

Letters to the Editor

The Graduate Nurse

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—In answer to Dr. G. Harlin Walls, whose letter appeared in the EVENING PUBLIC LEADER of February 21, I will say of all the articles written about the nursing profession, I have only read one that is really worth while. That was one by Richard O'Leary, M. D. Dr. G. Harlin Walls will find a solution if he will please read the article. He will also find in Dr. Beard's article the reason why we cannot have so-called sub-nurses, unless, as Dr. Beard says, the law sets a label upon each and limits the fee of both.

I find that very few nurses like private duty. They are taking up every other line of nursing to get away from private duty. Has any one asked her why she does not like it, or if she could suggest a solution of all this trouble? The doctor evidently has never thought of this. They are also much to blame for sub-nurses getting the same pay as the graduates and the puts her somewhat in a case and leads the patient to believe that she is not a graduate nurse could often take care of two or three patients and make her salary, and it would be cheaper for the patient. If the doctor is not the cause of her not doing so, I don't know who is.

R. V. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Illegitimate Stock Selling

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The wise man long ago has ceased to be caught purchasing wildcat stocks and investing his money in such concerns that are created to skin the people through misrepresentation and out-and-out fraud. But the unwise in large numbers have been deceived through promises of large rewards to buy these wildcat stocks, generally on a paper, and hardly worth the paper on which they are written.

In view of the fact that so many of these concerns have been going up and down, it is going to be cleared, and at least for a time these stock sellers are going to have difficulty in carrying out their projects. But the unwise people's son forget, and as they are in large majority, in a very short time these concerns will again start to flourish and many people will be fleeced out of their money. And it is invariably taken from such people who can ill afford to lose it.

The State and city as well as the Federal Government laws should be made strict as to stock selling in such firms undertaking such a project should be thoroughly investigated before they are allowed to receive a license, and they should be compelled to put up bonds to protect investors if any crooked business is being done. In your paper today you note how people have been fleeced out of thousands of dollars in Doylestown, even after the United Auto Stores had become insolvent. All those who have been interested in the scheme to defraud the public should be held strictly to account and forced either to return the money or spend a long term in jail. Such an example is necessary, if these men have been found to have done any crooked work, in one to deter others from following the same vocation.

HENRY F. FRY. Philadelphia, March 1, 1922.

Living for Family of Five

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I notice in the EVENING PUBLIC LEADER of February 27 that Dr. Karl de Schweinitz gave a budget on what a family of five could live on.

First: \$6.51 for food. Try to feed five on that and they will be the worst-looking, undernourished five human beings you ever saw.

Second: \$1.90 per week for milk. O. K. That figure is logical.

Third: \$3 per week for light and fuel. With coal at \$14 per ton, in round figures, per month, it would cost \$3.25 per week for coal alone, as it requires a ton of coal per month to keep even a small house warm. Then where does your light come in?

Fourth: \$1 for carfare. This is O. K.

Fifth: \$4 for insurance. This is O. K.

Sixth: \$5 for miscellaneous. This includes rent, clothing and medical attention.

Where could you rent a house under \$25 per month? I feel, please, and I'll go rent it. How much have you got out of your miscellaneous after paying your rent, or are you going to pay rent?

There is no one going to pay the rent, so how are you going to clothe this family of five on \$20.41 weekly?

I think any one who would suggest such figures ought to try living on the sum of \$20.41 weekly and have his mind changed. FRANK J. THOMPSON. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Deserves Recognition

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—On April 17, 1917, I was working as a lineman, in charge of eight men, which position I had held for seven years. On that day I asked my men, how many years came to go and I got a list of one enlisted their hands. That morning, as I walked back to my pay, and with many thanks, I was given good will and God bless you, we went on bridge duty; then to Camp Hancock, then to France; there I was wounded five times with one-gun bullets, and twice with shrapnel; I was gassed twice with both mustard and chlorine.

Police Department, who draw pensions from rooming houses, and what not. Now I am drawing \$120.00 per month for my disability, and spend about \$3 for that car fare going to the Veterans' Bureau for examinations. My injuries are figuring how they can cut the compensation.

With the help of my wife, (as long as she can stand it) we manage to live. She is up at 5 in the morning and gets home at 7 at night, except Sunday. Then she has her week's housework to do. Now, before I enlisted my wage was \$5.00 per day with no pension, and now, after fighting in the Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection, Boxer uprising and the World War, receiving all twenty-seven wounds, I receive the large sum of \$200.00 and the privilege of sending my wife out to work, which she did not have to do before I enlisted.

Now, I wonder just how many of these ninety-day wonders and men at home at 7 at night, except Sunday, then she has her week's housework to do. Now, before I enlisted my wage was \$5.00 per day with no pension, and now, after fighting in the Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection, Boxer uprising and the World War, receiving all twenty-seven wounds, I receive the large sum of \$200.00 and the privilege of sending my wife out to work, which she did not have to do before I enlisted.

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Hard on Slacker Soldiers

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Seeing so much in your paper of the men who served in the war wanting a bonus, I would like to give answers to them, especially the one who writes himself "Soldier of the Sea," of February 28, 1922. Now the marines actually were in about two or three battles over there and about two or three percent, who were with the First Division. The marine takes credit for all. The army men he fought beside did nothing. The United States had about 1,200,000 men in France. Of these 200,000 were combat troops, infantry, artillery, engineers, etc. The rest were staff men, who worked in the rear, in the trenches for seven months and they received \$33 per month.

How about the British, some of whom were in the trenches from three to four years, and they were paid only a few cents per day (one shilling) and not as much to eat as the Americans they were with. So, Leatherneck, you won the war, throwing out John in ruffled shirt, Quartermaster Corps) same as plenty of your shipmates who were rowing boats (on land at Cape May) and comrades in the army stabbing straw dummies for eighteen months in the trenches. We people should let you military and naval slackers own and run the United States and also give you free access to the gold in the Treasury. That would probably satisfy you, I guess you were one of those soldiers of the sea who had to be tied down to put a pair of shoes on. I didn't notice your John Henry, plus address after it, so I'll give mine. I made sixteen trips across the pond in merchant marine service during the war.

J. TAYLOR, Chief Engineer, Marine Eng. Beneficial Association, No. 23, N. Y. C. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Why All This Regal Stuff?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Why all this "fuss and feathers" over Princess Mary's wedding? This "regal stuff" is sort of nauseating to real Americans. When are we to arrive at the position that we care nothing about royal blood and long lineage? This artificial stuff should have been put out of business long ago through the cry of "making the world free for democracy."

What did we do with the German royal family? Dumped them on the ash heap. The head of this family was shipped out to exile, and the rest of the family have been destroyed from power, and are living retired like any other family. The English royal family have about as much power as the ordinary American ward leader, except in their name and the great significance we still feel disposed to credit them with. Royalty has had its day, so why take up good, valuable space in the newspapers to chronicle their doings? W. L. T. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Soldiers' Father Opposes Bonus

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—This patriotic, well-informed ex-soldier, including my sons, I happen to be a father of three sons, one in the service, and one of them, an aviator, was terribly hurt in a wrecked airplane on the eve of entering the great Argonne battle. Here at home I have a son who is a flight instructor in the bunch of orators of that time; had to come across in all the financial drives, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., war-savings stamps, Liberty loans; cut out the use of white paper for a little line on sugar; also arbitrary demands in many ways, with no regard for one's ability to meet in a financial way those demands, but I believe this bonus propaganda is all wrong. L. W. D. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

A Poor Girl for Him

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I want to make an appeal to all your readers to write to Sidney Smith to save Uncle Jim from the Widow Zerk. He is a poor, but honest, and a poor but refined young lady, one who would appreciate a good home and Uncle Jim. Have the meeting start with a letter to a close friendship, which will ripen into a true love.

A GUMP READER. Philadelphia, February 19, 1922.

Questions Answered

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—In the counting of words in a manuscript are single letters and marks to be considered as words? W. J. D. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Words in Manuscripts

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Has Philadelphia ever been visited by an earthquake? H. H. Y. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Earthquakes in Philadelphia

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Has Philadelphia ever been visited by an earthquake? H. H. Y. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Presidential Vote in 1912

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please give me the size of the presidential vote in 1912 for the Democratic candidates, Wilson, Neahobian, Taft, and Progressive, Roosevelt.

By the Rev. F. J. McElroy in St. Mary's parish, New Haven, Conn. From an original membership of eleven it grew from source to source in the following: "I am. How little more I know, whence came I? Whether do I go? A contented self which feeds and in. A cry between two alliances: A shift from nature's quiver cast into the future from the past. Between the cradle and the shroud. A meteor light from cloud to cloud." CALLEN E. HUTCHINSON. Philadelphia, February 25, 1922.

Immigration Restriction Law

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Will you please give me the immigration restriction law of the United States—the one most recently passed? H. A. L. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

"Where Just One Day Apart"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—A couple of days ago one of your readers asked for these verses. Will you kindly print them for their benefit? "Darkness descends! still evening creeps on. And the day and the hours, what are they? What account can you give of the day that is spent?" G. S. J. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Wants Kipling Poem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Will you please print or tell me where to find the poem of the House of the Coppo book Maxima, containing the line "So the burnt folk's banded finger comes wabbling back to the fire." HELEN T. GREENE. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Parody on Nursery Rhyme

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Can any of your readers supply the words of a parody on "The House That Jack Built," beginning with "This is the house that Pat built"? The few lines that I can recall were something like this: "This is the gay velocipede, noted for beauty, strength and speed; belonging to Johnny in ruffled shirt, rigidly jacket and killed skirt; swapped to a boy who was razed and shaved. Who had papers to sell and who smoked and chewed. For a yellow dog, with a fearful wail."

The People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also in the Philadelphia Record. The House That Jack Built, discussing timely topics will be printed, as well as answers to questions of general interest will be answered.

Poems and Songs Desired

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Who Had Lost in a Fight, but now and then, And lived in the house that Jack built." G. L. BRADY. Philadelphia, February 27, 1922.

"I Am"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I am anxious to find out from what source is taken the following: "I am. How little more I know, whence came I? Whether do I go? A contented self which feeds and in. A cry between two alliances: A shift from nature's quiver cast into the future from the past. Between the cradle and the shroud. A meteor light from cloud to cloud." CALLEN E. HUTCHINSON. Philadelphia, February 25, 1922.

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And he is dead of heart.

For Calvary Day and Easter Day, Birth's saddest day and gladdest day. Were just one day apart. No hint or whisper stirred the air To tell what joy should be. The poor disciples grieving there. Nor help nor hope could see. For all the while the glad near sun Made ready its swift dart. And Calvary Day and Easter Day, The farthest day and brightest day. Were just one day apart. E. V. Philadelphia, February 28, 1922.

Requests for Poems

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Will you or one of your readers kindly supply the poem containing the following lines: "This old, old, old lady, And the parody on Antony's address over the body of Caesar, the first line of which is: "Friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers, I am sending a poem called "Today,"

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