

The Enterprise KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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Back To School

The children of this community, along with countless others the country over, are ready to answer the figurative ding-dong of the school bell which marks another year of study and training getting under way.

According to tradition, each child plods along unwillingly to tackle the problems of spelling, grammar, geography and all the rest of the studies, together with the more complicated subjects of the high school. But most pupils, as a matter of fact, enjoy going to school today. The long vacation play was fun but there are also many pleasures and attractions in school life. Study is varied and made as interesting as possible from the human interest point of view. It is interspersed with other activities that are enlightening as well as recreational.

The friendships that are born and fostered through school life form one of the greatest drawing cards to the student of any age in fostering the desire to go back to school. From first grade childhood to the mature friendships of high school age, the chums of school days are dear to every boy and girl. They are often life-long affairs, and if not, because of separation, the memory is always a bright one.

This Rule No Longer Applies

There is an old Latin adage which says "Caveat Emptor." Translated, it means, "Let the buyer beware."

It put the burden of seeing that one got his or her money's worth on the purchaser. It warned the buyer to enter a store with his eyes wide open, to keep his fingers crossed and then trust to Providence that he did not lose his eye teeth in the bargain.

Advertising has put "Caveat Emptor" out of business. Today merchants and manufacturers can't afford to risk the disappointment and disapproval of a dissatisfied customer. It is too easy for a customer to pick up a newspaper and find plenty of other places where real dollar value is given and where they practice the modern slogan, "We strive to serve."

The good will of the buying public is the goal of the modern seller. Without it, his business can not succeed.

Every time he advertises he puts his good name in the buyer's hands. His products have to make good or he is a failure. They must be as they are advertised.

Taking Stock Of America

One of the favorite theme-songs today of demagogues and publicity-minded politicians is that the American system has failed. But C. L. Bardo, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, took stock of what this system has produced through private initiative and a free flow of investment capital, and here is what he found:

That with 7 per cent of the world's population, this country has 32 per cent of the railroads, 58 per cent of the telephones and telegraph facilities, 36 per cent of its developed water power, 76 per cent of the automobiles, 33 per cent of the radio broadcasting stations and 44 per cent of the radio receiving sets.

In the United States are produced 60 per cent of the world's oil; 48 per cent of the copper; 43 per cent of the pig iron; 47 per cent of the steel; 58 per cent of the corn; and, prior to the coming of the AAA, 56 per cent of the cotton.

Our standard of living is so much higher than in foreign countries that we consume 1/2 of the world's coffee; 1/2 of its rubber; 1/2 of its sugar; 3/4 of its silk; one-third of its coal and two-thirds of its petroleum.

In 1933, a depression year, there was spent in the United States more than three billion dollars for education, and that was more than the amount expended for education by all of the other countries in the world. The United States is the only country in the world to put one out of every five children through high school, and one out of every 116 through college.

This country has more than 7 billion dollars invested in public and private schools and nearly 4 billion dollars invested in colleges and universities. It has nearly 4 billion dollars invested in churches.

Most workers in America are capitalists already. In 1930, 14 million families owned their own homes. More than half of all the farmers owned their own farms. In 1934, including postal savings, there were more than 38 million savings accounts in banks throughout the country with aggregate deposits exceeding 2 billion dollars. In the year 1933 there were more than 9 million members of building and loan associations, with assets approaching 7 billion dollars.

At the beginning of 1934 there were over thirty-one and one-half million ordinary life insurance policies in force for a face value of over 70 billion dollars, and there were in addition over eighty-eight and one-quarter million industrial policies calling for payment of almost eighteen and one-half billion dollars.

Such is the picture of our social order. Such is the triumph of America's philosophy of government—a government of the people, by the people and for the people. This new principle in public affairs provided an incentive for American enterprise and initiative, released forces unknown in human history and provided a standard of living which the rest of the world in its wildest dreams had never even pictured. That standard of living is a fact. Although it's a miracle, it certainly isn't a myth.

How true it is that the finest scenery is most usually along the worst roads.



NO LABOR ON LABOR DAY

You never can tell when you might strike oil right in your own backyard and neither can you tell when some innocent and harmless item in a column such as this might be turned into real pay dirt. Take the reference I made some weeks ago about my activities on the swinging bar being prior to the popularity of the song "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." With men it was just the case of what seemed to be a well-turned phrase. I never gave the authenticity of the thing a second thought.

And that slip gave Frying Pan Nellie, our neighbor over yonder, a paragraph and that paragraph drew an answer from Dr. Gilbert W. Mead, president of Washington College, which, with a little stretching, can be made to fill this whole column.

It seems that Dr. Mead has long been interested in old-time popular songs and the mysteries that surround the origin of many of them. He puts Nell back in her place properly. But let Dr. Mead take the stand:

"Dear Harry," he writes, "If you're interested in carrying on the debate with our Frying Pan friend, you might suggest to her that putting the original of the 'Flying Trapeze' in the same generation with 'After the Ball' is as serious a violation of the niceties of chronology as she would charge to you in comparing the days of your youthful circus activities with the early popularity of the mournful ditty. Surely she does not mean to imply that she remembers its origin, or that the era of the 'mouth full of cheese' parody was in the same half-century as the beginnings of the real song.

"When you get into the realm of old popular songs, you're bowling down an alley of one of my old hobbies. So here's a bit of history about the two songs she mentions.

"'After the Ball' was written and first performed in 1892. There's a lot about it in the autobiography of the composer, Charles K. Harris. It had more parodies than the trapeze gentlemen ever dreamed of. Its whole history is known—original draft of MSS, corrections, first performance, etc. It was the most popular song of the 1890's.

"But, O the mystery concerning the origins of the aerial gentleman! Nobody knows the author. Nobody knows the story of its beginnings. But you and the lady of the frying pan are clear out of the running in trying to remember its first popularity for it dates back at least 75 years, and possibly further.

"There was a time, in the history of the circus, when tents were small, and the modern 'gigantic' theme was not played upon. It was before, or about, the days of Barnum's Jumbo—and that puts it back a long, long time.

"In the small tents of the 1840's and 1850's, there were few of the pantomimic clowns of today—they were instead 'singing clowns'—a circus feature which disappeared before the middle of the century. And the great popular song of the 'singing clown' was 'The Man on the Flying Trapeze!'

"So, maybe boys in the Blue and those in the Gray warbled it in their off moments from trying to exterminate each other in the unpleasantness of 1861-65. But let the wielder of the Frying Pan be informed that whatever recrudescence it may have had in the days of her brown-stone-front youth in Brooklyn, it was but a memory of a generation older than hers.

"Moreover, she surely cannot be serious in suggesting that its latest revival was at the hands of the soft-voiced Rudy Vallee. How utterly foreign it is to his gentle crooning! Can you, or she, imagine 'crooning' the opening bars of the chorus? I can't."

Aside from being thankful that I made the slip, for after all it isn't every day that you can pick up something as interesting as Dr. Mead's letter to stick in a space such as this, it occurs to me that despite the wide-spread popularity of the "Flying Trapeze" song recently there are very few people who actually know the words, or any one set of them.

I have heard the song attempted many times when good fellows, and girls, get together for a little close harmony and aside from the prolonged and shouted "Oh-h-h-h-h" there are very few words actually uttered. Most of it is humming, with, of course, an occasional mention of the "daring young man."

And speaking of the songs of the '90's I have often wished that I might have lived in that era if for nothing more than to enjoy some of the so-called "close" or "barber shop" harmony that was prevalent in that day.

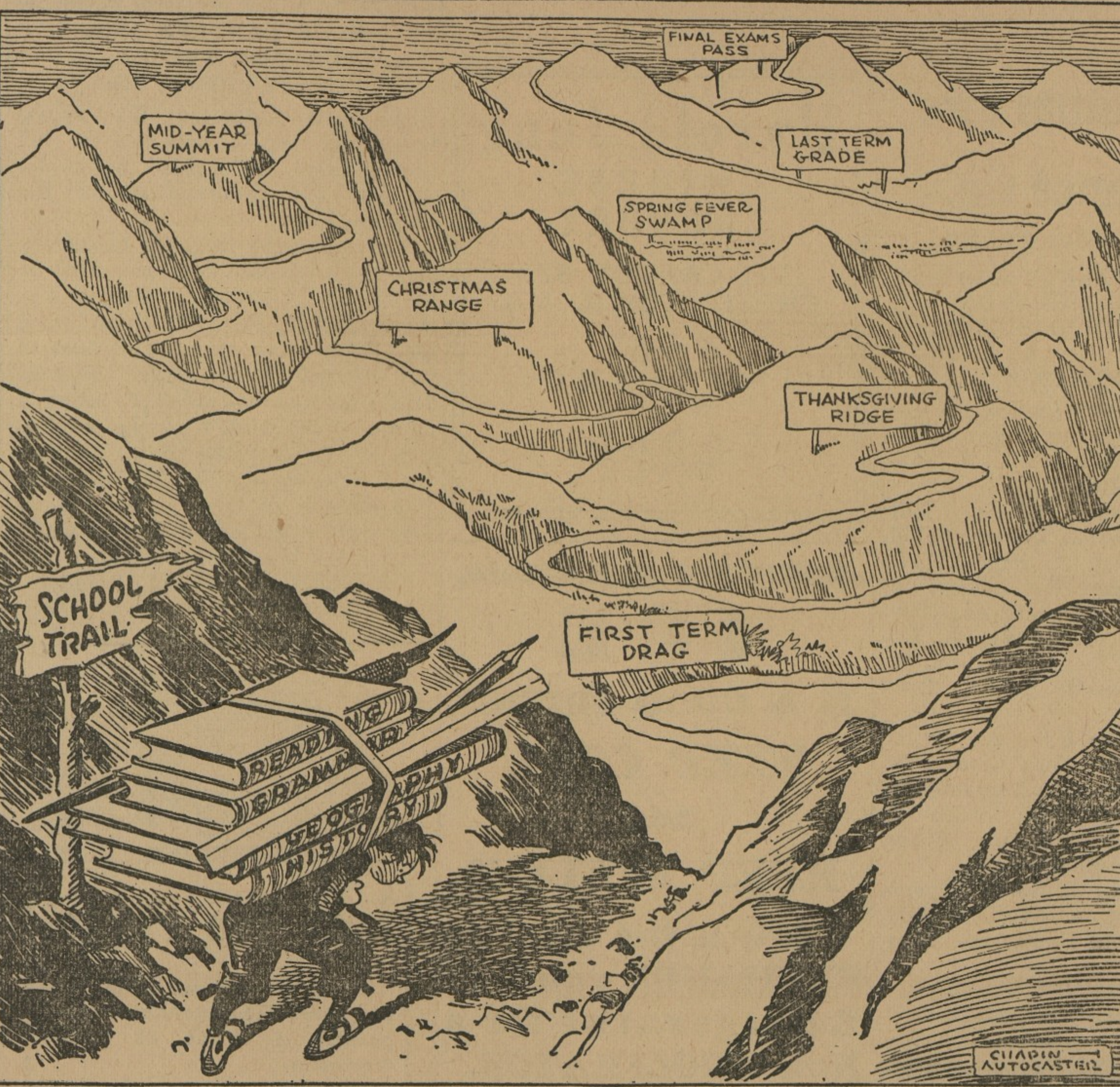
If the motion pictures we see of that era depict conditions correctly it was a "gay" old time. Most of all the many interesting things that held sway at that time I would like to see the singing waiters revived. I have a weakness for that kind of quartet music where the singers sway toward the center of the group, cock their heads to one side, look upward and let go with mouths opened to the limit. The pipe organ effect that frequently results is the sweetest music in the world to me.

You high brows can have your opera and even your Grace Moore in the movies. But give me the old-fashioned curbstone quartet. And, if possible, number me among the four.

I do think, however, if the "singing waiters" are revived the walrus mustaches should also be brought back, particularly for at least two of the singers. There is something about notes that slide off the drooping ends of such lip adornments that strike a mellow spot in me.

But enough of that. With a courtly curtsy and a "thank you mam" to Nell for bringing it up and a bow and a "much obliged" to Dr. Mead for the correct answer I believe this column will be long enough to go to the composing room. Anyhow, here goes.

The Long, Long Trail by A. B. Chapin



The Book

By Bruce Barton

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BOOK

The longest telegraphic message that ever had gone over the wires up to that time was sent from New York to Chicago, May 20, 1881. Its one hundred and eighty thousand words were addressed to The Chicago Times. The Tribune had a message almost as long. The following morning both papers printed the four Gospels complete, with the book of Acts, while The Times had Romans also. The next day they printed the rest of the New Testament from copies sent by mail, proclaiming that they had performed the greatest journalistic achievement of all time. They were right.

The typesetting machine was not yet in use. The Tribune employed ninety-two compositors and five correctors, and completed the work of taking, transcribing, correcting and setting up the text in twelve hours.

On the same day this Revised Version of the New Testament was put on sale simultaneously in New York and London. In New York thirty-three thousand copies were sold locally and at retail in twenty-four hours. Two million copies were sold in Oxford and Cambridge before the edition was off the press. In the United States, from May twentieth until the end of the year 1881, thirty huge editions, mounting into millions of copies, were sold. Nothing comparable has ever occurred in publishing history.

The New Testament has four short biographies of Jesus, each containing some material which is not in any of the others. It has often been asked, "Since we have four, why not more?" Several of the apostles are supposed to have journeyed far and to have made converts in distant places.

There is nothing inherently improbable in the thought that one or more of them might have written for his own converts in a distant region a little sketch of Jesus as he remembered Him, and that this sketch, however inferior as a whole to any one of our four gospels, might contain a few authentic incidents, one or two parables, or a report of some discourse with Jesus hitherto unknown. It has been conjectured that such books were in actual existence.

Such conjectures are probably without foundation. But suppose that such a book, a gospel by Thomas or Andrew, were to be found in a far corner of Asia or Africa, and that some scholar of a reputation as well established as that of Tischendorf, the discoverer of the Sinaitic manuscript, were to see it and pronounce it genuine. Suppose the authorities of the library or convent where it was found should say that scholars were free to examine and photograph and translate it, but that it must not be removed. What would happen?

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1915

A Chestertown store is selling a drink that tastes so much like beer you can't tell the difference—and you can get it light or dark, too!

A collision between the Adams Express wagon and Mr. W. T. Nicholson's big auto on High Street Wednesday night caused some excitement up town but no damage was done beside a slight injury to the auto.

Albert C. Ritchie, Esq., candidate for attorney-general on the organization ticket in the Democratic primaries, was a guest of Senator W. W. Beck on Friday.

The construction of cement streets is adding greatly to the appearance of the town of Betterton and affording new convenience for the residents there.

This is Chautauqua Week in Chestertown. The superintendent is Mr. Charles M. Newcomb, who is delivering a series of afternoon lectures.

Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge

MONEY mottoes

Uncle Sam is going to issue a new kind of paper money, based on silver.

The new silver certificates will have both the front and the back of the Great Seal of the United States depicted on them. Not many persons have ever seen that emblem, devised in 1776 by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. Soon it will be in everybody's pocket, and many will wonder what the Latin inscriptions on the reverse mean.

Most folks know that "E Pluribus Unum" means "out of many, one," one nation formed of many nations. But "Annuit Coeptis" is a sticker. It means "He (God) favored our undertakings," and "Novus Ordo Seclorum" means "A New Order of the Ages."

Good Mottoes in 1776; just as appropriate to the America of 1935.

GREED an example

A neighbor, an elderly lady, was three years behind in her taxes. There was a bank mortgage of \$3,000 on her little home. The back taxes came to nearly \$500. She asked the bank to lend enough money to pay them and save her from the disgrace of being advertised as in arrears.

The bank refused, but one of the directors offered to buy her property for \$3,500. She had signed a contract to sell, when a friend advised her to see the Home Owners Loan Corporation county representative. The HOLC appraised her house at \$6,800, compelled the would-be buyer, by threat of exposure, to cancel his contract, and lent the widow enough to take up the bank mortgage, pay the back taxes and something over. And the other day she sold it for \$6,500.

The story got around. Now everybody in the county has "got the number" of the chiseling bank director.

WATER and a vote

Our town is going to vote on taking over the village water works from the private company that now owns the reservoir and mains. The Federal Government will make us a present of 45 per cent of the cost, if we will raise 55 percent by taxes.

Farmers, with their own wells, don't want to share the liability for the benefit of village folks. They think water-users won't pay their water bills any quicker to the town than they pay George Callahan.

I have my own water supply, a mountain spring and an 8,000-gallon storage reservoir, piped to the house and barn. If the proposed plan goes through, I'll be liable on the town's water bonds, like all other taxpayers.

Looks like we might be fighting out the public utilities question, on a small scale, next Town Meeting.

BIRDS on the move

I am impressed every Fall by the aptness of the expression "Free as a bird." I know of no other living thing that enjoys the liberty the birds have.

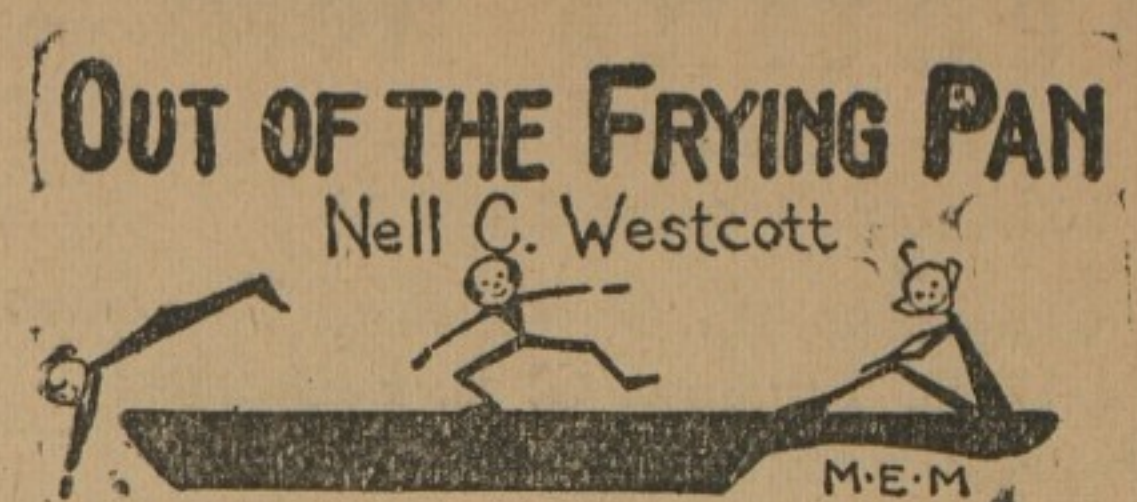
Just now the crows are "packing up" for their southward migration, taking their new families with them. The humming-birds, loveliest of all our feathered friends, have already started for their Winter home in Mexico. The wrens that have nested in a hole over our kitchen door for ten years, set off last week with their second brood of the season. The orioles and the blue-jays have gone South, the bobolinks have started for South Carolina, where they become "rice birds."

Who does not envy the birds their freedom and their ability to travel as they please?

CONTINENTAL 1782

Everybody has heard worthless things denounced as "not worth a Continental." Just what that means was brought home the other day when a neighbor of mine, repairing an old house that dates from Revolutionary days, found some old letters in a crack in the attic floor.

One of the letters said that oats were bringing \$36 a bushel in Continental currency, in Boston. That was in 1782, when our first great period of inflation was at its height. The Continental Congress was printing money, which had nothing back of it but a very doubtful promise. Horses sold for above \$2,500, cows as high as



Business has recently brought a newcomer to Chestertown and every time I have seen him he has been raving about the fact that Washington Avenue does not have proper sidewalks. It is one of the things he can not reconcile himself to—that so prominent a residential avenue in a town of this size does not provide what most towns consider a necessity. He also dared me to put his comments in this column. While it is always easier to write things that are said in praise of the county and the community here is his criticism, I hope he sees it, and that in years to come both sides of that attractive thoroughfare will be sidewalked to his taste. If he were buying property that section would have no charm for him. Perhaps it is something for the city fathers and residents along that bit of city property to think about.

Passed the old and venerable West Nottingham Academy today and was interested in reading over the gateway that Dr. Benjamin Rush was one of its founders in 1741. It was his portrait by Charles Wilson Peale in the Peale collection at Independence Hall that amused us considerably early in the summer for the dear old soul was posed with his spectacles pushed up on top of his white and somewhat balding head. He had a decided twinkle in his eye and looked like the most human of all the celebrities whose pictures hung in the famous banquet hall. The good Doctor was also a founder of Dickinson College.

With so much construction going on at "Blakelord" and an early summer wedding at "My Lord's Gift" which has brought both of those Queen Anne estates into local prominence through county newspapers it was rather intriguing to read, the other day, of the origin of the grant of which those two places are a part. According to the account the first Coursey in this new country was about to be awarded a grant of land for valuable services when the generous Lord Baltimore placed before Coursey a map of the countryside and told him he could have as much land as he could cover with his thumb. He undoubtedly pressed down on the paper as vigorously as possible so that his aristocratic thumb could cover a good amount of acreage which was always known, thereafter, as "The Thumb Grant."

When travel by air took Wiley Post and Will Rogers the shock was very great to the country and among those who prefer to keep their feet on the ground the thought was that such tragedies must be expected if people continue to use planes as a mode of travel. Within the past week two valuable lives (and undoubtedly many others, valuable but not so famous) have been lost through automobile accidents: Mrs. Harold Ickes and Queen Astrid of Belgium. Newspapers, magazines, city governments and organizations are doing all they can to promote a campaign for safer driving. Statistics were given the other day stating that two out of every three serious accidents in cars occur on the open road—not in crowded traffic. Speed is probably the main contributing factor to the terrific loss of life and injuries that easily may be worse than death and what do the speeders do with the extra minutes saved at so great a risk?

Attended my first hot-dog roast and beach party in all of ten years the other evening. The feasters had a real menu: hot dogs and rolls with mustard, of course, potatoes baked in a sand oven beneath the bonfire, pickles, marshmallows and watermelon. Potatoes baked under a bonfire have a flavor that no gas oven can give.

Somewhere on the way to or below Georgetown in Delaware the State of Delaware has made a small forest reservation and has built stone fire-places for picnickers, with fine piles of seasoned wood nearby for their convenience. That is the first of its kind I have seen on the Peninsula although other states, north of us, have provided those means for a picnic de luxe for some years.

The Fithian diary or journal written in 1774 described the Chestertown Court house as follows: "It has an elegant I may say grand Court House, in which is the town clock." Paul Wiltstach, from whose book "Tidewater Maryland" I am quoting goes on to say "The court-house was old when Fithian saw it, in 1774, for it had been standing since 1698. But this 'elegant I may say grand Court-House was torn down in 1860, and one can not help wondering what Fithian would have said of the building for which it was destroyed to make place." He goes on to say "The custom-house... stands staunchly by the waterside, with some suggestion of military menace to recreate ships in the peculiar high narrow openings in the brick walls overlooking the river, as if here the slender muzzles of flintlocks might speak sharply to sea-captains neglecting to pay their tolls." If you want to enjoy more of Maryland's early history told in an extremely interesting manner the book is in the Chestertown library or will be as soon as I have read it. I get hold of it every year or two as it well bears re-reading and browsing through.

\$3,000 a head, bacon at \$8 a pound, and so on—in Continental money. The few who had faith in the future of the young nation, sold their goods for those high prices and kept the money they received, were the fortunate ones, for the Continental currency was eventually redeemed.