

WHEN A FELLER GOES TO BED IN ENGLAND HE DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL WAKE UP IN IMPROVED PROPERTY OR VACANT LOTS

By MONTAGUE GLASS

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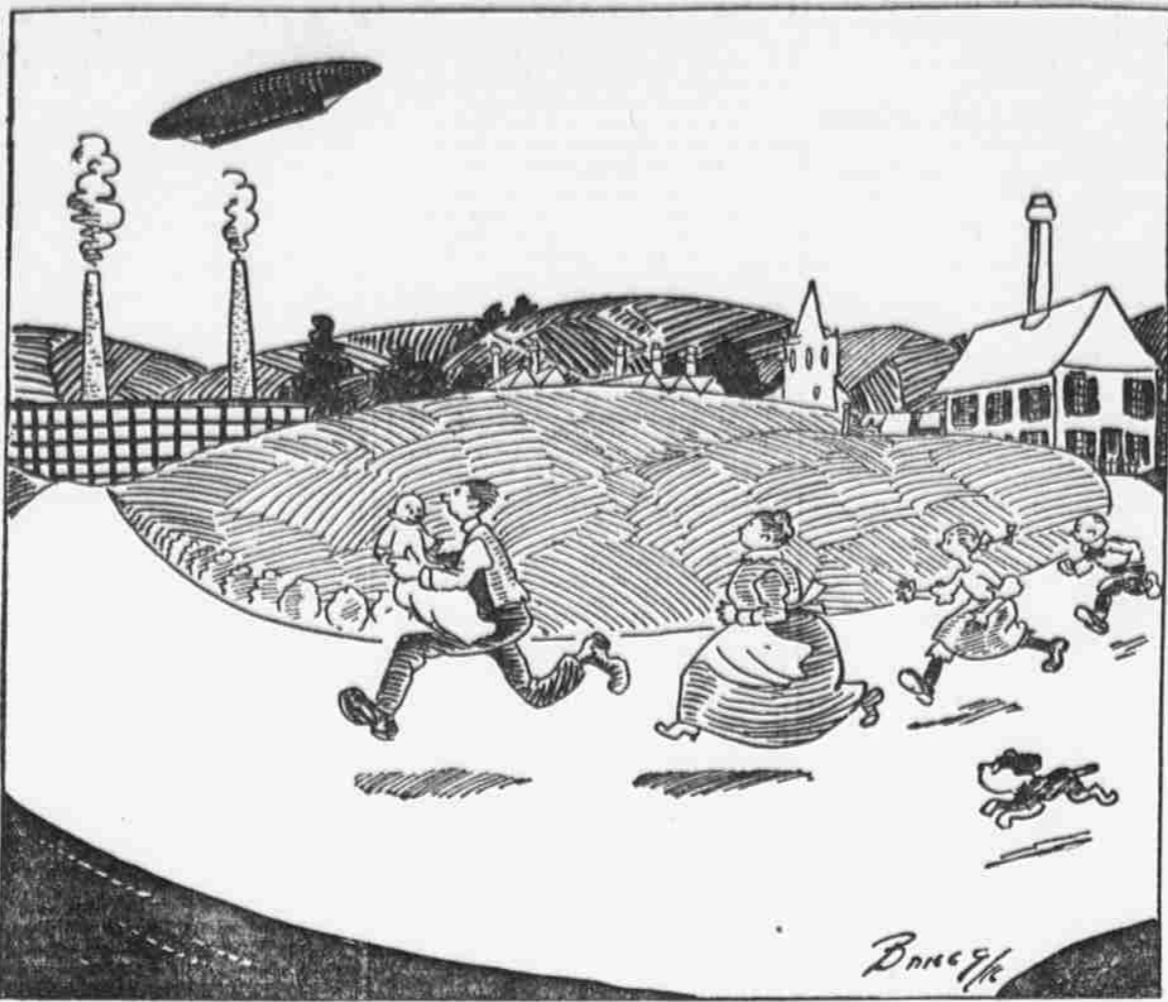
So Says Birsky in Commenting Upon Zepplins in the Course of a Dissertation on German Efficiency

Zapp Waxes Enthusiastic Over the Marvelous Discoveries of the German Scientists Who Concoct "Mattress Bread" as Good as Wheat

But When Zapp Says That Business Men in England and France Have to Take the Risks of War Along With the Advantages, Birsky Excitedly Cries, "A Rear End Brake-man on the New Haven Railroad Has Got Also the Same Advantages"

THEM German professors certainly does wonders over there," said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, "I see in the newspapers where Dr. Kuno Schimmerlig, professor of kolonialwaren, delicatessen and fine groceries, in the University of Berlin, has discovered a way of grinding up old mattresses, and by mixing it with glue, plaster, iron filings and 1-10th of 1 per cent. sinai of potassium he makes bread enough to feed all the English prisoners in Germany and a couple of million Russian prisoners besides. That's being economical for you, Birsky."

"Say, economical," Louis Birsky, the real estate, retorted. "Why don't they shoot them English prisoners nebbich and be done with it, instead of starving them to death?" "What are you talking nonsense—starve them to death?" Zapp exclaimed. "Professor Schimmerlig says that he made all kinds of tests from his mattress bread. He cut a slice of it one ten-thousandth of an inch thick, and he also cut a slice of regular bread not quite so thick, y'understand, and he looks at them both through a microscope, y'understand, and he couldn't tell them apart. He then takes a loaf of mattress bread and a loaf of regular bread and burns 'em up in an electric furnace at a temperature of 8854 degrees Fahrenheit, and the ashes from one bread is the same as the ashes from the other bread. He then goes to the top of a 14-story building and drops a loaf of mattress bread and a loaf of regular bread, and they land on the sidewalk within a tenth of a second of the other one. I



"He should go with his wife and children to the nearest ammunition factory."

forget what else he done, Birsky, but it didn't make no difference if he shot 'em out of a gun or soaked them in a mixture of sulphuric acid and beer, y'understand; the mattress bread was just precisely the same like regular bread. "Sure, I know," Birsky said, "but did he eat it?" "Why should he eat it?" Zapp asked. "He's a German professor, not an English prisoner. Then there is Doctor Bratenfett, professor of notions, small wares and five- and ten-cent store supplies in the University of Stuttgart, and he says—" "Excuse me," Birsky interrupted, "what did you say this here Doctor Whosthis was professor of? Five- and ten-cent store supplies?" "That's right," Zapp said. "I suppose you know, Birsky, that since the war all businesses in Germany is on a scientific basis, mit professors to look after 'em. They got professors of automobile supplies, tires, gasoline and oil which could make nonskid tires out of potato peels, watermelon rind, three onions, a dash of cayenne pepper and a bay leaf; simmer gently over a slow fire for three hours and just before serving add a liquor glass full of one-tenth of 1 per cent. benzo-boracic acid. The result is an oiter-

mobil neartire or tireola, which is absolutely impossible to tell from a regular \$50 list price tire by any test that a German professor knows about—ranging all the way from putting the neartire or tireola under an outside pressure of 89 foot tons to the square millimetre and the regular tire under the same also, down to taking a photograph of the tireola and the regular tire side by side and making a crayon enlargement 10 times life size. "But why didn't they test it by putting it on the wheel of a taxicab and running it a couple of miles or so to see if it would bust oder not?" Birsky asked. "What do you mean—to see if it would bust oder not?" Zapp expostulated. "I'm surprised to hear you should talk that way, Birsky. That's a test for a chauffeur to make, not a German professor. On the other hand, Birsky, there is German professors, including professors of every business in the business directory from artificial flowers, feathers, and millinery ornaments down to zinc, which all they need is a ton of coal tar and an adding machine, y'understand, and they could hand you out anything from a spool of thread to a regular full-course 50-cent chicken dinner.

And then they talk about Germany getting licked! Them fellers wouldn't give up till the last garbage can is empty." "Well, say," Birsky began, "the way them Zepplins is nowadays, I'd a whole lot sooner be in Germany as living in England, where if a feller goes to bed at night in his own home, y'understand, he don't know whether he's going to wake up in improved property or vacant lots." "They are used to that from woman suffrage times yet," Zapp said. "And, besides, the English War Office statistics shows that, so far, 10 times more people got hit by motorbuses last year as by Zepplins." "Sure, I know," Birsky said; "but while the English War Office is making statistics, y'understand, the German War Office is making Zepplins, and maybe by next year the Germans would get so many more Zepplins, as the English got statistics that living in England will be something which you could really call dangerous, Zapp." "Yow dangerous!" Zapp retorted. "Them Zepplin fellers that throw the bombs ain't aiming at nothing but ammunition factories." "Maybe they ain't Zapp," Birsky agreed; "but according to the descrip-

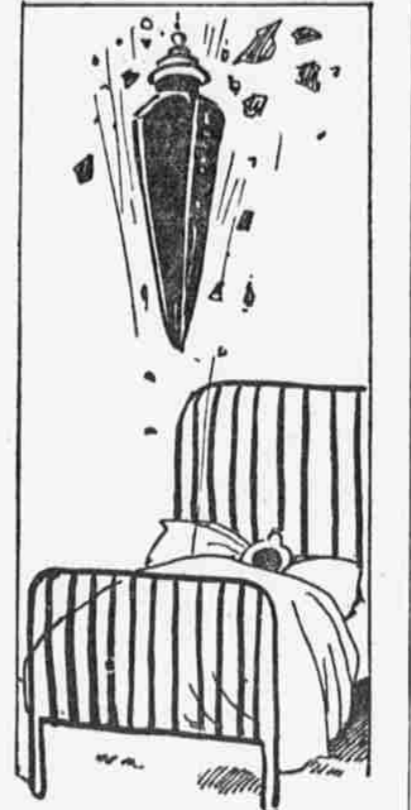
tion of ammunition factories given to them Zepplin fellers by their bosses, the way to tell an English ammunition factory is that every English ammunition factory is a building two stories high, and has a small front yard with a baby carriage in it, a back yard with clothes hanging out to dry, and there is a regular English ammunition factory smell of fried onions and ham and eggs coming from it. In other words, Zapp, to the German War Office an English ammunition factory looks just like an American dwelling house where a feller which makes from \$30 a week down would be living with his wife and family, Zapp. "Then all such a feller has got to do, Birsky," Zapp said, "when word comes that the Zepplins are arriving, is to take the baby out of the carriage in the front yard and leave the clothes hanging in the back yard. Then he should go with his wife and children to the nearest ammunition factory which looks like an ammunition factory, such as they got it in Pittsburgh—five stories high, mit smokestacks and freight cars around it—and him and his family would be perfectly safe." "Aber there is also the big cannons which the French and the Germans got," Birsky continued. "If you fired one of them things in Albany, Zapp, it would hit Kingston, Poughkeepsie, Yonkers, 125th street and the Grand Central Station like it would be laid out in a timetable already; and if a feller moves to Tarrytown for safety,



"He then goes to the top of a 14-story building."

y'understand, some Sunday when him and his family is sitting down to dinner a ton of shrapnel comes through the kitchen ceiling and completely spoils the Vorspeil, the roast chicken and the cook; and when the feller's attention is called to it, he could only say, 'My mistake,' because there it stands in the timetable, black and white, 'Tarrytown: h Sundays only.'" "Well, say!" Zapp exclaimed. "If a business man is living in one of them countries like England or France, he's got to take such risks along with the advantages." "Advantages!" Birsky repeated. "What for advantages? Such advantages Russian Grand Dukes used to get in the old days when the Nihilists was laying to let off blasts on 'em every 10 minutes. Advantages sagt er! A rear-end brakeman on the New Haven Railroad has got also the same advantages. Evidently you think it's a pleasure to a French business man he should get verplatzt, Zapp." "A pleasure I don't say it is, Birsky," Zapp said. "In fact, it must even be a big disappointment to him, considering that ever since the war begun a French business man ain't had to pay no rent; and if some one writes him his account is overdue and in case they don't hear from him by the tenth inst. would positively place the matter in the hands of their lawyers, y'understand, instead of telephoning them 10 times a week that

the boy is on his way over there with the check now, understand me, all he's got to do is to pull this here mortuarium on them and they dassent do nothing." "But if he can pull this here mortuarium on his creditors, Zapp, his debtors could also pull a mortuarium on HIM, Zapp." "Not if he sells for cash, Birsky," Zapp said; "so taking it one thing with another, Birsky, a French business man ain't entitled to no sympathy from nobody, because right now, Birsky, for every French business man that lays awake worrying about Zepplins, there's a hundred American business men that couldn't sleep for thinking of rent and bills payable." "Aber how about the French landlords and the French real estate?" Birsky asked. "They couldn't be very long on sleep neither." "Well, the chances is they don't get to drink no black coffee exactly," Zapp admitted. "Ain't a landlord got to live the same like a business man?" Birsky demanded. "Sure, he does," Zapp said. "Then why should the French Government pick on him for?" Birsky asked. Zapp shrugged his shoulders. "It must be the same in France like it is in America, Ireland, Russia and New York," he concluded. "No body loves a landlord."



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33,000 Rays to OUR Rainbow! News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club The Weather Pusywillow's Peeking Out o' the Snow

SPRING WILL SOON BE HERE Dear Children—There are times when we want something to think about and just now, when the wind is whistling around the corner, it is pleasant to think that SOON spring will be here. Have you noticed a tingling in your fingers? Do you know what it is? I will tell you. It is those fingers of yours itching to get into the cool, moist dirt. Do not be discouraged if you live in a flat or apartment, for we are going to tell you how our members manage to have window boxes and watch the tender little shoots come out of the ground. It will make your life much happier to have flowers about you. Do not think that your editor is going to do all this, for he is going to ask you. Do tell us just what you are doing, and those of you who live in the country will be kept busy sending flowers to those who live in the great big city and to those who are in the hospitals. Do not ask WHAT IS THERE FOR ME TO DO. There are lots and lots of things for you and you MUST keep busy. Perhaps some of you already have a flower box and you must write in and tell us how you made it and just how you planted it. What wonderful times we are to have writing stories like this, "A Flower Garden in a Soap Box." Each little blade that comes up will have a story for you and you must learn to read it. BE PREPARED! Plan, plan, plan! If you have a hard time going to sleep at night, think of your garden box or how you are going to plant your large garden. Write me a postal card and offer suggestions as to what you think our little gardeners ought to do. We will divide them into three classes: (1) Those who use a box. (2) Those who have flower gardens outdoors, and (3) Those who have vegetable gardens. If you earned money last year selling flowers or vegetables, write and tell me about it. LET US KEEP NEAR NATURE NEXT SUMMER. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

THE "GOOD NIGHT TALK" OF THE BLACK INK SQUAD

Artwork for 'The Lone Wolf' featuring a wolf and a house. Includes names: ELIZABETH QUINN, MARGARET DONATELLI, CHARLES ZERILLO, and MABEL COYLE.

SATURDAY EVENING SMILES

SCIENCE—"Why doesn't lightning ever strike twice in the same place?" the teacher asked the new boy in the natural philosophy class. "Huh," said the new boy, "It never needs to." AN ACCIDENT—"Why, Johnny," said Johnny's mother, "you've got a lump on your head. You've been fighting again!" "Fighting?" answered Johnny. "Not me! I've been in an accident." "An accident?" exclaimed his anxious mother. "Yes. I was sitting on Dennis McGraw and I forgot to hold his feet." SALLY'S DRESS—Teacher—Now, children, I told you yesterday all about the materials from which your dresses are made—silk, wool and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Catherine, where did the goods for your dress come from? Catherine—It once grew on the back of a sheep. Teacher—That's correct; and yours, Jane? Jane—Part of mine grew on the back of a sheep and the rest of it came from a silkworm. Teacher—Very good! And yours, Sally? Sally (with a very red face)—Mine, mine came from an old one of mamma's.

FARMER SMITH'S FROG BOOK

Dr. Bull Frog's Telephone "I have been reading a book," began Willie Tree Toad one afternoon as he and Billy Bull Frog were seated under a tree, and the book says that the men who invented electricity used to use the legs of a frog. "Well," answered Billy, "what about it?" "Why," replied Willie, "we have electricity in our legs." "I guess that must be what makes the jumps," said Billy. Then they both laughed. "I guess I know a lot about electricity as if you will come with me we will play a joke on Doctor Bull Frog—we will make his telephone bell ring." "That would be great fun," said Billy. "Come, let's do it." They both scampered away as fast as they could and soon were at the good doctor's bungalow. Willie hopped on the roof and told Billy to follow, but of course, he couldn't because he had no stickers on his feet like a Tree Toad. When Willie got on the roof he hid a very funny thing. He climbed down where the telephone wires entered Doctor Bull Frog's bungalow and stood with one foot on each wire. Pretty soon the telephone bell rang and Doctor Bull Frog answered it. "No!! I didn't call," they heard him saying. Willie came down after that and said: "You see, my feet are wet and when I put one foot on each wire it is just the same as taking the receiver off the book and it shows a little light in the central office and the telephone girl at once rings up to ask what is wanted." "What a wonder you are!" exclaimed Billy. "Let's try it on another." And they did, much to Mrs. Bull Frog's amazement.



Things to Know and Do 1. Describe the best time you ever had in your life. 2. Go to the window and draw a picture of the first thing you see. (Black ink on white paper). 3. Who was Lafayette?

The Lane Newsboy By VICTOR LESHNER, Pennsylvania St. A small boy with the EVENING LEDGER under his arm came limping up to the big automobile. "Paper, mister?" he piped. The old gentleman bought one of the boy's papers and handing the boy a half dollar stepped into the car. Dazed by this sudden good fortune the boy forgot about the automobile till it was whirled out of sight. The boy then realized that the man was one of the rich men of the city! That night in a fashionable house on Chestnut street the old gentleman sat at the table. Great was the gentleman's surprise to see the lane newsboy enter the door. "Dinner, here's 15 cents I owe you," said the boy. Walking forward at once to the old man, he placed the money in his hand and walked out of the room. Although the boy received no reward, he showed the old man that there were honest as well as dishonest boys.

HONOR ROLL CONTEST The following children won money prizes for submitting the best answers to "Things to Know and Do," for the week ending March 11: Madeline Cuneo, Satter street, 51 cents. Jean Clark, North Broad street, 50 cents. Mary Neary, Cord street, 25 cents. Alice Weed, South 98th street, 25 cents. Arthur Smith, North 16th street, 25 cents. George Fedano, Christian street, 25 cents.

Our Postoffice Box What do you think? Uncle Willie Warner has joined the Rainbow Club! He is the great big genial traffic policeman, who watches over the little children who play in the neighborhood of Broad and Chestnut avenue. The Systematic Street Rainbows are responsible for this distinguished member. The little girls in the branch circle are Anna Naulty, secretary, Emma Schmidt, Gertrude Gallagher, Mary Gallagher, Marion Muser, Minnie Gallagher, Evelyn Lear and Mary Abland. Dorothy Haines, North 5th street, is 11 years old and wants to know if she is too old to join. Dorothy, Dorothy, do you know that we have nearly as many 11-year-old members as we have 5-year-olds? So you see you are just a happy medium! William Broeckerman, North 21st street, button was dispatched to you post haste and we hope that by this time it is proudly decorating the lapel of your coat. Harry Becker, North 9th street, writes that he would like to have the Postoffice Box at his home. Just what do you mean, Harry? Harry McGulgan's Rainbows, South 23d street, are making rapid strides. Barry's cousin, George Barry, of Pacific avenue, Atlantic City, has organized a branch club in his neighborhood. These young men suggest that all branch clubs send in a monthly report of all their activities. This is a very practical measure up the other division's accomplishments, it would please your editor immensely that the various secretaries of various branches give heed to this suggestion. Ned Penning, Torresdale, wants your editor to write about alligators. Tell the daddy of yours, Neddie, to keep a good eye on the Good-night Talk. He's a pretty good. His Ned is going to have a "club news" all to himself. Ada Haines, South 4th street, makes polite inquiries about our health; we give favorable replies, and venture to hope that Ada is well herself.