

# WILSON HAD A HAND IN THE INTERBOROUGH SCANDAL, WRECKED THE ROCK ISLAND AND USED TO WAS A CHORUS MAN FROM TEXAS

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

### These Are Only a Few of the Things the Republicans Would Have You Believe of the President, Zapp Declares

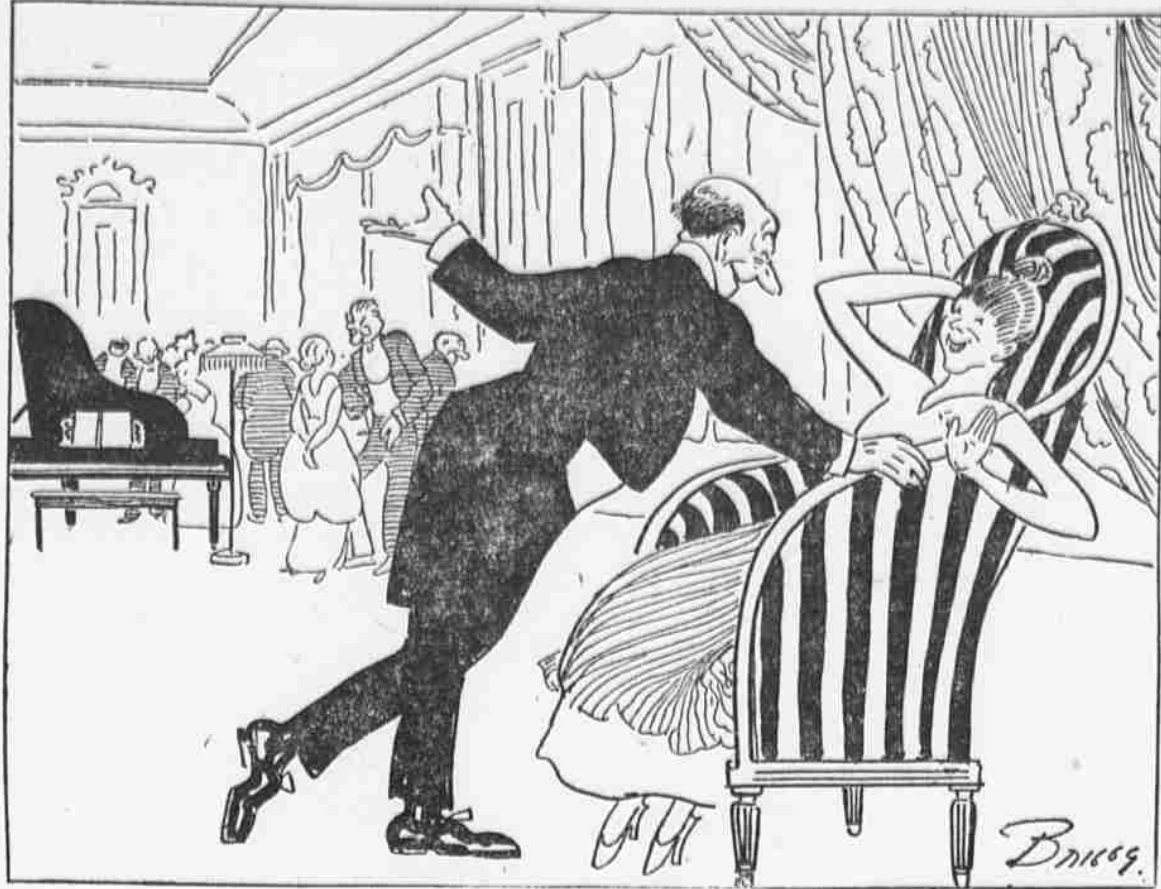
### The Waist Manufacturer and Birsky, the Real Estator, Discuss Presidential Possibilities and the Beautiful Stroke by Which Lindley M. Garrison Cheated Colonel Roosevelt Out of Some Publicity

### After Which They Turn Their Attention to Elihu Root's Attack Upon President Wilson and the Qualifications of Louis Brandeis as a Supreme Court Justice, During the Course of Which Zapp Gives an Illuminating Discourse on Legal Decisions

"IT SERVES him right, Birsky," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, said. "He don't deserve no better than that Garrison should resign on him. He should be ought to be kept on the job, Birsky."

"What do you mean — should of ought to be kept on the job?" Louis Birsky, the real estator, exclaimed. "If you would have kept on the job the way Mr. Wilson is keeping on the job, might the waist business would improve maybe. I'm surprised to hear you talk that way about a big Melamed like Wilson."

"Who is talking about Wilson?" Zapp asked. "I am saying from Mr. Roosevelt that if he turns around and takes a two months' vacation in the winter time, y'understand, when the hardest work he has done in two years is to go out and schect a couple bears or an elk, understand me, he must get to expect that some one should say: 'There's a feller which calls himself the original million-soldier-army man, and all he does to prove it is to go gallivanting off on a vacation right when the biggest excitement is on about it. Wait! I'll show that feller.' And the afternoon before Mr. Roosevelt sails, and he's got every reason to believe that all the crackerjack A number one reporters would be on the dock with flashlights and moving picture operators, y'understand, Garrison goes to work and resigns, understand me, and the next morning every newspaper in the country prints on four pages not including editorials how Garrison threw up a ten thousand dollar job rather than stand for a standing army of only 999,999 men, and on the last



"Some one asks a young lady she should spiel something on the piano."

page down in the lower right-hand corner is:

**OCEAN TRAVELERS**  
Nassau and West Indies by steamship Guiana—A. J. Abrahams, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Bernard, the Rev. P. Murphy, Charles Phillips, T. Roosevelt, Miss H. Zedekiah and maid.

"Yes, Birsky, for all the attention he attracted when he sailed, he might just so well be a feller by the name of Goldstein making his annual trip to Europe to buy underwear for a Bronx department store. The consequence is when he comes back and starts in again to holler his head off that we should ought to get a standing army of over a million soldiers, y'understand, people will say: 'What are you making such a Geschrei about it for? That's already old stuff what Lindley Garrison has been pulling for now two months yet and would probably get nominated for President for also!'"

"Garrison ain't looking to be nominated for President," Birsky protested. "Why, he expressly said he was out of politics, and he wouldn't talk to the reporters when they come to see him."

"Listen, Birsky," Zapp said, "was you ever to a party where some one asks a young lady she should spiel a little something on the piano, and she says she is all out of practice and couldn't think of it, as she ain't touch-

ed a piano in years and anyhow, she never plays without the notes, and the first thing you know the host is kicking himself that he didn't take out collision insurance on the piano on account of the terrible Makkas she is giving it? Well, that's the way it is with a politician which says he is out of politics and refuses to be interviewed. All it needs is that the following morning some one tells him, 'Good-morning,' and he says, 'Well, as long as you put it that way to me, I will give you my views on the tariff, preparedness, Mexico and the railroads,' and for the next six months he goes every night hoarse to bed from saying, 'Well, stick it in your pocket and smoke it after a while.'"

"I don't think he's got any such intentions, Zapp," Birsky said. "He figures that he must get to resign if he wants to keep his self-respect."

"That may be, too, Birsky," Zapp agreed. "I don't deny it for a moment, Birsky, because when it comes to a politician's self-respect, Birsky, a whole lot of politicians respects themselves on account of things which a business man would run away to Canada for. For instance, Bryan and Garrison respects themselves for quitting Mr. Wilson when he is in a tight place, Birsky, whereas they would not respect themselves if they stuck to him and seen him through. In fact, Birsky, you couldn't tell what

a politician is going to respect himself for. A Republican politician is willing to respect himself and put the Democrats in bad by claiming that Mr. Wilson is responsible for all the Americans that got killed since he went into office and a few more that died while Mr. Taft was still President. Also that he had a hand in the Interborough scandal, wrecked the Rock Island Railroad and used to was a chorus man from Fort Worth, Tex., by name Thompson."

"Even so, Zapp," Birsky said, "a feller which comes to make a criticism from Mr. Wilson needn't get to tell no lies about him. That was an awful showing up which Senator Root give him at Carnegie Hall last week."

"Sure, I know, Birsky," Zapp retorted, "aber politics is the same as the cloak and suit business. A feller which makes up a rotten line of garments finds it a whole lot safer to knock his competitors than to talk about the price and quality of his own goods, understand me, and if he picks out some particular competitor and calls him all kinds of sucker names, y'understand, the chances is that you could go over there and buy the same goods only a better quality for half the money. So, therefore, Birsky, when this here Root goes to work and accuses Wilson, understand me, as a business man, Birsky, I come to the conclusion that after all it

would be a pretty good thing to vote for Wilson when he runs next fall; not that I got such an awful lot of confidence in Wilson, but because I ain't got no confidence at all in Root. Whatever that feller says don't mean nothing to me except that the people he represents got him as a lawyer because if Elihu Root couldn't win the case, nobody could. There's such a thing as a feller being so good a lawyer, Birsky, that whenever he comes into a courtroom everybody but the jury knows that the side he doesn't represent is in the right."

Birsky shook his head sadly.

"Lawyers is a pretty hard bunch, Zapp," he said. "I used to think that there was anyhow one lawyer which would sooner be right than in right, but the way it looks now, all them prominent, high-class Boston lawyers, which went down to Washington and claimed that Brandeis is pretty near as bad as they are is going to prove it on him."

"Yow, they would prove it on him!" Zapp exclaimed. "The only thing they could prove on him is that, according to the way the high-priced lawyers of the country look at it, Brandeis ain't fit to sit on the Supreme Court."

"Ai Gewalt!" Birsky exclaimed. "I didn't think he was that kind of a man!"

"Well, he is, Birsky, and he should ought to be proud of it," Zapp replied. "You see, Birsky, a high-priced lawyer of this country makes his principal living from advising financiers that nobody could do



"On the dock with flashlight and moving-picture operators."

nothing to them if they put through the deal, and naturally, Birsky, such a lawyer wants the Judges of the Supreme Court to agree with him. Now, it don't look that Brandeis would be that kind of a Supreme Court Judge, Birsky, and, therefore, according to high-priced lawyers he ain't fit to be one. Furthermore, they accuse Brandeis that he claimed the railroads could make more money by not paying bonuses to bankers as a reward for bleeding them than by raising the passenger and freight rates. Also, Brandeis comes down to New York and helps to settle the garment trade strike so that the families of the operators and pressers shouldn't starve and freeze, and when all the time he could sit comfortably in his Boston office and for two thousand dollars advise the President of the Windbeutel Woolen Company that under the decision of Judge Slaughter (used to was a member of the firm of Slaughter, Slaughter, Van Rensselaer, O'Brien & Slaughter, of No. 1 Wall street), in the case of Tillie Rachmonous versus the Accidental Mills, Ltd., it ain't necessary to put

in screens at 25 cents apiece for preventing the female employees' hair from getting caught in the shafting, as it is contributory negligence for a girl to have to work for a living, anyway."

"Is that a decision of a Supreme Court?" Birsky asked.

"I don't know," Zapp replied. "It sounds like one, and, anyhow, if it ain't, it's the kind of decision that the high-priced lawyers of the country is in favor of, Birsky; and so, Birsky, they claim that this here Brandeis ain't fit to be a Supreme Court Judge. Also you could take it from me, Birsky, that although the high-priced lawyers don't say so, that the following people ain't fit to be Judges of the Supreme Court, neither, as they would all act the same way as Brandeis acted:

- George Washington
- Abraham Lincoln
- Thomas Jefferson
- Grover Cleveland

and most of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States."



"Advising financiers that nobody could do nothing to them."

Rainbow Membership 27,000

## News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WEATHER  
Sunny for Us  
Despite War Clouds.

### OUR SATURDAY "TALK PARTY"

DEAR Children—As you remember, your editor asked you to send in suggestions for "talks" and stories; so today we are going to use the suggestions sent in, and your editor will talk about the subjects which our kind members have sent in.

Our good friend H. Ginsberg, South 6th street, wishes us to talk about: First, the way to climb the rope of success; second, the way to obey your mother; and third, a funny story. Here is what we have written: First—The way to climb the rope of success is to be sure that you are climbing the right rope. Your editor is merely one of a million persons who are trying to guide and direct you, and what he tells you is merely his opinion, but he suggests that success is nothing more than FINDING YOUR RIGHT PLACE IN THE WORLD AND STICKING.

What one thing can you do better than any one else, friend Ginsberg? What is the world wants which you only can supply? What do you want and what do your family and friends want? Give it to them and they will pay you well for it. Funny isn't it that success and service both begin with an S.

Second. The way to obey your mother is to kiss her every hour on the hour and then neither of you can talk for your mouths will be pleasantly occupied.

Third. Once upon a time there was a little boy and he went out into the woods, and he was going along and going along until finally he came to a great big lion and the lion was scared, he was, but he opened his mouth to eat the little boy, and what do you think? The little boy put his hand in the lion's mouth and caught hold of the lion's tail and turned the lion inside out! And I guess that's all.

H. Ginsberg also asks for three stories: (1) "The Angel," (2) "King Arthur and His Good Will," and (3) "Robin Hood and His Good Will." Now, I don't want to answer the second and third, and I hope the following will please our member: (1) One day a time there was a tiny little boy, and he went to sleep and he dreamed that an angel came and said to him: "My son, you are going to be President of these United States." When the little boy woke he found he had gone to sleep in school

### THE WORLD THROUGH RAINBOW SPECTACLES

and his teacher was standing over him. "I didn't know you were an angel!" he said, in great surprise. But the teacher only smiled.

We may learn from this that there are ministering angels all about us, if we will only LOOK for them!

**A Nameless Answer**  
Dear children for the second time—I have before me a postal card from a boy or girl which I can read all except his or her name, which is the most important thing on the whole card. A girl could not be so careless, so we will scold the writer, who lives on Coral street, as follows: You ask for (1) a fairy story, and, as I am not selfish, I wish our members would write for me a fairy story, entitled, "The Nameless Answer"; (2) also, "A Pet Story"; (3) a "School Story." I will now talk about the three subjects which our friend has sent in.

**TEMPERATION**—When I first got your card I was tempted not to answer it, but I resisted the temptation and feel better for it, as we always do, because it makes us STRONGER.

**PROMPTNESS**—If you are late to school 10 minutes every day you are late 50 minutes a week or how many hours during a year? The sun is prompt, the rain is prompt, the spring is prompt and so is the summer. The moon is prompt and the stars do not forget to go to bed when morning comes.

If any of our members possess a father who is a train dispatcher or a locomotive engineer, I wish you would ask your father what PROMPTNESS means, and I will print his answer, together with your picture, here in our club news.

**WILLINGNESS**: It is a terrible thing to disappoint a child, and your editor has worked and worked far into the night sometimes so as not to disappoint the members of our club. He is WILLING to do everything he can to HELP you, even if some of you, like our friend on Coral street, write your names so they cannot be read. Get this: Thought, Force, Will. First, you have the idea or thought; then you have the FORCE which starts the thought in action, and then you have the WILL to carry on what you do—you are WILLING.



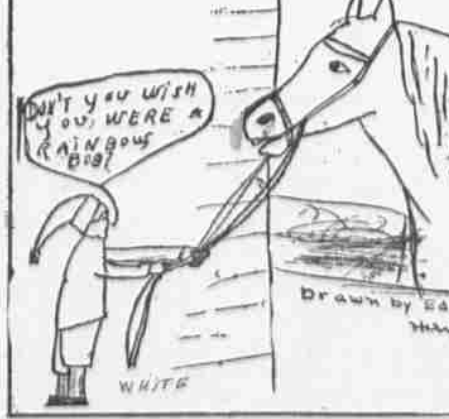
Drawn by Alice Brannan, 1014 S. 4th St.



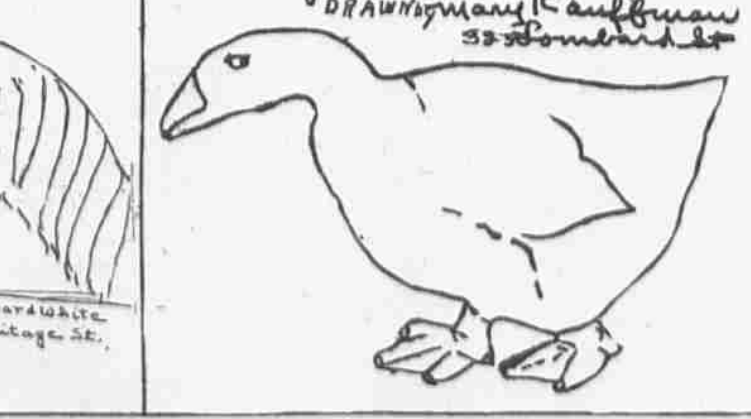
Drawn by James Daily, 2825 West 1st St.



Drawn by Bertha Shavit, 5. 4th St.



Drawn by Edward White, 1014 S. 4th St.



Drawn by Mary C. Cauffman, 35 S. 2nd St.

**Johnnie's Lesson**  
By GEORGE TANGUAY, Arch St.  
One day Johnnie's mother baked a nice big chocolate cake with chocolate icing on the top. Johnnie, who was out in the yard chopping wood, smelt it through the kitchen window and waited for a chance to sneak in and get some. Just then the door-bell rang and Johnnie sneaked in while his mother was at the door and made two nice crosses on the top of the cake with his fingers before his mother returned. He went out in the yard and was chopping wood when his mother came in the kitchen but his mother saw the marks, although she decided not to say anything. At the supper table that night when time for dessert came his mother asked who made the marks on the cake. Johnnie turned red in the face. His mother seeing he did not answer said, "The next time you want any thing you will ask for it or not get any at supper time." Johnnie never forgot.

**Our Postoffice Box**  
What do you think? We have, away off in Mt. St. Mary's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., 26 Rainbows. For this splendid branch circle we are indebted to Louis J. Weldon, a kind gentleman, who writes, "I am a firm believer in your club and wish it every success." The members are as follows: Dennis Maloney, William Cullane, Peter Rice, Oscar Kelly, Larry Sheridan, King Carroll, James Leary, William Cogan, L. Fubman, Bobby Donovan, Stom-

**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 .....

wall Cogan, Louis Critchen, Archibald Cahill, Hugh Jennings, Leo Kearns, Dennis Kelly, Scroator O'Connor, Jack Kigallon, J. Emmitt Halligan, Martin Meyer and the Masses Eloise Gardner, Louise Laferty, Theda Senonick, Alice Gray, Kate Durkin and Beatrice McCarthy. Many thanks, Louis J. Weldon, for your hearty cooperation.

**Honor Roll**  
Beginning next Saturday, March 11, the children whose names appear on the Honor Roll will be awarded cash prizes.  
Angelo Davenport, Oxford street.  
Jane Dagi, Pine street.  
Jack Northrop, Oak line.  
Lillian Wadsworth, Camden, N. J.  
Urban Quick, Addison street.  
Herman Marowitz, Lombard street.  
Carmela Lazzaro, South 4th street.  
Elizabeth Cunningham, Cynwyd, Pa.  
Elna Sacks, Lombard street.  
Madeline Cuneo, Salter street.

### EXTRA!!

#### RAINBOW VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS GIVE MATINEE

PHILADELPHIA, March 4.—A well-planned vaudeville program was presented this afternoon at the clubroom by the 6th Street Rainbows. Featuring in the performance were Edward Clark, Benjamin Orkline, Joseph Shapiro and Harry Rosenberg. The entire production was staged under the artistic direction of Zachary Korn and Sydney Frank.

#### CEDAR GROVE RAINBOWS PRINT NEWSPAPER

CEDAR GROVE, N. J., March 4.—The first issue of the Cedar Grove Weekly News, published by the Cedar Grove Rainbows, appeared February 26. The editors, David Johnson, Jr., Raymond Shorn, Roland Wilford, Vernon Penner, are to be congratulated on their splendid layout both in news and advertising display.

#### FARMER SMITH'S PIG BOOK

**Peter Pig and Mrs. Cat**  
PETER PIG went down the Sunbeam Plains turning every little while to look at his tail. "I do wish that curl would get out of my tail," he was saying to himself. "It would look more like Mister Elephant's if only it were straight."  
By and by he came to Mrs. Cat's house and it so happened that the good feline herself happened to be coming down the steps. "Good morning," said Peter, bowing so low he bumped his chin on the ground.  
At this Mrs. Cat arched her back and made the fur stand right up straight. Peter Pig looked at her in amazement. "How do you make your hair stand up like that?" he asked.  
"It does not concern you, but there are little muscles in my back which make my fur stand up whenever I want it to."  
"So your mind does it?" queried Peter.  
"Of course," purred Mrs. Cat softly.  
"Then why can't I make my hair stand up, too?" asked Peter, turning and looking at the top of his back.  
"Your head isn't big enough to hold a brain which can think fast enough to make the one or two hairs on your back stand up."  
"Oh!" exclaimed Peter as he walked away.  
When Peter got home he said to his good wife, "I wish you would look at my back and see if the hair stands up any when I get angry."  
Mrs. Pig waited a while and then said:

"I can't see any fur raising on your back. I guess you are not mad enough—why don't you 'MEOW'?"  
"My goodness!" squealed Peter. "Do you think I'm a cat?"  
"No," said Mrs. Pig. "If you were you wouldn't be my husband!"

#### Our Pet Column

My name is Punky Dunk. I belong to the boys of the FUNKLO LOGGERS. I had my picture taken with the boys, but they ran away and left me all alone. It's awful to be alone.



is all black, so says Punky Dunk. Oh, yes! The boys' names are John Hughes, William Tansbury, John Lynch, John Carroll, William Oldroyd and Stephen Salslock.

**MONEY PRIZES**  
The children who send in the answers of "Things to Know" are entitled to compete for the prizes of \$5, \$3 or \$1 and the four 25-cent prizes, to be awarded at the end of each week.

- Things to Know**
- 1.—What is the smallest republic in the world?
  - 2.—How many Senators and how many Representatives are sent from each State to Congress?
  - 3.—What is your favorite book of those you have read within the last three months?