THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

How Do They Get That Way?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In all the complaints which have flushed your columns decrying the various profiteers it seems incredible that the most grasping, most heartless of all has not been called to the attention of your readers. I refer to the saloonkeeper and the bootlegger. Even with the price of foodstuffs gradually declining and wages not so grad-ually, nearly all the saloons in the central part of the city are asking fifty cents per drink of whisky! In Kensington and some of the outlying districts this price has been reduced to thirty-five cents by the Judicious use of a little aqua pura.

Some well informed citizens will probably quote the cider-saloon concoctions which come in all flavors, gin, rum, etc., at two bits per throw), but I humbly suggest that these come under the head of anaesthetics. From careful observation and painstaking experiment I have never discovered a liquor which would cause the liquorer to do an abrupt nose-dive and pass into a state of coma in the middle of the pavement.

Something must be done! If all law abiding citizens would refuse to drink liquor until the price came down to a reasonable figure, then in turn the saloonkeeper and bootlegger would have to come to time. In other words, I suggest that all sincere drinkers boycott these heartless wretches and stick to hair-oil, flavoring extracts and other like beverages until the bootlegger lowers the price from the still. This he will be obliged to do in time and his only alternative would be to go to work or go back to Southern Europe. W. H. S.

Philadelphia, July 31, 1921.

Clerical Clothes in Schools

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—The hypothetical vision of the Rev. Dr. McDermott that the time might come when members of the Society of Friends will be arrested for wearing their peculiar habiliments on the street, is never likely to be anything but a vision. However, should they happen to indulge in street parades as a regular thing and wear long drab-colored ribbons so as to enable the citizens to pin bank notes on the ribbons, they most likely would have to get a permit from the Police Department.

These are curious mental twists to arise out of the antipathy of American ideal citizens against school teachers wearing their religious regalia in the school room. The writer grew up and was schooled in a decidedly Quaker environment and never saw a poke bonnet nor a three-cornered bobinett shawl worn by the teachers. Such education was imported was diversified in its scope and not hedged in by bonnets, cassocks or ecclesiastic lies. We come from our forms when visitors came in. There is a difference between the salute respectful and the salute reverential. The latter belongs to ecclesiastics.

It is true that for centuries the Jews in Spain, Germany, Italy, France and Austria were compelled to wear curiously decorated clothes, which today would put them in the New Year shooter class. The laws imposing these distinctive garbs began about the time Pope Anacletus II. of the lordly Roman Jewish house of Pierreleone, sat in the chair of St. Peter, but the mutations of time and the more general diffusion of learning, very largely and increasingly afforded by the unapproachable public school system of the United States, have made the return of the Jewish garb of the middle ages impossible.

But the opposition to nuns and deaconesses appeared to the public schools, wearing their regulation clothes in our public schools, is not necessarily connected with the recently severed relationship between sectarian institutions and the State Treasury. As we are about to be invaded by the head of one of the great sects of Buddhism, the time might come when Buddhist nuns, wearing their robes and their rosaries, will teach in our schools and affect the scholars by their attending aura of Nirvana. The time had to be drawn somewhere and time, so the Lilitz affair was the time.

It has not yet reached the brain pans of the masses that the older order of things, and particularly religious beliefs, is passing rapidly away. JAMES F. DAILEY.

Philadelphia, July 28, 1921.

Language and the Flag

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—One, and not the least, of the achievements gained in the victory over Germany was the almost totally driving of the German language from our schools. This gave our national tongue a domination that, in due time, will do more than any other one thing to sustain American principles and ideals for which our fathers fought and telled and for which we have so greatly sacrificed.

No nation can be considered safe when its language is mixed or uncertain. While the word of mouth is not fully and clearly understood the same by all, no confidence between man and man can be full, free and undoubted. To speak one language is to think the same thoughts and follow the same leaders to the same ends. There can be no perfect national unity without a unity of language, from which springs a unity of thought. Germany is a striking example of this fact.

To guard the national language and protect national unity are more necessary in the United States, where people come from every part of the world, with every race and every language on earth, than in any nation made up of one race which has no immigrants to stimulate in its national melting pot.

When Martin Luther translated the Bible he selected the best of the German jargons to be the language of the Scriptures and gave it to the people who had never read the Bible before. As a result all read it, and hence finally all use the language Luther chose for his great work. This unified the German language and finally made Germany as one. Luther, it might be said, really formed a language trust. The Germans had to use it if they were to be understood, and reformed their nation by it.

Abraham, many centuries before Luther's time, unified the Jews when he declared there was but one God, Jehovah, and to be a Jew was to worship this God. This became a heavenly trust that stands even until this day. The defeat of the German tongue was a necessity for the liberty and peace of our country. The Nation of to-morrow will have one language, one flag and one God. W. L. HILLIARD.

Philadelphia, July 18, 1921.

Advises "In Earnest"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—"In Earnest" desires advice. Let me tell this young man if his friends are the kind who looked down on a street car conductor, the sooner he ditches them the better. That occupation requires quick thinking and great self-control, as most people are like a lot of stampeding cattle when they get out of their beaten path. Step over to Jersey and watch the people from Philly rush on the cars and retard their own progress like a lot of scared sheep in an effort to get a seat.

I have seen them rush down the passenger exits on the ferry completely blocking the exits of the incoming passengers, thereby delaying the boat and then when they were all on there would only be one-third of the seats taken.

What you ask, has all this to do with "Earnest's case" Simply this, when "In Earnest" has seen as much of and knows as much about the public as I do he won't give a continental darn what it thinks, as the novean riche remarked to his daughter when she remonstrated with him for wearing both belt and suspenders.

Philadelphia, August 2, 1921. N. H.

Alms Laudable; Method Not

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Temperance used to be considered by an older and wiser generation, as a quality much to be sought after. In these latter days, when to go to the extreme is the rule of conduct for the many, this inestimable virtue seems to have hidden its face in shame.

Great leaders of a race have always been actuated by a zeal which showed the rule of their lives of an overmastering passion. They would never have been looked up as models, nor would they have been followed as leaders if they did not in some measure possess the solid virtue of moderation. The power to point out and the ability to pursue the path of sweet reasonableness are ever the characteristics of great men.

To keep one's head is another way of saying to be temperate. In these trying times men must learn to keep their heads. During the war, hysteria controlled our actions, individual and collective. Wartime laws took many a hardearned liberty away from freedom-loving Americans. The consequence was a lesser degree of freedom for the ruled. Prohibition, with its idealistic imagination of what good it would bring to thousands of drunkards' families, took from citizens their right to be temperate. Many affirmed that while the aims of prohibition were laudable, still the methods were detestable.

Total abstinence practiced as a voluntary virtue, like poverty, is good for man's soul. Applied by force, one's moral being revolts. Laws should be made and enforced. But it was the Creator Himself who bestowed on mankind the greatest of His blessings, that of free will. Bind a man about with laws and regulations and you impede their spiritual and moral growth.

Our Lord, in coming to earth, abolished a great deal of the Mosaic law because men had to a great extent grown up and out of its requirements. He would rather tolerate the gravest abuses than take away from men that which in them most resembles the Godhead. He left them freedom of choice and the ability to act according to the dictates of their reason. Restrain by harsh laws and sneaking detectives, and you have weakened their moral fiber, and gone a long way toward destroying it altogether.

Virtue becomes a necessity, a mechanical device, instead of what God intended—a free will offering of an intelligent being. Beware of the agencies which go about seeking whom they may devour in much busybodying and hounding, to make our fair country not a land of the free, but the prison of slaves. R. KEHR COOK.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1921.

High Eats and Tips

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Replying to "E. B." in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of August 1, would say: I have also noted your attack on the exploiting restaurants. The confectioners have just admitted they have been making 300 per cent, but the United States Government can't find them. They ought to hire Sherlock Holmes, or put some of their booting hunters and still smellers onto these candy profiteers.

But 300 per cent "ain't in it" with the restaurateurs; they make 3014 per cent. The 1½ per cent represents the tips the candy saleslady don't get and which tips the waiters expect for dumping the grub before you.

But talking or writing about tips won't stop it. The poor boob that gives tips to waiters (many of whom make more than he does), imagines all the onlookers take him for a millionaire, or one of the high-salaried engineers on the Delaware River Bridge project. T. H. M.

Philadelphia, August 2, 1921.

Questions Answered

About Washington Irving

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I have no access to a dictionary of biography so come to you for this information: Did Washington Irving have any brothers and sisters? Was he ever engaged to marry? W. H. L.

Philadelphia, July 14, 1921.

Washington Irving had ten brothers and sisters. He was the youngest of eleven children. He was engaged to Matilda Hoffman, but she died before they were married.

Presidential Salute

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—Will you please explain to me the origin of the firing of a presidential salute and why twenty-one guns? S. S. L.

Philadelphia, July 26, 1921.

A presidential salute of twenty-one guns was adopted that a uniformity in national salute might be maintained. It being the same number as the royal salute of England. The reason why twenty-one guns should have been selected as the number of guns has been a source of search and guesswork, with no satisfactory results. Of the many surmises, the two carrying the most weight of opinion are: First, that twenty-one was the number of years fixed by English law as the age of majority; second, that seven was the original salute, and three times seven would signify one seven for each of the divisions, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland. It is asserted that the United States adopted this salute to signify to the mother country that her child had reached his majority and was prepared in law to inherit the land, and to this end fired the "gun of 1776," the figures of which year, 1-7-7-6, equal twenty-one.

Community Kitchen at Montclair

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—The community kitchen at Montclair, N. J., serves 150 families. An aluminum container which holds glass casseroles and a lighted can of solidified alcohol and a wicker basket for desserts and salads are placed on the porch by an expressman at 5 o'clock. At any hour thereafter a dinner for four or five course dinner, sufficient for the number of persons in the family, may be served easily. The kitchen was started in an attempt to solve the servant problem. This is in reply to a recent query.

MRS. W. L. WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia, July 27, 1921.

Cost of Automobiling

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I noticed in your paper recently the statement that the capital invested in automobiling in the United States was over $6,000,000,000. How can such a figure be arrived at? G. W. L.

Philadelphia, July 24, 1921.

The capital tied up in automobiling in the United States is estimated as over $6,000,000,000 by the Railway Age, which figures it out by items: Depreciation on 7,023,551 cars at 20 per cent on average cost of $1200; interest on the money invested; gasoline, oil, tires, accessories, State license fees, insurance premiums, garage and service costs, labor costs for repairs, etc. These estimates do not include expenditures for construction and maintenance of highways, nor for the cost of automobile accidents.

Ditch Around Acre Problem

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In your issue of the 14th inst. "W. L. D. presents the following: To dig a ditch around an acre of land, how deep and how wide must the ditch be to raise the acre of land one foot?"

The ditch may be of any width, or any depth, from zero to infinity.

If the depth is determined in advance, the width may be ascertained as follows:

Divide 10,890 by the depth and add 10,890 to the quotient.

Extract the square root of this sum and subtract 104.335163 from this square root. The remainder will be the width of the ditch.

Ditch one foot deep, 43.225324 feet wide.
Ditch two feet deep, 23.458287 feet wide.
Ditch three feet deep, 16.143803 feet wide.
Ditch six feet deep, 8.361295 feet wide.

The foregoing is on the basis of mathematical volume, all angles 90 degrees.

In practice, the excavated ditch would require side slopes not steeper than "one to one," and the one-foot high embankment over the acre would require side slopes not steeper than "one and one-half to one."

It would also be necessary to allow for shrinkage in embankment after it was "puddled" by rains, which shrinkage ranges from about 8 per cent in gravel or sand to 25 per cent in puddled clay.

Every old farm hand knows that what is dug out of a hole will not permanently refill it; that, after setting a fence post in its hole, all of the excavated material can be "stuffed back" around the post. H. M.

Philadelphia, July 28, 1921.

"C. L. D." The phrase "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" is from a speech delivered by John Philpot Curran in 1808.

Poems and Songs Desired

Wants "A Pet Lamb"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am trying to find an old poem referring to a lonely pet lamb in which these words will be found:

"In looking o'er the hedge before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side;
No other sheep was near—the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone."

If any friend can be found who will help me to this poem (entire if possible) it would be very much appreciated.

MARGARET SUTTON.

New Holland, Pa., July 31, 1921.

Can a Reader Supply It?

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I am very desirous of obtaining a prose work entitled "The Baldheaded Man." It gives the trials and tribulations of an anxious mother of an inquisitive youngster who has spied for the first time a baldheaded man on a train from Philadelphia. ALBERT MALISH.

Philadelphia, August 1, 1921.

"If Washington Should Come to Life"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—I enclose herewith the poem "If Washington Should Come to Life," recently requested by "C. L. D." MRS. J. BRADY.

Philadelphia, August 1, 1921.

If Washington should come to life and see
how matters stand,
A smile from Georgie's lips would surely fall;
Instead of all the wasted fields, the plains
all barren lands,
He'd find the greatest country of them all.

He'd find he's not neglected, that his memory
rends the air;
His monuments erected he would see most
everywhere;
He'd find a mighty nation of men who'd do
and dare,
He'd find he's still the daddy of them all.

He'd marvel at the changes as he'd take a
look around,
At motor cars he'd surely stop and stare;
I wonder what he'd think of all the railroads underground,
And elevated trains up in the air.

I wonder what he'd think of Mr Morgan
And how he'd like political machines,
I wonder if he'd read what Thomas Lawson
is writing for the monthly magazine,

I wonder what he'd think of Teddy Roosevelt,
I'd like to hear exactly what he'd say,
I wonder if he'd try to never tell a lie
If Washington should come to life today.

"Barney Buntline"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir—In reply to your correspondent, Theodore C. Knauff, Ship Lane, the song that he desires, which he states was sung by the late Rear Admiral James McQueen Forsythe, is "Barney Buntline." The words and music may be found in a book called "Our Familiar Songs," which can no doubt be found in any public library. The song is not scarce, and I suppose may be purchased at any music store. The words are by William Pitt and the music is old English. The song is also to be found in the Franklin Square song collection. The words I enclose. J. C.

Philadelphia, July 29, 1921.

BARNEY BUNTLINE

One night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid and said to Billy Bowling,
"A strong sou'wester blowing, Bill. Oh, can't you hear the roar now,
God help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks ashore now.
Chorus. Bow, wow wow, rum ti iddy-rumti iddy, bow wow wow'

Foolhardy chaps as lives in towns, what danger are all in,
And now they're quaking in their beds, for fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures how they envies us, and wishes, I've a notion
For our good luck in such a storm, to be upon the ocean!

Then as to them kept out all day on business from their houses,
And late at night are walking home to cheer their babes and spouses
While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lyin',
My eye! What tiles and chimney pots about their heads are flyin'!

And often have we seamen heard, how men are killed and undone,
By overturns in carriages and thieves and fires in London,
We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from noblemen to tailors
So Bill, let us thank providence that you and I are sailors'

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.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Thirteenth Picture

By CLARISSA MACKIE

There were thirteen pictures on the walls of Barbara's new room on the third floor front of Mrs. Wilson's select boarding house for business people. Thirteen pictures, placed there by Mrs. Wilson herself, or by one and another of her unending procession of paying guests. The house was run down; Mrs. Wilson herself, an asthmatic, snuffy looking person in greasy black, was an acknowledged widow, and only those who must have a roof at the most modest price now patronized the old house on Chester street.

"Thirteen pictures—one must come down," decided Barbara, while her heart yearned to take them all down but one or two, only she must explain to Mrs. Wilson.

"I would rather look at the hideous things," groaned the girl, as she inventoried the walls. There was the copy of an etching of Westminster Abbey; next to it was a walnut-framed chromo—sheep wending homeward through a village street; a colored picture cut from a magazine and framed in gold—four men gambling; Raphael's "Cherubs" in a heavy metal frame, another gold-framed magazine illustration—a Gibson girl, a sepia thing under it—"Happy Childhood," three nursery pictures grouped together, a watercolor—a rocky coast in a gale, with the sea piling high, that was good; a burnt wood atrocity, photograph of a beautiful girl, and then a steel engraving of "Napoleon After Waterloo."

"I don't like that girl's face," declared Barbara as she studied the haughty head, the cold, hard eyes, the mechanical smile of the girl in the picture. "She looks too much like Agatha Denslow—it is Mrs. Denslow, I am sure, quite sure. Fancy her picture here. How she would rave if she knew it!" She laughed a little, decided to remove the offending pictures and leave only the cherubs and the water color.

She tied a cloth over her misty dark hair. A Saturday afternoon was always her cleaning period and she was dressed in a little pink cotton dress she kept for this housewifely task. Outside the sun was shining and the spring day invited her, but she shook her head and carefully removed Westminster Abbey from the walls. She determined to stack them carefully in the closet in the hall where the ladder went to the roof and, having decided upon this, the fear of Mrs. Wilson's wrath grew less and she tackled the picture of the sheep with great vigor.

She had moved around the room until she now stood at the east side removing the nursery rhymes from their downhill arrangement when she heard a sound near the fireplace. Her eyes slowly widened in amazement and alarm.

The picture of the great Napoleon was rocking to and fro in an unaccountable manner. Suddenly it swung out from the wall and below it crept a hand—a man's hand protruding through the wall of the adjoining house. It was a strong hand, well cared for and browned by the sun. The fingers groped around the wall as far as the thrust-in arm could reach, as if searching for something. Barbara slipped along the wall and called to the owner of the visiting hand.

"Perhaps I can help you," she suggested.

The hand wavered helplessly and then withdrew and the picture of Napoleon swung into place. Barbara twitched it down and disclosed a stove-pipe hole which had lurked behind the mask of the Corsican hero. She mounted a chair and peered curiously through the aperture. All she saw was the broken background of light-papered walls and a man's face peering through at her.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Barbara, jumping to the floor. "Do you know I am going to tell Mrs. Wilson?"

"I am sorry—and I apologize, but I didn't know the room was rented. I've been living there for a week and moved two days ago. I left a picture there. I would like to have it—thought I could reach it. I am very sorry, indeed."

"A picture?" Barbara sniffed at the gallery of masterpieces. "Is it sheep?"

"No."

"Gamblers?"

"No, indeed," virtuously.

"Angels?"

"In a manner of speaking—one."

"Oh!" Barbara wrinkled her nose at the haughty girl-picture.

"It isn't the Gibson picture, or the nursery rhymes, or the watercolor—or even old Nappy—it's a framed photograph."

"Oh!" Barbara's tone was all enlightenment. "You must mean Agatha Denslow's picture—here it is!" She thrust it viciously into the aperture and it disappeared hastily. A masculine voice came back in a worried tone.

"You said 'Agatha Denslow'—this is the picture of Miss Post."

"Didn't Agatha Post marry old James Denslow last week?" Barbara wanted to know.

"No!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," asserted Barbara severely. "I was there—I saw the wedding—May and December. Pooh, I went to school with Agatha. Oh, I am so sorry, I forgot that she must have been a particular friend of yours—please forgive me."

"Particular friend?" he laughed shortly. "She was engaged to marry me. I've just returned from France."

"Oh, dear," pitied Barbara; "why, you must be Jerry Lane. I am Barbara Dorr, the little girl who lived next door to you and played with your sister Cathie."

"Bobby Dorr?" The dickens you are?"

"Isn't it funny—and Jerry—I shall have to replace Napoleon and seal up the stovepipe—so good-by."

"If I ring the front doorbell may I call formally upon you in Mrs. Wilson's parlor?"

"Of course," and Barbara's cheeks were flying pink signals now, for as a little lass she had worshiped her playmate's big brother from afar. She was glad she had grown up to be so pretty. She fluffed up her hair, moved a chiffonier over the hole in the wall, blew a kiss to the Corsican and drifted down the gray stairway into the rosy glow of romance and life-long happiness.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Pirates' Jewels

By DADDY

CHAPTER V

The Great Mystery

"THEN came the great mystery," repeated Flitter-Flash, the fairy leader, telling the story of the punishment prepared for the bold pirates by Magisco, the fairy magician. Flitter-Flash paused for a moment, while Peggy and Billy leaned forward eagerly to hear what happened to Captain Black-Eye's crew.

"The pirates crowded into the cave, seeking to follow the dewdrop diamonds which the fairies had carried before them," went on Flitter-Flash. "Of course they didn't find the diamonds, for the light had gone out of the dewdrops as soon as the fairies entered the dark entrance to the cave, and the fairies had dropped them. The pirates searched everywhere, but all they saw was the jewels they themselves had stolen from captured ships.

"It happened that in looking for the jewels, Captain Black-Eye stepped in a puddle made by the falling dewdrops. Slip-p-p! Out from under him went the captain's feet, and down he came with a great crash. My, what a bump the captain got, and the joke of it was that he never knew he had slipped on the very false jewels he was so frantically seeking.

"While the pirates were searching in the cave the tide arose, filling the entrance with water. Then the pirates couldn't get out, even by swimming. They were prisoners until the tide ebbed again—prisoners at the mercy of Magisco's wonderful magic.

"Magisco before working his magic on the pirates—magic that was to shut them up for hundreds and hundreds of years—came to the top opening of the cave to say farewell to the fairies who were fluttering about.

"'My magic is powerful,' said Magisco to the fairies. 'It is so powerful that it may harm you as well as the pirates. Therefore I beg of you to fly away to the farthest part of the island and stay there until the tide ebbs. When the tide has ebbed so that you can fly into the water entrance to the cave you may come back.

"'But when you come back you may not find me. If that is so, fear not, for you will know that I have done my duty. And now, farewell. Hasten, hasten away.'

"At Magisco's warning the fairies flew away to the farthest part of the island all except one curious young fairy. This young fairy wanted to see what Magisco was going to do to the pirates. He was anxious to learn Magisco's secrets. He stayed behind, hiding in a crack in the rock, where he could look down into the cave.

"Magisco was alone with the pirates. What happened in that cave, no tongue ever told. That is the great mystery.

"At ebb of tide the fairies came hurrying back. They ventured cautiously into the water entrance to the cave. They found the cave exactly as it is today filled with jewels and silver mirrors of gems, catching and throwing back the sunlight. They found all this, but of the pirates there wasn't a trace. They had vanished, and they haven't been seen from that day to this.

"And Magisco was gone, too. There wasn't a sign of him. His own powerful magic apparently had swallowed him up at the same time it had swallowed up the bad pirates."

Here Peggy broke in upon the story. "But the fairy who had stayed behind to peep, couldn't he tell what had happened?"

"Alas, no," said Flitter-Flash. "And I will tell you the strange reason why."

What Flitter-Flash told them about the peeping fairy will be related to-morrow.

WILL BENEFITS CHARITIES

Catholic Institutions Inherit Part of Rosanna Byrne Estate

The will of Rosanna Byrne, 5555 Blakemore street, admitted to probate today, shows several bequests to Catholic charities. She left $500 to Cardinal Dougherty to give to the most worthy charity, $200 to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, $100 to the Church of the Immaculate Conception and $100 to Catholic missions. The residue of the $13,546 estate goes to sisters and other relatives.

The will of Pauline Cimon, 1818 North Seventeenth street, leaves a $12,000 estate to relatives.

Letters of administration were granted in the estates of Charles J. Peterson, Garrison Hospital, $5000, and Mary A. Watson, 1031 West Cambridge street, $4000.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

Yestidday me and pop was taking a wawk after supple and I felt in my pants pockit to feel if my 2 cents was still safe. Wich they wasent, and I sed, Gosh, pop, heck, holey smoaks.

Am I to infer from that outburst of eloquence that all is not well? sed pop.

Meening wat was the matter, and I sed, G wizz, pop, holey smoaks. I had 2 cents in my pockit and now these nuthing there but a hole.

Was the hole there wen you put the 2 cents in? sed pop.

Yes sir but I forgot about it, I sed, and pop sed, Experience is the best teetcher, and the best of enything comes high, so I think you got off pritty cheep at 2 cents fof letting tawt that its not wise to have money and a hole in the same pockit. Yes, I think youre pritty lucky.

And we kepp on wawking, me feeling the opposite of lucky, and we started to go past a drug store with a weighing machine in front of it.

And he got on the machine and put a cent in the slot and nuthing happened, and pop jumped up and down on the machine, saying, Confownd it, jest my luck, the hand seems to be stuck or something. And he started to shake the weighing machine and hit it and act mad at it without enything happening, and all of a suddin I sed, O, G, pop, the machine aint working.

Tell me something I dont know, sed pop still standing there in case it mite, and I sed, But G, pop, heers a little sine erround on the side of it says Out of Order.

The dooce, sed pop. And he looked and saw it and got madder than ever, and I sed, Well, gosh, pop, you got off twice as cheep as I did for your experience, it cost me 2 cents to lern not to put holes and cents in the same pockit but it ony cost you a cent to lern ollways look for little sines on the side before you get on a weighing machine.

Speck wen youre spoken to, sed pop. And we kepp on wawking.

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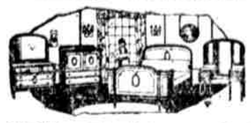

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Deaths

BELTZ—Aug. 3, 1921, Charles H. Beltz, Relatives and friends also Camp No. 126 P. of F. are invited to funeral service, Sat., 2 P. M., residence, 1322 Jackson st. Int. private. Friends can call Fri. eve.

BORHAKAN—Aug. 2, 1921, JAMES V., son of James and the late Mary Borahan. Relatives and friends, also Power Office Branch, No. 205, P. of A., are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 8:30 A. M., from residence of his father, 1351 Cease st. Solemn high requiem mass at St. Michaels Church, 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

JACKSON—August 4, SARAH H., widow of John Jackson. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral Sunday, 3 P. M., from her late residence, 500 Main street, Holmesville, Pa. Interment Holmesburg cemetery.

KLINGMUELLER—Aug. 3, AUGUST P. KLINGMUELLER, in his 93d year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Sat., 2 P. M., promptly, at his late residence, 3515 N. 16th st. Int. private.

KOLB—Aug. 3, MARY G., widow of Henry C. Kolb. Funeral services, Sat., 2 P. M., parlors of George Chandler, Paul, 1521 N. Broad st. Int. Mt. Peace.

LINDNER—Aug. 3, 1921, FREDERICK, husband of Sophie Lindner, aged 61. Relatives and friends, also employees of Kellerman Bros. & Co., are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., residence, 138 W. Airdrie st. Int. Germantown Cem. Remains may be viewed Friday evening, 7 to 10 P. M.

MYERS—Aug. 3, 1921, CAROLINE M. Myers. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Sat., 2 P. M., at her late residence, 5307 Chestnut st.

MANDEVILLE—Aug. 4, MARGARET McANDREW. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 10 A. M., from the late residence of her son, John and Jessie streets, Nicetown. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

McCAFFERTY—Aug. 4, 1921, Joseph, husband of Sarah McCafferty, aged 70 years. Funeral on Sat., 8:30 o'clock, from the residence of his son, Edward McCafferty, 520 West Venango st. Requiem mass at Church of Nativity, Int. private. Kindly omit flowers.

McGEE—Aug. 4, DAVID McGEE, late of Thomas Cooper Post, G. A. R. Funeral services and interment private.

MOOSICK—Aug. 3, ANNA, widow of Herman Moosick, aged 62. Relatives, friends and members of Rebecca Lodge, No. 1, are invited to attend funeral, Mon., 2 P. M., late residence, 1930 N. Howard st. Solemn requiem mass at St. Boniface Church, 9 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre.

PRICE—Aug. 4, CLARA C., wife of Samuel M. Price. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Mon., 2 P. M., late residence, 5811 Catalpa st. Int. Mt. Peace.

REARDON—Aug. 4, HENRY J., husband of Margaret Reardon, aged 53 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 1:30 P. M., late residence, 2150 N. 8th st. Int. Mt. Carmel.

REINSTEIN—Aug. 4, HENRY I., husband of Margaret Reinstein, aged 53 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., late residence, 210 Jackson st. Int. Germantown Cem.

RITTENHOUSE—Aug. 4, 1921, JOHN, husband of Mary Rittenhouse. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., late residence, 4955 Paradise st. Int. private.

RUSSELL—On Aug. 4, 1921, LILLY ANNA RUSSELL. Services at her residence, 1551 20th st., Sat., 2 P. M. Interment private.

SCARRY—Aug. 3, 1921, PATRICK SCARRY. Relatives and friends, also employees of Atlantic Refining Co., are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 8:30 A. M., from his late residence, 1201 S. Taylor st., Point Breeze, to St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church, 10 A. M. Int. Holy Sepulchre Cem.

SCHRIBER—Aug. 2, 1921, in France, WALTER CHRISTIAN, son of Christian F. and Louise J. Schriber, aged 30 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 8:30 A. M., from residence of his father, 8150 N. 5th st. Int. private. Friends can call Sat. eve. Kindly omit flowers.

SCHWARZ—Aug. 3, DOROTHY, widow of John Schwarz, in her 80th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., from late residence, 5823 Upland st. Int. Mt. Moriah Cem.

SCHWEITZER—On Aug. 2, 1921, JEN NIE K., daughter of William and Vivia Schweitzer, wife of Edwin, and friends are invited to attend her funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., from the residence of her father, 3922 Haverford st. Int. private.

SIEBERT—On Aug. 3, 1921, LEWIS A., son of Carl H. and Mae A. Siebert, aged 19 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., from residence, Foreign Water Vessel Pilots, 44 O. R. M., and employees of 29th and Allegheny ave. and Barry st. R. R. are invited to the funeral, on Saturday, meeting at 9:30 o'clock, from his residence, 2630 N. Janney st. Requiem high mass at Visitation Church, 11 A. M. Int. Interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

STRONG—August 4, J. HARRY STRONG, husband of Margaret M. Strong, of Rose Brooke. Relatives and friends invited to services, Saturday, at 1 o'clock, from residence of his son-in-law, H. Jacobs Weidman, N. J.

VAN GILDER—On August 4, CAROLINE VAN GILDER, daughter of the late Thomas and Esther Van Gilder, at the summer cottage of her sister, Mrs. James B. Anderson, Cobbs Creek Park, Delaware County, Pa. Services Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2 P. M., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. James B. Anderson, Cobbs Creek Park, Delaware County, Pa. Interment Private. Kindly omit flowers.

VAN HORN—Aug. 4, ROSANNA, wife of Joseph Van Horn, aged 77. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., from the Emlen M. E. Church, Germantown, via motor train at Reliance, 1 P. M., and via motor train at Elkins at 12:30 P. M. Int. Emlen M. E. Cemetery.

WEBSTER—On August 4, 1921, HENRY WEBSTER, husband of Ella E. Webster. Relatives and friends and Post No. 2, G. A. R., are invited to attend funeral, Sat., 2 P. M., late residence, 918 Windsor Square, Interment private. Viewing Friday evening.

WILLIAMS—Aug. 3, 1921, MARGARET, daughter of William and Ruth McLaughlin Williams, aged 14 days. Residence, 658 N. 44th street.

WILLIAMS—Aug. 3, 1921, EMMA F., wife of William Henry Williams. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services, Sat., 2 P. M., late residence, 1811 Wissahickon ave. Int. private.

WISSAHICKON—Aug. 4, 1921, ELIZABETH, daughter of Chester and Elizabeth Wissahickon, suddenly at Chicago, Ill. Juliana Wissahickon