

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

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"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 Warming Americans Off Armed Liners, and When the Letter Takes a Fling at Congress, Birsky Indignantly Says, "You Are Like a Whole Lot of People, You Are Always Willing to Abuse a Senator"

PART I

WELL, you got to give them felers credit," Louis Birsky, the real estate, said the day before the McLemore 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 kills any more Americans that Germany would go to war with us, y'understand, so Senator Gore and this here McLemore 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."

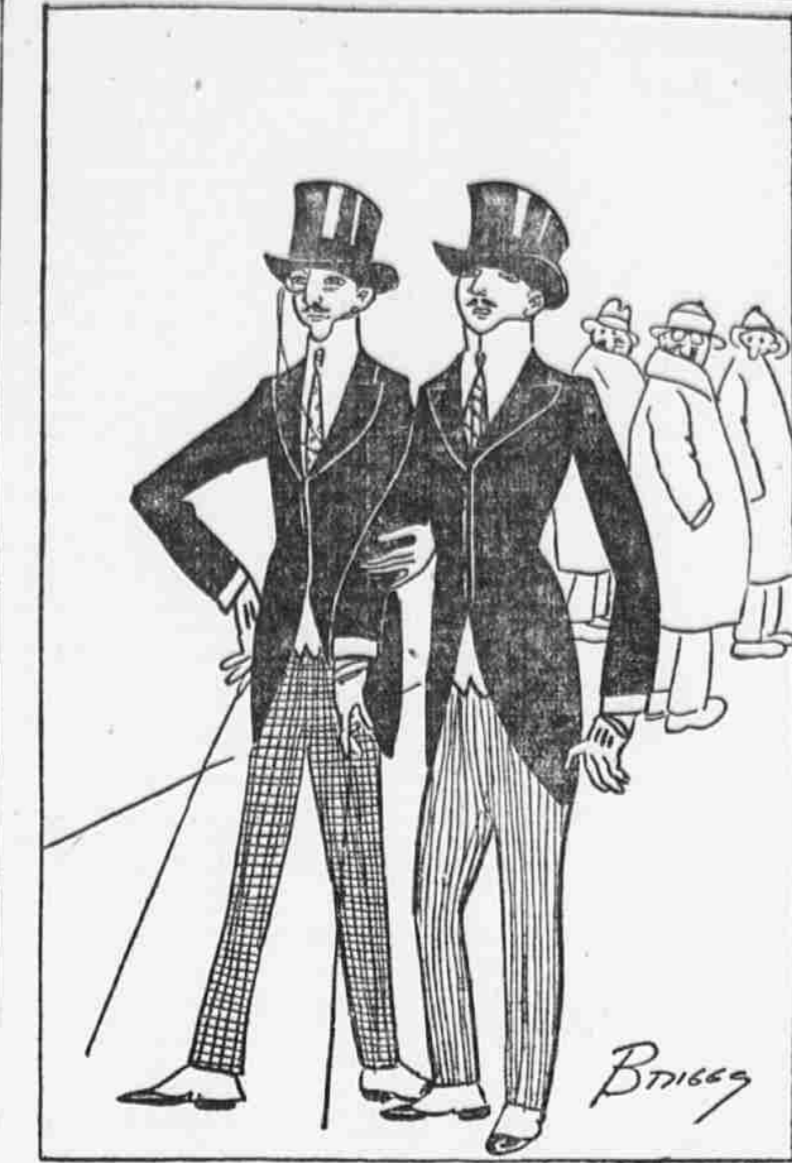
"The insurance companies own them fellers," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, commented. "The insurance companies is got nothing to do with it, Zapp," Birsky retorted. "You are like a whole lot of people, Zapp. You are always willing to abuse a Senator. You should ought to be careful what you say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

"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 said.

"Who ain't told us?" Zapp inquired.

"Germany," Birsky replied. "Aber why should Germany tell us?" Zapp asked. "Ain't America a big enough country to know what to do without asking Germany first?" "Seemingly not," Birsky replied. "That's the whole trouble between Mr. Wilson and Congress, Zapp. Mr. Wilson claims like you do, that America should act according to American law, and Congress says we should act according to German law which Germany makes since the war started."

"Well, what are we anyway," Zapp asked, "Americans or Germans?"



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

"Really and truly, we are Americans with a handful of Germans," Birsky said.

"Then it seems to me that the Germans in Congress is making an awful 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, Hoboken, St. Louis, Cincinnati and the Hamburg and Knickerbocker avenue sections of the Brooklyn 'L' would declare war on the United States. Furthermore, if there's some Irishmen sunk on the same boat, Senator O'Gorman would give up his American citizenship and become a naturalized Milwaukeean, while if Gott soll hueten an Italianer or so would be killed, y'understand, Mulberry Bend wouldn't even bother to call back her Ambassador before her

corpse of flying machines would be flying dropping on the Fifth avenue retail district bombs filled with garlic, salami, Parmesan cheese, table dote 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 smokers as we got in Congress today, Zapp."

"That's all right, too, Birsky," Zapp commented. "You can call Congressmen saffron, stogies and any other vegetable from lemons to onions, Birsky, aber if they can keep America out of this war I am satisf-

fied. 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."

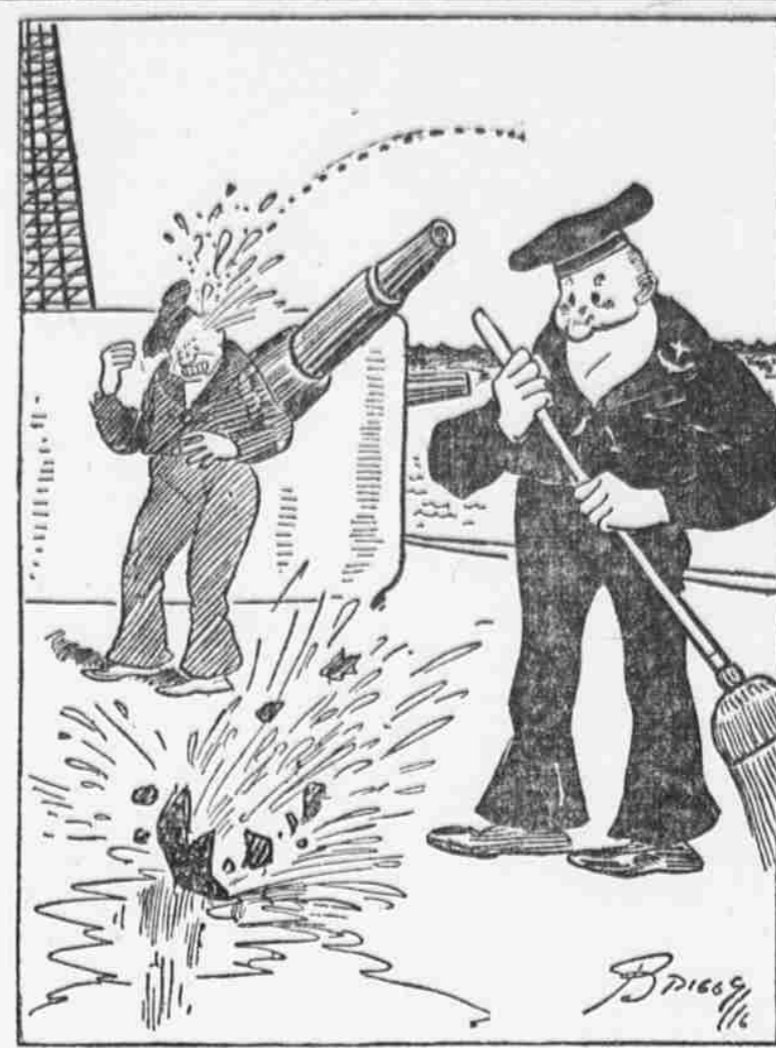
"Did I say he wasn't?" Birsky continued. "But if a business man lets it be known that he would do anything rather than go into a lawsuit, y'understand, his customers would claim shortages before they unpack the goods; his traveling salesmen would sell his samples on him; his bookkeeper would take taxicab 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 who 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 Mitvah to submarine such fellers, and this here McLemore, 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."

"Aber I thought you said the day before yesterday that O'Gorman thought this was Ireland instead of America," Zapp said. "Evidently you changed your mind, Birsky."

"Supposing I did," Birsky retorted, "a feller which claims he never changes his mind might just so well boast that he never changes his



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

collar, Zapp. I ain't like some people which never read nothing but the letters in their morning mail, Zapp. I open once in a while a newspaper, Zapp, and when I read the speeches which some of them Congressmen made it, I admit I am mistaken in them fellers. They know what they are talking about, Zapp, and why should I go to work and put myself in a position where some one is liable to schmeck me a gallon or so of liquid fire? Maybe you like such things, Zapp. Might you would enjoy sitting in a trench somewhere around Coney Island and with nothing but the United States Navy, such as it is, between you and a couple million German soldiers carrying bombs, and the things inside of them bombs that's going to hurt you least is sulphuric acid and red hot rusty nails."

"Listen, Birsky," Zapp reassured him; "them fellers in Congress is alarmists."

"Sure, I know—alarmists!" Birsky said. "You can say that! You've got a floating kidney and gall stones, Zapp, but everybody ain't so lucky as you. I got examined for additional insurance in the I. O. M. A. last week, and the doctor said I would pass for 10 years younger than I am. Co-ee! My poor wife!"

"What are you talking nonsense, Birsky?" Zapp said. "If the worsers comes to the worst, they wouldn't

take you for a soldier. You are too old."

"What do you mean—too old?" Birsky retorted. "At my age Napoleon Bonaparte *selig* was fighting the battle of Waterloo *nebach*, and General Grant *olav haschalom* was older yet when he had his troubles in 1861. So what show do I stand?"

"Schmooses, Birsky!" Zapp said. "Right now you could be as strong and healthy as Jeff Willard even, and long before the United States goes to war your friends would be sitting around your front parlor, and some of 'em says you left a will and others says you didn't, and anyhow the estate was eaten up by the doctors' bills from such a lingering sickness. There's more expensive ways of dying than in the trenches, Birsky. But, anyhow, Birsky, if we should got to go to war and we needed it men so badly that they asked an *alter Bocher* like you to fight, y'understand, you wouldn't be talking this way. You would want to fight. It's like if you and me was arguing whether champagne wine is good for the human body, y'understand, you would tell me it is poison already; aber if I was to say to you, 'Come, Birsky, we will drink a bottle champagne wine together, the chances is that a feller which makes a god out of his stomach which makes a god out of his stomach which makes a god out of his stomach with a couple quarts at my expense, even if you would got from it

Magerbeschwerden for a month afterwards."

Birsky flipped the fingers of both hands derisively.

"For all the stomach trouble people would get from you blowing 'em to champagne 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 be in the art needlework business and is now manufacturing shrapnel, y'understand," Birsky explained, "and when they fire one of his bombs somewhere in France, and it bursta over the 1st Brandenburger Schuetzen Corps, the chances is a hundred to one that nothing drops out of it but two and six-twelfth dozen dotted Swiss doilies 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 superdread-nought 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 \$100,000."

"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 is different, Zapp. When a Zeppelin drops one of them bombs on a babies' hospital in mistake for a dockyard, Zapp, he's confident that it was made back home in Germany by a regular bombmaker, and not a feller which used to be in the ladies' neckwear manufacturing and couldn't make a success of it. Because, you can say what you please about the Germans, Zapp, commercially speaking, they're as honest as the day."

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

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

The Weather A Blue-eyed Violet WINKED AT 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 answer, 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 our 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 pet 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 IMP-PULSE, and you may be sure he IS an IMP-pulse, 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.

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

PICTURE STORIES FROM RAINBOW PENS



Our Postoffice Box Four more little girls answered the appeal for little girls' clothing which appeared in a recent issue of the EVENING LEADER. They are Esther Dinmore...

BOYS AND GIRLS If you want to earn money after school and on Saturdays, write to...

The Sweet Land By ELEANOR GRINNAN. Once there was a little girl named Lily. One night she was sitting on a chair when suddenly she found herself wandering beside a lake and a small goblin...

The New Member By JACK BURGESS. Cedar avenue. Little George Walker went out of the house to play. He was quite happy and he ought to have been happy; for he had just received his Rainbow Club button.

HONOR ROLL CONTEST The following children won prizes for answering the questions of "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending March 18: Dorothy Halnes, North 9th street, \$1. Irene Woodward, Murgara street, 50 cents.

SATURDAY EVENING SMILES No Wonder He Knew—"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a big boy 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.

Farmer Smith's Duck Book Dottie Duckling Sees a Boy YOU see, Dottie Duckling had not been in this world very long, and one day as 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 little thing!" "What was it like?" asked the good mother.



Our Pet Column This is James, the very intelligent property of Angelo and Francis Malandro, of McKean street. But that was too much for Mrs. Duck, so she toddled quickly away to the big pond.