

# "A PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT IS A PRESIDENT THAT GETS HIS JOB THROUGH A REVOLUTION," ZAPP EXPLAINS, SPEAKING OF MEXICO

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

With General Birsky He Starts on the Trail of the Bandit Villa, Who, They Agree, "Ain't No Deader as Mr. Roosevelt"

Politics is a Very Similar Game Like Playing Pinochle Oder Skat in a Coffee House—A Feller Who Plays Such a Game Must Got to Expect There Would Be Kibbitzers, and if He Lets Their Remarks Rattle Him, Y'Understand, He's Got No Business to Sit in it at All.

It's a funny thing about Villa and the Crown Prince of Germany," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, said. "They don't get no sympathy when they die. Take a feller which if he hears of the death of a comparative stranger eighty-five years 'old, carries on so that you'd think that he was a relation not mentioned in the will, y'understand, and tell such a feller that Villa is cut off in his prime with blood poisoning, understand me, and he receives the news like he would be managing the death-claim department of an industrial life insurance company."

"Well, what do you want President Wilson to do?" Louis Birsky, the real estate, asked. "Write letters of condolence to the feller's widder and consent to act as honorary ballbearer?" Zapp shrugged his shoulders.

"For my part he could celebrate it with a supper at Luchow," he said. "All I ask is that he should believe it."

"Believe it!" Birsky exclaimed. "Why, the feller ain't no deader as Mr. Roosevelt."

"Suppose he ain't?" Zapp replied. "Nobody claims the feller is stone dead a-seckly, but for the purpose of getting ur soldiers back from Mexico, Birsky, I am content if he is just so-to-speak constructively dead—non pro trunk as of January 1, 1910."

"What do you mean—got our soldiers out of Mexico?" Birsky cried. "Why, we would be laughing stocks from the wide world if we left Mexico without capturing Villa."

"Listen, Birsky," Zapp said. "You are a business man, ain't it? So what is the use talking nonsense—capturing Villa? With the experience that feller has got his alibis and alibis the chances is that right now he is running a Chica hand-made cigar store some-where around the corner from Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, laughing himself sick over the way the New York newspapers spell the names of the Mexican towns where them poor soldiers neblich think he is hiding."

"Well, it's anyhow a whole lot more interesting to read that on Saturday."



"He receives a salute of 21 guns."

April (deleted) General Pershing has reached a point nearly (deleted) miles beyond Namiquiquipa, as that in the position between Hill 688 and Hill 82313 in the Camembert sector determined attempts was made to pierce the enemies' lines," Birsky retorted.

"Did I say it wasn't?" Zapp continued. "As a matter of fact, Birsky, I have always claimed that what the Germans and the French should ought to do is to hire a parlor car namer from the Pullman Company and put him to work on them numbered hills near Verdun. To my mind, Birsky, the reason why the Germans ain't made more progress there is because when the Crown Prince calls up from long distance and tells Falkenhayn he should attack Hill No. 729, you couldn't blame the feller if with all the guns shooting off around him he makes it 725; and when he in his turn telephones to an assistant general who is sitting in a bomb-proof shelter, which he knows is bomb-proof only if a bomb don't hit it, y'understand, it ain't surprising that the assistant general should understand Falkenhayn to say Hill 775. The consequences is when the assistant general orders the Kaiser's Own Brandenburg Artillery to fire 3181-322 worth of shells at Hill 775, and a couple of weeks later he is court-martialed for practically wiping out the Kaiser's Own Lippe-Detmold Infantry, which has been holding Hill 775 ever since February, y'understand, it don't do him no good to say that he thought it was very funny at the time, but orders is orders. And yet, Birsky, if instead of Numbers 729, 725 and 775, they would of got the parlor car namer to call them hills 'Elkwood,' 'Danora' and 'Winghurst,' we would say, for example, such a mistake would never of happened at all."

"If that's the best excuse the Germans could give for not capturing Verdun," Birsky commented, "they've got nothing on us for not capturing Villa."

"The cases ain't exactly anonymous, Birsky," Zapp said. "You see, Birsky, the Germans ain't trying to capture Verdun, because they claim that this Verdun Geschichte has got to stop, and if the person whose business it is to capture Verdun couldn't or wouldn't do so, y'understand, that they, Germany, would—and just watch their smoke."

"Does any one claim that about capturing Villa?" Birsky asked.

"Well," Zapp replied, "as I understand the matter, our soldiers are only in Mexico because the Mexican Government ain't able to capture Villa."

"What do you mean, the Mexican Government?" Birsky demanded. "Do you call it a government that they got it over in Mexico?"

"I don't," Zapp said, "but President Wilson does. He claims that because this here Elkan M. Carranza has made such an impression on the Mexican people and things are so orderly over there that we would formally recognize him as head of the Mexican Government, and that as Elkan M. Carranza don't seem to get a nickel's worth of influence over the Mexican people and things is so mixed up and at sixes and sevens over there in Mexico, we must get to send our soldiers to capture Villa, and that after our soldiers has captured Villa they would return to the United States and leave Mexico to itself because Elkan M. Carranza has made such a good record in Mexico and things is so settled down over there that it wouldn't be necessary to keep our soldiers there any longer."

"You may know what you are talking about, Zapp," Birsky admitted, "but this sounds like *Kabala* to me."

"I am only telling you what my idea of the matter is," Zapp explained.

"Well, what is Elkan M. Carranza's idea of the matter?" Birsky inquired.

"He don't know whether he should ought to feel complimented or insulted," Zapp continued. "On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays he wired President Wilson he should please call off his soldiers or would positively take such steps as he thinks proper to protect his and Mexico's interests in the matter, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he writes we should keep up the good work, and hopes this letter finds Mr. Wilson well, as it leaves him, and oblige."

"Seemingly the feller don't know his own mind at all," Birsky commented.

"It ain't that exactly," Zapp said. "He's in a way up against the same proposition like Mr. Wilson, he couldn't rely on the backing of his own party at all. For instance, if he makes a speech in which he says that if America keeps the 5000 American soldiers in Mexico there is 100,000 Mexicans stands ready to die for their country, and it wouldn't make no difference if there was 6000 American soldiers, the 100,000 Mexicans stands ready anyhow, y'understand, then the next day General Diego Agormans says the Americans is the best friends Mexico has got and that come one come all, every loyal Mexican should give 'em a good, old-fashioned Mexican welcome. On the other hand, if Carranza makes a speech in which he says that speaking for the Mexican people, he extends the long arm of co-fellowship to the President of the United States, y'understand, General Geofredo Macleorez says: 'You, he speaks for the Mexican people! If he would speak what the Mexican people think about President Wilson it would make what the German-American Truth Society thinks sound like engrosed resolutions bound in watered silk-lined Morocco leather with President Wilson's name stamped on it in gold letters.'

"Then, after all, you couldn't blame the feller," Birsky said, "nor President Wilson neither. No doubt if they was allowed to play their own hands without remarks from the Kibbitzers, they would of done pretty good."

"Well, I'll tell yer," Zapp said: "Politics is a very similar game like playing pinochle oder skat in a coffee house. A feller who plays such a game must got to expect there would be Kibbitzers and if he lets their remarks rattle him, y'understand, he's got no business to sit in at all. President Wilson is like a whole lot of fellers. He starts in with good cards and instead of playing them like a *Menach*, y'understand, he considers first should he come trump, y'understand, and he's got his thumb and finger on the ace of trump, when he thinks why should he give his hand away like that. He then gets an idea it would be a good thing to lead a small diamond, and he's just about to play it when he remembers that he read somewhere in Hoyle where Hoyle says you should never lead a small diamond when you've got a big club in your hand. So he skins over his hand again and Mr. Roosevelt who is looking over his shoulder yells: '*Nut!*' A card oder a stack of cards."

"Kibbitzer—an onlooker at a game of cards."

hols! This makes Victor Ritter sore. He is kibbitzing behind von Bernstorff, and he says: 'Let the poor Neblich play his own game, can't you?' And Mr. Wilson gets so rattled by this that he drops face up on the table two diamonds which von Bernstorff thought was laying in Lansing's hand all the time, and Lansing, who is a pretty good-natured feller at that, gets also sore. He throws his hand down and says: 'What is this? Tiddledywinks oder cards? *Um Gottes Willen*, Wilson, spiel! And Wilson says: 'Say! If you've got to catch a train oder something, don't let me detain you.' Then he considers five minutes more, and ends up by leading a small trump, and from that time on von Bernstorff walks away with 'em."

"Well, Mr. Wilson done the same thing before with Mexico," Birsky said. "That time there at Vera Cruz, you would think that he rushes in with battalions and soldiers that he had a two-color hand, when, as a matter of fact, he played his cards so rotten that he 'em just so well and schencked it to 'em from the start, and I bet yer he would act the same way again in Mexico."



"And laughing himself sick."

"At that I think Mr. Wilson is trying to do the right thing in Mexico," Zapp interrupted.

"Sure I know," Birsky agreed; "but the trouble with Mr. Wilson is he is so busy remembering to play the game according to Hoyle that he don't notice it when Germany and Mexico deals themselves aces from the bottom of the deck. If you're a president oder a king, Zapp, the thing to do is to see that the other feller plays according to the rules, whether you yourself stick to them or not."

"I don't know where you read that, Birsky," Zapp said, "but a president or a king who tried to do business on that basis couldn't expect to get a better rating as M. to P. third credit. But what is the use of talking so poetical, Birsky? When you are dealing with a proposition like Mexico, rules don't figure at all. As a rule, Birsky, presidents are elected for a term of years, ober in Mexico they go out of office at unequal intervals, feet first and looking very natural if the bullets happen to hit 'em below the neck. As a rule, Birsky, generals in an army used to be colonels, and before that, majors, and before

that, captains, ober in Mexico, most of the generals used to was horse thieves and before that, sneak thieves, and before that, nobody knows what they was. As a rule, Birsky, a dollar is worth a hundred cents or ten dimes, ober in Mexico the currency is so rotten that if you own a feller a dollar and pay him a dollar, he practically got a new claim against you for a dollar and a quarter. And if you want to hear any more rules that don't apply to Mexico, Birsky, you would got to call the waiter yourself, as we couldn't sit here all afternoon on a cup coffee apiece."

"Aber tell me one thing," Birsky said. "If all this is the case, why did Mr. Wilson recognize Elkan M. Carranza as the President?"

"I don't know," Zapp replied, "but I see in the papers that every few days Mr. Wilson goes from Washington to Philadelphia and consults an oculist, Birsky, so I conclude that since he recognized Carranza he has found out that there's something the matter with his eyesight, and that maybe Carranza ain't the man he took him to be at all, but a feller with whiskers and spectacles by the same name. However, Birsky, for the present we are giving Carranza the benefit of the doubt, and if he continues to act as such we may go on recognizing him as Provisional President."

"What do you mean—Provisional President?" Birsky asked.

"A Provisional President," Zapp explained, "is a President that gets his job through a revolution. He acts as President until an election is held, provided he lives that long. There's a whole lot of honor attached to it in Mexico. Every time a Provisional President starts to go out of his house, Birsky, he receives a salute of twenty-one guns—sometimes fifty-one guns, depending on the number of people laying for him, so you can imagine what the front of a Provisional President's house looks like, Birsky. If they don't get him with the first salute, it must cost him a fortune for window glass alone."

"Then if you would ask me as a real estate and insurance broker, Zapp," Birsky said, "I should say that a provisional president was, taking it all in all, an extra hamorous occupation."

"He ain't a sprinkled risk exactly," Zapp agreed.

"Then what does he want the job for?" Birsky asked.

"Well," Zapp said, "there's big money in it if he can get it deposited outside the country."

"I should think he would consider his health before money," Birsky said.

"Maybe he does," Zapp said, "but you take one of these provisional presidents, Birsky, and as a general thing, he's a good family man and believes in leaving his wives and families well provided for."

"So a provisional president is like that, is he?" Birsky said.

"I don't say they all are," Zapp declared, "but when you recognize a provisional president, it don't do no harm to have had eyesight, Birsky, because in that case, what you don't like about him, Birsky, you could wink at."

## SPECIAL Mother's Day NUMBER News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club IN HONOR OF The Best Mother—YOURS!

### MOTHER'S DAY

Dearest Children—We often hear about the great men of history, but we seldom hear of the great mothers of history. Two come to my mind as I write—one, the mother of Lincoln and the other the mother of Napoleon.

The greatest mother in the world is YOUR mother, and while you may know this, still, it is a good idea to unite with thousands, yes, millions, of others throughout the world and honor your mother tomorrow.

I sometimes think we do not value our mothers enough while they are with us. We know mother is there waiting for us and so we do not consult her as many times as we might. Perhaps this is because we are conscious that MOTHERS KNOW EVERYTHING.

Do not try to fool your mother.

From every mother's heart there runs a silken telephone wire to the heart of her child, and she KNOWS that child's every thought. No matter where you may be, mother always knows what is happening to you.

As you grow older you will discover the value of those whom you can trust and gradually you will appreciate what mother love is and what it means to have ONE in whom you can confide.

You may love your mother ever so much, but the thing is to tell her of your love and kiss her while you may. Some day a beautiful angel with white wings will call for your mother and take her away to that beautiful land where all mothers go, and after the angel has gone there will be a lonesome place in your heart—a great big lonesome place that no one can fill. There will be no one to talk to—like mother.

There will be no apron strings—like mother's.

The big world will seem very cold and strange and people will not understand, for how do they know YOU miss your mother? They will not care, like mother used to.

Let us thank Miss Jarvis for calling attention to our mothers.

Those of you who have mothers need to be reminded, perhaps, but those of us whose mothers have gone away with the beautiful angel do not need to be reminded of our mothers—the place she left is vacant and is always there to remind us of HER—dear, patient mother, how we miss you!

**FARMER SMITH,**  
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

P. S.—On the other side of the page you will find a letter to your mother. Please cut it out carefully, sign your name to it and slip it under mother's plate at the breakfast table so that she will find it there when she comes to the table tomorrow morning. It will make mother very, very happy to think that you have not forgotten her!

### THE BEST DRAWINGS ABOUT MOTHER



Great Folks and "Mothers" The mother's heart is the child's school. -Harriet Beecher Stowe. How do they make them make them. -Jack White Lusk. I wish I were big enough to be like my mother. -Abraham Lincoln. Our artist have not forgotten Mother's Day.

### The Sandman and the Doll Mother

BY ANDREW MALONEY  
In the night, when it is time for little boys and girls to go to bed, the Sandman throws sand into the children's eyes. Then the children's eyes droop and mother says, "Come, boys and girls, it is time to go to bed."

When the little boys and girls are in bed the Sandman comes and looks at them. Then the children go to sleep and dream.

Good children have good dreams. Bad children have bad dreams. The Sandman shows 'em dreams to them.

Sometimes the Sandman tells them stories about how the dolls play when the children are asleep. For, you must know, when you go to sleep, your dolls talk and play.

One night Kitty opened her eyes when her dolly was saying: "Kitty was not a kind mother today. She forgot to comb my hair and to wash my face."

Kitty interrupted her. "Why, dolly," said she. "But the Sandman made her go back to sleep. He just let her stay awake long enough to learn a lesson. And Kitty never forgot!"

### Mother's Surprise

By CATHERINE WRIGHT, aged 9 years.  
It was a dull, rainy day and three sad faces were pressed close against the window pane. "Come," said mother, "and I will show you a place where children can always find pleasure."

So she led them up the broad staircase and then, to their surprise, she opened another door, and led them up a narrow staircase. When they reached the top they saw a large room filled with trunks. Mother opened a small black trunk, and to add to their wonder it was packed with small, old-fashioned clothes. They tried them on eagerly and played until it stopped raining.

Now when it rains there are no more sad faces. The children go to the "wonder room."

### Things to Know and Do

1. Name two justly famous men who attributed their greatness to the training given them by their mothers.

2. What is your favorite poem about "Mother"? Write four lines of it.

3. Give two reasons why little children must never "talk back" to their mothers.

### Our Postoffice Box

"The North 30th Street Rainbows gave a '500' party last Wednesday afternoon. Refreshments were served and prizes were given. An embroidered linen collar was the first prize and a scrapbook the second. Among the guests were Mary Weber, Catherine Grant, Jane Farnon, Helen Dalbert, Susanne Cramer and Ida Mayer.

### Baseball News

In a well-played game today, the Holy Angels Boys' Catholic Club team defeated the St. Francis Boys' Club, 16-9. Dean, pitcher for the Holy Angels, was master of the game at all times, having 12 strikeouts and yielding only four hits. His hitting was also a feature, two doubles and a single.  
Score by innings:  
Holy Angels 1 0 0 2 0 1 0-16 2 2  
St. Francis 0 0 1 1 0 0 0-9 4 4  
Batteries—Dean, Burgoyne; Conroy, McKeon.

### THE FOUNDER OF MOTHER'S DAY



Mother's Day Greetings  
to The Evening Ledger  
50,000 girls and boys,  
and to the mothers and  
fathers they should love  
and honor, every day.  
Your friend  
Anna Jarvis

An Appreciation  
BY JAMES DAILY, South Broadway St.  
You want us to write something about "mothers"? I just want to say that I think I have one of the very best mothers in the world.

To Mother  
BY ALFRED GEORGE  
To mother I write this rhyme  
That there may never come a time  
When I shall forget that long  
Sent to me from the great above.

### FARMER SMITH'S FAIRY TALES

#### Willie Wideawake in Mother Land

"It is Saturday night and tomorrow is Sunday and I can lie in bed as long as I please, and—"

"No, you can't," said a voice right beside Willie Wideawake.

Willie looked out of one eye and who should he see but the Good Dream Fairy.

"Why can't I lie in bed?" asked Willie.

"You must never talk back to a fairy or your own mother," answered the Good Dream Fairy.

"Excuse me," said Willie, politely.

"I want you to put on your thinking cap and come with me to the Land of the Blue Sky, where we must gather some white carnations for your mother—tomorrow is Mother's Day."

"Won't hollyhocks or dandelions or violets do?"

"You are asking too many questions. I think you must be like a lot of other boys in this world—you do not appreciate your mother—perhaps you will not learn to love her as you should until—until she has gone to Mother Land, where there are no boys, only babies. Babies can't answer back—that is what breaks a mother's heart."

The Good Dream Fairy looked straight at Willie with her wonderful eyes.

"Why does answering back break a mother's heart?" asked Willie.

"Because mothers always know what is best."

It seemed but an instant until Willie and the Good Dream Fairy were standing in a field of white carnations. Suddenly every flower turned into a baby's face, each smiling at Willie Wideawake.

"I see now why we have white carnations for Mother's Day," said Willie Wideawake, and with that he stooped down and put his arms around a lot of white carnations and gathering them tenderly toward him, gave them a terrible squeeze.

"Ouch!"

It was the most beautiful voice in the world speaking, and when Willie opened his eyes and looked up he saw right into the most beautiful eyes in the world and back of them he saw Mother Land and— and he gave his mother another hug and the most beautiful voice in the world said once more:

"Ouch!"

#### The Growth of Mother's Day

A handful of years ago, the wonderful thought came into the mind of Miss Anna Jarvis that we should have a day set aside for the honoring of our mothers. Since then this tiny seed, set to growth by the sweet power of love, and by the unceasing persistence of Miss Jarvis in furthering her idea, has spread into a nation-wide movement. It has been informed in an act of Congress by the President of the United States. It has been sanctioned by virtually every Governor in the Union, and last, but not least, it has won the unflinching "heart-deep" support of every son and daughter in America.

#### Junior Baseball Scores

Mouth, Chuck Athletics. ... R. H. E.  
Mouth, 9 3 2 2 0 0 0-16 2 2  
Mouth, 5 2 1 0 0 0 0-10 1 1  
Mouth, 5 2 2 0 1 0 0-13 1 1

### Mother's Day, 1916

Dearest and Best of Mothers: This is my Mother's Day letter to you, and it must say *some* things that are always in my heart, but that never get a chance to come out in words.

First, it must say "thank you" for—well, mother, dear, there are so many things to thank you for that I guess my letter had just better say "thank you" for being the most wonderful mother in the world!

Next, it must say—If a certain little person was ever cross, sulky or ungrateful to you, that little person is very sorry now, and wants to make the hurt well by promising never again to forget.

Lastly, it would say, I love you, mother—love you in a hundred different ways, that many for the daytime hours and then one great big different way for the night, when I am satisfied to slip off into Dreamland, knowing that you will be there to bring me back again.

Today I make a prayer, mother, dear, just for you and for me. May the dear God watch over you and keep you for many a "Mother's Day"; may He guard me, too, and when I am grown up, may He grant me that I may be only just what I am today.

Your loving child,  
.....  
(Sign your name here.)

### Our Mother

A favorite poem of CATHERINE JONES, N. 20th St.  
Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore, together;  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather,  
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one mother the wide world over.

### HONOR ROLL CONTEST

The prizes for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do," for the week ending May 6, were won by the following children:

Leaders: Regal, West Allegheny avenue, 55 cents; Eugene Grestel, Columbia avenue, 55 cents; Berle Carr, Edgewood, N. 7, 25 cents; Millie Gagliardi, South street, 25 cents; Herman Schukraft, Rising Sun avenue, 25 cents; John Higgins, Gray's Ferry avenue, 25 cents.

### FARMER SMITH'S 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: .....

School I attend: .....

Age: .....

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