"YOU GOT TO DIE SOME TIME, AND A LONG, EXPENSIVE SICKNESS AIN'T PLEASANT, SO LEARN TO FLY AND GET Illustrations by BRIGGS By MONTAGUE GLASS

With Zapp, the Real Estater Discusses Airyoplanes and Tells What He Would Do Were He President of

"Over in Germany," Zapp Says, "They Don't Encourage Young Fellers to Become Airyonauts - They Give Them Their Choice of Becoming Either an Airy-onaut oder a Target-Airy-onauts Is Provided for Airy-oplanes, Not Airy-oplanes for Airy-onauts"

the Airy-O Club

"T SEE where the president of the Airy-o I Club of America has got a new plan to encourage young fellows to learn how to fly," said Louis Birsky, the real estater, as he laid down the morning paper in Wasserbauer's Restaurant.

"What was the old plan?" Barnet Zapp, the walst manufacturer, asked. "Well," Birsky replied, "I suppose he took

the young feller to one side and said: 'Listen, be a sport. You got to die some time, and a long, expensive sickness ain't so pleasant neither. Get it over quick. Learn to fly." "And naturally the young feller wasn't encouraged," Barnet Zapp suggested.

"Naturally," Birsky sald. "So now the president of the Airy-o Club says: 'Looky here, why don't you learn it flying in an airy-oplane and after you graduate I would get you and two thousand of your classmates to fly from here bis Saff Francisco, and who arrives first gets \$20,000?'

"Aber supposing the feller don't arrive rst?" Zapp inquired.

"Then that's his funeral," Birsky said.
"Well, then, where does the encourage-ment come in?" Zapp commented. "Furthermore, Hirsky, this here president of the Airy-o Club of America has got it wrong. The thing to do is not to encourage young

fellers to learn it flying in an airy-oplane, but to DIS-courage 'em."
"Well, what he said in the first place didn't sound so encouraging to me." Birsky

"What he said was all right," Zapp admitted, "but he didn't lay no pipes for it. For instance, if I would Gott soll huten he the president of the Airy-o Club of America and I wanted a young feller he should be an airy-court visual terms." America and I wanted a young feller he should be an airy-onaut, y'understand, I would find out where the young feller is working and get him fired. I would then fix things so that the girl he is going to marry wouldn't got nothing to do with him no more. H'afterwards I would use all this as evidence why his father should throw him out of the house, verstehst du mich, and when I got the young feller absolutely in despair, y'understand, I would lay for him at the drug store and just when he is going to buy the poison he is figuring on taking, I would say to him. Listensince the war has stopped Germany shipping drugs to America, you couldn't rely

00000 00000 00.

"The air would be black with customers."

on poisons no more. Save your money and try something certain. Learn to fly."
"Aber not considering the funny side of
this thing, Zapp, why is it we ain't got more as one airy-oplane flyer to Europe's twenty?" Birsky asked. "It's a question from etiquette." Zapp replied. "Over in Europe if a young feller

replied. "Over in Europe if a young feller has got a father with a rating anywheres about D to F credit fair, for such a young feller to work for a living is considered like eating with his knife or wearing tan shoes with a full dress suit. So what is a feller like that to do? Cards he soon gets tired or, because you've got to use your head to play cards, and in Europe up to the present war using your head wasn't considered so bekovet neither. Gollef and tennis is all right once in a while, Birsky, aber if a feller is hitting a ball mit a club day in day out, y'understand, he might just so well be

climbing and killing menagerie animals, as it was found out to be just as dangerous, but with less traveling expenses and more convenient to a hospital. So therefore, Zapp, for every son of a millionaire in this country which is working hard to carry on the old man's business and give employ-ment to thousands of operators, y'under-stand, they got over in Europe a son of a millionaire who is learning to fly in an airy-oplane and has working for him steady two mechanics, a surgeon and a trained

"Well, you couldn't blame such a young feller in especially if he is going out a good deal' into society." Birsky said. "The fact that a feller is learning to fly in an airyoplane and so to speak could never tell which moment is going to be his next, Zapp, makes him in a way very interesting to meet, especially for ladies, Zapp, which they could say h'afterwards: 'Only yesterday he was talking to me the same like you are now.' Also an airy-oplane flyer has got a tropic of conversation more attractive to ladies, Zapp, which I don't care how good-looking a young American millionaire could be, y'understand, if he would sit down and tell a lady how he was up till three in the morning figuring the

costs on a big shipment of enamel ware wash tubs, and how by reapportioning the overhead, he cut the independent manufacturers' price ten per cent. Zapp, is it any wonder that the daughters of our best families prefers a shidduch mit a foreign noble feller? Am I right or wrong?"

feller? Am I right or wrong?"

"Yes and no," Zapp said, "because while your idee is a good talking point for the president of the Airy-o Club, Birsky, supposing he does premise a feller that if he becomes an airy-onaut, he stands a chance to leave a rich widder provided the wedding takes place before the accident, y'understand, where is the inducement? The fact of the matter is, Birsky, that the memfact of the matter is. Birsky, that the mem-bers of the Airy-o Club of America is start-ing in from the wrong end. What them fellers should ought to do is to get after the manufacturers to make up a line of semi-safe airy-oplanes, where if you fly in 'em, y'understand, you will stand a show for your life somewheres between a feller working in a powder mill and a feller in a submarine—in other words, not so safe that it wouldn't be considered a good tropic of conversation with ladies, y'understand, but safe enough so that an insurance company couldn't defend an action on the policy under the suicide-in-two-years clause."

"For my part, Zapp, I am content to stay out of airy-oplanes till they get so common that talking about flying in 'em will be so much a tropic of conversation as saying ain't it a rotten weather we are having." Birsky declared. "At the same time, Zapp, I think that time is coming fast, on account I seen it in the papers where over in Europe they are learning a great deal from airy-oplanes, and that after the war is over, Zapp, they will make big improvements in

"The Germans is doing that, Birsky," Zapp said. "Every time an alry-onaut falls with his airy-oplane, y'understand, the German ambulance comes running with doc-tors and nurses, and they rush to the alry-oplane and lift it up esrefully so as not to hurt it, Birsky, and they put it in a ambulance, y'understand, and a couple doctors attend to the engine, and two nurses wrap up the propeller. Then they take the airy-oplane back to headquarters with military honors and they hold a post-mortem on it and they write to the manufacturer all about why it fell together with a full ac-



"You've got to use your head to play cards."

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" I would lay for him at the drug store."

do for the airy-onaut?" Birsky asked.

"What should they do for him?" Zapp asked. "The Germans is trying to improve airy-oplanes not airy-onauts. Over in Germany they don't encourage young fellers to become airy-onauts. They give 'em their choice of becoming either an airy-onaut oder a target. Airy-enauts is provided for oder a 'target. Airy-onauts is provided for airy-oplanes in Germany, Birsky, not airy-oplanes for airy-onauts. In the same way, the German Government ain't trying now-adays to see that the German people gets plenty of food, Birsky. They are seeing to it that the German food gets plenty of people. They got one minister over there in especially to look after the food and see that none of it is wasted, Birsky, aber they ain't got nobody in Germany to be economical with people, and the consequence is that they're getting wasted something terthat they're getting wasted something ter-rible. While the Minister of Food Supplies was working overtime superintending the planting and cultivation of onions in the planting and cultivation of onions in the Berlin public parks, three hundred thousand people was wasted in front of Verdun alone, and the result will be. Birsky, that after the war is over, the Kaiser will be reigning over some of the finest onions in exsistence. The German airy-oplanes will also be A number one, Birsky, but the poor German people, nebich, will be seconds, broken lots and discontinued styles in small sizes only."

get a big influx of undersized Germans after the war, we'll also get the benefit of the improvements in German airy-oplanes without having to waste airy-onauts of our own.

"You think that, and I think that Birsky, aber the Airy-o Club of America thinks differently," Zapp said. "Their idea is that we shouldn't wait till the war is over but we should go right ahead experi-menting on our own account mit airy-oplanes, and learn from one accident to another, just what it was about the airyoplane that killed the airy-onaut. One
member of the club in particular feels quite
sore that we should be willing to learn by
Europe's mistakes and not by our own, so
he is offering a trophy for an annual airyoplane competition for fiving across the oplane competition for flying across the continent."

"What for a trophy?" Birsky asked "He didn't say." Zapp replied, "but the chances is it would be a widder in sterling silver holding in her right hand a canceled insurance policy and underneath the motto:
'Kindly omit flowers.'
"And he expects that American airy-

"And he expects that American alryonauts will risk their lives flying to the Pacific coast for such a bobkyf" Birsky said.
"I suppose the second prize is a safety razor with twelve blades and stypic pencil in leatherine case complete, and the third prize a year's subscription to any two of

the following magazines. It's too best the North Pole was discovered before here member of the Airy-o Club started to offer prizes, Zapp. He might of leave up to Admiral Peary for a cut glass on dish or something."

"I guess the president of the Airyo thought the same thing as you, H Zapp said, "because so soon as he s letter from the member who offen letter from the member who offered in trophy he comes right back with an of of \$20,000 for first prize, \$15,000 con prize, \$10,000 for third prize, \$7500 fourth prize, and so by degrees down "You done noble" for the ninth prize, ? work' for the tenth prize and What tained you?" for the 11th, 12th and 11

"Sure I know," Birsky commented, twenty thousand dollars ain't to be suine at, neither.'

at, neither."

"It runs into money," Zapp admits "aber you take a young feiler which willing to stand on a tight rope twe barried feet high and juggle with a light lamp, an ax, a stick of dynamite and a cigar boxes, y'understand, and the least that they would pay him in vaudeville a thousand dollars a week, so why should be a young feller leave a comparative safe occupation like that and money the safe occupation like that and money that are safe occupation like that and money that are safe occupation like that and money that a like that the safe occupation like that the safe occupation like that the safe occupation like that a like that the safe occupation like that and money the safe occupation like that and money the safe occupation like that the safe occupation like the safe occupation safe occupation like that and go into oplase slying on the chance that he win a prize once a year equivalent to the fifths of his regular salary, Birsky! Birsky, for airy-oplane flying, prizes is me what the Airy-o Club ought to do is to spanise right away an accident to What the Airy-o Club ought to do is to ganize right away an accident insurance department and give free of charge a every young feller who is willing to lens it flying in an airy-oplane—in addition to the airy-oplane—a regular accident insurance policy and a salary in proportion at the risk the feller is taking."

"And how long would the Airy-o Club of America last under them expenses, Zappe Birsky asked, and Zapp shrugged him.

Birsky asked, and Zapp shrugged be

"Then what are you driving into?" Birds

"I am driving into this, Birsky," 2ay said. "The feller who is giving the tropy, and the president and members of the Airy-o Club, is all worked up about the United States not being prepared for we with airy-oplanes. The idee is that if the United States ain't so prepared, Birsky, when the war comes, the losses in airy oplanes and airy-onauts will be tremendous. In fact they'll be pretty near as big as the airy-oplane losses which have occurred in preparing for the war, if we had prepare for it. Now, I believe in insurance, Birsky, aber if the premium is bigger than the prospective loss, Birsky, my idee is to trust to luck that you wouldn't have no fire."

"But, Zapp," Birsky protested, "we must got to get some airy-onauts in case of a war." "I am driving into this, Birsky," war."
"Listen, Birsky," Zapp said; "There is al

ready entered in the Airy-o Club's contest thirteen concerns which manufactures airy oplanes in the United States, and, so far a I heard it, they ain't in business for the benefit they will get from the systematic exercise of making up a weekly payroll an actly. So you can trust them fellers to set to it that enough young millonaires learns to fly to net the manufacturer anyhow in per cent, on his investment, and that it per cent. on his investment, and that is is secret of airy-oplane preparefulness, Birst. To the members of the Airy-o Club of America an airy-onaut is only an airy-onaut, but to a feller in the airy-oplane business an airy-onaut is something men than that. He is a customer, Birsky, is therefore, Birsky, what the Airy-o Club of America must do is to train traveling sale-men for the manufacturers of airy-oplanuand in case of war. Birsky, the air week per cent, on his investment, and that is the

LAZY MINDS NEED PUZZLES!

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

CONSIDER THE IDLE BOY

Dearest Children-The most unhappy boy in the wide world is the one who has nothing to do. If he plays hookey or truant, he becomes the most lonesome human being on earth when he gets out and away from the school building and finds he has nothing to do.

He may tell you that he is having the grandest time on earth, but deep down in the bottom of his little heart there is a "tap, tap" at his little conscience which tells him he is doing wrong.

You never see boys who are busy getting into trouble, but those boys who have nothing definite to do are not only unhappy, but make things unhappy for others. As you remember, our Club has always advocated "keeping busy."

We are sure that if the two boys who were said to have started the fire at Atlantic City some time ago which burned up \$20,000 worth of the Boardwalk in that city had been members of our beautiful Rainbow Club and followed our talks, which have tried to have as their aim CORRECT THINKING, they would not have done all this damage.

I think it would be very useful if we would have letters from all of our members telling how they expect to spend their summer. We will print these in our talks, so that we may be helpful to one another.

We should also like to hear from boys who are earning money and how

Whatever you do, keep busy, and you will keep happy. FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Strong and Quick

By RARL SCOTT, N. Bebinson st.

There were two boys. One was George and the other was Tom. George was the strongest boy in his class. Tom was the fastest runner in his class. George said, "I would rather be the strongest in my class than the fastest runner in my class." Tom said, "I would rather be the fastest unner in my class than the strongest in my lasa." So they began to quarrel.

As the two boys were walking along, a dy called out, "Won't somebody carry my askand into the house? He is ili."

The two boys heard what the lady said, hey ran and answered, "We will carry our husband into the house," and they George said to Ten, "Run for the doctor, because you are the fastest runner."

The doctor came back in his automobile and Tom was riding with him. Seeing the sick man, he discovered that it was just an attack of weakness and that he would surely get well with proper care and med-teine.

The lady was very happy and thanked the boys over and over again. While the doctor was cranking his car he said. "Would you like to have a ride, boys?" Of course, they said "Yes."

So they had a very happy time, and thus, helping another, they forgot all about in helping anoth

A Rainbow Yell By SADIE ZUCHOVITZ, Woodbins, N. J. Blow, A-vie, A-vy, A-vo, Faster, A-vie, A-vy, A-vo, Rah, Rah, Rain-bow!

> LOOK OUT NOW got DETH YE!

"AT HOME" DAYS WITH THE RAINBOWS



RUTHIE PARSONS

THE SLUMBERLAND BAND

By Farmer Smith

When I get in my bed at night,

And hug my pillow-oh! so tight, I hear the music of a Band

First there's a fife and then a drum, A louder noise and then a hum; Until at last I wake at dawn-

My dream is o'er-my Band is gone!

Honor Roll Contest

The prices for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do" for the weak soding May 97 were wen by the follow-

u membergi Bertha Childs, Danville, Pa—\$1. Edgar Relier, Judson stroot—42 cents. Arthus Smith, North 18th access—43

Deminic Cours, Flingerald street-12

As I sail off to Slumberland:

ELERNOR KOONS

JIMMY MONKEY'S PARACHUTE By Farmer Smith

It was a beautiful day in Jungletown. Jimmy Monkey was sitting in the bamboo tree with his arm around the Baby Baboon. "You are positively the dearest, sweetest, cutest thing in all the world, and OH, how I love you!" It was Jimmy talking to his companion, and he gave him an extra big hug just to show that he meant what he

"What's the occasion for all this molasses talk?" asked the Baby Baboon, looking up in Jimmy's eyes. "Don't you like it?" asked Jimmy.

"I like it." answered the Baby Baboon.
"but I want to know what is coming next.
What do you want me to do? Do you want another piece of mother's cocount

want another piece of mother's coccanut cake?"

"My precious darling, I don't want you to do a thing for me. I was just reading in the newspapers about a Zeppelin and "—"A Zepp-zepp—what is it?"

"It's a flying machine. I can't make one, but I can make a parachute and"—"I don't want you to 'shoot' and I don't want to have anything to do with war and flying machines and cannon balls. I almost got killed in one war."

"When was that?" asked Jimmy.

"The day we had the coccanut cake—don't you remember? You were shooting at me," replied the Baby Baboon.

"Never mind about that," answered Jimmy. "Just you hold on to the sleeves of my coat and drop to the ground. My cont will all fill out like a parachute and it won't hurt you a bit."

"It's awfully sweet of you, Jimmy, to let me do that, but I wouldn't want to deprive you of the pleasure, healdes, mother has a chocolate cake now and I know it is ready—delicious frosting all dry and—and—waiting."

"Suppose we shoot the parachute some other day?" suggested Jimmy.

"I think that would be very, very wise," will the haby Baboon. "will dlink down the tree and you can come down in your parachute."

personate."
"Joi guess not—Li-I might fall on you."
said Jimmy, as he sumpayed down his
santoo tree herore his somepanies, rould
hink of anything size.

By GLADYS BERRY. Mt. Airy.

One time a poor girl named Ethel was walking along the street crying. Although it was summer, the day was cold and rainy. A rich girl whom Ethel once knew happened to pass by, and the poor little girl asked for an old pair of shoes. The rich girl's name was Dorothy. rich girl's name was Dorothy. She an-swered, "No" in a proud tone of voice.

A little while later, Ethel's father, who had been sick, grew better and was fortunate enough to obtain a good position. New Ethel had not only shoes but many other things, for which she had been wishorder things, for which she had been wishing for a long time. Not many days after Dorothy's mother and father died and left her no money. Ethel heard of this and, feeling sorry for Dorothy, asked her mother if they might not adopt her. They did adopt her, and Dorothy learned many beautiful lessons from kind-hearted Ethel.

The Unselfish Boy By ALTHEA HAGHURST. Age 7 years.

Johnnie was 5 years old. He had no father. He had two brothers and a mother. father. He had two brothers and a mother. He was different from them. They were selfash but he wasn't. One day a lady came to the door. Johnnie answered it. "Can I have some bread? I am hungry," said the lady. Johnnie went to get it. When his mother saw him she said she would beat him. But the lady took him to live with her, where he lived happy and was never beaten any more.

By FRANCIS RELLY.

A mother is the best and truest friend you will ever have with the exception of a father.

father.

When you are sick your mother cares for you and no matter how bad you have ever been she forgets it all then. When some one hurts your feelings your mother always knows how to comfort you.

When your mother has extra money the first thing she thinks of is what she can buy for you.

Altogather a mother does everything in the world that she possibly can for her child. farmer."

Don't you think it a good idea that lote and lots of members send pictures so that when we go a-riding, as we very often do, we may keep ever on the lookout for the real Rainbows that belong to the pictures?

Things to Know and Do 1. "I see a man who has a head that

aglis.

werds are hidden in the quotation form what a boy longs to have. What

1. A man came in the office the office ay. White, our office boy, said he was C.D. Co. As cheary fine. Take the letters in the quotation and inti-a was the case was.

MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL

In which having decided to give Mercy Anne a chance to be admitted to "the Six Great Secrets," whose existence is unknown to the faculty, the members proceed to put the little country girl through the "trial by fire." STRONG battle had been waged, none a strange little girl out into the dark to se

A the less strong because it was fought in A lump rose in Mercy Anne's threat. For the first time in 10 whole days she had been happy, and now in a minute all we changed. A hot wave of anger made the lump all the bigger. Then suddenly a fighing spirit drove every other emotion away Again she would show them! She would get the sugar! a very small enclosure—no larger and no smaller than the heart of Mercy Anne! Again and again the little country girl had read the note that had been slipped under her door: "Dear Mercy Anne—Come to Jerry Patton's room at 10:30 tonight. Reget the sugar! "That's right, May Belle," she sal quietly, "I guess I can find the panty,' and with that she jumped to her feet, sk out into the dark corridor and closed to door behind her.

freshments will be served and we will be glad to see you. The Committee." Stubbornness that went with the red hair of Mercy Anne—stubbornness because she did not wish to give in to girls who had been mean to her, and lonesomeness that went with the gray eyes of her—lonesomeness that cried out for company if spite of everything, had fought very hard, and, in the end, lonesomeness won.

in the end, lonesomeness won.

At 10:30, little suspecting that she was being "tried by fire," Mercy Anne sat in a charmed circle that happily munched peanut butter sandwiches and cinnamoh peanut butter sandwiches and cinnamon buns. Things were progressing nicely. Mercy Anne and Jerry were sharing the same shochorn that was doing night duty as a butter spreader. Suddenly, in the middle of an exciting story whisperingly told by herself, May Belle stepped short and gave Jerry a kick.

The time for the first "trial by fire" was at hand!

"Ouch what are you be."

at hand!
"Ouch, what are you k—"
"Jerry," May Belle interrupted just in time to save her plot from being disclosed, "It's time to get the sugar. The sugar that's in the pantry."

Jerry descended from the seventh heaven of a cinnamon bun to the awful reality of being chosen spokesman for "The Six Great Secreta." "Mercy Anne," she faltered, "will you get the sugar from the pantry, "Me," echosed Mercy.

please?"
"Me," echoed Mercy Anne, "why—why, I don't even know where the pantry in."
"Oh," that doesn't matter," said May Belle carelessiy, "it's around the kitchen, and the kitchen's near the dining room. You'll find it."

Our Postoffice Box

Our Postoffice Box

The other day we were riding down North 4th street when on the snowy-white steps of a three-story red brick house we spied three children. And what DO you think? We recognized them! As plain as day they were the Koenig children, whose pictures came to us not more than a week ago. So, little May, Miriam and Bertram Koenig, watch out, watch out, some day you will see a great big hand waving at you from out the trelley window and then you will know that at last you have seen "your farmer."

Don't you think it a good idea that lets.

Care of the EVENING LEDGER.

I wish to become a member of your Bainbow Club. Piezse send me a beautiful Bainbow Button tree. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — EPREAD A LITTLE BUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

FARMER SMITH,

No one spoke. Indeed, it was an awk-ward shing to speak about, this sending of

drawer, Mercy Anne, the knives and the sugar can. And there she lay in a senseless little heap!

(To be continued).

was clinging to-and snatched at the st

Bump-clatter-bang, down went the

out into the dark corridor and closed to door behind her.

The tower stairs were only to be used in case of fire, but Mercy Anne had explored them once, having nothing better to do, and knew them to connect with a hallway that led to the kitchen. This much and nothing more Mercy Anne knew, except, of course that a pantry is generally near a kitchest. Carefully she traced her way over the ground, her determination to "show the girls" smothering fear of detection. It three minutes without mishap she had arrived at the kitchen door. Fortune we with her! A friendly moon, shings through an uncurtained window, pointed the way to the pantry!

In Mercy Anne stole softly and stood quits still reading the labels on the rows of brown cans that lined the shelves. COCOA, SAIA. TEA—SUGAR, there it was!

In a second Mercy Anne had dragged out the wooden chair. Up she climbed—by small hands just missed reaching the the lin a jiffy she had stooped down and pulled out the drawer where the kitchen knies were kept. One foot stepped gingerly at the uncertain wooden edge, the other followed more bravely. Mercy Anne drev by hands carefully away from the shelf as was clinging to—and snatched at the suprican.

Dear Mignonette and All the Other Dollar think if the mothers have their places in the papers we should too; so tree in the papers we should, too; send mine. It taken just two we ago, and the ch I have on are p

name is what it My name is Pini My cheeks are p because my moti takes good cars me. I sleep a lot s eat awfully go

things from a lipink table, with a roseleaf teacupa PINKIE SIMPAON. it. I know some it songs because a mother sings to me the things she lead

I guess I will say good-night now, for a mother is just coming upstairs with I cup of cooks. With lots and lots of dilove, I am.

P. S.—My mother's name is Jennie St.

Baseball Scores



POLITICAL OPINIONS BY OUR ARTISTS