

"NOWADAYS YOU COULD BLOW UP A HOSPITAL OR A SHIP AND NOBODY WOULD BLAME YOU TILL THEY HAD SEEN THE AFFIDAVITS"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"And Even Then It's 100 to 1 That You Will Be Considered Justified Because the Affidavits Was Sworn to Before a Commissioner of Deeds Instead of a Notary Public," Says Birskey

This Optimistic Thought Is Inspired During the Course of an Argument on the Willard-Moran Fight, in Which the Real Estater and Zapp Discuss the Finer Ethics of Yelling, "Ataboy, Professor von Schlachthaus! Eat Him Up! You've Got Him Groggy!" at a Surgical Operation Than of Attending a Prize Fight

SEEN Max Feigenson on the subway this morning," Louis Birskey, the real estater, said. "He told me he was to the Willard-Moran prizefight on Saturday."

"T'phooce!" Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, commented.

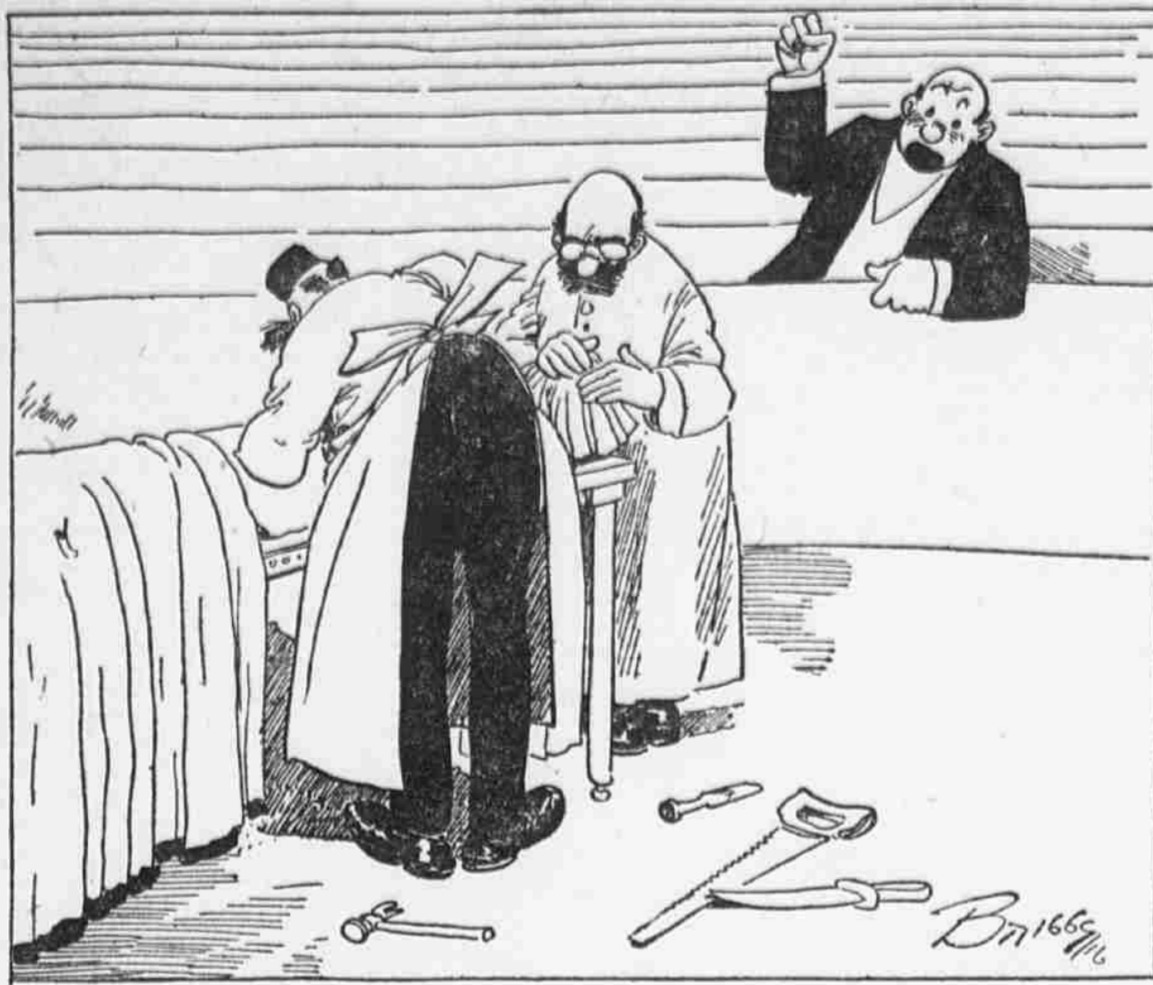
"That's what Max said," Louis continued.

"Then what did he go for?" Zapp asked.

"A customer of his by the name of McGovern was looking over Max's line Friday and expressed a wish to go," Louis explained, "so Max spread the price of the tickets over eighteen garments McGovern picked out and they took in the fight."

"Faker!" Zapp exclaimed. "It ain't two years ago since that feller was running for president of every lodge and society in Yorkville, and now he goes on prizefights yet?"

"A couple years makes a big difference in the way people look at things," Zapp said. "Before August 1, 1914, prizefighting wasn't considered so refined already. But then you must remember that in them days blowing up a safe mit dynamite most people didn't think of so highly, neither, while a feller which used only his bare hands on a wife and children stood a show to sit in prison for it. Zapp, however, Zapp, people ain't so narrow minded as they used to be. Nowadays you could blow up a cathedral, a hospital or a passenger steamer with women and children on it and nobody would blame you for it till they examined the affidavits, and even then it's a hundred to one that you will be considered as perfectly justified in doing it because the affidavits was sworn to before a commissioner of deeds instead of a notary public. Yes, Zapp, the war has changed people's ideas so much that if the



"Ataboy, Professor von Schlachthaus! Eat him up! You've got him groggy!"

Y. M. H. A. or the Y. M. C. A. would run off a debate over 'Resolved that Burning Alive with Liquid Fire is Undelicate,' y'understand, they could get any eighty-three college professors to take the negative side, so what is the use arguing whether this here Willard-Moran fight was or was not a lowlife Geschichte?"

"Well, maybe it wasn't a lowlife Geschichte after all," Zapp admitted.

"There was a whole lot of decent respectable people there—doctors, lawyers and even Judges of the New York Supreme Court even. It said so in the papers, Birskey."

"Sure I know," Birskey said, "and it also said in the papers that in the sixth round Willard battered Moran with rights and lefts in the face, and that consequently Moran was covered with blood, which I leave it to you, Zapp, if a Judge of the Supreme Court enjoys such things, it's a whole lot more bekever for him to go to a hospital and kibitz an operation, Zapp, and then if the poor feller gets covered with blood, nebich, he's anyhow under ether and nobody is going to shout: 'Ataboy, Professor von Schlachthaus! Eat him up! You've got him groggy!'"

"Why should people get enthusiastic

at an operation?" Zapp asked. "Everybody knows beforehand it's a dead open and shut proposition from the start and that one of the contestants ain't got a show in the world. Aber at a prize-fight the parties is not so unevenly matched but what it ain't anyhow 10 to 1 in favor of one side or the other. Also, Birskey, a feller which goes to a prizefight could not only make a little money on the side, but could also get some pretty good pointers on how to defend himself, Birskey."

"Maybe he could," Birskey said, "but before such fellers use them pointers in self-defense, Zapp, they like first to try 'em out on somebody, preferably a perfect stranger, who hasn't got an interest in common with them except a gold watch and chain he is wearing or a two-carat diamond in his necktie."

"Sure, I know," Zapp retorted, "but suppose, on the other hand, somebody tries to take from you your watch and chain, Birskey, and you've been going on prizefights like this here Willard-Moran fight, y'understand. Then, if you've learned something from what you've seen, all you've got to do is to schenck the feller an upper cut oder a left or right in the face, y'understand, and he would think a long time, I bet yer, before he would try to gawper your watch from you again."

"Say," Birskey said, "from what Max Feigenson says he is getting soaked for tickets at that Willard-Moran fight, Zapp, if a feller has got to go to such a place to learn self-defense, Zapp, he might sooner get his watch and chain stole on him twice over and be in money on the transaction. And, besides, Zapp, you take these here rules of a feller by the name of Marcus of Queens Borough which prizefighters uses, y'understand, and they are only practical for self-defense when (a) the other feller knows 'em too and (b) he is willing to stick to 'em."

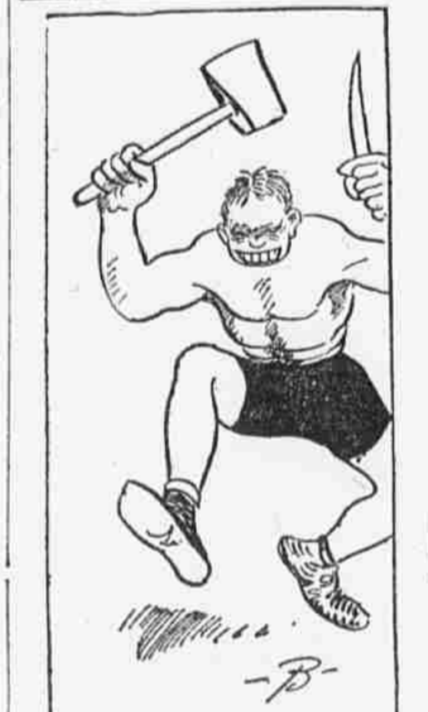
"And even then they ain't to be relied upon neither," Zapp admitted, "because even though Moran followed out the ideas of this here Marcus, y'understand, he got terrible Makkas from Willard, anyhow. Yes, Birskey, he might just so well of got his dope out of Fischlowitz's Guide for Dress Cutters, formerly the Designer's Companion, for all the good it does him. Take, for instance, the eighth round, and Moran tried out everything he learned from Marcus, and what happens? He launched a stiff right swing over on Willard's head, but—as the paper said—

it did not seem to worry the big man. He again scored with a right, but uolateral it did not seem to jar the champion, so to speak. He rushed Willard and brought over a right to the champion's paw, versteht du mich, but Jess only grinned."

"Sure he grinned," Birskey said. "He was probably thinking how different it would of been if, instead of relying exclusively on this here Marcus of Queens Borough, Moran had took a couple of suggestions from the catalogue of the B. C. Simmons Hardware Company, of St. Louis."

"The moving-picture people wouldn't stand for it, Birskey," Zapp said. "Say," Birskey retorted. "Moving-picture people ain't so tender-hearted neither. They are running off lots of fillums where a feller by the name Ned is tied to a tree by the Mexican, and gets pretty near burned alive if it wouldn't be for Mary Pickford or one of them ladies, so why should them fellers take it so particular if Moran puts Willard out of business with a small sledge hammer, for instance, especially as, from all accounts, the least anybody could do him a serious injury with would be a meat ax."

"What are you talking nonsense—tender-hearted?" Zapp said. "The moving-picture people paid \$10,000 for the privilege of taking pictures of that fight, and if Moran would of used a sledge hammer on Willard in the first round, and by a lucky shot knocked Willard unconscious, Birskey, right away them moving-picture fellers would lose their ten thousand. As it was, if Willard wouldn't of broken his right hand in the third round he might of knocked



If Moran had took suggestions from the catalogue of a hardware company.



"With instructions not to use it on Willard unless it looked like Moran would be unconscious anywhere before the tenth round."

Moran out in the fourth round, and the moving-picture fellers wouldn't of been able to market their line for more than 50 cents on the dollar."

"That's a fine risk to take with ten thousand dollars, I must say," Birskey commented.

"You a risk!" Zapp said. "I wouldn't be surprised if them fellers stationed a sharpshooter in the cheap ten dollar seats, way up near the roof, and handed him one of them Maxim air rifles with instructions not to use it on Willard unless it looked like Moran would be knocked unconscious anywhere before the tenth round."

"You couldn't blame 'em," Birskey said.

"Certainly you couldn't," Zapp agreed, "in especially as everybody else makes money out of it. Take, for instance, this here Tex Rickard, and I understand he made a big clean up."

"Well, the feller deserves it," Birskey said. "Talk about taking risks, Zapp, there is a feller goes to work, hires Madison Square Garden, spends a fortune for advertising, sells a whole lot of tickets, y'understand, and all the time he ain't certain whether or not them two fellers wouldn't make it up and apologize to one another and at

the last moment call the whole thing off."

"What do you mean—make it up?" Zapp demanded. "Make what up?"

"The quarrel Willard and Moran had between them," Birskey explained.

"What are you talking nonsense—quarrel?" Zapp exclaimed. "Then two fellers didn't quarrel?"

"Then you mean to say them loafers was scrapping for nothing yet?" Birskey said.

"I should say not," Zapp cried. "Willard was scrapping for \$50,000 and Moran for \$15,000."

"Then them two boys wasn't just loafers after all," Birskey said. "Aber where did the money come from to pay 'em?"

"The tickets sold for \$180,000," Zapp replied.

"And who got the balance after the fighters and the expenses was paid?" Birskey inquired.

"Tex Rickard," Zapp said. "He received over \$80,000."

In the contemplation of this vast sum, Birskey remained silent for some moments.

"Tell me, Zapp," he said at last, "didn't this here Marcus of Queens Borough get nothing out of it?"

EASTER
Number Next
SATURDAY!

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

The Weather
IT'S
RAINING
VIOLETS!

FAMOUS CHILDREN OF HISTORY

My dear Children—I am very proud of you. So proud of the letters you write me and the number of them. When I get a lot of letters I go parading around the office and every one says, "My, what a lot of letters!" But I don't let them peek into my mail; no, siree!

It might make them jealous. The other night I had a beautiful idea. It was to print for you, my dears, the stories of the FAMOUS CHILDREN OF HISTORY.

I know we can all find out about the boyhood of great men and women, but I want the stories of famous children. Stories of how boys and girls did famous things which were never forgotten.

I had quite a time and I said to myself, "When you have almost 50,000 members, why work so hard? ASK THEM."

I remember something about a BOY stopping a leak in the dykes of Holland and another boy who said, "Ring, Grandpa, ring!" It seems to me I recollect (re-collect) something about the drummer boy of Shiloh and the drummer boy of Gettysburg. But—

Here is a wonderful play: Why can't we get up a book entitled "FAMOUS CHILDREN OF HISTORY," by the Rainbows of the EVENING LEDGER in the city of Philadelphia? You do the selecting and I'll do the work. Which is the harder?

It is my hope and my dream that the Rainbows will be known all over the United States and the world. The world needs you now and it will need you more when the great war is over.

Let us try to have the grown-ups say, "Well, what do the Rainbows say about it?"

We should be AUTHORITY on matters pertaining to children so that folks will write to us and ask our advice. Don't you think so?

Sit down now, sharpen your pencil, don't get ink on mother's carpet if you write with a pen, and tell me of just ONE famous child of history.

Hoping the rabbits are well and that your baseball team won and that the canary hasn't tonsillitis or your doll appendicitis (we never had such beautiful diseases when I had a doll) and that you know your lessons and the baby is well, I am, your loving editor,

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

RAINBOWS YOU WILL HEAR ABOUT!



DAVID MELTZER

DOROTHY BATTEN

CAROLINE RINGGOLD

LEONARD BAILEY

MILDRED MOTE - RICHARD HARRISON - GEORGE ALEXANDER - ESTER BASHMAN

HONOR ROLL CONTEST

Prizes for the best answer to "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending April 8 were won by the following children:

Kyrre Connelly, Frankford, 31.
Leonard Bailey, Addison st., 50 cents.
Lillian Linder, West Chester, Pa., 25 cents.
Emma Linder, West Chester, Pa., 25 cents.
Stella Allen, Willow Grove, Pa., 25 cents.
John Hayes, Pine st., 25 cents.

Our Postoffice Box

"All thoughts lead to the Rainbow." That is what your editor thinks when he opens the morning mail and reads about all the lovely plans the members are making for our wonder club! Picnic branches, sewing circles, baseball teams, "long hike" bands, these and more he hears about until his heart just fairly jumps and wants to be out playing with the Rainbows! Caroline Ringgold, North Broad street, and Lorraine Boggs, of Diamond street, are forming some mysterious sort of a branch circle. Inez Cuneo announces the "Happy-Go-Lucky Rainbows." Juliet Robertson and Eleanor Lewis, of Maple Shade, N. J., want to know what to do! Form a garden branch club and send your flowers to city hospitals, where the little ones are not apt to see the blossoms that are perhaps second nature to you little girls. Florence Clothier, of Wynnewood, and Frank Laws, of Cynwyd, might follow out the same plan.

Listen to what John Finnell, of Roanoke, Pa., has to say: "We have a baseball team and I'll bet we can win from any team of our size. I say this not because I think our boys are better than other boys, but because we are PRACTICING. That does not mean now and then; it means every single day. The boys say, sometimes, 'I'm too tired to come to the schoolyard this afternoon,' but I say, 'Practice makes perfect,' and they come!" Here is a manager whose team is going to win!

George Thomas, South 58th street, is another energetic manager whose team is going to make things lively in West Philadelphia.

All up for the lucky seventh! Three cheers for Rainbow boys!

A Big Thought for Little People
"Not failure but low aim is crime."

Following are the new out-of-town members: Harry Allen, Yeadon, Pa.; Roscoe Emery, Harleysville, Pa.; Viola Flowers, New Castle, Del.; Thomas Quinn, Atlantic City, N. J.; Marion Ammerman, Echo Lake, Pa.; John McTague, Northampton, Pa.; Herbert Meyer, Selkirkville, Pa.; Marion King, Palmyra, N. J.; Bertha May

FARMER SMITH.

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

Childs, Danville, Pa.; Mildred Gamble, Lanserch, Pa.; Charles Robinson, Claymont, Del. and Francis Quigley, Wilmington, Del.

These little members send grateful recognition of their pretty Rainbow buttons: Rebecca Miles, Herbert Daiton, Rebecca Sweeney, Edith Mitchell, Atlantic City, N. J.; William Eckert, Egg Harbor, N. J.; John O'Rourke, Arthur Pischel, Helen Choate, Clara and Ruth Harris, Wilmington, Del.; Albert Mann, Walter Wright, Rockledge, Pa.; Earl Chusoff and Rebecca Miles.

Our Special

The Easter number of the Rainbow News and Views will appear in next Saturday's EVENING LEDGER.

The best Easter drawings, bunnies, etc., and Easter stories received not later than Tuesday, April 18, will be printed in that number. All drawings must be made in jet black ink on white unruled paper; all stories written on one side of the page.

If you are giving any Easter parties or going to any, or if you are going out of town over the Easter holidays send in the notice to the Rainbow social column. Social notes should reach here not later than Wednesday, April 19.

SATURDAY EVENING SMILES

What It Is to Be Happy—A little girl was asked to tell the meaning of the word happy. "To be happy," she said, "is to feel as if you wanted to give your very best doll to your little sister."

The Great Difference—A class at school was asked this question: "What is the difference between lightning and electricity?" "Teacher," cried one boy, "I know; you don't have to pay for lightning."

The Reason—"Tommy," said mother anxiously, "what's little brother crying that way for?" "Why," answered Tommy, who had just taken the little fellow's cake, "I guess that's the only way he knows how to cry, mother."

To Oblige a Customer—A small boy stepped into a bookstore and inquired the price of spelling books. On being told they were 12 cents apiece and having but 9 cents, he was very much discouraged. At length an idea seemed to strike him. "Mister," he said, "can't you find one that's torn that you'll let me have for 9 cents?" The clerk looked in vain. The boy was disappointed. Then suddenly another bright idea struck him. "Please, mister," he cried, "can't you tear one?"

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus and the Gnome

IF THERE was one thing our friend Billy Bumpus loved to do, it was to look down in a hole. One day, after he had finished eating the lock off the barn door, he started for the Big Pond, singing softly to himself.

"I am a little go-go-oat—
I wish I had a bo-o-oat—"

"I guess I'll stop before my poetry begins to rock the boat," then he chuckled to himself, as he loved to do, because it made his beautiful whiskers wobble.

Suddenly Billy stopped and looked down. Right in front of him was a beautiful hole in the ground.

"Oh, dear little hole—
Were you made by a mole?"

"I'm getting to be a great poet. I hope my words don't fall in the hole," said Billy.

"One of them hit me in the eye." A tiny voice came from the ground and Billy sniffed the scent of fresh upturned earth.

"Who are you down there? A buried tin can?" asked Billy.

"I'm a gnome," came the answer.

"Well, little Gnome!
I'm glad you are home."

"My name is Billy Bumpus. I'm the

goat—ever hear of me down there? Say what's a Gnome, anyway. Something to eat?"

"I guess you are all stomach, just like some people, always thinking of eating," said the Gnome.

"You have to live to eat," answered Billy, crossly.

"Oh, no! You eat to live." Billy squinted down the hole and shouted, "That's what I said—only backward. But say, have you ever heard of me?"

"Yes, I heard of you when I was 99,999 miles away, but only faintly. I heard your footsteps and came here in an instant."

"Whew!" exclaimed Billy. "If you travel 99,999 miles in an instant you can go faster than a Jack rabbit with his hind legs frozen. And, excuse me, here comes a dog!"

Billy ran as fast as he could to the top of a hill beside the Big Pond, and when the dog caught up with him Billy Bumpus butted him right into the lake.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Swim down 99,999 miles until you strike a nest of Gnomes."

Thoroughly satisfied with himself, Billy began eating a fence rail.

"THAT FIRST GAME"



CAMERA CORNER



"A boarding school room," taken by Helen Ryan, Overbrook