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

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

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

WHAT are you fooling any your time reading that Machehorost" Louis Birsky, the real estater, exclaimed as he seated himself opposite Barnett Zapp in Wasserbauer's Restaurant.

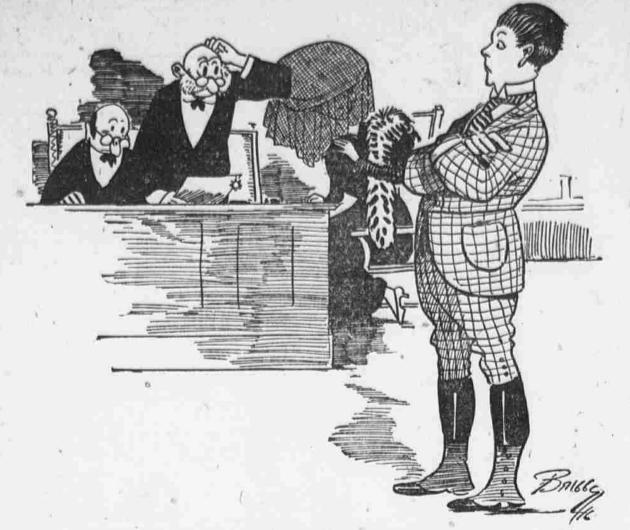
"That's what Old Man Zeppelin used to may," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, replied as he laid down the current issue of Sultry Stories. "Every once in a while he would find his youngest son, Pinous Zeppelin, reading a dime novel and he would catch him a Potch on the ear and ask him what would 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 Immendingen. Wurtemburg, whereas Pincus Zeppelin couldn't forget the time he fooled away over 'Ned Harrington, the Boy Aviator,' in the 'Ned Harrington' series till it affected his mind, Birsky. He becomes crasy on the subject of airships and hefore he on the subject of airships and before he recovers his senses, y'understand, he stands a show to get away with anywheres from

ten to twenty million dollars." "You are talking now from one single for 'nstance out of hundreds," Birsky objected, "aber the shoe could pinch on the other foot, too. Zapp. If I would read, for example, in a 10-cent magasine that Ned Carruthers' uncle left him \$2,000,000 profits from the Cruller Trust and Ned wouldn't take a cent of the money on account it was tinted from being ground out of the blood of working women which has got to sit and see their husbands die because there isn't so much as a cruller in the house, and that's the way Old Man Car-ruthers—Steel Trap Carruthers they used to call him on the Cruller Exchange—coade his money, y'understand, reading such Machahovos couldn't do me no harm, Zapp. It wouldn't make me turn down any \$2,000,000 legacy from my uncle, even shough as a reward I might stand a show to marry a girl with \$5,000,000, the way Ned Carrutners did in the story, because, in the first place. Zapp, such things only happen in stories, and in the second place, supposing I had an uncle the charges in supposing I had an uncle, the chances is that up to the day of my death he would be schworring from me \$10 a week to keep him out of a Home for the Aged, y'understand, and that at my funeral he would go round telling how for years he begged me I shouldn't make a god out of my stomach, while I let my own mother's brother practically starve. So you see,

By MONTAGUE CLASS

:::

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIGGS



"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 dol-lars 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."
"Nebichi" Zapp exclaimed. "It must of upset her something terrible."
"Ordinarily it wouldn't." Birsky agreed.
"The chances is she would of got just as

much pleasure out of such a thing as you and me, Zapp, if it wasn't that she read this here Steel Trap Carruthers story, Zapp, and what does she do, Zapp, she turns around and goes the work and refuses to take the \$200,000 on account it is tinted. It seems, Zapp, her uncle was in the second mortgage business and could be persuaded to once in a while accept a bonus over 6 per cent, per annum, and also occasionally foreclosed for nonpayment of principal the same like other dealers in second mort-gages in and out of magazine stories, the only difference being that in stories. Zapp. all property under foreclosure is owned by widders with small children, while in real life nine times out of ten the defendant is for example the Klotspick Construction Company—Harris Klotz, president; Jacob Pick, vice president and treasures, and if they decide to let the foreclosure suit go to a sale, all them two fellers is got left in the world is a million dollars' worth of improved property around Riverside drive and 86th street. But this here lady in Brooklyn refused to take the money, Zapp,

Aged, y'underbrai he would
urs he begged
d out of my
own mother's
So you see,
live from the see of the feature which lives in real life no more."

Neither does a whole lot of other people." Zapp declared, "editors of papers, for example. Every New York newspaper editor has got an idea that anyhow 15 per live from the feature which lives in New York. brother practically starve. So you see, liter has got an idea that anyhow 15 per packing and shipping goods is a great deal like playing golds. Birshy, the area of the best of the best of the magazine. Sapp. aber you lest in goldef, y'understand, that it's neces-

sary to get once a week a funny golet-picture done by the newspaper's cartocnist. Now, as such a cartocnist is paid a salary equivalence to the President of the Inited States, supposing Mr. Wilson also received a royalty of 16 per cent, on the rights to reproduce in moving pictures as comics the aryings-on of the Senate and House of Representatives, y'understand, take seventh of such a cartoonist's salary. Birsky. and it makes gollef a very expensive game for a newspaper, even supposing it was as popular as the editor nebich thinks it is. However, Birsky, if you was an editor However, Birsky, if you was an editor and was able to read all the magnaines free, you wouldn't act no differencely, because it don't make no difference if a Schriftsteller is writing a love story, a business story, a detective story oder a sea story, he thinks he must got to ring in something about gollef, the idee being to make the rest of the story sound more refined and give people the impression that although writing ple the impression that although writing under an alias he is really Mishpocha to the Astors and Vanderbilts." "What is there so bekovet about playing

gollef?" Birsky asked.
"Well, for one thing, it's taking exercise," Zapp continued, "which taking exercise is considered such a Mitsvah nowa-days, Birsky, that when some fellers tell you about the exercise they are taking, y'understand, they act like they would be admitting that they just give a hundred thousand dollars to the Belgium Relief "If taking exercise is such a wonderful

thing," Birsky said, "a chipping clerk must be a big Tradek already." be a big Tradek already."

"He is just such a Tradek as a gollef player is, anyhow." Zapp said, "because figured was at the rate of 6 cents an hour

sary to get once a week a funny gollef be done in such close quarters as shipping goods. A gollef 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, Birsky, if as many as 600,000 New Yorkers played gollef, they would require within commuting distance of Times Square a piece of land equal to Maine, New Hamp-Massachusetts, Vermont and the Northern Tier Counties of Pennsylvania."
"And yet you say people gets good idees
out of magazine stories," Birsky com-

> "I said they get idees." Zapp admitted, "but not always GOOD idees. For instance, when them mining people run off that strike there in Colorado, they got their idees 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, yunderstand, when a million aire 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 sh\u00e3\u00fcting down strikers and their wives and children in cold blood. Birsky. 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'under-stand, and that for writing such an exaggerated and untrue story he couldn't give

'The Gullty Dollar' is a marvelous, grip-ping, genius-inspired story of the Iowa Platinum Mines, y'understand, and is a masterly and accurate study of the probmasterly and accurate study of the prob-lem of mining capital and labor, versichs 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 strik-gra. When the second assistant vice presi-dent got through with it, he said that a feller who could 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-ring idee, the shutting off of supplies to the strikera, including milk for their bables, and one or two other pointers about strikes, and then including milk for their bables, and one or two other pointers about strikes, and then he passed it on to the head actuary and says to him that no wonder people hated the trusts when such lies were allowed to be printed about them, and that he should look over the story and report tomorrow morning at the latest what could be done to equalize the wages of the foreign mine laborers out in Colorado with the foreign mine laborers in the story."

"Aber don't people get no good idees "Aber don't people get no good idees out of magazine stories?" Birsky asked. "Well," Zapp said, "I myself got a couple designs for walsts from magazine

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 sparsam mit dress goods as the artists that draws some magazine. pictures," Birsky said. "If a lady would select the kind and amount of clothes that some magazine artists thinks plenty suffl

cient 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."

"But there wouldn't be no magazine readers among them." Zapp reforted. "The readers among them." Zapp retorted. "The magazines has given people very liberal idees in the matter of dress and etiquette, Birsky. Yes, Birsky, a lot of people has changed their ways of living from reading magazine stories. Some of 'em moves into other neighborhoods on account of it. Take for instance Sam Zarodnik, of Zavadelk. for Instance Sam Zarodnik, of Zarodnik & Karpas, in the fur business, and Sam tells me he is going to move from 8th street to 26th street."

"it's funny how people changes," Birsky said. "Ten years ago when Zarodnik & Karpas signed checks, Karpas wrote the Zarodnik and the Karpas and it was as much as Sam could do to write the 'and." Yet nowadays that feller is reading mag-

azines yet."
"What are you talking, nonsense—Sam



"Spectacles ain't a matter of eye-



Zarodnik 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 5th street on account of other people reading magazine stories, Birsky, which if you read anything from magazines, Birsky, 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, Birsky, 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 fire-

would consider high for a sprinkled fire-proof loft with two elevators and light on three sides."

"Aber what does all the people want studios for?" Birsky asked. "They ain't artists, are they?"

"Listen, Birsky Zapp said. "If all the people which rented studios in New York was artists, y'understand, the competition in the neture painting business would make in the picture painting business would make the cloak and suit business look like it was run by a virtuous monopoly. As a real estater 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, Birsky, the only decorating that the landlord must do is to raise the rent from \$20 a month up to \$60 nonth, payable strictly in advance." "Well." Birsky commented, "it's time somebody done something for the real devote enough time to it, Birsky, I am assessate business in New York."

Zapp disregarded the interruption.

"Another idee people gets from magzine fiction," he continued, its that spetacles ain't a matter of eyesight no more.

Birsky. They come under the head of
clothing, and a young feller that reads the clothing, and a young feller that reads the stories in an up-to-date magazine would consider himself practically naked if he was seen on the streets without his rubber-tired spectacles. Then, again, in formst times a young feller was lucky if he had three suits of clothes, y'understand—his working clothes, his best clothes and a suit of clothes he kept to go fishing in supposing he ever did go fishing—aber howadays not alone does young fellers like to set in real life like the young fellers in manazine stories, but they also want to look like the illustrations. An up-to-date young feller has got a different suit of clothes for every purpose mentioned in a magazine for every purpose mentioned in a magaz story, even if he has to go without lunches to do it. Yes, Birsky, the magazine artists to do it. Yes, Birssy, the magazina artists which is always drawing pictures from a young man in a full dress suit, a cutsway or a tuxedo leaning over a grand plano while a lady is playing her hardest to keep the blood circulating so she wouldn't frees from the waist up, y'understand, such a magazine artist is doing more to mile young men who are good dressers raise checks, ganver the petty cash and priction double-double entry than all the pool roca race tracks, poker games and roulds wheels in America."

"Then, after all, Zapp," Birsky sid. "magazine stories has a bad influence."
"Not on the dress suit, tuxedo and cutaway business," Zapp replied, "nor on the rubber-tired spectacle business neither."
"And how about gollef?" Birsky saiet

"I got no kick about gollef, Birsky

KEEP ON The FIRING LINE!

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THRUSHES Singing in

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE?

talks with a great deal of interest and that he thought I must have been "at it" There are many writers, but the successful writer is the She who finds his right place in the world and sticks to it.

Children Dear-The other day a kind gentleman told me he read these

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 doze off to sleep, "I HAVE MADE AT LEAST ONE CHILD HAPPY THIS YEAR."

It is wonderful, yes, wonderful. FARMER SMITH,

MISTER ELEPHANT'S EYESIGHT By Farmer Smith

have finished washing the dishes. guld Mister Elephant to his good wife one

"That's good," answered Missus Elephant.
"Please don't interrupt me—it's very
side. I have finished washing the dishes
and I want to ask if I may go down town
for a few minutes." Mister Elephant looked
longingly at his wife.

engingly at his wife.

"Yes, if you hurry back, I want you to help me move the piano," reglied Missus Elephant. Whenever she had nothing for her good hisband 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, Mistar Elephant hurried down rown and when he got half way who should in see but Jimmy Monkey. "Helio! you little racal. What are you up to now?"

Jimmy had nothing to do and so he hought he would have some fun with the case fellow. He turned his head slowly and colors at the sky. "Do you see that

I see that cloud," said Mister

ant slowly.

It right on the tip of that cloud is a hainty ity and he is crawling along a clowly—slowly and—

out!" exclaimed Mister Riephant.

Illusting—sluplog. Oh, down me! He is railing! Slumny, the fitting by is lock—there he is! Right by the

Children's Editor, The EVENING LEDGER. Sure enough! Right on the tip of Jimmy's

ose there was a fly. "How do you know that is the same fly?" asked Jimmy, as he gave the little thing a vicious swat!

"How dars you ask such a question? Why, Jimmy Money, I saw him fall—at least I thought I did." "My, what eyesight!" said Jimmy.
"Yes," replied Mister Elephant, "but YOU aw him first."

Things to Know and Do What river in the United States is bay in the northern part of Canada?

Describe in 25 words "A Sunny Morn-

Make three words out of together (for little folks).

FARMER SMITH.

EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHING ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Address School I attend "HAPPY HEARTS AND HAPPY FACES"



Baseball Challenge Exchange Joseph Dagostina—Sir: The Live Wire Class of the Crozer 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,

> Junior Scores BASEBALL

Addison St. Rain. \$211000201—2224 9 Odd Nine..... 200 002002— 4 9 9 Umpires—Franks and Grooms. Woodbine R. Stars 0 0 0 0 5 0 2 0 2 ... 9 17 1 Woodbine Nones'h 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 ... 8 5

Captales Immorman and Braiere. DODGE BALL,
FE. M. Stanton School.
Room 9 wins by forfeiture.
Room 5 loses by forfeiture.

16..... 8 petnts BILLIARDS. ranwald.....

KATHLEEN RANKIN Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the best answers to "Things know and De" for the week ending May were won by the following children: Howard Coolidge, Mount Jay, Pa Miriam Lea, Causies Austin Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa John Bayes, Pine street

A Rainbow "Yell" Bigger than a rat-trap, bigger than a cat-

trap. Boom, bang! Rainbow gang!" This is a "yell" I made up on our way home from the Rainbow pionic, and we sang it all the way back to town.

LILY ALTMAN.

want to see something nice? Well, then take a circular piece of cardboard and draw on it three lines that will cross each other in the centre of the cardboard. Do the same on the other side. Fill in the parts formed by the lines with colors in crayon or paint in the following order: Red. white, blue, yellow, purple and orange. Now make two holes in the centre of the cardboard, draw a string through both of them and tie the ends. Put your hand in both loops of the string, swing the circle a few times and hegin pulling gently to and fro with the hands. The cardboard will twirl around and then you will see a rainbow on the cardboard. it three lines that will cross each other in the

By Elisabeth and Isabel McNamara. In back of our house there is a large cherry tree. A few days ago we heard something like a knocking on this tree. We stopped to look and there in the tree was a little bird with a red head packing a hole in the tree. After it went away we looked at the hole and found it as round as if it were carved. It was the "red-headed woodpecker" that had been there.

Another noted bird is the robin. Even if it does steal cherries it pays up for it by keeping insects out of the garden. The robin is of dark hue with a red breast Hare are the names of three birds. Will some of the manners try to guess them.

MERCY ANNE AT BOARDING SCHOOL

"If Tubby'd get off that bed and fix her haif of the room there'd be plenty of thousands here and thousands there and 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 lolling The day was Saturday, the hour "pick up time" on every corridor in Miss Stone's

The special hurriedly called meeting of "The Six Great Secrets" was about to be session. "Girls," began Jerry at last, "we've got

to do something about Mercy Anne Per-kins. She's been here just a week and during all that time we've been as mean as—as anything to her and——"
"Why, she's too silly to notice it," put in May Belle. "All she does is keep her mouth

open like she's catching flies. Why—".
"She was smart enough," broke in Jerry heatedly, "to save us all from being caught the night we tried to fool her with the ghost, and she was smart enough to tell me and you too, that the Battle of Hast-ings was in 1966."
"Yep-p," yawned Tubby from the depths

of a down quilt, "I was in on that, too. I didn't know Hasting was a battle till she "Humph, trying to show off just because

she knows a little English history," sneered May Belle. "Well," said Jerry, "I don't think she's showing off, and I say we take her in." "What!" exclaimed May Belle, who be it known had been taken into the "Six

can stretch forth promises of house parties on yachts is not to be ignored.
"Take her into the 'Six Great Secreta?

"Take her into the Six Oscillation of the cohoed Mary.

"Why-ee, Jer-ry," exclaimed Katfley, in a rebuising tone.

Hastily Jerry overtook herseif. "I-I didn't mean exactly that," she explained in a rather injured tone. In truth, she had meant exactly that. "I thought maybe we could kind of try her out." A sudden great thought came to her rescue. "You know, girls, the third amendment to the constitution—the one that you wrote. May Belle tion—the one that you wrote. May Belle the constitution—the one that you wrote. tion—the one that you wrote, May Belle!
"Why, of course," shricked May Belle
delightedly, in a second her prejudice completely drowned in the enthusiasm of seeing

her pet plan put into execution.

Amendment three to the constitution of
the "Six Great Secreta" read: "Any arriment about taking in new girls shall be settled by making above said sits at through a trial by fire, to be planned to the writer of the amendment and a com-

mittee."

In less than a minute the writer of the amendment without her committee had planned enough trials by fire to test a regiment of Mercy Annes.

The committee, self-appointed, was not silent long. Suggestions were plentful. Out of the mix-up of them all there findly developed one plan that was generally as solemnly agreed upon.

A party was to be given, and Marcy Anna was to be watched as an invited guest!

(To be continued)

JOHN BOGLE HOW TO BE HAPPY_ => LANSDALE PL MY RAINBOW YA GOT IN BUTTON ... YER POCKET? YEP, I'M A MEMBER OF

