

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Letters to the Editor

Praises Prohibition Editorial
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir.—The writer desires to thank you appreciatively for the editorial in this EVENING'S PUBLIC LEDGER under the caption "Prohibition is a Fiction; the United States is Wet" and in conclusion "And until we stop pretending that it is, our Constitution will be unable to amend the Constitution." Was it not a crime then to put the Eighteenth Amendment in it? If so, wipe it out.

It is to be hoped that the writers to the People's Forum press and concerning prohibition have read this editorial of plain facts. The arguments recently appearing have reached no conclusion, but the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER has settled the question all with the United States Government takes a hand and includes the matter in a way satisfactory to the people as a whole.

I desire to state that I am in no way interested in this matter from a financial standpoint nor ever have been. Neither am I "Pro-German," but perhaps the German is in the interests of the Voelkisch party in the interests of the liberty-loving people of these United States and an enforcement of the law against bootlegging and the manufacture of poison rum.

J. C. KEESBERRY,
Philadelphia, June 15, 1922.

It Might Have Been Worse

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir.—I read the other day of a Pennsylvania man complaining that a charlatan party made "heathenish noises" beating on pans and drums. But it could have been worse. They might have played saxophones and ukuleles.

JOSEPH HARRISON,
Atlantic City, N. J., June 14, 1922.

England and Englishmen

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir.—There has recently been published in London a sensational book by an anonymous author who signs himself "An Overseas Englishman." His book is entitled "England." Only that and nothing more. Strange as it may appear to the rabid Anglophobe, the man positively loves England, is proud of England, and jealous for Eng-

land, indeed, is my own experience, that there is a conspiracy against the very worth England—except in the way of carpentry criticism and unjust vilification; then it is that the Englishman "gets it in the neck." Otherwise everything must be "British" now—every last word, every thought, every act, every desire which one you desire.

Last Word? Not Yet, Says Ellen E.

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir.—Oh, not yet, Captain, but we'll make a strong endeavor in that direction. We'll start with the swampy "mudholes" Ellen E. has been hating that is so wearying to thee. The "poor chid" couldn't be on this subject of prohibition unless accidentally she called Battisnake John Barleycorn a "good fellow," and I don't believe I have ever been guilty of such blunder. Hence the "swampy language" can be buried in deep, pure water. You say you have been in every seaport in the world, and yet have never met with such conditions as Ellen E. is familiar with. Truth is stranger than fiction, John J., for I didn't have to walk a block in any city where drunkards graduate, being as I have been for many years, a swim worker. That old "mudhole" is in the water. The old sailor never enters those places. I have never entered a bootlegger's dive, so therefore my "swampy language" has been derived from the saloon under the license system that the wets so madly crave.

Mother robin began building her nest in this precarious place three weeks ago. She started her construction work early in the morning, and when the train pulled out left the nest and flew away. She was back in the evening, and again was here, having laid two eggs. She did those little swinging doors, exhibiting the heads above and the feet below, and then with the comforting feathering it brought on the wives, mothers, sweethearts, and children, seeing the wearing apparel slipping down the many throats which, if worn on the outside, would make things less bearable. At last she was in the way of poor "poor chid" figures in her foolish way.

No, John J., I'll never wear over the skins of this generation; but will rejoice over the freedom I expect of the next generation, minus the saloon.

Ellen E. was doing fine

for the British fighting on land and sea, and transporting nine-tenths of the sea-borne supplies to the allied armies, and it was England who contributed about the same proportion to the cost of the war.

My own county of Lancashire did some wonderful fighting and received a great number of V. C.'s "for valor." Yet nothing much has ever been published about it. The evidence of the war seems to point to the fact that the Englishman is no boaster—rather the contrary.

It is an astonishing fact that among those who dictated to Germany the terms of the armistice hardly the name of a single Englishman appeared.

Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Rennell, Mr. Balfour, Sir Eric Geddes, Mr. H. H. Asquith, Mr. E. Miller—which among these is the true-born Englishman?"

Another and more astounding fact is that England and the British Empire are being run by Scottish brains, Welsh brains, Irish brains and Jewish brains; the question is, Where is the Englishman?

JAMES BRIERLEY,
Philadelphia, June 12, 1922.

Gompers' Attack on Courts

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir.—Mr. Gompers was reported not long ago to have exclaimed with his customary fervor, "God save labor from the courts!"

Yet, to my mind, and I believe in the judgment of most right-thinking Americans, the courts of this country have done much for the welfare of general confidence and esteem. But all the same, I think he made a mistake in the elucidation just quoted, and in the commentary that attended it.

The courts of necessity are slow to adapt themselves to new conditions and demands, for it has long been their custom to follow precedent. For years the masters, though they were largely unrepresented, paid their dues of craftsmanship and possession, contract, crimes and torts. Only in the last few years have the courts been called upon to consider corporation problems, interstate matters and industrial relations.

There was a serious defect in Mr. Gompers' attack upon the judiciary. He offered no constructive criticism of the courts, nor did he attempt to suggest any substitute for such an institution as the Kansas Industrial Court other than a continuance of wasted strikes and paralyzing industrial deadlocks.

Mr. Gompers well knows that labor in this country is organized to defend and push its own interests, but he does not seem eager for the unions to assume the responsibility for standardized production, nor does he seem to be willing that the fairness of labor's claims be adjudicated by a disinterested tribunal.

PROUD CER.

Philadelphia, June 14, 1922.

Sale of Liquor on U. S. Ships

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir.—I certainly hope that Ellen E., who has had several communications in the forum of your paper, reads Mr. Lasker's article as published June 24. Several weeks ago the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER published a similar article editorially.

If liquor is essential to establish a merchant marine, why is it not essential to other interests? The prohibition fanatics have expressed themselves in regard to doctors prescribing liquor. These men know what they speak. They are warm enough who have spent years to gain the knowledge that they may relieve suffering. Yet those who know nothing of medicine steer their opinion.

They have abolished the saloon. But does not a greater danger exist in the number of stills exploding, of which we read every day, to many innocent victims? Liquor may be procured to

the People's Forum will appear daily in the Evening Public Ledger, and also in the Sunday Public Ledger. Letters to the People's Forum may be printed, as well as requested poems, and questions of general interest will be answered.

day by a minor more easily than under the license system. The law applies only to those who carry on a business. Is it necessary that many should have well stocked cellars, while others are denied the privilege of one gallon? Is it a business proposition that overrides the law that it applies to the masses and not to certain classes? If our Constitution is in great danger, the fanatics say it is well to end it. And until we stop pretending that it is, our Constitution will be unable to amend the Constitution. Will Be a Sordid Farce."

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The price list as published for liquor shows that one may obtain it cheaper when on pleasure trips than it can be for domestic purposes at home, and not on sale under Government supervision either.

Has crime decreased since the advent of prohibition? The people were told by the advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment that liquor was the root of crime. Yet statements issued by liquor dealers show that there are more instances of crime than ever before since the law became effective.

Is there there are those who would like to know where it is hiding.

J. A. J.,
Atlantic City, June 15, 1922.

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To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir.—Recently, presented to this country by Finance, the greatest wine-drinking nation of the world, to have passed we are denied at home. Did France do it?

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They have abolished the saloon. But does not a greater danger exist in the number of stills exploding, of which we read every day, to many innocent victims? Liquor may be procured to

and girls than men and boys in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and in the District of Columbia.

W. D. F.—Philadelphia—Two-and-a-half dollars gold pieces of 1919 and copper cents of 1903 are not included in the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER's list of coins quoted above their face values.

Poems and Songs Desired

"How Little We Know"

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:

Sir.—Please publish the poem hereunder in your interesting paper:

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW EACH OTHER

How little we know of each other
As we pass through this journey of life,
With all its struggles, its fears and temptations.

Its heartbreaking cares and its strife;

We only see through the surface,

And an untrified face is no index

To the tumult that rages within.

How little we know of each other

Of the woman of fashion who abhors

As the poor girl betrayed and abandoned.

How little we know of each other

Of the man who is bold and high-spirited

With his head held high and his heart bold.

Which makes of his bosom a hell,

And sooner or later a felon.

Will write in a prisoner's cell.

Of the man who is bold and high-spirited

With his head held high and his heart bold.

Will write in a prisoner's cell.

Of the woman of fashion who abhors

As the poor girl betrayed and abandoned.

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