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.

To Solve Servant Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—If a mere member of the laity may be permitted to take exception to a letter on the editorial page, and especially a letter in the perfect diction of so esteemed a wielder of the pen as Sarah D. Lowrie, I should like to ask her whether her views on the servant question are not mid-Victorian, if not archaic?

In a country and century when it is preeminently true that three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves is the fact, how can any one reconcile such foolish views of life with the ideals that our Puritan forefathers entertained when seeking these shores?

It is true that the gentry class that settled in the first colonies brought the house servants and Old World ideas of class with them, but even their women were versed in the best methods of housekeeping, including spinning, weaving, candlemaking and cooking, and diligently instructed their daughters and women dependents in the same. We read that the complaint Lady Washington imposed washing the fine china used at breakfast (one may easily imagine that china was as frequently broken then as now by careless helpers).

Are we not outstripping the worst British snobs, who, on their own soil, are almost washed out in the flood of the world war, with the flunkeism of a few rich householders and their satellites, many of whom made their wealth by and through the pangs of the world?

With the professional class and the intellectual class that before the war could afford from one to three maids to grease the household machinery, it has been simply in the last four years not a question of administrative ability, but a question of addition and subtraction, of supply and demand. If mothers esteem the education of their children of greater worth than keeping up a system of class, which, to say the least, is undemocratic and outdoes in the entire world today, is it not an affront for educated people to deride them on the score of losing ground in the maintenance of gentility? The world is gradually awakening to the idea that white servants or black servants are equable to the slave class and in 1865 we as a nation put slavery behind us.

Our boys are coming out of college every year with their caps to make and their beautiful young ideals so carefully concealed under a mask of sunk. They are one and all searching for the princess who is to light their steps to a glorious future. Are mothers steeped in homebiss living in a world of unreality, fit to train their daughters to receive the prince's awakening kiss when he comes?

Isn't it a fact that nine out of ten girls of the educated classes today are by their slavish following of custom and their indolent determination to find a rich husband or to sedulously avoid learning any kind of work that might fit them to marry men of small means, setting an example to the uneducated women that is at the root of the social unrest today?

Movies, clothes, clubwomen, dancing classes, department stores, advertisements, churches, reek of the false standards and the rottenness of present-day ethics.

Young women whose mothers washed their own dishes have shaken the dust of home off their feet and are holding a perfumed Georgette creped position behind a counter, simpering into the face of every man who may perchance give them a motor ride or a meal ticket.

Colored girls who used to discreetly seek for private family's are looking up their heels in vaudeville, for "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins." Every day one hears some man and almost unbelievable tale (confidential) of women who lost all their bearings during the war because they were faced by self-sacrifice in the domestic sphere, and who, with a great blowing of trumpets, camped out at Washington, Philadelphia or New York to ameliorate the condition of the soldiers, letting their men folk and children worry along as best they might.

Is it strange that the divorce rate grows longer every day? They are the expected aftermath of woman's stupid self-deception. For, since the beginning of the world, woman has been supreme in goodness and also in evil. A race can rise just as high as its women. Let women, with their vaunted wisdom and boasts about freedom, show the world that they are free to act on exponents of straight thinking, honesty and purity, and the servant ill become an obsolete as the dodo, the servant problem a thing to regard with amusement.

PATS IN THE FACE

Philadelphia, December 2, 1920.

Charity Needs of the Winter

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—It is necessary that the public at large, of this city, realize in some realize that the charitable needs of this city are much greater than usual and that they must be met to the largest extent possible, both from a humanitarian standpoint and also on the ground of expediency.

Thinking men and women who realize that there will undoubtedly be an unusual amount of distress this winter should not delay in providing the proper funds through the established agencies of the Society for Organizing Charity.

Please urge that this matter be given prompt and effective attention. Please print this letter and quote that any subscription, great or small, from any source whatsoever will be welcome. THEO. J. LEWIS,

President Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity.

Philadelphia, December 2, 1920.

The Literacy Test

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—William H. Barr, president of the National Founders Association, says: "Literacy test is not one that proves anything among character or loyalty, and perhaps so. But can he seriously claim that does? Also, what all this bunkum about education, schools, colleges, civil service and whatnot? Of course, Mr. Barr is selling his own children after a high average. No doubt this is the real reason that he so affronted mad against the dumed there.

With highly educated children, sons and servants, I'm pretty hard to rule your own home with an iron hand. Even if you are in the founders business. Nails, bolts, pipes and models I'll go to Europe. Kids are coming in on us at the rate of 3000 daily, and yet Mr. Barr says, "The literacy test is keeping out undesirable labor." Like as not Mr. William H. Barr has been "studying" us, and just wanted to keep the lovely stout gentlemen in attendance. In good humor and on their feet. If not, I wonder if he would hire me as his private secretary. I can furnish the best of references as to industry, honest character and loyalty.

LEWIS W. APPLETON, Jr.

Philadelphia, November 18, 1920.

A Wife's Predicament

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Why is it not possible for the day cement brass to be enforced in order to protect the home? I am the wife of a drinking man, and have been for nearly twenty years. We have several children, ranging in ages from five to fifteen. My husband was a drinking man when I married him, and naturally I was very foolish to have done so, but when he is sober he is very kind to the children as well as myself, and has been able to give us a very fair support.

Conditions, however, have been growing worse the last few years. I was delighted when prohibition went into effect, for I felt that the rest of my life was going to be happy at least. Imagine my disappointment when my husband is drinking more than ever, and is compelled to pay practically his entire salary for drink. I have had to go to work and to compel my children to work whenever possible in order that we may keep our home together.

I live in the neighborhood of the Seventh and Carpenter streets police station, and in this neighborhood it is nothing unusual to see half a dozen people staggering along within a few blocks. Whisky of the rotgut kind is made within this neighborhood and is sold to the poor laboring men for outrageous prices, much of the money having to be spent by the makers to keep the policemen and others quiet.

I have made numerous complaints to saloon houses and policemen when I found out where my husband secured his liquor, but nothing has ever been done, and the same condition exists today that has existed for the last six months, and, if anything, it is worse. Why can't the federal officers send detectives into this neighborhood, for they will have very little trouble to find a still in practically every block? It is an outrage that such a condition exists and that the law should be so violated.

Mrs. E. L. O.

Philadelphia, November 29, 1920.

Gentle Hint to Mother-In-Law

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Here is my advice to "C. W. L." who in a letter appeared in the November 28 issue of the Evening Public Ledger, regarding his mother-in-law-to-be. If I were you, "C. W. L.," I would tell your future mother-in-law, before you get married, of course, that you will allow her to live with you and have all the privileges she may choose on one condition, and that is this: "Keep your mouth shut, tend to your own business, and, above all, cause no trouble or unhappiness of any kind. If you fail to live up to this agreement, then out you go!" I think this will bring the desired result. READER.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1920.

Brown's Court Palace

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am glad to see that the Lutherans are making such a vigorous fight against "Brown's Court Palace" and hope you will keep it up until the scheme has been rooted out and that it are to have no more extravagance of this character until we are in a position to pay for such luxuries. The time is at present not in the best financial condition and to go ahead with such numerous work that is not absolutely necessary at this time would be a crime.

The public cannot be expected, with conditions such as they are at present, to be able to pay any additional amount of taxation. They are just now taxed to the limit, with the high cost of living and the coming down of salaries, with the interest due on mortgages and the other coal still unpaid or unrovided.

With all these personal expenses staring the people in the face and with their anxious minds turning here and there seeking relief, then along comes the Board of Supervisors of Assessments to still further levy a tax on the people, and the city Fathers are talking about embellishing the Parkway with "palaces," etc., when these "Homeseekers" know that there is not money in the treasury for such purposes, for then it will have to come out of the pockets of the already impoverished property owners and taxpayers. The public should rise in righteous rage against these arrogant schemers and put them out of office when the first opportunity presents itself.

W. L.

Philadelphia, November 25, 1920.

A Woman's Plaint

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am twenty-four years old, neat and refined. I was out of employment. After debating the matter I decided to seek employment as a domestic. Calling on the prospective employer, I stated my past experience, education and so on. I was informed that I was to do housework for a family of seven. I was offered a fairly good salary, and as I understand taking care of a home as well as office work I decided, at first, to accept the position.

But I was informed that when my tasks were done I was to sit in the kitchen and entertain my friends there. My particular male friend is a manager and a lawyer for a downtown concern. My female friends are young women of refinement and education. Imagine asking them into a kitchen to spend the evenings!

My would-be employer informed me that I certainly was a "rare find"; that it was indeed a difficult matter to get a lady of refinement and education to come into a family and that they did not appreciate the opportunities and advantages afforded. I have held an executive position, received a salary of $20 a week, with a large concern, where education, refinement and appearance are considered. I also am an elocutionist, pianist and have traveled rather extensively. I am compelled to earn my own living at present. I have not been able to secure a clerical position that was sufficiently remunerative to properly support myself. I have no doubt that to the mistress of this house I was a "rare find," but how little appreciated!

Families will never get desirable young women in their homes and require them to sit in the kitchen. Had this employer offered to allow me the use of the back parlor she might have me harbored safely in her home, and, without flattering myself in any way, the "rare find" would rather brought a certain amount of culture and refinement into this home, for it surely was sadly lacking.

M. L. J.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1920.

Questions Answered

A Dollar Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I wish your readers would solve this problem: A man gets on a trolley car and hands the conductor a dollar bill and receives ninety-five cents change. Now, when the conductor hands in his money to the company he is told that the dollar is no good. The conductor hands in a good dollar to make up for the bad one. Is he out two dollars or one dollar or how much?

J. B. F.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1920.

The Third Generation

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Kindly tell me which is correct:

John Brown, Sr.—father.
John Brown, Jr.—son.
John Brown, 3d—grandson.

Or

John Brown, Sr.—father.
John Brown, Jr.—son.
John Brown, 2d—grandson.

What would the grandson be, all three having the same name, the 2d or 3d?

L. L. B.

Philadelphia, November 29, 1920.

The first is correct. The third generation of the same name would be designated as 2d.

The "Presidential Cheese"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In the reading of a book on Washington official life, I found a reference to a mammoth cheese that was presented to President Jackson, and the article seems to indicate that it was the custom to present a huge cheese to the President. I should like to have some further information on this subject.

WILLIAM T. CLEMENT.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1920.

The first monster cheese presented to a President of which we can find any record was that offered with considerable ceremony to Thomas Jefferson, in 1802. The cheese was made, or one might almost say, built, in Cheshire, Mass., in a press giving it the great dimensions of four feet in diameter and eighteen inches high. After being successfully pressed, it was drawn from Cheshire to Washington in a six-horse drayamid popular rejoicing. With regard for the dignity of his office the President insisted on footing the bill of $200. There is record of an even greater cheese presented to President Jackson, and President Van Buren received a great cheese every year of his incumbency. With him the custom seems to have ended.

Who Was the Loser?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Please submit the following problem to your readers:

A man found a ten-dollar bill. He paid his rent with it, and his landlord paid his grocery clerk. The clerk paid his board, and the landlady paid a debt she owed to the man who paid the bill. He took the bill to the bank and deposited it, and the bank threw it out as counterfeit. Now, who was the loser by the deal, or was anybody?

J. H. L.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1920.

Native Costumes

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Could you tell me where I could get information concerning the dress worn by the natives of the different nations? I wish to give a play introducing twelve nations and I wish to dress them accordingly.

M. S. G.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1920.

In a large encyclopedia you can secure the information desired, or you might go to the public library and look through Planche's "Cyclopedia of Costumes." A large encyclopedia like the Britannica would answer your purpose.

Poems and Songs Desired

Wants Recitation

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Kindly ask in your People's Forum for a recitation, part of which is about two little boys who went down to the mill stream, and the smallest one falls in. The other jumps to save him. Both are swept down the mill stream, the oldest boy crying: "Oh, Virgin Mary, save us both." They are saved as the miller stops the wheel to ring the Angelus bell. I think it is called "The Mill" or "The Angelus Bell."

DOROTHY T. SHEPPARD.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1920.

Wants "Father's Lullaby"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Please publish in the People's Forum "A Father's Lullaby." It starts:

"Lullaby, O lullaby,
Thus I heard a father cry.
Lullaby, O lullaby."

I can't recall any more, except that in one line he calls: "Mary, you come try." Finally he gets sleepy and drops the baby.

L. A. G.

Collingswood, N. J., November 29, 1920.

Wants "Gethsemane"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you please print in your Evening Public Ledger the touching poem "Gethsemane"? I remember this poem when I was a very young girl attending boarding school. I can only remember the following lines:

"While nature was sinking to stillness and rest,
The last beams of sunshine shone dim in the west.
In lone meditation I wandered, my feet," etc.

Mrs. GRACE T. THURBER.

Philadelphia, November 17, 1920.

A Poem Supplied

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Please print enclosed poem recently requested by Mrs. E. A. Stoddart, Collingdale, Pa.

Mrs. MARY E. WILSON.

Philadelphia, November 30, 1920.

THE KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY

You ask me why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in 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,
And the other a suit of southern gray.

One heard the rollcall of the South,
And linked his fate with Lee;
The other bore the Stars and Stripes,
With Sherman to the sea.

Each fought for what he deemed was right,
And fell with sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
The other on Georgia's strand.

But the same sun shines on both their graves,
In valley and on hill;
And in the darkest of the hours,
My brothers to me, are living still.

So this is why upon my breast,
Unchanged from day to day,
Linked side by side in this broad band,
I wear a knot of Blue and Gray.

"The Old Man's Song"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am enclosing a copy of one of the songs asked for by Mrs. E. A. Stoddart.

M. C. GAUNTT.

Hainsport, N. J., November 29, 1920.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING

O, don't be sorrowful, darling,
Now don't be sorrowful pray;
For taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.
It's rainy weather, my loved one,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companions,
Our heads, they're growing gray,
But taking the year together, my dear,
We always can find the May.
We've had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year has come, my dear,
For the long, dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
Of the night as well as the day;
And we feel and know that we can go,
Wherever He leads the way.
Aye, God of night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
But the path that from life leads out, dear wife,
Is the path that leads to Him.

A Poem Supplied

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Inclosed please find poem which Mrs. L. T. Wilson asks for in Evening Public Ledger. I trust this is the one asked for.

Mrs. M. J. K.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1920.

ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die—
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh,
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All exits may be borne,
We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet in our sones—the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.
We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.
We mind our lives about another life:
We hold it closer, dearer than our own.
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But, oh! we do not die with those we mourn:
This also can be borne.
Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life conflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn,
Lo all things can be borne.

"D. M. E." asks for the name of the author and the complete poem which begins:

Let as the sun from the ocean bed emerging
Break over the waters his glancing light
through:
Hath! from masthead hear the cheerful cry
ringing,
"Close on your lee beam a whale, there
she blows!"

The writer thinks the poem is entitled "A Whale Song."

"C. E. E." asks for a poem containing these lines:

"I long to hold that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold."

"T. D." desires the words of a song which contains these lines:

"In sweet repose I'll take my rest,
And dream forever more;
So carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore."

"C. B. S." desires a poem containing the lines:

"A little while our fightings will be over,
A little while, our tears be wiped away."

The People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also in the Sunday Public Ledger. Letters discussing timely topics will be printed, as well as requested poems, and questions of general interest will be answered.

Wills Probated Today

An estate of $174,000 is bequeathed to two daughters by the will of Coralie C. Wilson, who died November 25, and whose will was probated today. Other wills filed are Walter C. Brownings, 6019 Ellsworth street, $30,500; Christian Hochm, 5308 Race street, $27,550; Mary Sleith, 2406 West Columbia avenue, $5217, and Susan M. Wunder, 5321 Germantown avenue, $5200.

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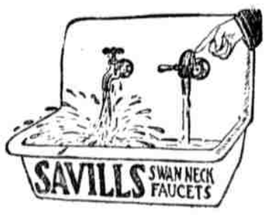

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Opening Up Russia's "Treasure-House"

Within walls built high by years of war and revolution, behind doors close-guarded by Trotzky's soldiers, the Russian treasure-house awaits the adventurer with the key of gold. "In the south there are millions of bushels of wheat awaiting export, and oil wells have been running unchecked so long that they have had to bank them up and form lakes of oil." "There is £1,000,000 worth of timber lying at Archangel and other ports on the White Sea." The Siberian seaboard contains "probably the world's greatest undeveloped coal and oil deposits, with the fishing off coast equal to that of Alaska."

While it is all very well, agree some American editors, for the Soviet Government to open the doors of the Muscovite treasure-house, what if the treasure-house is empty? And, referring to the British trade agreement with Soviet Russia, recently announced by Premier Lloyd George, the New York *Tribune* declares that "to take Lenine and his system into fellowship is to abandon those in Russia who fought for civilization and democratic ideals."

Facts that will awaken mingled feelings of wonder, resentment, and satisfaction are presented in the striking article in this week's number of THE LITERARY DIGEST, December 4th. It reflects the opinion of the American press upon Lloyd George's proposal to resume trade relations with Russia.

Other very interesting news-articles in this number of THE DIGEST are:

The "Parliament of Man" at Geneva
Mr. Hoover's Labor Plans
The Seven Millers of Kansas
Trying to Carve Turkey
Exit Venizelos, Enter Constantine
Austria's Plight
Little Latvia's Great Role
Emigration from Ireland
Evolution's Most Romantic Moment
Medical News in the Papers
Motor Trailers to Solve Transportation
England Learns How Much It Suffered by the Air-Raids
Introducing the Crack Bolshevik Diplomat—Dr. Joffe
A Canadian Literary Declaration of Independence
Treating Labor Artistically
American Films Corrupting Britain?
Japan's New Religion
Czecho-Slovakia's New National Church
World-Wide Trade Facts
Problems of Democracy—Big Business
Judge Landis, The New Czar of Baseballdom
The Bibulous Frenchman Under Fire by Prohibitionists
A Woman Who Got Into Congress Through the Want-Ad Columns
Balking the Bringers of Booze Over the Border
Rolling Homes That Gather No Rent
Topics of the Day
Best of the Current Poetry

Half-tone Illustrations, Maps, and Humorous Cartoons

December 4th Number on Sale To-day—News-dealers 10 Cents—$4.00 a Year

'Tis a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest

The Literary Digest

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