

"WHEN YOU START A WAR IT SHOULD BE LIKE WHEN YOU START A GAME OF POKER; THEY SHOULD OUGHT TO SET A TIME LIMIT," SAYS B. ZAPP

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIGGS

The Big Pile of Victories at 10:30 Doesn't Always Belong to the Breakfast Time Winner, Birsky Agrees

"Them German Generals Go Out on the Road," He Tells Zapp, "And Do a Tremendous Business, but the Letter Carrier Comes in and Leaves a Cancellation From Dvinsk and a Couple Other Places."

As Soon as Birsky Realizes That L. Loyd and His Partner, George, Do Not Constitute a Firm, He Says, "It Would Be a Good Thing if Generals Did Got Hardships, Because Then They Wouldn't Be No Wars"—However, He Agrees That Peace Meetings Are "Serious, but They Ain't Sensible."

"WHEN you start a war, it should be like when you start a game of poker oder pinochle," said Barnett Zapp, after he had coughed away the suffocation caused by a segment of Wasserbauer's Vienna cheesecake. "They should set a time limit."

"I've sit in poker games where there was a 12 o'clock time limit set," Louis Birsky retorted, "and I've sit in poker games where there was a 12 o'clock time limit set and we agreed to stick to it, and I've even sit in poker games where there was a 12 o'clock time limit, an agreement to stick to it, and an agreement to stick to the agreement to stick to it, and still we kept on playing very last rounds till the milk comes. So you could make up your mind to it, Zapp, this war would keep on till the chips is all in front of one side oder the other, and it don't make a bit of difference if Germany says: 'Listen, why don't you fellows quit while you still got your carfars home?' y'understand, because you know as well as I do, Zapp, a game could last till 8 o'clock in the morning, and the losers always claim that if they played two rounds more, understand me, they would of pulled up even."

"Maybe they would, too," Zapp said. "You must also got to remember that in Europe the game is young yet. Yes, Birsky, the chips which a feller is got in front of him at half-past 10 is only, so to speak, on memorandum, and all congratulations is subject to change without notice if (a) the feller bucks up against a couple full houses with ace high flushes in the absolutely final last round, and if (b) the banker



"I've sit in poker games where there was a 12 o'clock time limit set."

debts him by mistake with two extra stacks which should ought to of been charged up to Felix Immerglick, the biggest loser."

"Well, when you consider that they took Poland and Serbia and Belgium and a lot of France, Zapp, that's some stack, even if it would only be half-past 10, so to speak."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but if a feller goes to work and buys now in Warsaw a ninety-seven-cent German stamp book, he runs a big chance that he would use fifty per cent. of it on letters and the balance in a postage stamp album as souvenirs of when the Germans used to was in Warsaw. Yes, Birsky, war is more ticklish as poker. It's pretty near as uncertain as selling goods, which you take them German generals with their fireproof faces, and they go out on the road and do a tremendous business, understand me, and cover a whole lot of new territory, and when the boss hears about it he calls a conference of the sales organization and makes 'em a speech, and says that they are gathered together that evening and that he is glad to see so many bright and happy unbenutzen faces about him, and that

if they would only done the business which their associates Louis von Schlachthaus and Charles J. Leichenbesorger is doing, understand me, then with reason they could smile, and he is just about to hand them the figures and a little frommer talk of the usual kind, when the letter carrier comes in and he leaves a cancellation from Dvinsk, a cancellation from Riga and a couple other cancellations from important places, y'understand, and for the rest of the war all you hear about von Schlachthaus and Leichenbesorger is that people wonder that you don't hear about them any more."

"Well," Birsky said, "it's better to get some cancellations like Germany than never to sell no goods at all like England and France, which they also called a whole lot of fellers off the road on account that for all the business they was doing, life might just so well be one legal holiday after another. You take this here Englishman, French, and he comes to work for his concern with a big reputation, y'understand, and the boss says: 'Well, if there's any business to be done in that territory, French will do it,' and L. Loyd and his partner this

here George and all the other fellers say—"

"What do you mean—L. Loyd and George?" Zapp demanded. "Do you think Lloyd-George is a firm?"

"For my part, it could be a corporation," Birsky said. "I am now talking from this here French, which everybody thought you could no more stop that feller from doing a million dollars business on the road than a canary from singing, y'understand, and after he is out a couple weeks the boss comes in one morning and says to L. Loyd: 'Tell me, Louis, or Leon, or whatever the 'L' stands for, what do we hear from Mister French?' and the next morning he says: 'Say, ain't we heard nothing from French?' and the morning after he says: 'No word from that feller yet?' and the last day he says: 'Leon or Louis, write that cutthroat, that highway robber, a letter he should come home right away. What does he think—we are made of money?' And that's the way it goes in England, Zapp."

"Well, I'll tell you," Zapp said; "with a general it's the same like a salesman, a whole lot depends on the territory. As I understand it, French

done wonders when he was making Johannesburg and Kimberly and all them South African towns while he was working for England before, but when he is somewhere in France, then that's something else again. Or maybe the feller's getting old, Birsky. Take me, for example, and if I would be making nowadays, small towns in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, after I got through seeing the doctor every day, there wouldn't be no time left to call on the trade. Even a feller my age couldn't stand no hardships."

"You hardships!" Birsky exclaimed. "Generals don't got to stand no hardships, Zapp. The soldiers—yes, aber the generals is each of 'em got tents with hall service, elevators, hot and cold running water, steam heat and sanitary plumbing. They carry with them a cook, a butler, a chauffeur, laundress, upstairs girl and a man to attend to the furnace. Hardships, sagt er! For a business man to have the hardships which a general has got it would cost easy thirty thousand dollars a year for living expenses alone."

"But generals once in a while gets wounded, Birsky," Zapp said. "I seen it in the papers already."

"Schmooze—wounded!" Birsky cried. "If the paper says a general is slightly wounded, Zapp, that means he is got a little Magenbeschwerden because the roast ducks had too much garlic in them the night before, and if the paper says a general is seriously wounded, Zapp, then that means he got hit in the eye with a champagne cork, and the waiter which done it was shot ten minutes later at sunrise."



"The waiter was shot ten minutes later, at sunrise."



"He's glad to see so many bright and happy faces about him."

No, Zapp, generals don't got no hardships, otherwise there wouldn't be no wars. It would be a good thing if they did got hardships, Zapp, because the next time it looked like a war and some of the generals was in favor of it on account of seeing life again, General French oder General Hindenburg or any of them fellers says: 'Nothing doing,' and the other generals says: 'Why not?' and French says: 'You remember the roast duck we used to get in the last war?' and the other generals says: 'What of it?' and French says: 'Maybe you fellows like to eat poison, aber me nct.' And Hindenburg on the other side also puts the lid on the idea. 'Right away talking war!' he says, and Generals von Meuchelmorder and Blutvergiesen says: 'Why shouldn't we?' and Hindenburg says: 'Why shouldn't you! Did I get even once a decent cup coffee in Poland all the time I was there? Then what the devil you are talking nonsense!' and the consequence is there ain't no war."

"In fact, Zapp," he continued a moment later, "one way to get rid of wars is to make them less attractive for the

generals and the emperors and the kings. Fix up a rule that so long as there ain't no wars, generals and emperors could wear their usual military effects made over satin d'amour with elaborate crystal overdress, fishtail train, draped satin belt with a vestee and collar of Point de Venise and a velvet rose corsage bouquet, but so soon as there comes a war, the emperors and generals is got to wear blue serge coats and vests and striped pants, with black derby hats. It might also be a good idea that emperors shouldn't get off no religious speeches during a war, but where it's a case of an emperor being used to doing such things twice a day and it's got to be a habit, y'understand, it ain't necessary to be inhuman, and business clothes might be punishment enough for him."

"Couldn't you talk seriously about a thing like the trouble on the other side?" Zapp asked.

"I could," Birsky concluded. "I could even hire Carnegie Hall to do it in, but them peace meetings is all the same, Zapp. They're serious, but they ain't sensible."

16,000 going on 17,000 members!!!
Are you a Rainbow?

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WEATHER
Mister Sunshine Man
will smile at you today.
Say "Howdy" to him.

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

One of our members has sent us 20 cents which we are going to use as our RAINBOW FUND. We want to be clearly understood—we are NOT begging, but so long as our members are willing to send us money, we are ready to extend our work. We might be able to get one, two or three millionaires to give us the money we need, but we prefer to let our members do everything.

It will sound so much better to say, "This room was furnished by OUR MEMBERS" than to say that it was GIVEN to us. Don't you think so?

We are now in need of money to buy tools for our manual training class. If you prefer, send us a rip saw or two, a cross-cut saw and two or three planes.

If every member paid only ONE CENT dues a month, we would have each month \$150. However, we want all our gifts to be voluntary, but please remember that you have to GIVE IN ORDER TO GET.

Please state in your letter that you are giving to the RAINBOW FUND and remember that we are extending this invitation to members ONLY.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Brer Rabbit's Message

By FARMER SMITH
Brer Rabbit was so fidgety one night that it made his good wife anxious about him and she said: "For goodness sake, father! What IS THE MATTER?"

"I am expecting a telephone message that is very important," replied Brer Rabbit, putting one of his ears

over his eye and squinting the other at his wife.

"What is it about?"
"How do I know what it is about?" he answered.

"I mean, is it a secret?" his good wife asked.

"Could any one tell a secret over the telephone when this is a party line? Don't you know that every one

on this line listens when you begin to talk and you—"

"No, I don't."
"I didn't say you listened when some one else was talking—that is YOUR guilty conscience," said Brer Rabbit.

But that did not silence his wife by any means.

Just then the telephone bell rang and Brer Rabbit said, "There! you better answer it."

Mrs. Rabbit went to the telephone and said in her sweetest tones, "Hello!"

Then she added, "Very well."
"Who was it?" asked Brer Rabbit, anxiously.

"Never you mind," said his good wife. Then he fussed and stewed some more. "Who was it?" he said crossly.

"It was some one wanting party 'J' and this is 'M.'"
Brer Rabbit settled down and the bell did not ring again that evening.

The Kitties' First Party

(By Eleanor Grinnan, Race street, West Philadelphia.)

Once there were two kitties, one named Tommy Jones and the other Kitty Jones. One day both kitties received an invitation to a party. All day long they were laying out the clothes that they were going to wear to the party. At 7:30 o'clock Mother Jones washed them with her long, velvety tongue. She gave them their usual caress and told them to be good pussies. They arrived at an alley where they met every cat they knew. They had a lovely time singing their favorite song, called "Meow, Meow." They had a delicious supper, eating the fine cake which Mr. Maltese had stolen from the pantry of the house where he lived.

They were having a nice time when all of a sudden a pitcher of water came splashing down on them and spoiled the party. When Tommy and Kitty Jones went home their mother did not know them on account of their appearance.

They were never allowed to go to another party. They were very sad, but this surely taught them a lesson—never to eat stolen cake.

Do You Know This?

We have a wonderful plan and we can hardly wait to tell you about it. The EVENING LEDGER has allowed us some prizes to give to those whose names are on our HONOR ROLL each week and we MUST have some of our members to help us read the papers and answers that are sent in. Therefore, we want an

EDITORIAL BOARD

Write a letter to Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, the EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia, stating WHY you are qualified to be one of the EDITORIAL BOARD of FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB. You must also state WHAT DAY AND HOUR is most convenient for our EDITORIAL CONFERENCE. For instance, our young bankers meet Saturdays. What day do YOU want to meet? Answer by next Wednesday.

We will notify you if your answer entitles you to membership on our Editorial Board.

RAINBOW AD-LETS

WANTED
ARE YOU tired of Dottie Dolls or Teddy Bears? Send the playthings you do not want to the Babies' Hospital, 900 Addison st., Philadelphia.

FOR SALE
CHERISHED POSTAL CARDS—I am trying to make money for some dear children by selling postals. They cost 1 cent, 2 cents, 3 cents, 4 cents and 5 cents and two for 5 cents. Farmer Smith will give my address to those who wish to buy them. Write to Rose Fisher, a member of the Rainbow Club, Evansville, Indiana.

Honor Roll

The children whose names appear here gave the neatest and best answers to the questions, "Do You Know This?" for the week ending January 22:

Francis X. O'Brien, Wyndmoor, Pa.
Louis Call, Haddonfield, N. J.
Spartaco Donato, South 10th st.
Prospero Donato, South 10th st.
Naomi Gleason, North 41st st.
Violet Graser, North 12th st.
Madeline Cuneo, Salter st.
Edward Beatty, East Lehigh ave.
Arnold Kratzke, 4th st.
Harry Axon, Collingswood, N. J.

Our Postoffice Box

The Rainbow folks are always merry. The whole livelong day, Spreading sunshine bright and cheery, Happiness always comes their way.

Do you know who wrote this? A little girl named Thelma Baghurst, of Telford, Pa., who is going to the hospital this week to be operated on. She sent us the loveliest little letter and every line of it was just as bright as her wee verse. Oh, we know there's a lot of sunshine in some hospital these days, and all because a certain brave little heart is singing the song of the Rainbow. Who would like to send postals to Thelma? Mail them to the club and they will be forwarded.

Christina Imperiale, South 7th street, has some friends who are very anxious to join the club. We are ready and waiting for them, little girl. Carrie Cole, Fitzwater street, is organizing a branch of the club in her neighborhood. Why not call it after the name of your street? And then when we speak of it every one will know just where your little club is located.

We wish to thank Harry Eitzen, North Hope street, for his contribution to the Rainbow Club. Guess what we are going to do with it. We are going to buy a little book to start a Rainbow Library! Doesn't that make you happy to think that you were FIRST? Watch the column for the name of our first book.

What do you think? Six little girls in Frankford have organized "The Little Rainbow Club." Their names are Florence Adams, Helena Roberts, Anna Jones, Esther Stehle, Frances Grandsback, Ruth Coulson. Please write very soon and please tell us about your meetings.

David Steinberg, South 9th street, sends this little message in his very own handwriting: "I am 6 years old and have learned to read well enough to know that your club is a very good one." Thank you. Oh, my, do you hear that clock striking? It says 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 O'CLOCK! So good-by, Rainbows, and a happy Sunday to you!

QUICK NEWS

CIRCUS PASSES THROUGH RAINBOW LAND

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 5.—Harry Parker, North 19th street, just sent in the most wonderful circus, with a tent and animals, and a flag for the top of the tent, and it's going to be shipped right this minute to the loneliest baby in the hospital.

PIN MONEY SQUAD MARCHES DOUBLE QUICK

EVERYWHERE, Feb. 5.—The pin money squad is all excited. Some of our members are making money so fast they can't count it. Do you know what it's all about?

The Hungry Boy and the Mountain of Bread

(By Ruth Frazier, Hazel avenue.)
In the southern part of France there lived a poor boy named Peter. He had neither father nor mother and made his living by chopping wood for people, and sleeping in old barns.

Peter had heard of a mountain which was entirely of bread and Peter thought that if he could once reach it, he would never go hungry again. It was way up in the northern part of France, but Peter, saving up his crusts, started out. When night came

Peter crept into an old barn and when he started his journey next morning it was very cloudy. He hadn't gone very far when it started to rain and before long it was pouring. After a month of hard traveling Peter reached the mountain.

He broke off a piece and ate it. Peter thought that it would be a very nice place to live, so he built a house out of bushes and the next morning found out a place where he could work and build a better house. But Peter went every day to eat some of the bread mountain.

Can You Draw as Well as Rainbow Artists?

