

"IF THE POLICE KNEW THEIR BUSINESS THEY WOULD ARREST THE TWO FRONT ROWS OF A THEATRE AUDIENCE ON LOOKS ALONE"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"Because," Says Birsky, "For the Bad Effect the Faces Has Got on the Morals of the Actors and Actresses"

Zapp Finds Little to Commend in the Police Censorship of the Russian Ballet, Except for the Excellent Advertising It Affords, and Birsky, for Once, Agrees With Him

But They Fall Out When They Discuss Citizenship, Zapp Concluding With: "When a Feller Goes to Make a Living in Mexico, There's Only One Thing He Should Ought to Take Out Down There—Not Sitson Papers, but Life Insurance"

"I SEE where the police gets after the feller which is running the Russian ballet," Barnett Zapp said as he glanced over the bill of fare in Wasserbauer's restaurant.

"Some theater managers is very lucky that way," Louis Birsky, the real estate, said.

"Warm lucky?" Zapp demanded.

"Because what the police calls bad, looks awful good to a whole lot of people. Yes, Zapp, all that a show needs is for the police to call it immoral, and a couple of orchestra seats down front becomes right away as valuable as two perfect—matched pearls from 10 carats apiece," Birsky said.

"And was it so bad like the police said?" Zapp asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Birsky replied. "You wouldn't think it to look at a policeman what a delicate disposition such a feller has got. A New York policeman will get red over something in a theater which for years respectable young fellers in the old country has been taking their mothers to see and neither of 'em turned a hair, y'understand. Also down at Coney Island a policeman will hide his face and holler for the police because



"They would arrest the two front rows on looks alone."

a lady has got on a bathing suit which if one of them actresses wore it in a Follies where they walk across planks over the heads of the so-called two-dollar seats, y'understand, compared with the other ladies in the show you would think she was dressed for starting out in an open oiternobile to call on her husband's former relations."

"Aber was the show so bad like the police said?" Zapp inquired once more.

"Well, I'll tell you," Birsky repeated: "when the police receives a letter that a show is immoral and they should please look the matter up and oblige, Zapp, they try to put themselves in the place of the average theatergoer; but the only thing is, they got an idea that people which goes most to the theater was never in such a place before in their lives. In particular, when it comes to a show like the Russian ballet where the orchestra seats would cost five dollars apiece at the box office if they was for sale there, the police thinks that excepting the ushers everybody

in the theater is visiting New York for the first time from a place where they still got an idea that dolmans is the latest up-to-the-minute design in women's outer garments, y'understand, and not being experienced in posters by this here Bakst, they don't know whether it's Ben Hur or David the Shepherd King till the curtain goes up and shows the inside of the harem with all the ladies not yet dressed to receive company."

"Naturally people from the country seeing such a thing would get a Schreek," Zapp commented.

"They would if they was there," Birsky said, "but actresses and actors is got to go a long way to shock a New York audience. In fact, Zapp, if the police knew their business they would arrest the two front rows of a New York audience on looks alone, for the bad effect the faces has got on the morals of the actors and actresses. However, Zapp, supposing that the people which goes to see the Russian ballet is as innocent as the police claims, Zapp, it wouldn't make no

difference anyhow, because a ballet is like the deaf and dumb language, Zapp, people has got to study it for years before they know what it means. In fact, Zapp, if the police continues to find this here Russian ballet is immoral, Zapp, you would see advertisements in the paper:

LEARN TO BE A RUSSIAN BALLET AUDIENCE AT HOME New method. You pay only for the diagram and postage which is small. Everything illustrated. Plain, simple, systematic. Write for free booklet today.

"Because as it stands now, you've got to take the police's word for it that it's immoral. Even the fifty-cent books, which the ushers tries to sell you, don't help you any, which I picked up one in the aisle and read it going home in the subway, and I give you my word, Zapp, that book was just so good a description of 'Within the Law' oder 'Camille' as it was of the Russian ballet."

"That's because you've got to got imagination to enjoy a ballet," Zapp said, "and the trouble with you is, Birsky, that you ain't got no imagination."

"Maybe I ain't," Birsky agreed, "aber when the book says, 'Mrs. Fatima Harris is the favorite wife of Sultan Charles Z. Harris, y'understand, and a couple of hundred young ladies comes out and dances it for you, for all you understand what they are driving at they might just so well be dancing: 'This theater with every seat occupied, das gebe Gott, can be emptied in three minutes. Look around now and walk, not run,' or that the management requests the ladies to remove their hats. I claim to got just so much imagination as anybody else, Zapp, but with this here Russian ballet it ain't enough that you should be a mind reader. You've got to be a leg reader and that's all there is to it."

"Might it be because you ain't acquainted with the Russian language maybe," Zapp suggested. "You take a Russian ballet which ain't in the country two weeks, y'understand, and naturally they couldn't even talk the English language let alone dance it."

"Then how did the police get on that it was immoral?" Birsky asked.

"Probably they sent a policeman there which speaks Russian," Zapp said. "They've got such fellers on the police force, Birsky. There is even policemen which can shake down saloonkeepers in every European language, and Chinese and toshchen

Hakodesh also, Birsky, and besides, Birsky, what business do you got supporting a Russian ballet? I thought you was against the Allies?"

"Me against the Allies?" Birsky exclaimed. "How can you say such a thing? I've got just so many customers which is for the Allies as against 'em, Zapp—more even, and I am perfectly neuter about this here war. Furthermore, I've been an American sitson now going on twenty-two years, and I think that that oiternobile factory out in Detroit is quite right which wouldn't give jobs except to sitsons."

"Aber if everybody done the same thing, Birsky, what's going to become of the greenhorns?" Zapp asked. "It takes five years to get to be a sitson, and in the meantime they must got to starve. Is that the idee? It's like all them advertisements you see for experienced salesmen. If every concern done the same thing, Zapp, a salesman would got to start in as a new beginner with at least five years experience as a salesman."

"Or else lie about it," Birsky said.

"Aber you couldn't lie about being a sitson," Zapp continued. "You've got to show the papers."

"Well, maybe this here oiternobile concern says that they wouldn't promote nobody unless he becomes a sitson," Birsky admitted.

"Even so," Birsky went on, "my idee is that a feller should become a sitson like he gets married. He should do it for love, because if a



"A policeman will hide his face and holler for the police."

feller gets married for money and his wife should Gott soll Hueten go broke, he ain't going to stay faithful to her very long, and if a feller becomes a sitson to get a job, y'understand, all such a feller needs is to lose his job and right away he becomes just so good an American sitson as von Papen or the Hamburg-American Line. Then if we should have to go to war and would got enough of them oiternobile factory sitsons around, you wouldn't be able to hear yourself think for the powder mills exploding."

"That's neither here nor there," Birsky said. "There's only one way to look at it: if a feller makes his living in a country, he should be a sitson."

"Is that so?" Zapp retorted. "Well, if all the Americans living in Mexico would of taken out sitson papers there what would of happened to 'em?"

"The same as happened to 'em when they didn't," Birsky said. "But, anyhow, Zapp, might if all the Americans which went to Mexico would of become Mexican sitsons, they would of Americanized the country maybe, and

instead of revolutions down there they would now got direct primaries and referendums and conventions and all that Stuss, and instead of bull fighting they would got moving pictures and vaudeville."

"Then take it the other way about," Zapp insisted. "Supposing all the Russians which comes over here becomes sitsons and starts in to Russianize the country, would we be better off if instead of Congressmen and conventions we would got grand dukes and pogroms, and instead of moving pictures and vaudeville we would got Russian ballets, for instance."

"Russian ballets!" Birsky cried. "T'phooce!"

"Then what the devil you are talking nonsense, Birsky?" Zapp asked.

"Aber the United States is a real country," Birsky protested, "while Mexico—that's something else again. 'You bet your life it is,' Zapp said, 'and when a feller goes to make a living in Mexico, Birsky, there's only one thing he should ought to take out down there—not sitson papers but life insurance.'"



"They sent a policeman there which speaks Russian."

Net Paid Rainbow Circulation 20,000 Sunbeams!

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WEATHER Brighter and Brighter and Brighter!!

Rainbow Pen Sketches section with various drawings and captions like 'Don't Forget To Join THE RAINBOW CLUB' and 'First Appearance'.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT "YOU" My Dear Everybody—Yesterday I started to answer the question, "What's it all about?" and did not finish. Outside the window, as I write, the gentle snow is falling. What's it all about? You! The snow coming down acts as a warm blanket for the wheat seed in the ground. That little flake will keep warm one tiny grain of wheat, which may be sent to the miller to be ground into flour, which is made into bread—for you!

EXTRA!! RAINBOW RUMOR WORRIES WALL STREET NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—A report from West Philadelphia states that a certain James Taylor, a new captain of finance, living in Sansom street, has organized a band of 23 young men whose object is to make quick money. Wall Street is upset.

Farmer Smith's Frog Book DR. BULL FROG KEEPS QUIET "What are you so still about?" asked Billy Cricket of Dr. Bull Frog one afternoon; in fact, the afternoon following the day when the good people of Frogville played a joke on Dr. Bull Frog.

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:

ring on your finger. You are Ella, my sister! You are the Royal Princess of England! "What?" cried Ella. "Yes," continued the other child. "Father has searched the country for you. Mother died several weeks ago."

were stolen years ago by a pirate and you are really a princess. You must come home with me." So Ella took off her dirty apron, threw down her broom and put her thin little hand in her sister's. They went to the castle where she was very happy. Later her father died and she became Queen of England. She was always good to the poor.

Our Postoffice Box More talk about valentines, but your editor just can't help it because he received such beautiful ones. Let me tell you about them. From Marizita McKeon, Merion, and Margaret Donatelli, Morris street, came very sweet hand-drawn February 14 messages. From Anna Fogel, Dudley street, and Gertrude Segal, South 6th street, came ready-made valentines with little white doves and roses and ribbons and all the lovely things that go to make a valentine just as pretty as it can be.

Ella's Stepmother (By Edna Cooper, E. Wister street.) Once there was a girl whose mother was dead and whose father was poor. One night he told her that she was too small to tend house and that she was going to have a stepmother. "I shall never love her," cried Ella. In spite of this, her father married. Her new mother was handsome, but wicked. She made Ella do all the work and the child never saw the sight of school.

Our Pet Column Let me introduce Peer Gynt, Paree and Prince Chap, Tanguay, of South 46th street, Peer Gynt sings "Home, Sweet Home," Paree "claps hands" for

The Japanese Dolly (By Norma Collier, Shunk street.) Once upon a time there was a little Japanese dolly named Ko Chung Kee. He lived in a dollhouse with some other dollies that were very curious about him. "What funny ears he has!" sneered Miss Rag. "Yes," said Miss Wax, "just as if they would fly off of his head."

DO YOU KNOW THIS? 1. When and where was George Washington born? (5 credits.) 2. In what war did he take part? (5 credits.) 3. When and where did he die? (5 credits.)

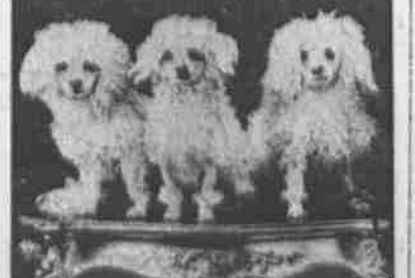
HONOR ROLL. Madeline Cuneo, Salter street. George Tanguay, Arch street. Elizabeth Quinn, Folcroft, Pa. Elsie Knecht, East Ontario street. Ethel Henderson, Norwood, Pa. Joseph Heller, North 2d street. Oliver Collier, Shunk street. Janet Thomas, Haddonfield, N. J. James Guida, South 15th street. John Sherman, South 7th street.



ATTENTION! GIRLS AND BOYS If YOU want to earn pin money after school and on Saturdays, write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 101, EVENING LEDGER.

FOR SALE CHEERFUL, POUNDING—One seat, 2 seats, 4 seats, 6 seats, 8 seats, 10 seats, 12 seats, 14 seats, 16 seats, 18 seats, 20 seats. Addressed FREE, in care of Farmer Smith.

his dinner and Prince Chap plays the piano. All together they decided they were just quite smart enough to be Rainbows! What do you think?



The following children sent in the best copies of the drawing of the horse by John Foley, Jr., Fitzgerald street, which appeared in the club news February 19: Thomas J. Fenrose, July

