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.

Mothers Also Get Tired

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In answer to Raymond B. Kennedy's letter of May 5, do you ever stop to think that a woman who drags around town with several children, trying, perhaps, shoes or suits on them, is not tired more so than you? It is no joke. I am talking from experience, as I have four little girls, from six years to two months old, and often have to take them all with me, having no relatives near me, and a woman can't possibly ask a neighbor to mind them unless it is important. And don't you think any child entitled to a seat if you have to pay for it? Why should not the P. R. T. put on a few extra cars during rush hours, as the city has put on the policemen to protect the men working in Cramp's? If they did this the difficulty would soon be overcome. I have stood on Chestnut street twenty to thirty minutes for a No. 18 car to come many, many times. MARY J. GORDON.

Philadelphia, May 20, 1921.

The Bonus Opponents

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In regard to Mrs. Katharine T. Andrews' letter in last evening's paper I wish to inform her that she wrote that letter without thinking. I hope she didn't intend to cast shadows on her two brothers' service like she did. It's plain to be seen that she was not familiar with the boys' doings during the war. They didn't buy any Liberty bonds and always were fed good white bread, pie and cake while over there. At least you would imagine so by reading her letter. For everything she did the service men want her one better, so why not give them a little credit? That's all they are getting, and they can't eat that. She ought to wise up a little.

Then again in today's issue "W. L. D." takes a crack at the service men and the bonus. He says he lived during the Civil War (but doesn't say he fought in it), so that accounts for it. I suppose he's an old crab. He's got a good imagination about "Pullman cars for the boys to ride in." He should remember the war was "over there," like the Civil War was "over here." He may have helped to keep the home fires burning, but most of them died out between November 11, 1919, and the return of the boys.

It's too bad the service men had it so nice and the folks at home had so much trouble. The slacker lists then prove that a good many didn't approve of having it so nice in the service. Finally, if you don't approve of the bonus, keep quiet, for you are on the minority side.

OVERSEAS EX-SERVICE MAN.

Philadelphia, May 20, 1921.

Accommodations at Valley Forge

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—After reading the article regarding Mount Vernon in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER I decided to write you these few lines concerning Valley Forge.

The writer, who is a visitor in Philadelphia, paid a visit to this hallowed spot on Sunday, May 15, going by trolley to Jeffersonville and walking from there. After walking over this reservation and enjoying the grandeur of the prospect, on my way out I stopped at an inn for something to eat, but could not get a bite, its only service being a chicken dinner at $2 per. Nothing else served. I arose and left the place, thinking that the lives of the men who died and suffered on these grounds were given to keep a foreign power from imposing taxation without representation, while within these very grounds Mr. Innkeeper imposes taxation without consideration.

A further consideration the visitor gets at Valley Forge is a ride for $2 in a decrepit Ford.

Such places as these should be kept by the nation, with an old-fashioned kind of American consideration, if such a thing has survived. ROBERT MacMURRAY.

Philadelphia, May 21, 1921.

Working Sundays

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I had been hoping that some of your readers who are better able than I am would take up the question of the recent arrest of a man for painting his porch on Sunday. I think this was an outrage. Every one is desirous of having his home look as well kept as possible, and, with the very high cost of painting, both in material and workmanship, the only thing many poor people can do is to do at least the work themselves.

It might not look very well to see a number of people out on the front street painting on Sunday, but neither does it look very well for a number of people congregating at the corners of streets or in front of cigar stores, where they curse, use obscene language and otherwise annoy the public, and yet they are never molested, but the man who wants to fix up his porch or front doorway to look a little more respectable and has no time to do it during the week, on account of his long working hours, is forced to be humiliated by being arrested because he is doing this. I do not believe if a test were to be made of the case that this man could be punished in any way.

W. L. JOYCE.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

Will It Come to Pass?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Twelve years ago the writer propounded a proposition to men who are supposed to be wise in things scientific and practical. These men had to admit they could not pick a flaw in the presentation of facts made by the undersigned, but, in some instances at least, looked as if they felt the ground slipping beneath their feet.

The question propounded, briefly stated, was as follows: Is it not a universally accepted fact that the earth revolves upon its axis? Is it not an accepted scientific fact that surrounding this planet is an atmospheric belt? Is it not a generally accepted fact that if a person or thing could penetrate this atmospheric belt that the person or thing would no longer be controlled by the force of gravity as it exerts itself upon this earth today?

Accepting these three universally accepted theories as correct, what is to prevent aviators in the future, provided they can penetrate the atmospheric orbit surrounding our earth, and could hold an airplane in practical abeyance, from waiting as many hours as were necessary, descending at the proper moment in the proper angle and landing upon any part of the earth, in at least the same latitude, or approximately thereto, in less than twenty-four hours, and at some of the leading cities of the Old World in much less time?

During those last twelve years great strides have been made in aviation. Aviators have ascended 30,000 feet. Oxygen helmets are fast being improved, and the aviator in a strange atmosphere might retain life with the helmets now in use. Heat could be furnished by chemical processes or by the electricity generated in the operation of the machine. Is it not possible that some day, God willing, man will yet ascend high in the heavens and wait for London, Paris, Asia, Africa, the islands of the sea, to come to him instead of him going to them?

I said God willing, for there are some things that men are not to know, not to do, and death and disappointment will meet their efforts if they endeavor to pierce the secrets which God has willed should be forever withheld from man. But is it not likely that with the perfection of the air-climbing machine, which has recently been invented, that man may yet pass above the bank of atmosphere which surrounds our earth, retain life and descend upon the earth at a far distant point which has been brought almost directly under him by the axial motion of the earth?

THOMAS B. DELKER.

Hammonton, N. J., May 18, 1921.

Seats for Women

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—The slogan "Seats for Women" is right, but are the women grateful? While riding home the other evening, tired from a hard day's work, I managed to get a seat. Presently a tired old man and two girl stenographers entered. As the poor old man had probably been working since 6 o'clock in the morning, I got up to give him my seat. The two girls pushed the old man aside and scrambled for the seat.

Why is it that girls who have been sitting in an office all day rush to get a seat in the car while some poor workman who has been on his feet since early in the morning is left standing? This has not happened once or twice, but is of daily occurrence.

There are exceptions, of course. Once I saw a woman with a baby in her arms get up and offer her seat to an old man when every seat was occupied by girls. Not one of them offered a seat for the old man, who could barely stand. Where is the courtesy in such women? T. D. BLAKE.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

To Keep City Clean

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Fifty thousand men cannot keep Philadelphia clean unless people are compelled to stop throwing things on the streets. I have seen men throw whole newspapers on the street out of their wagons or out of car windows; tear up letter and cards and throw them on the street.

The other day one of the boys on one of the wagons from a big store downtown threw a paper three feet long filled with packing right into the street. It landed in front of my house. A man also threw out a newspaper. I had to go out and gather up all of the litter, which the wind sent flying all over my lawn.

Thousands of persons do thoughtless things like this every day. What good will it do to pay money for cleaners unless you force the public to be clean? If each one did his part, no one would have to be hired to clean up these little things. G. R. C.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

Questions Answered

Newfoundland

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Is Newfoundland a part of Canada and how is it governed? F. W. L.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

Newfoundland is not a part of Canada. When the Dominion was formed Newfoundland preferred to stay out of it. With Eastern Labrador, the island forms a crown colony of Great Britain. There is a Governor appointed by the King and an Executive Council, with a Legislature of two houses. The population in 1911 was 242,819.

Number of Grains on Squares

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In the People's Forum on May 21 "B. M." gave the number 9,223,372,036,854,775,808 as the number of grains in the "Sultan's problem." I wish to state that that is the number of grains on the sixty-fourth square. After adding the number of grains on each square together I find there are 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 grains of wheat.

MAY.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

A Solution of Train Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Below is my solution of the train problem in yesterday's paper, submitted by "W. L. G."

First man walks four miles per hour.

Second man walks three and six-tenths miles per hour.

Train runs twenty-two miles per hour.

Twenty minutes, train runs seven and one-third miles.

Twenty minutes, first man walks one and one-third miles.

Distance between men when train overtakes second man, six miles.

First man gains four miles each hour.

First man overtakes second man in fifteen hours.

Train at twenty-two miles per hour is 330 miles away when first man overtakes second. J. C. SNYDER.

Philadelphia, May 5, 1921.

Cause of "Jack o'Lantern"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—What is the natural "Jack o'Lantern" and what is the cause of its formation? W. L. C.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1921.

The "Jack o'Lantern" is a light which generally appears over marshy places, in church yards and over stagnant pools. Many efforts have been made to discover its cause, but these attempts have failed. One explanation is that the ignis fatuus, to use the scientific name, is due to phosphuretted hydrogen gas which possesses the property of igniting when it comes in contact with a dry atmospheric air.

A "Demagogue"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you explain what a demagogue is and settle a controversy in the club to which I belong? M. W. L.

The word "demagogue" is derived from the Greek "demos," the people, and "agogos," a leader, literally meaning "a leader of the people." Historically, a demagogue was a leader of the people who swayed them by oratory or persuasion. It has come to be used to designate an unprincipled orator or leader who endeavors to curry favor with the people by catering to their prejudices or by playing on their ignorance or passions, an unprincipled political agitator.

Answers Numbers Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Answering the problem by "W. P. D.," which is, "Find two numbers such that their product shall be equal to the difference of their squares and the sum of their squares be equal to the difference of their cubes," I will say that the numbers answering to the stated conditions are 1.809017 and 1.118034. The latter squared equals 1.25; the former squared equals 3.27254, the difference of said squares being 2.02254, which equals the product of the numbers.

The sum of the same squares equals 4.52254, while the difference of the cubes (5.92008 minus 1.397541) equals the same.

To obtain these numbers, add to 5 the square root of 5 and divide the sum by 4=1.809017. Take the square root of 5 and divide it by 2=1.118034. Both numbers have like signs in the equation involved, but are to be taken as plus and minus values.

B. M.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1921.

Hertzian Waves

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—What are the Hertzian waves? What part do they play in wireless telegraphy? W. W. E.

Philadelphia, May 22, 1921.

The Hertzian are electric waves, so called from Heinrich Hertz, a German engineer and scientist, who first demonstrated the possibility of wireless telegraphy. In the course of his investigations he demonstrated some new principles regarding the transmission of light and electricity, and his premature death was regarded as a distinct loss to science.

Answers Messenger Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I send herewith answer to a problem submitted by A. Van Wie Ingham on May 14. The problem was:

"An army twenty-eight miles long marches twenty-eight miles in one day. A messenger starts at its rear when the army begins to march, delivers a message to the front of the army and then marches back to the rear, arriving just as the day's march is completed. How far does the messenger travel?

The answer is:

Messenger travels 28+X miles while army is traveling X miles.

Messenger travels X miles while army is traveling 28—X miles.

Therefore:

28+X : X :: X : 28—X

(28+X) (28—X)=X squared.

784—X1=X squared

2X squared=784.

X squared=392

X=19.8

The messenger traveled 28+X+X miles, =28+19.8+19.8=67.6 miles.

Philadelphia, May 18, 1921. E. E. K.

"J. H.," Brooklawn, N. J.—Your little daughter is an American citizen, having been born here, even though you have not as yet been here long enough to secure your citizenship papers.

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.

Poems and Songs Desired

"When I Go a-Fishing"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I will appreciate it if you will print in your People's Forum the song beginning, I believe:

"When I go a-fishing on a warm summer's day,
With my hands in my pockets and my pockets in my pants." W. L. C.

Philadelphia, May 23, 1921.

A Poem on the Flag

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Please print for me the patriotic poem called "Your Flag and My Flag."

ROBERT J. HANNA.

Philadelphia, May 16, 1921.

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red,
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white,
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

Your flag and my flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

'O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee'

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I inclose herewith the words of a hymn recently requested. A. C. McG.

Upland, Pa., May 20, 1921.

O Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give;
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—W. Gladden.

A Poem and a Song

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—"M. S." asks in your issue of May 12, 1921, for "Mazeppa's Terrible Ride." The poem probably wanted is "Mazeppa," to be found in Lord Byron's poems.

A correspondent a few days ago asked for "Stay in Your Own Back Yard." The first verse and chorus are as follows:

STAY IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD
(A popular song hit of 1903)

Morning glories climbing o'er the little cottage gate,
Kind old mammy standing in the door;
Lonesome little pickaninny coming home so late,
Weeping 'cause his little heart was sore;
All the children come from school, have skin so white and fair;
None of them with him would ever play,
So mammy on her lap takes this weeping little chap,
And says in her kind old way:

CHORUS

"Now, honey, just you stay in your own back yard;
Don't mind what the white child do.
What show, do you reckon, they's swine to give
A little black coon like you?
So stay on this side of the high board fence,
And, honey, don't you mourn so hard;
Go out and play just as long as you please,
But stay in your own back yard."

E. K. R.

Philadelphia, May 16, 1921.

J. A. Finnegan, in answer to "C. V. C.'s" query for the poem, "House With Nobody in It," writes: "The poem is by Joyce Kilmer and will be found in his works."

"J. C.," Hammonton, N. J.—The words of the song you desire are copyrighted and we could not print them without securing permission.

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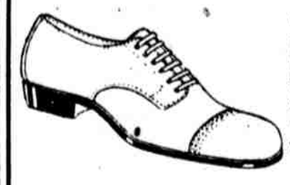

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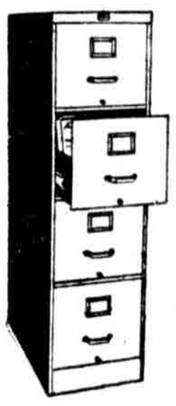

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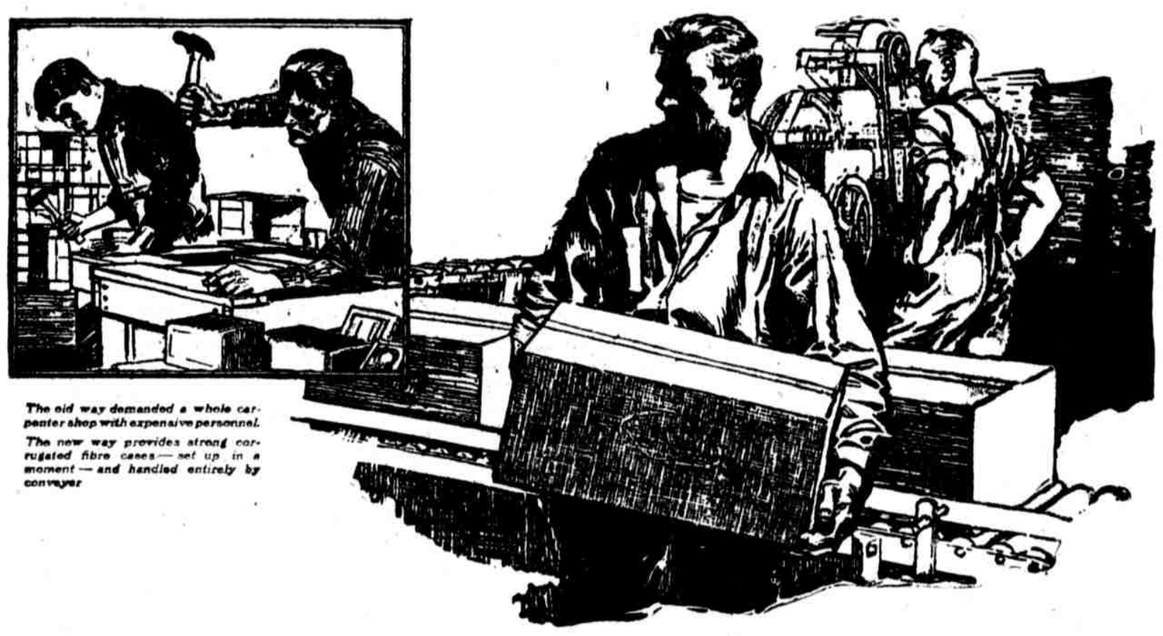

The old way demanded a whole carpenter shop with expensive personnel.

The new way provides strong corrugated fibre cases—set up in a moment—and handled entirely by conveyer

A new margin of profit by packing them right

How a large textile manufacturer reduced handling and shipping costs by many thousands of dollars

A BIG textile mill faced the necessity of further economies. The word went round that new cuts in costs must be devised. Like every other department, the packing and shipping rooms were closely scrutinized.

It was found that the wooden box shooks in which they packed their products were far too costly compared with modern methods. They were also expensive to handle—a man could carry only one case at a time. Furthermore, a big Assembly Room was necessary with trained personnel—an adjoining carpenter shop to repair faults and defects—and a lot of storage space that was really needed for other purposes.

Today the Assembly Room is gone—the carpenter shop too. Gair fibre cases—strong and compact—are unloaded from the cars by one man, 25 at a time, and pass by conveyor direct to the Packing Room. Here they are set up in a moment, packed, sealed, and run out by conveyor again to the cars for shipment.

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