THE EVENING SUN

Published Every Week Day By
THE A. S. ABELL COMPANY
PAUL PATTERSON, President.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baltimore as second-class mail matter.

Subscription Rates

BY CARRIER—City and Suburbs—
Morning, Evening and Sunday, 25 cents a week.
Sunday, 5 cents a week.
SINGLE COPIES—
Morning, 2c. Evening, 2c. Sunday, 10c.

BY MAIL—	Morning.	Evening.	Sunday.
1 month	50c.	50c.	45c.
6 months	$3.00	$3.00	$2.60
1 year	$6.00	$6.00	$5.20

Out-of-Town Offices

Washington.................National Press Building
New York—News Bureau, Twelfth Floor, Herald-Tribune Building
—Advertising, Room 1713, No. 110 E. 42nd St.
Chicago.............360 North Michigan Avenue
Detroit—Rooms 8-241 and 8-242 General Motors Bldg.
St. Louis.............205 Globe-Democrat Building
Atlanta.....................711-712 Glenn Building
San Francisco.....................405 Russ Building
Los Angeles.........537 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
London..................................40 Fleet Street

Circulation of The Sun in July

	1935	1934		
Morning	141,794	137,725	Gain	4,069
Evening	135,120	131,781	Gain	3,339
Sunday	193,007	183,110	Gain	9,897

Member of the Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1935

Not Excepting Royalty

The news from Lucerne, Switzerland, of the motor-car tragedy which cost the life of Queen Astrid of Belgium and injured her husband, who was at the wheel, contains these facts:

> The young royal couple . . . were driving speedily down the lakeside near Kussnacht under a bright sun . . . on the comparatively straight and broad road.
>
> The King told members of his entourage that he had taken his eyes off the road to glance at a map the Queen was holding.

And there is the unalterable law of automobile fatalities. It is no respecter of persons. Every day, in this country, the motor car takes a frightful toll, and in a great many cases, probably in a majority of cases, the cause lies in momentary inattention.

No doubt, King Leopold was an expert driver, like many another motorist who has found himself at a loss to explain a wreck. The truth is simple: That a speeding machine becomes a potential death-trap the moment its driver relaxes his vigilance and nothing can alter that truth, not even royal birth.

Suggestion To Diplomats

The Government of the United States appears to be somewhat uncertain what it should do next in the matter of the Russian incident. R. Walton Moore, Assistant Secretary of State, suggests that our Government will be "in no hurry" to reach a decision.

This is, of course, a problem in diplomacy, and we are not skilled in that high and delicate art. But there is one obvious way out, which the State Department does not appear to have thought of yet and which in the Spirit of Service we offer without charge.

It is simply this: When Ambassador Bullitt delivered the saucy note of protest from the Government of the United States to the Government of the U. S. S. R., the Russians had no trouble in deciding what to do about it. They summarily rejected the protest. The obvious course for the Government of the United States, then, is summarily to reject the Russian rejection of our original note. Then we can start all over again.

Sanctions Are Chutes

And while the high and delicate art is under discussion, consider the communiqué which was issued yesterday by the Italian Cabinet.

Ordinarily such diplomatic documents are full of the special jargon which statesmen affect. This communiqué is no exception. It has its full share of such words and phrases as "eventualities," "collaboration of undoubted importance," "hateful proposal," "sanction of a bellic nature," and so on.

But in one respect this communiqué differs from its kind, for it actually contains one vivid and understandable definition of one of the favorite diplomatic words, *viz.*, sanctions. Says the communiqué:

> To speak of sanctions means to take a place on an inclined plane from which to shoot off into the gravest complications.

It would be hard to think up a better description of the effect of a nation's committing itself to a sanction. For a sanction in diplomatic parlance ordinarily means a penalty—for example, it might mean an embargo on shipments to Italy—and when a nation commits itself to a sanction against another nation it is in very truth putting itself at the top of a chute without knowing precisely where a trip down the chute will land it.

Don't Laugh

Of course, people will make jokes over the fact that a hardware dealer from Bel Air, the Hon. Harvey A. Chesney, has been appointed barber examiner. The thing lends itself admirably. It fits in exactly with a public idea of such jobs—that they are nothing but soft roosting spots for the politically faithful.

But before you begin on such jokes, think it over a bit. After all, who's the best sort of person to examine a barber and determine his fitness for his necessary profession. Who, indeed, but the average citizen, the sort of fellow who must sit under the barbers and suffer their ministrations, for good or for ill?

Mr. Chesney sounds much like an average citizen to us. He sounds as if he would know when the razor scraped and the scissors pulled. He would be able to sense it if the tonsorial neophyte showed too great a fondness for garlic or if he put the bay rum where the witch hazel ought to be and vice versa. Of course, the over-nice might argue that a hardware dealer simply can't have a skin tender enough to be a good judge of barbering, but the over-nice always bring up such fine points. They don't count.

He Gets One Dollar ($1.00)

To the Honorable Burton F. Evans, Vice-President of the Contracting Paperhangers Association of Baltimore, this paper is today sending one dollar ($1.00), promised as a reward for the public service Mr. Evans has today performed. For he has told the whole story of the deal by which the paperhangers got their bill through the Legislature.

Governor Nice announced, originally, that Major J. Purdon Wright, Superintendent of State Police and counsel to the Public Service Commission, had got $250 as a legal fee for advising the Governor to sign the bill. Mr. Evans discloses that Willis R. Jones has received $170 out of a total of $400 agreed upon for lobbying the bill through the Legislature. W. Frank Every, a Democratic State Senator, who, by an interesting coincidence, is also a law partner of the Republican Major Wright, is to get $200 annually as counsel to the association. He hasn't got anything yet.

That's a reasonably complete accounting of the expenditures, made and undertaken, in this interesting matter. The suckers who put up the money, it appears, were none other than the members of the association including, of course, the three gentlemen who expected to get jobs on the board and didn't. Each of the latter was stung to the tune of $50. The rest of the membership merely paid its dues. Presumably the dues will be applied to paying off the debts still unsettled, for the jobbers in wallpaper didn't choose to contribute.

The dollar goes to Mr. Evans today. Perhaps Messrs. Jones and Every will let the world know when they receive the rest of the strictly legal payments still due them.

In Conclusion

It turns out that, in spite of all the talk by William G. Albrecht, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Elections, the scheme for replacing some hundreds of election supervisors by voting machines—and thus at one swoop instituting an economy and placing the counting of election returns on a fool-proof mechanical basis—is no go. The politicians won't stand for the elimination of all these jobs, which together mount to such a considerable expense.

So the whole episode may be summed up this way: Chairman Albrecht has had a good time explaining the marvels of his proposed reform, and has had a junket to several large cities to inspect their voting machines. Harry S. Laib has his job with the Board, supposedly to study voting machines, and also went on the junket. The other members of the Board enjoyed the junket, if not the publicity. And John Smith, taxpayer, finds that he is now to pay for the junkets, the voting machines, Mr. Laib and the jobholders.

From the beginning, the idea that Mr. Albrecht and his Board were going to save money for John Smith was just too good to be true.

An Adornment

Baltimore appears to have gone in for bridges in a big way. Fairly recent years have seen Gwynn's Falls, Jones' Falls, Stony run, Herring run, and perhaps some others, spanned at intervals. The Jones' Falls Valley alone has been favored with four such structures, at Mount Washington, Cold Spring lane, Fortieth street and Bath street. Under the stimulus of the Federal Public Works program the bridge-building flair has been intensified. Bridge-building projects play a conspicuous part in Baltimore's efforts to relieve unemployment.

Plans for several of them have been published recently; the latest, a new bridge to replace the old steel structure which carries Wilkens avenue over Gwynn's Falls, appears in *The Sun* this morning. As presented in the architect's drawing, the bridge promises to be pleasant to the eye as well as useful. It has graceful lines and a masonry facing gives it an interesting texture. Unfortunately, this is not true of all the newer bridges. In fact, there have been few bridges of architectural distinction built since the spanning of the valley between Wyman's Park and Druid Hill Park.

It appears that the design for the Wilkens avenue bridge is the work of the city's own engineers in the Highways Department. It is a distinct credit to them and deserves the approval given it by Lucius White, architect, to whom it was submitted.

Wariness Is Wise

When something is seemingly given away for nothing it is pretty safe to assume that there is a catch in it somewhere. If it then appears that the suspicion was unfounded, well and good. As Cassandra, the ancient pessimist expressed it: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

It may be that the National Youth Administration comes as Greeks bearing gifts. It may be that it does not. All that anybody knows at the moment is that Dr. Charles W. Taussig, chief of the NYA, seems to be deeply impressed by the exalted position in which he finds himself and regards his authority with considerable satisfaction. That being true it is reassuring to note that Raymond S. Williams, president of the School Board, is examining the $294,000 allotted Maryland by the Youth Administration with a wary eye. Under no circumstances, he lets it be known, will Dr. Taussig be permitted to dictate how Baltimore's share of the allotment shall be spent.

That is well. New York city has declared its determination to keep its schools free of Federal dictation. Baltimore could do no better than follow that example. It no doubt is a great temptation to those who have been trying to federalize and standardize education to use the National Youth Administration as an entering wedge.

The Rolling Road

AT least the hardware man who has been appointed a member of the State Board of Barber Examiners ought to know how to put the screws on.

—o—

Stephens College, a school for young women out in Missouri, is offering a course this coming year in personal grooming. The young women who take it will, no doubt, expect it to lead eventually to a course in bridegrooming.

—o—

One of the innovations in the Italian Army is reported to be a portable telephone exchange. Is this to be listed among the horrors of modern warfare?

—o—

Senator Long's penchant for filibustering directs attention to the origin of the word. According to our dictionary it derives from the Dutch *vrijbuiter* (Freebooter). In the late eighteenth century it appears in English literature in the French form *flibustier*. In 1850-54 the form *filibuster* was used to designate certain adventurers who at that time were active in the West Indies and Central America. It appears to have been as recently as 1889 that it was first employed in this country to designate "One who practices obstruction in a legislative assembly."

—o—

Consent

He asks if he can go out and play after supper, and they say "Certainly not." He asks "Why?" They say because they don't want him to. He asks why they don't want him to. They say because he has had plenty of time to play out of doors during the day and there is no need.

He says the other boys are going out, their parents let them. They say it doesn't make any difference what other parents do, they have their own ideas about such things. He says they are always picking on him and not letting him do things. He says they never let him have any fun.

They say there is no use trying to argue with them, they have made up their minds. They say they know what is good for him, and will he please go and get himself a book and settle down and stop bothering them? He says he can't see any harm in going out, and that he will be back early. They say that is what he promised before and then he stayed out until after 9 o'clock.

He says that is because he didn't have a flashlight and couldn't see the time, but tonight he will take one with him. "And now," he says, "can't I go out?" They say "No. Positively." They say the night air is bad for him and he will be down with the wheezes again. He says he can put on a sweat shirt and that will keep the damp air out. He says if they let him go tonight, he won't ask again for a long time. They tell him to stop talking and stop kicking the sofa. Does he want them to have to pay $50 to have it reupholstered again?

They say they can't have any peace in the house as long as he is talking and complaining. They say he should consider others and not himself. They say he should know by this time that when they make up their minds they have made them up for good, and that whining and arguing won't do any good. He says he is not whining or arguing. He says all he is trying to do is to find out why they won't let him go out and they haven't given a good reason yet.

So then they say "Well, for heaven's sake go and be quick about it." They say it's perfectly apparent they can't have any peace or quiet as long as he is around.

—o—

This week's gleaning of rare rhymes produced by Baltimore's poets and poetasters: room, moon; thoughts, taught; soon, gloom; o'er, joy; draught, past; ocean, in one. A half a dozen poems supplied the crop.

—o—

The radio, we are informed, recently carried a vivid play-by-play description of the war maneuvers up in New York. This provokes the thought that the next real war will be the first to be fought since the advent of the radio broadcast. Such wonderful things are now accomplished by the radio people that we should not be surprised to hear that Graham McNamee is setting out for Ethiopia for the purpose of covering the fight from the ringside and that, between skirmishes, we shall be enjoined to smoke somebody's cigarettes or use somebody else's safety razor blades. We can almost hear his "It's Mussolini! No, wait. I'm wrong. It's Selassie. Oh, boy, what a war!"

—o—

Recently a guest in the home of an artist, we were impressed with the oil paintings, water colors, sketches and even a few examples of sculpture which ornamented the house. Some of these were the work of our host, but the majority were the gifts of fellow-artists. Evidently it is the pleasant practice of artists to exchange work which cannot be marketed. We envied the advantage the artists have over those of us who ply the pen. We writers would hesitate to present each other with our rejected manuscripts, however neatly they were typed or written. We doubt if they would look well tacked to the walls of our houses, or that anyone would grow ecstatic over a rejected short-short story, signed by the author and suitably framed.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. James Kamaka, of Honolulu, have given their son a name of forty-eight letters which is believed to be the longest name on record in Hawaii. Translated it means "the beautiful one of the Pacific Ocean is like the red-blooded wreath of rain on the surface of the sea." Our guess is he'll be known as "Reds."

CHRISTOPHER BILLOPP.

North Carolina Faces The Facts

By W. J. CASH

AS a Southerner and a North Carolinian, I think I am able to discover one very hopeful circumstance in the case of the lynching of a raving-mad black man at Louisburg, in Franklin county, North Carolina, which took place recently. It is this: that there is beginning to appear in the South—in North Carolina, anyhow—some willingness to approach the problem of lynching in a realistic spirit.

It has long been the custom, of course, for the chief newspapers in the Southern country to decry lynching as an inexcusable barbarity. But it has also been the custom to say that, after all, the South as such was not to be held responsible, that the people who actually lynched were only a handful of degraded poor-whites, that public opinion in general was not in favor of it, and that the "best people" in particular were dead set against it.

The claim was never true, obviously. Take this case at Louisburg for instance. A mob of twenty-five men without masks or disguises took the victim from the Sheriff of Franklin county and five of his deputies in broad day.

Not a blow was struck, not a gun was drawn. The killers simply said they wanted the man, and the Sheriff accommodatingly handed him over. Afterward, in the court of inquiry convoked by Governor Ehringhaus, the Sheriff and his deputies were seized with complete amnesia. They could not recall the makes of the automobiles used by the killers, they could not recall whether or not these automobiles had license plates, and they could not remember that there was a single face in all the twenty-five that they had ever seen before. How absurd that is will be manifest to anybody who knows the rural South, and knows that, in such a county as Franklin, it is always impossible to get together so many as twelve men without the Sheriff and his deputies being able to name at least eleven of them.

—o—

THE fact is overwhelmingly plain. The hands which actually manipulated rope and trigger at Louisburg may very well have been those of degraded poor-whites. The hands which actually manipulate rope and trigger—or kerosene can and brand—in Southern lynchings generally are very often those of degraded poor-whites, though not always. But the force which really lynched at Louisburg—the force which really lynches everywhere in the South—was and is the force of public opinion.

And when one says public opinion, one shifts the ultimate responsibility straight back upon the "best people"—the ruling class. For these people everywhere very largely determine public opinion, of course. And they do so with particular effectiveness in the South—for two reasons. One of these is that, under the Southern political and economic system, social control is remarkably concentrated in the hands of a relatively small group of landowners, time-merchants, bankers, and the chief lawyers of the county seat. The other reason is historical—that, for seventy-five years, the South, high and low, rich and poor, has been absorbed with almost unparalleled completeness in a single issue; that, as a result of that long obsession, the masses stand to the master class very much as, say, the veterans of Austerlitz and Marenge stood to Bonaparte and his marshals; that they trust them with a marvelous trust, are greatly dependent on their favor for a good opinion of themselves, and look to them always for instruction as to what to think and believe and do.

—o—

I SUGGEST nothing so nonsensical as that all Southerners favor lynching, surely. Hundreds of men in North Carolina, thousands in the South, hate it passionately. None the less, the great body of the master class does favor it. On no other hypothesis can we explain the fact that the police officers—hardboiled, small-time politicians, with a very accurate sense of the realities of their world—almost invariably behave as the Franklin county officers behaved.

But the encouraging thing about this case is that this time there were no excuses. This time not a single newspaper in North Carolina, so far as I know—certainly, none of any importance—laid the blame at the door of the poor-whites, not one said that we must be careful not to charge the crime to "the good people of the State."

On the contrary, virtually all of them spoke out with more vigor and more anger than they have ever shown before. And though many of them contented themselves with a pointless lambasting of the Franklin officers, some of them went further and more or less explicitly laid the blame in the quarter where it belongs. It was so with the three chief papers of more or less Liberal leanings—with the Greensboro *Daily News*, the *News and Observer* of Raleigh, and the Charlotte *News*. And, what is much more significant, it was true with the Charlotte *Observer*.

—o—

THE most powerful journal in the State, this last is immensely conservative, and its policy has always been one uncompromising Southern apology. But this time it not only dispensed with apologetics, it even led the charge upon the fact. Carrying a series of sharp editorials, all pointing more or less definitely toward the truth, it crowned its efforts by printing an editorial article, written by LeGette Blythe, an able member of the staff, which unequivocally proclaimed, first, that it is the "good people" of Franklin county who are to blame for the Louisburg affair; secondly, that these "good people" are exactly of a piece in their attitude with the "good people" of North Carolina and the South generally; and thirdly, that it is high time to face the facts and act upon them.

I have no illusions. Knowing the tremendous compulsives back of the will to lynching in high and low, I think it is going to be a long time yet before the practice is effectually stamped out in the South. Nevertheless, here is plainly a sound beginning at last. Here is unmistakable evidence of a rising tendency—in North Carolina at least—to lay aside the old ferocious Southern sensitiveness and stubborn blindness, and confront the issue. And so here is ground for solid hope.

When We Were Very Young

A digest of The Evening Sun of this week twenty years ago

TURKEY declares a "holy war" on Italy. ◖ Fighting in the Alps is at a standstill because of blizzards. ◖ Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador, informs Secretary of State Lansing that Germany is prepared to modify her undersea warfare. ◖ Brest Litovsk, greatest of Slav strongholds, falls to the Teutons. ◖ The German Government orders all women to wear short, tight skirts in order to save cloth. ◖ The United States begins placing large orders for munitions of war. ◖ Haiti announces that it will accede to United States' demands for what virtually amounts to a ten-year protectorate.

—o—

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it will furlough 100,000 of its employés so they may attend training camps. ◖ Troops pour into El Paso to guard the city against invasion by Mexican rebels. ◖ The War Department decides to strengthen the fortifications at the entrance to the Chesapeake. ◖ The wife and three children of Brig.-Gen. John J. Pershing, in command at El Paso, perish in a fire in the Presidio at San Francisco. ◖ Cavalry officers on the Mexican border are being called "sissies" because the Government is supplying them with wrist watches. ◖ Wisconsin passes a law making it an offense, punishable by a $5 fine, to give away cigarettes. ◖ Fashionable women begin wearing Chinese mandarin coats to formal balls. ◖ Aurora, Ill., decides to install steam pipes under the manholes in the streets to keep policemen's feet from freezing in winter.

—o—

AT the annual meeting of State executives in Boston, Maryland's Governor Goldsborough denounces as "un-Christlike" South Carolina's Governor Blease's statement that "lynching men in the South for certain crimes is a protection to civilization." ◖ Vacationing at Ocean City, the Hon. Harry W. Nice quits eating potatoes to reduce his waistline, but Justice Charles Schirm, of the Southwestern district, announces that the Assistant State's Attorney is still fat. "I know because I saw him in a bathing suit."

—o—

STUART OLIVIER buys the Baltimore *News* and the Munsey Building from Frank A. Munsey. ◖ The management at Ford's announces that the new theatrical season will be inaugurated on September 6 with Victor Herbert's latest operetta, "The Only Girl." ◖ Chief Bender, erstwhile pitching star, is given his unconditional release by the Baltimore Terrapins in the Federal League. ◖ And a steam roller runs away on North Charles street and does considerable damage to trees and street lamps before it is brought to a halt at Twenty-third street.

Leaf Printing In Old Books From The "Original"

From the New York Sun

A SCHOLAR fingering old books on the table of a second-hand book shop frequently comes on a volume of poetry or a Victorian novel with a flower or leaf pressed among the pages. Sometimes the form of the dried plant has been transferred in a brown stain to one page. To a botanist such a stain would be likely to recall certain volumes of "nature printing" issued in the eighteenth century, in which accurate records of leaves and whole plants were made by a kind of transfer process no longer generally practiced.

No Diamonds In The Golden City?

From the Eudora (Kan.) News

A minister says there will be no baseball in heaven. Maybe not, but where's the sense in discouraging effort to get there?

Gob Humor

From the U. S. S. Pennsylvania Keystone

If a man is smart he can catch on and if he is wise he knows when to let go.

A One-Man Campaign Against Traffic Violators

From the New York Times

ONE young man in the Bronx is waging a private campaign against reckless automobiles. Every day he spends a couple of hours taking the car numbers of drivers who pass red lights or violate some other regulation. These license numbers he turns over to the police.

Romantic outlaws of the Robin Hood tradition have nearly always been driven into their line of work by an act of oppression or injustice. Denied redress by the authorities, they take the law into their own hands. The Bronx case is analogous without being parallel. Here the young man does not declare war on the law of the land but devotes himself to its enforcement.

On the other hand, there is a Bronx young woman who was injured in an automobile accident several years ago and who even now has to be wheeled about in a chair. The young man in question often pushes the wheel chair. This brings an authentic touch of Robin Hood romance.

The Evening Sun Forum

Please be brief. As a rule 200 words should be enough. Your name and address must accompany each communication as an evidence of good faith. Your name will not be published unless you wish it, but signed letters will be given the preference.

It Must Have Been A Full Day

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

So many of my acquaintances have complained of the lack of interesting things in Baltimore that I am penning this letter in hope they will see it. Last Sunday my friend and I took a trip that will illustrate that there are a lot of interesting things and places in Baltimore.

First, we visited the Johns Hopkins University, then the Municipal Art Museum, the Washington Monument (climbed 228 steps to the top), Walters Art Gallery, the Flag House on Pratt street, the wharf, saw the watermelon boats and large steamships, and then down the Key Highway to Fort McHenry (where a Government man explained how "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written). Incidentally, the original copy of the song is at the Walters Art Gallery.

Interesting, so far? From the fort we went to the guppy show at Patterson Park. I might add that the only charge for the entire trip was 15 cents to ascend the Washington Monument. We had a few more places, such as Peale Museum, War Memorial, Courthouse, etc., but time did not permit us to visit them.

Baltimore, Aug. 27. SOL ELLENSON.

Bay Bridge (Pro)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Your correspondent, "Jamar," makes a plea about the W., B. & A. South Shore Line. Why should he be so selfish about the Chesapeake Bay bridge? Everyone knows that the W., B. & A. case is the same as the United Railways in Baltimore—it's the automobile. The people that formerly used the W., B. & A. now have their own automobiles to take them to work. So why argue about a bridge on the other side of the Chesapeake Bay?

I feel sure the bridge will be the best progressive project that Maryland has had in years. FAIR PLAY.

Baltimore, Aug. 27.

Bay Bridge (Con)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

It appears that the bridge authority and other interested real estate parties are intent on putting through the Chesapeake Bay bridge for no other reason than the development of swamp lands and sand dunes of the Eastern Shore (shore front lots) for the pleasure seeking Baltimore suckers.

If, as this bridge authority contends, traffic to and from the land of Paradise would support a bridge across the bay, why, may I ask, have not private interests built the structure and derived the profits? The reason might be because it would require one car every thirty seconds for a twenty-four-hour day for ten consecutive years at the rate of $1 per car to repay the $10,000,000 construction costs, not including maintenance and depreciation; also interest charges.

This project would not only be a waste of money but the influx of cheap Eastern Shore labor, a detriment to Baltimore labor organizations. BALTIMOREAN.

Catonsville, Md., Aug. 20.

Shouts And Murmurs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Don't you think it's time for the editorial writers to get together? The Liquor Board controversy is a joke, but the poor taxpayer can't appreciate that brand of humor. Jackson, the smart politician, doesn't come out on top, and your editorials, instead of helping him, make his awkward position all the more glaring.

The Sun says: "Comptroller Gordy . . . should have no difficulty making up his mind as to where the Mayor stands." *The Evening Sun* says: "Mayor Jackson . . . declares he has no legal authority to make the decision and does not intend to assume it."

The Evening Sun knows what it is all about; it says: "That Mayor Jackson can put a stop to the waste of money is beyond a doubt." Sellmayer is a novice in politics, and if he keeps on acting like a business man and in the interest of the taxpayers he will go far. He deserves credit for having courage, because it is against the first principle of politics to be opposed to jobs. JOHN F. NIXON.

Baltimore, Aug. 27.

Christopher ("Ray-Of-Light") Billopp, Finder Of Silver Clouds

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

We are tired of having people talk about us girls from Baltimore; especially are we tired of hearing from and about Frank Merriwell and Dorian Gray. Why doesn't Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver or Robin Hood give us a line? I'm sure Robin Hood would take up for us.

Another thing, I am quite interested in Christopher Billopp's Rolling Road. He always gives us something interesting in an odd way. We don't want any brickbats thrown at him. Give him three cheers for finding a silver cloud among the darkest ones and a ray of light in the blackest of things. We enjoy his column better than anything else in the whole paper.

Baltimore, Aug. 26. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Chromo Of Dorian Gray And Frank Merriwell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

I can picture Frank Merriwell and Dorian Gray as two "has-beens" with Milwaukee gaiters, several gold teeth, heavy watch chains, pompadours, curly mustaches and, oh!—lest I forget—barroom tenor voices. MAY BLOSSOM.

Baltimore, Aug. 27.

Query

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Now that a large number of persons who depended upon the W., B. & A. have been deprived of their transportation facilities, I wonder if those members of the General Assembly who voted and worked against granting the line tax exemption so it could continue serving those who need it are sitting back and enjoying their handiwork? It also would be interesting to know if they still think the W., B. & A. was "bluffing" when it was stated that unless given relief from taxes there was danger of the service being discontinued.

Baltimore, Aug. 23. QUESTIONER.

Labor Day And "The Old Proud Pageant Of Man"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Monday, September 2, we celebrate "Labor Day." One day in a whole year set aside to emphasize labor, when indeed every day is dedicated to it. Labor, the greatest force in life, continually creating and recreating life's many and varied expressions. Man is the highest developed and further advanced expression of labor combining in his make-up the essentials of life, spirit, mind and body, culminating in an individual, self-conscious soul. Man—the soul of labor. Man—labor's crucible transmuting it from its grosses into finer elements.

Let us on the day set aside as labor's holiday celebrate it not only for its physical and commercial value but also for its true spiritual value, a value that makes all men true laborers, a recognition of which would make for true and unselfish coöperation among all men. C. A. W.

Baltimore, Aug. 25.

Please Be Serious—If The French Had Found Maryland Crabs In A Shipment Of Tobacco They'd Be Importing Crabs Now

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Anent the editorial in yesterday's *Evening Sun*, "Maryland Tobacco":

Have you ever tried to smoke here where it is grown the kind of Maryland tobacco formerly imported to France? If not, beware!

You say, ". . . The French must have made a mistake . . . and filled their shops with shredded rags, old tires, hair mattresses and excelsior, etc."

Quite so, Mr. Editor, and you certainly have a keen nose. However, the origin of the ingredients just mentioned is Southern Maryland, not France, inasmuch as our farmers, having become accustomed to sending anything to France which halfway looked like tobacco, packed and mixed into their hogsheads any farm offals they could lay their hands on, viz., pieces of wood, cow dung, stones, old rubber shoes, rags, etc.

Anything was good enough for the French, as year for year they imported and smoked this. However, when a few years ago they found in some hogsheads a number of hard-shell crabs they got scared and cried: "*Voila, cooties à la Maryland!*" The size stunned them; their own were smaller although, perhaps, livelier.

They were afraid to mix the two breeds, thinking of the terrible consequences to "*pauvre France*."

And that was the end of French purchases of lower grade Maryland "tobacco." YOGI.

Baltimore, Aug. 27.

Paste This On The Wall

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

It is with ever increasing astonishment that I see the amount of publicity given the License Board of Paper Hangers. The majority of the trade knew nothing of this bill's being prepared. They were not notified or consulted. Neither were the unions in the building trades.

I see nothing in the bill to benefit the trade or the public. It claims to be in the interest of public health. I wish some one would point out to me any clause in it that has any bearing on anything that might affect public health in any manner. It looks to me like a racket.

The only way this bill could benefit any would be make the examination so hard that a lot could not pass. But is not this a bad time to put more people on relief? I for one do not want to better my craft that way.

I think our Governor and Legislature should have figured this bill out for what it was and thrown it out.

GEORGE C. CAMPBELL,
Union Paper Hanger.

Baltimore, Aug. 27.

A Widow Replies To A Widow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

I have just read an article in this Forum by "A Widow," in reference to the servant problem. As a widow, who has earned an honest living, and reared two children by working as a servant for the finest families in Baltimore for the past fifteen years, I feel qualified to set her right on a few points.

The reason that we cannot save our money, as we used to, is because we do not get it. There has been no NRA wage code for domestic workers, nor any protection whatsoever to keep up our wage scale. Before the depression, the standard wage for a reliable maid was $15 a week, with room and board. A more experienced maid got $18 to $20. I ask the widow to read the domestic help wanted column in your paper every night—the wages offered run about $5 a week. Some want us for $10 a month. Some prefer just to give us our board and a nice room.

In the good old days when we saved our money, we were paid half salary during the summer when our employers went to Europe. Now we get laid off. I also used to pay to Miss E. Hanna, then with the Family Welfare, $10 a week for my children's board, clothed them, put them through high school. Now, during this depression, with my wages cut from $18 to $8, I landed in the Johns Hopkins Hospital with a nervous breakdown and had to apply to the Welfare for help, which Judge T. J. S. Waxter so kindly obtained for me. ANOTHER WIDOW.

Reisterstown, Md., Aug. 22.

That's What Troyanovsky Said

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—*Sir:*

Regarding our protest to Russia: I have no brief to file for the Communists, but before we object to the other fellow's political activities, it seems to me, we "should sweep before our own door first."

Baltimore, Aug. 28. J. M. R.

Intercepted Letters

Dear Willis—Even if you got only $170 of the $400 the paper hangers promised you, the publicity ought to be worth something, oughtn't it?

Yours,

Oswald

HON. WILLIS R. JONES,
Charles and Fayette streets, City.