

Letters to the Editor

Pessimistic and Puzzled

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I have just been reading on your editorial page...

It seems to me a thing of no more use than that ought to be dead—good and dead or dead and then it would be good.

There is another thing that always "rattled" me—why do some people want to live somewhere else—when they have ceased to be where they are now?

Is it because mankind is such an egotistical animal? He feels so superior to all other living things that the elephant and the ant are of no use at all, no reason why they should live.

What I would like to know is: Why should any person hope or wait to live after they are dead. Will somebody please tell me? I will be most grateful.

Here's Another Blim Solution To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Permit me to offer the following as a solution of a delicate problem:

Why not have Uncle Blim lose his breach of promise suit and marry Mrs. Zander rather than pay the damages and subsequent to that have another wife in Australia turn up the same as in the case of V-V.

What Shall He Do? To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I was born in the Saargebiet, Germany, in 1870.

My father and his family forfeited rights as German subjects by moving into France in 1878. In 1880, at the age of sixteen, I came to the land of the bravos.

On a certain day in 1893 my father and four of his sons applied for second papers. That day three of my brothers became future voters.

Judge Arnold requested my father to define land. My father stuttered, looking toward me for help. I was rejected; yet he was a taxpayer.

I saw "bitter smiles" in my father's face. So the father, so the son—you know. When I was called I glanced at father again and my reply was: "I will remain what my good father is, Your Honor."

Later I went West—my father died in 1900 as an alien—a cosmopolitan. In 1912 I applied again for my de-clarant papers in Ohio.

When my papers became void after seven years they said: "Nothing doing yet." In 1921 my wife died with a little property in her name from my efforts, and—you know the rest—no will.

I left Akron, O., the great city of opportunity, and went to Buffalo, where the "live and let live." There I took my third first papers, one buck again.

My wife being dead and my former savings in "hades," I decided to rejoin my folks in Manayunk. I speak German and French fluently; also read and write the three greatest languages in the world—enough to be understood.

I have no children, nor lady friends to bother my heart. I must belong to a nation soon. If I can't become a citizen on my second-first papers I have decided never to apply again.

I can live with the rest in Europe as well as here. Germany can use fellows like me. I fancy I know humanity and technique as well as a few others. At least, I am hot for sale! Could I be deported? I will refuse to pay alien taxes when required. What can a sane Christian do?

Yourself to the risks of the road. When the thing is the sharing of burdens. The lifting the heft of a load. In the hour of peril or trial. In the hour you meet as you can. You may safely depend on the wisdom And skill of the average man.

Manayunk, April 28, 1922.

Liberty of Conscience

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Secretary of State Hughes, speaking recently at the laying of the cornerstone of the National Baptist Memorial to Roger Williams, who "enlarged out of Massachusetts" to set up Rhode Island as a place of absolute religious liberty, said:

"To the Anabaptists, the most scorned of sects, belongs the imperishable honor of declaring and persistently using the fundamental doctrine that rulers of States should not intervene in affairs of conscience and that civil disability should not be predicated upon religious belief."

Shares in that honor might be claimed by William Penn, an English Friend, who set up on the site of this city a plantation devoted to religious freedom, and by the English Catholic, Lord Baltimore, who set up a plantation similarly devoted to the shore of the Chesapeake, and by those eighteenth century deists, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, who saw to it that church was absolutely separate from state in the Republic.

That separation is secured in America, and it accounts for the absence in our history of those such as a non single state in Europe has escaped. The liberty

The People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also in the Sunday Public Ledger. The following (generally) topics will be printed: Social and economic conditions; and questions of general interest will be discussed.

of conscience which all men have in the United States in value yields to none of the prerogatives of a citizen of this land of ours. And it is to be hoped that no sect or group, no matter upon what specious plea will ever be permitted to curtail that privilege, a privilege which has been made a fundamental American right.

There is just one intolerance that is incumbent upon Americans as Americans, and that is intolerance of intolerance. Religion that cannot flourish without governmental support is not essentially governmental. Here in America, thanks to our institutions, religion must make good on its merits. That it does so has been demonstrated by the history of a century and a half. So well does religion succeed under our institutions that it can be said that the spirit of Christianity animates Americans of all shades of belief and even disbelief.

In Honor of Mother To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Inclosed please find lines which I have written and which I submit to the People's Forum in commemoration of Mother's Day.

Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves No veil to hide the past, And as we trace our weary way And count each lost and misspent day We sadly find at last Nothing but leaves; nothing but leaves!

Hybrid Organization To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I notice that the alumni organization of the University of Pennsylvania recently protested to the trustees against the admission of women as producing a degeneration "into a hybrid organization of co-education."

But perhaps the description is worse than the thing itself. Even the red-blooded alumni of Pennsylvania manage to tolerate one common hybrid organization of co-education, otherwise known as the family.

Questions Answered "A Message to Garcia" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Could you print "The Message to Garcia"—a poem of a message to be delivered to a Mexican general? If this is impossible, will you kindly advise where I might write to secure the same?

Linotype and Typewriter Speed To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Kindly settle a dispute on the relative speed of the linotype operator and the typist.

Mother's Day and Father's Day To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—When are Mother's Day and Father's Day celebrated and what are the customary floral remembrances? T. B. C.

Robert Ingersoll in Politics To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Please tell me whether Robert Ingersoll was a Republican or Democrat in politics—I mean the Ingersoll who gained celebrity by his amoralism. H. J.

Wants Civil War Song Mrs. F. S. Kent, 635 Park Avenue, Beloit, Wis., wishes to get the Civil War song starting like this: "It shall float in power and pride Over the land so wide Evermore, as the flag of our Union. The dear old flag of our Union."

"The Average Man" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I will appreciate it very much if you will print the lines entitled, "The Average Man." The author is Margaret E. Santer. JOHN SMITH.

May I Sleep in Your Barn? "B. B." Chester, Pa., asks for a song beginning: "May I sleep in your barn, mister? I go not use matches." Can a reader supply?

"Nothing But Leaves" To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—I inclose the lines "Nothing But Leaves," asked for by a reader of the People's Forum. M. E. B. Upper Merion, Pa., May 6, 1922.

Nothing but leaves! The spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er sins indulged, white conscience slept; O'er vows and promises unkept, And reaps from years of strife Nothing but leaves; nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life's fair ripening grain. We sow our seeds; we reap and weed. We sow our seeds; we reap and weed. We sow our seeds; we reap and weed. We sow our seeds; we reap and weed.

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You seem to think by a nuisance Add sometimes in the way For all the things she asks of you 'The whole long blessed day.

She wants to know just what and why, If you've done right or wrong; 'Tis things she is supposed to know When you come until she's gone.

Who was it washed and mended, Who did these things for you, When you were but a little tot Just able to say "r-r-r?"

Who was it prayed and worried When you were on your sick bed? If it wasn't for her special care She'd most likely find you dead.

Suppose from your vacation, Oh, so happy and so gay, You find within a satin box Your mother has passed away.

I wonder if the angels Let you have her back again? Would you treat her a little better, Or would you treat her just the same?

No, it's true that you would love her And think no one so dear, So show her that you love her And have no cause to fear.

IS GRADUATE SHOPLIFTER Girl Who Stole \$20,000 in Week Worries Frisco Store Owners

San Francisco, May 6.—(By A. P.)—Harriet Crothers, twenty-one-year-old confessed graduate of "a school of shoplifters" in Chicago, sat complacently in a cell today while half a dozen worried department store managers considered her remarks in the light of her acts.

Miss Crothers, according to her story as recounted by the police, plied her trade here one week and accumulated \$20,000 worth of finery, including 200 gowns of which she says seventy-nine came from one store.

The young woman said a "mob of shoplifters" is en route to San Francisco to "clean up" and declared she was caught only because she forgot some of the rules.

After-Dinner Tricks



No. 157—Blowing Out a Match A match is held in the right hand. The performer blows up his left sleeve and instantly extinguishes the lighted match, his breath apparently traveling

across his back and down his right sleeve. The trick is accomplished as follows: Hold the match between the tips of the first two fingers of the right hand (Fig. 1), with just the tip of the base projecting. By snapping the tip downward with the thumb (Fig. 2), the flame will be extinguished, although the movement of the match is extremely slight. Needless to say, the necessary snap is imparted to the match at the exact moment you blow up the left sleeve.

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Eminent scientists have demonstrated that NOISE, especially that of mechanical creation, is directly responsible for nervous fatigue, errors and loss of both mental and physical power.

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Noise is as unnecessary as it is unwelcome!

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