# Evening & Ledger

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carrier, Danz Onix, ets cents. By mail, poetpaid side of Philadelphia, except where foreign poetage splitted, Daltz Oniz, one month, twenty-five cents; it Oxiz, one year, three dollars. All mail splitted in advance. The physical payable in advance. The Timberthers who ing address changed must call as well as new address. KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000

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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1918.

It is safer as well as more righteous to err on the side of mercy.

#### "UNWILLING TO SCHOOL?"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was certainly no authority on the matter, has gone on record with the statement that he schoolboy, endowed with a shining mornhig face, creeps unwilling to school. So for uries a slander has persisted.

Arrant nonsense, Mr. Shakespeare, For hree weeks "school" has been played on front porches and back lawns. For ten days others have been besought to buy penciloxes and pads. For five days conversation has been limited to "teacher" and "physiogy" and "fourth grade." And it hasn't been girls alone.

When school opens today the morning face will shine more brightly because another year has begun. The schoolboy may be newhat in the dark concerning our great stem of public education, but he knows where he gets his fun.

#### AN INDISCRETION, NOT A CRIME

THE Dumba affair, following on and comcating the relations between this country and Germany, has not yet developed into cause for a break with Austria-Hungary. It is at this moment a startling and very inhappy diplomatic indiscretion. It will make cordial intercourse with the Ambassador's country perceptibly more difficult. The Ambassador will have plenty of time to explain, and will probably need it.

Un to a certain point Ambassador Dumba acted within his rights. He was authorized by international law to warn subjects of his Government that their aid to the Allies wild be construed as treachery to their ie land. He could with propriety urge

subjects to withdraw from munitions als, and could threaten if urgings were coffective. Had he chosen to do so, he might have asked the Department of State to corroborate his demands.

The letter which Doctor Dumba wrote contains, however, certain phrases which indionte that he has passed beyond the proper activities of an Ambassador, "We can diserganize and hold up for months, if not entirely prevent, the manufacture of munitions and the Middle West," run this document. How? The withdrawal of all subjects of Austria and Germany might organize and hold up," but could not, nder any conceivable circumstances, "entirely prevent" the manufacture of muni-The Ambassador must have had other methods in mind. Until he discloses those methods, or puts a fair and honest construcon on the words he has written, the country will suspend judgment. It will be none less suspicious, and Ambassador Dumba would do well to hasten his reply before icion turns to active resentment against and his country.

# WITTON AS AN ELIMINATOR

RESIDENT WILSON is likely to enjoy a momentary, if not a permanent, fame s the Great Eliminator. He began his eer in Washington by deciding to eliminte Huerta, and he succeeded after some nthe, to the delight of all who are deshied with his Mexican policy. Then, withut any preliminary warnings to the nation, nated Bryan, and sent him sliding on greased plank straight into the centre of he congenial Chautauqua circles. Now there are rumors abroad that he has succeeded in inating Von Tirpitz from the German admiralty, thereby showing that his powers are not bounded by a single continent. It has long been admitted that he has eliminsted all rivals for the presidential nomnation next year. But unless he shows creat discretion this winter he will be in grave danger of eliminating both himself and his party, for the nation is not like the ok in the story of the man who wanted he eggs eliminated from his order. Its nator is in good working condition.

# EDISON IS RIGHT

WIE indirect reply of Thomas A. Edison to an invitation from Messrs. Henry Ford a John Wanamaker is like a clean, of air after the stifling stillness of the The invitation was to a conferat which, it is to be expected, Mr. Ford

eve, from the facts before us." ir. Edison, "that we should have in up-to-date war machinery and manufacturing especify than sation ever had or will bave." ble statement surely is, and unthis statement surely is, and un-tie. It is, however, an excess of wis-her than of folly. There is no neces-this sountry to outstrip every other all that is necessary is enough to b our enemits. When we have that stee will not be so likely to attack

has yet been known single efficiency will be a futile thing. Mr. Edison is willing to "take a chance that we can put men behind this machinery." The better way would be to provide the men and the machine and take no chances.

He is a little wrong, but he is very much right in his basic belief in preparedness. He has, in a fine way, given his fellow-men a lesson in patriotism.

#### "THIS ONE THING I DO"

TT WOULD be necessary to search long and far to find a better motto for the men who are behind the greater Philadelphia movement than the words which stand at the head of this article. No big business was ever developed the managers of which wabbled in their determination to make it succeed. No nation every grew great without the determination of its leading spirits that it should not remain little.

The men who have been studying the reasons for the ability of the Germans to hold their own so long against the united opposition of three great Powers and two little ones have found it in the consistent and persistent pursuit of a single ideal for a quarter of a century. The dominating power in the German Empire has directed all its energies to fostering German patriotism and to perfecting the means by which Germany could not only defend herself, but could assert herself in the crists which was clearly foreseen. "This one thing I do" has been at the back of all the thinking of the constructive German statesmen for a generation. As a result we see today this Power waging war upon its neighbors and successfully confining the conflict to foreign soil, where its enemies and not it must suffer from the devastations. Say what we may of the German cause, German efficiency commands the admiration of all men, save those given over to unmittigated hatred of Germany and everything German.

What Philadelphia needs to lift her from the third to the second city in the Union is unity of purpose and concert of action in support of a great and comprehensive plan of commercial expansion. Individual business men have done for their own enterprises what all should unite in doing for the city as a whole. The decision to mark manufactured goods as "made in Philadelphia" is good so far as it goes. But the work should not be stopped there. Along with this label others should be used enjoining business men to "ship from Philadelphia" and to "ship to Philadelphia," to "buy in Philadelphia" and "sell in Philadel-

And while the business men as such are engaged in this work they and the rest of the citizens can justify a growing pride in their community by redoubling their efforts to improve the political, moral and intellectual standards of the city. When our public school system is a model for the nation, when our public library attracts scholars here from neighboring States, and when municipal reformers come here to learn how to cure the festering evils in other cities, the work preasing to be done will be in a fair way of accomplishment

This is a great city, but it must be made greater. There is no doubt that the alert business men who are returning to their homes at the close of the vacation season as marked by Labor Day have been thinking of these things and are prepared to carry on a campaign this winter the like of which has not enlivened the city for a

# THE ILLUMINATING PARALLEL

F ANY one is in doubt as to the duty of the United States Government to protect its citizens wherever they may be engaged in any legitimate enterprise of trade or pleasure he would better consider what sort of conditions would prevail in Philadelphia if the police force refused to rescue an in nocent citizen from the hands of a gang of thugs for fear the officers might soil their uniforms or get their knuckles bruised. The nation must insist on respect for treaties as the police insist on respect for public order.

And Labor played harder than it ever works.

There are better ways of disciplining a young woman than killing her.

Indignant citizen wants to rhyme "Dumba"

with "Governor of Pennsylvania."

The echoes from Root's invisible government speech continue to reverberate.

Most of us would think we were punished enough if we had to eat half a basket of The Russians have abandoned Dago, says

a headline. Sounds like the breaking up of the Allies. No one envies Mr. Wilson these days; but thank heaven! a number of critics have

grown silent, too. The Friends of Peace are sometimes made strangely happy by an episode of war-if the

Kalser comes off ahead. Those ballot boxes, now being distributed for the primary elections, are admirably adapted for canning the unpopular candi-

Great Britain, with her 2,000,000 army in France, is still holding 34 miles of front. But 2,000,000 men ought to be able to hold 24 miles square!

dates.

Germans, according to the Vossische Zeitung, are unanimous in desiring friendly relations with America. Americans unanimously reciprocate the feeling.

Alphonso must be fond of sausages or his purveyer of groundhog would not announce that he is in America to buy 40 tons of casings, "many of which will contain sausages to be eaten by the King."

When the Hesperian went down a Cana-man soldier blinded in battle, regained his aight from the shock of falling in the water. it is hoped that the outrage will make the German advocates of the submarine policy

### "COUNTING OUT"-WITH VARIATIONS

The "Ene. Mene" Rhymes Go Many Ways, But They All Lead Back to the Games of Everybody's Childhood

### By W. A. LAREDE

"COUNTING out rhymes"—these chants of ful, mysterious and far diffused poetry of youth. To childish use they are never confined, but they were when the race was young; they root deeply back in the past.

Most familiar of counting out rhymes are those motivated in "eeny, meeny." In some localities the left-motif is pronounced as if spelt "eena meena." A recent correspondent transliterates the burden in a third way. "ene, mene." The norm is:

> Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, Catch a nigger by the toe. If he hollers, let him go: Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo.

The correspondent's version in Ene, mene, miny, mo, Catch a nigger by the toe. If he asks to let him go, Make him holler "miny, mo."

Rejection of the refrain plainly indicates less antiquity for this form.

#### Hoosier Catalexis

Variant readings show that the "eeny, meeny" school of poetry is still a living organism, and offers a field for the research of the curious. But the old forms are more interesting, less conscious.

Another correspondent quotes the following, with a variation in the refrain:

> Ene, mene, mone, ml, Huska, lana, bona, stri, Hulda, gulda, BOO!

Elsewhere this is used to "count out": Eeny, meeny, mony, ml, Tunker, liner, boner, stry,

Huldy, guldy, goo, though "boo" is sometimes the ultima, the one receiving the syllable being "out."

In Indiana, we are told by a Hoesier author between novels, that this is the favored form of the "eeny, meeny" legend: Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, crackaffeeny, finy fo, Opitoojer, popitoojer, rick, bick, ban, do.

Note the swell and surge of the line. The practiced metrician will find in it catalexis. syncope and all the fearsome figures found in the prosody section at the stub end of the grammar book.

Down in Louisiana the "kids" have much the same form, except that the rhythmic movement is more sonorous, with the substitution of "ominoucha, poopitoucha," singularly reminiscent of the metre celebrating the exploits of the Finn giant, Kaleva, a metre transferred by Longfellow to his narration of Hiawatha's career. Sailing around the Gulf from the bayous and creoles and okra, brought to memory by "omlnoucha, poopitoucha," we get to the Cotton Belt, where the variant is "appaloochee, popatoochee," terms also with memories, memories of unpronounceable and almost unremembered rivers and creeks of the "joggerfy" of the Southern States.

Another rhyme from those far off, happy days, begins with the familiar "eeny, meeny," and continues:

Happy, hoppy, hippy, ho, Ram, scram, mullica man, Bo, Bo, Bo,

the last "bo" meaning "it" in hide-and-seek and "out" in counting for the so-called "ring games." It derives from the West Virginia mountains, at least the boy who brought it to Delaware came thence. His brother had the alternative "medicine man," but he was older and a reader of wild and woolly yellowbacks, which Edward S. Ellis used to write under a nom de plume. This "Injun" in reading is too mature for the juvenility that "counts out."

Mark Twain said there were three root jokes—at least they say Mark Twain said it and James Hunsker has made a valid demonstration of the seven plots of drama-or was it thirty-seven? So far as is known to the present writer there are two motifs in "eeny, meeny" poetry, the one that gives name to the school and the "ickery Ann" theme.

The norm seems to be:

One-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann, Phillison, phollison, Nicholas, John; Quevy, quavy, English navy,

Vestiges of a love lyric, with the sentiment worn to attrition, are visible here. Sometimes the feminine name is "Nan." Maybe the sense of tragedy brooded over the original; note the monnikers of two rivals. But this is all surmise. Compare-as the savants say-this with a

Winnery, wannery, accory, ham, Phillosy, pholilsy, Nicholas, jam, Queby, quorby, Irish Mary, Stinkum, stankum, buck.

Common source is certain, but the deviation is marked. The lines move swiftly-the last smacks of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's. Probably the spelling of "phillison" or "phillisy" is too literary, too, but there is nothing of the affected about the quatrain. It is ingenuous, by and large.

But what sounding words they are, how rotund, how ample, what a mouthful!

# On "The Birth of a Nation"

The same cannot be said for this, which is blamed on Michigan, though it hath a sound of "carpet baggers" and the Southland during Reconstruction:

Boilika, bublika, devil-a-pot, Boilika, bublika, hellika lot; Boil hlack blood of big black man, Boilika, bublika, Ku Klux Klan.

This is a pretty study in alliteration, but it is the neologism of maturity. It has a sophistication which goes not belong to the authentic specimen of the school. It does not sound as if Lewis Carroll had written it. And that is as near a criterion as moderns can get to judge the historicity or prehistoricity of the mystic, magic survivals of the childhood of the race, now the verbal playthings of real romping childhood.

Green temples, closed against the best Of noentime's blinding glars and heat, Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road bileters in the sun; Now, half the weary journey done, Enter and rest. O weary one!

and feel the dew of dawn still wet Bensath thy feet, and so forget The burning highway's ache and fret.



# THE KITCHEN STERNLY INDICTED

Andy McGilligan Presents An Argument for Woman Suffrage as He Discourses on the Cooking Combine and the Value of Trusts-An Anachronism Awaiting Its Edison

TAST evening I called on my friend, Mr. McGilligan. His wife has been away for the summer. So has mine.

The minute I got in the door Andy and I exchanged a look of profound sympathy and

He took me out to his kitchen, where I be-

held an impressive pile of stewpans, skillets and dishes, the whole neatly crowned by a coffee-pot. "There," said Andy, with a fitting gesture,

"is the whole argument for equal suffrage or anything else they want. Let's have a amoke. Andy and his cigar lighted up simultaneously. I don't know of anybody who is

more completely the American citizen than Andy. He is an epitome of the United States. His observations on that account have always seemed to me irrefutable law. They certainly seemed to me so last evening. His mind was full of skillets, even as mine. "Often," said Andy, "I have told my wife that woman's place is in the home. Often she has told me that household cares are an unmitigated bore and drudgery. I believe I

have always agreed with her on that point. I could afford to, for business is pretty much the same thing. The great moments, the moments when you rake in a profit really worth while, don't come every day. The rest of the thing is just plain, tame routine. I've said as much to my wife. I was perfectly willing to agree with her when she came right back and said that her routine was a leetle mite worse than mine. But I never gave her that whole-souled, complete accord, that unconditional surrender, that I have since I've had to slick up that pile of skillets and dishes twice this summer.

#### Eating 15th Century Meals "You and I. Blank," said Andy, "are living

in the twentieth century. Our wives are still living-and still working-in the fifteenth. "You know yourself how you'd roar if you had to lick your own stamps at the office, or sweep out, or shoe away the book agents. We have office boys to do that. But our wives are their own office boys to this day.

volt and want the earth. They deserve it. "They've been sent to college. They've had their minds and their desires licked up to meet the complicated interests of these times. We train them for emything else on earth except the one worst thing on earth there is left to do. They're the most intellectual office boys in captivity. Captivity,

By George, it's no wonder they are in re-

"In the outside world we have introduced every possible invention of the mind of man to lighten work, to speed up production, to save human strength. Imagine what would happen if I tried to take my shoe factory back to the old hand methods! Where would I be in one week! Well, I'm the man that keeps that shoe factory going. I myself am kept going by my kitchen. And at the very basis of all this progress of ours there's no progress whatever. I'm manufacturing shoes in the twentleth, but I'm eating my meals in the fifteenth.

"I tell you, the kitchen is a survival of the Dark Ages. We have deliberately permitted it to be what it is. I tell you, the kitchen is calling for its Edison, its Westinghouse, its Henry Ford, for any man who can make it a contemporary of the times." "But what would you have him do?" said

L appalled before this stern indictment. "Do!" said Andy. "Do for the kitchen at least as much as we have done for dentistry! A hundred years ago, when the world and the kitchen were younger, we used to read by candles. And made our own candles, at that. When you and I came into this room, what did I do? I turned an electric switch and Edison gave us light."

# Dinners by Wire

"But you don't expect Edison to give you your dinner and wash your dishes by the turn of a switch?" said I, aghast.

"Why not?" said Andy. "If one Edison could knock out the candle, why can't some other Edison knock out the stewpot and the

"I see," said L "You want your dinner sent to you over a wire. But doesn't nature stand in the way? You may hear over a wire and see over a wire. But how eat over a wire?" The thing struck me as absurd, and I intimated as much.
"Don't be stily, Blank," srid he. "The thing is feasible, and I'm perfectly serious

about it. If we have a central lighting plant, why not a central cooking plant? It's being started already. A London department store -run by an American, by the way-has begun to advertise neatly cooked dinners, served at your door, piping hot, by speedy autotruck delivery. The menus are attractive and the prices are low. Can't you see the cost of living reduced by some gigantic cooking combine, able to buy its oysters by the million, its steaks by the ton and buying on short time and large discounts? All

"It's a glittering prospect," I admitted. "But," I grudged, "what about the poetry of the home and all that sort of thing?"

the economies of big business are possible

in the cooking industry. And your dishes

called for by the same autovan next morn-

ing. Why not?"

"Won't the poetry of the home get its chance only when you've knocked out the prose of the home?" he came back at me. "Poetry!" he sneered. "Just look over the situation. When I come home tired and the steak is tough. I intimate as much to my wife. Couldn't I really curse it out much more effectively if I were railing against some Rockefeller of the roast? One reason why the American people tolerate the trusts is in order to have something to flail, something to 'indict.' Would the evening be spoilt and my wife made unhappy if I brought the responsibility of that tough steak right straight to the door of the cooking combine?

# Shakespeare and the Coffee Pot

"Besides, the chances of a tough steak would be fewer. The combine would be able to buy its steaks by the carload, 'hang' them till they were 'green' and cook them when they were tender. They might have bargain sales in steaks. They might own their own radish farms. I see in my mind's eye a whole State planted in radishes by the cooking combine. They might buy up the sardine output. They'd employ cooks better than you and I could afford to hire. We'd have Ritz-Carlton fare right in our own homes, even on Monday evening. They'd corner the watermelon crop a year in advance. We'd hear of futures in beets and carrots. They'd have schools for waiters You might have sent to you, along with your meal, a waiter able to spring a few vaudeville bits or talk a little Plato.

"And meanwhile," said Andy, in italics, "the burden of planning the meals, of keeping your cook sweet-natured, of seeing the dishes well washed, would be gone from the house-and gone from the world. Poetry? Poetry would come in at the door, along with the dinner from central. I would uproot the kitchen entirely!" Andy declaimed. "Pd send it back to the Pharaoha, where it belongs. I tell you, I marvel at the patience of women. They have stood still in the kitchen and watched us pass on. Why do we have the servant problem? Because of the kitchen. Why do we have so much divorce? The kitchen's largely to blame. Our poor women live with one hand on Shakespeare and the other on the coffee pot. Their aspirations soar to the clouds, while their feet are in the kitchen sink. They cry for emancipation. Emancipation from what? From the lard can and the dishrag. Where was the equal suffrage movement born? In the pantry. Giving them the bal-lot is a mere trifle. The important thing is not what we give them, but what we take away. Pluck out that foul spot, the kitchen, from the fair lap of civilization. Every rung on the ladder of women's success is slippery with kitchen grease. \* \* \*"

Andy was still talking on like that when I left at 12 o'clock. But I will say that I agree with him.

# WHEN THE HALTER DRAWS

WHEN THE HALTER DRAWS

Those who are directly or indirectly hurt by the activities of a fearless and efficient public official always believe or affect to believe that they are the victims of official persecution. Nor does the tendency to criticism stop with them. The public official who soes about discharging his duty without fear or favor must be prepared to be liberally criticised from numerous other quarters. There are those to whom the spectacle of vigorous action in public officials always for some reason unpleasant. They find in it a savor of tyranny or persecution or high-handed in fustice or discrimination between the various "classes" of society or somening equally unpleasant.

Such sitisons see very classive the difficulties of the prisoner in the dock and the sorrow and humiliation of his tamity. What they full the see, as a rais, is the difficulties to which society as a whole will be put it such man are allowed.

to go unchecked. They feel keenly the pains and penalties to which the individual in the hands of the law may be subjected. But the pains of the great mass of citizens who may be left exposed to lawless outrages is not so prominently before their vision.

However, these are assuredly in the minority.

Over and against these is the great body of sober, sensible and humane citizens who look at things a little more in the large; who are just as humane as anybody, but a little more wide in their view of the situation. And these citizens, as has been shown time and again, will always rally to the public official who does his duty as he sees it.—Chicago Herald.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Senator Boles Penrose's denunctation of the short ballot was just the indorsement it needed Springfield Republican.

We see that it is much easier to begin a war than to end it, and that is a truth which the American people might ponder with profit.-In-Public opinion in this country will not fail

to justify vigorous measures by our Govern-ment for the restoration of peace and order is northern Mexico.—Hartford Post. Maybe when Freedom shricked in Poland at Kosciusko's fall she foresaw that Poland might become an "independent buffer State" between Germany and Russia.-Kansas City Star.

After this cruel was is over there will be international and industrial arbitration established. Both of these great reforms are born of the same parents—the love of truth, the love of justice and the love of humanity.—Ohio State

Other States should copy New York. There should be legislative records as there is a Con-gressional Record, carrying full details of all that is attempted and accomplished in the matter of law making, and giving every citizen a chance to inform himself, if so disposed, of what is going on in the different fields of legis-lative endeavor.—Washington Star.

# AMUSEMENTS

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