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BALTIMORE, MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1921.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

in Maryland mark the goal for which a few earnest souls have long been striving. The pioneers have had a long struggle, but the public is now generally convinced that the business of Maryland—and of Baltimore, too—should be handled in a business-like manner. It may be that temporary conditions are responsible for the large number of applicants for State jobs who appeared for examination on Saturday; but it seems undoubtedly true that these jobs will be more attractive if their holders know that they will not be discharged after a short period to make way for preferred politicians. Security is nearly as important as a decent salary; and no capable man is likely to offer to serve the State if he knows that he may be turned out of his job at the whim of his superior. Examinations are probably an essential feature of the merit system; but an equally important feature is the fact that under it a man cannot be discharged except for cause.

TRADE WITH RUSSIA MAY BE

considered from many angles, and there seems to be a tendency to suppose that advocates of trading are in some way advocates of Bolshevism. The anti-Bolshevik Russians in Paris (all outside of the latter class, for they are exiles from Russia who have incurred the enmity of Lenine and Trotsky and whose personal injuries are added to their patriotic distress at their country's condition. And yet they urge that the world shall resume its Russian trade. Their reason for this stand seems to be that until the Russians learn that their troubles are not solely or even in large part due to the blockade which now exists, they will be unable to appreciate Bolshevism at its true value. It may not be true that the resumption of trade will immediately result in the overthrow of communism, but it is undoubtedly true that the communist orators, just as pointing to the blockade as an excuse for their failure to provide satisfactory living conditions for the mass of the population.

SHIP CONSTRUCTION HAS CON-

tinued at a much higher rate than was generally expected at the close of the war, if the published figures are to be taken at face value. Great Britain is coming back to her prewar maximum of 2,500,000 tons annually, for her launchings for 1920 were a trifle over 2,000,000 tons. The United States dropped from about 4,000,000 tons in 1919 to 2,476,000 in 1920. These figures do not throw any light on the question of the relative efficiency of the work of the two countries. The British believe that their ships are better built than those which have been turned out in the United States, for they hold that shipbuilding, so far as the larger and more essential types are concerned, requires skilled workmen of the sort that only Belfast and Glasgow produce. Further, the British have their own ideas about oil-burners and the use of the Diesel engine, and their interest in the oil fields of Mesopotamia and Mexico is a part of their shipping program. The United States cannot compete with Great Britain simply by building more ships.

THE EARLY AND THE LATTER WEST.

In the days of Bret Harte and of Owen Wister's "Virginian" the West was not only wild but joyously lawless. It was the paradise of men of nerve, the meeting place of the adventurous and the daring, the barbaric land of fortune, where the first principles of good and evil clashed in primitive and melodramatic fashion. The mollycoddle and the weakling had no chance there, and the code of the highest morality was a simple one that disdained to deal in civilized refinements. Even the "good" men were as rough in their ways as the "bad," and would have considered the application of "sissiness" or prudery as the deadliest of insults.

But that land of "roaring camps" has long since sowed its wild oats, and the reaction from its reckless youth has made it one of the pillars of virtue and one of the sternest of reformers. What would the old-timers have said to such a town as Wausauke, Wis., which has become so "dry" that the other day it sold its wooden lock-up for $30 because there were no longer any sinners to shut up? We have a notion that the bad riders and straight shooters who won the West would be amazed at this revised edition of their work and would not care to tarry long in so dull a place. But if Wausauke would dumfound them, what would they think of Muskegon, Mich., which has announced through its Community Council that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks must wiff be barred because of their divorce scandal? The simple minds of the rude forefathers of the West would probably be unable to comprehend the lofty morality which practically excludes all sinful persons from the Muskegon movies. Douglas and Mary may not be saints, but if only those without sin are to be allowed to cater to the Muskegon elect, the folks of that sternly righteous community will have to amuse themselves with Biblical pictures. And even these will have to be carefully censored lest bad examples should corrupt the thoughtless.

But this is a great age, if we do not weaken, and the millennium must surely be close at hand. As its advance courier, we hail the Michigan town, and in the name of the refreshed, refined, austere, white as snow and cold as ice, we call upon Piety with its stentorian voice to "page" uncompromising and angelic Muskegon with its flaming sword of virtue.

COMPLETING A GREAT WORK WHICH ONLY THIS COUNTRY COULD DO.

It is no accident that America has produced the men who lead the work of relieving the distress of the peoples of Europe. The course of world events placed on the United States the responsibility for the welfare of war-stricken Belgium. To it came the opportunity to supply on a tremendous scale the medical and surgical aid of which the Allied armies were so sorely in need. And it alone has been able since the Armistice to conduct the work which has prevented the catastrophe of post-war starvation.

The wealth of America is perhaps accidental, in that it is partly due to our detachment from the turmoil of Europe; but the utilization of a part of this wealth for the benefit of the civilian populations of that continent would not have been possible unless there had been men of vision and of executive ability such as Europe at this time could not produce. The work of relief in Eastern and Central Europe is superior to political and racial ambitions; it deals with the needs of the great mass of humanity who are the raw material from which civilization or anarchy is made. These needs have been enormous and they are still far from being fulfilled; but they can today be simply described. They are the need of the children for food.

There is scarcely a family in Europe which does not grieve; but no one can estimate the horror which has been averted from the hearts of millions of parents who, out for America, would have helplessly watched the starvation of their children.

It is strange that Herbert Hoover and the eight great organizations associated with him are asking that America shall continue to feed the helpless children until Europe can shoulder its own burdens? The work has already been cut in half through the withdrawal of child-feeding operations from countries where food has become more plentiful. The job is nearly done, and to abandon it now would be to condemn 3,500,000 children to the starvation from which they have, during the last two years, been preserved. It means, not quitting, as Maryland's contributions at the Lyric on Saturday bear witness. And these contributions will be multiplied three-fold during the coming week, if Maryland folk understand.

THE NEW CURRENCY BABY.

While the world is still talking in billions, Congress has come down to 2 cents in the new humble currency piece which it proposes to have issued in honor of Mr. Roosevelt. Perhaps we shall get to a point after a while when there will be many other things besides a stamp which we can buy for less than one ridiculous sum. At present the new coinage will be welcome more for Mr. Roosevelt's face than for its usefulness or needs. In Baltimore, when married to a nickel, it will meet the demands of the United Railways' toll-gatherers for a longer or shorter ride, and it will carry a loving message to one's lady friend, or a malediction to one's enemy. Far more important still, it will procure within the city limits a copy of THE SUN. But two 1-cent pieces will do all these things, and the 2-cent coin can do no more. It was never popular in the old days, and it will be hailed as a curiosity of Texas as a contemptuous novelty now.

More logical would be a 2½ cent addition to our small change. That might prove helpful in all retail transactions in which the buyer has to pay half a cent more than the price called for, because a cent cannot be cut in two. In street car fares it might enable Public Service Commissions to split the penny fifty-fifty and to save the passenger the half.

Mr. Roosevelt does not need a coin of any denomination to render him famous or to preserve his memory, and he would be as much honored by a useful piece of currency as by a comparatively useless one. His image and superscription are already contained in our history and in the events of the last generation, and if he is to circulate in copper and amalgam he should do so in a guise representing his passion for efficiency and practical service.

AIRPLANE VS. BATTLESHIP.

The testimony of Brigadier-General Mitchell before the House Appropriations Committee to the effect that the airplane has made the big battleship virtually helpless may be accepted as by any means conclusive. General Mitchell, assistant chief of the Army Air Service, is doubtless sincere in his opinion, but, after all, it is only an opinion, and his assertion has yet to be reduced to a demonstrated fact. Secretary Daniels points out that the experiments conducted recently against the old battleship Indiana demonstrated, in fact, the "improbability of a modern battleship being either disabled or completely put out of action" by attacks from airplanes, and he naturally resents the radical and sweeping deduction made from the test by General Mitchell. If such a deduction were a fair and unanswerable one, the Secretary of the Navy would clearly be very culpable in concealing so plain a lesson and continuing to urge the building of costly naval machines which could be easily and certainly rendered useless by the new navies of the air.

If what General Mitchell says is true, there should have been some convincing proof of it during the World War, but there does not appear to have been any conclusive evidence of the kind during a period when airplanes were exceedingly active and endeavored to do all the damage they could on land and sea. Even German air raids over London, Paris and other cities failed to accomplish the results which the Germans had expected, and if this was so on land as to stationary and unprotected objects, would an armed and armored ship, capable of changing its position, be so completely at the mercy of aerial assailants as General Mitchell seems to think?

The battleship may become obsolete in a few years, and every naval program should bear this possibility in mind, but though expert opinion appears divided on the question, the battleship, as naval armament, there seems no justification as yet for jumping at wholesale conclusions. If the airship can not only knock out the battleship, but take its place and fulfill the purposes which it now serves, we could accomplish the same objects with much less expense. But that has yet to be shown to the satisfaction of all students of military and naval affairs.

However, there is every reason why tests along this line should be continued and all the light possible thrown on it. And whatever part the navy may play in future wars, there is no doubt that air fleets have come to stay and must become more and more important for offense as well as defense. The airplane does not need any argument to justify its existence, and should not have to make out a case against the battleship in order to secure recognition of its indispensable character.

ABSENTEE CONGRESSMEN

Only Handful Present When Millions Are Involved.

From the Congressional Record.

Mr. Blanton—Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word, which is not a word but the figures "100,000."

I do this merely for the purpose of calling attention to this item, which is for miscellaneous items, $100,000. They can itemize the little appropriations in this bill of $200 or $300, some of them as small as that, but when it gets up to a big item like $100,000 they call it "miscellaneous" and everything embraces everything.

From suggestions made by a member of the chairmen I had been hoping that this mode of appropriation was going to be stopped by the new Appropriations Committee; and as an humble member of the House I want to register my protest here against this manner of appropriating the public money, "for miscellaneous items, $100,000." And in that connection I want again to register my protest against the manner of framing these bills in the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union. Here we have a bill that appropriates $112,705,748.75, and a little handful of members are here on the floor considering it. This is the time and this is the opportunity when, if there was anything wrong in this bill, the only way in God's earth to get it out would be right at the very time the item was read. If the item is once passed there is no chance on earth to change it, and by membership I mean "if, upon the motion to recommit, which always fails, or the defeat of the whole bill; and yet we are asking a bill of this character, taking money out of the public Treasury by the hundreds of millions of dollars, and the very party in power that has promised so much to the people cannot even furnish more than a little handful of men here to consider this measure.

Mr. Moore, of Virginia—May I ask my friend a question?

Mr. Blanton—Why certainly.

Mr. Moore, of Virginia—Is there any practical suggestion that the gentleman can make with a view to compelling members of Congress to remain here if they do not care to do so?

Mr. Blanton—My only purpose is to let the people of the country know that the men who went before them on the hustings as candidates and the representatives of candidates are not carrying out the promises they made to the people who placed them in power. Oh, they say, they are off attending committee meetings. I attended an important committee meeting this morning and also visited several departments. I want to say, as I have heard one of the greatest statesmen of the country here, the ex-Speaker, say, that this is the most important committee that ever sits in the business of the American people. It is the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union that frames the appropriation bills, that takes the money out of the people's Treasury. They can offer whatever excuse they want to the people. They can offer excuses, but the people do not swallow them.

Mr. Moore, of Virginia—May I ask the gentleman another question?

Mr. Green, of Iowa—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Blanton—I yield to the gentleman from Virginia first, because I believe what he has to say might have more importance in it than what the gentleman from Iowa might have to say. [Laughter.]

Booth In Gramercy Park

Lillian Brooks, in New York Globe.

This beautiful little park in the midst of the rushing business world seems to represent the old-time conception of quiet dignity. How marvelous that the Gorgon business which usually devours everything in its way turned aside and left this charming spot, a memory of other days. The old gentleman I see there dreaming, day after day, finds this old park unchanged. Nothing mars the flight of his fancy to bygone days. And here stands the statue of Edwin Booth. Where could be found a more fitting setting for the memoria! of this great actor? Around him is all his profession, the dignity of his art, the quietude of his life, all symbolic of this charming bit of old New York.

Ready For Any Emergency.

From a New York Letter.

Among those who are taking the crime wave seriously is a small gallery on Fourteenth street. Behind the window which has swung above the pavement the ostentatious sign: "Learn to shoot!"

Enough To Make Texas Gurgle.

Col. George Bailey, in Houston Post.

Gutz Borglum, the renowned architect, and Prince Louis de Bourbon, of Paris, were dined in Atlanta the other day. The prince spoke, but in a very dry vein, we suppose, in spite of the tremendal humidity of his grand old name.

The Joy Brothers At Work.

From the Detroit News.

A fine, ripe barrel of cider was stolen from a man named Lovejoy, at Port Huron, and carried away in a sleigh and emptied upon the ground—presumably by a man named Killjoy.

Good Morning!

By
THE BENTZTOWN BARD.
(FOLGER MCKINSEY.)

It was only a glad "Good morning."
As she passed along the way;
But it spread an inspiration
Over the livelong day!—Carlotta Perry.

MARYLAND MUSINGS.

SONG AND THE TOIL.

To get one's heart in the song of the day,
To get one's heart in the toil by the way;
The magic of song blows clouds away
Above—
And the secret of all is in learning to love.

Song and the toil, and a hope every minute
For the joy of the task and the service that's in it;
There are the simple things, making life sweet
Where the furnaces glow and the huge hammers beat.

All that is splendid in life and worth while
Is the song in the heart as we go with a smile;
Strength for the arm through the trust that we cling to
And love for the friends that we faithfully cling to.

Song and the toil—and these are the tent;
For with them we climb to the highest and best;
Song and the toil, and the heart in it all,
With love for our shield, and our backs to the wall.
—F. McK.

Don't Be Jealous, Margaret!

Good Morning!

Now I wasn't in on this, but William Kister lives in Baltimore. They mustn't allow it. MARGARET.

Where Are The Ad Club Vigilantes?

ROADSTER, (2), first-class; best bargain in town; fast and reliable. Best car made for transporting liquid.—A Sun Ad. Disklivered By M. B.

Have You Got A Little Pagan Orgy In Your Home?

Good Morning:

This caught my eye in the Morning Monitor, as perhaps it did ours:

Too much wrought upon to settle down quietly for an evening at home, he goes to the theatre; there to be further "jazzed up" by a performance more like a pagan orgy than anything else.

What I want to ask is, Does this jazzing up go on in Baltimore homes generally? OSMODIUS.

The Flop House.

Hard iron beds in a gray-wall room,
A stove in the corner with a bit of red bloom;
Men with their clothes on without any cover
Flopped down in rows where the night shadows hover;
Tasting in dreams all the food they would eat
If fortune had hit them a bit more sweet.

Some on the floor when they come in late
And the beds all taken; not moaning at fate,
But taking it kindly that still they can sleep
With the cold stove bums and the shadows creep.
And coffee in the morning and a bit of bread,
And hope reborn that was almost dead.

Some place to go where a welcome waits,
And no one questions and none debates,
And a busy world of down town hurried of down
Compared with wandering the streets of a town.

Or a flop on the floor is a mercy that shows
There is never a thorn unless there's a rose.
—J. H.

Something Else For Grandmother To Do!

Good Morning:

Saw this in the "Sunpaper" of last Wednesday or Thursday evening:

New York, Jan. 13.—Courtroom spectacles merited by the Greenwich Village "bohemian" movement when the shoplifters and alleged pickpockets appeared in the Court of Special Sessions, on the ground floor of the Criminal Courts Building.

The defendants, nearly all women, ranged in age from sixteen to sixty. Some gave the impression of poverty. Some were well dressed, some were gaudily dressed and some were magnificently dressed.

Food and garment should offer no problem to one who is the grandmother of 82 shoplifters. As a former lodger at "Horseshanker Hall" I am willing fully say that we would have looked upon her as our star boarder and a real asset. O. M.

Hyattsville, Md.

Our chances are rewards
For washing tall dishes
Till song with living swords
Awakes the soul grown dumb;

As the bubble bursts it glows,
As the sunlight fades it shows
Hills of promise far away
In some fortunate forbidden day.
As the flower wills it sends
Perfumed messages to friends.
Telling still and still the tale
Life is fair, and God is just.

The ship must hoist its anchor when
The favorite winds adverse;
And so it is with mice and men
Who seek the golden skies.
—B. B.

Many Happy Sundaes!

Mr. and Mrs. Bellow have retired from the business world and are planning to live a private li. at their home on N O. Street. They are popular in the Ice Cream world.—Hatlesday (Miss.) Item In A St. Louis Paper.

Ah, The Balanced Ration Epitomized!

Fish—Pigs Feet.
Hogs Head, Nose & Ears.

—Spotted On A Colored Restaurant On Park Avenue.

Yes, But Whadda Yeh Mean?

A Mr. O'Brien America, of the extreme destitution said to exist throughout the country.—Seen In The Shimmer Of This Morning Sun Of Ourn By F. K. R.

Dreams.

The fairy walls of palaces of light,
The groves of elfin gardens of the sun;
A castle there, and a magic door,
Amid the rainbow visions of the night.
Oh, tell me not of sorrow and of plight,
Of lost ambitions and of dreams undone;
These dreams are gates of many jewels spun
Through which I gain the gift of inner sight.
Yea, in their labyrinths of strange device
I get back all I've lost amid the years—
The joy of youth, the ecstasy of spring,
The small violets of Paradise,
The tender happiness of memoried tears,
And I can hear my lost canary sing!
—B. B.

The Barber Shop Complex.

O. O. McIntyre.

Wall street barbers declare that business is improving. They can tell by the expressions on the faces of their patrons. "Six weeks ago," said one barber, "they used to come here with so many wrinkles of worry that we could hardly shave 'em."

Surely Such Captains Of Industry Ought Not To Be Exempt

Letters to the Editor

Please be concise. As a rule, 200 words should be enough; beyond that the editor reserves the right to blue pencil. Your name and address must accompany each communication offered for publication unless you wish, but as evidence of good faith.

Dr. Heisse And Dr. Birckhead Are Invited By This Writer To Attend The "Bal Des Arts"—But Why Not Have A Law Passed To Prohibit Both Art And Balls? There Is Too Much Fun In This World Anyhow.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

If Brother J. Fred Heisse wishes to study at first hand some would-be demonstrators of the theme depicted in one of the movies he recently viewed, it is suggested that next Monday evening he visit the entertainment denominated as "Bal des Arts." Dr. Birckhead should do the same; with the result, it is submitted, he then could be a little more definite in his suggestions. The Ministerial Union might find out why some church members do not go to church. Nobody ought to go to church in a community that has a performance of this character.

Half-hearted reformers who dread to make a move that might appear improper! Mayor Broening should pause from a moose hunt long enough to order the Street Cleaning Department to sweep out the Lyric that night. Why do a horde of German parlor-Bolshevik pose as French artists? J. H.

Baltimore, Jan. 29.

Time To Reduce Car Fares, Says This Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

President Emmons, of the United Railways, says there is to be no reduction of car fares in Baltimore. This is bad news for the many out of employment and those who have had their wages reduced. Let the United reduce the wages of its employes sufficient to enable it to grant cheaper fares. Many concerns have had to reduce expenses. The United's men were granted increases on account of high prices. Now that prices of so many commodities have declined, it is time the men's wages should come down somewhat.

The company's men are paid war-time wages and have the benefit of the company's store to buy provisions at much less cost than in other places. The company gives them and their families tickets to ride to the store at our expense. What is the Public Service Commission for, anyhow? FAIR PLAY.

Baltimore, Jan. 29.

What The Hillsdale School Needs, He Says, Is The Old Hickory Switch That Once Hung In The Principal's Desk.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

I notice in a recent issue of your paper that a party signing as "W. T. M." takes our school at Hillsdale to task and in no uncertain manner tells of all its defects.

The above-mentioned person said that when children leave this school to go to another they are put back in a lower grade, and that you means go up in a balloon to reach the school.

I graduated from the Hillsdale school and then I went to Catonsville High School. I was not demoted there and I can say without fear of contradiction that I was not the most ignorant pupil there, as "W. T. M." would have you understand.

As for the location of the school, I don't think it can be beat. It is true that the school sits high above sea level, but not so high that you must need a balloon to gain access thereto. I have lived opposite the school all my life and can truly say that I never took a balloon to get home nor did I ever have a rope thrown to me.

In conclusion, I would suggest—that the person who complain about our school should consult their hearts and ascertain if the school needs a remedy or the children need one. Let them ask their hearts if the children want to learn and if they treat their teachers with all due respect. The answer there would be a deep sigh of regret that the stout old hickory stick, which hung near the principal's desk, had to be disposed of by law. CHARLES F. WEAVER, JR.

Hillsdale, Md., Jan. 29.

Wishes Long Life And A Firm Hand To Dr. Manning.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

Congratulations, Mr. Editor, on your editorial of this morning upon the elevation of the Rev. William S. Manning to the episcopate. May he live long and prosper and use a firm hand on the Percy Grants and Karl Reilands of his diocese. One wishes he could come here to Baltimore and lay a restraining hand upon one so-called churchman who fills his pulpit with new-thought lectures, Salvation Army men and various "isms" and schisms.

As I heard a man express it, "Well, I am going down to see the latest stunt his Reverence is going to pull off." Anything for a sensation to draw a crowd.

Baltimore, Jan. 28. W. B. L.

The Right To Robbed Hair And The Right To The Free Use Of "Cuss" Words.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

In yours of the 25th, "K. L." wants to know why women bob their hair. I wish to inform him that it is none of his damn business.

As to showing little brains, if he had any at all, he would know that women bob their hair because they want it short. He would do well to ask why do men drink, lie, swear, gamble, brag, chew tobacco, smoke, and also why is a man's ideal of all the virtues always himself. Why don't these men who ask so many questions about the girls ask their mothers why they wore rats and false hair? Is a short skirt and georgette waist any more immodest on our girls today than the low-cut black lace yoke and sleeves of mother's day? True, she wore long skirts, but she drew them tight around and held them high enough to show a goodly space, in many cases, of bright red stockings. The boys used to say, "Danger, watch all curves." In other words, the dangerous walks of yesterday was more of a freak than the girl of today. There is nothing false about the girl of today. If she has a notion to show her limbs she don't take a roundabout way to do it. The man with the right kind of mother respects her, especially the girl of today, in her neat and sensible clothes, who takes her place side by side with men, working often in responsible positions which the men who criticize them could not hold. A MOTHER OF GIRLS.

Baltimore, Jan. 28.

THE SUN'S GOLDEN TREASURY

THE SONG OF WANDERING ÆNGUS

I went out to the hazel wood
Because a fire was in my head.
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And mothlike tars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in the stream,
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor,
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the door,
And pulled at my heart with my name:
It had become a glimmering girl,
With apple-blossom in her hair,
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the sun,
The golden apples of the sun.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Asserts There Are No Fire Escapes On This Building.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

There is a matter which I would like brought before the public, which, without doubt, should be corrected along with the schools. The House of Good Shepherd, located at Gilmor and Hollins streets, appears to be devoid of fire escapes.

There are a good many girls in these buildings and they should be protected from fire. Are the buildings in question not public buildings and are they not surrounded by laws just the same as other buildings? JOHN KENNEDY.

Baltimore, Jan. 29.

Sees Nothing To Find Fault With In The York Road Line.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

I noticed in Thursday's Sun that Mr. Haulenbek thinks it a "burning shame" that people who ride the Greenmount avenue cars are not accorded better facilities. I happen to ride this line twice every day and there is no better service given on any line than that furnished by the car company on the York Road line.

Does Mr. Haulenbek think that it would be a wise plan for the car company to attach a trailer to every one of its cars? Would Mr. Haulenbek, as representative of a corporation, adopt any such plan? Emphatically no.

Baltimore, Jan. 28. THE CRITIC.

Thinks Dr. Krug's Removal Despicable.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

The removal of Dr. Krug is the most despicable piece of business that has been done in our "fair city" for many a day.

Why the faculty of the school went to such lengths as it did to foment trouble for Dr. Krug is my vision. And why Dr. West — presumably Dr. Krug's friend—(friend! God save the mark)—should have yielded to the disputious pressure is also beyond my ken.

Why should Dr. Krug have been expected to proclaim his domestic disturbances from the housetop? That was his own personal business and not the public's. As for a man living apart from his wife not being the proper man to be over a girl's school, what a reason for the School Board to hide behind. Dr. Krug would not have lowered the standard and possibly would have made it higher, for he is a well-known factor among parents, students and faculties of all our secondary schools—no exception. But were the honor system in vogue, one-half—no, I am wrong—I should say five-eighths of the pupils would be invited to leave.

Truly, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," and "man's inhumanity to man" covers the entire situation.

THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED.

Baltimore, Jan. 28.

The York Road Line.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:*

Hats off to Mr. George W. Haulenbeck's recent letter of comment in your column with reference to the crowded condition of the York road cars. I, too, am a sufferer: was nearly intoxicated yesterday in having been compelled to absorb the fumes of a violator of the Volstead act standing (I should have said jammed) next to me in one of these vehicles. On the previous evening's journey, while accompanying a lady home from her daily occupation, the car caught fire, apparently from an inferior controller, and if it had not been for my quick sense of action, I am afraid we both might have been injured in the panic that ensued. It is a most common occurrence for the York road cars to indulge in this sort of "play," without any apparent remedy being applied, and this condition, coupled with the crowded space allotted, makes riding a perilous undertaking.

HARTMAN PENNY MILLER.

Baltimore, Jan. 28.

PROSPERO'S MUSINGS
"ME, POORMAN, MY LIBRARY WAS DUKEDOM LARGE ENOUGH."

The other day I had a new adventure; it was, of course, an adventure among books. It came about in this way. A young physician, who is my good friend, told me that some time ago he had found in a book shop in Chicago (of all places!) a copy of Massinger's "Duke of Milan" in quarto, published in 1638. I envied him silently, but said nothing, for he is a kind-hearted person and might have given me the book, knowing my interest in the old drama. He had paid $2 for the little volume; according to "Book Prices Current" it is priced in America as sixty or seventy dollars in the auction room!

Immediately after telling me of this discovery he left me that he was searching, and had been searching for more than a year, for a certain volume dealing with a Virginia gentleman of Colonial times, which volume had been printed in a limited edition some 200 years ago and was now quite out of print and hard to come by. I felt as Huxley did at Oxford in 1860, when he said of Bishop Wilberforce: "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands." For I owned this book about the Virginia gentleman of Colonial times and cared very little for Massinger's "Duke of Milan," in quarto, 1638.

I offered to swap volumes. "But," said my friend, "the Massinger is worth much more than the book about the Virginia gentleman." "Yes," said I, "but you have no idea of selling it and neither have I; and therefore the question is whether the quarto is not of more interest and value to me than to you and whether the Colonial biography is not of more value and interest to you than to me." He did not swap, offering me instead a copy of Pope's works. "But I have two editions of Pope already," said I. Then he offered me a first edition of one of Swinburne's volumes of verse, "which the same" he had *already* promised me years before. "But that is mine, anybow," said I. Then he called me names. But the next day he had had time to reflect upon the matter and accepted my conditions. The trade was accomplished; and now "The Duke of Milan" lies in quarto, 1638, repose among my rare volumes, and my friend is busily reading the biography of the estimable but, to me, uninteresting Virginia gentleman of Colonial times.

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Messrs. Boni and Liveright are to be congratulated upon the appearance of George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life," which they have just brought out for private circulation among subscribers in a limited edition. Neither lack of the delights of which I expressed in these musings some weeks ago. The beautiful printing, the fine paper, the generous margins, the typography and in general the quite exquisite format, all go to make this volume an example of book production of which Americans can be proud. The publishers have had written a new preface in a whimsical and Moore-ish style, the chief purport of which is to indicate, neither directly nor overmodestly, the very high opinion that Mr. Moore has of Mr. Moore's work. The entire text has been thoroughly revised, parts added and parts taken away, and a curious new chapter called "Euphorion in Texas" appears for the first time.

When I mentioned the forthcoming appearance of the "Memoirs" I expressed special curiosity as to what that chapter might contain. It now turns out that it is of special interest to me, and, more, for a fair Baltimorean figures very Moore-ishly in it. Mr. Moore gives, with customary indirection, his address on Cathedral street. "If the street has been pulled down," he says, "nothing remains of her. Baltimore is too large a town to be cherished among one's personal memories. Besides, I have never been there. If I had gone to Baltimore I might have married her, and if I had married her my life would have been quite different. I might have gone into politics."

The notion of George Moore developing into a prominent Baltimorean is too delicious; he can have had no idea of what images it would call up to one of the elect. George Moore with an office in the F. and D.; a member of the committee for building the Synod Hall; an uplifter; a "pallbearer" at the funerals of leading prohibitionists. *Infandum! Infandum!*

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Some eight years ago Prof. Oliver Elton, of the University of Liverpool, published an excellent "Survey of English Literature" from 1780 to 1830, in two large volumes. These books have for long been out of print. They have now been reissued by the Macmillan Company with two companion volumes, bringing the "survey" down to 1880. The two later volumes are sold only with the complete new set, not separately. I understand that this is in accordance with of business morality. Is it entirely fair to compel libraries and individuals to purchase duplicate copies of the first two volumes in order to obtain the new installment of the work? I think not.

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The story is going the rounds that the idea of writing the "Outline of History" suggested itself to Mr. Wells at a dinner in London in the spring of 1918. Some one had asked him why he did not write a history of England, and he replied that to do so properly it would be necessary to begin with the beginnings of the remotest geological past. It was from that beginning that Mr. Wells began, and, resolve to tell plainly the origin and history of life and mankind grew in his mind. The man may have some foundation in fact; but anyone who has followed the development of Mr. Wells during the past 10 or 15 years knows that what increasing force he has insisted upon the necessity of making history the basis of study in all education. I am sure that no one who had read much of Wells was surprised when the first announcement came of his great undertaking. His was the courage to attempt to put into practice what he had been preaching for a long time. Meanwhile, I am, in intervals, spared from musings and amusements, perusing his truly great book. For great it is, despite the strictures of the specialists, not one of whom could have accomplished it.

PROSPERO.