

This Good Lady Denounces An Article Which She Admits She Has Not Read

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—Sir:

I have been a patient in the Hopkins Hospital for some weeks, and, fortunately, did not see the scurrilous article written by Mencken, a would-be satirist, a position he may never hope to attain. I am glad my eyes were not polluted by his article on "Eastern Shore Kultur." I am from the Eastern Shore and proud of it! Is the whole Shore, or Salisbury, for that matter, to be blamed for that unfortunate occurrence in Salisbury? Poor Mencken's brain must be entirely fagged and his ideas entirely disappearing. We Eastern Shoremen should worry:

Sticks and stones may bruise our bones,
But words can never hurt us!

Yes, we do have culture, not "kultur," on the Eastern Shore. The kind Mencken can never hope to possess, the kind bred of years of training by gentle, refined mothers and fathers, the kind which comes from good blood alone.

I think *The Evening Sun* owes the Eastern Shore an apology for printing any such trash. I feel pity for Mencken, a man apart, a man with such a vile, unscrupulous mind that he condemns so widely when his knowledge is so limited!

One would think you'd never had a lynching on the Western Shore of Maryland.

Fie on you, you misguided editor, to allow an article of this sort to appear in your columns! Mayhap, you had been imbibing of the "rot-gut bootleg," of which they tell me Mencken wrote, and in the false exhilaration I understand it produces let it slip through your fingers. Is that your alibi? How does Mencken know so much about the liquor in question? Reckon he'd been sampling it when he wrote that effusion.

MRS. W. M. WOOSTER.

Of Clearfield, Md., on the Eastern Shore.

Baltimore, Dec. 19.

Mencken's Head Full Of "Real Christianity"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—Sir:

The fair lady who signs her name Beatrice Loveall in today's Forum is the limit as to Christianity. The name is a beautiful one, but, oh, what a difference between her utterances and those of H. L. Mencken. This lady has a desire to see Mr. Mencken walk down a street in Salisbury and get lynched so she could gasp a sigh of relief. Can anyone imagine a human being (especially one of the fair sex) craving lynching. We all know every head is empty on some subjects, but Mr. Mencken's head is plenty full on the subject of real Christianity.

It matters not whether H. L. is the first and last letters in hell, we all should avoid all roads leading that way. I think Mr. Mencken has signs out on all these roads instructing people to detour.

Severn, Md., Dec. 16. R. F. REDMILES.

Warning To Baldwin And Mencken

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—Sir:

I have just read Mr. William Woodward Baldwin's letter advising Salisbury to do its duty. I think Mr. Baldwin and that big fellow, Mr. Mencken, had better go down to Salisbury and pitch a tent and hold revival services. But here's where Mr. Baldwin had better take my advice and let that tent be a parachute fastened to a good airplane. For I can see that Williams' mobbing bunch give them the once-over look, and I am afraid Mr. Baldwin would want to use the plane. Yours truly for the Eastern Shore.

MRS. M. RICHARDSON.