

The Enterprise

KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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Founder and Editor

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1935

How Will Business Be Affected?

Since the NRA has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court and all of its provisions voided, the question that is uppermost in the minds of those who look to the future is, what will be the effect on economic conditions.

Will business be encouraged by the fact that all regimentation shackles have been thrown off? Will it forge ahead with a new impetus born of confidence and fostered by unfettered individual initiative? Will prices take a sharp upward tilt because of renewed demand for all commodities?

Or, will there be a period of cut-throat competition with prices dipping drastically because of uncontrolled long working hours and lower wage scales? Will the unfair employer seize the opportunity to profit unjustly at his employees' expense?

These are the questions of vital importance that must be answered for the average person who seeks to chart his future activities in a business way.

Regardless of the good or ill effects of the NRA, it brought about a great change in business management and administration. It is only reasonable that there would be some misgivings and uncertainty at its quick removal.

It seems that in a majority of instances that the good that was accomplished by the NRA, namely higher wages and shorter hours, has been fairly well established and such standards cannot be lightly thrown overboard by employers regardless of whether or not there are actual laws to enforce them. Upon this reasoning, there is no reason to believe that any dire consequences will ensue the abolition of the federal control of business.

It is not for lesser minds to question the wisdom of the Supreme Court in its decision. The members of that body are chosen because of their unusual qualifications to such high honor and authority. Their wisdom and fairness is beyond question. They deemed the NRA code structure as being in violation to the constitution and it was their duty to uphold this most important document which is the bulwark of our liberties and privileges.

If the underlying conditions are sound and favorable, the decision of the court will have no great bearing on the continued upswing of business. It may halt momentarily until the hesitating see their way clear and then it will move forward once more.

Publishing Crime News

To what extent newspaper stories detailing crime are responsible for its spread must remain a mooted question. The press certainly cannot smother the news, but in the opinion of many observers, including numerous conscientious editors, neither should it make a sensational display of crime news, nor should it make of criminals the sort of cheap heroes that appeal to a certain warped type of mentality.

Responsibility for the careful supervision of this class of news cannot be evaded. It is a part of the duty newspaper men owe to the public to avoid making crime attractive to the youngster, whose judgement is poor and whose imagination is lively. Officials have taken the position that printing suggestive details of criminal news is strongly calculated to cause an increase in crime. Newspaper and magazine articles of a certain type, particularly those holding the criminal up to admiration as a "good pal," one who never forgets a kindness, are denounced as most harmful. As a matter of fact the word "double cross" is the commonest in the language of the underworld. Loyalty and all the finer attributes are lacking in the vast majority of cases. Crime is a cruel, murderous and horrible business, but to those who follow it, a business still, with keen competition and ruthless methods of meeting it.

If the press should emphasize these truths more often, if it could show plainly that of all "business" crime is the poorest, that the criminal is the tool, the dupe and the victim of other criminals, a slave to his cult, cut off from normal human associations, in constant fear of apprehension, it would do a great amount of good, in the opinion of criminologists, to reduce the number of irresponsible boys who forsake the straight path for that of the thug and racketeer.

The one great element of good that results from the publishing of crime news, lies in the fact that the public is apprised of the extent of the activity of the lawless and will respond more readily to the efforts to curtail the operation of criminals. People will not become concerned over anything of which they are not fully aware as a danger to society.

Brakes Instead Of Horns

In the early days of automobiles, when the world was in the horse and buggy age, a horn was probably essential. Today, in most cases, it is used by drivers in lieu of brakes, and thus it is not only annoying, but extremely dangerous. Many drivers today dash through a populated district without abating their speed one bit, sounding their horns almost continuously so that they may take the right of way by reason of their insistence and their recklessness.

The difficulty is that many drivers think that the sounding of a horn is the mark of a careful driver and is to be commended rather than condemned. Such, however, is not the case; the good driver is so careful himself and has his car so constantly under control that he has absolutely no need of a warning signal. If he is approaching a dangerous intersection he need not sound a long blast on his noisemaker, but approaches the crossing at low speed and makes certain that it is safe to proceed before he does so.



THE LANCER

Harry S. Russell

SAVING POSTAGE

Philip G. Wilmer, Esq.,
Mayor of Chestertown.

Honored Sir:

We who bum rides in all kinds of autos (not exclusively V-8's) to get out to the golf course are anxious that the Mayor and City Council make a complaint to the Pennsylvania Railroad about the rough condition of the crossing on Queen street. I hear, also, that the crossing at the head of town is in bad condition altho I don't know first hand, the repeal of prohibition making it unnecessary for me to travel that road as much as of yore.

Aside from the fact that I think the crossing really needs fixing it occurs to me that you and your Council should enjoy the opportunity of making a complaint to someone inasmuch as you get so many complaints yourself.

With kind regards to the Mayor and Council, particularly the Lone Wolf of the Fourth Ward, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Harry S. Russell.

♦ ♦ ♦

To The Graduates,

Washington College, 1935.

My Friends:

Monday, as you received your diplomas, I learned, for the first time, the names of some of you. Your faces have been familiar for four years and your names I had heard many times. But Monday, for the first time, in several cases, the two were properly connected.

It occurs to me that many of you may have difficulty in finding satisfactory employment and that some of you might turn bitter and wonder what good your education after all. That is a natural reaction for a college graduate who finds himself unable to grab off any job higher than a filling station attendant or a soda clerk.

Such a reaction is due, undoubtedly, to the over-emphasis upon the economic purpose of education. Some schools, though I doubt it, may be to blame for the prevalent idea that a boy or girl goes to college primarily to become fitted to earn "big money." Some universities and colleges may even teach that the world owes a living to its graduates merely because they are graduates. But I doubt that, too. It is true, however, that the economic standard is the one by which most people are inclined to measure everything.

The real purpose of education, and you will realize it more as you grow further away from your college years, is to fit men and women to understand and appreciate the realities of life. Those of you who leave college equipped with such understanding and appreciation realize that contentment and happiness are measured by other standards than the size of the pay check. You are the ones who will get the greatest and most lasting benefits from your college course. Your more mercenary classmates are to be pitied.

With the wish that happiness and contentment, rather than wealth, be the lot of you all, I am,

Very truly,

Harry S. Russell.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mr. Everett S. Lambden,

Enroute to Mexico City.

Dear Everett:

Bon voyage and all that sort of thing! And if you see anyone looking for a revolution tell them that you know where they can find a Soldier of Fortune, First Class.

It occurs to me that a lot of the Rotary brothers are going to be disappointed if you don't come back with a Senorita in your baggage. You have been offered tips and suggestions for the best methods of approach. Some have even offered you the use of limited Spanish vocabularies. Take my advice and work only on the assumption that women are women the world over. And Senoritas are women, maidens, and not cigars as perhaps some of the Rotary brothers believe.

And with one more tip I leave you to your voyage. Lay off the amateurish attempts at Spanish. When you can't make them understand you in good old American then go to pointing.

Lots-Of-Luck,

Harry.

♦ ♦ ♦

Chestertown Volunteer Fire Company,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Fellow Members:

I pride myself upon my connection with your organization more than any other with which I am affiliated. For that reason, and in the best of faith, I pass on a couple of criticisms I have heard lately.

First, and I have noticed it myself but wasn't aware of it until someone mentioned it, your drivers lose valuable time and make themselves and the company look amateurish by not properly gauging the distance in approaching the fire plugs. The shifting of the truck back and forth before the connection can be made is unnecessary. With a little practice in judging distance the truck could slide into place the first time.

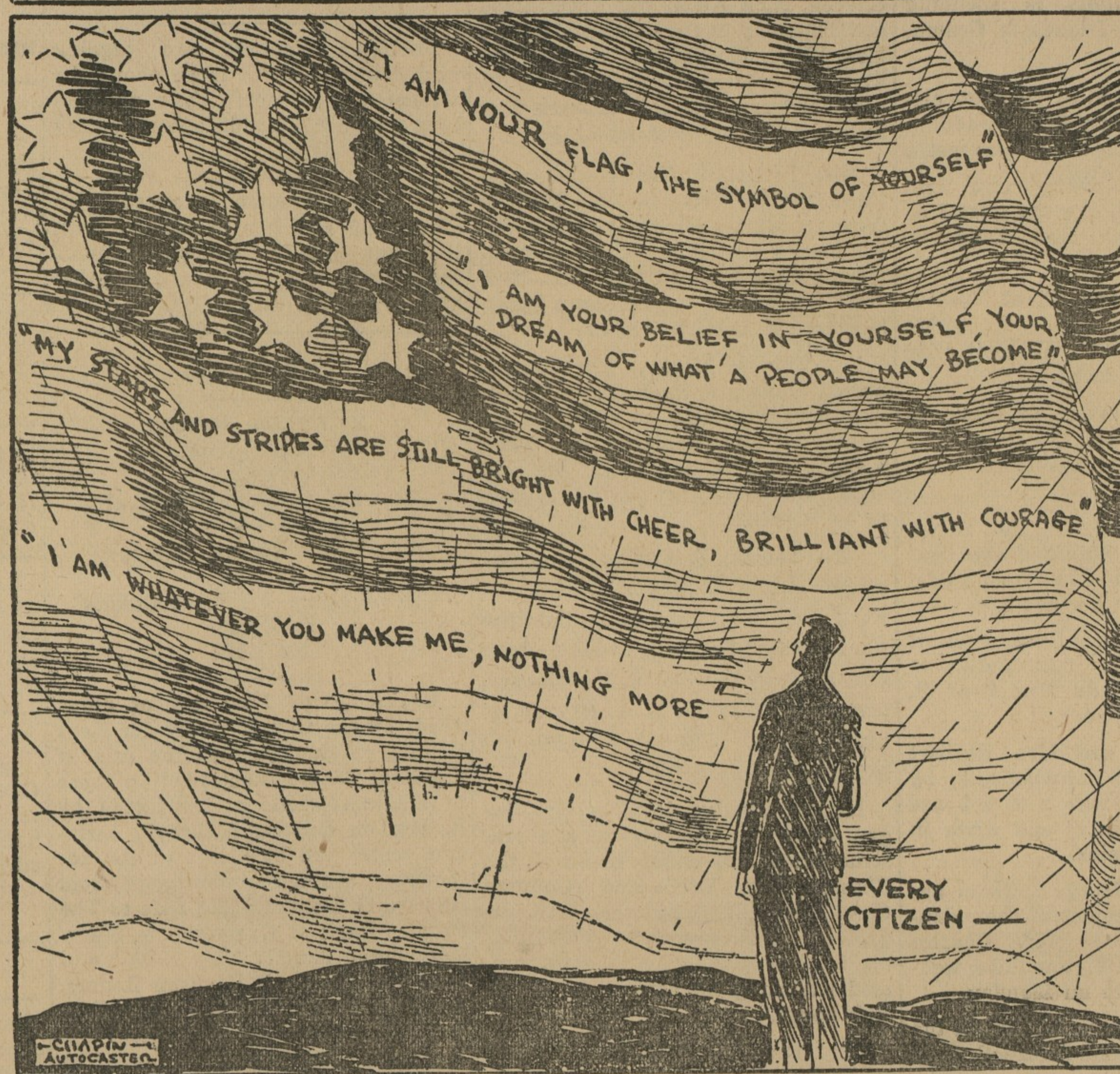
The second isn't exactly a criticism. Rather it is a request that the ringing of the bell to designate the location of a fire be resumed. Many people have mentioned a desire for a return of this system and it seems to me it could be easily arranged.

Assuring you (though I feel it isn't necessary) that I am with you 100 per cent, I am

Very truly yours,

Harry S. Russell.

If The Flag Could Talk — by A. B. Chapin



The Book

By Bruce Barton

MARY OF MAGDALA

The name Mary was immensely popular in the time of Jesus because of the love of the Jewish people for Mariamne, the Jewish wife of Herod, who was murdered by him. Hence there are so many women in the New Testament named Mary that we sometimes find it difficult to keep track of them. Foremost, of course, is Mary, the mother of Jesus. Next in order of her importance is Mary of Magdala. Of her early history we know nothing except that she suffered with some nervous or mental complaint.

And it came to pass afterward, that he went throughout every city and village, preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God; and the twelve were with him.

And certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils.

We know the names of a few of the women who followed Jesus on that last journey from Galilee to Jerusalem and "ministered to him of their substance." Three of them were Marys. Some apprehension of expectation of crisis, some woman's instinct caused them to leave their homes and be His companions in this last stage of His public work.

"Crucified, dead and buried!" Terrible words. The apostolic group was stunned and paralyzed. How the eleven disciples spent the hours from night-fall of Friday till dawn of Sunday, we do not know. But on Easter morning, "while it was yet dark" (John 20:1) these women who had seen Jesus crucified came with spices to anoint His body. They did not know that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had already performed that melancholy service.

They reached the tomb, wondering who would roll away the stone for them, and behold, it was already rolled away. And the angel said, "He is not here; He is risen." The others hurried back to tell the disciples, but Mary "stood without, weeping." She it was who first saw the Lord.

No wonder Renan, skeptic as he was, marveled at the faith which caused her to see that vision of a living Christ and to proclaim it. He had a skeptic's easy explanation, but he said that no sane person ever saw anything that gave to the world such comfort as the vision of love that the magdalene beheld. Peter and John ran to the sepulchre and found the empty tomb; the whole city knew of it before night.

But Mary's eyes first beheld Him and her glad voice first told the incredulous disciples. In the power of her faith and the blessing of her good tidings only Mary the mother of Jesus deserves to stand before this other beautiful and devoted follower of Jesus, Mary of Magdala.

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1915

Thirteen graduates will receive diplomas at Washington College next Wednesday as the annual commencement is held. They will be: Troy Franklin Bidle, Stephen Roberts Collins, John Hepburn Dwyer, James Willard Davis, Albert Vincent Dwyer, Edmond Spedden Graves, Charles Howard Lickle, Cayetano Panettiere, James Rolph Roe, Laurence Bates Russell, Jr., William Wesley Selby, Waters Russell Wheatley, Allen Howard White.

Marriage licenses were issued last week for Joseph Gagalski and Stella Cornelius of Kent county, and Jesse Taylor and Rosie Smith, of Chestertown.

Mr. J. Frank Connelly has been appointed Tax Supervisor for Kent under the State Tax Commission to succeed the late Harry J. McWhorter.

Mr. Carey Jarman, of Chestertown, has been elected manager of the St. John's College baseball team.

Mr. V. Howard Stradley, Jr., of Elkton, and Miss Carrie E. Roe, of Massey, were married June 1 at St. Clements Rectory, Massey, by the Rev. C. R. Birnbach.

Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge

SPRING

Spring has come at last up in the New England hills. It has been the latest season in recent years—so late that I hear many of the younger folk in our town say that this May must have been the coldest on record.

Well, I can remember one New England Summer in my boyhood when snow fell on the Fourth of July! Not much, to be sure, but enough of the rain that fell all that day—and spoiled our "celebration"—froze under the chill of a Canadian north wind to enable us to see the white lakes. And I remember one Memorial Day—we used always to call it "Decoration Day"—when my sisters and I were looking for wood violets to place on the soldiers' graves, we found a snow-bank a foot deep in a shaded gully. And just above the snow the violets were blooming.

There is no precedent that anybody can go by in forecasting the weather. No two years are ever quite alike.

FLAGS

increased sales

The Chicago Association of Commerce reports that three times as many American flags have been sold so far this year as in the first half of 1934. I don't know that that means that the reaction against Communism has set in, as the Chicago business men seem to think, but I would be glad to see a general revival of the old-fashioned "flag-raising" that used to be a regular Fourth-of-July affair in the smaller communities, and even in some big cities, in my youth.

Every rural town in the East used to have its "Liberty Pole," and the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes, with a prayer by the minister, a "concert" by the local "brass band," and a patriotic speech by some local or imported big-wig were fitting preludes to the sports and games and picnic feast in which everybody took part.

There is a little hill on my farm where the Liberty Pole used to stand, up to forty or fifty years ago. The pasture around it is still known as "the flagpole lot."

If I thought anything could divert my neighbors from their holiday joy-riding to an exhibition of patriotism, I'd set up a new Liberty Pole on the old flagpole lot to invite them to an old-fashioned Fourth-of-July picnic.

RADIO

fine in country

I don't think that any modern invention has ever brought so much real pleasure and value to so many people as the radio. I drive around in the country a good deal, calling on neighboring farmers and friends, and it is the exception to find a country or village home where the radio is not going.

There isn't any doubt that the radio has proved a powerful influence in setting all sorts of people to thinking of social and political questions, to which they never gave attention before. It is bringing religion into many homes whose people, for one reason or another, seldom go to church. Then the music, the household talks for the homemakers, the entertaining features for the children, the farm market news and all the rest of the good things that are broadcast.

WAR

two sides

Listening to and reading all the anti-war talk that is going around, I am reminded of the most stirring speech I ever heard Woodrow Wilson make. It was 24 years ago, in June, 1911, at Denver, when he spoke of "The Bible and Progress," spoke as a believing and practical Christian to an audience composed of most of the members of all the Christian churches in that city.

"Liberty," he said, "is a spiritual conception. There are times in the history of nations when they must take up the crude implements of bloodshed in order to vindicate spiritual conceptions. When men take up arms to set other men free, there is something sacred and holy in the warfare."

That was spoken more than three years before Europe went to war in 1914, more than six years before the United States went into that conflict. Nobody wanted war. But when a situation arose in which America was called upon to vindicate the spiritual conception of Liberty, as Mr. Wilson had phrased it, we went into the war in that spirit.

Don't let anyone tell you America went to war

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Nell C. Westcott



Speaking of trees—and who was—well, everybody has become tree conscious around here—some of the trees recently planted along High Street are Oriental plane trees—a sort of second cousin to a sycamore tree. The variety has puzzled a number of people so I am passing this information along.

And now here is some information I should like to receive. Down around Sandy Bottom a small and inartistic rusty tin can covers the top of every bean pole. There must be a reason. It makes a weird looking garden scene whatever the reason may be.

Chestertown teemed with visitors over the weekend and now the college crowd have left us for another year. High School commencement, closely following the college June Week and next in importance, fills more of this week and then the homecoming crowd from other colleges and prep schools make their appearance adding to the gaiety of the local younger set.

Right here I raised my doorknob rang—being rather early in the morning I dozed and wondered who was paying me so early a call. Opened the door and was speechless to find a friend in tears. Tears, early in the morning are twice as bad as later in the day as it can be nothing but real grief. After admitting that there was nothing I could do she did ask me to use this column. Her dog had been poisoned. I must say from my first glance at the weebegone face I thought it was nothing less than a death in the family and was somewhat relieved to find it was the dog rather than a human member of the family but, as all dog-lovers know, a dog becomes a member of a family and when it dies through natural causes or accident there is plenty of grief but when two veterinarians declare the cause of death was strychnine, when a dog has a home where it has plenty of room and does not trespass or bother neighbors in any way, when it is anything but vicious and then somebody plants poison to make way with it, grief is doubled because of the needless loss of the pet and the knowledge that there are human beings so contemptible as to do a thing like that. And why should anyone do it? If a dog kills sheep, chickens or other stock, if it attacks children and bites—those are reasons for a dog to be disposed of—I have known some people to shoot a dog for crimes like that but at least they were not yellow—they came to the point and made way with the dog for a good reason but when an animal is perfectly harmless, is kept inside at night and on its own territory in the day time there seems to be no reason. And poisoning is such a cowardly slinking way to go to it.

When the request was made that I speak of the happening in my column I was dismayed because of the unkind thrust made last week by Billiam, the third. Didn't know that he had gone in for psychiatry and was endeavoring to psych his fellow-columnists and making such a mess of it. Because I objected to the slaughter of a tree by person or persons unknown because I shuddered at the crushing of a tiny robin by a speeding car he accuses me of having sadistic tendencies or something—the dictionary doesn't give a definition of that term but I always thought it meant someone who gloried in gory details. With the tree—was I sad? Over the wee robin—I was sadder? So, now because of my friend's dog, though I am not a real dog lover myself but because of her grief—am I a sadist or what have you?

Mr. Lester Baldwin, of Baltimore, alumnus of Washington College, asked if we would like to have a booklet concerning Chestertown or Kent County in the data that the members going on the Elk's Tour will be given. So we sent him fifty copies of our Kent County bulletin that is so well illustrated and gives a pretty good picture of this good and fortunate county of Kent. There have been many calls for distribution of that Chamber of Commerce pamphlet recently. It has gone to New York, Massachusetts and Washington, D. C., during the past week besides these that will take the Elk's tour.

The new bronze plaque awarded the Kent County Chamber of Commerce for rural health work in Kent will be on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce office. It was delayed and has just been received. It is a handsome thing—a heavy bronze tablet mounted on mahogany. The design on the bronze represents the various phases of rural health work such as infant care, clinics, immunization against contagious diseases, inspection of milk, laboratory tests and education of the public in the matter of preventive measures to promote public health. Stop in and see it.

And still with the poisoned dog in my thoughts I think of the wise person who remarked that the more he saw of human beings the better he loved his dog. And a fine loyal loving friend—an airdale—has passed on to his happy hunting ground! Fortunate is man or beast whose passing leaves real grief in the hearts of those who are left to mourn him.

for profits or to save somebody's investments.

and gambling

How many chain letters have you had? I've only received one myself but my wife has had four or five in the past fortnight and I think my daughter's latest score is around fifteen.

We have one very simple system of handling these chain letters. That is to throw them in the waste basket without answering them.

The chain letter craze is just one more evidence of the wide-spread gambling spirit which prevades the whole country. The trouble with this form of gambling is that the odds are so heavy against everyone who tries it.

I suggest that anybody who has money to bet and the urge to get money without working for it would better wait until he can lay his wager under some controlled and well-policed scheme where he at least has a chance of collecting his winnings if luck should happen to be with him.