

The Enterprise CHESTERTOWN, MD.

L. BATES RUSSELL, Founder and Managing Editor. HARRY S. RUSSELL, EMERSON R. RUSSELL, Associate Editors.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY By The Enterprise Publishing Co.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year cash in advance \$1.00 To subscribers in the United States. One year cash in advance \$2.00 To subscribers in Canada and foreign countries.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26, 1927

A COLOSSAL WASTE

No nation, however rich, can afford a sheer waste of over half a billion dollars a year. This sum represents the annual direct business loss from fire in the United States, but it by no means tells the whole story. It does not take into account the cost of maintaining fire fighting forces, or the indirect loss in wages, profits, custom and god will which comes from interruption of business.

Another worry of most of us is the fear that our bank account will be influenced by the present styles and get a boyish bob.

RED CROSS ACHIEVEMENTS

With the period for the annual campaign for Red Cross membership near at hand, the review of Red Cross achievements during the past year, given recently by President Coolidge at the annual meeting of the American Red Cross in Washington, has more than passing interest.

The president stressed the Mississippi flood inasmuch as it was the biggest piece of relief work done in the last twelve months. He said that less than a half dozen persons lost their lives in the flood area after the Red Cross relief took hold and that the health of the refugees was so well guarded that there were more births than deaths in the concentration camps.

Mr. Coolidge pointed out that \$17,000,000 was raised for flood relief work, in addition to services of the Federal Government valued at about \$7,000,000. "The story is one of the fine chapters in American history," he said.

The president also reviewed other relief work of the year in which he said \$2,216,893 was expended in relieving about 690,000 people as a result of seventy-seven domestic disasters and \$43,000 for twenty different disasters abroad.

In the domestic sum only about \$3,000,000 is included because that has all expended by the end of the Red Cross fiscal year June 30. However, the total does cover \$4,480,000 used for relief and rehabilitation due to the storm in Florida.

Those who hold membership in the Red Cross may well feel proud of this record of achievement and have just reason to believe that they add an actual part in it. The Red Cross is a great American institution and in each succeeding disaster proves its worth and justifies its existence.

What equals the faith of man? Soon after he loses faith in Santa Claus he begins to have faith in hair restorers.

A BAD HABIT

The non-voting habit has taken possession of the American people. In city and rural communities the report is the same: that the people do not care to bother to vote. Curiously enough, the country districts clearly show a higher voting percentage than the city sections. All sorts of bait has been offered in the hopes of furing the voter to the ballot box, but without avail.

American government today is the result of minority rule. It is agreed that less than 40 percent of the eligible voters mark their crosses. It is surprising, accordingly, that municipal, village, township, county and state expenditures are, consequently, taxes are rising steadily? The present regime of indifference on the part of the voters offers a magnificent opportunity for the governmental bootleggers who are not only feathering their nests but putting through their own pet-projects with immunity. The remedy is not in pulpit or platform address, or even in finding non-voters as the Australians have attempted to do, but in letting this situation of the waste of public money through indifference reach such a point that in the end, for their own selfish protection, the citizens will again have to take an interest in what the men elected to governmental offices are doing.

A gypsy woman was fined the other day for telling fortunes in Wall Street. It's evidently easier to lose a fortune in Wall Street than to tell one.

Frederick Loese, famous German aviator, never at the Azores, awaiting favorable weather for a westward air hop to America, likely the last East to West attempt, in 1927.

The Lancer

Harry S. Russell

Sic transit gloria Mencken By Townsend Howes

Eastern Shoremen, traditionally proud of Nature's allotment to them of fertile acres and pleasant waters, have been maligned by the cutting remarks of one H. L. Mencken—erstwhile engineer on THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His facetious tirades and silly sarcasms, born of an amazing prejudice, have rankled many a bosom betwixt the Sassafras and Cape Charles. Recently it seems that the worm has turned—and turning reveals a cynic shorn of greatness—a genius gone mad. And I contend that he had not far to go.

William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, ignorant and crass, inaugurates a crusade to save America from England. Already, he contends, the glitter of the "red-coats" may be seen advancing thru the darkness that is Chicago. Doubtless the Prince of Wales visited the United States to draw up plans for the coming invasion. At any rate danger is imminent—we quake and tremble at the knees.

Among those whom Mr. Thompson has enlisted is the engineer on THE AMERICAN MERCURY. True, Mr. Mencken has not promised to actually fight in battle front with Mayor Thompson. His nerve has failed him at the sound of the tocsin. But he is willing to act in the capacity of a reserve lieutenant—safe from the fire that will scorch and sear Chicago.

This Anglo-Saxon invasion of America is akin to Henry Ford's peace ship, in respect to its stupidity and indecency. I say indecency because it is indecent to ask a person of average intelligence to believe what Mayor Thompson apparently holds probable. Any high school boy or girl will laugh at the mythology involved in our textbooks on American History. This is an age of clear thinking—myths and folk-lore are mighty good reading but poor aids to the progress of a nation. The counterpart of Mr. Thompson may be found in the country store—but it is shocking to discover that one so stupid and blatant dare cooer the chair of a majority and aspire to the most comfortable seat in Washington. I prefer to picture such a figure behind a bar on Pitt street or spitting tobacco juice in a rural emporium.

Mr. Mencken, the proud and mighty wielder of a facile pen, so far forgets himself as to clasp the fraternal hand of W. H. Thompson. Ye Gods! Beauty and the Beast! The elevated throne of American literature has topped and crashed! Our ideals have gone to hell!

But a smile of satisfaction lights the countenance of our citizen from the Eastern Shore. That "I-told-you-so" look dominates his mien. He knew in his heart that H. L. Mencken was over-rated. He knew that neath the veneer and polish of apparent brilliance and logic lay a solid, imperturbable, prejudice—a sort of Pennsylvania-German blindness. But, truly, we grieve that this man of letters has fallen. For the sake of literature we pine and refused to be soled. Among the great oaks that mark the forest, a giant tree has crashed—not only killing itself but in its death struggle crushing the life from countless inferior specimens that trusted to its mighty guardian for shelter and protection.

To those who call the Eastern Shore home—we say—be of good cheer—your enemies are far more ridiculous than they have painted you. The Chicago versus Great Britain episode will cause a laugh for centuries to come. Our children's children will read Mr. Thompson's passee textbooks and scream with laughter—just as we today revert to Mutt-and-Jeff and the "Nebs" for sources of hilarity.

Yes, the track is being cleared to Chicago—there are red-lights at every cross road—troop trains are rapidly assembled—but there is one train that is content with its roundhouse lot—free to snort and bellow "War and Collision"—its name is THE AMERICAN MERCURY—its pilot is H. L. Mencken. Brookeville, Md.

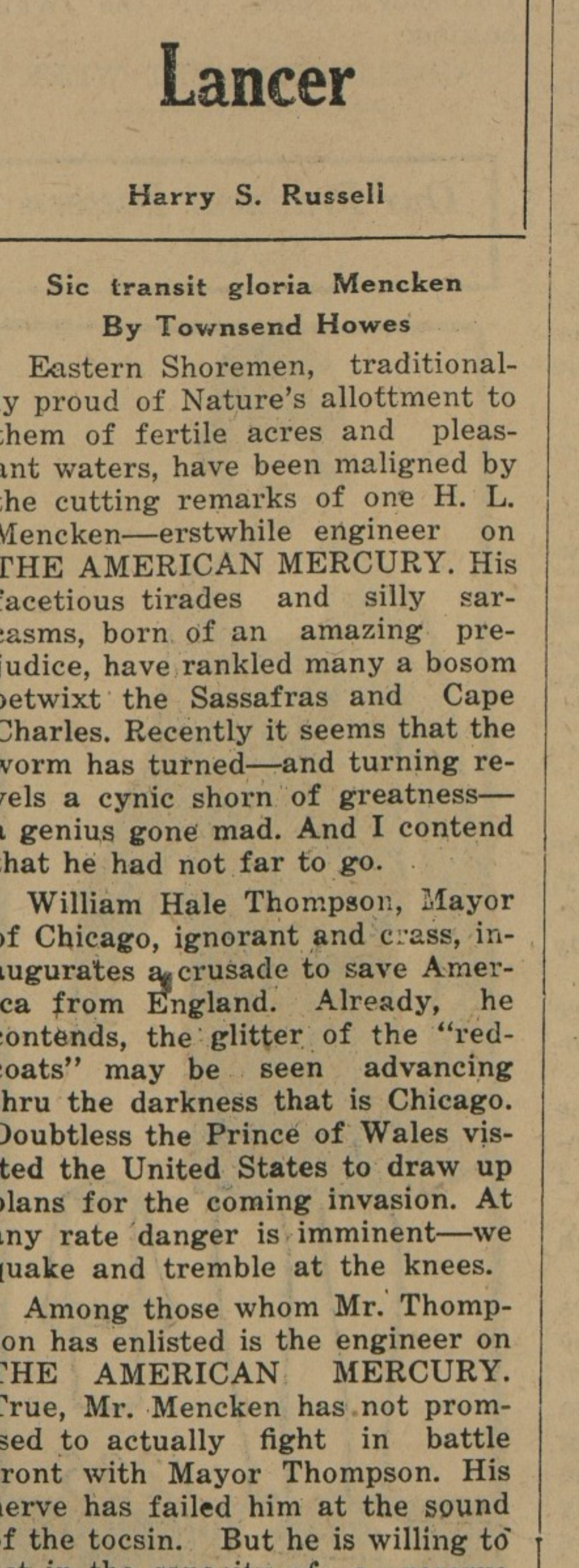
My platform, if I had a platform, would carry a plank, painted upon which would be the slogan "More and Better Shade Trees." After twelve months, and more, of constant search, I have at last found a cause. Being above the Mason and Dixon Line Chestertown can lay boastful claim to being a Southern city. Well, if not a Southern city then a Southern village. But every day it has less chance to boast of shady streets. Shady streets and Southern villages somehow should always go together. In the summer months the Southern village with shady streets is cool and comfortable. Without the shade it is just a Southern village.

Now a Southern village should be noted for its quiet, peacefulness and the lazy comfort of its inhabitants. But without shade trees the people pass along the sunny streets their faces drawn from the glare and heat; they mop their brows and hurry along for relief at some shady spot. Then they relax.

The South is noted for its gallant gentlemen and sweet and lovely ladies. Exposed to the sun the gentlemen cease to be gallant and many times even forgets he is a gentleman. No lady can be sweet and lovely when a victim of the artful touches of heat.

The Perennial Scare

By Albert T. Reid



And now comes along an astronomer of the Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, and says that there is probably going to be an explosion of the sun which will doom the earth and its inhabitants to extinction and may happen any minute, although again it may not happen for a million years or so.

Another astronomer out in Berkeley, California, says that the universe is 194 quadrillion miles in diameter. One hundred ninety-four quadrillions is all there is—there isn't any more. Ordinarily statements like this leave me dumb and awestricken. We accept them as true because we have no way of contradicting them.

They are like the statements that used to be made about theology, when they argued whether one million or ten angels could stand on the point of a pin. Nobody knew anything about it, and they were sure the clerics were safe.

We read somewhere in our youth of a story of a man who professed to know everything. Ask him how many fishes there were in the river and he could tell you to the last minnow. Then ask him exactly how many million and ninety-six. He also knew the number of nails that went into the bridge and the number of hairs on your head and could tell you the number exactly in a minute's notice.

sort of a line of conversation THEY are able to carry. He may be able to hold a wonderful line of conversation—with somebody else—and so might she, but if they have nothing of interest to say to each other, the natural outcome is boredom. If you find yourself bored with his company before marriage, you should be warned in time.

There are many tests you might apply to ascertain whether or not you really love him. To begin with, if you think more tenderly of him when he is away than you do when he is with you, you do not find him really sympathetic and congenial when he is with you.

If, on the other hand, you believe yourself in love with him when he is with you, and doubt your love when you are away from him, he has a physical fascination only. You do not love him with a love that will last.

What are your reactions to his conversation? Can you listen forever while he tells you how much he loves you, and how wonderful you are? You aren't bored then, are you? But when he switches the conversation to himself, and tells you how wonderful HE is, are you bored then? If you are, you merely like him. It takes love—and lots of it, for a woman to want to hear everything a man thinks about himself.

Do you worry about him when it rains—and wonder if he will keep his feet dry? Do you wonder if he is working too hard? Then, you love him. In your heart you regard him as your property—and there need be no doubt in your mind about your sentiment for him.

But the acid test—the test that proves beyond doubt that you have picked him out for a fireside companion for life—is when you prefer spending an evening at home with the man to having him take you out somewhere.

Perhaps these pointers may be of value to you in reading your own heart. I'd like to have a piece of the wedding cake.

Dr. Frank Crane Says

Some Scientific Talk Is Bunk

And now comes along an astronomer of the Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, and says that there is probably going to be an explosion of the sun which will doom the earth and its inhabitants to extinction and may happen any minute, although again it may not happen for a million years or so.

Another astronomer out in Berkeley, California, says that the universe is 194 quadrillion miles in diameter. One hundred ninety-four quadrillions is all there is—there isn't any more. Ordinarily statements like this leave me dumb and awestricken. We accept them as true because we have no way of contradicting them.

They are like the statements that used to be made about theology, when they argued whether one million or ten angels could stand on the point of a pin. Nobody knew anything about it, and they were sure the clerics were safe.

We read somewhere in our youth of a story of a man who professed to know everything. Ask him how many fishes there were in the river and he could tell you to the last minnow. Then ask him exactly how many million and ninety-six. He also knew the number of nails that went into the bridge and the number of hairs on your head and could tell you the number exactly in a minute's notice.

Mr. Confidence

Readers desiring a personal reply can address Miss Flo, in care of this newspaper

Please Pass the Wedding Cake

I am engaged to be married to a very fine young man. He is very clever, and has all the fine qualities that are considered most essential in matrimony. But here is my trouble.

I doubt very much that you love the man—although the statement that he possesses all the fine qualities so essential in matrimony would lead me to think that you do. Only people in love believe that of their chosen mate. I can't see how you can love a man who bores you. Possibly you admire all the splendid qualities he possesses between admiration and love—although admiration and liking are fine substitutes for love.

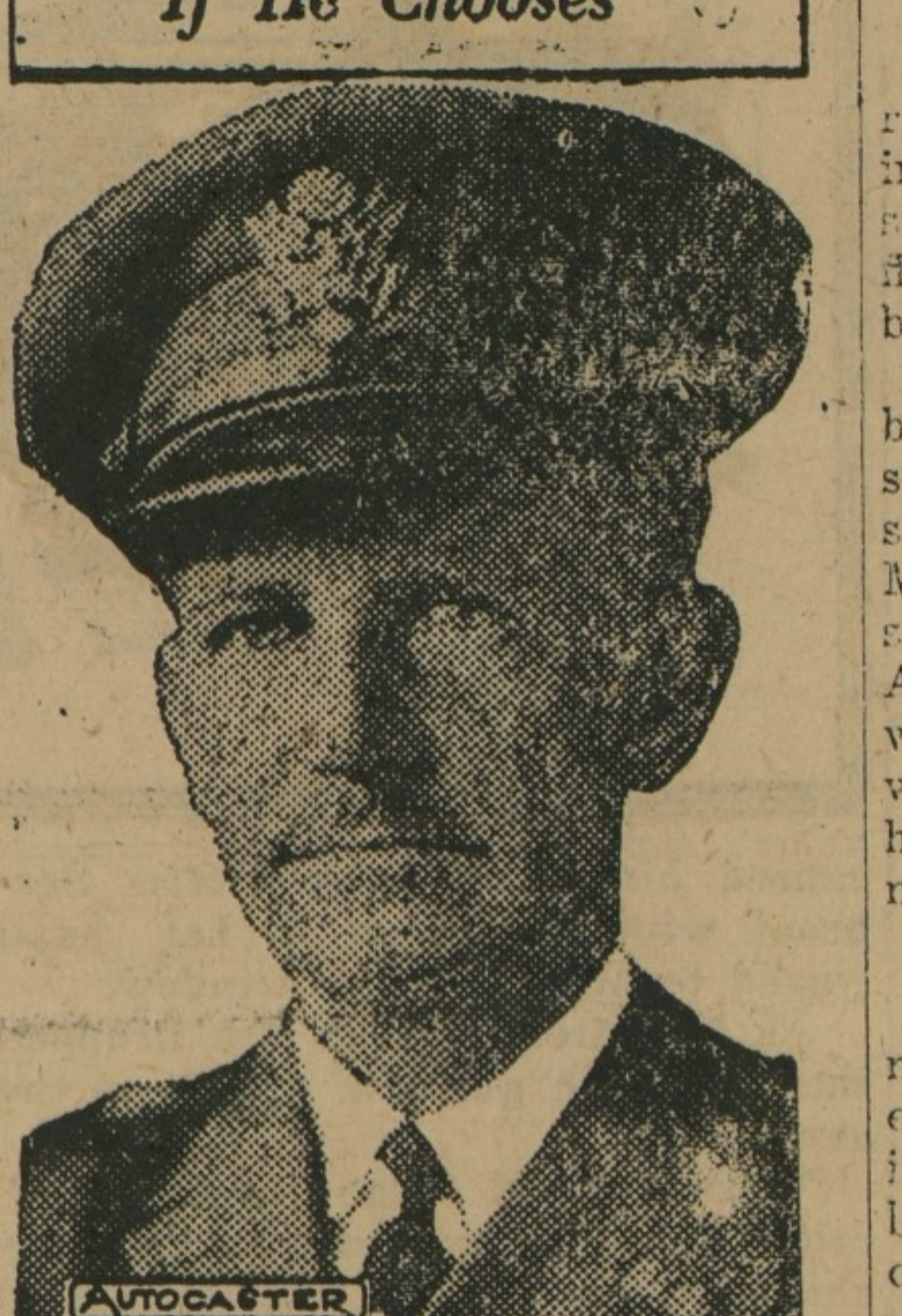
If he bores you, my advice to you is not to marry him, regardless of his fine qualities. Boredom is the curse of matrimony. It is why husbands and wives stray from their fireside—to somebody else's. It is impossible to picture a happy fireside with a man and woman who are so tired of each other that they yawn in each other's faces.

The ideal home is the one in which a husband and wife never talk out-of-if they do, they find a congeniality of spirit which enables them to sit quietly without saying a word—content to be in each other's company.

The first thing a girl should ascertain about a prospective husband is just how she reacts to an unlimited amount of his society, and just what

In The Spotlight

If He Chooses



Brig. Gen. Frank Ross McCoy, of Pennsylvania, is the unanimous choice of all factions and can have, if he chooses, the post as Governor-General of the Philippines, held until recently by the late General Leonard Wood.

No "Applesauce"



H. Gwendolyn Jones, of Concord, N. H., who finished second in the primaries and is now in the race for mayor of that town on a platform of no "applesauce promises"—the practice of politicians, she says.

Taft Prosecutes



Charles Taft, son of the Chief Justice and former President Taft, is directing the prosecution of George Remus, millionaire "Bootleg King" for the murder of Mrs. Remus, at Cincinnati, O.

—Advertise in the Enterprise.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

MONKEY SUPERMAN.

115 RATTLESNAKES. HEN QUIVERING FLESH. INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE.

Professor Voronoff has made old men seem younger with the help of monkey glands, has made science take him seriously.

Now he seriously proposes to create supermen, such as Nietzsche dreamed of, by using animal glands on young children of exceptional talent. He believes that he will create genius such as earth never saw, in the children of children thus treated. The old-fashioned will believe that if monkeys could help create finer men Nature and wise Providence would have called on the monkeys long ago.

Also a race of supermen is just what the world does NOT want. Tall men like short women, thin women admire fat men, genius marries mediocrity, all proof that Nature wants us to march along side by side about even, not a few far ahead of the others, or riding on the backs of inferiors.

Those that run risks today will have contributed to absolute safe flying in the future. Lindbergh says flying overland with a good pilot and machine is safer now than auto-billing.

Better machines will soon make ocean flights as simple and safe as a flight over the English Channel, for which Northcliffe, a few years ago, offered a \$50,000 prize.

Moving pictures show Lionel Barrymore holding the red-hot branding iron, Aileen Pringle providing the snow white shoulder and quivering flesh to which the "red-hot" iron will be applied.

Thousands, shuddering at this branding, will hardly realize that such torture would have been considered natural a few years ago. Men were skinned alive, impaled on sharp shafts and left dying for hours. At the time of Henry the Second, a workman was branded on the cheek with a hot iron, if without permission he left his parish to find work in another.

Those Henry the Second workmen may comfort united coal mine workers of America, forbidden by court injunction to interfere with the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation's open shop.

That injunction and others like it will do a good deal to make unions powerless. But it isn't as bad as being branded for going out of your parish to look for work. We do improve, although slowly.

Near Riverton, Wyoming, Ted Lee killed 115 rattlesnakes with a shovel.

Rattlesnakes rely entirely on poison and conceit, which makes it easy to destroy them. So with those that pervert truth in history, religion, or otherwise. They rely on a poison which is not reliable, and are disposed of easily.

A British lady doctor, Dorothy Cochrane Logan, swims the English Channel in 13 hours and 10 minutes, cutting Gertrude Ederle's record by 1 hour, 24 minutes. This does not mean eclipsing the Ederle achievement. It all depends on wind tide and waves, as you know if you have sailed across that rough, mean and choppy stretch of water.

Similarly the man who dies with a "big name" and millions has not necessarily beaten the record of some poor devil ending in the Potter's field. All depends on the kind of sailing each had on life's water.

In Los Angeles last week, Max S. Hayes, farmer-labor candidate for Vice President in 1920, told the American Federation of Labor it ought to start a labor party in 1928.

President Green, of the Federation, knows that failure is no good advertisement, and will not advise a step that would mean a miserably poor showing and hurt the prestige of organized labor. Union men know that one of two candidates will win the 1928 election, and they will reserve the right to vote for the one they consider the better man.

Every year there are born in Germany 15,000 pairs of twins, 200 sets of triplets. And a sprinkling of quadruplets. No nation has so many.

This human fertility is more important to Germany than any of her factories. The real wealth is human intelligence and industry, and the world's mothers create its real wealth.

If the farmer ever gets finally relieved, there are a lot of politicians who will be wondering what to do next.

Every week has too many nights to stay up late on all of them.

There seems to be money in too many things besides working.

The spirit may be willing, but save us from the man who has gone in for both radio and golf.

You can't trust some people out of your sight. Others you can't trust until they are out of debt.

The preacher who said that jazz has passed deserves the medal as the champion of list.