

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1915.

There's no doubt at all that many things grow in a garden that were not sowed there.

Disgrace of Georgia

WHETHER Frank was guilty of murder or not, Georgia is disgraced by the occurrences at Milledgeville last night. The mob violence that threatened the Governor when he commuted the death sentence and the murderous attack upon Frank in the prison, together with the excited state of public sentiment, ought to have warned the authorities of impending danger. Frank was in the custody of the State, and all its power ought to have been exercised to protect him and by protecting him to assert the ability of the Commonwealth to enforce its decrees.

But it was possible for a company of 25 men to force their way into the prison, overpower the guards, drag Frank by the heels to a waiting automobile, carry him 20 miles from the prison, tie a rope about his neck and hang him to a tree.

Were the prison authorities parties to the plot? Did they connive with the mob leaders to deliver the man to them? Their neglect properly to guard him could not have been more complete if they had deliberately planned to make a jail delivery easy.

Not only the State of Georgia but the whole country is disgraced by this outrage on justice. Frank was on trial in the first place, but the action of the mob has now brought the Government of Georgia before the bar, charged with the crime of wilful neglect.

Starting the Free Library

THANKS to Mayor Blankenburg, work on the new building for the Free Library is to begin as soon as specifications can be drawn and contracts awarded. The preliminary plans are so far advanced that little time will be needed to get the drawings in shape for submission to the bidders. It is hoped that actual work can begin early in the autumn.

"Vegetables and Such"

THE glut of vegetables in city markets is having an unexpected effect in the city of St. Louis. The reaction of this effect is to stimulate the oversupply, as witness the following from the sporting page:
A doubleheader was witnessed by a storm of pop-bottles and cucumbers directed against Empire Byron. . . . Byron escaped the missiles, but the game was delayed five minutes while a dozen field hands cleared the diamond of the bottles and cucumbers.

Our Hereditary Aristocracy

NEITHER Constitution nor statute laws can deprive our hereditary aristocracy of its privileges. Those privileges are inherent in their physical and mental structure, and are manifested, along about this season, by a violent sneezing, a running at the nose and nose, and in other unmistakable ways. The great hay fever elect are now enjoying their enviable distinction, for do not the books declare that the disease is most prevalent among persons of considerable intellectual development who live in the towns? The countryman and the dullard are immune.

Distractions of a Summer's Day

Sounds From Far and Near Harmonize in a Delightful Obligato to the Blue and Gold and Freshness of Sky and Field

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IN SUMMER I write every morning in a summer house at the extreme rear of my garden—a house which is, in reality, a cowshed converted by Virginia creepers, side trellises, great openings sawed in all four sides, and a small plaster cast of a section of the Parthenon frieze, painted with white enamel paint to resist the rain!

But I find it difficult to work out of doors, even in the summer. There are so many distractions! I am far from the telephone. I cannot even see the butcher's cart when it enters the place, let alone hearing the callers planning a suffrage campaign with my wife. An apple orchard and a hedge of Japanese willow protect me from the nearest road. Behind, my own potato field goes down to a tamarack swamp. In front of me my trellis of clematis, with a rose arch in the center, shuts out all but a glimpse of the garden pool, and just now the beds of larkspur and pink Canterbury bells beyond. No callers are allowed to come back here to disturb me. Yet I am disturbed incessantly by the tiny clamors of little things, making their sweet, insidious appeal for attention.

"Chick-a-dee" With One "Dee"
There is, for instance—or, rather, there has been—a chick-a-dee's nest on my very summer house, in a box tacked there to attract the wrens. All my life I have desired to have a chick-a-dee's nest under observation, and this year my wish was granted. Every morning while Mrs. Chick-a-dee was sitting on her eggs I saluted her when I came down to work. Standing in front of the little gray bird box I would whistle, very softly, the chick-a-dee love call, and out would pop her pretty little black head, and she would look with sharp eyes first in one direction, then in the other, pretending all the while she was looking for her mate and didn't know I was there at all.

Then, after I had settled down, and had just got a paragraph well under way, Mr. Chick-a-dee would appear with a worm or bug in his mouth to feed her, and I would have to lay down my pen to watch him. First he would perch on a twig 20 or 30 feet away, and without dropping the food from his mouth, say "chick-a-dee" two or three times very softly—a pretty, wry, or thrilling sound. He never on any occasion added the remaining "dee-dee-dees" of the familiar call. After repeating his announcement he would then fly to a strip of the trellis, beside the bird box, and sitting there once more give his wry little "chick-a-dee," meanwhile never opening his beak enough to drop the bug or little worm, and keeping his eyes roving in all directions. Then he would suddenly give a hop to the perch below the hole in the box, transfer the food to the waiting bill of his wife, who would have her head out ready, and depart. A few minutes later I would hear him singing off somewhere in the distance, as if to reassure his wife that he was still on the job.

The Oriole at the Bath

Another disturber of my labors is a bluebird whose family inhabits a box in my neighbor's yard, but who prefers to hunt in mine. I can never resist watching the flash of his blue wings over the flower beds. Still another disturber is a Baltimore Oriole. He feeds in the orchard, swallowing down a bug or caterpillar and then fairly dancing on a spray while he emits a musical grace after meal. His liquid, ringing song, which can be easily imitated, is omnipresent over my garden, and when he gets tired of eating he goes to the bird bath, where I can hear him splashing, and so am forced to leave my work and sneak up through the rose arch to watch him. Getting into the shallow water, he lifts his body jerkily forward till his vivid breast goes under; then he ducks his head. Then he straightens up and flaps his brilliant wings, sending out little silver splatters on the flowers below. Finally, he hops to the edge of the bath, shakes himself, flies to a nearby twig, shakes himself again and sings. I imitate him and he answers me, and so we talk for five minutes.

Sometimes a yellow butterfly invades my privacy, fluttering across my vision to attract attention, and then winging in circles over the potato field or the flower beds. I watch it in its flight.

The butterfly departs presently, and I can work again—until I chance to look up and see a great cumulus heaped behind the hill beyond my tamarack swamp, a cloud like the piled snow summits of some great mountain range. It scarcely moves in the blue sky. I admire its puffs and billows, the exquisite modeling of light and shade, the pink, pearly tints on its edges.

What the Ant Led To

When I look back at my paper an ant is crawling over it. The ant makes me think of my young apple trees set out this spring, for the ants crawl up young apple trees and evidently devour the green aphids on the leaves. Have my new trees any aphids? I must get up and investigate. Yes, they have. I must get the hose and spray them off. Back at last at my table I am free to resume my work, and another paragraph gets completed. Then I hear a meadow lark, or even, perhaps a wood thrush, and arrested by the sound pause to listen, and my ear catches clearly the various notes of the summer day, which so often we hear without hearing, and would only be aware of if they stopped altogether. I hear the tinkle of my chick-a-dee, the gay, masterful song of the oriole, the squabble of two quarrelsome robins, the full-throated call of a song sparrow, the faint wash of the breeze in the tree tops, the shrill, fairy under-song of the little things in the grass. I hear, too, the far off cry of children playing, the bay of a dog, the purr of a motor climbing the hill into what a delicious obligato to the blue and gold softness and freshness of a summer day all these sounds blend and harmonize! To sink back and just listen—to feel the touch of the breeze on your cheek, to watch the great, lazy, beautiful white cloud, to smell the warm accents of the garden—that is better than working!

But I cannot sink back in my chair. It has no back! I have to use that kind of self-protection (which means protection from self). So I refill my pipe, call myself various insulting names, take a fresh grip on my powers of concentration and once more set to work.

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"MEBBE THEY'LL DO FOR ROUGH WORK, BUT I'LL NEVER FEEL 'DRESSED UP' IN 'EM!"



ADDENDA TO "SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS"

More Examples of Young Ideas That Missed Fire—Evidence That Sometimes the Boy Is Humorous Rather Than Helpless—Skepticism Concerning the Cherry Tree Tale

By HILBERT HILDRETH

THERE'S no doubt about it, "Howlers," especially schoolboy "howlers," exercise a wondrous fascination upon the general mind. The fact is proved by the far journeyings of the collections of schoolboy "howlers" recently published in these columns and by the epistolary response which their publication has evoked.

It's like telling stories—the other fellow is always ready to tell another, perhaps a better one than your own. Unquestionably the supply of schoolboy "howlers" is inexhaustible, and every teacher who keeps a diary of humor possesses a store of fun-provokers hard to beat. I embrace the opportunity of passing on a few bits of delightful misinformation reported to me by readers of the previous articles.

From the director of the School of Fine Arts of a Western university comes a letter containing a welcome contribution to the subject of examination answers. The question, "What was a saga?" in the course of the "History of Music," brought forth widely differing views. One answer read as follows:

"A saga was a pitiless warrior but a kind and loving husband." As the director remarks, "This embryo Carreno evidently thought of a Viking."

Another response ran thus: "A saga was made of wood and brass, held on the left knee and played with the right hand."

Of such stuff is made the criticism of unpreparedness for college.

Why Are the Feet?

In a public school this spring the following question was presented to the pupils for consideration:

"What do you know about the care of the feet?"

Teacher is said to have been somewhat suspicious, thinking that perhaps a misprint had occurred in the list of questions. "Care of the feet" seemed almost vulgar. Verification was obtained over the telephone, however, and the youngsters tackled their job.

One pupil wrote exhaustively: "The feet are the extreme end of the body opposite the head of which there are two. The feet are tender. Some have corns and some have aches and whatever you do don't think that the feet are an unimportant part of the body. What could we do without feet? We couldn't walk. The dog is a quadruped but the man is a biped. Feet consist of ten toes, and a heel. Walking is such a good exercise and keeps the digestum in such good working order that it is not good to have the feet so sore that they cannot walk."

A little girl, in this crisis, drew upon her knowledge of mythology:

"The feet are so necessary that Achilles was weak in the ankle and that was the only place that they could kill him in. If he had strong feet he would not have been hurt."

While we're on the subject of physiology and hygiene a reminder of its relation to economics is appropriate:

"Tight clothing is not only unartistic and not stylish, but it is bad for growing boys and girls. My mother bought me a dress when I was eight years old, and before I was nine it didn't fit. It is therefore good that clothes should be large enough so that growing children don't have to have new dresses too often. It is also important that we should eat nourishing food. Peanuts are not only unwholesome but useless to the gastric juice."

We should miss something if we overlooked the information vouchsafed by other members of the physiology class:

"The digestive system consists of the artillery canal."

"The eyes are located in the obituary cavity."

A Humorist of Conservation

Conservation, a subject of which we all heard much a few years ago, is revived by a young humorist:

"Don't make whistles out of the maples. Nature intended that only the wind should blow through them. Don't sit on the tip-top and weakest branch. It is unhealthy for the tree and not always the best thing for

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THE boy. No matter what part you fall on, it is always likely to get hurt."

History, as the study of the lives of great men, is a prolific source of schoolboy "howlers."

"Major Hale," we are told, "said Sic semper tyrannus which is Latin and means I am sorry I have but one life to give up for my country. And then they hung him and everybody was sorry for him because he was such a young man and so patriotic."

Another hero who serves as a mark for the wild shots of the embattled schoolboy is Ben Franklin. "Benjamin Franklin," wrote a ten-year-old biographer, "was born in Philadelphia. He worked hard as a boy as well as as a man. He was the inventor of the kite, the stove, public libraries, lightning and electricity."

What was it Patrick Henry said? "Give me liberty or death. Is life so sweet? Well sirs then make the best of it."

Hacking at History

The well-known story of the cherry tree is told with variations in a group of "exam" papers from which a history teacher quotes:

"Abe Lincoln was the 16th President of the United States and freed the slaves. His father never told a lie and said to his son Abe, Abe never told a lie and Abe said all right father I will. His father had a cherry tree. Abe cut it down just for fun and his father caught him doing it and to see if Abe would tell the truth he said, who cut down my cherry tree? And Abraham Lincoln spoke up and said I did it father. I did it with my hatchet but I'll never do it again."

Skepticism begins early if we may judge from the following example of precocity:

"They tell so many funny stories about great men that I don't believe half of them. George Washington might have been a great man but even if his father really did have a cherry tree and he cut it down George would maybe have lied just the same as anybody else."

If this is startling what about the cynicism of the boy who wrote, "If President Washington was so good as to never tell a lie he never would have been President?"

"How do we know that he ever chopped down a cherry tree?" inquires another commentator. "Just because a thing is in a book is no reason why it is right. It might be that the thing wasn't worth anything anyway and George Washington knew his father would not thrash him anyway and so he didn't care about telling the truth. That's if he really did chop down a cherry tree."

To abandon all attempt at classification, here are some other gems:

"Plants take in oxygen occasionally but always take in nitrogen at night."

"The life of the bees in the hive is indeed a communal one; for they communicate all the time by buzzing or rubbing their antennae together."

"The moon rose over the treetops and transfixed the night into day."

"Diffusion of gases is the odor in an ice-box."

A sharp piece of literary criticism is the remark of a high school student:

"The author of a story must frequently insert a pleasant description in order to pacify the reader."

Getting Back at Teacher

To pacify the schoolboy it should be said that he is not the only person who commits "howlers." Teachers or would-be teachers flounder in the river of doubt. At least it would seem so from excerpts from papers submitted by applicants for teachers' licenses in Tennessee, as quoted in the New York Tribune:

"The amount of rainfall required for general agriculture is 14 feet."

"That the earth is round was discovered by John on 'the Isle of Patmos.'"

"Ashville is well noted on account of being a submarine fort."

"Gibraltar is a ledge of rocks and are generally used by insurance companies, corporations and others in depicting their strength safety."

"Corps is a noun in the passive case because it denotes passion."

"The closing of a letter is the manner in which you excuse yourself."

"A copulative verb is one which couples; example: A frog's head is fastened to its body."

"The first part about a business letter is its subject and predicate."

"The parts of a business letter are: 1, date; 2, introduction; 3, body; 4, signature; 5, postscript and place for other sentences."

"Pilgrims means people that run about."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as pilgrims' progress."

"The Mexican War was caused by the turning over of the spirit."

"The reason Taft was not elected in 1912 was that the Republican party separated him."

"The chief events between 1765 and 1777 leading to the American Revolution was the Alien and Sedition Laws, and the seceding of the States from the Union."

"McBeth was a romance of noble people. Lady MacBeth was of common or undertone. This great sadness arose; and all interest died."

A SUMMER THOUGHT

The Interstate Commission has ordered the haulage of anthracite railroads to reduce their rates on coal. And we hope it makes them dig the clinkers out of the grate next—Grand Rapids Press.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

It is unpreparedness of the rabbit that keeps it on the run. But are our American legs as efficient as the rabbit's?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Judge Gary's "private information" that peace in Europe is at hand would give more general satisfaction if it were a great deal less private.—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Wilson's note to Austria will come as a clear and timely warning to that class of busy incendiaries who propose to carry their campaign into Congress when that body assembles in December.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Friends of J. Hampton Moore have been giving careful consideration to the possibility that his service as Mayor of Philadelphia would result in greater loss to the cause of better water-ways than the nation can afford to sustain.—Washington Star.

Live, not paper, soldiers are wanted when the State or Nation has need of them. It is altogether natural that Mr. Garrison, who has shown himself in all ways a live, and r— a paper, Secretary of War, should realize the bearings of his truth and act accordingly.—Chicago Herald.

The secret control of political machines, the fear of national wars, free speech, the many immoral tyrannies that politics would impose upon free speech and a free press all testify to the conflict between publicity and the influence of money; wrongfully exerted.—Kansas City Times.

APPORTIONMENT

As a lioness laps at a midnight pool alone, The silver slaver dripping in diamonds from her beard, So Pain's rough tongue laps at the dark deep waters Within my soul.

Pain is a purring lioness; I, o'erthrown, Lie "near" to her, and her claws sink deep, and my flesh is seared, and my blood is red, and her head is raised, she snuffs afar new slaughters And a fiercer toll.

Through the black forest flickers a surer spear Than mine; the mail of a hero glitters between the trees. The Honoree leaps from above me. My sight, presaging, Turns on the twain.

How my wounds are shamed! For now, in the night, I hear Their thrashing struggle; I see him, fighting, forced to his knees. God, for that death of his; To be worth that raging.

Onslaught of Pain! —William Rose Bene! in the Outlook.

AMUSEMENTS

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
"THE GREAT ESCAPE"
Howard & McCane

POINT BREEZE PARK
TRI-STATE FARMERS' PICNIC
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 20, 21

THE Stanley
"Secret Orchard"

GRAND
Trocadero