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THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Asks Us to Back Mitten To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Some people are broad-minded, others narrow-minded. I worked for a detective one time. He advised me a ways to keep my mouth shut. It was the best lesson I ever learned in my life.

The greatest need in the world today is co-operation. In other words, pull together. In 1914 the P. R. T. to my knowledge, was quoted at \$8. Later the P. R. T. paid dividends and reached nearly \$35. Wonder if any of these inside directors took profits? What is their real reason? We on the roof are aware of it. Thomas E. Mitten is a man. When a man goes in business you have got to be in the same boat. He has shown the public he has the ability, energy, intelligence and judgment to do things. A good master makes good servants.

One Hundred Per Cent American To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—As a reader of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER I am sending a few lines to the "People's Forum" which I hope you will publish. It is disgusting to a 100 per cent American citizen to read such letters from English or foreign people, as letters of English men of March 11, and another by "An English War Bride." I think the English people should feel obligated to the United States after the recent war instead of knocking them.

Woman's Defense of England To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Saturday evening I read a letter in your column which amused, also provoked me very much. The writer who signed himself "An American Always." If you don't mind I would like to express my opinion of such a letter. I read "The English War Bride's" letter, too, and if I understood it correctly, Mrs. War Bride wrote it to show that she wasn't afraid to go to work to help her husband out. And as for what "Mrs. War Bride" said about America coming into the war late, it was perfectly true. The Allies had been fighting for about three years before America went in.

Pleads for Lessner To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—It is the old story over again, of the older criminal holding sway over the young one. I am referring to the Jacked-Lessner case. Lessner, who is a mere boy, goes to the electric chair because he committed a crime while being urged on by a much older and hardened criminal. Of course, he took a life, but why should he die when it was proved that it was unintentional? Lessner has hardly begun life. Why not let it out?

Warns the Unwary To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I read both the letters signed "P. H. J." and more recently S. E. G. G. concerning the case of bank and gold investors. I agree with them that the city should at least investigate the brokerage houses whose financial standing is not on a sound basis. I will print before a story which I hope to see personally, and I hope others will profit by my experience.

Our Oldest Port of Entry To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please tell me which is my oldest port of entry and when the nation begins to grow up. S. A. REISSAN Philadelphia, March 5, 1922.

Wants Source of Quotation To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I should like to ascertain from one of your readers the source of this quotation: "The man who presses with the ardor of a lion..."

That Eighteenth Amendment To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When was the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution passed and when was it put into effect? W. S. L. Philadelphia, March 11, 1922.

A Friend of "Little Benny" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I am not sure if the People's Forum is the correct department to write to in this case, but am taking a chance. I am a faithful reader of "Little Benny's Notebook" in your pages, and want to make a suggestion which I am

Poems and Songs Desired

"Courtship of the Carnation" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—There is a poem which I think is entitled "Courtship of the Carnation," which I am very desirous to see printed in your People's Forum. I think the first line is: "A big, bold red carnation," and the last line, as I remember it, is: "Oh, look! My white, white rose has turned to burning red." OLIVER GRIM Philadelphia, March 3, 1922.

"Somewhere Up Yonder" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I will appreciate it if one of your readers will send in, and you will print it, a poem called "Somewhere Up Yonder," the first lines of which are: "But some time, somewhere up yonder, toward the stream of the eastern star, I shall journey down the spring path To you, honey love, up there." ROSIE T. KANE Philadelphia, March 4, 1922.

Who Crieth Loudest? To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Who crieth loudest for the bonus? Is it the real patriot; the real fighter? No. The real fighter is modest, the real fighter knows that he only did his duty. I am a war veteran. I associate with many of my buddies and find that all this noise is revolting to them. They want to forget the war. When they came home they did not look for anything—but a job. They got the job and are trying to build a nation on a firmer foundation. They don't criticize everything and everybody who don't hand them something.

This is a government of the people and for the people, and just as our Government is conducted, so our nation in strength advanced. From the President down to the smallest legislator, they have been elected by the people to work for the best interests of the people, and not for the best interests of any individual body of men, of which the American Legion is one. If we want to get back to good times again, we must conserve our money in every way. We must be just as patriotic as when we clamored for war against the Kaiser and Kaiserism, and when we went forth to battle for the protection of our country.

Bonus? Yes! To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—An American citizen, enlisted as a telegrapher for overseas service (might have been drafted), was shipped to Fort Slocum, and said, "I do" for \$20 monthly (less \$15 allotment, \$5 insurance and \$2 toward a Liberty bond). That is what I expected, and I was perfectly satisfied. But eventually I, together with a number of other service men as a detachment from Fort Wood, was sent to Hoboken for "special duty," which included steno work, office work and the like. I was not the only one to work side by side with civilians who were earning much greater salaries than service men, and in many instances more and better work was accomplished by the service men. The civilians got away with murder, as the saying goes.

Notwithstanding the fact the men were dissatisfied, their services were at all times honest and faithful in whatever capacity they were assigned, at any and all hours—moving signal and aircraft equipment as fast as transportation would carry these important supplies overseas. The entire unit on several occasions was given furlough cards to be filled out and filed for overseas duty, but we got no farther than where we were. Several times I approached officers of the company and inquired what the prospects were, and how soon we were going overseas. The reply was: "It is not where you would like to go, it is where 'we' put you." When I went away I filed a furlough blank which was cheerfully handed me by my then employer and was assured my position would be waiting for me on my return, but when I came back, ready for work, I was informed there were no vacancies. My position was jeopardized through patriotism. Of the several million troops transported overseas, with but very slight mishap, and of the many thousands who were fortunate enough to return mostly all young men—of them physical wrecks, the country should be grateful to those men. Where are those Congressmen who said nothing is too good for the service men? And who is this bird Volstead? EN-MEMBER OF THE TWENTY-SECOND SIGNAL CORPS AND 62ND AERO SQUADRON, P. O. F. Philadelphia, March 9, 1922.

Questions Answered

"A Kiss Three Feet Long" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please explain the meaning of the expression "A kiss three feet long." JAMES W. FALLER Philadelphia, March 6, 1922.

Death of Guy de Maupassant To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Where did Guy de Maupassant die? M. E. T. Philadelphia, March 6, 1922.

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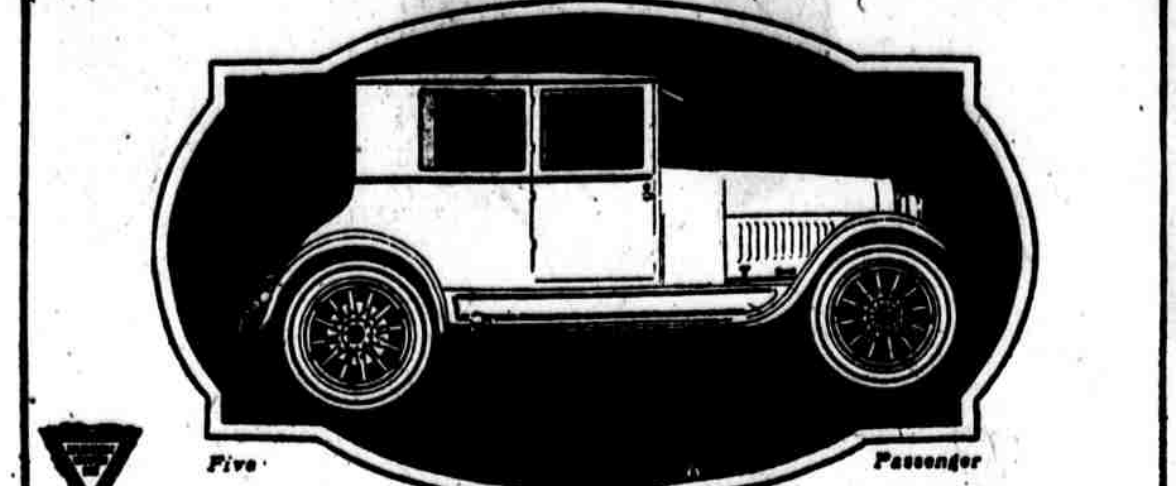
"A Sheltering Tree" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Under if any of your readers will be able to locate for me the complete poem of which this is a part. Each year to ancient friendship adds a line. As to an oak, and precious more and more; Without deservings or help of ours. They grow, and silent wider spreads each year. Their unborn ring of splendor or of shade." Philadelphia, March 4, 1922.

A Foss Poem To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please publish the poem by Sam Walter Foss which starts like this: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road..." Philadelphia, March 4, 1922.

In a fellow's firmament: There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths. Where highways never ran; But let me live by the side of the road And be a friend to man. Let me live in a house by the side of the road. Where the race of men go by— The men who are good and the men who are bad. As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the scorum's seat, Or hurt the critic's ban; Let me live in a house by the side of the road And be a friend to man. I see from my house by the side of the road, By the side of the highways of life.

The man who presses with the ardor of a lion— The man who faints with the stride of a lion— But I tuck not away from their simile nor their roar. Both parts of an infinite plan. Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man. I know there are brook-strewn meadows ahead. And mountains of wearisome height; But still I rejoice when the traveler's road And street-swept way to the night. But still I rejoice when the traveler's road And street-swept way to the night. Nor live in my house by the side of the road.

Like a man who dwells there alone. Let me live in a house by the side of the road. Where the race of men go by: They are good, they are bad; they are weak, they are strong. Wise, foolish—so am I. Then why should I sit on the scorum's seat? Or hurt the critic's ban? Let me live in my house by the side of the road And be a friend to man. This is "Talk-Philadelphia Week." All good citizens are urged to talk and act. Sign morning's "Public Ledger," in afternoon's "Public Ledger," and send this page in, so your name can be among those who pledge themselves to uphold Philadelphia's good name.—Ed.



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