

## THE PUBLIC FORUM

### PEACH DAY WAS A FARCE.—As

usual with all such so-called sales days, peach day has proved a farce and pure bunk. The much-heralded \$1.50 per bushel peaches, find them if you can. Go up one street and down another and you will find baskets with three pecks of peaches in them and that is all.

Many of the dealers show sign, one bushel of peaches, \$1.50, but get inquisitive, ask them to guarantee it to be a bushel and many of them explode right there and answer: "We have baskets of peaches for \$1.50; take it or leave it alone; if you don't want it some one else will buy it," and there you are. Then ask, "But why have you a sign out, one bushel of peaches, \$1.50?" No answer. If you repeat it you are usually told to go somewhere else and buy your peaches if you don't like it, or another answer very likely will be: "That is the way they come to us."

So the public is the goat as usual. Prospective buyers should remember that a bushel basket even full is not a bushel of peaches. If you get a full bushel of peaches they will cost you \$2. There is an ordinance which says fruits or vegetables sold by the peck or bushel must be weighed. Where are the city inspectors? Dealers are defying the law openly.—S. L. Sprout.

**MORE PRAISE.**—May I add to the praise already given in your columns to Beulah Home?

For the past fifteen years I have been actively interested in caring for the needs of the unfortunate of the city. During that time Beulah Home has been invaluable as a shelter for women and children. No matter what the hours or season, the door was always open.

The condition, nationality or creed was never asked. The fact that the applicant needed shelter and friends was the only thing required. These

were always found in Beulah Home.

Many times I realized that the capacity of house and funds must have been strained to the limit to take in those brought to them. But a cheerful welcome was given to each and every one. Social workers, police matrons and every one in this large city who has had occasion to use Beulah Home as a refuge for girls in trouble, destitute women or helpless babies, must appreciate the work done there.—Jane B. Skinner.

### THAT HANGING PICNIC.—After

reading a contribution in your paper of Aug. 12, entitled "That Hanging Picnic," it is with much disgust and feeling of repulsion that I write this letter. Surely the contributor who signed Miss G. H. is either a nigger herself or closely associated with them, or related to them, inasmuch as any self-respecting white could not but rejoice at such an event.

I well remember the article of which this woman spoke, and also the feeling of satisfaction which possessed me when I read it. Would not one be delighted at having an opportunity to attend such a festival after knowing of some of the outrages committed by these on the white women whom they covet and desire and whose trust they nearly always betray.

Lately the columns of the papers have been crowded with such happenings as the foregoing, and right in the face of it a woman pens the aforesaid contribution. If Miss G. H. were to be in the south and express such an opinion as she has here she would be classed as a nigger lover and treated accordingly. That also goes for those who a short while back advocated serving negroes in the same restaurants with whites.

If the niggers were placed on an equal footing with the whites, as some northerners advocate, a very short time would elapse until said coons would crush the white people out of power and existence. This is