

The Enterprise KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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All Should Pay

In a recent newspaper article, Walter Lippman, the distinguished publicist, pointed out that any sound national taxing system must see to it that every citizen, no matter how large or small his income, pays something in direct taxes.

Under present conditions, only a minority of citizens pay any direct taxes whatsoever. And that has given rise to the highly erroneous belief that the services of government come to them for nothing, being paid for by the tax-paying minority.

That attitude has been responsible for the amazing indifference of the average citizen toward wasteful, extravagant and over-extended government. He feels that governmental spending means nothing to him, so far as paying his share of the bill is concerned; that deficits are the worry of others, and that increasing appropriations cannot damage his pocketbook—and may benefit it.

As a matter of fact, the majority of citizens, who pay no direct taxes, pay the great bulk of government costs—indirectly. They pay them in higher costs for commodities of all kinds—shoes, electricity, amusement, transportation, everything they use. They pay more rent, more for insurance, more for medical and hospital care—because the taxes levied against businesses and corporations must be passed on to the consumer. It is folly to talk of industry "absorbing" taxes—the user of a product or a service always foots the bill in the long run.

If, as Mr. Lippman suggests, every income were subjected to some direct taxation—even if it amounted to only a dollar a year, every citizen would get an inkling of the real meaning of government spending. And when his small tax doubled or tripled he would know what it meant. He would realize his responsibility, and his personal interest in every public appropriation that is made. And that would mark the beginning of an aggressive, rationally-backed movement to force government to be efficient, conservative, economical.

If Your Job Was At Stake

The private automobile driver has much to learn, so far as safety is concerned, from the operator of commercial vehicles.

From 1927 to 1934, the number of passenger cars registered increased 7 1/2 per cent—while the number of such cars involved in fatal accidents rose 55 per cent.

But contrast, during the same period the number of trucks in use increased 11 per cent—while the number involved in fatal accidents rose only 5 per cent. Similar favorable records were made by buses and taxicabs.

The private driver is his own boss. He can take chances, get in accidents, and be as reckless and incompetent as he pleases without losing his "job"—unless the authorities step in. The commercial operator has to drive safely—or look for another calling. The reckless and incapable driver lasts about as long with a commercial vehicle concern as does a snowball in Hades—and the accident figures reflect that situation accurately.

If every driver adopted the attitude that his job and his livelihood depended upon his being safe and competent the accident toll would go into a tail spin at once. As a matter of fact, he has something even more vital at stake whenever he takes the wheel—his life, and the lives of others. Thirty-five thousand people died unnecessarily last year because of recklessly or incompetently driven automobiles. Will that happen again?

Success Is Not Luck

It is a timely topic for discussion, to inquire why it is that some people attain large business success, while so many others secure only moderate attainment, or are buffeted to failure.

Many people say it is all luck. One man, they say, by no merit of his own, had fine opportunities thrust in his face. Someone opened a door in front of him. All he had to do was to walk in. Anyone could do it with the same chance.

In so far as people inherit money, or gain positions through family influence, that is true. Yet the great majority of successful men did not have wealthy parents. If they found opportunities, it was because they had the energy to force themselves into situations where opportunities opened.

If a big business concern has an exceptional opportunity to offer, it does not toss up a coin to see which office boy shall have it. It does not look around among the fellows who are doing the work requiring the least intelligence. Nor does it select the man most popular in society, who can tell the best stories and play the best pool game.

But it does devote thoughtful scrutiny to the men of its force to see who has previously shown the most initiative and power to do things, though in a small way. The man who gets it has earned it. The fellow who says it is all luck, thereby shows that he has no conception of the methods by which success is attained.

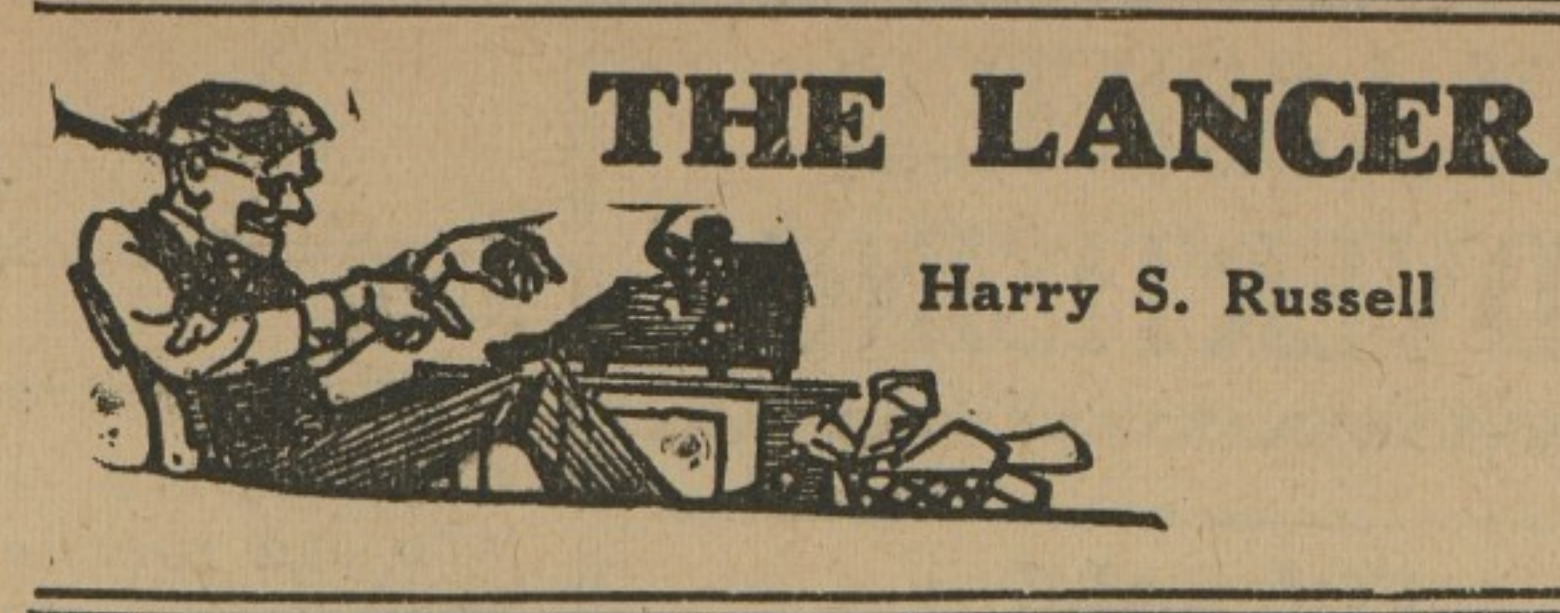
People who won't stop at anything have no business with automobiles.

Gossip gets raw material from what it hears, and not from what it knows.

The thing about the house that lasts longest and is used the most is the looking glass.

About the most expensive gift we can think of on the spur of the moment is the gift of gab.

A public office holder never loses his seat until after he has lost his standing.



FROM A SICK BED

At least, if the bed is as sick of me as I am of it, it is SICK.

Since so many people don't take time to read headings I guess I'd better preface these remarks with the certified statement that they are written in bed after three days of confinement. SO, you hadn't even missed me. Well, if I say anything I shouldn't I can blame it on being a bit feverish.

THIS AND THAT

Nell Westcott, who takes Dame Rumor, over in Centreville, to task for taking Kent columnists to task on their spelling of big words, should look to her little ones. She can't seem to straighten out "its" and "it's" and keeps the copy reader busy correcting the misuse. And, while working on the ladies of the press I might remind Aunt Susie over at The Transcript, as I have her colleagues there time and time again, that you don't spell Mencken with an "h". By using only part of the many lights on the Chester River bridge the State Roads Commission is saving about \$30 per month. The saving was instituted under Chief Engineer Williar and continued by his successor. Didja ever notice that when you wake up at night and wonder what time it is and the clock strikes downstairs it always tolls the half hour and you're no better off than you were before. Dutch Dumschott, they tell me, is getting mighty proficient with the tennis racket. Wroth Stavelly, wife and daughter are golf's latest converts and progressing nicely, too.

THAT AND THIS

The Washington Alumnus, out soon, will carry a raft of nuptial announcements, showing the advantages or disadvantages of a college education, depending upon how you view it. Two of the few three-masted schooners remaining on the bay were in the local harbor at the same time this week. If they don't bar certain sailors from the local races Col. Ewing will have to have his yacht repaired. Best wishes to Mose Estes in his new work. Upsets were frequent on the river Monday afternoon as strong wind and inexperienced sailors met. Centreville lived up to its reputation last week and took its ball club off the field at Federalsburg when the umpiring didn't suit. Joe Wheatley is the best newspaper man in town although he is connected with none of the sheets. Kent was well represented at Ocean City last week end. They look alike in sailboats: Capt. Bland's eldest son and Young Mason Shehan, the star starboard skipper and son of our Chief Judge. "Molly" Hines, the port readhead youngster of Mr. and Mrs. E. Massey Hines was "advertised" not baptized, to hear her tell it. I never thought the Chestertown baseball team would fall to turn in its box score just because it lost. When Bill Usliton calls Tom Gale a "G" Man what does the "G" stand for.

THESE AND THOSE

"The Gentle Art of Easy Cruising," by Travis Hoke, in the current Esquire speaks of one of the best cruises on the Chesapeake as "make Chestertown with time enough to see the colonial brick houses and still have time for a swim before dinner." The Sunday Nights at the Bob Wilsons, down in Broad Neck, are the thing, I hear tell. Ed Fisher spent all of Monday afternoon trying to ascertain the names of the receivers for the Tolchester Company. Gus Crothers, the former Washington College grid coach, is really a rising young lawyer. Wonder if Sheriff Bennett and his Seattle fugitive will reach Chestertown on Wednesday in time to furnish a fish yarn. If the little lady who said she wouldn't buy this paper again until I did a column knew how hard it is to write lying down she might appreciate this blather. And the circulation department might give me a vote of thanks. It's good to be sick once in a while and see which friends think enough of you to call. Queen Anne's Record devoted a lot of space to the death of Ray Long, the one-time famous magazine editor. He was a close friend of O. B. Winters, the Mr. Big Bucks for the Record.

THOSE AND THESE

I'm just beginning to wonder if Spence, on the linotype, will be able to read these scribbles. Young Harrison Vickers has filed his entrance applications at the University of Virginia. Incidentally, the list of eligibles for next fall's freshman class at the local high school contains more boys than girls, the first time anyone can recall such a thing hereabouts. Paul Pippin is interested in antiques and has promised to do an article on the same for these columns, when and if he gets around to it. Brownie Metcalfe, a kind caller, tried to explain the difference in the price of wheat here and in Chicago, but I'm so dense. If I hadn't promised to leave him out of the column henceforth I might whisper that Colonel Brown has severed his connections with NRA. And Margaret Atkinson, another Quaker Necker, wants to settle down some time and do newspaper work here. She has been promised first crack at Knotty's job. Dr. Coughley Dick, Chestertown's new surgeon, likes sailing and was out Monday in Carl Bordley's "Sea Gull," which, incidentally, seems to like plenty of breeze. The Country Club is a double pleasure to Doc Hughes for in addition to its usual facilities it gives him something extra to worry about. The boss is having the windows tightened with putty, to stop news leaks, I suppose. If you want to get the full benefits of this column you'll have to read it lying down, the way it was written. And until I can eat something besides toast and eggs I'll be envying you.

NEWS REEL - Aquatic Number - by A. B. Chapin

Grid of aquatic news items with illustrations: HIGH TIDE, SHOWERS, STORMS, DELUGE, WILD WAVES, HIGH-WATER MARK FOR '35.

The Book

By Bruce Barton THE NEW TESTAMENT The first books of the New Testament "read in churches" with the Old Testament selections, were apostolic letters, notably those of Paul, and including generally, though not invariably, the longer epistles of John, Peter and James. When the Gospels appeared they were immediately used in like fashion, and at once assumed a place of priority, not because any one in authority said it must be so but because they were so important and so interesting. For a good while there was no attempt to make complete collections. Few churches had all the New Testament books and many had other books, as the Epistle of Clement and the Shepherd of Hermas, which were loved. When discussion began as to which books ought to be read regularly, there was immediate agreement on the most important ones, the four Gospels and the larger epistles. There was a good deal of doubt about Revelation and Second Peter and the two short epistles of John, which were relatively unimportant, as was then acknowledged and is still evident. But gradually there came to be agreement, not by authority but by the test of general usage, and the translation, and later the printing of the Bible, finally fixed the list. If any one asks whether we know absolutely that every book in the Old and New Testaments is holy above all other books, the answer is, We do not. No one can say that Esther, which is in the Bible, is nobler than Ecclesiasticus, which has been dropped out; certainly it is not so religious or so sweet in its spirit. No one can say that the Epistle of Jude is more inspired than the Epistle of Clement. The mountain range of the Bible shades off into foothills, and we do not know just where the range begins or ends. But the range is there, towering magnificently above all other literature. Scholars may discuss its measurements and limits; theologically minded may battle over its "inspiration." Let them argue. What the world needs is more folk to read. We come now to the second question, How were these chosen books preserved through the ages and passed down to us? Until the invention of printing, which was desired mainly that the Bible might be published, copies were made by hand, and errors inevitably crept in, no matter how scrupulous the copyists' care. Hence in making translations it became desirable to have as many of them for comparison as possible. The earliest manuscript copies that have survived to our time date from the fourth century A. D., and the story of one of them, the Sinaitic, will illustrate the vicissitudes through which they have passed.

Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge PRAYER Almost the whole population of a little New England village met in the old white-painted church one night last week to pray for the life of a little boy. Our doctor's seven-year-old son had been five weeks in the hospital at the county seat. Word had come that the specialists had given up hope. "Can't anything be done?" someone asked. "The child is in the hands of God," was all the doctor could say. "Then let's try God," said Mr. White, the minister. Ora Dubois, at the telephone exchange, called up ttrybody on the farmers' lines. "Come to the church tonight, to pray for Billy Persing!" By word of mouth the call ran through the village. That night the church was crowded, and no more fervent prayers ever rose to the Throne of Grace than went up from that little country town. Next morning good news came from the hospital. The boy seemed better. Next day they said he had a chance. The third day, a decided improvement. Another day—out of danger! Do our New England folk still believe in the power of prayer? We hear much of the decline of the ancient faith of our fathers. It is still a living force, up here in Berkshire. FAITH I know a surprisingly large number of people who tell me that they have found courage to face the economic disasters that have befallen them, and peace of mind such as they have never known in prosperous times, through a renewal of their faith in Divine Providence. Not only are the congregations larger in the churches of all sects, but non-sectarian groups and cults are drawing greater numbers to hear the simple Gospel message. I saw hundreds turned away for lack of room, not long ago, at one of the tri-weekly religious meetings in the grand ballroom of one of New York's largest hotels. I know one woman who draws hundreds to hear her "inspirational" talks on Friday afternoons. These people are seeking help to adjust their minds and spirits to the realities of life. Many of them are succeeding, and they are the only really happy people I know. YOUTH Whenever I hear someone declaring that there is one sure way to set everything right, my first inquiry is: "How old are you?" The surer he is that he has discovered the panacea, the younger he is likely to turn out to be. As one gets older, he is not so sure that the world needs a complete remodeling, nor that it would be the better for being "done over," even if that were possible. I am constantly being reminded of a remark of Dr. Benjamin Jowett, the famous "Master of Balliol," to one of his graduating classes of Oxford. "Even the youngest of you," he said, "is not infallible!" POLITICS The Presidential Campaign of 1936 is already under way. The preliminary skirmishes will be at the "odd-year" elections this Fall. On the outcome of such village, town and county elections the national elections may possible hinge next year. All other things being equal, the party that has the best and most far-reaching organization stands the better chance of victory. Party organization must begin at the grass-roots. The party with the most men in local public offices has the strongest organization. The odds are always with the "ins." It always takes a pretty deep and widespread change in public sentiment to oust whichever party happens to control the jobs. QUALITY or price? Mario Raspuzzi was cutting the hay on my lower meadow the other day, when the tongue of the mower broke off. The oak shaft had rotted at the bolt-holes. I called up the hardware store in Great Barrington, eight miles away, and found they had a tongue in stock for that make of machine, already bored for the bolts. When Mario brought back the new tongue, however, instead of being oak—or ash, which is better—it proved to be just a stick of Oregon pine. "That's all they're making 'em of now," the dealer explained, when I "squawked" over the tel-

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1915

Looming high above everything else in Chestertown and vicinity is the new water tank near Washington College, which at present looks like a huge saucer placed upon a frame work. When completed it will furnish water at all times for fire purposes and will supply sufficient pressure to throw water over any building in town.

Mr. B. W. Duling was the successful contractor for the Millington School, his bid being \$8,884.66.

The anti-organization forces in Kent county have opened headquarters in the old postoffice building, adjoining the law offices of Hope H. Barroll.

Mr. Lawrence Strong, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Strong, of Lankford, had the misfortune to cut his hand badly with a circular saw on Wednesday.

Mrs. Sarah Adele Hurlock, widow of the late Charles H. Hurlock, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred G. Usliton, Thursday evening.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



Sunday the call of the unknown road claimed us again and we left the beaten track where our real aim lay long enough to follow a sign which we read hurriedly and understood it to say three miles from Rehoboth. In my work during the past few years I have long since come to the conclusion that the average person can not read—no, I don't mean he is illiterate but he glances at words, gleams some of the meaning and takes the rest for granted—our experience with those three miles bore out my theory and I was one of the careless readers that time.

Instead of three miles it was eleven. It had said three miles to the Millsboro-Oak Orchard road, some miles down that road and then a turn through the pine woods to Rehoboth Pine Beach. We drove through lovely pine woods over a hard sandy road and we drove and we drove and wondered where the end lay. Signs on trees began to attract us as the road began to narrow. Some wag or some psychologist knew exactly how we were feeling—"Don't be discouraged" read one; the sand deepened and the road narrowed still more and began curving "If you are wise you are driving 20 miles an hour," read another. "No U turns" appeared at intervals and at spots where even a rabbit or roadside turtle would almost have had to obey the sign. "If you are crazy try 60 miles an hour." "You're in the sticks," "Keep going," "Just around the corner." It began to be much like a treasure hunt. After more signs encouraging the explorer we came to an open spot and rustic gate. We were there. As we drove into the heart of the good looking camp we were met and greeted by a youngish-olish man who admitted being the author of some of the signs. He used to operate a swany boys camp but was now renting cabins to a picked crowd. He was a traveler, broadcaster, lecturer and wrote lousy (the word is his) books—instruction books—but was finding the repairs of the camp interfering with even courting the Muse that helps write books of instruction. He was very hospitable, showed us through cabins and through the community dining and recreation hall and recited the menu of the meal that had just been served—soft crabs and chicken and all that goes with those delicacies. Paths through the white ocean sand were carpeted with pine needles like thick velvety rugs. A little pier, screened in, caught all the breezes and gave a gorgeous view of Tryby Beach in the distance with scores of white sails in the middle distance—pines, white sand and sparkling salt water—the place was ideal.

As we left, a young person in our group remarked how interesting our host had been and that he was a bit queer. She congratulated me that I had never reached any great heights as a writer for, according to her, all writers are queer. "But how about being queer and still not being a writer?" I asked the young philosopher. "Oh," she said, "I don't mean that all queer people are writers but all writers most certainly seem queer." And with that we pulled out of the fascinating spot wondering if we had been talking with a celebrity of the air and schoolroom whose name may be quite familiar to us—and shall we ever know. Perhaps it is more interesting not to know—more intriguing to wonder.

This morning—blue Monday—our crowd looks like well advanced cases of spotted fever but it is only the result of a fat tire on the little nine-foot isolated road from Felton to Sandtown under dark. Heavy downpours had just let up when we went swirling off the road with a flat. Lightning split the heavens in all directions but the thunder was faint—the flashlight that belongs in the car had been left at home and the work went slowly—cars passed us but no one offered help—no house was in sight—at last the deed was completed and we were again under way when another downpour came and our better half remembered he had left a pretty good tool in the road but we drove on, hoping whoever finds it will have real use for it.

Have you been reading the continued story "Christophene Discovers America" or something near that? In her discovery she raves about the splendor of Route 40 in Maryland. From the description she was most certainly touring a portion of it that we have not yet discovered—so there are still joys in store for us. The parts of Route 40 we happen to know would not enthrall many motorists who know better roads.

The Fresh Airs arrive today—just a little handful of them coming to homes of a few faithful hostesses—perhaps another year you will want one—and you and you. These homes in Kent have meant so much to the little city visitors—one has been back to the same home ever since we began the work in Kent. His whole life will be colored by these visits and by the affection and friendship he has received in that home. It is a fine and generous thing.

Tomorrow the supporters of the Bay Bridge do some more supporting. If persistency wins, victory should be theirs. The time is ripe for the project—here's hoping the fruit is gathered—not just allowed to waste and rot—it would mean a great thing for the State and the Eastern Shore.



ephone. "Quality doesn't count any more—only price. Farmers want cheap goods—and I'm telling you, they're getting 'em! That tongue'll last you two—three years, anyway." The old one had seen 20 years of service. I've been wondering ever since, whether most of the goods we buy these days aren't in the same class as that new mower-tongue—made to sell cheap and wear out quickly.