

# The Enterprise

KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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## Opposite Opinions

There are two sides to everything, even life, and they are often so far apart that it is impossible to reconcile them.

One man says: "Times are good and they will be better. The condition of the farmer is improving and crop prospects are splendid. The financial pages of the newspapers show business is better and I am going to help in my small way to make it better."

Another man says: "Times are awful. It's a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Everything is topsy-turvy and I don't know what the world is coming to."

Two opposite opinions on the same subject. One man is enjoying life. He recognizes the handicaps, but instead of complaining about them, is endeavoring to bring about some improvement. He belongs to the class that leads the way to better things.

The other, his vision obscured by the darkness cast by his own shadow, sees only darkness when the sun is really shining. Nothing satisfies him because he expects miracles when the age of miracles has passed. Nothing pleases him because he is not able to please himself. He is just here, can't help it, and wouldn't if he could.

Each of us is one or the other or in between and don't know which way to turn. Think well before you classify yourself.

## No Room For Cynic

Dioigenes, the Greek cynic and philosopher, was a successful advertiser. He lived in a barrel to advertise himself. At high noon he was in the habit of lighting his lantern and walking about the streets of Athens, "In search," as he put it, "of an honest man." In this way he advertised one of the pronounced failings of the classic Greeks. For among the ancients, the most successful merchant was the biggest skinfint and cheater. The cleverest buyer was the one who could haggle the longest.

There is no room for a cynic in modern advertising. Advertising now calls attention to the open-faced honesty of you can buy. You know what to expect and what to pay. You don't have to dicker, bargain and haggle to know that you are getting as good as you give.

That is why it pays to read advertisements and buy advertised goods. A product's advertising is the best guarantee of its faithful performance, its lasting usefulness or its definite quality.

If you value constant satisfaction—if you want to get your money's worth every time—read the advertisements that appear in this paper.

## Community Builders Needed

So many towns and cities are named after men. Why?

Because the men thus honored have done something for the good of the community, have left something behind so that their name will not be forgotten, have performed a public service that will benefit children yet unborn.

They did not live their lives in vain. They appreciated the fact that they were not put here on earth to live a selfish life, to hoard whatever wealth they chanced to accumulate, but that if fortune favored them, it was their duty to share it with others less fortunate.

It's a sad commentary on this community that we have so few men and women that take this attitude—who recognize their responsibility to the community when they are especially favored with this world's goods.

No town or city is going to develop very rapidly unless it has citizens of this class.

We need men and women who are willing to give for the benefit of everyone, who have enough pride in their home town that they will make some sacrifice for it in a substantial way.

## Few Mistakes In Printing Currency

Governments have always been so careful in printing and issuance of money that there have rarely ever been mistakes made in bank notes. As would be expected in dealing with human frailty, there are rare exceptions. There has been at least one outstanding exception in the United States. In 1890, a bill got into circulation that showed one hundred dollars on one side and fifty dollars on the other.

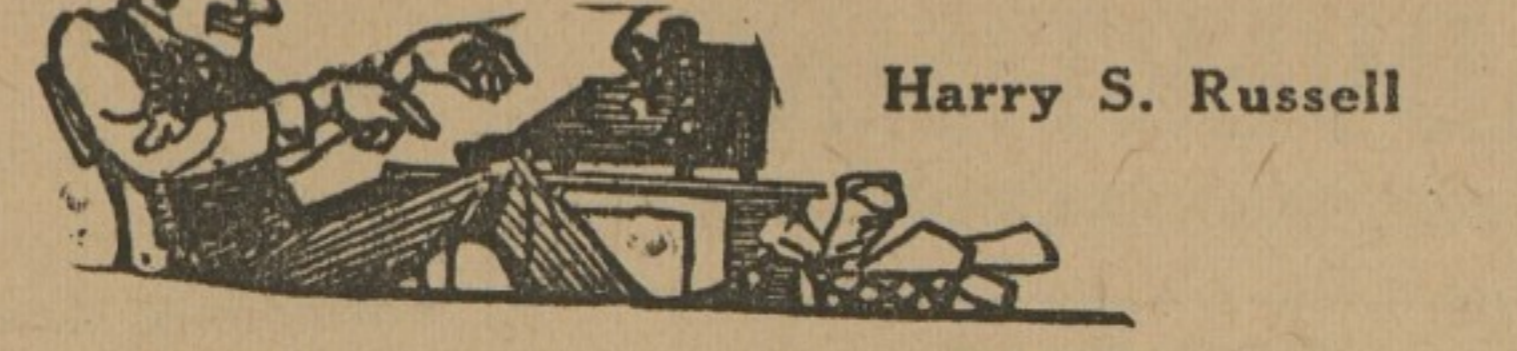
This was discovered by a hotel clerk. When he was making up the accounts for the day, he found a discrepancy he could not explain. Placing the bills in his left hand, he counted them one by one by turning them over and placing them in his right hand. Then he counted them back in the other direction. When done from right to left, his cash balanced. When done the other way, there was a fifty-dollar deficit.

The baffled clerk wasted two hours endeavoring to find his error. Finally, in desperation, he called the manager and demonstrated his trouble to him. The two decided to examine every bill individually. This was done and the faulty one found. It had been accepted as a one hundred dollar note.

The treasury department was written to and had a record of the bill. There had been two misprinted bills, due to their being reversed in the press. One had a fifty-dollar reverse and a one hundred-dollar obverse. The other had a fifty-dollar obverse and a one hundred-dollar reverse. The other one had been discovered before it was issued.

Children were once advised that they were to be seen and not heard. Today most parents don't even see them often enough to be heard.

# THE LANCER



Harry S. Russell

## ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

If this were to be autobiographical in nature it might well be headed, "How to Stretch a Four-Year College Course Over a Six-Year Period." But this is a "do as I say, not as I do" article and besides I have been warned against bragging of the fact that some of the best years of my life were spent as a freshman.

I used to think that doing a four-year course in six years was a real accomplishment but, as I look back on my extended college career, I realize, more and more, that I worked harder at my job than most of the fellows who went through in the allotted time. In fact some of the lads who nipped a year off the usual period didn't devote the time and thought to their efforts that I did to mine. It is one thing to pass a course with flying colors and another to flunk without dragging the banners in the dust. And you can take it from me it was pretty hard not to pass some of the courses.

For instance, I ran into one professor who prided himself on giving tests that no one could pass and the only way to flunk was to know the right answers. In other words he didn't expect you to be able to get by and gave you a passing grade anyhow. But if you really knew enough to pass the quiz it made him sore and he dropped your grade below the passing mark. You had to be good to rate a flunk with that guy.

In that course you flunked on your merits but in another I have in mind you had to be lucky. This professor drew a circle on the floor with a piece of blackboard chalk. He tossed the exam papers in the air. All that fell in the circle passed; those that dropped outside flunked. He drew his circle pretty big and lots of times it required a favorable puff from an open window to get your paper over the border.

Often I have thought of writing a pamphlet, "Facts For Freshmen" but each time I have argued myself down. A college career is filled with facts. You'll be told hundreds of times that such-and-such is so and you'll do well to believe it. Dr. Mead, Howell, Jones, Livingood et al. wouldn't fool you. But the things I would include in my pamphlet would be things most of them wouldn't tell you, though probably most of them could. And since these are the few things you'll have an opportunity to find out for yourself it would appear rather mean to deprive you of that privilege.

Although it will be some fifteen years hence before my boy is ready for his college course I have already decided that, provided he is big enough, I would rather have him play in the line than in the backfield. But I can't decide whether or not to tip him off to a few things he must find out before his college career is completed. I'll probably still be debating the question in September 1950.

I could tell him then, and tell you now, that there'll come a day when he'll count "eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king," forgetting that eleven, twelve and thirteen were ever part of our numerical system. And I could tell him that the old adage "Many are called but few are boosted" will be just as true then as now and as it was ten years ago.

Sooner or later each normal boy will be sitting close to some lass of his choice on the back steps of William Smith Hall. Then it is he'll learn that when a girl says "no" she means "maybe" and when she says "maybe" she means "yes," but when she says "yes" she might mean anything. But I am inclined to think that it is much nicer to find such things out for yourself. I know I enjoyed it though it frequently was a painful process.

As a matter of fact I think that if I expect this column to be read by any college freshmen at all I had better drop the word "advice" out of the heading. Advice is something no youngster can accept gracefully. It just isn't the nature of the beast. And, though I would be stretching the truth a mite to put myself in the youngster class, I am still inclined to believe that in this particular case youth has the best of the argument. Most of the advice handed out by older people to the youngsters is in the nature of warnings against things the older ones either failed to experience or made a mess of because of their own shortcomings.

Nor can I think of any group actually in need of less advice than a class of college freshmen. For four years they'll listen to advice, dished up, perhaps, under some other heading but advice nevertheless. If, in the end, they aren't victims of an over-dosage it is just because God in His wisdom has made us all a little leery of advice in general.

But if I were tossed in before a class of college freshmen and told to advise them in the fewest words possible the best attitude with which to face a college career I'd say "TAKE IT EASY."

The time worn adage "You can catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar" could well be pasted above every freshman's bed. In each college career there'll be hundreds of times when the natural impulse is to let fly. But school will keep, just the same, this year and next and next and the absence of one or two who couldn't restrain the impulse to let fly won't be noticed.

That's the advice I'd give a group of freshmen and I am convinced that they wouldn't do wrong to follow it. But if they did I'd be disappointed.

## Are We Downhearted?

by A. B. Chapin



## The Book

By Bruce Barton

### HUXLEY—HE DID NOT KNOW!

Altogether the languages and dialects in which the Bible, either in whole or in substantial part, is in the hands of the people number about five hundred, with a billion possible readers. How difficult this rendering of the Scriptures into strange tongues has been may be illustrated by some of the odd printings in our language. We have the "breeches" Bible in which the aprons of Adam and Eve are thus translated; the "treacle" Bible in which "Is there no balm in Gilead?" is translated "Is there no treacle, (or molasses) in Gilead?"; the "bug" Bible, with an infelicitous rendering of "creeping things," and the "wicked" Bible, with the important word "not" omitted from the seventh commandment. If, with the finest scholarship and the utmost care, such infelicities have occurred in our own tongue, imagine the obstacles to a clear understanding of the gospel message in heathen tribes.

The man who invented the term "agnostic" was Thomas H. Huxley, the scientist. He did not deny, he merely did not profess to know. As in the early Christian centuries there were certain sects that professed knowledge and called themselves "Gnostics," he, admitting ignorance, called himself an "Agnostic." He was a member of the London school board, and the question was raised concerning the use of the Bible in the schools. It was generally supposed that he would oppose it. In the Contemporary Review for December, 1871, he said: "I have always been strongly in favor of secular education, in the sense of education without theology, but I must confess I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters without the use of the Bible."

Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors, as a sensible lay teacher would do if left to himself, all that is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with, and there still remains in this old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact, that for three centuries, this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of a merely literary form.

By the study of what other book could children be so much humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all times, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

## 20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1915

The Organization forces of the Democratic Party made a clean sweep in Kent Kent county Tuesday, winning every man on the ticket by a safe margin. The Republican primary, held the same day, resulted as everyone expected with Weller gaining the nomination for Governor and John C. Davis, W. J. Vannort and George White being elected delegates to the state convention.

Complying with the law, a guard railing has been placed at the foot of the main railing on the Chester river bridge. The object of this is to keep autos and teams from getting too close to the railing of the bridge.

The Eastern Shore tennis tournament was in progress this week at Easton. Colin Stam and Edward Cain were representing Chestertown in the matches.

## Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge

### UPLIFTERS ..... enjoyment

All my life I have been listening to folk who were eager to do something to help the less fortunate. These uplifters are usually more interested in those who live a long way off.

They get spasms of pity for the down-trodden Armenians, the famine-stricken Hindoos and the plague-ridden Chinese, more often than they are moved to help those who live in the same town.

One reason is that those far-away folk can't slam the door in their faces, while their neighbors don't like to be patronized. Most folk resent having somebody else decide what is best for them, while most uplifters get their chief enjoyment out of ordering other people's lives.

### STANDARDS ..... vary

I am just as much interested in elevating everybody's standards of living as anyone else can be, but I have no desire to impose standards of any kind upon anybody who doesn't want to be interfered with.

There seems to be a general assumption that anybody who hasn't one or two bathrooms and an electric refrigerator, a car or two, a radio and an oil-burning central heating system, is down-trodden, or at least underprivileged. It never occurs to most uplifters that perhaps some of the folks who haven't got those things don't want them.

I am all for the stimulation of human wants, by advertising and every other means. I think it would be fine if everybody wanted all the modern improvements and doo-dads badly enough to get out and hustle for them. But I can't see the point of making a fuss over the ones who don't care whether they have them or not.

### CONTENTMENT ..... within

Within two or three miles of my farm I could show you a dozen or more homes of highly-regarded, self-respecting families who have no bathtubs, no running water in the house, no electric lights—no "modern improvements" of any kind. A few have radios—battery sets—and some have "one-pipe" wood-burning furnaces, though most depend on stoves, chiefly the kitchen range.

Many of these old houses have never even been painted, but out of them have come generations of good citizens and good neighbors, many of them university graduates. These folk would be indignant if anyone told them they were either down-trodden or underprivileged. They know better. They know that happiness does not depend upon material possessions and that contentment comes from within, not from without.

### AMBITION ..... second son

Not every boy, even in this modern age, looks for an easy job with short hours and long vacations. I met Sam Baldasarri on our village street yesterday and he told me about his second son.

John, his oldest boy, wants to go to college and become a lawyer, and with aid of a bit of luck, slightly stimulated, he's got off to a good start in New York. But his brother Francis has only one ambition. He wants to be a farmer, rising at dawn to milk six cows, and doing all the rest of the hard work that a farm boy has to do from sun-up to sunset and after.

"Frankie wants to quit high school and stay on the farm," his father told me. "I don't mind his being a farmer, but I think he ought to finish school. He's too young to understand the value of education."

"Had you thought of taking him over to the State Agricultural College and getting some of the teachers there to talk to him?" I suggested.

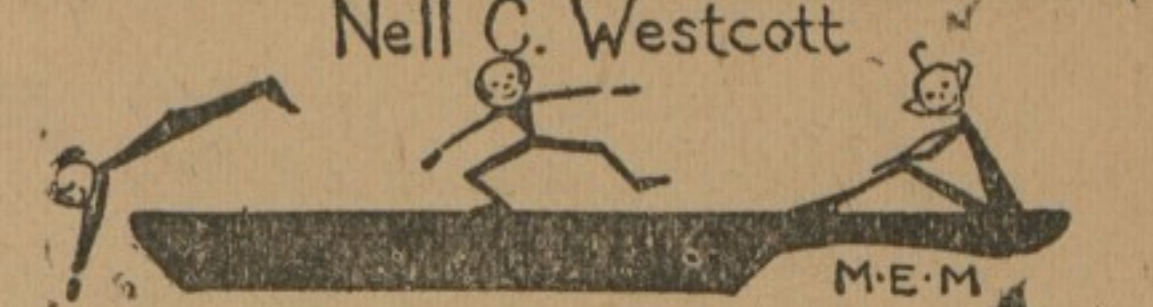
"That's a good idea," said Sam. "I'll do that." "I'm going to keep an eye on Frank Baldasarri. That boy will get somewhere."

### YOUTH ..... changes world

As I grow older, I get more and more satisfaction out of watching the young folks grow up. By and large, city and country, they are so much like myself and my youthful friends, at their age.

Youth has always been impatient, reckless, sure that it knows more than its elders, bent on having its own way. Youth always will be like that. I can't join in the outcry that the young folks of today are worse than we were; neither do I think they average up much better. I do agree, though, that youth is changing the world. That, also, is what

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



I wanted to give you a letter that appeared in a recent issue of the ROTARIAN, written by a most sensible and practical mother but it has gotten mislaid. The letter is a challenge and a stimulus to all job hunters and to all those who are too discouraged to hunt any longer. It is one of the finest things I have ever read because right in our midst there is work shrieking to be done. Our farmers are very short of help. The National Re-employment Office refers workers to farm jobs and they will not go, in many cases. They want work of their own choosing. Of course, that is the happiest work, but until the spirit that is shown in the letter mentioned comes to the front can any Government bring back prosperity? The mother who wrote the letter had a son who was graduated from college as a civil engineer. There was no opening anywhere for him except a pick and shovel job. He took that job and made good. His boss knew he was a man with a degree. Within a few months he was made boss of a gang. The bridge that he began to work on with a pick and shovel is, as his mother says, his own bridge. He worked on every phase of it and is a better man, a better engineer for having the gumption to take the lowest job and work up. He did not wait to start at the professional end. I wish I could have her tell it to you in her own words. She says too many expert jobs to come to them on silver platters just because they have gone through college. That good show of backbone is necessary everywhere. Of course, a young man would have to be husky to do it but most of them are husky and take active part in college athletics. A pick and shovel exercises other muscles and it is not as interesting as the field of sports. Tomato fields right now are calling for workers. Corn cutting can be done by contract. It means some money for those who will go after it.

In the "brown section" of Sunday's SUN was pictured another Maryland woman, who holds a record: Mrs. Fannie M. Salter, the only woman lighthouse keeper in the United States. Her post is at Turkey Point in Cecil County and her duties are to keep the light burning. And a bell tolling when the weather demands that extra amount of protection for the sea-farers. Turkey Point is famous in history as being the place where the British landed and began their march northward. Last week the same section of the SUN showed a picture of the post mistress at Oxford, Maryland, who is the oldest woman in years of service in the United States. She has passed her golden jubilee as post mistress in that charming Eastern Shore town which once was of great importance as a seaport of the State.

O. O. McIntyre wrote an article that is appearing in some current magazine in which he bemoans the fact that there are no more glamorous women—that the present day woman can't compare with her sisters of past years when it comes to that brilliant quality. He says they just don't "glam." What a pity that O. O. Mc was not present at the Style Show the other night at the Armory. He would have had to eat his words even if he does get a big price for every blessed one of them. The models "glammed and glammed" right through up to the gorgeous climax of the graceful, gracious, glamorous blond in the transparent black evening gown. And only last Spring I saw another especially glamorous person in a white satin evening frock who literally had all the men at the party at her feet. She sat regally in a throne-like chair with a large hassock before her and the men guests simply waited their turn to pay court to her. Somebody ought to fit O. O. with a new pair of specs and he should pay a visit to Maryland. Long before I knew Baltimore the fame of the beauty of Baltimore women was a tradition around New York but Baltimore has no monopoly on Maryland women of beauty for the good old Eastern Shore has its own share and then some.

The Flower Show this year was a fine thing in spite of the fact that the storms had been cruel to gardens shortly before the event took place. The flowers made a brave showing, nevertheless, and the well rounded program made the whole affair most enjoyable. The art exhibit uncovered talent we never knew we had in our midst—two young Chestertown girls posed for each other and the results were remarkable especially when neither has had but a very few lessons. I believe most of the people who admired the two portraits thought they were simply copies but they were not and more power to the brushes of our gifted artists. And then there was that bit of Court Street that we have all seen thousands of times and if most of you have been like myself you saw little beauty in it until you saw that darling water color at the exhibit. It was a typical bit of Southern small town business section—or rather professional section—for it showed the offices of the State's Attorney and his neighbor lawyer, the old tree cast kindly shadows, the rounding curb of the sidewalk opposite, with a tip end of the Kent News Building made a marvelous composition. Since then I have looked out of my office window and caught the beauty of the old red brick of the Kent News Building shaded by the trees and set off by the green of the shutters. No doubt all around us are just such lovely scenes but our vision becomes dulled when we see these things daily and we forget to appreciate them. We can be grateful to the Flower Show for bringing out all these things and sharpening our sense of the beautiful.

I am trying to stop this column but how can I when there is yet the clever Marionette Show to talk about and the clay modelling done by the Kellogg-Smith School.



Youth has always done. We did it ourselves. "The only service the young can render to the old is to shock them and bring them up to date," wrote Bernard Shaw. If we of advancing years refuse to be brought up to date it is just too bad. The procession of up-and-coming youth will pass on and leave us behind.