

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Promotion in Police Service

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—For the public to answer,
Have read the address of the Mayor to the police recruits on June 1, 1922, where he told them to do their police duty and not to sell themselves to any one, by accepting any favors from gamblers, and that they would be promoted according to their abilities. This reads well, sounds good, but doesn't mean a thing. Now, I will attempt to prove it, though the Mayor means well. In the last six months, there have been three so-called promotions to the detective bureau of patrolmen for services rendered. They are called acting detectives, which to those familiar with the department doesn't mean anything. The pay of an acting man is the same as patrolman, and the only chance of becoming a regular detective is by going through an examination, and to take said examination a man must have at least three years' actual experience in the bureau. Due to that ruling of the Civil Service Commission two of the above men are not able to try for that which the Mayor would have given to them, if it were not for the same ruling. Why cannot a clause be inserted in the by-laws of the Civil Service Commission to the effect that a man of proved ability be admitted to an examination to the next higher grade regardless of his time of service in the bureau? The two men referred to by the Mayor are Patrolman Charles E. Bonner, who captured Luther Boddy, Negro who shot and killed two New York detectives, and William McClafferty, who with Patrolman Butler, captured the hoodlums who held the bank messenger at Broad and South streets. The publicity, praise and credit brought to the above captures partners with the department has men that any city would be proud to have. Now, these men of proved ability entitled to be admitted to the examination if such rules as mentioned above keep them from being made a regular detective?
HARRY F. JOHNS,
Philadelphia, June 8, 1922.

More Quotations on Wine, Etc.

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
I am wondering if John J. is tired out and so has a go-between. Will they claim two heads are better than one if one is a cabbage head. "Ella" will escape that bunch anyway, which is a sort of relief. I suppose if I picked out all those passages he refers to—"I think no longer water" and "Chlorine" and "worked on again," but being minus the head of cabbage, I take it for granted that when a passage of Scripture reads "Look not at that which is seen, but at that which is not seen," it can't possibly mean that we must drink it. Though Ellen E. may be "headless," she can reason thus far with little difficulty. "However, she is not the one who is never lost her head through 'home-made lightning' or licensed 'lightning.' When a woman's thought the anything but a cabbage head, she has the head anyway. Better so than vice versa.

It hardly seems necessary to go back to 1793 for a rum argument, as we have any quantity of hypocrites right here in 1922. Had there not been arguments without end on this subject, Ellen E. and the bootleggers. I made no reference to automobiles as to bring the anything but a cabbage head would know I was speaking of street cars. Oh, yes! J. C. K., Fanatical Ellen E. is turned loose every day or she wouldn't be able to keep tally. I saw four men the other day in an automobile drinking from a whisky bottle, and they seemed real proud of it. No doubt, the next thing they did was to run the top of a pole or over some other individual and then the bootleggers would blame the auto instead of the whisky. J. C. K. comes under that head. I believe he says if he can get the lightning no other way he can manufacture it. Be very careful or they may get you where you can't get out around and then (no lie) the matter will truthfully apply. "Whate'matter" (lie) "I am all right."

In conclusion, let me add if this State ever becomes home dry instead of wet dry, put that old Womers' net where it belongs; get everything of that nature against the law, like any other kind of murder, theft, gambling, drug selling, etc., no loopholes, there will be less trouble all around. I am looking forward to one glorious expectation.
The People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also on Sunday Public Ledger. Letters discussing time tables will be printed, as well as requested poems, and questions of general interest will be answered.

tion when G. P. will not only stand for Gifford Pinchot but also for good principle and Governor of Pennsylvania. ELLEN E. Philadelphia, June 6, 1922.

Youth Seeks Relief From "Aura"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—I am a daily reader of the Evening Public Ledger and take interest in looking over the questions and answers in it. Today I noticed an answer to one of them that has some relation to me. That is the "aura." As I'm troubled with epilepsy I have the following story to tell in which I am trying to find an answer. At the age of four I was laid down with scarlet fever, and had to be taken to the hospital where it was treated. I was the cause of much trouble and was punished for it in the following manner: I was taken to a bed in the girls' ward and given scanty food for three days (besides being whipped). All this was administered by the head nurse. After the punishment was up I was still forced to sleep in the girls' ward. This was the direct cause of the girls being changed around—the girls occupying the ward which was formerly the boys' ward vice versa. Of course, the mortification of being forced to sleep in the girls' ward caused the other children to tease me, and my temper was worse than ever, but it couldn't be helped. For the next three weeks' treatment I was released. I was bathed in warm water which felt very hot and kept on screaming through the whole washing. After that I was given a cold bath which seemed to be freezing, and I had just been in the warm water. This caused me to scream worse than ever. Of course, the head nurse did not like it and she threatened to take me to the hospital the next time I caused any trouble. Then I was given to my parents, who were waiting to take me home.

After I reached home, whenever I thought of the punishment I received at her hands and the threat of being taken to the hospital again that sensation, "the aura," overcame me and I would have an attack. My parents started to take me to one doctor after another, but their treatment was no avail. I am now eighteen years of age and still have the attacks. Getting that sensation in the intention, I know when an attack is coming on. I tried to overcome it, but could not. I would put my mind on it and try to prevent it from coming up to my head, but it would finally come over me and I would lose my senses. During those attacks I'm liable to do anything. Once I nearly choked my younger sister to death, having such a grip round her neck that nobody could take my hands away until the attack was over. Thank God I didn't kill her. Now I believe if there is any treatment to prevent that "aura" from getting to my head the epileptic attacks would stop. I've been trying to find out what profession has any treatment to prevent that aura? It has interfered with my education and I haven't been in any athletic event because I have no strength. The only enjoyment I've had in life is reading books, because in anything else I wouldn't be wanted. SAMUEL KAVITSKY, 112 South street, Philadelphia, June 12, 1922.

Sees Ample Cause for Alien Laws

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Opposition to our alien laws sounds silly to my mind, especially when the folk that shout have a great big ax to grind. When they stand up and tell me that Europe sends her best, can you blame me if I ask to be preserved from the rest? The criminal, the anarchist, the Bolshevik and thug, to our own hyphenated Americans, are types I ought to hate. I have seen a type of emigrant that sure was hard to beat, an asset to our country. To know him was a treat. Unfortunately nowadays the type of

I cannot sing the old songs. Or dream those dreams again. I cannot sing the old songs; Their charm is and deep; Their melodies would wake me, And sorrow from their sleep. And though all forgotten still, And sadly sweet they be, I cannot sing the old songs.

They are too dear to me. For visions come again Of golden dreams departed, And years of weary pain. Perhaps when earthly fetters shall I have set my spirit free, My voice may know the old songs For all eternity.

I see pour out from Ellis Island make a thinking man of me. I can't refrain muttering, "How long, O Lord, how long," when daily I witness the large ships discharge a motley throng of mean-faced, shifty-eyed, small, peculiar men, taught to hate all government, with a hatred we can't ken. Dark men, heavy-jawed, keepers of rotten dives, traveling first, while steerage accommodates their wives. This is the type of emigrant that never an asset can be; the World War taught us that lesson, in a manner vividly. "All's quiet along the Potomac," the folk down there are sleeping. Excepting a few who are a trifle and grue, that loyally the vigil are keeping. And as history of repeats itself like the tide that keeps returning, I shudder when I think of him who fled while Rome was burning, backward far into the past my memory of will glide. I see how the men accept the news at the end of Revere's long ride. I make a few comparisons as I walk through our crowded streets and exclaim, "Lord help and save us," when history again repeats. Oh, for another Roosevelt, whose praise has oft been sung. The author of that glorious phrase: "One Country, Flag and Tongue." J. H. MCA. Philadelphia, June 9, 1922.

Questions Answered
De Valera's Birthplace
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Could you give in your paper where Mr. De Valera was born, as I am well acquainted with a lot of people from Ireland and I lived in Bantary myself. I am surprised to read about him being President of Ireland and not an Irishman. I think it sounds more French than Irish. E. J. B. Mount Holy, N. J., June 12, 1922.

North American & European R. R.
A correspondent who requests that his name be used asks for information concerning "the North American and European Railroad Maine Inc." mention of which he says is found in records bearing the date of 1871. Can a reader enlighten him? J. D., Philadelphia—Thomas A. Editor's latest "questionnaire" was printed in certain New York newspapers on Sunday last. George McCormick, Philadelphia—The Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., will give you the information you desire.

Poems and Songs Desired
'Good-By, Dolly, I Must Leave You'
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—Can you print the words of "Dolly Gray," the song that had vogue with the boys of '98 and which became a sort of war song something after the fashion of "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"? The song was written by Paul Barnes, whose name I would have liked to see to stop it if it could be stopped; which would prevent the epileptic attacks. Can you tell me of any doctor or professor who gives me any treatment to prevent that aura? It has interfered with my education and I haven't been in any athletic event because I have no strength. The only enjoyment I've had in life is reading books, because in anything else I wouldn't be wanted. SAMUEL KAVITSKY, 112 South street, Philadelphia, June 12, 1922.

Philadelphians, June 12, 1922.
(The People's Forum, while sympathizing with its correspondent in his affliction, could not undertake to advise method of relief, especially in a case like the one he vividly describes, and which obviously is due to psychic conditions that require consideration by medical and psychological experts. The Forum's only recommendation to the young man is that he submit himself to scientific examination, by which means a cure for his distressing ailment might be obtained.—Editor.)

"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs"
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—You will oblige an admirer and daily reader of the People's Forum by printing a song familiar to me years ago, entitled "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs." Philadelphia, June 12, 1922. I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS By Mrs. Charles Barnard I cannot sing the old songs, I sang long years ago. For heart and voice would fail me, And foolish tears would flow; For bygone hours come o'er my heart And sadly sweet they be, With each familiar strain.

Shrimp Salad
Boil Shrimp half hour in salted water
Diced Celery
Diced Green Pepper
Mix well with Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise
Four sizes, 12c, 30c, 50c, 75c

RICHARD HELLMANN'S BLUE RIBBON MAYONNAISE
The wide-mouth, screw-top glass jars have many household uses.

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Lean Picnic Shoulders or Picnic Hams
Why eat mutton when you can buy baby spring lamb at these prices?
Legs of Baby Spring Lamb, 4 lb. Average, 25c lb.
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Rack of Baby Lamb, for stewing . . 3 lbs. for 25c
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Sugar-cured Boneless Bacon 20c lb.
Sugar-cured Smoked Beef Tongues, Special, 25c lb.
Pure Country Butter in 1/4 lb. prints 40c lb.
Fresh Selected Eggs, in cartons 25c doz.
Oleo or Nut Margarine 3 lbs. for 50c

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Fresh Country Eggs doz 28c | Gold Seal Eggs carton of twelve 33c
Twelve good ones in every dozen. The very pick of the nests.
RICH CREAMY Cheese 21c lb | DELICIOUS FLAVOR!
CALIF. SUNSWEET Prunes 12 1/2, 19c lb | Small pits, very meaty
SMALL FRESH Lima Beans 12 1/2c can | Very tender.
Asco Sifted Peas Cut to 15c can | They taste as if they just came out of the garden. Regular 19c quality.
Sweet Corn Cut to 9c can | Have your served Corn. Fritters recently? 3 cans 25c
ASCO Coffee lb 29c
Your cup of coffee can make or mar your meal. Why not serve Asco Coffee—the best cup you ever drank—and be sure of the utmost satisfaction?
Asco Evaporated Milk can 9c
"Pure as the morning dew." Like having a cow in the pantry.
We are continuing our big Flour Sale for the balance of this week. Buy a bag and you will agree that you never used better flour. Gold Seal Flour is milled from quality wheat. And is beyond question the best high-grade all-around family flour. Specially blended for Bread, Cake and Pastry Baking.
Gold Seal Flour 12 lb Bag 55c
For good baking you need good flour.
Gold Seal Flour 5 lb bag 25c
Asco Baking Powder can 5c, 9c, 17c
Snowdrift Vegetable Shortening can 17c
Insures you nice, crispy pie crusts.
Asco Teas 1/4-lb 12c
Five distinctive blends: Orange Pekoe, India Ceylon, Plain Black, Old Country Style, Mixed.
Louella Butter lb 44c
This exquisite butter is made in the dairy Paradise of the United States—a beautiful region dotted with green fields and silvery lakes. It's the finest butter in America!
Richland Butter lb 40c
Pure creamery prints.
Asco Ginger Ale 10c bot
Root Beer and Sarsaparilla at the same price.
REMINDEES
Wilson's Bouillon Cubes doz 15c
Gold Label Sardines can 6c, 7c
Star Brand Macaroni doz 10c
Star Naphtha Powder pkgs 5c, 10c
Soft's Soap doz 25c
Asco Cream Mince 10 cakes 25c
Jolly Drops lb 25c
Lemon Drops lb 25c
Asco Sour Kraut lb can 15c
Fancy Cooked Spinach lb can 10c
N. Butter lb 23c
B. Crisps
C. Triton lb 32c
C. Sandwiches
Fresh from the ovens; very dainty.
Victor Bread Big Loaf 6c
Fresh from the glowing ovens to our Stores come these big brown loaves of goodness. And such a big loaf for only 6c!
Victor Raisin Bread loaf 10c
With lots of luscious Raisins!
Meat Specials In Our Sanitary Meat Markets
GENUINE NATIVE BEEF
Whole Cut Chuck Roast . . . lb 10
Rolled Shoulder lb 12 1/2c | Lean Soup Beef lb 5c
Boneless Pot Roast lb 12 1/2c | Thick End Standing Rib Roast . lb 18c
Fresh-Killed Milk-Fed Stewing Chickens, lb 32c | Soft-Meated Roasting Chickens . . . lb 40c
CITY DRESSED GENUINE KENTUCKY SPRING LAMBS
Breast lb 12c | Legs of Lamb . 38c
Neck lb 15c | Shoulders lb 25c
Rack lb 22c | Rib Chops lb 38c
Loins Chops lb 45c
These prices effective in our Phila., Camden and suburban Stores and Meat Markets

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A SIXTEEN-DAY round trip to Europe with four full days on the Continent—this is now possible on the world's largest ship, Majestic, and her magnificent running mate, Olympic. These liners with the superb new Homeric maintain our regular weekly express service from New York to Southampton and Cherbourg.
Sailing on Saturday on the Majestic or Olympic, you land at Cherbourg the following Friday, reaching Paris that night. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday are yours for business or pleasure. Wednesday morning you catch the boat-train back for Cherbourg. You land from the White Star liner in New York the following Tuesday—after an absence of only 13 business days.
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