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Youth in search of amusement should profit by the fate of the fly that lost its life in a plate of molasses.

Harmony Not Yet in the Offing. IT SEEMS to be about as long a way to harmony as the song says it is to Tippecary. David H. Lane said in Atlantic City that they all agreed on Smith as the candidate to solidify the party and prove to the nation that this is a Republican city.

And one cannot help thinking of the epithet on the three weeks' old baby when he considers the Smith boom. It reads, as every one remembers: It is so soon that I am done for, I wonder what I was begun for.

And the boom for Smith was not even three weeks old.

"An Revair but Not Good-by" YESTERDAY dawned cold and fitful on the Philadelphia streets. No more was heard the merry and menacing emphasis of the jitney's little horn, no more the friendly sign was seen.

Yet it will be hard to persuade Philadelphians that they are to be deprived, through a legal technicality, of a service which they really want, and which provided them with a pleasure as unexpected as it was inexpensive.

Now the city is serving the jitney rather scurvily, it will seem to the unbiased. Regulation, if it is for the safety of pedestrians and patrons, is desirable for the jitney. But regulation which is prohibitive is a little tainted with the unsanctified odor of conspiracy.

Are There Fairies? THE good souls who supervise—and entertain—the kiddies in the summer playgrounds are concerned at an unusual wave of juvenile skepticism. Tales of fairy are part of the daily diversion. Would you believe it, the up-to-date youngster scouts Grimm, Andersen and Perrault. He—sometimes she—asks to be "shown." And a couple of grieved teachers have asked the EVENING LEDGER to bring the power of the printed word to disconcert the doubters and to enable those of more faith to say triumphantly, "I told you so!"

So answering the eternal childish query we asseverate that there ARE fairies. Why, it is as heretical to doubt their being as to question the personality of Santa Claus.

Many persons, who can be believed, think they have seen the fairies. They are never quite sure, of course, for the fairies are so elusive, so fragile, so fitting. That is what makes them so mysterious—their faculty of coming to those who are good enough to see them, yet leaving the witnesses just a bit unsure as to the vision.

Sometimes in the summer night the songs of the fairies may be heard; sometimes in lovely rustic spots the rings in which their revels have been held are visible to early rizers before the dew dries on flower and grass.

But these sights and sounds, like the Grail in the Parsifal legend, are only for the truly good in heart and large in faith. If all of us, and not merely dreamers and poets and children, were eligible to glimpse them, through our kindness, gentleness, forthrightness, how much better our workaday world would be!

Ship From Philadelphia CLARENCE W. BARRON conducted a nation-wide advertising campaign for the New Haven Railroad, based on the catch line "Ship from Boston," and conducted it so successfully that when he planned to go to Europe his family, convinced by the arguments in his advertisements, insisted that he should take the ship at Boston instead of going to New York for it.

Director Meigs, of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, is persuaded that the same sort of an advertising campaign should be conducted for the benefit of this port, and that the catch line should be "Ship from Philadelphia."

If it were managed in the right way the business men in this part of the country would soon find it impossible to resist the pressure of the suggestion and the business of the port would boom. There is a large and rich country tributary to Philadelphia. This is the natural shipping port for its factories. They send hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods to Europe, to coast cities and to the Pacific, but they do not take advantage of the facilities here at hand.

Justice Hughes has written another letter to let his friends know that he is not a candidate. But he has not yet laid himself open to the suspicion of protesting too much.

General Joe Wheeler set an example for all men about whom reports of their engagement to marry prominent women are circulated when he said that he would consider himself highly honored to be engaged to marry the lady with whom his name was connected.

ding it are provided, or soon could be made adequate to the largest expansion of trade. And the result of such utilization of the water highway at our doors would benefit both this city and those who use it in all the rest of the Commonwealth. But this business will not come here unless we go out to get it.

Is Germany Seeking More Trouble? THE gravity of the crisis precipitated by the sinking of the Arabic must not be underestimated. The principle involved is the same as that which was involved in the Lusitania case. Neither the Lusitania nor the Arabic was a warship. All the international agreements and customs have prescribed that when a belligerent merchant ship is attacked the passengers and crew should first be allowed to escape with their lives. The Lusitania was sunk without warning and the lives of more than one hundred Americans were lost.

The note to Germany, demanding reparation for this outrage, set forth the rights of neutral noncombatants, and continued: Friendship itself prompts it (the American Government) to say to the Imperial Government that reparation by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of those rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly.

This was on July 21. Less than a month later, on August 19, a German submarine attacks the Arabic without warning, just as the Lusitania was attacked, and sinks the ship with loss of life. There were 26 Americans on board. The early reports are that the lives of two of them have been lost. But even if no American has been killed, the attack upon the Arabic comes within the Administration's definition of an act that is "deliberately unfriendly."

We must assume that when the State Department has learned all the facts it will take such action as is consistent with the dignity of a great nation and with its duty to protect at any cost the lives of its citizens on the high seas.

Race Suicide for Mosquitoes THE fly is bred in filth. It can be eliminated by eliminating the stuff it breeds in. Absence of flies means the presence of cleanliness. Mosquitoes, however, breed in still or stagnant water, in puddles in uneven gutters, in pools in the back yard, in swamps and small ponds. It is not so easy to swat the mosquito as the fly, but it is easy to frustrate the reproductive plans of the mosquitoes. Every one knows that a little oil spread on the surface of the breeding places will suffocate the larvae and clear the neighborhood of the pests.

The recent swarms of mosquitoes that have been annoying the city are evidence of neglect of duty on the part of the authorities, whose duty it is to appropriate money for buying and spreading the oil or for draining the ponds and filling the depressions where water gathers. The present equipment of the division of sanitation, consisting of seven barrels of oil and a few oil cans and sprayers, is woefully inadequate. When the city is governed as it should be the work of mosquito prevention in summer will be carried on as regularly as the work of snow removal in winter. Then the citizens who have to stay in town can sit on their front porches or picnic in their back yards with comfort. Although the mosquitoes do not believe in race suicide they should be assisted in bringing it about, in this neighborhood, anyway.

Misleading Casualty Reports ALTHOUGH the business of counting the dead and wounded cannot be carried on with any degree of precision—the belligerents are fighting and not compiling statistics—the Governments are pretending to satisfy a very natural curiosity about the casualty list. An "official" list of killed and wounded and prisoners has been submitted to the French Senate, showing that the Allies have lost 1,739,000 killed, while 2,350,000 Germans and Austrians have lost their lives. The Teuton armies are said to have lost 2,855,000 by wounds, while the loss of the Allies from this cause is only 2,289,000.

Of course, these figures are incorrect. The Allies are not going to let the Germans know the extent of their losses. They are as likely to magnify them as to minimize them. In either case they would attempt to deceive the enemy. And for the same reason the Germans and Austrians will conceal or misrepresent at the present time the extent of their own casualties.

As a matter of fact no one knows today how many men have been killed or wounded, and no one can know with even an approximate degree of accuracy until long after the war is ended and the truth has been dug out of thousands of reports.

Submerged is not a verb; it's a tragedy. How did you like the jitneyless Broad street yesterday? "Sufrage first on fall ballots"—and first in the fall balloting.

America can feed the world, but what it wants to do is pacify it. Carranza intends to annihilate Villa, but the difficulty is that talk won't do it.

As the du Ponts have to keep their powder dry, no one will charge them with watering the stock of their new company.

Perhaps the President came here to get his eyes doctored so that he might be able to see light in the Mexican situation.

Some comic artists, like some actresses, get enormous salaries, three-quarters being taken in publicity and the rest in cash.

The Brooklyn Judge who has decided that the tomato is a fruit and not a vegetable ought to be asked to tell us what green corn is.

D'Annunzio and Puccini are to collaborate on the first war opera, but the long suffering public would like to know who will write the last war book.

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LITERARY "HOWLERS" AND SOME OTHERS

Misleading Titles of Books, Including the Classic Example, Ruskin's "Sheepfolds"—Signs as Sources of Amusement

By ROBERT HILDRETH SHOP signs and signboards furnish an inexhaustible supply of raw material for the joke-maker's mill, which sometimes assuredly grinds exceedingly fine. Not a few of them may be classified under the head of "howlers," a name which covers a multitude of sins—slips of grammar, slips of intelligence, slips of tongue, slips of pen, slips of type, or, in short, slips of this and slips of that. For instance, there is the warning posted in a spacious private park: "No dog allowed on these premises unless accompanied by an older person."

Speaking of signs—and incidentally of dogs—we take pleasure in retelling the story of a contest between two famous punsters, Tom Hood and Theodore Hook. One day as they passed down the street they laid a wager as to who could spring the best extempore pun, leaving the decision to their companion, Charles Mathews. The loser was to pay for supper for the trio.

Presently they espied a signboard on a "public." "Bear sold here," it read. "Oho!" said Hook, "I suppose that bear is his own bruin."

"Good!" cried Mathews. "You'll have hard work, Tom, to beat that." "I dare say he'll do it, though," said Hook. "You know he carries two faces under one hood."

Turning a sharp corner the trio came in sight of a tumbledown house standing in a little plot of well-trampled grass. A huge board bore the inscription, "Beware the dog." Hood looked all about, then picked up a broken piece of brick and wrote beneath the warning: "Ware be the dog?"

As to the supper it was a Dutch treat. Those Wavy Brown Eyes But puns are not "howlers" and "howlers" are not necessarily hilarious. The schoolboy who wrote in an examination paper, "E Pluribus Unum means in God We Trust," furnished only a smile, while the novelist's description of her heroine's "wavy brown hair and eyes" is positively saddening. A definition of "howlers" will be attempted in this place, but not at this time. Just at present we must try to content ourselves with a few examples of literary "howlers" of a somewhat different kind from those cited in previous articles. This species is the product of misinterpretation of the titles of books. In the titles of books lie pitfalls for the unwary.

There's a classic example of everything under the sun. In 1851 Ruskin wrote a short pamphlet on the text, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." This, which treated of the reunion of the Protestant churches, was published as "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds"—a title which, appealing rather to the agricultural than to the clerical mind, insured a brisk circulation among farmers, those of the Scottish border especially, many of whom ordered a copy in the hope that they might glean therefrom some original hints and ideas that would be of use to them in their calling. Doubtless, on discovering their mistake, they passed the misleading-entitled brochure over to their spiritual advisers.

Maria Edgeworth's little volume called "An Essay on Irish Bulls," fell by purchase into the hands of many a son of Erin, who quoted it with delight. Although the name of the author was to him unknown the contents would doubtless be considered, he well worth the few shillings he so willingly disbursed; but, alas! although the spirited engraving of rampant Taurus that prefaced the essay gave delightful promise, he had but to read a few lines to find that he had become possessed of a treatise, not on bovine ruminants, but on that particular "blunder which is commonly supposed to be characteristic of the Irish nation." Nay, more, a little reflection brought home to him the fact that he himself was one of those Irishmen who, in the words of the essayist, "were designed by Providence to make bulls."

Times of Refreshing "Times of Refreshing in Spain" was a title that commended itself to a House of Commons Select Committee engaged upon the question of public houses in Ireland, and, thinking doubtless that Spanish views on the licensing question might be adapted in somewise to the Irish temperament, they ordered several copies of the work, only to find that it was not a pamphlet on matters spirituous, but an Evangelical treatise on matters spiritual. An equally egregious blunder was perpetrated by a provincial committee, formed for the purpose of advocating temperance and prison reform, when one of their number advised the purchase of Dean Plumtree's "The Spirits in Prison," under the impression that the work dealt with the illicit traffic of spirituous liquor in Her Majesty's gaols. On discovering their mistake the committee displayed an unconscious sense of humor by directing their secretary to write to the reverend author in terms of strong expostulation for employing a title that to the majority of people could not fail to be misleading. Most of the people looked askance at "The Champion of Virtue," thinking that its purchase would but introduce them to another and inferior "Pilgrim's Progress." Her mistake the authoress was not slow to perceive, and displacing "The Champion of Virtue" by "The Old English Baron" soon secured a large circulation for her work.

Many sailors and lovers of the sea found themselves in strange waters when, under the impression that they were about to peruse a stirring sea romance of the Clerk Russell or the Captain Marryat type, they ordered from their library Miss Beatrice Hazard's clever story, "Ships That Pass in the Night," a story into the plot or construction of which neither sea nor ship enters. Needless to say that the novelist, like the art critic and other writers previously mentioned, was quite guiltless of even the most harmless attempt to mislead.

A PERFECT DAY When you come to the end of a perfect day And you sit alone with your thought— While the chimes ring out with a carol gay For the joy that the day has brought— Do you think what the end of a perfect day Can mean to a tired heart, When the sun goes down with a flaming ray And the dear friends have to part? Well, this is the end of a perfect day, Near the end of a journey, too; But it leaves a thought that is big and strong, With a wish that is kind and true. For many has painted this perfect day, With colors that never fade, And we find, at the end of a perfect day, The soul of a friend we've made.

Who Made Them Up? As a matter of fact, I have seen somewhere a collection of nearly 50 counting-out rhymes in use in a single section, and most of them with variants. Of course, the children do not learn them from a printed collection, though. They are passed down through the generations by oral tradition. How old are they? Who made them up in the first place? Did you ever make one up, or assist in the process? Obviously, the man who was going to Salt Lake and met the rattlesnake was an American. That one must have been composed not only in this country, but since the discovery of the Great Salt Lake.

Engine number nine, Kick your head in turpentine, Turpentine makes it shine, Engine number nine, also betrays internal evidence of creation

BUT SO MANY THINGS CAN HAPPEN



THE FOLKLORE OF "COUNTING OUT"

Children's Games That Are Passed Down From Generation to Generation With Accompanying Rhymes for Use in Determining Who Is "It"—A Dispute Among Grown-ups

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

NOT long ago I was sitting one evening, just after dinner, on the outer balcony of a city club. The daylight still lingered in the street, and I was idly smoking and watching three little girls playing on the sidewalk across the way. A man I did not know was sitting near me. After a few moments he spoke.

"Funny thing," he said, "but those girls over there have invented a game. I've sat here evenings for two weeks now and watched its evolution. They've got it completed at last. I suppose hop-scotch and all the rest got invented some or other."

"Probably," said I. "But they seemed to have always been, didn't they?" "Sure," said he. "Funny how they get passed down the generations. I wonder if this new game will become a tradition, too?"

I have been wondering since if other games have not been invented in our congested modern cities, games which we as children know nothing about, games which are the result of the peculiar new environment. Possibly somebody has investigated the subject and written about it, but I haven't chanced to see the report. Will these games persist in tradition, as the old ones have persisted? The field is really a fertile one for somebody who loves curious and pleasantly unimportant subjects!

Variation and Vexation After the man on the balcony and I no longer had the new game to watch we fell to talking about games of our own childhood, and especially about counting out rhymes. We soon discovered that there evidently exists a considerable variation in these rhymes. Our discussion of one of them, in fact, nearly precipitated a quarrel. He said: Acker, backer, soda cracker, Acker, backer, boo! My father chews tobacco, he goes you.

"No," said I. "That is obviously wrong. It isn't the counter's father who indulges in the filthy habit, but the father of the person who is counted out. There is scorn in the line. You have completely missed the subtlety of this rhyme. Nor is the charge made directly. The third line goes this way: If your father chews tobacco, Out goes you."

"Not at all," said the other man. "In the days when that rhyme came into being there was no shame attached to the good old custom of chewing tobacco. The child, in fact, was rather proud to proclaim his parent's addiction to the weed. The line went as I quoted it."

"It did not," said I. "It did," said he. Unfortunately, there was no third party to whom we could appeal. Still, I know that I am right!

We were rather amazed as our memories got to working to find out how many counting-out rhymes we could recall between us. Some we agreed on, as the famous: Ene, mene, mini, mo, Catch a nigger by the toe, If he hollers let him go, Ene, mene, mini, mo.

But another on which we differed was this: As I was going to Salt Lake I met a little rattlesnake, He'd eat so much of jelly cake It made his little belly ache. The other man maintained stoutly that it was ginger cake the poor snake had eaten or, not wisely, but too well. This I held to be manifestly wrong, because one of the things most attractive about the rhyme, besides, of course, the excuse it gave for using the word "belly" in mixed company, was the delicious similarity of sound between "jelly cake" and "belly ache." Such similarities of sound appeal to children, as a good epigram appeals to adults or a good pun.

THE "CARPET-BAGGER" Discussion Aroused as to Origin of Phrase. Remarks on the Carpet Bag Itself. Says the Richmond News Leader, commenting on a recent article in this column: "George W. Douglas, in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, credits Doctor McKelway with having originated the term 'carpet-bagger' in politics, and first applied it to that ravenous horde of Northern Republicans who descended upon the South to prey upon her during reconstruction days. Mr. Douglas' story is that Doctor McKelway, who was noted for his opinionated and descriptive vocabulary, put up the term one night over a telegram from Washington announcing that the Administration had sent a number of Northern Republicans into the South, and that Stanton, then editor of the Philadelphia Ledger, had written an editorial on the subject. This Doctor McKelway did, captioning the article 'Carpet-bag Government,' and vigorously denouncing the policy."

Mr. Douglas' story is interesting, and no one will question that the incident occurred. But we are not so certain about his attribution. At any rate, our impression is that the first newspaper use of the term or phrase in designating the harpies referred to was in the old Richmond Enquirer, and from that paper others adopted it. The originator, however, was our member of the black and tan Underwood constitutional convention, which as to its majority of alien, scalawags and Negroes.

"Captain Farr was one of the quaintest characters that ever figured in politics, and in a descriptive as that of Doctor McKelway. In one of his speeches he illustrated Republican manipulation of the Negro with a toy he drew from his pocket. The toy consisted of a little darkey on a spring board that danced a jig step every time the board was tapped with the finger. Another he solemnly warned the convention against the fellow that 'swaked' down here with nothing but a black carpet bag. For, he

said, there was 'a snake in that bag' and it was that snake which started the use of the phrase in the newspapers.

"The late Dr. Joseph Brock, convention reporter for the Enquirer and Richmond correspondent for several outside papers, was quite fond of the suggestion. Thereafter in many of his reports he differentiated the members by attaching to their names, respectively, the letters 'C. B. M.', 'S.', 'N.' and 'W.' That is to say, he designated them severally as 'carpet-bag man (alien)', 'scalawag (Virginian)', 'negro' and 'whites,' or loyal Virginians."

The editor of the Springfield Republican rises to remark: "Discussions by more or less elderly people as to the origin of the phrase 'carpet-bagger' or 'carpet-bag government,' in the United States, doubtless would be still more enlightening to the younger generation if they told what the old-time carpet bag was made of. There are very young persons who never saw a carpet bag and who haven't the remotest idea how it was made."

"Carpet bags are not manufactured nowadays. Only in the garrets of our oldest families, possibly, can they be found solaced away hopefully into 'dark corners.' It is now amusing to read them, for they must have antedated the lined duster as a necessary article of travel. To be an educational as possible, one may say that a carpet bag was just a bag made of ordinary carpeting which was used 50 years ago precisely as a leather valise or suitcase is today. It was the simplest of receptacles, with an abnormally wide mouth. And its capacity for shirts, collars, stockings, underclothes and cold victrolas was enormous."

"Not long before the Civil War Edwin H. Stanton saw Abraham Lincoln on a hot day enter the lobby of a hotel in Cincinnati. His perspiring Lincoln wore a long linen duster and, as Stanton afterward described his future appearance, there was a big 'carpet-bag' on the back of the duster that looked like the map of Africa. Of course, Lincoln carried in his hand a carpet bag, although Stanton did not think it worth while to add that fact to his description. For every lawyer and politician when traveling in those days carried his carpet bag as personal luggage."

"Whether the late Editor McKelway, of the Brooklyn Eagle, was the first man to coin a historic political phrase out of 'carpet bag' is immaterial. It is likely that this literary ascription of Southern politics was made almost simultaneously by different political writers. Office-seeking Northerners going South to help govern that section in the period of reconstruction were naturally called carpet-baggers by the Southern people, because about all they took South was easily contained in their carpet bags. Although the original article is no longer to be bought and no longer figures in commerce, the phrases 'carpet-bagger' and 'carpet-bag government' doubtless last as long as the English language is spoken."

ON WITH THE SKATES To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I really don't know whether it is the proper thing or not to thank a newspaper for its editorial, but I think I will try to say that we feel deeply grateful for your "Welcome to the Ice Palace."

We have worked hard for a number of months to get this proposition down to lines that Philadelphia might accept, and you have so kindly and favorably commented on it as a balm and a stimulant. We wish further to thank you for that perfectly fine and accurate announcement you made, together with picture, in your edition of the 17th inst. I am, Sir, Z. U. DODGE, Philadelphia, August 20.

GOVERNOR HARRIS' OPPORTUNITY To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—A good many years ago a sturdy Governor of Wisconsin not possessed of much "book learning" was asked what led him to take a very courageous stand on a certain important issue. He replied: "I seen my duty and I done it." That remark of Jeremiah M. Rusk amazed the nation as much as his act had won the applause of the people. It was a great opportunity. We do not care how badly he may outrage the rules of syntax, we do expect him to be a man. If he fails to obey the solemn call he took less than two months ago, when he took the torches carried by the murderers of Leo Frank will light him down in dishonor to the latest generation. If he shall admit by inaction that the great Commonwealth cannot punish so dastardly an affront to its honor and dignity, he will do his State a greater injury than did the cowardly mob. What would Alexander H. Stevens, Vice President of the Confederacy and a REAL Governor of Georgia, have done? Philadelphia, August 19. S. O. M.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Cotton as contraband will at least fare no worse in the war area than it does now.—New York World.

The first woman jitney driver has appeared in Washington. Before long they'll carry Congress.—New York Evening Sun.

"Turks Recapture Van From the Russians." In preparation for the moving season which is near.—New York Evening Post.

Being an old man and having now become accustomed to a state of war, Carranza naturally objects to anything which might compel him to change his settled habits.—Chicago Herald.

There is ample room for partisanship in the political campaign of the country, and the American citizens of all parties indulge themselves as partisans to the limit during these campaigns, but there is one field, one sphere in which they positively prohibit partisanship, and that is the sphere of defense for our entire country.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Washington Government is working with the utmost sincerity to annulate the conditions established by the informal blockade of Germany. It will continue to protest against a policy which is both unprecedented and unjustifiable. But in this endeavor it will scarcely be either spurred or deterred by the statements of Senator Smith and his associates to subordinate national objectives to the desires of the cotton growers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.