

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Paradox in Democracy

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Probably no stranger paradox exists in this democracy than the fact that those who are nearest to the seat of government are not permitted to vote. The half million population of Washington, D. C., of which 85 per cent is American, claims to pay the highest per capita tax in the country, but it has no vote. It sees the climax of a Government reposing solely in the suffrage of all the people, but itself is disfranchised, and has no voice as to its own burdens and privileges.

Nor does it seem possible that the citizens of the capital city ever can acquire what is theirs by all tests of justice and logic unless help comes to their cause from outside Washington. They have no Representatives or Senators to feel the lash of the constitutional limit. They are absolutely out of every effective means of achieving their legitimate ambition under the existing system, since recent Congresses at least have never been sufficient in nobility of character to address themselves to a task which promised them no personal returns in their local elections.

At one time in the history of this nation, no taxation without representation was considered an argument important enough to die for, if necessary. Inasmuch as the perpetuation of the principles established in that splendid day is the whole purpose of American government, it is not ridiculous that there exists at the seat of Government a great body of men and women who are excluded from the very fundamentals for which the United States stands so slightly before the world.

What Washington seems unable to win for itself the nation should make it an immediate business to win for its national capital. Let every American vote.

100 PER CENT AMERICAN.
 Philadelphia, November 2, 1922.

Watching the Near East

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—European powers are formally notified that states are in the Lausanne conference on Near East settlements. Such action might have been anticipated, had Europe's statesmen seen the light and not been so courtous in their decision of the United States Senate to accept the mandatory for Armenia.

Nothing in this can be construed to indicate a lack of concern on part of our Government for the future of Europe, Turkey and the Near East. On the contrary, interest in those problems is lively and sincere in this country. America prefers that Europeans adjust their own affairs, to be involved in a never-ending war, but she has not been made. Experience of the past is a warning for this attitude, for the handling of the problem presented at the Lausanne conference is such as to inspire confidence among the outsiders. Had a sincere effort been made to carry out in principle, even the doctrine of the Treaty of Versailles is reflected in the Treaty of Sevres, a different tale might have been told. With England, France and Italy all exhibiting "expansionist" views, with Greece grabbing for Eastern Thrace and Anatolia in addition to that part of Smyrna not included in her award under the treaty, a situation was brought about that resulted in the present dilemma. If Turkey did not observe the terms of the treaty it is equally true that Greece did not and France likewise held it lightly.

America will be represented at Lausanne by an observer. Europeans have a chance to begin there to lay the foundation for substantial recovery. Unless agreement is reached, and observed, the restoration of the Old World to tranquility will be postponed, but the blame will not be against America. We as a people are willing to help, but respectfully decline to carry the whole burden.

M. M. CARSON.
 Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 2, 1922.

A Study in Figures

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Those of us who are interested in numbers and are more pleased the larger the numbers are, will do well to consider the number 54,421,832, and beside this place the number 23,763,703, which is even more important than the larger number.

The larger number represents the total number of eligible voters in the United States, and the smaller one represents the number of persons who voted in the last national election. The difference between the two, 27,658,129, represents the number of persons in this land of democracy who did not take themselves the duty of making our government a democratic one in the widest sense of the word.

In so far as any candidate, even though successful at the polls, fails to represent the majority of eligible voters in his community or in the country, the blame must fall on those who did not go to the polls.

There are less than a hundred hours from the time I write these lines, the citizens of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania will have an opportunity to demonstrate whether they really cherish the right won for them by the fathers of the Republic. That is as many of them as took the trouble to register and thereby show their own worth in the democracy bestowed to them.

SAMUEL KEELER.
 Philadelphia, November 4, 1922.

Psychology and the Dinner

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Mrs. Roosevelt, are you in the habit of asking your husband, when he arises from the breakfast table, "What shall we have for dinner?"

Oh, please don't do it. "What shall we have for dinner?" is a question which a professor of that science rises to remark. How can a man, loaded down with a couple dozen buckwheat cakes, three cups of coffee and a pint or so of maple syrup, know or care what he would like for dinner?

Now, women are different. They think in terms of the kitchen, not the dining room. In a great many homes the dishes for the next meal don't begin their preparations for the next meal must be put under way.

So, Mrs. Housewife, you have a perfectly good and normal reason for asking her husband to please him, but he'll just drop a hint you want. But choose your time wisely. Ask him just before he sits down to dinner what he wants for dinner tomorrow. Then, if you have roast beef today, and he answers, "Roast beef, huh," go up and hug the old thing.

There once was a woman who always asked hubby about the meals something after this fashion: "Pork chops or steak tonight, John?"

"Pork chops," he might answer.

"Well, I can get a nice piece of round steak a little cheaper, and just have that."

She meant all right, but she was just

THE BREAKING POINT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "Dangerous Days," "The Amazing Interlude," and many other striking and successful novels. Copyright, 1921, by George H. Doran Co.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
DR. DAVID LIVINGSTON, chief physician of a hospital, a small town, who has just returned from abroad.
ELIZABETH, his sister, beloved by everybody in town.
DR. DICK LIVINGSTON, in whose memory the town was named. He is a young man, full of vitality and is looking for a professional career. He is in love with Elizabeth.
BEVERLY CARLETON, actress, who two years ago was married to David. Her husband is now in Europe.
FRANK GREGORY, Beverly's brother and manager, whose resources are his own.
LOUIS BARNETT, a newspaperman, who has just returned from Europe.
WILLIAM WARD, Elizabeth's brother-in-law.
WILLIAM WARD, Elizabeth's brother-in-law.
WILLIAM WARD, Elizabeth's brother-in-law.



built perversely. So after a while that husband got so he would ask for the one he did not want. He was a diplomat. Every family should contain at least two diplomats—one husband and one wife.

Now, what shall we have for dinner? Philadelphia, November 3, 1922.

Highway Mortality and its Causes

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Here is a statement I read in Sunday's PUBLIC LEDGER:

"In the last twelve months 277 persons were killed in Philadelphia in vehicular traffic accidents. About 90 per cent of such deaths were the result of automobile mishaps. The other 10 per cent is divided among trolley cars, railroads, motorcycles, bicycles and horse-drawn vehicles. Observe, if you would, that 90 per cent of these fatalities were due to automobiles. This, too, in spite of the fact that the Government, together with the disposition of the courts to impose jail sentences instead of fines, drivers who use liquor while on the road, are not permitted to menace the safety of the public."

Yet riding the highways of these parts does not meet all the requirements of safety. Many drivers who do not drink alcoholic beverages take desperate chances at grade crossings; some of them have been seen running past trolley cars while passengers are crossing the roads and turning blind corners at excessive rates of speed; others frequently forget the important rule of keeping "reasonably to the right of the road" and crowd others off.

Persons on foot often are inexcusably careless; they step from the sidewalk without looking in either direction, and assume that all the responsibilities of the drivers rest on them. Every one on the highways is under obligations to be vigilant.

This is the lesson of the street death record in the last twelve months in Philadelphia.

WILLIAM D. MICHAEL.
 Philadelphia, November 6, 1922.

Questions Answered

"The Sandman"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—There is an opera in which the hero has a little child to sleep. I have heard my sister speak of it, but have never heard it and have forgotten the name. What is the name?
 ALICE.
 Philadelphia, November 6, 1922.

Sandman is one of the characters in the fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," first produced in Germany in 1867. It was written in 1865. Based on the "Babes in the Wood" story, the opera opens with two children being led by their mother to a magic forest and sleeping fairies and angels guard them.

"The Hall of Fame"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Will you please state in your People's Forum what American in the Hall of Fame received the greatest number of votes cast by the judges?
 Philadelphia, November 4, 1922.

He was the first election to the Hall of Fame in 1906. 100 judges were chosen to make the decision, and of these ninety-seven cast ballots. George Washington received the vote of all ninety-seven. Abraham Lincoln received ninety-six votes, as did Daniel Webster. Benjamin Franklin received ninety-four.

Technically, "B" Wins

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—It would please the writer, also the parties interested in the following question, to see some answer at an early date in your valuable column among heading "Questions Answered." A bet was made as follows:

A bet was made with B which was made as follows: A claimed that Mrs. Roster would either get sent to the chair for the crime she committed or she would be sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

If bet A that she would not get either, but that there was a possibility of Mrs. Roster being sentenced to not more than twelve years.

Now that the jury has brought a verdict, which was sustained by the court, of "not guilty," does B win the bet?

A claims that bet A is off, due to the defendant getting a verdict of not guilty. Is he correct?
 Reading, Pa., November 4, 1922.

Technically B wins, as he bet that the defendant would not be "sent to the chair" or "sentenced to twenty years imprisonment," his qualification that there was "a possibility of her being sentenced to not more than twelve years" had nothing to do with the terms of A's wager.

Samuel Gompers' Trade

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—Please state what trade was followed by Samuel Gompers, head of the Federation of Labor, WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, November 8, 1922.

Samuel Gompers is a cigar maker by trade.

Poems, Songs Desired

"Flirtation"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
 Sir—In a recent issue I noticed a request by "Geraldine" for a poem entitled "Flirtation." These are a few lines verses by Harry M. Kay, concerning whose life, however, I know very little. I give same below.

Philadelphia, October 30, 1922.

"Down Along the Rio Grande"

A reader of the People's Forum requests the words of a poem with the above title. Can a friend supply it?

The People's Forum will accept daily contributions in the form of poems, songs, or stories. The material should be sent to the editor, with a request for publication, and will be returned to the contributor.

SET WILLIAM A. WHITE TRIAL

Emporia, Kan., Nov. 7.—The trial of William A. White, author and editor, charged with violating the Industrial Court Law by placing a strike placard in windows of his office at the Emporia railroad shopmen's strike, has been set for November 22. Richard J. Hopkins, Attorney General, asked that the trial be continued, but Mr. White's attorney objected.

Mr. White has declared that the trial would be a test of freedom of speech.

for them. But he couldn't fight against Dick. Dick went downstairs again and shutting himself in his office fell to pacing the floor. David was right, the thing was breaking him. Very seriously now he contemplated abandoning the town, taking David with him, and claiming his estate. They could travel then; he could get consultants in Europe; there were baths there, and treatments.

The doorbell rang. He heard Minnie's voice in the hall, not too friendly, and her tap at the door.

"Some one in the waiting room," she called.

When he opened the connecting door he found Elizabeth beyond it, a pale and frightened Elizabeth, breathless and very still. It was a perceptible moment before he could control his voice to speak.

"I suppose you want to see David. I'm sorry, but he isn't well today. He is still in bed."

"I didn't come to see David, Dick. I should think you want to see me, Elizabeth."

"I do, if you don't mind."

He stood aside then and let her pass him into the rear office. But he was not fooled at all. Not he. He had been fooled enough. He knew why she had come, in the kindness of her heart.

She was there, and he knew why she had come, in the kindness of her heart. She had come because she was sorry for him, and she had brought forgiveness. It was like her. It was fine. It was damnable.

His voice hardened, for fear it might be soft.

"Is this a professional visit, or a Christmas call, Elizabeth? Or perhaps I shouldn't call you that."

"You frighten me, Dick," she said, slowly. "I didn't come to bring forgiveness, if that is what you mean. I came—"

"Don't tell me you came to ask if that would be more than I can bear."

"Will you listen to me for a moment, Dick? I am not good at explaining things, and I'm nervous. I suppose you can see that. I tried to smile at him. 'A little work, a little sleep, a little love, that's life, isn't it?'"

He was watching her intently.

"Work and trouble, and a long sleep at the end for which let us be duly thankful—that's life, too. Love? Nobody gets love."

Hopelessness and despair overwhelmed her. He was making it hard for her. Impossible. She could not go on.

"I did come with peace," she said tremulously, "but if you don't

want it—" She rose. "I must say this, though, before I go. I blame myself. I don't blame you. You are wrong if you think I came to forgive you."

She was stumbling toward the door. Elizabeth, what did bring you? She turned to him, with her hand on the door knob.

"I came because I wanted to see you again."

He strode after her and catching her by the arm, turned her until he faced her.

"And why did you want to see me again? You can't still care for me. You know the story. You know I was here and didn't see you. You've seen Leslie Ward. You know my past. What you don't know—"

He looked down into her eyes. "A little work, a little sleep, a little love," he repeated. "What did you mean by that?"

"Just that," she said simply. "Only not a little love. Dick. Maybe you don't want me now. I don't know. I have suffered so much that I'm not sure of anything."

"Want you?" he said. "More than anything else on this earth."

little sleep, a little love. Not the great love, perhaps, not the only love of a man's life. Not the love of yesterday, but of today and tomorrow.

All the fierce repression of the last weeks was gone. She began to suffer. She saw Dick coming home, perhaps high with hope that whatever she knew she would understand and forgive.

And she saw herself falling him, cold and shut away, not big enough now to come to meet him half way.

She was there, and he knew why she had come, in the kindness of her heart. She had come because she was sorry for him, and she had brought forgiveness. It was like her. It was fine. It was damnable.

He got up and stood over her, tall and almost threatening.

"You've been to church, and you've been thinking things over. I know. I was there. I heard it all, peace on earth, good will to men. Bosh. Peace, when there is no peace. Good will when I don't want your peace and good will."

She looked up at him timidly.

"You don't want to be friends, then?"

"No. A thousand times, no," he said violently. Then, more gently: "I'm making a fool of myself. I want your peace and good will, Elizabeth. God knows I need them."

"You frighten me, Dick," she said, slowly. "I didn't come to bring forgiveness, if that is what you mean. I came—"

"Don't tell me you came to ask if that would be more than I can bear."

"Will you listen to me for a moment, Dick? I am not good at explaining things, and I'm nervous. I suppose you can see that. I tried to smile at him. 'A little work, a little sleep, a little love, that's life, isn't it?'"

He was watching her intently.

"Work and trouble, and a long sleep at the end for which let us be duly thankful—that's life, too. Love? Nobody gets love."

Hopelessness and despair overwhelmed her. He was making it hard for her. Impossible. She could not go on.

"I did come with peace," she said tremulously, "but if you don't

got that Clark story out of you. I want you to turn up the fiction, I'll eat it."

Bassett yawned.

"Have it your own way," he said indifferently.

"You were shouting answers?"

Bassett made no reply. He picked up the paper and pointed to an item with the end of his pencil.

"Seen this?"

"What's that got to do with the Clark case?"

"Nothing. Nice people, though. Know them both."

When the night editor walked away rather affronted, Bassett took up the paper and reread the paragraph.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wheeler, a happily, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Dr. David Livingstone."

He sat for a long time staring at it.

The End

Bishop Asks Red Cross Aid

Episcopal clergymen in this diocese have been asked by Bishop Garland to work for a 100 per cent enrollment of their congregations in the sixth annual Red Cross roll call which opens next Saturday.

DEPOSITS

October 31, 1921 \$7,031,007.54

April 29, 1922 \$8,149,914.87

October 31, 1922 \$9,321,946.68

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THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

Philadelphia

Has the jazz age made the twentieth century girl reckless as well as restless?



Aline Foster hadn't a serious thought in her head. She wasn't at all in love with Charlie Tyne, although engaged to him. It was exciting to be engaged—but marriage, so she understood, was another story. Charlie became tired of playing door mat and boldly asked for his release. Fascinated by a new man, Mason Long, Aline swallowed her pride and watched Charlie find happiness in Mabel Collins, one of the least popular girls in their set.

Flippery and flappery did not seem to win Mason Long, who held some old-fashioned ideas concerning women. It was possibly the perverseness of the feminine sex, that when Aline found a man who did not yield to her whims, she fell deeply in love with him. The lure of the unattainable. Financial reverses came and Aline found it vitally necessary to look at life from a serious viewpoint.

Utilizing her one talent, Aline won success. Even more, she won recognition for her fundamental sincerity from the man who had scorned her as a social butterfly. Her impulse then was to punish his former temerity, but—

For what really happened, it will be necessary to read the entertaining new serial

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