

The Enterprise

KENT'S LEADING WEEKLY

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L. Bates Russell, Founder and Managing Editor

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WEDNESDAY, APR. 30, 1930

A CHANGE IS NEEDED

One thing becomes more apparent with each succeeding town election in Chestertown and that is that there should be a clarifying of the qualifications for voting in such an election. Under the present law the situation is hopelessly muddled. Not an election passes but that there is a dispute as to the right of someone to vote and rumors from all quarters that this or that person voted without the legal right to do so.

The law, under which town elections in Chestertown are held, reads as follows: "The male inhabitants of Chestertown above the age of twenty-one years, who are assessed for the purpose of State and County taxation upon real or personal property located in said town, for the year in which they may offer to vote, and who have also resided in said town for one year next preceding the election, and also untaxed male inhabitants of said town possessing the qualifications of residence above setforth, whose wives are assessed as aforesaid, shall elect by ballot on the fourth Monday in April in each year, at the Court House in said town, one judicious and discreet person, being a holder of assessed real or leasehold estate in said town in his own right, or in right of his wife, at least thirty years of age, and residing in said town, commissioner of said town."

The above is evidence of the antiquated code under which the elections are held and the town operated. Of course the elections are not actually governed by the above provision. More recent State laws have modified the provision until it really means little at all.

The State law granting the right of suffrage to women allows them to vote if they possess the other qualifications. A State law, exempting from State taxation all household furniture assessed at \$500, or less, is so construed that citizens and taxpayers in Chestertown who pay taxes to both town and county on household goods, possibly to the extent of an even \$500, but are exempt from State taxation on the same, are denied the right to vote. Under the same law an owner of an automobile, the worth of which may be as low as \$15, who pays the State tax on the same, is permitted to cast a ballot in the town election even though the automobile tax may be the extent of his taxation.

Without attempting, at this time, to offer any recommendations as to the methods and means of clarifying the code THE ENTERPRISE believes that a movement to end this hopeless muddle should be started at once.

LINDY DOES IT AGAIN

The "Lone Eagle" has made another long jump in the records of aviation. Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, with his young wife as passenger and navigator, flew from Glendale, California, to Roosevelt Field, Long Island, in 14 hours and 45 minutes, with a single brief stop at Wichita for fuel. This beats the transcontinental record of Capt. Frank M. Hawks by nearly three hours.

The Lindberghs flew at a height of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet—more than two miles up in the air most of the time. That was the secret of their speed. By flying high, Col. Lindbergh believed, he would avoid bad weather conditions close to the ground. He holds that this flight has demonstrated that long-distance flying in the future will be at higher altitudes than has been customary, and therefore safer and more certain. Any flyer will tell you that if his engine is going to go dead or anything else happen which might cause a crash, he would rather be two miles up than one mile. From the greater height he has a far wider gliding area in which to angle down to a safe landing, and if he has to take to his parachute the difference of a mile or so is almost no difference at all. Most aviation accidents happen when the plan is too close to the ground to get out of trouble.

But the interesting and really important thing about this latest achievement of the young man whose intimates affectionately call him "Slim" Lindbergh, is that it demonstrates again that his position as the supreme airman of the world is not merely luck.

Thousands of envious and lazy persons dismiss every achievement of which they themselves are not capable as "luck." Thousands of young men believe that if they could only "get the breaks" they could do what Lindy has done, or Ford, or Edison. That is not true of success in flying or in any other human activity.

Lindy's success is due to the fact that he did not shirk the hard, grinding drudgery of a long apprenticeship in order to master his art. Because the public had never heard of him before he flew the Atlantic, many forget that he spent years in preparation, "barnstorming" in his own crude plane, then the grueling two years of training at the Army aviation school at Kelly Field, the most difficult training in the world in a school where only one out of ten who enter ever gets through the course, then a year in the hazardous night flights of the Air Mail between St. Louis and Chicago. When a man has come through training of that sort he has learned his trade.

Instead of envying Lindy, every young American should take him as an example of what he may achieve, without means or influence, but simply through persistence and the hard work without which any sort of success is impossible.

MAKING EVERYBODY'S JOB SAFE

The weakest spot in the new economics which we have been evolving in America since the war, was sharply disclosed when the financial crash of last Fall threw millions of wage-earners out of work. The principles on which American industry has been rebuilt call for continuous employment, if the worker is to be also the principal consumer.

As was to be expected, the attention of industrial leaders is now being focussed upon the problem of insuring every worker's job. That must be the next step, if we are to maintain the standards we have set for ourselves. It may sound commercial to some, but there are hundreds among the heads of big industries who believe that ways can and will be found, at least in the major industries, to guarantee every worker a minimum yearly income, sufficient to live on comfortably, and which in ordinarily prosperous times will be greatly exceeded.

Governor Roosevelt of New York in March appointed a committee to consider "a long time program for industrial stabilization and prevention of unemployment." In its first preliminary report this committee states that more than two hundred of the largest corporations in the United States have worked out plans for steady employment the year around.

L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, told the National Metal Trades Association, the other day, how his road has provided for continuous employment and for taking care of men who are disabled or otherwise unable to work. Mr. Loree voiced the most advanced philosophy of modern industry when he said: "You can get more out of changing the relationship between the men and the company than out of the application of new machinery and new processes."

The Lancer

Harry S. Russell

Being a sometimes attendant at Court I have often wondered just what jurors think about. So much of the time used in trying a case is spent in objections, overruling, sustaining, prayers and whatnots, all of which are of absolutely no interest to the jury, the jurors have ample opportunity to let their thoughts wander.

If as in answer to my querying thought the current New Yorker carries the following by Parke Cummings:

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

Juror Five appears a little Set in favor of acquittal.
Number One, in contradiction, Leans to swift and sure conviction.
Three (a shipping clerk) is rather Bored with all the fuss and bother.
Number Ten, a dapper fellow, Notes the plaintiff's shoes are yellow.
Six (Augustus Miller, tanner) Doesn't like the judge's manner.
Seven, weary-eyed, unfeeling, Counts the fissures in the ceiling.
Twelve, who's quite unused to collars, Wonders how he'll spend four dollars.
Number Eight, old hand at trying, Thinks the witnesses are lying.
And Eleven, dosing, nodding, Is a mark for constant prodding.
Number Two (bricklayer, married) Thinks the County's point is carried.
Nine, who's bound for Queens for dinner, Hopes his horse comes in a winner.
Juror Five (three sons, one daughter) Only wants a glass of water.

Occasionally, in fact more often than that, some of students, male, at Washington College, who hope to graduate, have asked my advice about entering the newspaper business, if, and when, the graduation is accomplished.

In the beginning I find it necessary to dispel a lot of exalted notions that seventy-five-dollar-a-week-newspaper-jobs are to be had for the asking. And some of the boys think that bylines are handed out like assignments. And after the ideas of grandeur are scattered and we get down to brass tacks I begin to spatter forth advice, which is one of my best-loved pastimes.

Most of the would-be newspaper men have the fault of being too long winded, or panned. Brevity, I try to tell them, is more than the soul of wit it is the heart of newspaper writing, unless, of course, one is a columnist trying to fill up space.

Recently I have added to my collection of shining examples which I exhibit during the course of my impromptu lecture. Exhibit A is that old favorite—

THE EDITOR'S SONG

If you have a tale to tell,
Boil it down!
Write it out and write it well,
Being careful how to spell;
Send the kernal, keep the shell;
Boil it down! Boil it down!
Then, when all the job is done,
Boil it down!
If you want to share our fun,
Know just how a paper's run,
Day by day from sun to sun,
Boil it down. Boil it down.
When there's not a word to spare
Boil it down. Boil it down.
Heave a sigh and life a prayer,
Stamp your foot and tear your hair,
Then begin again with care—
Boil it down. Boil it down.
When, all done, you send it in,
We'll boil it down.
Where you end there we begin;
This is our besetting sin;
With a scowl or with a grin,
We'll boil it down; boil it down.

And then, as Exhibit B, I offer the one from the London Times on brevity—

A Junior reporter on the paper, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night, Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complains of feeling ill, took a drink, his hat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets all that."

As Exhibit C, which I use to clinch the argument for brevity, is that report turned in by a certain dramatic critic concerning an opening performance of a flop, which was also the closing performance for the same show. His report said:

LOVE'S LESSON

No hit. No run. Big Error.

Too Busy to Worry

By Albert T. Reid



WE SHOULD WORRY ABOUT FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. IT'S THE FREEDOM OF THE BACK LOTS THAT CONCERNS US NOW.

TODAY and TOMORROW

By Frank P. Stockbridge

TODAY AND TOMORROW

The committee appointed by the British Government to investigate the feasibility of a tunnel under the English Channel connecting England with France, has reported in favor of the project. It seems to Americans a simple and desirable engineering job that we wonder why it has not been done long ago, but there are plenty of "die-hards" in England who fear that a tunnel would make it easier for an enemy to invade the British Isles. They are deaf to the obvious answers that all that would be necessary to stop a French army would be to let the water into the tunnel.

The British Channel from Dover to Calais is about twenty miles across, measured directly north and south. The shallow waters of the Channel are easily stirred up by winds and the crossing is one of the roughest in the world. Under the water is a bed of solid chalk, miles deep, through which a tunnel could easily be bored for electric trains. It would cost about \$150,000,000 the committee estimates, and take eight years. The French Government is friendly to the project. When done, England would no longer be in a position where an enemy's ships could cut off her food supply, unless that enemy happened to be France.

It seems more likely now than ever before that the Channel tunnel will be built in the next few years.

POLICE

One of the reasons why criminals are caught more speedily in England than in America is that England

has a single police force for the entire country and in the United States we have as many different police departments as we have towns, each operating under a different system and with no coordination between them except in rare instances. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has made a start toward remedying this. A network of telephone wires connecting every important town in the state with all the rest and with four main centers of operation, operates a typewriter-telegraph system in every police headquarters. The moment a crime is discovered anywhere, all the facts and possible clues to the criminal are printed in the office of every chief of police and the whole criminal-catching machinery of the Commonwealth is set in motion.

We shall never get our criminal element under control until such a tie-up is in effect in every state and throughout the nation. Then we may have a chance of equalling England's record for the suppression of crime.

AGE

"A woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels," runs an ancient proverb. Many men of eighty or more are capable of doing much work and with as much enthusiasm as most men of forty; many more men are old and past their usefulness at sixty. The difference, recent scientific research has discovered, lies in the secretions of certain glands of the body. When these diminish old age supervenes. Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York, working in association with Dr. Casimir Funk, discoverer of vitamins, and Dr. Ben-

jamin Harrow of the College of the City of New York, has found a way of introducing the hormones, or essential secretions, of these glands, into elderly men, with surprising results. The effect is not to prolong life, in all probability, but to enable a man to retain his youthful energy through a period many years longer than the average.

So far this is experimental, but the experiments have been successful, and the time may be close at hand when old age and helplessness will no longer be synonymous.

RUST

One of the greatest enemies of progress is rust. For years the iron and steel industries have spent hundreds of thousands a year in research into means of preventing the rust that destroys bridges, factories, machinery, everything made of iron. Protecting metals against rust is an expensive part of all kinds of construction and manufacturing processes.

So called "stainless" steel is providing an answer. Instead of protecting the surface, certain other metals are alloyed with the steel and the metal becomes rustless, capable of taking and keeping a brilliant polish. Cheaper than nickel plate, more durable than chromium plate, one automobile manufacturer is already turning out cars whose bright parts are of stainless steel, and now other makers are considering entire bodies and chassis of the same metal. If this works out our roads may become as glittering as they were when everybody rode nickel-plated bicycles.

THE WAY OF LIFE

By Bruce Barton

WHEN'S THE TIME TO MARRY?

I once did my very best to prevent a marriage. It was immediately after the war. The young man came out of the army without a job. He owed me some money, which was incidental. I would have loaned him more to get a start in business, but when he asked for a loan to finance his marriage, I refused.

"You're crazy to get married now," I said. "There are enough difficulties in keeping a marriage happy without adding worries about money. You have not yet demonstrated that you can make a success of one life, yet you propose blithely to undertake the responsibility of two. Wait awhile till you have more judgment and some savings. Then you can start right."

Thus I spoke out of my aged wisdom; and he looked at me pityingly,

and borrowed the money elsewhere, and was married at once.

Recently I visited his home. He has three children. He owns his house. He has a responsible position and money in the bank. All in all, it is as happy a family as one would want to know.

I have also visited in the home of a successful man of fifty. He did not rush into matrimony. Far from it. He accumulated money, and carefully on his guard, he looked over the whole feminine sex for many years.

Thus insured with wealth and wisdom, he proceeded at the age of forty-seven to pick himself a foolish and empty-headed little girl. Already the marriage shows signs of strain; it surely cannot last.

Earnest articles are written about the necessity for making marriage difficult. Young people should be compelled to wait, they say, until

they have funds and experience.

It seems a sound argument, and yet such restrictions would have prevented the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and the birth of Abraham. They would have kept penniless Hawthorne from contracting one of the finest marriages of literary history. They would probably have postponed, if not prevented, most of the happiest unions that have taken place since the beginning of the world.

So having been a watcher of weddings for many years, I find myself less impressed with the judgment of maturity and more confident of the impulses of youth.

For what is mature judgment, anyway, but the total of our disappointments and worries, our burned fingers and our fears?

Maturity has judgment which is the wisdom of age, but youth has instinct which is the wisdom of the ages.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE ENTERPRISE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1910

The well-known excursion boat, Louise, of the Tolchester Steamboat Company's excursion fleet, is to enjoy the distinction of being the first excursion boat in any climate and under any flag which is to be equipped with the wireless telegraph apparatus, the United Wireless Telegraph Company having made a contract with the steamboat company for the summer excursion season.

Judge James A. Pearce has declined to accept the presidency of the Public Utilities Commission tendered him by Governor Grothers, as told in The Enterprise last week.

The County Commissioners at their meeting last Tuesday, made the following appointments of local assessors and alms-house trustees: Assessors, First district, William Steele; Second district, no appointment; Third district, Capt. Harvey Brice; Fourth district, Edward Robinson; Fifth

district, Hugh McKlosky; Sixth district, Thomas J. Davis; Seventh district, Victor Hendrickson; Alms-house trustees: First district, Thomas J. Donohoe; Fourth district, J. Hyde Thompson; janitor to court house, J. H. Brown; Keeper of Morgan Creek bridge, Frank B. Plummer; County wharf agent, Wm. R. Aldridge; Physician to jail, Dr. H. L. Dood; Court Health Officer, Dr. H. G. Simpkins; Philip G. Wilmer, of Chestertown and Harry Griffith, of Sassafras, are the general assessors for the county, appointed by the Governor.

A company of gentlemen have leased the old Worton fair ground race track for a term of years and have formed a trotting association.

Mr. Conly Noland, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Noland, of Tolchester, and a recent graduate of Washington College, has been selected by County Treasurer W. J. Tarbuton for his deputy.

The annual town election was held on Monday. Mr. Merrick Clements was elected, without opposition, town commissioner to succeed Mr. Thomas S. Bordley. There being no contest very little interest was manifested and only 120 votes were cast. Mr. Clements received the full number. At the same time the proposition to bond the town for \$10,000 for water improvements was ratified by a vote of 84 to 39.

The Kent County Board of Trustees of the Poor have extended an invitation to the Queen Anne's Board to visit them at their home on Thursday, 28th. The Kent board visited the Queen Anne board at their March meeting and the Queen Anne's board will return the visit at the time stated.

The re-assessment of real and personal property will be commenced in Kent county about the first of May. This work will, undoubtedly, increase

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN
Nell C. Westcott

The day-light saving muddle is now upon us. Time-tables, at best Chinese riddles, are now complicated beyond the comprehension of the average intelligence. I never have found out just what the I. Q. tests consist of but I doubt very much if examinees' mentality are put to the strain of figuring out time-tables.

If the whole country went daylight that would be one thing but here we are, we Eastern Shoresmen, gaining and losing hours in Chesapeake Bay.

I've always understood the reason the rural sections do not adopt the plan is because cows have voted against it. An educational program for such backward-minded cows should be started. If cows, rail roads, ferries, schools, stores, factories and what have you all operated on the same time system we might be able to give Old Sol the merry ha! ha! As it is the joke is on us.

Farmers and housekeepers are alike in that their work is never done. Some therefore, go on the theory that an hour more of daylight means an extra hour in an already overworked day.

Only one thing we dwellers near the foot of High Street hope and that is that the road-works won't run on daylight-saving when we have to run by sun-time. Our morning naps are clipped short enough as it is.

But Sunday we drove over the Morgne Road and we conclude that we are losing sleep for a good cause. The rocky road to Dublin was never any rougher than that strip of thoroughfare. All its inhabitants should be exempt from punishment in the hereafter. Driving over that road for a number of years should have been payment in advance for any of the minor sins a farmer has time to commit.

And that would be an interesting table of statistics to look over. I imagine there are few prisoners drawn from the American-born farm population in comparison to prisoners who have followed other professions and trades. It takes a certain amount of leisure, too high standards of luxurious living, certain types of associates and, often, the handling of large sums of money, in all probability, to start a criminal career. The farmer is hopeful in the spring-time and the rest of the year he is so busy trying to fulfill his hopes he has little time for mischief making.

And now what is day-light saving doing to the American dinner hour? We, who had Amos and Andy with our after-dinner coffee, will now take them with the before-dinner cocktail. Its all a matter of habit and I suppose we'll hate to go back to the former time when the sun catches up with the clocks next fall.

If you can't get down to the apple-blossom country at this time of year a drive around Kent is very satisfying. Many gorgeous orchards dot the county and are in full bloom right now.

Long skirts, mutton-leg sleeves, glorified tresses have come back for women. We hope that won't start the styles for men so that the old-time walrus moustache will be in vogue. I was just meditating on the sight of a super-abbreviated type of hip-decoration and wondering what its use is in life. The walrus type served, of course, as an excellent soup strainer and as a curtain for ill-formed mouths but so far I have never discovered the mission in life of these ghostly lines. They served the comic sheets for a time as "cookie-dusters," "misplaced eyebrows" etc., but everything has been said about them can be said so their day must be drawing to a close. Have you ever seen pictures of your grandfather in his cologne days? Invariably those pictures show a full-rounded beard. Co-education, if it existed at all, was not much. With co-education off went the beards. A necking party in the old days would have had all the thrills of cuddling up to a nice hair mattress. The full beard was a great saving on neckties and shirt fronts and barber's bills. It made a man look more austere and competent as the head of the house. When the beards were discarded many a wife discovered she possessed a stronger chin than her husband and from then on the poor down-trodden wife began to come into her own.



the taxable basis of the county many thousands of dollars.