

"IF OSBURN WANTS TO PUT IN A TILED BATHROOM IN EVERY CELL AND GIVE GRAND OPERA EVERY NIGHT, HE'S GOT MY PERMISSION"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"Millionaires Is Getting More Interested in Jails Every Day," Birskey Continues in Discussing Prison Reform

"What Them Fellers Would Like to See Is That Every Cell Should Be Big Enough to Take an Armory Size Oriental Rug, With a Stock Ticker on Top of the Humidor in the Corner," He Goes On

"As It Stands Today," Agrees Zapp. "If You Would Keep a Dawg in a Place Like They Keep Convicts, and the Neighbors Complained, They Would Arrest You and Send You to a Jail Which Would Make the Place Where You Kept the Dawg Look Like the Waiting Room of the Pennsylvania Station"

"I SUPPOSE you are reading in the paper from this here Mr. Osburn?" Barnett Zapp said, as he finished his second cup of coffee in Wasserbauer's restaurant.

"The way the papers is so full of news nowadays," Louis Birskey replied, "I am lucky if I get through every day a couple of Mexican murders and the real estate notes. What did he ever do that he should run for President?"

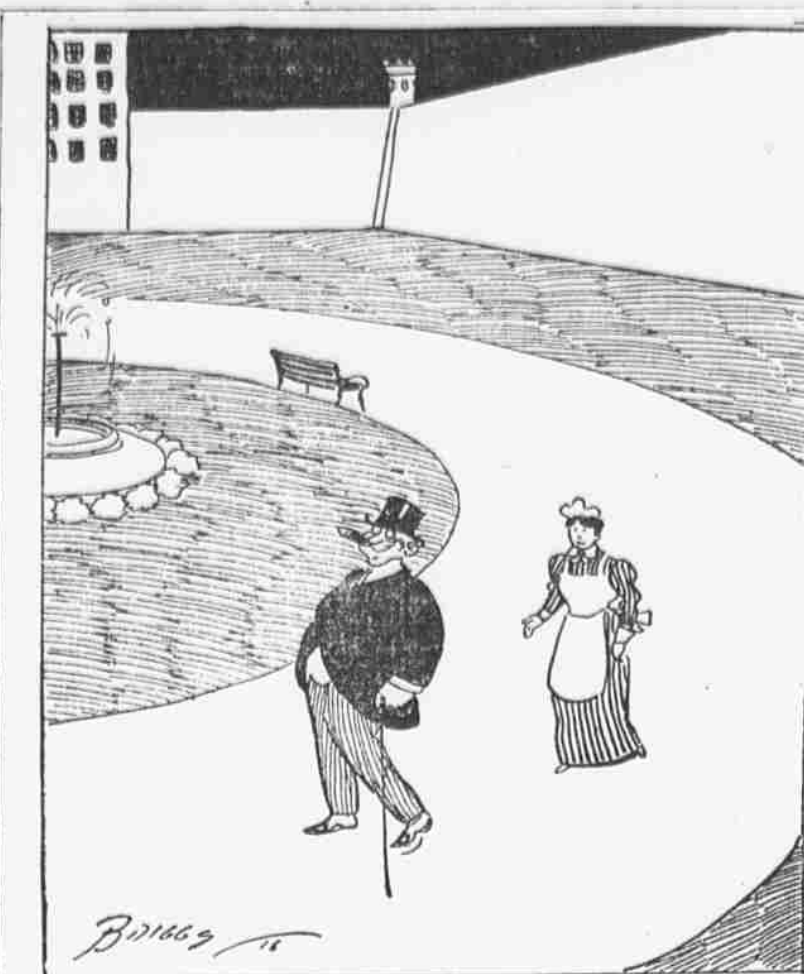
"He ain't running for President, but he's got a lot of people sore at him," Zapp said. "Also there is also a lot of people says the feller is all right, and I think so, too. He believes that them fellers should get more out of life than just working and sleeping and a little exercise and meat only three times a week. He believes they should go on a moving picture once in a while and to a theater also."

"I believe so, too," Birskey said. "In fact, I was speaking to one of them by the name Tzee Margonin the other day, and I says to him the same like you says about going once in a while to a moving picture, and he said what could an operator do which gets only ten dollars a week? A presser and a buttonhole maker is the same, Zapp. All them fellers is up against it for money something terrible."

"What are you talking nonsense—pressers and buttonhole makers?" Zapp exclaimed. "I am speaking from convicts, which you couldn't expect they would behave no better, if you treat them like animals."

"Or buttonhole makers," Birskey interrupted.

"Nine times out of ten a convict



"Suffering from a chain of busted banks."

didn't get a show in the world," Zapp said.

"Neither did a buttonhole maker," Birskey retorted, "and he worked his way up to be anyhow a buttonhole maker, whereas the convict become a convict."

"I wouldn't argue with you," Zapp said, "but a buttonhole maker don't get to remain a buttonhole maker if he don't want to, whereas when you are a convict it's got to run its course like stomach trouble."

"Sure, I know," Birskey agreed, "and that's the way it is nowadays. People treats a convict like he would get up one morning perfectly strong and healthy with a wife and six children, and he's kisses 'em all good-by and goes downtown, y'understand, happy and contented that he is a decent respectable citizen, understand me, eats a hearty lunch, smokes a good cigar, and in the drop of a bucket, y'understand, he gets stricken down in the prime of life with grand larceny in the first degree, and for the rest of his days he's a convict. Then the idea is to make the patient as comfortable as possible with chicken soup and moving pictures, and they learn him stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping, so as when he recovers or escapes he wouldn't go back to housebreaking or safe-blowing, but could go in for something more becomet, like raising checks or forgery."

"You are the same as a whole lot of other people, Birskey," Zapp said. "Just because Mr. Osburn wants to have a prison a place for human beings and not dawgs, y'understand, you claim he is trying to make Sing Sing a sort of combination between the Waldorf-Astoria and Palm Beach; if somebody says that every room in a tenement house should ought to get anyhow one window, you say: 'What do you want for fourteen dollars a month—studio apartments?' If the Board of Education pays a professor ten dollars to give a public lecture for a thousand people, you holler your head off that it's the equivalence of hiring Caruso and Pavlova, and you wouldn't put it beyond the Board of Education that they split up with the professor on his fees and their wives is shopping in twin sixes with the proceeds."

"I don't know what you are talking about at all," Birskey said. "If this here Osburn wants to put in a tiled bathroom with each cell and give a grand opera show every night, Zapp, he's got my permission; the only thing is he should quit talking about it, because as it is now, y'understand, Osburn and his friends goes round and gives lectures to churches, lodges and ladies' clubs, and he tells 'em how when he first come to Sing Sing the place was so dead, y'understand, it was just like being in jail, whereas nowadays they give parties

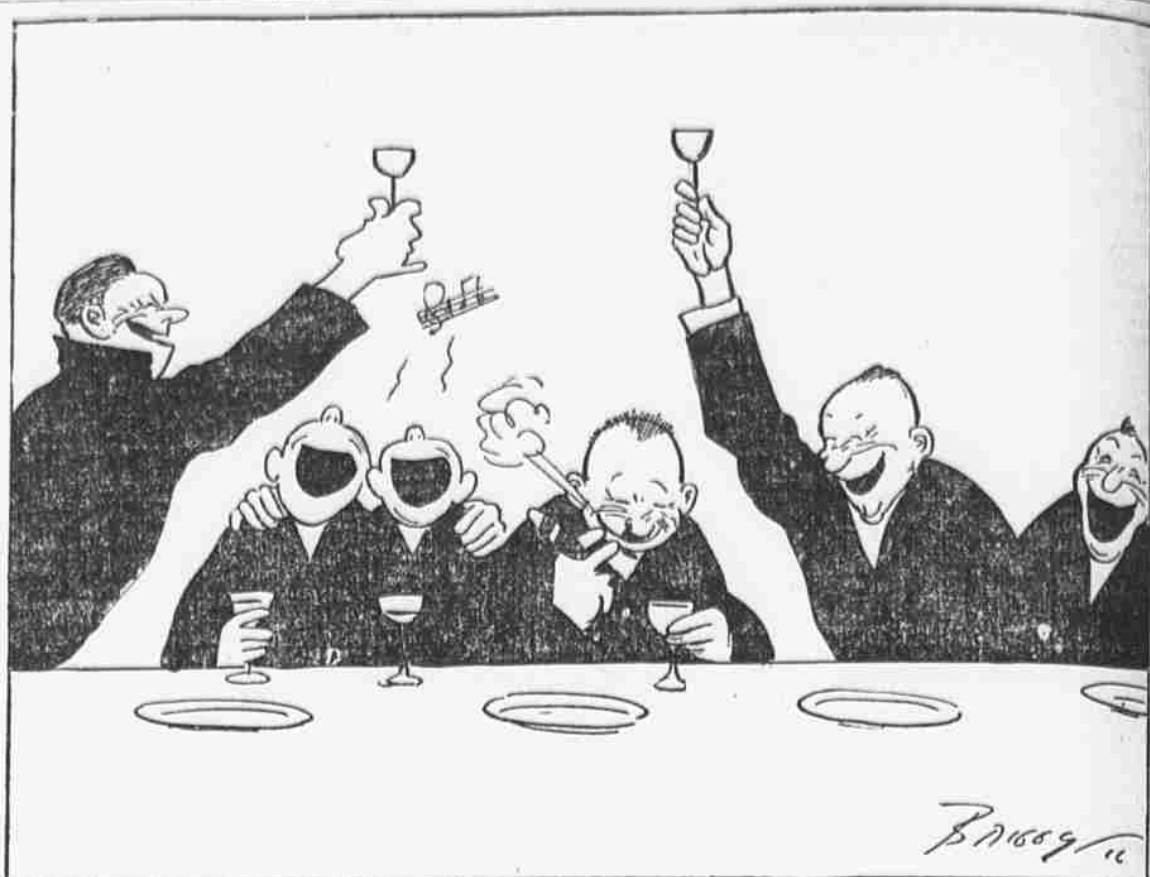
up there and have elegant meals and everybody is happy and contented, y'understand, and the consequence is a lot of fellers which formerly worked themselves to death for ten or twelve dollars a week gets an idea from hearing this feller Osburn talk that if they want to improve themselves all they got to do is to go out and knock somebody on the head, which Gott soll hueten it should be me, Zapp, it would be just my luck that the feller overdoes the thing and gets electrocuted."

"Osburn ain't getting off lectures about Sing Sing to exercise his voice, Birskey," Zapp said. "People invites him to these affairs. They want to hear what the feller is doing, because they take an interest in such things, and they ain't schnorrers like us, Birskey. They're rich people—millionaires."

"Sure, I know," Birskey continued. "They want to find out just what they are up against in case they didn't got the right dope from their lawyers before they went into the last big merger and floated that \$100,000,000 bond issue. What them fellers would like to see is that every cell should be big enough to take an armory size oriental rug, with a stock ticker on top of the humidor in the corner. Millionaires is getting more interested in jails every day, Zapp, and if the Government goes to work and gets after all them millionaires which is allowing themselves such liberal cash discounts in the income tax statements, Zapp, instead of leaving their money to hospitals because they got treated so good in Mount Sinai that time they had stomach trouble, them millionaires will remember how kind Mr. Osburn was to them that time they had income tax trouble or railroad bond trouble or anti-trust trouble, and the first thing you know, Zapp, you will read it in the papers: \$2,000,000 TO SING SING

Prison Benefits by Will of J. Van Rensselaer Mezzummen

Or when real estaters is taking out a couple good sucker prospects in automobiles to see lots 422 to 428, inclusive, a new one—forty thousand tons, she smiles and pats him on the shoulder and says, 'My! Ain't that nice!' and then she turns her head so he can't see she's crying to think that her husband, who only a few months ago was a big, strong man, running two trust companies, three national banks and a life insurance company into the ground, should now be happy like a little child



"Have elegant meals and everybody is happy and contented."

ers, and when he comes in the house and says to his wife, 'Look, Mommer, here's a new one—forty thousand tons, she smiles and pats him on the shoulder and says, 'My! Ain't that nice!' and then she turns her head so he can't see she's crying to think that her husband, who only a few months ago was a big, strong man, running two trust companies, three national banks and a life insurance company into the ground, should now be happy like a little child



"Where they learn a convict to go out and look for revenge."

over getting another forty-thousand ton ocean steamer for his collection."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but the idea of prison reform is that if the jail where Morse was would have been the way Mr. Osburn wants to make Sing Sing, Birskey, and Morse's friends would come to Mr. Taft and say the feller was dying, y'understand, Mr. Taft would say, 'Well, he's got a decent place to die in anyhow.' As it stands today, Birskey, if you would keep a dawg in a place like they keep convicts, and the neighbors complained about you, y'understand, they would arrest you and send you to a jail which would make the place where you kept the dawg look like the waiting room of the new Pennsylvania Station, the old prison idee being that the next time you felt like treating a dawg like a dawg, Birskey, that you will remember what happened to you the last time. As a matter of fact, Birskey, the idee won't work out that way, because all the time you are in that black hole, Birskey, you are saying to yourself, 'Wait till I get out of here and I'll show that dawg what cruelty to animals really ought to be.' Also after you get out every time you meet a dawg and nobody is looking, you kick the dawg for the sake of his friend who got you into jail."

"What are you talking nonsense, Zapp?" Birskey said. "I never look at a dawg from one year's end to the other."

"I am only talking in a manner of speaking, Birskey," Zapp explained. "I am trying to tell you that Mr.

Osburn wants to make a prison a place where they learn a convict to go out and look for work, while the people which is opposed to Mr. Osburn want to make a prison a place where they learn a convict to go out and look for revenge. Probably people figure that here they've been paying insurance premiums for years on burglary and theft policies and never had so much as a collar button stolen on 'em to show for it, so why should Mr. Osburn reform these burglars just to make it easy for the burglary insurance companies? Also, Birskey, while we are talking about it, people ain't nearly so sore that Morse didn't get punished enough for what he done, as they are disappointed that he didn't go to work and die as promised. Furthermore, it wouldn't be so bad if the feller had started in to bust a few more banks and trust companies, but when he turns right round and makes a legitimate fortune in the ocean, steamship business, it breaks them all up."

"Say, I ain't knocking Morse," Birskey protested. "The way the real estate business is nowadays, I'd be willing to spend a couple years in Sing Sing under Mr. Osburn's management, if I thought I could make a tenth the success that Morse did after he come out."

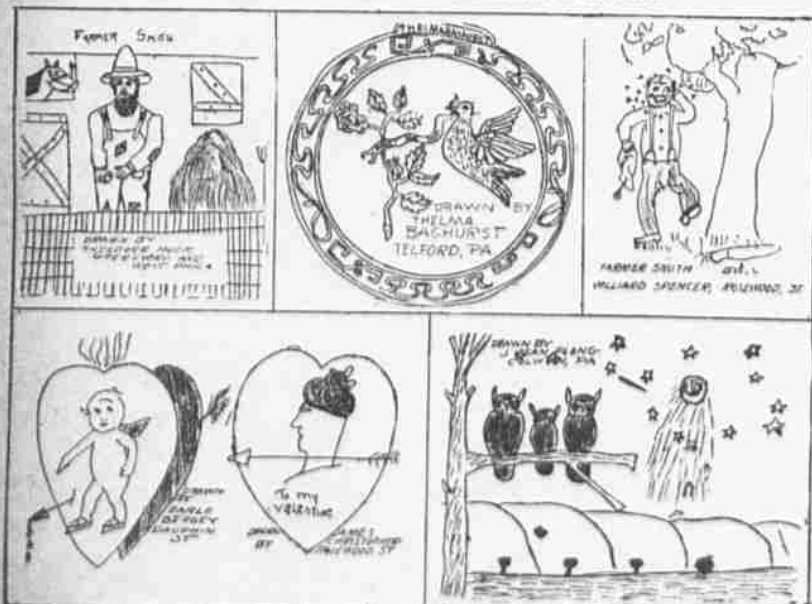
"The chances is you'd be sent right back again," Zapp concluded, "because the police is very old-fashioned that way, like the people that oppose Mr. Osburn. They like to see an ex-convict behave as such, and it ain't their fault if he don't."

18,000 going on 19,000 members!!!
Honest Injun.

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WHETHER
Whether or not you
are a Rainbow.
Are You?

RAINBOW PEN VALENTINES



William's Lesson

(By Mary Neary, Coral street.)
One day, William, a very selfish little boy, was given a bowl of jam to share among his sisters and brothers. He said: "I am not going to share. I will stay in the barn and eat it myself." All at once, he heard his sister calling his name.
"I am not going to give them any," he said. Soon they stopped calling. Then they said to him: "We just had ice cream, cake and jam. But, we could not find you." This taught him a lesson and after that he was more generous.



Abraham Lincoln

(By James Dougherty, Rosewood.)
Lincoln as a boy studied hard. He had not the opportunities which we



have now. He had to write on the back of a shovel with charcoal and read by the firelight. He studied very hard and by his hard studying he raised himself to the highest gift a nation could bestow upon a man.
We ought to appreciate the opportunity we have and study hard. Our motto through life should be, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive, or perish, every boy should try to imitate Lincoln."

PEN MONEY
Those who wish to see money after school and on Saturdays should write a letter to Farmer Smith.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

This is Lincoln's Birthday and we want to remember him, for he was very fond of children. Before you read this, turn the electric light off and then turn it on again—Lincoln read by the light of a burning pine knot.
Wash your hands and face in the bathroom with hot and cold water. Then remember Lincoln broke the ice in the bucket on the back porch before he could wash.
Take a trolley car to school, if your school is over a mile away, and while you are riding remember that Lincoln was only too glad to walk three miles to school—in the snow at that.
Turn on the radiator if your schoolroom is cold, but first think of the stove which heated the schoolhouse where Lincoln went.
When your father or mother presents you with a dollar simply because you ask for it, inquire of yourself how many rails Lincoln had to split before HE got a dollar.
We need men like Lincoln today. Study his life and see why, though great, he was always humble; sad, yet always telling funny stories.
February has given us two great men. If your birthday comes in February, perhaps you may become great, too.
Suppose you try to be like Lincoln.

Farmer Smith's Bug Book DOCTOR BEETLE'S RIDE

Doctor Beetle came down the road singing softly to himself:
A Flutterby Bee
On a peach tree sat
Looking as pretty
As a Pink Pussy Cat.
Said a Grasshopper
To the Flutterby Bee,
"You're catching a cold,
As I can see."
Said the Flutterby Bee
To the Grasshopper,
"I may catch cold,
But IT can't catch ME."
Suddenly one of the good doctor's

FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY:
Name
Address
Age
School I attend.....

June Bugs, which he always drove, stopped in the middle of the road.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" asked the driver.
"I don't like that song," answered the June Bug.
"It is not for you to tell me what I shall do and what I shall not do—GET UP." And with that the June Bugs started off with Doctor Beetle's carriage at a lively rate.
Finally, as they turned in the road, they came to the edge of a high cliff. Nearer and nearer the edge went the June Bugs. All the while the good doctor was shouting,
"WHOA! WHOA!"
Can you guess what happened to Doctor Beetle? The Lady Bug hears the story tomorrow.

Story of William Penn

(By Helen Jones, North Bancroft st.)
William Penn was an English Quaker. The King of England gave Penn some land in America to pay a debt he owed Penn's father. This land included what is now Pennsylvania and Delaware. Penn wished to make a home for his Quaker friends, who were treated badly in England because of their religion, so he and a band of Quakers sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and settled in the place where Philadelphia now stands.

Penn called his land Pennsylvania, which means Penn's woods.

He treated the Indians very kindly and made a treaty with them, which was kept for many years. It was signed under a large elm tree in what is now Kensington.

Do You Know This?

1. Build as many words as you can from the letters of PREPOSITION without using the same letter twice. (5 credits.)
2. What country in North America belongs to England? (5 credits.)
3. Build sentences from the following words—went, she, calling, they, home, away, not, day, were, next. (5 credits.)

Honor Roll

Catherine Murray, Danville, Pa.
Albert D'Imperio, South 10th street.
David Gordon, South 5th street.
Elsie Knecht, East Ontario street.
Violet Graser, North 12th street.
Sidney Berg, West Dauphin street.
Eleanor Koons, Wynnewood, Pa.
William Cortese, South 8th street.
Frederick Fueller, Glenside, Pa.
Charles Rositter, Woodstock street.

BULLETINS

Rumors About the Mayor

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—Mayor Smith is reported to have framed the picture of himself and the Rainbow Club button presented to him by Louis Ruberton. When last seen the Mayor would not deny the report.

Rainbows Welcome Medicine Men

RAINBOW LAND, Feb. 12.—Little Roscoe Jonson, Locust street, and his small friend, Henry Herbert, arrived here last night. Both new members like to play doctor so well that they have decided to be real doctor men when they grow up. In the meantime they are content to be sunshine givers. The other night they went to a party and Roscoe gave little Henry, who didn't get enough to eat, part of his piece of cake. Wasn't that fine?

Our Postoffice Box

The postal card squad is growing and GROWING. Madeline Evers, Overbrook, has just joined, and we know from her earliest letter that she is going to be a very splendid worker. Beatrice Palmer, Wyncote, Pa., sent in the nicest drawings the other day—keep your eyes wide open, you're very apt to see them in the club Rainbow Art Gallery. Charles Mitchell, Tampa street, had better keep his eyes open, too, for a battleship is apt to appear in the art gallery. That's a secret, isn't it, Charles?

What do you think? Elizabeth Miles, North Peach street, West Philadelphia, has organized a branch Rainbow Club in her Sunday school. She writes: "We are going to meet every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and at the end of every month we are going to have a social lunch. We pay two cents a week, if we can, toward this. The minister's wife is going to teach us to make candy and we're going to have a piece of pink, blue, yellow and purple ribbon on the wall to imitate the Rainbow." I know these little folks are going to have some very happy times and we think

