

SOME FELLERS TELL YOU ABOUT THE EXERCISE THEY ARE TAKING THE ACT LIKE THEY JUST GIVE \$100,000 TO THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

By MONTAGUE CLASS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIGGS

"And," Continues Zapp, "Packing and Shipping Goods Is a Great Deal Like Playing Golf—It Exercises Every Part of the Body But the Head"

"I Got No Kick About Golf," He Concludes. "If My Competitors Only Devote Enough Time to It, Birskey, I am Satisfied"—The Whole Discussion About "Golf" Becomes Hopelessly Entangled With Magazine Stories, Business Affairs and the Social Conditions of New York's Washington Square

WHAT are you fooling say your time reading that Machoskov's? Louis Birskey, the real estate, exclaimed as he seated himself opposite Barnett Zapp in Wasserbauer's Restaurant. "That's what Old Man Zappin used to say," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, replied as he laid down the current issue of Sultry Stories. "Every once in a while he would find his youngest son, Pinous Zappin, reading a dime novel and he would catch him a Potech on the ear and ask him what would become of him, and that he had a kind father and a good mother and this is the way he repays them, and to look at his brother, Sig, which never read nothing but the papers and now runs one of the biggest Kolonialwaren, delicatessen and fine grocery stores in Immen-dingen, Wurtemberg, whereas Pinous Zappin couldn't forget the time he fooled away over 'Ned Harrington, the Boy Adventurer,' in the 'Ned Harrington' series till it affected his mind, Birskey. He becomes crazy on the subject of airships and before he recovers his senses, y'understand, he stands a show to get away with anywhere from ten to twenty million dollars."



"Ned wouldn't take a cent of the money on account it was tinted."

take here the other day a lady which lives over in Brooklyn and rents for a few dollars a week a furnished room, y'understand, and the poor woman actually has got an uncle die on her and leave her \$200,000, Zapp."

sary to get once a week a funny golf picture done by the newspaper's cartoonist. Now, as such a cartoonist is paid a salary equivalent to the President of the United States, supposing Mr. Wilson also received a royalty of 10 per cent on the rights to reproduce in moving pictures as comes the crying-son of the Senate and House of Representatives, y'understand, take one-seventh of such a cartoonist's salary, Birskey, and it makes golf a very expensive game for a newspaper, even supposing it was as popular as the editor neilich thinks it is. However, Birskey, if you was an editor and was able to read all the magazines free, you wouldn't act no differently, because it don't make no difference if a Schiefstetler is writing a love story, a business story, a detective story or a sea story, he thinks he must get to ring in something about golf, the idea being to make the rest of the story sound more refined and give people the impression that although writing under an alias he is really Mishpocha to the Astors and Vanderbilts."

be done in such close quarters as shipping goods. A golfer grounds is about the size of a New York Assembly District, and when a hundred fellers plays on it at one time, y'understand, they're already terrible crowded, which you can figure to yourself, Birskey, if as many as 600,000 New Yorkers played golf, they would require within commuting distance of Times Square a piece of land equal to Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and the Northern Tier Counties of Pennsylvania. "And yet you say people gets good ideas out of magazine stories," Birskey commented. "I said they get ideas," Zapp admitted, "but not always GOOD ideas. For instance, when them mining people run off that strike there in Colorado, they got their ideas from a serial story by the name 'The Guilty Dollar,' which at the time he bought it the magazine editor said was terribly exaggerated, because in this day and generation, y'understand, when a millionaire has got sense enough to make a hundred million dollars in platinum like Senator Carruthers—Steel Trap Carruthers they used to call him on the Platinum Exchange—it stood to reason that he wouldn't stand for his associates snobbing down strikers and their wives and children in cold blood, Birskey. The magazine owner also says to the author that he ought to be ashamed to write a story where an American mine owner paid foreign mine workers such a miserable wages, y'understand, and that for writing such an exaggerated and untrue story he couldn't give the author the regular amount for the story, but paid him \$25 for it, which the author figured was at the rate of 6 cents an hour for his work. Later the magazine owner got to like the story better, so naturally when them Colorado mining people reads the front page of the magazine that

"The Guilty Dollar" is a marvelous, gripping, genius-inspired story of the Iowa Platinum Mines, y'understand, and is a masterly and accurate study of the problem of mining capital and labor, erretstet du mich, they want to find out what it is about. First, the acting general manager reads it and says to the second assistant vice president what some people wouldn't do for money! And to make a note in the story they used machine guns on the strikers. When the second assistant vice president got through with it, he said that the trusts would imagine such a rotten state of affairs in any big industrial community was a tiger in human form and made a memorandum of the bull-rigging idea, the squinting wages of the foreign mine laborers out in Colorado with the foreign mine laborers in the story. "Aber don't people get no good ideas out of magazine stories?" Birskey asked. "Well," Zapp said, "I myself got a couple designs for waists from magazine covers and I figured I made 5 per cent of the regular cost of the garment or the goods I didn't use in the neck and sleeves. "You could of made more than that if you would be as sparum mit dress goods as the artists that draws some magazine pictures," Birskey said. "If a lady would select the kind and amount of clothes that some magazine artists thinks plenty sufficient for their pictures, and if she would wear such clothes on Fifth avenue, Zapp, before the patrol wagon arrives, she would attract a crowd of 20,000 people."

"It's funny how people changes," Birskey said. "Ten years ago when Zardnik & Karpas signed checks, Karpas wrote the Zardnik and the Karpas and it was as much as Sam could do to write the 'and'. Yet nowadays that feller is reading magazines yet." "What are you talking, nonsense—Sam



"Always drawing pictures from a young man in full dress suit."

Zardnik reading magazines?" Zapp exclaimed. "Sam couldn't even read electric signs in words of one syllable, like 'Lunch' and 'Cafe.' I said he was moving away from 8th street on account of other people reading magazine stories, Birskey, which if you read anything from magazines, Birskey, you would know it that every magazine has got in it at least two stories where the scene is laid in a studio close to Washington square, and what nearly happens in them studios, according to the stories, Birskey, has created such a demand for studios close to Washington square that all the furriers and cheap clothing contractors has got to move away from there; and the old, run-down houses they used to occupy is being made over into studios and filled with magazine readers at rentals which a furrier or a clothing contractor would consider high for a sprinkled fireproof loft with two elevators and light on three sides."

"Aber what does all the people want studios for?" Birskey asked. "They ain't artists, are they?" "Listen, Birskey," Zapp said. "If all the people which rented studios in New York was artists, y'understand, the competition in the picture painting business would make the clock and suit business look like it was run by a virtuous monopoly. As a real estate you should know it, that from reading magazine stories a lot of people has come to consider as a studio any cold-water flat above the third floor without elevator service and within 10 blocks of Washington square, and in changing over such flats into studios, Birskey, the only decorating and suit business must do is to raise the rent from \$20 a month up to \$60 a month, payable strictly in advance." "Well," Birskey commented, "it's time somebody don't something for the real estate business in New York."



"Spectacles ain't a matter of eyesight no more."

KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE! News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club THRESHES Singing in The Lilies

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE? Children Dear—The other day a kind gentleman told me he read these talks with a great deal of interest and that he thought I must have been "at it" a long time. There are many writers, but the successful writer is the one who finds his right place in the world and sticks to it. If I should tell you that I have been earning money by writing for almost 30 years, you would say: "That is a long time." And you would be right. BUT, during all that time I have been doing a lot of things which have enabled me to become a children's editor and to KNOW what YOU want. It is not a question of what I want or what I like to write about, for I would much prefer to write novels and stories about tramps. BUT—when I write a beautiful novel, reach around and pat myself on the back and send it to an editor, back comes a letter something like this: "Dear Farmer—Get back to your children's stories. We regret that we cannot accept your novel." What am I to do? How long does it take? Just a lifetime and that is all. Every day we learn something. Every day letters of helpfulness come to aid in the great work of entertaining you and making you THINK FOR YOURSELF. Yes, it takes a long time to be a writer and a longer time to be a children's editor. BUT IT PAYS, for when the end of the year comes, you can tuck yourself in your bed and think, as you do off to sleep, "I HAVE MADE AT LEAST ONE CHILD HAPPY THIS YEAR." It is wonderful, yes, wonderful.

"HAPPY HEARTS AND HAPPY FACES"



Baseball Challenge Exchange Joseph Dagonina—Sir: The Live Wire Class of the Crosser Baptist Sunday School would like to arrange a game with your team for any Saturday after this, or any holiday. Decoration Day afternoon would suit us very well. We have our own grounds and will pay half expenses for ten players. Yours truly, Howard Hight, Darby, Pa.

MISTER ELEPHANT'S EYESIGHT By Farmer Smith "I have finished washing the dishes," said Mister Elephant to his good wife one day. "That's good," answered Missus Elephant. "Please don't interrupt me while the dishes are being washed," said Mister Elephant. "I want to ask if I may go down town for a few minutes," Mister Elephant looked longingly at his wife. "Yes, if you hurry back, I want you to help me move the piano," replied Missus Elephant. Whenever she had nothing for her good husband to do she always had him move the piano. Many was the time he wanted to do something and she would make him stop and move the piano up stairs or down, as the case might be. Well, Mister Elephant hurried down town and when he got half way he should he see his Jimmy Monkey. "Hello! you little rascal. What are you up to now?" Jimmy had nothing to do and so he thought he would have some fun with the little fellow. He turned his head slowly and looked at the sky. "Do you see that cloud?" "Yes, I see that cloud," said Mister Elephant, slowly. "Well, right on the tip of that cloud is a very happy fly and he is crawling along very slowly—slowly and—"

MERCY ANNE AT BOARDING SCHOOL

"If Tubby'd get off that bed and fix her half of the room there'd be plenty of places to sit down." It was Mary Develle that spoke, as she picked up a black hair ribbon and threw it with a disgusted air at the chubby figure that was lolled luxuriously on a carefully made bed. The day was Saturday, the hour "pick up time" on every corridor in Miss Stone's school. The speech hurriedly called meeting of "The Six Great Secrets" was about to be in session. "Girls," began Jerry at last, "we've got to do something about Mercy Anne. Per-haps she's been here just a week and during all that time we've been as mean as—as anything to her and—"

HOW TO BE HAPPY BY JOHN BOGLE LANSDALE PA.



HEY, WHAT YA GOT IN YA POKET? MY RAINBOW BUTTON— YEP, I'M A MEMBER OF THE FAMOUS RAINBOW CLUB— AND IS THAT WHY YOU'RE SO HAPPY?— SO LONG—