

The Enterprise KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

THE ENTERPRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY Publishers L. BATES RUSSELL Founder and Editor

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office, Chestertown, Md., in accordance with Act of Congress.

Published every Wednesday at The Enterprise Building, Cross and Cannon Streets, Chestertown, Maryland.

Subscription Rate: One Dollar a Year In Advance

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1935

What Holds Up Recovery?

What today is standing in the way of re-employment and is thereby prolonging the suffering of millions of people?

That is the most important question before the American people, and its answer is almost daily becoming more clear and discernible.

There is no doubt that many Americans feel today that the general pattern of the New Deal legislation has tended toward Socialism.

So long as there is doubt as to what the future holds, the person of small means will not purchase needed articles, the buying of which would stimulate employment.

This uncertainty is not without foundation, and neither is it without a means of being dissipated. There is no doubt that many New Dealers openly talk of the collapse of our recognized economic institutions.

Nothing could be more stimulating to re-employment than a ringing declaration from President Roosevelt repudiating such statements by his advisers and announcing his strict adherence to the Constitution.

The people and industry—and certainly the unemployed—would welcome such a declaration. Until it does come we are on a treadmill of doubt.

A Warning From George Washington

This is not the Fourth of July, Constitution Day or any of the other traditional occasions when we reaffirm our national faith in national institutions without regard to politics.

"It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another.

"The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism.

"If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed."

More Taxes Or Less Spending

Figures presented by the Federal Treasury disclose that estimated expenditures for the present fiscal year ending next June 30 are \$7,800,000,000, and the estimated deficit for the year \$4,500,000,000.

In other words, if the Government confiscated all income, it would little more than balance the budget. Taxation upon this income, no matter how high the rates, could never balance the budget.

Congress faces the task then of cutting down billion dollar expenditures before it can begin to balance income with outgo.

Modern Day Cave Men

Are men more cruel than they once were? Is the twentieth century male of the special a cave man in fact, instead of a character of fiction and movie, as we were led to believe?

The affirmative must be the answer, judging from the census bureau's analysis of statistics gathered in its survey of marriage and divorce in the United States, which showed that of all causes for divorce, cruelty has become the most common.

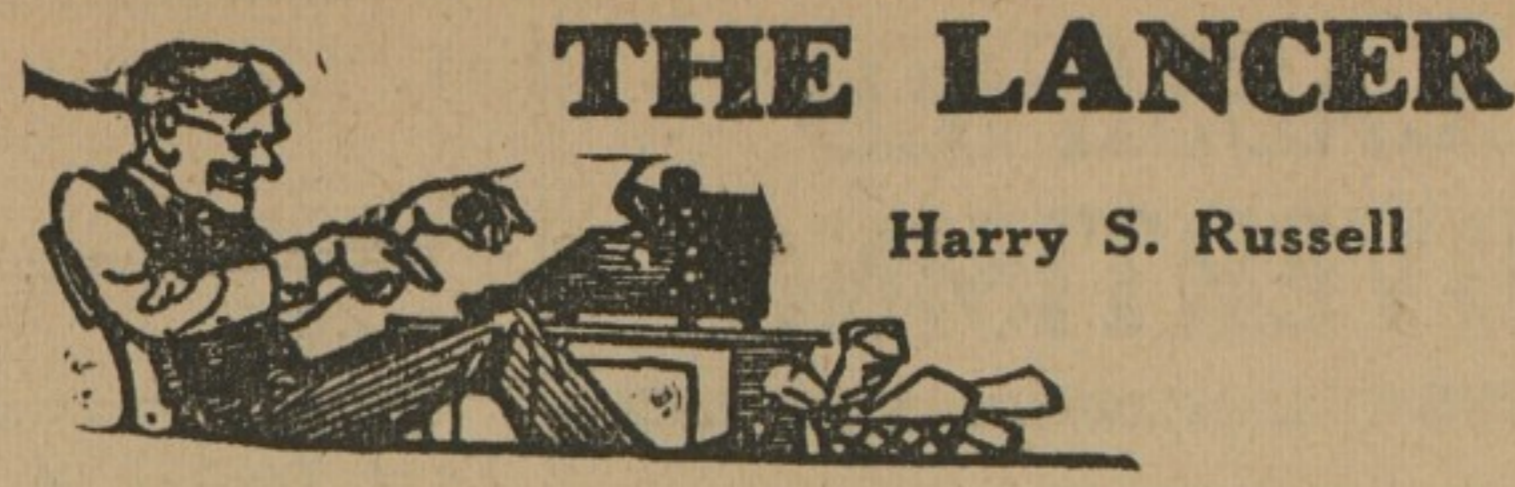
Forty years ago, cruelty accounted for less than one-fifth of the divorces; now it accounts for one-third.

The old-fashioned husband just left home without any ceremony; the cave man type, we have the right to presume, doesn't leave, but his actions are so "cruel and inhuman" that the wife finds it necessary to petition the court for a decree breaking the marriage vows.

The girl with the fever blister needs no chaperon. When you are all alone and want the telephone to ring, try taking a bath.

The greatest financial writers are not on newspapers, but are bookkeepers in the bank.

Tollgates went out of business years ago on all roads, except the road to success.



SHOW DAYS

Today is Circus Day, the first of the year, but circuses have been in order among the youngsters of the town ever since the multi-colored posters announced the coming of an honest-to-goodness show.

Backyard circus performances have been one of the chief amusements of the six to fifteen-year-old class for more than a few years. I used to be rather keen on them myself. In fact I sometimes still think I'd rather be a circus performer than a columnist.

My name, I believe, is carved right deep in the annals of Chestertown's backyard circuses. You can take my word for it that I used to stage some of the best two-cent shows this town ever had.

I had a long and varied connection with "show" life in Chestertown during my youth. I can't quite go back to the Simon Westcott episode with the pink tights purchased from Sears, Roebuck & Co., but I do recall the famous high dive by "Guinea" Lambert, which will always remain one of the high spots in backyard circus history hereabouts.

"Guinea," from the highest tree in his backyard, dived into an improvised net of fertilizer sacks. Maybe the frequent test dives had weakened the stitches but anyhow when the dive came off the sacks parted where they had been sewn and the renowned high diver went through the net like it was paper.

Long before the "daring young man on the flying trapeze" was famed in song and story I was trying to impress the little girls of the town with my ability as an aerialist. And it was something that happened then that changed me from a performer to an impresario. The future was brighter in more ways than one. One not only handled the money but he had a better chance of surviving.

I was swinging by my heels in Joe Rising's cellar (he lived where the Kreeger's now reside) when the course of my professional life was changed. When my heels slipped, the abrupt encounter I had with the edge of a projecting stone on the floor made me realize that there wasn't much future in swinging on a bar. That is I realized such when I revived some minutes later. From that day on I decided my connection with any show would be strictly in a business capacity.

Looking back I doubt that Chestertown have had anything, before or since, that compared with the stock company that presented its dramatic offerings in an alcove between two sections of the old Parks building on the site of the present Chestertown Bank of Maryland.

We had a real stage, a real curtain and real box-seats. And we charged real nickels to get in. We managed to get along without a leading lady, any lady in fact, in our cast of characters. We dealt in blood and thunder mostly, with an occasional comedy. One of our old standbys was "Brother Against Brother" and as I remember the plot a slick and slippery brother swiped a rich but miserly uncle's hoarded gold and the poor, country mouse brother got the blame.

That was twenty odd years ago when the Mattice Stock Company was at its heights around this section and we stole most of our plots from them, changing things about to suit our cast and equipment.

My next step in the profession was into minstrelsy, the step being backward or forward, depending upon whether the person you asked was connected with stock or the minstrel circle.

One particular minstrel performance I remember was held in Townsend's barn, up on Washington avenue. We had constructed a passable theatre, the folding chairs being hauled from the Lyceum Theatre in a dearborn borrowed from Mr. Charlie Dodd, which he loaned gladly for the asking.

The show had been rehearsed for fully a half-hour before it was offered to the eagerly waiting public. One of the exchanges between the interlocutor, middle man we called him, and an end man was: Interlocuter: "Where was Moses when the lights went out?" End Man: "Sitting in the cellar eating sour kraut." We had some better jokes than that, I guess, but I can't remember them.

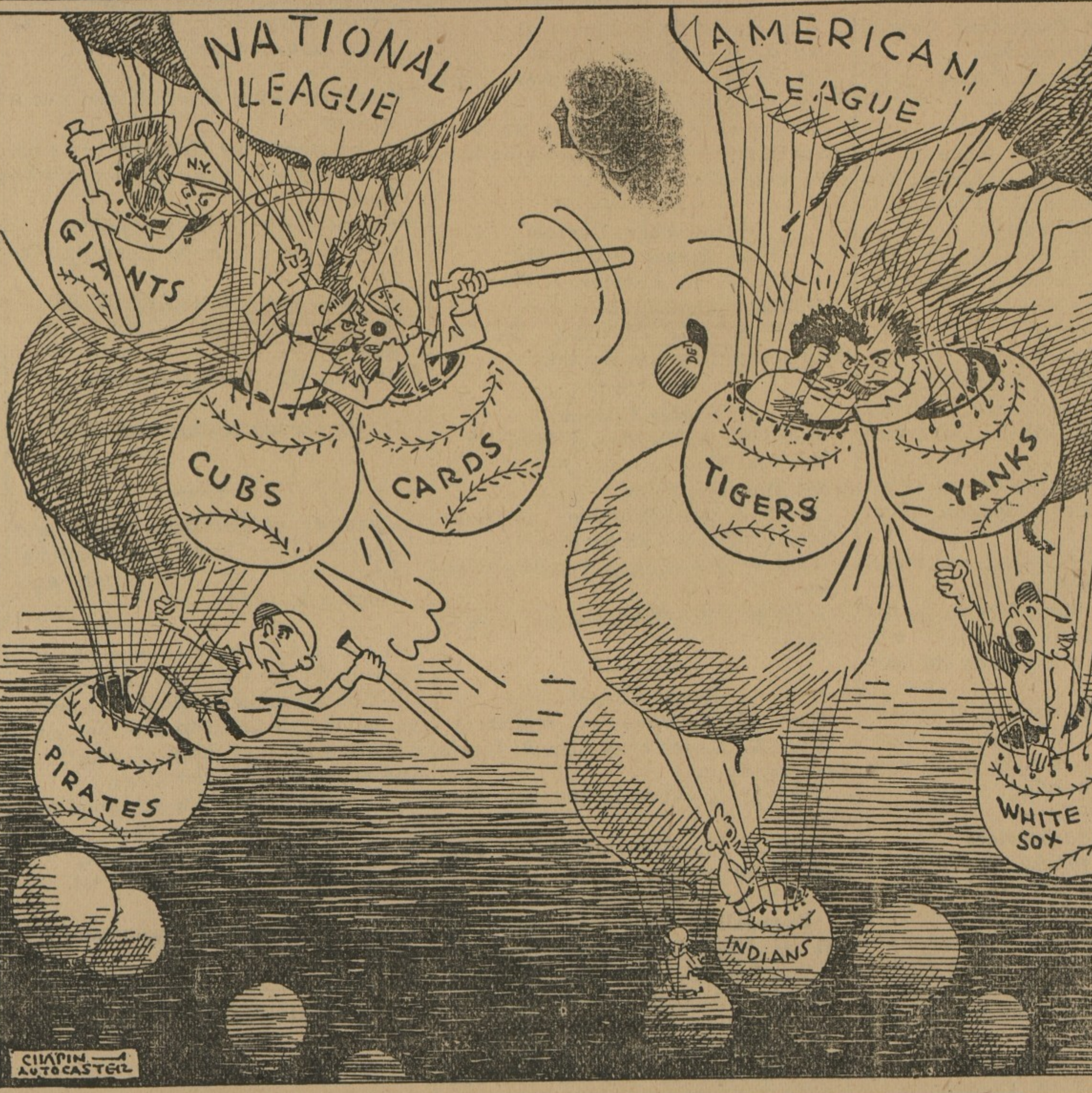
We delved into history for the grand climax of the olio, or after part, and it turned out to be even grander than we had planned.

Some member of the cast recalled the story that when Sir Walter Raleigh first smoked his pipe back in England after his return from America a servant doused him with water, thinking he was on fire.

That was the plot of our finale. One of the boys was smoking a pipe and a Negro servant dashed on with the water, a bucket full, to quench the supposed flames. Well this fellow playing the servant role was a treacherous creature as we found out. Instead of tossing the water on Sir Walter he dashed the whole of it on the head of Willard Culp, our one and only "audience" who was seated on the very front row.

That broke up the show and besides we had to give Willard's nickle back.

STRATOSPHERE BATTLE — by A. B. Chapin



The Book

By Bruce Barton

BIBLE CRITICS MISUNDERSTOOD

There are, of course, thousands of fragments of the Bible or parts of it of more or less value. Among these are certain "palmists," or manuscripts, which later fell into the hands of those who wanted the parchment for other purposes and erased the Bible text and wrote other books instead.

This recital of the way in which manuscripts have been found brings us to the mention of a class of men of whom the average layman knows very little, and most of that little is wrong. These are the Biblical critics. "Criticizing the Bible." What columns of rhetoric have been printed, what floods of oratory have been poured out by those who could not have told, to save their souls, what a Biblical critic is or does.

There are two kinds of Biblical critics: the lower or textual critics, and the higher or literary critics. The terms lower and higher do not mean that one group claims or is admitted to be more important than the other, much less that there is an assumption of arrogance on the part of those that are "higher," but that one kind of study follows the other.

The lower critic is a man of technical skill in the deciphering of ancient texts and manuscripts. He has critical ability, that is, the ability to judge critically, for criticism is nothing more or less than the science of correct judgment.

To the average layman a manuscript of the fourteenth century may seem as ancient as one of the fourth. It may be more soiled and show greater signs of age. But the critic does not look simply at the wear and stain. He is a judge of parchments, of methods of tanning skins, of kinds of ink, of styles of making letters. He distinguishes between "uncial" and "cursive" Greek; between "pointed" and "unpointed" Hebrew. These lower critics are not widely known; they are not highly paid. Their work is a strain on the eyes and a tax on the mind, and they dread publicity. So mainly they bleed within their armor and are silent, but all the time their patient work is clearing up the obscurities in translation and giving us a better knowledge of the Bible.

The other group of searchers are the literary or historical or higher critics. Who wrote these sacred books? Ezekiel claims to have written his own, and Baruch is declared to have been Jeremiah's scribe. We may infer that most of the books of the prophets were written by the men whose names they bear. But all the rest of the Old Testament is anonymous. People have rushed in to declare that certain books were written by certain men. Most of their guesses are guesses.

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1915

The third annual Kent and Queen Anne's County Fair, just completed, drew a total of 10,000 spectators during its four days, 6,000 of them being present on Thursday, the big day of the Fair. The track record of 2.10 1/4 was lowered to 2.09 1/4 by Mary Ellen, in a special race with Sellers D. and Alice M.

Mrs. Elizabeth Long, housekeeper for Bedford Titter at Cliff's City, was killed by lightning last Wednesday as she attempted to put a screen in a window after a storm was apparently over.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Davis have announced the marriage of their daughter, Ruth Hazel, to Mr. Franklin Baynard Harper, of Still Pond, the ceremony being performed on July 28 at Claymont, Delaware.

The "roughest place ever" is the Chester river bridge. The new boards extend an inch or more above the old ones and make riding and walking very unpleasant.

RAMBLING 'ROUND NEW YORK

with HUGH KENNY

OPPORTUNITY

Whenever I hear young people complain that there are no opportunities for them I begin to wonder just what they mean. Often I discover that they think of "opportunity" as a chance to jump right out of school into a well-paid, easy job, with short hours, long week-ends and generous vacations.

It is true that that sort of opportunity no longer exists. What is more, it never did exist! There is always a place, though, for the intelligent, industrious and ambitious boy or girl who really wants to work, is not afraid of long hours and low wages to start with, and has good health and good habits.

In these times it often takes more time to find such an opportunity than it did a few years ago, but the seeker who gives up after one or two discouragements demonstrates that he is not the sort of a person employers are looking for.

LUCK

I have a friend who started his business career at the same time that I did, in the same town and at the same wages—\$12 a week. Now he is the head of one of the largest business corporations in the world. I asked him once how he had climbed so far.

"Luck," he replied. "That's how most folk got wherever they are. But don't misunderstand me. When I say 'luck' I don't mean blind chance. Luck has to be stimulated."

He stimulated his own luck not only by mastering his own job but by preparing himself all the time to step into the next high job. He made it a point to keep in perfect physical condition and to indulge in no bad habits. He studied ways to make a good impression on his superiors and associates.

"Window-dressing is as important for the individual as for the store," he said, "but you've got to have the goods on your shelves."

HELP

Under my friend's direction, the great corporation which he heads takes pains to help its 60,000 or more workers to "stimulate their luck." Every employee who shows signs of special ability, and of ambitions to get ahead, can count on a helping hand.

"The only way to run a big business successfully," my friend once said to me, "is to show everybody in the organization the door of hope, and encourage them all to find their way through it. That, and to put just as much in their pay envelopes as can possibly be done."

BOY

The son of one of my village neighbors has been doing odd jobs around my country place for three or four years, after school, Saturdays and in vacations. Last month he graduated from our town high school, with high marks.

"What are you going to do now, John?" I asked him. He dropped the handle of the lawnmower and straightened up.

"I'm going to college," he said. "I don't know how, but I'm going. I've got to work my way—dad can't help me, with my seven younger brothers and sisters to bring up—but I'll find a way! I'm going to hitch-hike to New York and look for a job."

I smiled at his enthusiasm, but did not discourage it. Neither did I encourage the idea of a country boy seeking work in New York these hard times.

"If you get there, look me up, John," I said, and gave him my New York office address. Sure enough a week later, John showed up.

I thought of my friend of whom I have just been talking. I wrote a note to him and gave it to John. "Try your luck there," I said.

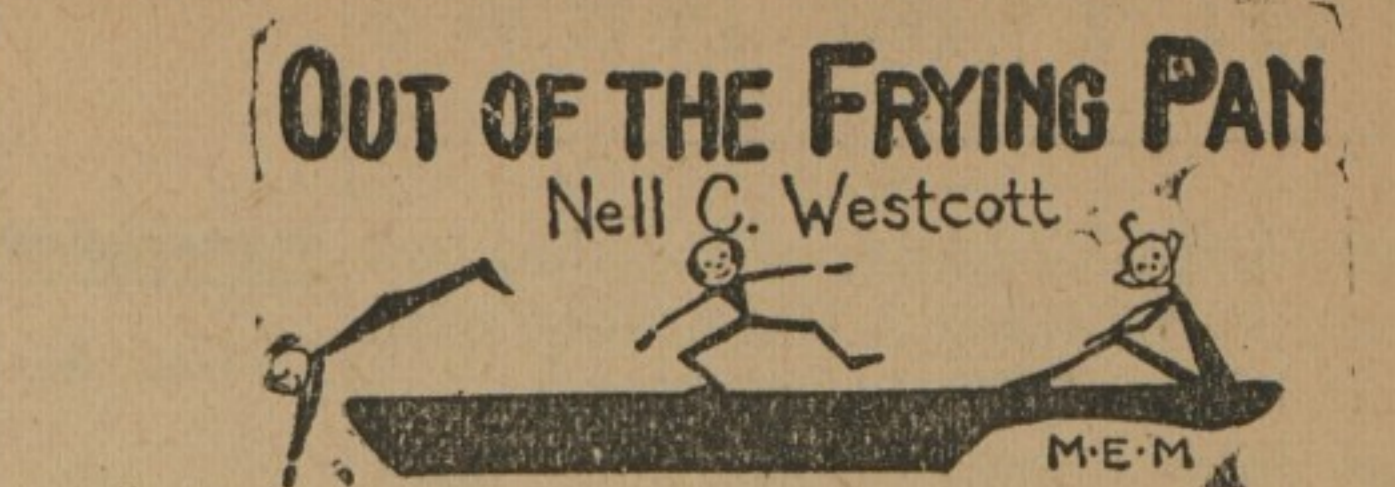
Next day I got a letter from my friend. The head of a great company had personally interviewed a green country boy and—he had given him a job!

Now it is up to John.

STIMULATION

It is easy to say that John was lucky in knowing a man who knew a man whose company hires a lot of boys. The answer to that is that I wouldn't have sent John to my friend if John had not been "stimulating his luck" so far as I am concerned, for four or five years.

Unconsciously, John had been demonstrating to



My critic, friend, and colleague, the Lancer, stated that all columnists, come what may, must give a personal recital when their birthdays come around. Well, here's the exception to that rule but perhaps that's the woman of it. I, too, had a birthday in July but not under the sign of Leo like the Lancer and that makes another difference. I would rather write about the first year birthday cake of my very young grandson who is a small Leo, who is cutting his teeth and attempting to graduate from getting about on all fours and walking upright like a human being. He is an expert in being blasé since he slept all through the family party being held in his honor.

Was surprised when I walked into the Lyceum, the first night "SHE" was presented to find at first only a scattering of small children—later some of the old timers like myself came in. Several of us recalled having read the book a great many years ago and thought it should make an excellent movie. We met again as we left the theatre and agreed that the original thrill we had had over the book was decidedly lacking. It took me back to my crib days when I overheard my mother reading Rider Haggards first big hit "King Solomon's Mines" to my brother. While my brother was considerably older and the reading took place in another room and I was supposed to be out of ear-shot and sound asleep, I still think it was not a bedtime story even for that older brother. Apparently I gathered some of the wierdest parts and that night had my first of the only two nightmares I ever experienced. My shrieks roused the household, I can even remember parts of that nightmare and the whole thing made me afraid of the dark for a long time afterwards. I read "SHE" many years later.

Crude writing but extremely vivid. Those were the days when our imaginations were fed and given good practice before movies put everything down before our eyes. Those were really the days of glamorous heroines and the She of our picturing was something above and beyond a mere human that could be photographed. And so, to us old timers, that picture was an interesting experience. In spite of its spectacular staging there was much lacking in the fantastic tale; sometimes it was even boring. In spots it reminded me of that great measuring rod, the first tremendous screen show of the silent pictures—"Caberia" I think it was called but it could in no way compare and as a filming of the old tale a vital something was missing. We must admit, of course, that since we oldsters read the book, age has done a good bit to us—but seeing that picture was like turning back the pages of time and trying through the sense of sight to capture a thrill that had been ours entirely through mental pictures, roughly drawn by that English lawyer who turned author and surprised himself with his two great successes written very nearly fifty years ago.

And speaking of the past, but not so long ago. Back in the early 1900's, in fact, our better half recalls the time that he and a chum brought shame and disgrace upon their respective families, caused a scandal that echoed from Broadway back to the main street of their home town of South Orange where their relatives hung their heads in shame. What crime had they committed, those two young men in their twenties? They had dared each other—and each took the dare—to go to New York, by train and by ferry, without wearing a coat. The weather was scorching and put that terrible plan into those youthful minds. On Broadway, where they were attracting a good bit of attention, they met a lady from their home town and the fat was in the fire. She couldn't wait to tell it when she got home and it took them a long time to live down that blot on their otherwise fair names in spite of the fact that they were wearing belts and not suspenders. And who would long for those good old days when to appear on the street or sit down to a table without a coat on, no matter how the mercury flirted with the high marks, was an unpardonable breach of etiquette? And it was back then, or earlier, when one of our own Chestertown citizen went to New York without a hat and was considered a curiosity suspected of lunacy.

An amusing thing happened this week which I am mentioning last, hoping to rate as at least a good sport as my colleagues. I was talking with a group of ladies when one very sweet elderly friend said in indignant tones "I do get so outdone with the Lancer and Willie Usilton for the cutting things they say about your column!" She turned to the others and said "Did you see what they wrote this week?" They looked quite blank and then one said "Oh, no, I tried to read Harry's twaddle but stopped half way so I must have missed it. It does seem as though Southern chivalry has been forgotten by this generation." I tried to assure them that that gentle trait has not altogether disappeared, that any columnist is a fair target and that these at least place their slams, as a rule, at the tag end of their meanderings so lots of folks miss them. That's why I am mentioning this last—it, too, may never be read.



me that he has the qualities of intelligence, ambition, resourcefulness, industry and—most important of all—character, which could not fail to open the door of opportunity for him.

I was glad to hand him the key to that door, for I believe John will make good use of his chance. All I did, though, was to shorten the time it might have taken him to find his opportunity.