

# IF GERMAN POT ROAST AND POTATO CAKES GIVE AN EDITOR INDIGESTION, ALMOST ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TO THE KAISER OR THE CROWN PRINCE

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations By BRIGGS

And if the Evening Moon Sinks Two British Ships in the Baltic and Has Ten Agate Lines More Advertising Than the Evening News, the Latter Paper Makes Things Look Pretty Bad for Germany

Thus Comments Louis Birsky, the Real Estater, in Discussing With Zapp the Cause for the Conflicting War News in the Daily Papers - From This Interesting Topic the Conversation, Which Started From a Remark About Mexico, Drifts to the Equally Fascinating Subject of German Efficiency

IT LOOKS like things are going to be pretty serious down in Mexico," Barnett Zapp, the waista manufacturer, said.

"I bet yer it does," Louis Birsky, the real estater, agreed. "If we get six months of that trouble in Mexico, Zapp, it's liable to be as bad as six hours of the trouble in Europe."

"I don't know about that," Zapp said. "I see in the papers that it says when General Pershing gets a little ways into Mexico he is going to run up against some stiff opposition."

"The papers could already say anything about what is going on in Mexico," Birsky retorted, "because the Mexican news is censured the same as the European news, Zapp, and you are no more able to tell how many miles the American army travels in Mexico as how many prisoners the German captures near Verdun. It all depends on the way the editor feels about it. If he thinks the boss would be tickled by the capture of a couple thousand French prisoners, he captures them in the home edition, y'understand, and if he goes out to lunch and eats German pot roast mit Kartoffelpannkuchen and it begins to tell on him around 3 o'clock, y'understand me, the French army chases the Germans out of six lines of trenches and the first page of the Wall Street edition way back to page 3, column 4 next to the weather reports. Then again certain New York papers are competitors of other New York papers, and if, for instance, the Evening Moon sinks two British cruisers in the Baltic and also carries 10 more agate lines of dry goods ad-



"It begins to tell on him around 3 o'clock."

vertisements as the Evening News, y'understand, the Evening News kills the Crown Prince, operates on the Kaiser for throat trouble and otherwise makes things look pretty schlecht for Germany."

"Well, there's one thing about this here censoring, Birsky," Zapp said. "Former times when the papers was allowed to print the truth they was practically duplicates, whereas, nowadays it's really worth while to pick up a couple papers in the subway, and even if some one threw them away the day before, Birsky, you could read 'em with just as much pleasure, providing they ain't been used to wrap up anything sticky oder herring or something."

"Sure, I know," Birsky said, "but why do they call themselves newspapers? If the Evening Moon would change its name to 'Zippy Stories,' y'understand, instead of a hundred policemen being kept in front of its bulletin board to prevent the Leute using concealed hypchens on one another, y'understand me, they could be released to play checkers in the station house or fracture push-cart peddlers' skulls or for any other regular police duty. Or, even better still, why don't the censorer make them papers send him copies to look over after they're printed, so as he could cut out all the lies, Zapp?"

"They done that in Europe when

the war started," Zapp explained, "and most of the newspapers come out with nothing in 'em but Help Wanted Males and Arrival of Buyers. Then the public kicked so hard that the censorer made it a rule if he cut out anything, the owner of the paper had to put something in its place, so nowadays, Birsky, when Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, owner of the London Daily Telegraph, or Mr. Cyril Chaimowitz Cholomondley, owner of the London Daily Tageblatt, sends their papers to the censorer and he returns to them just in time to slap in the closing Wall Street prices and box scores, y'understand, the editor don't take it so particular to fix up the blank spaces with new, original stuff. He puts in whatever he's got handy, and the consequences is that the front page has got a lot of articles like this:

### THE WAR

#### STARTLING ADMISSIONS IN PARLIAMENT

#### MR. ASQUITH'S DECISION

#### PROPOSALS TO MEET PROBLEMS OF RECRUITING

The House of Commons continued the debate on the re-

cruiting bill today. Mr. Asquith said that, so far as he was concerned, he knew  
A steel horseshoe magnet can hold in suspension a weight up to twenty times its own.  
Iowa possesses more automobiles per capita of population than any other State in the Union. It is estimated that there are over 3,1416 automobiles to every man, woman and child in Iowa.  
A camel's hind legs will reach its head and round its chest or on to its hump.

Daily Telegraph Classified Ads are busy little hustlers. Try them for quick results.

"Naturally, Birsky, when a feller is paying his good one cent to find out something about the war, he cares how many States could be populated by the number of people traveling in the New York subways during 1914, and that ambergrease, which is used in the manufacture of high-grade perfumery, is so expensive that if an ambergrease concern keeps six salesmen on the road and does an annual business of 22 grains Averderpoy, it's already sensational."

"That's what happens when you begin to monkey with a big army," Birsky said. "They start in by telling you what you could read, and after that, they run the whole thing like in Germany. Over in Germany today the Government has issued food cards, such as bread cards, soup cards, fish, entree, roast, celery, olives, dessert and coffee cards. Each card is good for one week and seven portions, like, for instance, the soup card reads:



"So, when a feller goes to a restaurant and gives an order, he must get to his cards with him and have 'em punched by the waiter, otherwise they wouldn't serve him. In that way, the Government can find out how much food is being ett, Zapp, and if, for instance, too many soup cards is being turned in at the end of a week and it looks like the supply of soup ain't going to last through the war, the Government partly shuts down on soup and issues weekly soup cards for only three plates, size 5 1/2. That's the way the Government keeps track of things, Zapp."

"Also a feller's wife could keep track of things, too," Zapp said. "Supposing a German business man starts



The wife finds out that his celery and olive cards has got punched out two portions each.

out Monday morning with a line of brand new food cards, and when he comes home that night he foolishly leaves them in his overcoat pocket while he goes to wash up. And supposing the wife finds out that his celery and olive cards which goes week after week without a single hole in 'em, has got punched out two portions each. She then looks through the entire line and discovers that certain other cards which ordinarily ain't touched, like the cream de mint card and the ice cream card, has also got a couple holes punched into 'em, Birsky. What show does a feller like that stand to prove an alibi? Am I right or wrong?"

"It'd be a whole lot worse for a feller if him and three other men gets together on Monday morning and make up four full decks of 52 food cards each, and then starts up a little game," Zapp mused. "If such a feller plays in hard luck and continually bucks up against such hands as roasts full of olives when he is holding only three small entrees, we would say, for example, it's a question of time only when he is either frozen out altogether, y'understand, or else

quits with only 28 Charlotte ruses to go on with for the rest of the week."

"He could also probably get arrested for it, Zapp," Birsky said, "because in Germany, even before the war, the things a feller could get arrested for run all the way from cornet playing in the first degree down as far as politeness to old ladies and cripples second offense, and the consequences was that 165 per cent. of the population of Berlin was either out on bail or under suspended sentence. But now that's nothing already. Since the war started, Zapp, and they put on the lid tight, y'understand, and everything to eat is unterragt, Zapp, the Grand Jury of Berlin County is sitting 18 hours a day handing down indictments against respectable business men, doctors and lawyers, for willfully, maliciously, feloniously and against the statute in such case made and provided and the peace and dignity of Wilhelm Hohenzollern, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, eating potatoes without the skins on, Zapp, or drinking coffee with more than two lumps of sugar in it. Yes,

Zapp, the only people in Germany which ain't habitual criminals, y'understand, died of starvation six months ago, and if a feller goes to work and thoughtlessly eats a full meal, y'understand, he runs a chance of spending the rest of his life in jail for a complication of offenses ranging all the way from anchovies to zwieback."

"That may be, Birsky," Zapp said, "but the Kaiser could cut 'em down on their food a whole lot more, and still the Germans wouldn't starve, because when his family doctor tells the average American that he is making a god out of his stomach and digging his own grave with his teeth, y'understand, that's the equivalence of a German going on a strict diet, Birsky, which even today yet, it is considered in Bavaria that if a man limits himself to 12 quarts of beer a day, he is awful narrow-minded and in a way, a total abstainer. So, after all, Birsky, it ain't so much stinginess with the Kaiser as wanting to make the German people as healthy as the German army."

"The German army healthy!" Birsky exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Zapp replied. "The whole German army gets once a month a vaccinating for 50 diseases ranging from hang nails to acute Ausdunstung. The German army doctors is simply wonderful that way. Every German soldier that gets killed dies in the pink of physical condition."

"Then there is really no reason why a German soldier shouldn't live to be a hundred," Birsky suggested. "Barring accidents," Zapp said.



Against the peace and dignity of William Hohenzollern.

REMEMBER 50,000 BY MAY 1

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

The Weather A Silver Lining to Every Cloud!

### WHAT IS A SECRET?

Dearest Children—The other day I thought of a beautiful saying and it was, "The toys of today are the tools of tomorrow." One of our boys informs me that his teacher is always telling the class the very same thing.

I thought the sentence was original with me and I thought I was "awfully smart."

Often times you have a wonderful secret. It comes to you when you are quite young and you never, never tell any one. Finally, some one comes along and tells you, as a very special favor to you, the thing which you have always kept secret from your youth. You say, in great (feigned) surprise, "Is that so?" As a matter of fact, you knew it all the time and were patting yourself on the back and thinking how wonderful you were to have a secret all your own.

Can there be such a thing as a secret? If you never tell any one, then it is not secret, and if you do tell some one, then it is no longer a secret. Isn't that wonderful?

BUT there are SOME THINGS you should always keep to yourself, and they are the very innermost thoughts of your very own, because no two persons think alike—if they did, this would be a very uninteresting world. If your mother told you you could always have a piece of pie whenever you wanted it, you would soon tire of pie.

Here is a secret: Many, many years ago, your editor was presented with three gallons of ice cream all for his very own and he ate and ate until he almost froze to death. BUT once in his life he had enough and since then he has not cared very much for ice cream. Did this ever happen to you? Don't tell any one, because you and I have a secret.

Oh, yes! The boy who told me dared me to tell. Guess what will happen to ME!

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, FRANCIS O'KEEFE, Grays avenue.

This is to certify that I have read the above in manuscript form and it has my approval.

[SEAL]

**My Members**  
By WILLIAM HUCKERMAN, N. 224 St. My girls and boys I send to you. A little kindness they wish to do. A little sunshine, to spread each day. A little lightning of the way.

**Rainbow Drawings**  
The sketches below were sent in by the following members (reading from left to right): Roy Gillespie, Lena Kachorin, Harry Sazarov, Catherine Murray, George Tuganov, Roy Gillespie, Cecil Holm, Albert Nasoni, Herman Schepker and H. Rogers.

**Honor Roll Contest**  
The prizes for the answers of "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending April 1 have been awarded to the following children:  
Mary Coyle, South 29th street, 81 cents.  
Louis Catalano, Market street, 50 cents.  
Elizabeth Neville, South 16th street, 25 cents.  
Florence Newth, Walnut street, 25 cents.  
Celia Berlin, North Franklin street, 25 cents.  
Leah Segal, West Allegheny avenue, 25 cents.

**Our Postoffice Box**  
Spring is bringing out the baseballs and bats, and several "lines" have written to announce that they are adopting the "Rainbow" for their team name this season. John Convery, North Howard street, is spokesman for his team and his energetic business-like letter spells VICTORY! We strongly approve of these athletic branches of the Rainbow Club, and if the members so desire we will print box scores of their games in the "Sports Extra" each Saturday night. The scores may be phoned in in time for that edition. What do you think of this idea, boys?  
The following children send grateful acknowledgment for Rainbow buttons: Dorothy Weikel, Marie Leopoles, Billy Melton, Bucknell street; Beatrice Spooner, North 15th street; Elizabeth Porecca, Hancock street, and Bernard Shans.

### RAINBOWS AS WE SEE THEM



BERT SMITH - WAYNE AVE.

ANNA ADAMS - CLEMENTINE ST.

WM. SHUTTLEWORTH - PALETHORP ST.

LORRAINE BOGGS - DIAMOND ST.

JAMES DALY - FOSEWOOD ST.

ELIZABETH KRONHART - WALLACE ST.

ETHEL HANNES - FOXBOROUGH

HOWARD HOLLINGSWORTH - PALETHORP ST.

MARY NEARY

ELIZABETH MILDRED CHASE, who died April 5, at her home in Walnut Lane.

In Loving Memory of a Little Rainbow, ELIZABETH MILDRED CHASE, who died April 5, at her home in Walnut Lane.

The Autobiography of a Cup of Cocoa by JACK BURGESS, Cedar Ave. To begin with, I had better tell you who I am. I am a cup of cocoa. I haven't much to tell about, as I was only made about 10 minutes ago. Since then I have been resting on this table. That is all.

The reason I stop here is because the lady is stirring me with the spoon and I am so mixed up that I can't speak.

**Things to Know and Do**  
1. Willie, the office boy, tore up this question and all we can find is " ? o club our 3 like you o ow d.  
2. Why do we see our faces reflected in a mirror?  
3. What does doggie have that a tree has? (For little people.)

### SATURDAY EVENING SMILES

Wasn't—Farmer (to youthful trespasser)—What do you mean by thieving in my orchard? Bright Boy—I was just going to climb up to replace this apple which I see has fallen down.

Immaterial—"How would you like these eggs cooked, sir?" said the waiter to the small boy. "Does it make any difference in the cost?" "No, my lad." "Then cook them with a nice slice of ham."

A Particular Dog—Irate Old Gentleman—If I kick that dog in the ribs, do you think he would stop barking? Small Boy Owner—Most likely, sir. He never wants to bark when he has his mouth full.

The Irony of Youth—Stern Parent (anxious to impress the lesson)—Now, my son, tell me why I have spanked you. Johnny (bitterly)—Boo—oo—I There, you've given me a good beating—boo—boo—an' you don't even know what you've done it for!

Between Two Evils—Flossie is six years old. "Mama," she said one day, "if I get married, will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes," "Mama, it's a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

### FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus and the Ant

"Oh, how I wish I were a poet!" exclaimed Billy Bumpus one afternoon when the sun was sinking beyond the Big River. Then he went on:  
"Hight diddle dee,  
Hight diddle dee,  
With horns upon my head—  
I'm wonderful to see."

"OUCH!" said a tiny little voice beside him, and looking down he saw Mrs. Ant.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Billy in surprise.

"That poetry hurt me," replied Mrs. Ant.

"Hurt you?" asked Billy. "How can poetry hurt you? You are not bigger than half an inch of one of my sneezes."

"Big or little, I know the metre of your poem is all wrong—it does not sound right. Your voice sounds like the noise made by rattling a lot of tin cans in a big bag."

"Is that so?" replied Billy in surprise. "I am very fond of tin cans."

"Then you can't expect to be a poet, because your words will get all mixed up with the tin cans."

"Oh, ho! Then I'll write a tin-can poem."

"Go ahead," said Mrs. Ant, so Billy recited:  
"Oh, how I love tomatoes,  
I just eat all I can,  
And when I cannot eat them,  
I put them in a can."

Billy quoted down at Mrs. Ant and asked, "How's that?"

"A little rusty," replied the little lady, as she disappeared in the ant hill.

**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 .....

**The Fairy and the Policeman**  
By MARGARET WILLIAMS, Rossmont.  
Once there was a fairy and his name was Puck. One night he was out and found a policeman on the corner. Puck was very full of fun, and went up to the policeman, who could not see him, and ran off with his club. The policeman went hunting and found it in a hollow tree! The policeman could not think how it got there at all, but the real truth was that Puck had put it there, thinking the policeman would not find it.

### RAINBOW THOUGHTS AND FANCIES AS RAINBOW PENS EXPRESS THEM

