, and J. C. Saunders, of the Miles River Club—made frantic efforts to right their craft. Their efforts were unsuccessful, however, and a crew from the Coast Guard cutter Apache, commanded by Lieut.-Com. G. E. McCabe, of Baltimore, went to their aid. With the cooperation of the coast guardsmen the Pinta was righted bailed out and towed to the new wharf before the clubhouse.

The Island Blossom, sailing canoe, owned by Stanley Evans, of the Chester River Club, also suffered a mishap, whiping off her center board on an inconvenient shoal.

The accident forced the canoe from the race for her class and was a continuation of the series of untoward incidents which have marred the recent racing career of the Chestertown canoe.

Capt. Bob Wilson's St. Michaels entry Magic, captured the Chesapeak Bay Log Sailing Canoe race while Howard B. Strong's Chestertown entry Mayflower, was second, and W. J. Hawkins Island Bird, third.

Despite the cash prizes offered by John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, whose estate, Pioneer Point Farms is located on the Chester River several miles below here, the Deadrise, Power Workboat race for ragularly working fishing or oyster boats attracted only two entries, the Spray, owned by Merrickton Carter, of Rock Hall, which finished first, and the Marie, Harry Hudson.

Power Workboats, Log Canoe—Won by Esther E. Williams, H. Kendall, Rock Hall; second, Isabel, owned by Jennings Baxter; third, Pauline.

Deadrise, Power, Workboats Race —Won by Soray, Merrickton Carter, Rock Hall; second, Marie, Harry Hudson.

Free-for all, Unlimited Inboard Speedboats—Won by Clark Davis, Chestertown; second, Thistle Duit, James Corcoran; third, Toodles.

110-horse Power Stock Runabouts Won by Thistle Duit, James Corcoran; second, Toodles, E. F. Dobson, Annapolis, Md.; third, Lickety Split, Claude E. Truslow, Chestertown.

Ladies' Runabouts—Won by Thistle Duit, owned by John J. Raskob.

OFFICIALS OF CLUB

The officials of the club and of the principal committees follow:

Phillip G. Wilmer, President; Dr. J. S. W. Jones, secretary; Ernest Strong, treasurer; E. W. Emory, commodore.

Regatta Committee—Neal A. Truslow (chairman), E. W. Emory, T. W. Perkins, Dorsey Hines, Stephen R Collins, J. P. Corcoran.

Race Committee — T. W. Perkins, chairman; P. M. Brooks, H. Clay Brown.

Course and Patrol Committee — Dorsey Hines, chairman; Thomas Massey, Phillip G. Wilmer.

Judges—Commodore R. O. Swartwout, Maryland Yacht Club; Nicholas Hardcastle, Miles River Yacht Club; Tilghman H. Moyer, chief and starter.

The committee started the races from the deck of the Apache, which was anchored in the center of the course and which served as one end of the starting and finishing line.

The regatta marked the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent white settlement on Kent Island by Capt. William Claiborne.

SUMMARIES GIVEN

Summary:

Free-for-All Sailing Handicap Race to Anchorage—Won by Jay Dee, J. D. Williams, Easton, Md.; second, Bingot Trois, J. G. and C. L. Johnson; third, Magic, George H. Wilson. second, Mayflower, Howard Strong, Chestertown; third, Island Bird, H. J. Hawkins, St. Michaels.

Small Boat Championship Scows—Won by Hoodoo, W. B. Matthews, Jr.; second, Wee Scots, won by Shamrick, Nina B. Raskob; second, Mayflower, Marie, Louise Raskob; third, Red Devil, Benjamin A. Raskob.

Stars—Urchin, Eel, Sailfish.

Unlimited Marathon — Won by Nameless. W. Carey Vansant, Winfield, N. J.

New Orleans Conducts Business Over Coffee

Few affairs of importance have been discussed in New Orleans except over a cup of coffee, writes Ralph A. Graves in the National Geographic Magazine. Here, as in the Near East, business seems to function more easily to the accompaniment of sips of the bitter black French drip than in any other, and the most harassed executives will pause for ten minutes in mid-morning, leave their offices and go to the restaurant or the hotel for a cup of coffee—nothing more.

On the top floor of one of the most progressive banks in the state—and in countless other establishments, no doubt—there is a special kitchen and dining room to which the employees retire when the bank closes at three; after their cup of coffee they return to their desks.

In one big manufacturing plant every workman brings with him each morning a small coffee pot which he deposits under his pet steam-leaking valve, so that as the condensing hot water drips constantly, he provides himself with small quaffs of the beverage throughout the day.

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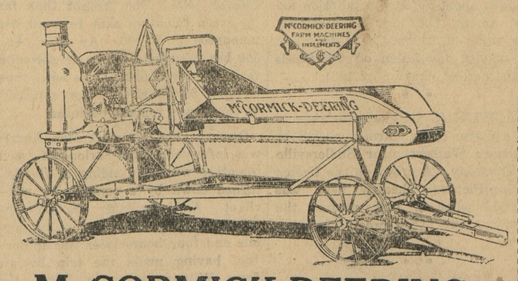

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