

The Enterprise

KENT'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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Keeping Farms Clean

A clean, neat country home is an inspiration to the people travelling through the country. It means that those who live there are industrious and desirous of keeping their residences, yards and surrounding property looking well, without having been persuaded or coerced by public opinion.

Most farmers take advantage of the opportunities they have to make their places of abode attractive with flowers. Plant life of the flower garden variety has an important part in satisfying rural life, and it likewise makes a trip through the country at this season especially enjoyable.

The average farmer has a genuine appreciation of natural beauty, although he may not always be conscious of the rare possession he has. In the city, the florists supply natural beauty in a more or less artificial form and large sums of money are spent annually to satisfy the universal desire for it. Country people have much of it right at their doors, and wild beauty is spread before them with a lavish hand.

We think of agriculture in terms of corn and credit, plows and prices, things economic in character and vital in carrying out farming, but after the day's work is over the farmer and his family can find real joy, relaxation and inspiration in the flower garden.

They can also keep the premises in such condition that there will be nothing to detract from the beauty that nature provides in the springtime.

Cleanliness in the country is just as much to be desired as cleanliness in village, town or city, and pride in the appearance of his home and surrounding premises should be as natural for a farmer as a town or city dweller.

Outdoor Manners

From the time they are able to comprehend anything, children are taught that they must have "good manners." They are threatened and warned and cajoled into behaving when "company" comes and to act like they weren't little savages when they go to call on friends.

"Good manners" have always been regarded as one of our best known "indoor sports." But this is a changing world and now we find that "manners" are classified. There is the "indoor" variety and the "outdoor" variety. And some of the grownups are lacking in "outdoor" manners.

It is estimated that twenty million motorists will head the call of the road this summer. If one-twentieth of them are careless, an immense amount of damage will be done. Beauty spots will be defiled, property destroyed and the way made rough for tourists who have good "outdoor" manners.

The thoughtless camper who forgets to put out his fire and leaves behind paper plates, tin cans and the remains of his lunch is the horrible example of "bad manners," and a type that must be swatted in order to keep tourists as a class in good standing.

Nothing is more disheartening than to find some picturesque spot among the trees left by automobile travelers and picnickers littered with refuse. The lights of property owners in the country must be respected as religiously as they are in town and city. This, children can be taught. Some of their elders may be too hard crusted to admit of teaching.

But the coming generation, at least, ought to grow up with the idea that the abuse of outdoor hospitality of parks and secluded spots in the country is as much a breach of good manners as to mistreat a home where one has been entertained.

Keeping A Reputation

The knights of old fought to protect the fair fame of the devices emblazoned on their shields. The knight without escutcheon was looked upon with suspicion. He had no name to protect. He could live fairly or unfairly, as his whims directed.

Modern knights of industry have devices—the advertised trademarks of their products. They must safeguard the reputation of these trademarks to keep them worth while.

Advertising throws a powerful light on a trademark. If it proves worthy, it gains popularity and confidence. If it is shown to be unworthy, it quickly fails.

So you can be sure that every consistently advertised product is good. The advertising test has proved it. The name of its maker stands behind it. The trademark is your warranty of satisfaction and true quality.

The same holds true with your local merchant. If he is a consistent advertiser and has been successful in building up a thriving business, you have confidence in him because you know he has substantiated his claims that he has put forth in his advertising.

Read the advertisements in this paper and be better served.

Nobody would object so much to automobile casualties if they were confined to the fool drivers who cause them.

Learned scientists have stated that the sun will continue to provide heat for fifteen trillion years. Now that this question is settled, they might turn their attention to the problem of how long the heat will last in the next world.

People are counted wise who protest themselves against fire here and hereafter.

The fellow who speaks of the better days he has seen, generally forgets the nights.

THE LANCER



Harry S. Russell

Rollo was a prince, a gallant son of a gallant sire. Pedro was the son of the gardener at the palace of Rollo's father, the King. The two, Rollo and Pedro, had arrived in this world the same day. From early childhood they had played together because the King was not a snob and besides he saw his princely son only occasionally.

As youths Rollo and Pedro tussled about the gardens of the palace as only the young can tussle. Pedro, by heritage, was somewhat larger in stature than his playmate, the Prince. Nor was he subject to the softening luxuries of a royal existence. His fare was of the kind generally believed to be better fitted to the building of bone and muscle. And yet he seldom, if ever, bested Rollo in any of their childish encounters. At boxing and wrestling the Prince excelled despite his somewhat slighter build. He had the advantage of training under professionals.

And so it was in all sports and tests youngsters like. Rollo, better trained and better equipped with the knowledge of the proper way to go about things, was able to offset Pedro's superior strength.

On the day that the two boys reached the age when they could no longer be called boys a stranger came to the palace. He gained an audience with the King. His was a terrible tale of how a fire-emitting dragon held the beautiful princess of his, a far-off land, a captive. Hundreds of the young and strong of this distant kingdom had given their lives in vain efforts to slay the terrible dragon and free the beautiful princess.

The King saw at once that this was the chance to prove the mettle of his son, the very test needed to determine whether or not he was fitted to wear the crown which now adorned his father's brow. Rollo was sent for and after he had heard the story he was as eager for the test as was his father.

Rollo hurried off to tell Pedro of his good fortune. Pedro, no weakling and lacking not in courage, decided that he, too, would like to make a try at setting free the beautiful princess. Off he went in search of his father, the gardener.

The gardener, shrewd in spite of his lowly position, saw a chance for fame and fortune should his son be the one to rescue the princess. He consented to Pedro making the effort and dropped his work to help his son prepare for the great test.

From its place on the wall he took down a sword, rusty from lack of use. He had used it in his earlier years in the wars to defend the crown of Rollo's father. This sword he gave to Pedro. Then he unhooked the aged white horse from the plough in the garden and boosted Pedro to its back. Wishing his son well he started him off in the direction of the country where the beautiful princess was held captive.

There was excitement, great excitement, at the palace. The son and heir to the throne was about to be off on his first great adventure. There was feasting. All the great ladies and gentlemen of the King's court were present. Many of the knights had tips to give the youthful prince. Some of them had bested dragons in their day.

And then the King called three of the greatest witches to the throne room and before the royal assemblage they each, in turn, placed a charm upon the life of the young prince and made him a gift.

The first gave him a pair of ten-league boots. The second bestowed upon him a coat and cloak which made the wearer invisible to the human eye. The third presented a sword that could never be bested in battle.

It was summer. It was hot and the roads were dusty. Pedro had toiled along for seven days and the greater part of seven nights, resting as little as possible. Down a road, thick with dust, Pedro on the old white charger plodded his way toward what he saw as a great adventure and his father saw as a possible means to fame and fortune.

Suddenly a gust of wind broke the calm of the day. There was a whirl and then all was calm again. Pedro did not know the cause of the sudden breeze. It was Rollo passing, encased in his invisible cap and cloak, wearing his ten-league boots and with his charmed sword fastened to his side.

It was summer and hot and dusty day followed after hot and dusty day. Pedro kept on. Many times he wanted to pull up the old steed and rest in the shade of a road-side tree or beside the banks of a rippling brook. But he strove onward, spurring himself with the thought that he still led Rollo, that for once he might best his princely friend. Pedro did not know of the gifts of the witches. And so he forced the old, white charger on and on. There was nothing of the quitter in his blood and the great adventure lay ahead.

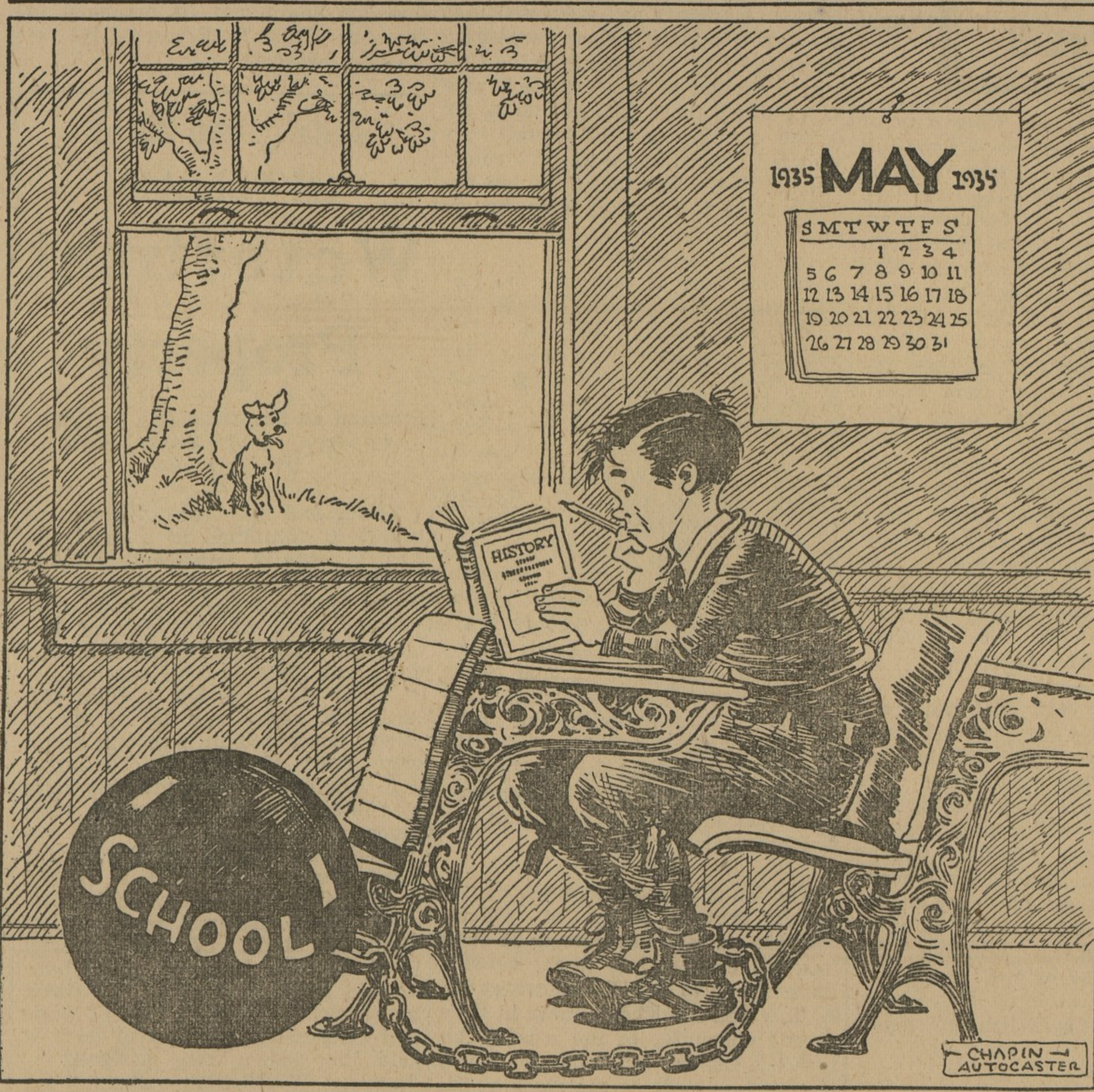
Two, three months passed. Worn and haggard, tired and thirsty, dusty and bedraggled, Pedro at last came in sight of the castle where the princess was held captive by the terrible dragon. As he drew nearer, he whipped the horse and tightened his grip on the rusty sword. And then he saw a great mound of dirt upon the front of which had been erected a mighty tablet. Slipping, almost falling, from the back of the fast-dying white horse, Pedro stumbled forward to read the inscription on the tablet.

He crumpled at the foot of the mound, exhausted. The tablet told him that his quest had been in vain. Beneath the great mound lay the decaying body of the dragon, slain in battle by one Prince Rollo.

From a nearby castle came the sound of music. It was the wedding march and as Pedro slowly, one step at a time, one tired foot after the other, began the climb to the castle doors, the portals swung open and on a pathway of roses Prince Rollo and the beautiful princess, now his bride, came down the steps. Pedro slumped to the stones as the bridal party went by.

"What," you ask, "is the moral of this tale?" There isn't any. It is merely what would happen in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred where such conditions existed.

The Longest Month of the Year — by A. B. Chapin



The Book

By Bruce Barton

ESTHER

The story comes late in the Old Testament chronology, dealing with the period when there were numerous Jews in Mesopotamia, descendants of those who were carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B. C. A hundred years had passed and, while many Jews had returned to Palestine, others were settled in different parts of the big unwieldy Persian kingdom, ruled over by Ahasuerus.

Mordecai was plotted against by a politician named Haman, who through misrepresentation caused the king to promulgate a decree of massacre against the Jews. It was at this crisis that Mordecai went to Esther, demanding

that she should go in unto the king, to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people.

She replied that no one was permitted to approach the king without being sent for by name and that the penalty of disobedience was death. In noble words Mordecai argued the case, and at length Esther was persuaded.

Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan (she replied), and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day; I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go into the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish.

The third day came. Modestly but with firm step and head erect, she moved into the inner court where sat Ahasuerus on his mighty throne. There was an awful moment of suspense while the courtiers watched with bated breath to see what destruction would descend upon this girl who had dared to break the law. But her beauty was irresistible. The king held out his scepter, the sign of royal recognition. Esther knelt and touched it and made her plea and won.

A new decree was promulgated; the Jews were restored to favor and began promptly to take advantage of their opportunities to grow rich. Haman by poetic justice was hanged on the high gallows which he had built for Mordecai.

The finest passage in the whole book is Mordecai's ringing answer to Esther when she hesitated to approach the king, arguing that her feeble strength and abilities could not possibly prevail in such an emergency:

Those words have rung down the corridors of Time as an undying challenge to the courage and faith of youth. "Let no faint-heartedness turn you aside from the duty to which you are clearly called, no matter how hard that duty may be or how much apparently beyond your powers."

...and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

20 Years Ago In The Enterprise

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915

Ten water towers are being placed about town for the purpose of filling the sprinkler. The fire plugs have been used heretofore but the new arrangement will make unnecessary the use of hose.

It is expected that Mr. Alwyn M. Culp will erect four new residences on Kent Circle shortly, thereby greatly improving this section of the town.

Graham, Clements and Sutton have received their new transit car and it is a beauty. It will accommodate fifteen passengers.

Paul Perkins, driving one of Mr. Cahill's cars, was badly injured Friday when the machine turned turtle near the Rolph's Wharf road.

The County Commissioners of Kent and Queen Anne's held a joint meeting at Millington on Monday for the purpose of examining the bridge at that town, owned jointly by the counties.

Today and Tomorrow

By Frank P. Stockbridge

KING and jubilee

I get the very distinct impression, from what my English friends tell me and what I have been reading about the Silver Jubilee of King George V., that the monarch who has reigned over the British Empire for the past twenty-five years is the most widely popular ruler that great nation has ever had. His grandmother, Queen Victoria, was greatly respected but the people didn't really love her. His father, King Edward VII, was an aristocrat, whom the common people felt had little understanding of or sympathy with themselves.

King George, on the other hand, is the most democratic monarch who ever sat on the throne, and under his rule Great Britain has developed into a more complete democracy than any other nation, except our own. And I am not sure but what, in many essential respects, it is more of a democracy than America is.

Certainly the ordinary man in England has greater freedom of thought, speech and action than he ever had before, and his government is more efficient in protecting those liberties than is ours.

ALASKA a challenge

I have been greatly interested in reading about the Federal Government's experiment of moving a lot of American farmers into that territory. I hope they fare well, but I cannot help having my doubts. As I write I have before me the "Progress Edition" of Alaska's leading newspaper, the "Daily Alaska Empire" published at Juneau. And in the leading editorial on the front page I read:

"Alaska is only for strong men and women. Those who are willing to withstand hardship and shoulder all the burdens of the pioneer. It is no land for the adventurer and job-hunter who does not come prepared with a certain amount of capital. Alaska beckons as every frontier land has done, but it holds forth no false hope."

I hope the Federal Government has not held forth false hopes to the poor farmers and their families whom it is setting up in ready-made farms in Alaska.

COLONISTS the types

We are accustomed to think of America as having been entirely settled by daring, adventurous persons who left their European homes for the sake of liberty, and whose blood and spirit pervades all of us today. I wish that were literally true, but when you stop to think of it, there were a number of other kinds of people who came to America in Colonial days.

I have been reading the bound copies of a newspaper published in England from 1716 to 1736, and have noted the immense number of men and women, convicted of capital crimes, who were sentenced to be transported to America instead of going to the gallows. Some of them got back to England, whereupon they were promptly hanged. The rest were sold as slaves to the land-owners already in the American colonies.

Transportation as punishment for crime was shifted to Australia later, and the American colonists satisfied their demand for cheap labor by trapping African natives and bringing them over to slavery. Probably the Africans were better off here than they had been in Africa, but they, like the English convicts, certainly didn't come here because they were imbued with the spirit of liberty.

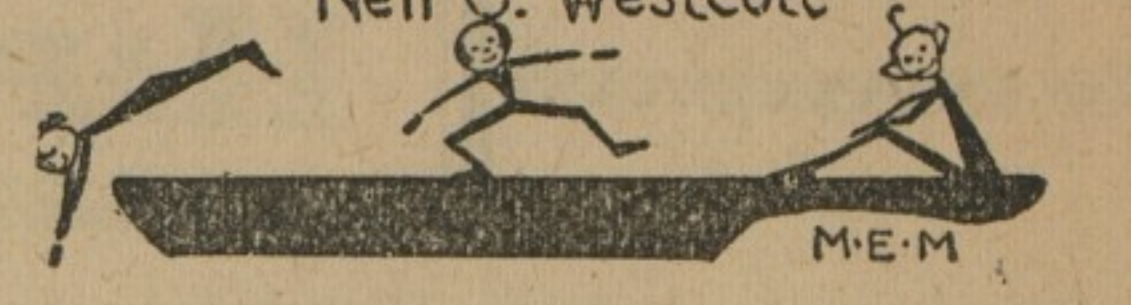
The descendants of these Colonial slaves, black and white, are no minor factor in American life today. Add to them the hordes from southern and eastern Europe and from Asia who came here for "easy money" after our national development and prosperity had become assured, and a good many of the departures from the old American tradition are explained.

STEAM still in race

Steam isn't sitting quietly and letting gas get away with it. A few days ago the New Haven railroad started its Diesel-engined "Comet" train between New York and Boston, hitting 110 miles an hour, but a day or two later a stream-lined steam locomotive capable of sustained speed of 120 miles an hour rolled out of the works at Schenectady, for the Milwaukee railroad, to run between Chicago and St. Paul.

The railroad contest now in progress fascinates me, for I think I see in it one of the important moves toward economic recovery. All the rail-

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



And so the Bay Bridge is signed. The local Chamber of Commerce did all it could to contact bridge enthusiasts up and down the Shore several weeks ago asking their cooperation in sending messages to Governor Nice boosting the project and working to get others interested and turned in favor of that much-longed for connecting link between Maryland's two Shores. The telephone bill which came to the Chamber as the result of its activities made us feel we had almost bought a part of the bridge. It was breath-taking but, in view of the fact that the Governor did sign, it was well-worth the effort and expense. We do not pat ourselves on the back that he signed because of the organization's effort but we know it was action in the right direction. It is sometimes difficult to get the party in favor of any problem to act as wholeheartedly as the opposition does. Nor do we think we have the bridge this minute. But the bridge does seem nearer than ever before. The local Chamber was organized in 1926 and started with an office beginning January 1927. It had then, as it has had ever since, the hope and dream of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge. It worked then, as it has ever since, to make that dream a reality. And so, we continue to hope and dream.

The last issue of the Ladies' Home Journal contained a telling article by Paul de Kruif entitled "Accidents Don't Happen." That publication is now behind a campaign to reduce the number of fatal motor accidents. Fatal and those not fatal but that might better be are really something to be warred against. Every town with an organization for the welfare of its people, is being asked to join in a national effort to bring about more safety for motorists.

Next month, seals, already gummed, will be ready for the use of the members of the Chamber of Commerce in Kent County for those who make a public pledge "I Will Drive Safely." The definition of a super driver is one "who avoids and prevents accidents by adhering to the following code:

"I will know the driving customs or rules of the road in whatever region I may be driving.

"I will give understandable signals of what I'm going to do.

"When I'm to turn at an intersection I will slow down and then if about to turn left, I'll place my car toward the center of the road or if about to turn right, I will place it at the curb.

"I will signal my direction correctly with my hand. Even though there is no uniformity in hand signals called for in the various states, I will at least extend my arm out the window to indicate that I am about to do something different.

"I will know my car and keep it in safe condition that it will pass any motor-vehicle inspection.

"I will, mentally, 'drive ahead' so that I will always have time to make whatever decision is necessary.

There are other declarations of good sense in driving methods and it ends up

"And, finally, I will remember that it takes two to cause any accident in which I'm involved. And that the blame is always partly mine."

To my cautious motoring mind the first step in the reduction of wholesale slaughter by automobiles such as now takes place would be better enforcement of rules and regulations and a nationwide unity of such laws and regulations. You drive in one town and if you are in the exact center of it you may see a sign on the traffic light "Turn on green light, only." You may drive fifty miles less, come to another fair-sized city and find the rule is "Make all turns on red." But those signs are never at the outskirts of the town and you don't know until you are well in the heart of the city just which you are to do. If you live in a region where turns on green are the rule you will naturally turn on green somewhere else where you should make your turns on red. More than one fatal accident has resulted from that sort of confusion.

Many a person might stop and think "What am I going to do with the few minutes I save by reckless speeding?" Those few minutes may make all the difference in the world and sometimes they are not saved at all but are spent in endless grief or invalidism by the driver or somebody else.

The people of Pennsylvania must be like the Palmist or prophet who said "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Better than that, they must take themselves to their hills for health and pleasure. We motored at Wernersville yesterday and could only believe with the greatest of difficulty the reports that those hostilities are crowded from Decoration Day on. Certainly they are placed where their views are most gorgeous and in spite of the fact that motoring has done much to kill resorts they must offer enough inducement to offset the lure of the roads. The hotel population in that small section must go into the thousands and that beautiful country deserves such an audience.

roads are trying to compete with air travel on one hand and with bus and motor travel on the other. This is bound to mean rebuilding roadbeds, eliminating grade crossings, building new motive power and equipment, on a scale which is only faintly suggested by what has been done so far.

ROBOT on the job

I sailed all the way across the Atlantic and back, not long ago, in ships which were steered throughout their courses by "Metal Mike," the gyroscopic steering gear which every important ship now uses, and which laid their courses not by the old-fashioned magnetic compass but by the gyroscopic compass, which points to true North instead of to the magnetic pole. From land to land no human hand touched the steering gear of either ship.

The "robot" airplane, which has been flying pilotless around the country recently, is merely an application to air navigation of the gyroscopic compass and steering device which has been in use on ships for many years. The pilot handles the controls only in starting and landing and in setting the course in the first instance. The machine does the rest.

These are wonderful things, but nobody has yet made a machine that will think.