# The Enterprise
KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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## Making Friends In Business

There are men who go through life with th that they need no friends—that they are bett without anyone in whom to confide.

They are so engrossed with their business they take no time to cultivate acquaintances. do not seek friendships. They walk down street staring straight ahead or with their ey the ground, paying no attention to anyone w they may pass. They grasp at the slightest ex to be critical and abusive to their business as ates in mutual dealings. Whenever possible, ers shun them in favor of more congenial fe men.

They succeed in their business, not beca their personality, but in spite of it. They attract customers, but rather repel them. success is due to their close application to thei iness and the fact that they may have some that no one else has and there is no other pla get it.

But there comes a day in the lives of such when they realize their folly, when they aw to the fact that one of the joys of life is the fr ships that may be formed and strengthened as goes on.

When it dawns on this type of men that have made a mistake, they turn to those who s have been their friends, for friendships and that it is too late.

After they have passed the meridian and to slip backwards, when they should have friendships stored up, they discover there is place for them in friendship's circle.

The mistake of this kind of a life is so appa that there is no excuse for it. The man who t he does not want friends is all out of tune an deserves what he gets when he arrives at the p where his mistaken viewpoint in life is realized.

Making friends is easy with some men; with ers it is difficult, but he who wants friends ne only to be friendly.

Friendly men, like friendly communities, attr friendly men. No place is going to advance ve far unless its people have a spirit of friendline for without a sympathetic understanding of ea other's problems, co-operation and mutual hclpfu ness is impossible.

## Road Hog To Blame

If the causes of automobile accidents are car fully studied and analyzed, the natural concl sion will be to lay most of them at the feet of th road hog. Here will be found the origin of a grea er percentage of the many automobile accident that happen annually throughout the country.

There are many phases of road hogging. Ma ing turns without signalling, driving to the left the center of the highway, passing on curves hills, fighting for right-of-way at intersecti parking on highways, cutting in and out of mov lanes of traffic, pulling abruptly away from pa ing spaces without watching for oncoming tra stopping suddenly without warning—these and c er misdemeanors are the acts of the road h Their result is, each year, thousands of unnecess deaths, hundreds of thousands of injuries, and n lions of dollars in property damage.

The whole automobile accident problem rea revolves about selfishness and discourtesy on t road. For every intentionally reckless drive there are a dozen with an entire disregard for t rights of others. They apparently believe that t highways were built for them, and that it behoo every other motorist to keep out of their way. T fail in the first obligation of every driver—to le how to operate a car efficiently before venturing to the public roads and streets, and then to me every other motorist half-way in making tho streets and roads safe.

There are two ways to rid our thoroughfares road hogs—a vigilant, well-trained traffic patrol e forcing up-to-date laws and unremitting educatio al efforts directed at the driver. The automobi accident problem can be solved—but only dire action, on a national scale will do the work.

## No Element Of Chance

The merchant who uses newspaper advertising t tell his customers what he has that will be usef to them knows whether or not it pays.

The fact that the volume of newspaper adver ing is increasing, that the large newspaper adv tisers of today were the small advertisers of yest day, is evidence that it pays, and pays well.

It pays because it carries to the people of t merchant's trade area a message worth while— story of what he has purchased from the wholes markets to supply their everyday needs.

It pays to read advertisements in the same me ure that it pays the merchants to advertise. Adv tising removes the element of chance.

The buyer knows when a merchant advertises is ready to back up everything he says—otherwis he could not stay in business.

Patronize the merchant who advertises—you c depend on him.

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Putting education on a practical basis is the ject of a high school in a certain city, which announced a course for pupils in dodging auton biles.

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The accelerator is one disease that contribut to the high death rate, but is not recognized medical science.

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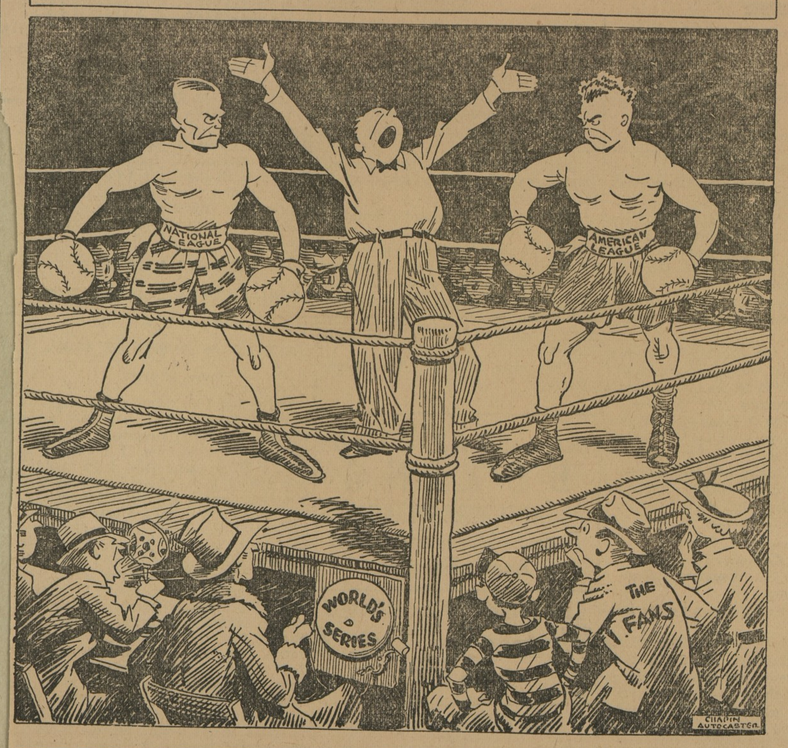
There is plenty of wisdom in the orld, but to much of it gets into the hands of the fellows wh never use it.

## THE LANCER
Harry S. Russell

"AND TH' NEXT NUMBAH" —— by A. B. Chapin




## The Book
By Bruce Barton

### MONUMENTS TO BOOK ALL ABOUT US

Professor Huxley did not stand alone in his opinion. James Anthony Froude, never accused of prejudice in favor of orthodoxy, said:

The Bible, thoroughly known, is a literature in itself—the rarest and richest in all departments of thought and imagination which exists.

Said Frederic Harrison, foremost exponent of the religion of Positivism:

The English Bible is the true school of English literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form. The book which begot English prose is still its supreme type.

Lord Macaulay wrote:

The English Bible—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone show the whole extent of its power and beauty.

And Charles Dickens, writing to his son:

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it when you were a little child—because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful can possibly be guided.

So we might discuss the Book in its influence on literature and on law; in its contribution to the spread of the English language; in its inspiration of philanthropies, for, as Lecky said in his History of European Morals, it has "covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the pagan world." Volumes have been written, and will be, on every phase of this subject, but we do not need them. The monuments to the Book are all about us; every department of modern civilized life bears the record of its influence.

Instead of rehearsing again these well-worn testimonies, let us close this series with a single dramatic story, a story so old that surely many readers will find it entirely new.

It starts with George III of England, in the year 1768. In that year the Royal Society of London appealed to the King to send a royal expedition to the South Seas to observe a transit of Venus across the disk of the sun, which event was to occur in 1769. A bark of three hundred and seventy tons was accordingly sent out, and the island chosen was for a time called King George's Island, but later it became and at present is known by its native name of Otaheite, or in its abbreviated form, Tahiti. It is there the modern writers go to get local color for their South Sea stories.

## 20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

### WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1915

Mr. Joel R. Clements, agent at the Chester river wharf at Chestertown, will resign about December 1, his resignation to take effect the first of the year.

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The first step toward the new concrete bridge across the Chester river was taken last week when piles were driven parallel to the present bridge to test the river bottom. It is reported that the bridge will not be repaired again, but will be replaced with a new bridge in a few years.

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Jack Enright, crack Washington College hurler, has signed a two-year contract with the Chicago White Sox, according to the Easton Ledger.

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Marriage licenses have been issued here recently as follows: W. M. Rodney and Myrtle E. Taylor, of Kent; William Brooks and Ella White, of Kent; Elijah Elmore and Beulah E. Elburn, of Kent; Ernest K. Brice and Blanche C. Davis, of Kent; Willard A. Willis and Mabel Hayes Money, of Kent; Jerome H. McCauley, of Kent, and Mary B. Gallagher, of Baltimore.

## Today and Tomorrow
By Frank P. Stockbridge

**DISTRIBUTION** ..... **weak spot**

I read in a California paper the other day that several tons of lemons had been dumped into the Pacific Ocean in order to keep the price of lemons up.

I have known of similar incidents on the Atlantic Coast—whole car-goes of bananas and carloads of other foods dumped into the bay.

It seems to me that the greatest weakness in our social-economic structure is our system of distribution. There is no such thing as over-production so long as anybody's wants remain unsatisfied. I would like to see statesmen and economists giving more thought to the problem of getting the things people want into the hands of those who want them, than to making artificial attempts to increase the profits of producers.

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**ENGLAND** ..... **not so slow**

I was greatly struck by a statement published recently by Harry Selfridge, the former Chicago merchant who moved to London and now operates the largest store in the world. Mr. Selfridge said that the improvement in the system of distribution of commodities in England has resulted in adding to the payrolls of British retailers more people than had been thrown out of employment by the industrial depression.

We are inclined to think that we are a good deal smarter in all business affairs than the English. While it is true that it took a Yankee merchant to show them the way, the quickness with which the British merchants seized upon the basic idea of low prices and quick turnover through stimulative advertising suggests that John Bull isn't as slow on the uptake as many of us in America have imagined.

Mr. Selfridge's theory that the time to advertise most is not when business is good but when it is bad seems to me an entirely sound one.

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**BACKYARDS** ..... **fertile**

I get very tired of hearing people say there are no more opportunities left for the adventurous and enterprising youth of America. There are more and bigger opportunities than our fathers and grandfathers ever had.

A young friend of mine, David Gross, has just written a book entitled "Gold in Our Backyard." I wish every ambitious boy and girl in America could read it. He points out literally hundreds of different fields in which opportunity awaits the enterprising and resourceful.

The prizes that we are hunting for are not always on the other side of the mountain range, but very close to home.

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**STORIES** ..... **from wheelchair**

I know a lady who has been a cripple from childhood, unable to move about except in a wheel chair. She has never traveled more than a few miles from her home in a small Southern town. Years ago I heard her bemoaning her inability to get around and see the world. If she could only do that, she thought, she could write stories.

A friend suggested to her that people were people and very much alike in their emotions and reactions. anywhere in the world. Why didn't she try writing stories about the people and scenes with which she was familiar?

M friend adopted the suggestion and began to write simple little fiction stories based upon incidents in the daily life of the people she knew. It took her a long time to master the technique of writing, but now, at sixty past, she is still earning $10,000 a year with her pen.

She found gold in her own backyard!

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**WAGES** ..... **then and now**

Among some old papers which one of my New England neighbors found recently in an old trunk in the barn loft were some interesting records showing the wages paid a hundred and eleven years ago to rural workers on the highways. Here are the figures:

For a man per day to the last day of July, 83 cents; from the last day of July to the last day of September, 67 cents; from the last day of September to the close of the year, 50 cents; for a team and four cattle and a cart to the last day of July, 74 cents; from the last day of July to the last day of September, 75 cents; from the last day of September to the close of the year, 56 cents; for a plough, 25 cents per day through the year.

Those rates per day were pretty close to the rates now paid per hour. Of course, they don't mean much unless they could be compared with the cost of commodities at the same time, but they are interesting as indicating how the scale of the ordinary man's earnings has gone up since 1824.

I know there is one person in Kent who will open today's issue of THE ENTERPRISE to see what, if anything, I am going to say about the letter he or she wrote and sent unsigned. As a rule I would not recognize an anonymous letter but this one brings out so much that is interesting that I am yielding to the temptation to make part of the weekly column out of it. It arrived by mail, postmarked "Chestertown" on Saturday and reads as follows:

"Don't be an —— (and then follows a three letter word beginning with a vowel and ending with a double consonant, meaning a long-eared animal with four feet—cross-word puzzlers and others will easily guess). "Don't be an ——, Nell. O. O. Mc., I gathered was not referring to surface "glam" such as you were calling our attention to. But to an inner "Glam" which makes us beautiful even tho' we are dressed in rags. Few of us have it."

This refers, of course, to my comments on O. O. McIntyre's statement that today's women are not glamorous the way they were in the nineties. I contended that if he had visited our style-show he would have changed his mind and all that brought forth this outburst from—whom? A woman, undoubtedly. My first thought was that the one woman who had the best claim to that word in our Flower-Style Show was being humble and wrote it. But I am told by those who know her well that it is wholly unlike her. Her husband might have done it since he pushes a typewriter and appears in print at frequent intervals—the letter was handwritten—the fact that he types had nothing to do with that.

But, anyway, I had only glanced over that magazine article of O. O.'s and that letter made me waste the whole of a quarter to buy a copy in order to see if I had jumped at conclusions and had not gathered any of the finer points. But the joke was on me. For either my correspondent had not read the article at all or she is too young to know what those he used as examples of glamour stood for in those days of the gay nineties and roaring forties—Eva Tanquay, Fritz Scheff, Valeska Surratt—and then my friend mentions "inner glamour." It is to laugh! The dictionary defines the word "glamour" as "delusive fascination," "enchantment." Delusive, mind you. Not real. Altogether surface. Were you not thinking of the word "charm," my nameless one? Charm! There is the elusive gift that some women, and even some men, have that comes from within. They say, indeed, by dressed in rags, but they retain that characteristic Few have that, too. And blessed are those who do have it.

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I showed that letter to a rather keen reader of people and the analysis revealed that the woman was something of a cat. That she was the enemy of every one of those who modelled at the style-show. That she was jealous. That she had not been invited to pose and show off any of the lovely frocks and so she is a sore-head and resented the praise given them in this column last week. But I don't agree. I believe she does not care much about the meaning of words but thinks she does and was perfectly sincere in the criticism and that her term in opening the epistle was like a friendly nudge. It sounds like one of my very oldest friends but since she is many hundreds of miles away I have settled on its being one of two women who are frequently in town but who do not live right in our fair city. One modelled, and modelled beautifully. She was the only one who had some of the professional about her modelling. She has, as I see it, more charm than glamour. The other is one I also admire a lot. But whoever wrote it, I thank you. It made column material. Words are always interesting. Glamour is one thing; charm, something else. The Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra certainly were glamour ladies. Jane Addams of Hull House had charm.

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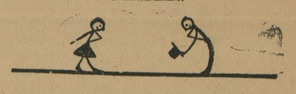
Have just received word that a little verse I wrote several years ago appears in a new anthology of verse. It was on the simple topic of "The Chunk Stove." If ever there was a "handsome is as handsome does" a chunk stove, or airtight, as they are sometimes called, is it. It has not one speck of glamour but it has a certain degree of charm that comes from within. We still use one in the between season time.



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Many people have found that going through life on high gear is a short journey.

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No matter how far the money goes, it never lasts until next pay day.

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It makes all the difference who you are. A rich man has a hobby, but a poor man is just a crank.

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Just about the time you think that you are going to make both ends meet, along comes somebody and moves the ends farther apart.

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Kissing may be dangerous, according to medical advice, but so far no one ever accused our race as being cowards.

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The reason we don't take better care of our feet is because they are so far away from our minds.

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Some fellows who slice ham in restaurants probably got their experience by slicing cigarette papers out of calling cards.

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It is so hard for some men to save money while they are single, that they don't think it worth while after they marry.

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