# WAR TO A COUNTRY IS LIKE LAWSUITS TO A BUSINESS MAN," SAYS ZAPP, "THEY EAT HIM UP MIT EXPENSES, Y' UNDERSTAND" ::: By MONTAGUE GLASS

"And Nine Times Out of Ten," He Adds, "It Don't Make No Difference if He Wins or Loses, He Is Broke Anyhow"

Birsky and Zapp Are Discussing the Pros and Cons of Warning Americans Off Armed Liners, and When the Latter Takes a Fling at Congress, Birsky Indignantly Says, "You Are Like a Whole Lot of People, You Are Always Willing to Abuse a Senator"

PARTI

"WELL, you got to give them fel-lers credit," Louis Birsky, the wal estater, said the day before the Melemore resolution was tabled. "They ain't throwing no bluffs, Zapp. They're scared to death and they admit it. Their idea is that if Germany Hills any more Americans that Germany would go to war with us, funderstand, so Senator Gore and this here McLemon wants to make a motion that if Germany kills any more Americans it should be reckoned as suicide and not murder, and if the policy ain't been in force one year, understand me, the insurance company wouldn't got to pay."

"The insurance companies owns them fellers," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, commented.

"The insurance companies is got nothing to do with it, Zapp," Birsky retorted. "You are like a whole lot of people, Zapp. You are always will-ing to abuse a Senator. You should ought to be careful what you say about them fellers. They're honest, even if they would be cowards. Not that I don't think them poor Schlemiels is right, at that. Why should the whole country go to war just because a couple of Americans gets "A couple ain't much," Zapp

agreed, "aber how many Americans is Germany entitled to kill before we get mad enough to fight?" "She ain't told us yet," Birsky

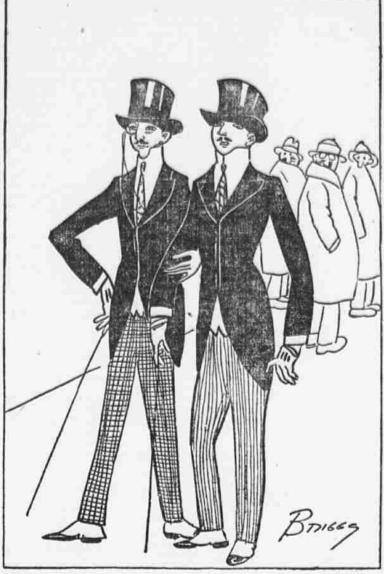
"Who ain't told us?" Zapp in-

"Germany," Birsky replied. "Aber why should Germany tell us!" Zapp asked. "Ain't America a

do without asking Germany first?" "Seemingly not," Birsky replied.

which Germany makes since the war

saked, "Americans or Germans?"



"So that they could walk around looking like they'd come down with Bright's disease."

Birsky said.

"Then it seems to me that the Ger-Geschrei for only a handful," Zapp commented.

"Sure, I know," Birsky replied, "but the German element in Congress is like saffron in the soup, Zapp. A little pinch, y'understand, will turn a whole gallon yellow. In fact, Zapp, the way some Congressmen is behaving, you would think that if America goes to work and gets an American ship sunk on her by Germany and there happens to be a couple German-Americans drowned on it, y'understand, Milwaukee, Hobobig enough country to know what to ken, St. Louis, Cincinnati and the Hamburg and Knickerbocker avenue sections of the Brooklyn "L" would That's the whole trouble between declare war on the United States. Mr. Wilson and Congress, Zapp. Mr. Furthermore, if there's some Irish-Wilson claims like you do, that men sunk on the same boat, Senator smokers as we got in Congress today, America should act according to O'Gorman would give up his Amer-American law, and Congress says we ican citizenship and become a natushould act according to German law ralized Milwaukeean, while if Gott Zapp commented. "You can call Con- you changed your mind, Birsky." soll hueten an Italioner or so would gressmen saffron, stogies and any "Well, what are we anyway," Zapp Bend wouldn't even bother to call ions, Birsky, aber if they can keep changes his mind might just so well Birsky?" Zapp said. "If the worser with a couple quarts at my expense, Zapp, commercially speaking, they're back her Ambassador before her America out of this war I am satis- boast that he never changes his comes to the worst, they wouldn't even if you would got from it as honest as the day."

"Really and truly, we are Ameri- corpse of flying machines would be cans with a handful of Germans," gin dropping on the Fifth avenue retail district bombs filled with garlic, salami, Parmesan cheese, table dote mans in Congress is making an awful | red wine and other strong Italian explosives. I tell you, Zapp, when it comes to this here German submarine proposition, the United States of America ain't no more united than the United Cigar Stores of America would be if its salesmen was inviting its competitors to walk right in and help themselves to the stock, in particular the choice perfectos; because them Americans which has got business important enough to make them risk a trip to Europe in these times is the best stock of the country. Take A. G. Vanderbilt, Charles Frohman and Lindon Bates, and a lot of other Americans who went down on the Lusitania, and they were perfectos and invincibles worth a couple of thousand such stogies and rough

"That's all right, too, Birsky,'

fled. War to a country is like lawsuits to a business man, Birsky. They eat him up mit expenses, y'understand, and nine times out of ten it don't make no difference if he wins or loses, he is broke anyhow."

"Did I say he wasn't?" Birsky continued. "But if a business man lets it be known that he would do anything rather than go into a lawsuit, y'understand, his customers would claim shortages before they unpack the goods; his traveling salesmen would sell his samples on him; his bookkeeper would take taxicab rides mit the petty cash; his competitors would steal his designs; his foreman would pad the payroll, and finally, when it is seen that he wouldn't do nothing about it, the small fry gets busy. One of the buttonhole makers claims an unlawful discharge and sues him in a Municipal Court that the boss hired him for a term of one year at \$12 a week in front of two disinterested witnesses with a 25 per cent, interest in the verdict. When the foreman gets fired he brings a \$5000 action for libel on account of being called a dirty crook, and also acts as witness in three \$10,000 suits against the boss by operators which alleges personal injuries from falling downstairs and they got no difficulty in proving that the stairs was defective on account they made 'em so with a hatchet the day before the accident. And that's the way it goes, Zapp. Nobody has got so many lawsuits as a business man v/ho would do anything to avoid a lawsuit. And if a feller claims to be long-suffering, Zapp, there's plenty people would oblige him that way."

PART II

DID you ever hear the like, Zapp?" Louis Birsky exclaimed, the morning after the McLemore resolution was tabled. "We must got to go to war because a couple dudes in New York ain't satisfied to buy their clothes where their fathers made their money, y'understand, but must take a trip over to London and buy English clothes, so that they could walk around looking like they'd come down with Bright's disease the day after the last fitting and lost 25 pounds weight before the suit was delivered. Honestly, Zapp, it's a Mitzvah to submarine such fellers, and this here McLemon, instead of warning them not to travel on English boats, should have requested them to do so as a favor to their families and the New York custom tailoring business. Senator O'Gorman was right, Zapp. We are living in America, not England."

thought this was Ireland instead of

"Supposing I did," Birsky retorted, Oo-ee! My poor wife!" be killed, y'understand, Mulberry other vegetable from lemons to on- "a feller which claims he never

collar, Zapp. I ain't like some people take you for a soldier. You are too

"Scrambled oats which was swept up from the decks."

which never read nothing but the old." letters in their morning mail, Zapp. which some of them Congressmen are talking about, Zapp, and why So what show do I stand?" should I go to work and put myself in a position where some one is liable to schenck me a gallon or so of and healthy as Jeff Willard even, and liquid fire? Maybe you like such long before the United States goes to things, Zapp. Might you would enjoy sitting in a trench somewheres around your front parlor, and some around Coney Island and with of 'em says you left a will and others nothing but the United States Navy, such as it is, between you and a estate was caten up by the doctors' couple million German soldiers carrying bombs, and the things inside of There's more expensive ways of dyleast is sulphuric acid and red hot

rusty nails." him; "them fellers in Congress is like you to fight, y'understand, you

"What do you mean-too old?" I open once in a while a newspaper, Birsky retorted. "At my age Napo-Zapp, and when I read the speeches leon Bonaparte selig was fighting the battle of Waterloo nebich, and Genmade it, I admit I am mistaken in eral Grant olav hasholom was older them fellers. They know what they yet when he had his troubles in 1861.

"Schmooes, Birsky!" Zapp said. "Right now you could be as strong war your friends would be sitting says you didn't, and anyhow the bills from such a lingering sickness. them bombs that's going to hurt you ing than in the trenches, Birsky. But, anyhow, Birsky, if we should got to go to war and we needed it men so "Listen, Birsky," Zapp reassured badly that they asked an alter Bocher wouldn't be talking this way. You

Magerbeschwerden for a month afterwards.

Birsky flipped the fingers of both hands derisively.

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"For all the stomach trouble people would get from you blowing 'em to champayner wine, Zapp," he said, "the soda mint manufacturers might just so well go into the ammunition business and be done with it."

"Well, there you got the whole thing in a nutshell," declared Zapp, who was beginning to think he had gone a little too far in the statement of his hypothetical case. He therefore changed the conversation. "The trouble with Americans is not that they shouldn't ought to travel across the ocean, but that they shouldn't ought to manufacture ammunition for them fellers in Europe; and it don't make no difference that Congress couldn't pass a law to prevent em from doing it; Americans should ought to be decent enough to stop it without being told."

"Why should they stop it?" Birsky said. "They ain't doing no harm." "What do you mean-they ain't doing no harm?" Zapp asked.

"Why, you take a feller which used to was in the art needlework business and is now manufacturing shrapnel, y'understand," Birsky explained, "and when they fire one of his bombs somewheres in France, and it bursts over the 1st Brandenburger Schuetzen Corpse, the chances is a hundred to one that nothing drops out of it but two and six-twelfth dozen dotted Swiss doolies that the feller has had on hand since 1902 and couldn't dispose of otherwise. It's the same way with a breakfast food manufacturer which is now making up 134-inch shells. The English superdreadnought Lord Rothschild fires a whole broadside of them shells at the German battle cruiser Prinz Wilhelm Franz Heinrich August II, y'understand, and not only there ain't a German sailor wounded, y'understand, but for the rest of the war them poor fellows is living on scrambled oats which was swept up from the decks the day after the battle, and which the breakfast - food manufacturer tried his best and couldn't even give away in every pure food show from Eastport, Me., to San Diego after an advertising campaign costing \$100,-

"Then if that's the kind of bombs they're using in this war, Birsky," Zapp said, "why should you worry?"

"I'm speaking from American bombs," Birsky said. "German bombs "Sure, I know-alarmists!" Birsky | would want to fight. It's like if you | is different, Zapp. When a Zeppeliner said. "You can say that! You've and me was arguing whether cham- drops one of them bombs on a babies' got a floating kidney and gall stones, payner wine is good for the human hospital in mistake for a dockyard, "Aber I thought you said the day Zapp, but everybody ain't so lucky as body, y'understand, you would tell Zapp, he's confident that it was made before yesterday that O'Gorman you. I got examined for additional me it is poison already; aber if I was back home in Germany by a regular insurance in the I. O. M. A. last to say to you, 'Come, Birsky, we will bombmaker, and not a feller which America," Zapp said. "Evidencely week, and the doctor said I would drink a bottle champayner wine to- used to was in the ladies' neckwear pass for 10 years younger than I am. gether,' the chances is that a feller manufacturing and couldn't make a which makes a god out of his stom- success of it. Because, you can say "What are you talking nonsense, ach the way you do would get away what you please about the Germans,

Rainbows, Rainbows Everywhere-37,000 o' Them!

# News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

The Weather A Blue-eyed Violet WINKED ME!

### WHAT DOES "ANSWER" MEAN?

Dear Children-Once there was a little boy and he had a father who was very fond of him, because he did not have a father when he was a little boy. Well, the parent was going away and so he said to his son, "I am going away and if I write a letter to you, will you answer it?" "Papa, what does 'answer' mean?" asked the son.

"It means 'to speak or write in return," replied the father. "If I send you a letter, you must send me one in return."

"Yes; I'll do that," said the boy.

There are many kinds of answers, but the best answer of all is the soft enswer, which stops all discussion-stops all quarreling. There is nothing you can do in school which is more important than

ANSWERING. When the teacher speaks, you must answer. When questions are asked in examinations, you must ANSWER them. The point about answering is to THINK before you answer. One of the great things about our club is, if you follow these talks and sur stories, also answering the questions, you will learn to ANSWER not only

quickly, but ACCURATELY, It is not always wise to say the first thing that pops into your head, but to think twice before answering once. For instance, one of your editor's let questions is, "How much dirt in a hole three feet square?" Of course,

there is NO dirt in a hole. Somewhere in our wonderful make-up there is what is called an IM-PULSE, and you may be sure he IS an IMP-ulse, so be careful to control your impulses when you answer. Study that word and remember that an IMP is a rascal and that your PULSE tells you how your heart is working.

I am going to ask you to answer my question: Do you want me to put my

picture in this paper? I want to see how YOU answer ME. FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box Four more little girls answered the apbal for little girls' clothing which apissted in a recent issue of the Evenino They are Esther Dinamore Deltan avenue: Mamie Greenstein, Walaca street; Isabel Troxill, Burlington, N. and Dorothy Cole, Norwood street, mantown. Many thanks to these lit-

antown. Many thanks to these litiks whose generous hearts are so
to "help out."
bitten's Play" is the name of a very
sing story which comes from the
Maris Berhalter, of East Tosculum.
"A Dutch Boy" is the subject of a
lag by A. Horszewski which is apt to
shortly in the art gallery. Two
shortly in the art gallery. Two allortly in the art gallery. Two sisters, Augusting and Olga Coccia, with Franklin street, are constant, with readers.

BOYS AND GIBLS. If you want to sare money after to had no Safurdays, write to

# The Sweet Land By ELEANOR GRINNAN. Once there was a little girl nam

One night she was sitting on a chair when suddenly she found herself wandering be-side a lake and a small goblin, dressed

PARMER SMITH,

EVENING LEDGER:

Age School I attend .....

Things to Know and Do

2. Why is a nobleman like a book? (Sant in by Eleanor Koons, Wynnewood).

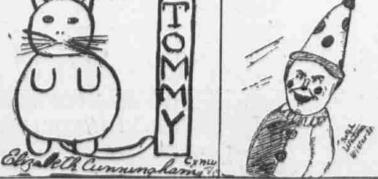
L Build as many words as you can from SHOEMAKER.

Write a Goodnight Talk that you

sinde a lake and a small gobilin, dressed in green and red. carried her off to a palace called the off the stairs of striped peppermints; she found her way into a small bedroom. There were peppermint cradles with sugar bables in them. The King that lived in the palace was dressed in a brown robe made of the King) was very angry at Lily, for she was biting off the heads of the sugar bables, and she was rather rude for she bit off the kings head! The candy people all ran toward her and just then any were up!

## PICTURE STORIES FROM RAINBOW PENS







ALEX treed

Dolary St

The New Member

By JACK BURGESS, Cedar avenue I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Ciub. Please send me a beau-Little George Walker went out of the tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. house to play. He was quite happy and he ought to have been happy, for he had just received his Rainbow Club button, He had it on the lapel of his coat, and as he started down the street a big boy came walking toward him. 

"What's that button, bey?" he asked, looking at the Rainbow button. "It's a Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club button," replied Georgie. "Do you get the Eventho Lebonen?" "Yes, my father buys it," replied the boy. "I think I remember reading about that club."

"Would you like to join it?" asked Georgie. The bay heafated a moment and than said: "Why, there aren't any boys as big as me, are there?" "How old are

The following children won prizes for answering the questions of "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending March 18: Dorothy Halnes, North 5th street,

HONOR ROLL CONTEST

Irvine Woodward, Musgrave street, Marguerite Larkin, North Broad atreet, 25 cents. Atthea Baghurst, Telford, Pa., 25 conts.

Bessie Walther, North 24th street,

ou, twelve?" said Georgie. "Yes," said Georgie gave him the membership blank and he joined.

Auna Harbison, Gioucrater, N. J.

### SATURDAY EVENING SMILES

No Wonder He Knew-"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a big bod who had lately joined her class. "I don't know," said he. "Don't know!" she exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy 12 years old. Why. there is little Johnny Jones-he is only three-he can tell, I know. Come here, Johnny: who made you?" "God made me," answered the infant. "There," said the teacher triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it." "Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, "'tain't but a little while since he

No Heaven for Him-"Mama," said little Mary, "will you go to heaven when you die?" "Yes, Mary dear," answered mother, "I hope so." "Well," continued Mary, "I hope I'll go or you'll be lonesome." "Yes," said mother, "and I hope papa will go, too." "Oh, no, papa can't go," added the little girl wisely; "why, he can't leave the store!"

Mother's "Job"-Mother punished Dicky one day for being naughty, and all day long he remained very quiet, as though waiting for something. When his father came home he ran to him and cried: "Daddy, I want you to do somfin for me; please, please discharge mama."

### Farmer Smith's Duck Book

Dottie Duckling Sees a Boy VOU see, Dottle Duckling had not been she was toddling toward the Big Pond she saw the funniest looking thing she had ever seen and she ran to her mother and said:

"Oh, mother, come! I saw the funniest "What was it like?" asked the good

Our Pet Column

"Well, it had two feet, just like me, but it had no web on them and it was all I in this world very long, and one day as covered with something-not feathersand it had a bill, just as I have, and a hole under the bill and two funny things on each side of its head, and its wings hadn't any feathers on them, and—"

"I guess you must have seen a little boy," answered the good mother. "And what IS a boy?" asked Dottle, "Why, a boy is a boy," said Mrs. Duck. "I don't know what else to call him. You are a duck and that is all. You're— you're just a duck and not a boy and

are a duck and that is all. You're—
you're just a duck and not a boy and a
boy is not a duck. Besides, a boy can
talk and you can only quark."

"Oh! I see," said Dottle.

"No, you don't see," said her mother.

"There are lots and lots of people who
don't know what a boy is and there are
lots and lots of people who do not know
what a duck is. We have to call things
by name so we will know what we are
talking about."

"Oh!" was all Dottie could say for a
few minutes and then she asked: "Do
boys grow on tress!"

"My dear you must not ask so many
questions. You will only be allowed to
ask one question every day after this."

"Well, mother, my question for lots."

"Well, mother, my question for today-my ONE question is, Are those furthers on that little boy's head?" ; "No," answered Mrs. Duck. "That is hair."

"Mother, what is hear"

But that who too rough for him Dock, so she toddled quickly ever to the line.