THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor should be as brief and to the point as possible, avoiding anything that would open a denominational or sectarian discussion.

No attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Names and addresses must be signed as an evidence of good faith, although names will not be printed if request is made that they be omitted.

The publication of a letter is not to be taken as an indorsement of its views by this paper.

Communications will not be returned unless accompanied by postage, nor will manuscript be saved.

"Unthinking" Car Riders

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I wish to speak of an unthinking habit some people have in the cars of holding up their newspapers, cutting all the light from the passenger who sits in the end of the cross seat. Tonight I opened my Evening Public Ledger to read, but the passenger who sat next to the window opened his paper and held it so that the light was entirely cut off from my paper, and reluctantly I had to fold it and "think it out" for the rest of the journey home. Sometimes I have asked my seatmate to hold his paper down, but it is not a pleasant request to make, and now when I meet one of these "unthinkers" I simply give it up. I believe in your widely read column some of these people will read this article and mend their ways. I thank you. W. L. G.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1921.

A Tribute to Henry Budd

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Friends of the late Henry Budd must have read with satisfaction your graphic pen picture of him in your issue of last Friday. Permit me to add another matter which at the time seemed to me of supreme importance.

When we were boys Mr. Budd, less than four months my senior, lived at Seventh and Buttonwood streets, within five minutes' walk of my home.

During the Civil War of 1861-65 he was colonel of our small-boy regiment (for marching purposes only), and I had worked my way up to the first lieutenancy of its Company C.

At our meeting one morning Colonel Budd announced that I had been advanced to the captaincy of the company. That was the crowning and final glory of my life in the military way.

After that I saw Mr. Budd seldom, until, one day in 1915, he came to my office to express his approval of my protest against a scandalous disgrace which an official of that day had sought to inflict upon one of the most highly honored engineers in the Water Bureau, an attempt which redounded solely to the honor of the intended victim and to the disgrace of his "superior."

JOHN C. TRAUTWINE, Jr.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1921.

Favors Country Girl for Wife

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Permit me to say a few words in answer to a letter in the People's Forum signed with the initials "L. T. V." from a country girl to the effect that country girls are better than city girls and make better wives. I am a young man, aged twenty-six, single and refined, of Jewish parentage.

The question is: Why is the country girl better than the city girl? For the following reasons: The city girl, from the age of fourteen or fifteen, begins to spend her evenings at dance clubs, painting her face to make it more attractive, and by thus spending her time neglects one of the most important things for her own benefit, and that is reading books. Thinking develops the mind, and she becomes an intellectual young lady, which is quite essential as an accomplishment for the home.

Personally I am not against dancing, but there has to be a limit to it. The city girl today demands more from the young man than the country girl. The solution of the ethical problem of today has become more a pure business proffering proposition than an ideal question of life with the city girl. They value the young man's pocketbook more than his personality, his intelligence and his intellectual ability. I am speaking from observing things and from personal experience. A great majority of the city girls today like a young man, no matter how ignorant he may be, as long as he can dance and show them a good time. He is admired by many girls, but the young man who cannot dance but is intellectually developed and cannot afford to show good times as the other fellow does, he is ignored. Personality, intelligence and intellectuality have no value on the matrimonial market today, but dancing and money have, and therefore the number of divorce cases in the cities, compared with the percentage of the population of the country, is larger today than ever before.

The country girl is entirely different from the city girl. She is not fond of running to dances every night, she is not painting her face; she is a home girl, and she reads and thinks. She considers personality and intelligence higher than good times, and she does not demand from the man machines, servants, fur coats and other things which the man, at present, while he is only a working man, cannot afford to provide for her.

Therefore I agree with that letter that a country girl will surely make a better wife and a more loyal life companion than a city girl, and, personally, I favor more a country girl than a city girl, because I think that a country girl will encourage a man to be ambitious and will make his life more interesting and more happy, because love, loyalty and respect to each other can make life sweet, and the country girl is the kind for that. THOMAS HANSBURY.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1921.

A Spinster Repulser

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Considering the W. C. T. U. crusade against nicotine, please do not forget that tobacco is the only protection given to man by Providence to safeguard his honor and integrity from the wiles and attacks of vamps, grass widows and spinsters.

As the moth ball is repugnant to the moth, so is tobacco repulsive to the designing female, and when left alone in an office with one of these horrid antis many a man is compelled to "masticate the quid" constantly to guard himself against the unscrupulous old maid.

E. L. RANDALL.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1921.

Colored People and Politics

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—The defeat of the Asbury equal rights bill before the Pennsylvania Legislature is significant as proving the futility of any attempt by the colored people to obtain equal rights at the hands of the Republican party. That the measure was killed in the house of its friends is not a new experience, but, coming at a time when two factions of the Republican party are struggling for the mastery in Pennsylvania, it offers the colored people an opportunity to prove if they are really worth what they are asking.

The henchmen at the Capitol held in such contempt the Negro's importance as a political factor that they would not accord to the bill the honor of dying on the floor of the Senate, but killed it in the committee of outlaw and disorder, where, it appears, the stage previously had been set for the commission of the crime.

In contrast to this emphatic repudiation of the Negro's loyalty to the Republican party in our liberty-bawling state, both New York and New Jersey have granted full citizenship rights to them, with no apparent thought or fear of black domination, while Pennsylvania, the keystone of the great Republican arch, was actually scared white by the ghost of social equality.

The name "solons," as applied to this aggregation of misfit statesmen, is a misnomer, and should be "nolons." To assume that the granting of full citizenship rights to 500,000 colored people of Pennsylvania would change the social and political composition of the state and imperil white supremacy is absurd, even among people where reason is still in an embryo state of development, and how can it be held as a tenable ground by people claiming our high standard of intelligence and morality? Forty out of the fifty years of unbroken allegiance to the Republican party have been barren of results commensurate with the colored man's worth as a factor in the politics of the state. This political slavery might have continued indefinitely had not the ignominious defeat of the Asbury bill brought them to the "testing block" along their ladder of life, from which they shall "write their future as they climb."

The colored people have no interest in common with the Republican party as now constituted. Reason, race pride and self-preservation all suggest a change, if only as an experiment. Certainly the situation, politically, can be no worse, and, in addition, they will experience the novel sensation of trying to walk alone, which sooner or later they will have to do under any circumstances.

The principles of Lincoln, Sumner and Garrison have been superseded by the principles of Calhoun, Toombs and Tillman, in proof of which the halls of legislation at Harrisburg rang with the sentiment of those slaveholders of the South in opposition to the equal rights bill. Therefore, my conviction that the colored man who still feels himself tied to the chariot wheels of the Republican party places himself beyond the pale of sympathy and assumes the dangerous opposition of an obstacle to his people's free and wholesome development.

ELIJAH HODGES.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1921.

Memorial Day

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I think I can give your correspondent the story she desires. A young lady of the South was completing her musical education in Italy. On a certain day each year she observed great numbers of people going through the streets carrying flowers. She inquired of a friend whither they were going. Her friend informed her that it was the Festa della Morte—Feast of the Dead—and invited the young Georgian to go with her to one of the cemeteries.

She went and found that an altar had been erected there and a priest was conducting the service for the dead. After the service a bugler sounded lights out, after which the people strewed the graves of their friends with flowers and offered prayers for the repose of their souls. The beauty of the custom impressed the young lady from Georgia, and when she returned to her Southland she called together a number of her lady friends, explaining to them the Festa della Morte and suggested that the South adopt the custom, which was done.

They adopted May 29 of each year as Memorial Day, when they strew the flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead. After the G. A. R. had been established John A. Logan, who knew of the southern custom, ordered that May 30 of each year should be observed as Decoration Day (now Memorial Day) for the North. It is quite possible that the custom had spread to all of the southern states prior to 1865.

W. L. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, April 27, 1921.

Questions Answered

Rex Beach

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Kindly print a biographical sketch of Rex Beach. E. D. S.

Harrington, N. J., April 15, 1921.

Rex (Ellingwood) Beach was born at Atwood, Mich., September 1, 1877. He was educated at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla., and at the Chicago and Kent Colleges of Law, Chicago. He married Edith Crater in 1907. His present home is at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Leading among the books he has written are "Pardners," "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," "Going Some," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Net," "The Iron Trail" and "Rainbow's End." He has also written several plays.

Artists and Their Work

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you please publish in your columns any information regarding the artist, R. Ward, and his work around 1808. Also the painter, S. T. Waters, painter of animal life? (Dr.) W. J. C.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1921.

The names of these artists are not contained in any encyclopedias of art and artists or any encyclopedias of biography.

Foreman of the Jury

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—What are the special duties of the foreman of the jury? F. L. O.

Philadelphia, April 27, 1921.

The foreman of a jury is the chairman or presiding officer of the jury. He receives any papers or other articles figuring in the case, puts the question which the body is voting in an endeavor to secure a verdict, communicates the wishes of the jury to the court and upon returning into the courtroom acts as spokesman, announcing the verdict, if any, or inability to agree.

For Mathematicians

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will your readers kindly help me to solve a problem? The office where I am employed is pretty nearly bordering on exhaustion to convince each other that some one is wrong. The question is:

Is it possible with a square 4 by 4 inches and containing sixteen square inches to be cut up to form a rectangle 2½ by 6½ inches and containing sixteen and one-fourth square inches, assuming that the lines in the square are the cutting lines?

W. L. C.

Philadelphia, April 27, 1921.

"A Scrap of Parchment"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Of the almost unnumbered facings of the origin of Lincoln's remarks that I have collected, I do not find the 394th of Rochefoucauld's maxims. I would also like to know where in Aristophanes is "a scrap of parchment." It is said that this is the earliest declaration of the uselessness of a solemn national document.

C. W. PATTERSON.

Philadelphia, March 27, 1921.

Sketch of Mrs. Meade

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you kindly print in the Forum a biography of the life of the author, Mrs. L. T. Meade? D. T.

Haddon Heights, N. J., April 20, 1921.

Mrs. L. T. Meade, a famous Irish authoress, was born at Bandon, County Cork, the daughter of a clergyman. She has written more than 200 novels, leading among which are "Love Triumphant," "A Race With the Sun," "The Sanctuary Club" and "Stories From the Diary of a Doctor," in which she collaborated with Robert Eustace.

Courier Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Replying to "B. M." in your issue of April 23, "H. M." will not attempt to solve a simple proportion by the operation "B. M." suggests.

"An equation is the algebraic expression of two equal quantities with the sign of equality placed between them," and every term in each of the two members thereof is interdependent in value with each and all of the other terms.

The product of the extremes has no value whatever independently of the values of the means.

Twenty-five, "the only given quantity," and X, the only one sought, are conspicuously the only terms appearing in "H. M.'s" proportion, which proportion, at this present writin', is "most remarkable" in being correct.

Letting X equal distance marched by army while courier traveled from rear to front, all algebraic work involved can be legibly written on a "scrap of paper" the size of a postage stamp, as follows: "X2" representing X square, in accordance with the manifest wishes of the good editor:

25÷X : X=X : 25—X.

625—X2=X2.

2X2=625.

X2=312.5.

The square root of 312.5 is 17.67767, which is the value of X.

As previously stated, the courier advances 25÷X miles and returns X miles, so he travels 25÷2X miles, or 25÷2×17.67767=60.85584 miles.

As an arithmetical proof, 60.85584 divided by 25=2.4142186, which is the distance traveled by courier while army marches one mile.

The army has marched 17.67767 miles when the courier reaches its front, leaving but 7.32233 miles to complete its twenty-five-mile march, which 7.32233×2.4142186=17.67767, the distance the courier travels in returning to the rear.

If "B. M." will apply a similar arithmetical test to the figures he has given, he will find that the courier, returning at the required "uniform speed," would have passed the rear and reached a point 5.9 miles behind the rear when the army came to its halt. H. M.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1921.

"W. S. E."—There is no city ordinance against the keeping of chickens, unless this should constitute a nuisance, when it would be necessary to get out an injunction compelling the owner to get rid of them.

John Schlecker—We cannot undertake to arrange class yells for public school pupils.

Poems and Songs Desired

A Wordsworth Poem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Please print in your paper the poem "The Daffodils," by William Wordsworth.

Ardmore, Pa., March 22, 1921.

DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

War Song Supplied

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Some time ago I saw a request for the words of the song "A Knot of Blue and Gray." I inclose them. Mrs. McM.

Bridesburg, Pa., March 26, 1921.

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY

You ask me why, upon my breast, unchanged
from day to day,
Linked side by side on one broad band, I
wear the blue and gray.
I had two brothers long ago, two brothers
blithe and gay,
One wore a suit of northern blue, the other
southern gray.
One heard the rollcall from the South, and
link'd his fate with Lee.
The other bore the Stars and Stripes with
Sherman to the sea.
And this is why, upon my breast, unchanged
from day to day,
Linked side by side on this broad band, I
wear a knot of blue and gray.

Both fought for what they deemed was right,
and fell with sword in hand.
One sleeps beneath Virginia's hills, the
other on Georgia's strand;
But the same sun shines on both their
graves that rests o'er hill and plain,
And in my dreams of vanished days, my
brothers live again.
And this is why, upon my breast, unchanged
from day to day,
Linked side by side on one broad band, I
wear a knot of blue and gray.

"Foreign Views of the Statue"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—A reader has requested the following poem, entitled "Foreign Views of the Statue." (Miss) MARGARET B. DAILEY.

Lansdale, Pa., April 4, 1921.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the
bay
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one
day
To vent their opinions on matters and
things
On this side the Atlantic, in language pedantic.
'Twas much the same gathering that any
ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride
his lips curled,
"See se Liberte Statue enlighten se world!
Ze grandest colossal xat eyair vas known!
Thus Bartholdi he speak, Vive la France-
Amerique!
La Belle France make se statue and God
make se stone!"

Said the Scotchman, "No need e'ver spakin'
see free,
The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna
see.
Do ye think that wi'out ye the folk couldna
tell?
Sin 'tis Liberty's Statye, I ken na why
that ye
Didna keep it at hame to enlighten yourself."

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye.
"Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
A monstrosity, weally, too lawge to be
seen;
In roportion, I say, it's too large for the
bay.
It's much lawger than one we've at 'ome
of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage.
"I dreese-a my monkey just like-a de image,
I calla Bartholdi—Frenchman got-a spunky.
Call-a me 'Macaroni,' lose-a me plendy
mo-ang!
He break-a my orgen and keel-a my monkey!

"My broder a feesherman, hear-a what he
say,
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de bay;
He drop-a de sein, he no get-a de weesh
When he mak-a de grab-a, only catch-a de
crab-a.
Do big-a French image scare away all de
feesh?"

"By the home rule!" said Pat, "and is that
Liberice?
She's the biggest owld woman that iver I
see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's
to stand.
But the truth is Oi'm towld that the stone is
too cowld.
Would ye moind th shillaleh she howlds in
her hand?"

Said the Cornishman, "That's no a shillalah, ye sosamp!
Looaks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is lamp
Searchin' haard fur a 'onest man." "Faith
that is true,"
Muttered Pat. "That we say, fur he's lookin
my way.
And by the same favor, don't recognise
you!"

"Shust vait und I doit you," said Hans,
"vat's der matter;
It vas von of dem mermaids coomed ound
from der vater.
Und she has nuttings an, und der vintry vind
blows,
Und fur shame, und fur pity, she vent to
der city.
Und buyed her a suit from der realty-mate
clos."

"Me so sahee you foleners, too muchee
talkee!
You no like idol, you hean takee walkee.
Him allee same Chinaman, 'velly big joshee,
Him Uncles Sam got-ee, catch um lain, no
umbilalee!
Heap velly big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed, "dat's de cullud
man's Lor'!
He's cum back to the earf, ormeftn' He's
lookin' for
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' He's
brow:
Jess you looken dat crown, jes you looken
dat gown!
Lor' a-mussy, I knows I's a gone nigga
now!"

Said the Yankee, "I've heerd ye discussin'
her figger,
And I reckon you strangers haint seen
nuthin' bigger.
Wall, I hain't much on boastin', but I'll
go my pile
When you furriners cum you'll find her to
hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Well somewhat—I
should smile."

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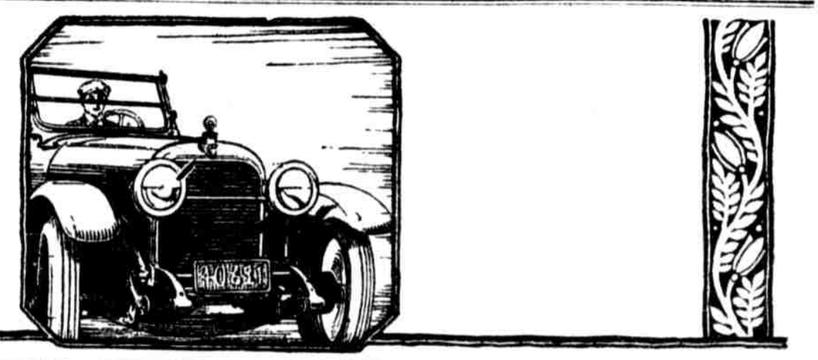

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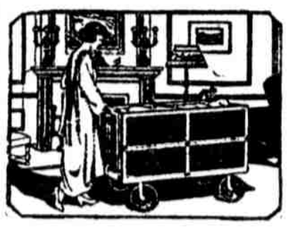

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