The Enterprise

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The Tangle Of Life

We are told by scientists that children born of older parents have better chances of attaining distinction in the world than those born of young parents.

It is asserted that investigations covering a long period of years show many great men were born when their parents were well along in years and that most of the morons had young fathers and mothers at birth.

But is it an infallible rule? For every instance that can be cited sustaining such facts, another one could probably be found that would disprove the theory.

While parentage doubtless counts, there is no hard and fixed rule by which the future of boys and girls can be estimated.

There are poor boys whose parental influence was valueless and who, when they became great, forgot the struggles, the sorrows and the problems of the poor.

And there are rich boys who would be expected to inherit with their riches a kind of contempt for the poor—not bitter, yet sneering or at least patronizing, but who become great public benefactors.

To carry the contrast further—some preachers' sons become drunkards and prodigals and some drunkards' sons become preachers

Thus it goes. And what does it all prove? Nothing much, perhaps, except the tangle of life and the uncertainty of rules.

America's Wealth Widely Spread

Observation shows that the productivity of the American worker, reinforced with power and with improved machinery, is the greatest in the world, and that the income thus produced has been widely spread among all classes of the population.

If this were not the case, the widespread distribution of millions of automobiles, electricity, refrigerators, telephones, radios, and individually owned homes which actually took place would have proved impossible. There would not have been the money to purchase them.

On the face of things, the absurdity of statements that 2 per cent of the people receive 60 to 80 per cent of our national income is apparent.

As a matter of fact, if such a poor distribution of wealth existed, the very mass-production and mass consumption of goods, in which the United States has led foreign countries, would have been impossible. Our great plants, our millions of employed workers, would have been impossible.

In other words, the soap box orators, who have been poisoning the public mind with false statistics, have been trying to explain away the plain truth.

As the Brookings Institution of Washington has reported, those who work for a living receive as wages about 85 per cent of all the national income. The remaining 15 per cent goes as a return on capital investments, more than half of which is owned by individuals of moderate income who own the stock in our corporations.

The figures are proved by a study of the Federal income tax statistics. The truth is that those receiving incomes of $5,000 a year or more in 1933 got less than 10 per cent of the national income.

Our real job, therefore, is not of re-dividing national income, but of increasing our total wealth through increased production and consumption. American experience shows that most of these increases will go into wages.

The Profit And Loss System

We hear much today of the "profit system" under which this country has operated through the years and outstripped all other lands. Actually there is no such thing. It is a "profit and loss" system.

We venture into business as an investment and we either win or lose. Those businesses which prosper do so because they produce a product which the consumer wants at a price which he can afford to pay. If they continue to meet the inevitable competition, then the business grows big. As it inspires confidence, it often acquires thousands of stockholders in every part of the country, and they share in its profits. If it does not succeed, they share in its losses, or invest money in another business.

But not only do we have this "profit and loss" system. We also have a system of "hope and fear." It spurs on the able, the industrious, and the courageous by the hope of obtaining a reward in payment for their efforts; it spurs on the lazy and indifferent by the fear that unless they strive they will lose that which they have, they will suffer a decrease in their standard of living and perhaps face starvation itself.

It is the fear of loss, rather than the hope of profit, that has been the main incentive of human industry during the last few years. That old dictum of Captain John Smith, "Those who do not work shall not eat," is an absolutely indispensable part of any economic system which is based on freedom.

When we remove that as a part of the driving power of the human race, we must inevitably substitute for it the driving power of coercion by Government.

We have departed at that time from the American highway to liberty, freedom and happiness.

The man who comes nearest to being vacant is the man who is full of himself.

The clothes that make the women are sometimes the clothes that break the men.

THE LANCER

Harry S. Russell

BIRTHDAY BIT

Put a columnist down before a strange typewriter and tell him to knock out a column on the spur of the moment and you can lay a safe bet that he'll either write about a pet, his son or daughter, as the case might be, or himself. Let him sit down at his own machine in the course of his regular column work and it's practically a sure thing that he'll choose one of those three topics.

And the strange part about it is that even when he writes about a dog or his heir he is sure to devote ninety per cent. of the space to himself. "Dogs, babies, me and the greatest of these is me" might well be the text of every column.

That is the usual run of things. But let a columnist have a birthday and come what may you are bound to get a personal recital. The dog might earn a Carnegie medal and the baby might put out eight new teeth over night but these things would have to wait as the columnist got off his annual birthday eulogy.

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I'm thirty-two today. Now thirty-two is old or young, depending upon the point from which you view it. To a lad just rounding twenty the man of thirty-two is hoary with age if not with wisdom. To the man of three score and ten the boy of thirty-two is not old enough to have done with childish things.

To the fellow of thirty-two it can be both old and young, depending upon how you feel. A week ago, when I wasn't quite thirty-two, I would have said it was an age in which you took to your bed early, lay late and ventured out only when the weather signs were favorable. I was feeling rough as would have anyone who had had a constant "burp" for a month and whose total food consumption during that period wouldn't have made General Tom Thumb a midnight snack. I felt as old as John D. Rockefeller looks. Methuslah and that Turk who claimed a 150-odd summers had nothing on me as I approached thirty-two.

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But now I feel a little younger. A doctor knocked a dozen years off my age when he said my heart was okay and a dozen each for my kidneys, lungs, liver and various other organs. In fact, today, I feel just about thirty-two and when I fully recover my strength (but not necessarily the fifteen pounds) I'll probably be back around twenty-one again.

"Cheer Up, Life Begins At Forty" were the words on one of the birthday cards I received. And there is more truth, more real wisdom, in those few words than the maker of the sporty cards realized. When you get forty, and fifty and sixty and on up, life will still be beginning.

So many people have remarked how they hate to grow old and then proceed with the process without once realizing that age is creeping upon them. It seems that you grow old gradually, along with your friends and associates, and never notice it. To grow old over-night would be a tragedy and we should be thankful that it isn't done that way.

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What am I at thirty-two that I wasn't at thirty-one, or thirty or even twenty-five? A few pounds heavier (ordinarily), a few years older. Perhaps a little more tolerant and a little less impetuous and, maybe, a trifle wiser.

Man, strange beast, doesn't change much throughout the years. He carries most of his faults and most of his virtues with him to the grave. Perhaps at some period during his life he hides the one and exhibits the other more than at other periods but they are always there, ready to crop out when least expected. Man's nature changes even less than the leopard's spots.

Not so long ago a friend said to me, "My, how you have changed. You used to be so cynical and now you are almost mellow."

I know I never was the cynic I tried to make people believe and I doubt that I am as "mellow" and conservative as perhaps I seem at times. A columnist, and I hope I'm not giving away any trade secrets, frequently writes with his tongue in his cheek, either cheek, depending upon the point to be gained.

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The fellow who first referred to the cynicism of youth knew what he was talking about for then a good ninety per cent of it is feigned. It isn't ignorance that sends the youngster against the grain as much as it is that he doesn't want to be told what and when and where. A real cynic never outgrows his attitude.

And when you find a youth who falls too readily in to the plans and suggestions of his elders, beware. You have the makings of a first-class "yes" man, about the lowest specimen of the human race. It is natural for youth to be contrary rather than agreeable and all variances should be watched like any other disease.

That's the reason I think we should be very careful in choosing those who are to guide our youth in their schooling. It isn't the job for anyone. The guiding hand should be one that knows and remembers the natural tendencies of the young and who can deal with them accordingly. And it can't be the rule of the rod.

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But that is another story. I have wandered from my text. This is a birthday yarn. How all these other things crept in I don't know. Perhaps you have wasted your time. Maybe you should have jumped over a couple of columns and been bored properly.

Anyhow, I'm thirty-two and I think that thirty-two is the best age to be, just as thirty-one was tops last year and thirty-three will be the one and only this time next July.

It isn't the age it's the attitude.

MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—— by A. B. Chapin

The Book

By Bruce Barton

AN IMPORTANT TRANSLATION

On March 24, 1844, a German scholar, Lobegott Freidrich Konstantin Tischendorf, arrived at St. Catherine's monastery on the Sinaitic peninsula. His name, Lobegott, meaning, "Praise God." On this particular trip he had been through the libraries of Alexandria and Cairo, as well as the convents of the Greek and Armeniian churches, without success. His visit to St. Catherine's monastery was in the nature of a last hope.

Lobegott was given free access to the library, but he did not at first discover anything of value. In the evening, however, a strange thing occurred. There was sent up to his room as kindling for the fire a basket, containing some leaves of an old manuscript, which he examined. To his amazement he found a number of bits of the Old Testament in Greek. With great difficulty Lobegott secured permission to take back to Leipsic forty-seven leaves. They proved to be part of one of the oldest Greek manuscripts of the Old Testament in existence.

Immediately, the eager scholar set to work through an influential friend to secure the rest of the volume, but the monks had learned its value and would not give it up. In 1853, he went back to the convent and was welcomed, but could not find a trace of the lost parchment. But in 1859, he returned for a third time, having now the authority of the Czar of Russia. Many valuable manuscripts were placed in his hands, some of which he had not seen on either of his previous visits, but the chief treasure had disappeared. On his last evening he walked with the steward of the convent in the garden and was invited to his room for refreshment. As they sat together the steward said casually, "I, too, have a copy of the Septuagint," and took down and untied a parcel.

Imagine the almost delirious joy of Lobegott when he saw not only the Old Testament pages he had glimpsed in 1844, but the New Testament complete! It was one of the most thrilling moments in the history of patient, scientific research. It gave us one of the oldest, finest and most accurate of all Biblical manuscripts. Until the revolution in Russia this so-called Sinaitic had been in the library of Petrograd for a half-century, the chief literary treasure of the Greek Church.

There are only a few of these extremely old manuscripts, and the three most precious of them are this Sinaitic, the Vatican at Rome, and the Alexandrine, presented to Charles I of England in 1628 and placed in the British Museum upon its establishment in 1753. It is interesting that of the three finest Bible records one is in the possession of Protestants, one of Roman Catholics and one of the Greek Church. Each sect is most generous in permitting their use by scholars.

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1915

A new town ordinance went into effect Monday to the effect that autos and teams stopping on the way up town must leave their vehicles on the north side of the street, while those coming down town must stop on the south side of the street.

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Mrs. Julian Hurtt, of Locust Grove, has announced the engagtment of her daughter, Mary Anita, to Mrs. Charles Martin Schafer, of Baltimore, formerly of Lynchburg, Va. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

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Mr. William S. Collins and his nephew, R. H. Collins, Jr., were injured Sunday when the former's auto struck a culvert near Centreville. Richard was the most seriously hurt, a gash over his eye requiring nine stitches to close. Others in the car were Mrs. R. H. Collins, Miss Susie Roberts and Mrs. Charles Perkins.

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Nearly two hundred horses, forty of them runners, were at the race track here as the third annual Kent and Queen Anne's County Fair opened today.

RAMBLING 'ROUND NEW YORK

with HUGH KENNY

The commencement of Hobo College may have only five graduates instead of six this year, because Bozo Clarke might not get out of Bellevue in time to take his diploma. That's the statement of Prexy Dalton, who outlined his commencement address as he carefully folded mortar boards out of newspapers. A five day week, a four hour day, and six months vacation for every man will be called for by Dalton, who will prtside over the thirteen day convention of the Hobo Fellowship of America.

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Supposedly sophisticated Broadway stared wide-eyed recently when about a score of liveried waiters ran a race carrying a tray, a bottle of whiskey (genuine) or a champagne bottle (water) and two glasses each. The question of "on the palm" or "with the thumb" was never settled, but the winner took the prize just as though he were in Paris where tray racing is a tradition.

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Reports have it that New York this year is supporting more young men with no more to recommend them than affable manners and tail coats than for years. The "spongers" pride themselves on "getting around" to the gay haunts of the night with somebody else always footing the bills. And, like hoboes, they tell each other of hosts who are easy marks.

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Down in New York's lower east side, many tenement dwellers have more love for goat's milk than they have for the law which makes keeping live-animals without a permit an affense. One officer reports having discovered a goat quartered in the family bath tub!

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Two thousand five hundred and seventy six! That's the number of officially reported accidents from fireworks in New York on the "safe and sane" Fourth. The city boomed and sizzled with bootlegged fireworks all day, in spite of the efforts of police to prevent it.

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On the sidewalk eight feet from the gutter and the exhausts of hundreds of taxicabs are tables in a "sidewalk cafe" on 42nd Street in Times Square. Strangely enough, it seems to be well patronized.

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Ships' visitors must be on shore fifteen minutes before sailing time. That wait of fifteen minutes to see the big greyhound of the sea pull out seems interminable. By the time the ship actually does sail, both visitors and passengers are hoarse and irritated. They made good use of the situation in a musical comedy two years ago. With all the shouting from railing to the dock, nobody can understand anybody and the irritation grows until the whistle blows. Everyone is immensely relieved when the ship moves the first fraction of an inch!

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Seeing a ship off last week.... Though the visitors and seers-off were merry they didn't reel into taxi-cabs the way they used to before repeal.

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"Three Men on a Horse," the current race-track comedy, seems to be the funniest thing in town, and bids fair to make a million bucks for the producer and author, what with six companies playing it in various places including Australia.

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Robert Ross who directed Roland Young's last Broadway appearance called up the other day. "I don't like your play" was the substance of his conversation.... Ho, hum. Just another 20,000 words to make the rounds of theatrical offices. But then, "Three Men on a Horse" went to twelve offices before it landed.

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That private carriage on Fifth Avenue—you're only likely to see it on Sunday mornings. It's the last one in New York, I believe. And it's no affectation, for it conveys a frilly old lady who'd surprise me if she didn't wear lavender and old lace.

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Each year, toward the end of school terms, domestic science students future dietitians, future teachers, flock in droves from midnight to dawn in inspection tours of food markets—to see the huge supplies of fruits and vegetables that come into New York every day. The Erie Pier and the Pennsylvania Pier on the Hudson receive many carloads every day, freighted across from the New Jersey side of the river. And fragrant, colorful warehouses they become each morning.

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One of the well known bars in New York is serving Sunday morning hangover breakfasts—iced peppered tomatoes and creamed chip beef.

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Curiosities are New York visitors from Hollywood in the cool days of spring. They're likely to arrive with nothing but sports outfits in high colors and light weights—and shiver their way about town. The autograph hunters are expert at spotting them from a distance—and how they love it.

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Over to Ninth Avenue and 42nd Street—just two long blocks—at noon. To see the push cart fruit and vegetable market that extends four blocks on each side of the street. From two to six blocks from affuent Times Square, the push carts cater to slum purchasers at prices almost unbelievably low.

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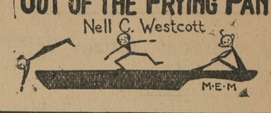
Stores on Ninth Avenue feature the strangest concoctions. Great boxes of sage and odd spices for the Latin and Greek trade. Sacks of roasted coffee beans that look oily and jet black. And a variety of foods still sold in bulk—in the manner of 1910.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Nell C. Westcott



Armed with an encyclopedia before breakfast on this very pleasant Monday morning when this column must be gotten in before the dead line I find I can not verify an interesting historical statement that I heard yesterday. Perhaps someone else may and will.

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Our Sunday trek took us to Rehoboth where one member of the family is vacationing. It looked as though all of Chestertown had simply removed itself from our streets to the streets and boardwalk of that ocean resort—some of them are cottaging and many others, like, ourselves were simply spending the day.

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At dinner I asked our little waitress if she lived in Delaware and could tell me where the big Cypress Swamp is that I have read so much about. She lived quite near it, her father was well versed in historical and traditional lore of that section and she was a regular mine of of information. The swamp is near Dagsboro which was named for General Dagsworthy who, according to her story, but I can't find it yet in the encyclopedia, lost to General George Washington the command of the American forces during the Revolution by only one vote. Near the swamp is Patty Cannon's hangout where the old girl was located on the dividing line of two counties and two states and trafficed in slaves—a real racketeer of bygone days.

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Had so much visiting to do at Rehoboth that we were late in getting away to visit the picturesque swamp; drove over the straightaway to Bethany Beach and there the ocean was so wild and glorious that we lingered until darkness overtook us. Watched those faithful and seldom successful surf fishermen and thought at last we were to see one bring in a fish. He reeled in, his line was bent and we stood breathless with excitement. What he finally brought to shore was a skate. Were I a Longfellow or a Whittier I would write a poem on the "Death of a Skate"—maybe some of my local colleagues could do better—but this was only one of those flat pancakish seat creatures—not the kind of a skate they would think about. The fisherman laid it on its back, tried to recover his hook but the flat-faced thing had really gotten very much attached to it. After considerable pulling and hauling the man took out a knife and cut his hook away. There was something very alive and human looking about that breathing face, for the whole under side of the fish seems to be mouth, eyes, and a queer breathing apparatus with only a ratlike tail attached. After the operation and removal of the hook it panted, if a fish can pant, but certainly those extraordinary gills were making a desperate effort to supply the body with enough air. After a few seconds of convulsive effort death overtook it. There was something wierd about that death, like seeing a person die. And who knows what it is? The same life left that flat brainless body that leaves a human body. Where does it come from and where does it go That fish was a wonderful piece of mechanism as long as it's self-starter was in operation. I think Mr. Longfellow would have had good material for a poem.

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On our way home we went through Dagsboro. Got out and read the historical sign about General Dagsworthy who owned 20,000 acres which was known as Dagsworthy's Conquest. The sign said nothing about his having been a runner-up for the command of the American army but when I have time I hope to get into that a bit deeper.

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Driving home through the very black night it was to imagine those woods down there as cyprus swamps and the loblolly pines as royal palms—just a little imagination made it very tropical though the atmosphere was anything but.

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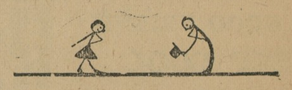
My admiration amounts to awe for the young author of "The World Seen from a Hospital Bed" who wrote a splendid article in spite of the fact that his hands are useless; wrote by himself on a typewriter by holding a stick between his two wrists. Besides the heroic effort in making the physical writing a possibility is the courage and awareness to the workings of a hospital, the troubles of others, the cares of the doctors and nurses. It is a marvelous spirit in an injured body and it must shake the inertia of every able-bodied man and woman. Young Phelps gives us much besides an interesting article containing information.



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