Amusement Section

EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1916. "THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES AIN'T TOOK JUDICIAL NOTICE OF THE FACT THAT TELEPHONES HAS BEEN INVENTED YET" Illustrations by BRIGGS By MONTAGUE GLASS 111

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"And They Are Similarly Up to the Minute in the Matter of Employers' Liability, Pure Food Laws, Minimum Wages, Referendum and Recall," Says Birsky

This Choice Bit of Wisdom Is Prompted by One of Zapp's Remarks, While the Real Estater and the Shirtwaist Manufacturer Discuss the Pros and Cons of Tapping Telephone Wires-"I'm in the Real Estate Business," Birsky Admits, "But I Ain't a Crook Exactly"

"1. G. Morgan is right. Zann," Louis frinkry, the real estates, and "The pollos frinkry, the real estates, and "The pollos for the real states, and "The pollos for the real states, and "The pollos for the real states, and the real states, and the real states, and the real states, and before the folier is going to the back the the back the b

Zopp, the waist manufacturer, said. "Well, maybe you are built differently, Zapp," Birsky said, "but I've got a very sensitive nature. Zapp, and if I wouldn't be taiking the truth exactly, people could tell it on my face, y'understand, so if I couldn't speak over the phone occasionally without Central butting in, I wouldn't be able to do no business at all."

"Bure, I know," Zapp said, "but on the other hand, Birsky, if you are talking lies over the phone, Birsky, and the police butts in and listens, Birsky, then that's some-thing else again. Ain't it?"

"What do you mean the police?" Birsky oried indignantly. "If I am using once in a while over the phone a little diploomasher, Zapp, I ain't such a Schlenniel that I don't know enough not to say things where the now enough not to say things where the olice could do me something for it. I am n the real estate business, Zapp, but I

in the real estate business, Zapp, but I shin't a trook exactly." "Did I say you was"" Zapp protested. "And anyhow, what right has this police fit to listen when decent, raspectable peo-ple is talking over the phone". Birsky def mandad

manded. "The police claim they aln't." Zapp said. "An't got no right?" Birsky asked. "An't listening to devent respectable police talking over the phone." Zapp ex-plant in the second second second second inde of the telephone conversation. Birsky, hirsky, saying something over the telephone which you wouldn't like the phone phone which you wouldn't like the police or sput family to hear is like writing some-postant. Boner or later the secret will be deterned by the poole birsky. All f can say is the poor police is got my I can say is the poor police is got my



"He ain't got no friends---he's a Judge of the United States Supreme Court."

symmathy. I've been put on busy wires myself, Birsky, and so far I never hears nothing that made me crazy to be a po-liceman and listen to telephone conversalast Saturday,' the old man says. 'You don't mean to told me you already blew em all in: 'Listen, Popper, what is 10,000 grena diers?" "'Never mind,' the old man says, '10,000 tions.

"You don't got, the Mazel to listen to the right kind of conversations." Birsky said. "If you would be sitting in the Potsdam office of the Berlinergesellschaft fuer Fernspreche und Fernschriebekunst Zapp, and all of a sudden there comes a long distance call from somewheres in Francé where a voice says. The that you, Popper?" I bet yer you would sit up and take notice, in especially where you hear that the old man aln't so tickled to hear from his son neither. "Nu, what is it now?" he says. "Listen, Popper. He voice says this is Friedrich, Popper, How is your cold, Popper?" and right away the old man goes up in the air. "If you are going to ring me up to find "You don't got the Mazel to listen to "Never mind,' the old man says, '10,000 gronadiers is 10,000 gronadiers. What do you think, I am MADE of grenadiers? and just then the telephone makes a noise like 'krk-krk-krk,' and another voice says. 'Listen, Mr. Metager, this is the Grand Duchess of Schlammburg-Lippe, could you send ine over two genwine pigs' knuckles as I'm expecting company for lunch,' and Matzger says. 'If I would have a genwine pig's knuckle in the place I would also got company for lunch and I would be the guests. I could send you some very fine synthetic pig's knuckles made by the Standard Pharmacoutical Specialty Com-pany, of Mannheim,' and the telephone goes again the krk-krk,' and once more you hear the old man talkng.

up in the air. "'If you are going to ring me up to find out how my cold is at eight marks fifty pfennig for three minutes,' he says. 'I might just as well got pneumonia with a professor and two trained nurses, and save money. If that's all you rung me up for, and Hotteswillen tell Central she give you the wrong number and hang up the recelver

Ceiver." "'Aber Haten. Popper.' the voice says, 'I want to ask you something, a particular favor. Could you let me have-now-20. 000 grenadlers *bis* Saturday a week?" "Why, I just give you 10,000 grenadlers

again kinerawite, and one have you here the old mait talking. "Tostitively the best I could do is I would ship you 2006 fourth-class reservists and you got to make 'em last anyhow ten days,' he says. "When I was your age, a thousand dragoons went as far with me as an army corris does with you. And an-other thing, don't send your Mommer home no more chateau furniture. The palace is cluttered up something terrible already." "It might be interesting to listen to that kind of talk," Zapp admitted, "If it was true." the old man talkng.

true "It's anyhow as true as some of the conversations the police has sworn to hear-ing." Birsky retorted, "and I wouldn't be willing to swear that it didn't take place neither

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neither." "For that matter, Birsky," Zapp said, "It would be interesting to listen to some con-versations which didn't take place, but not because the feller ringing up didn't try hard enough. I mean, Birsky, that if you would be listening in to the Washington Central Office you might hear every day somebods enviro.

Central Omce you might hear every day somebody saying: "'Just tell him a friend would like to speak with him." "'He ain't got no friends.' the secretary ays, he's a judge of the United States Su-preme Court."

preme Court." "'He never had none before he was a judge of the Supreme Court neither,' says the voice, talking through its teeth." . "Could a voice got teeth." Birsky in-

"Could a voice could." Zapp replied. "In "This voice could." Zapp replied. "In fact, Birsky, not only has this voice got teeth, but it's grinding 'em. "Who will I say rung him up?" the sec-

retary says. "'Put him on the wire and I'll tell him." the volce answers. "The judge mever lets nobody tell him mothing which don't come up in its regular order on the general catendar,' the secre-

tary says. "Then ask him what his principles is in the way of preparefulness,' the voice says, breaking two wisdom teeth and a gold

"'Ordinary men has got principles,' the secretary says, 'but judges has got only precedents. "'Ain't he got no opinions neither ?' the

volce asks. "'If you want his opinions on prepare "If you want his opinions on prepare-fulness, the secretary says, 'you must got to submit affidavits, cases, points, briefs and memorandums of authorities and sattle the games Geschichte on thirty days' notice in writing to William J. Bryan, Henry Ford, the German-American Alliance and the New York Evening Post." "And that's all the satisfaction he got out of James J. Hughes," Zapp concluded.

"Well, what could you expect" Birsky commented. "The Supreme Court of the United States aln't took judicial notice of the fact that telephones has been invented yet. If you want to talk to a judge of the United States Supreme Court over the long

distance telephone, Zapp, you would got to go to Washington and pay a lawyer a couple hundred dollars he should offer in couple hundred dollars he should offer in evidence a telephone instrument, y'under-stand, get it marked Exhibit A for the pur-pose of identification, prove how it works by six uninterested witnesses, submit briefs and in January, 1920, they would hand down a declaion: 'Motion denied without costs.' They are similarly up to the min-ute in the matter of Employers' Llability, Pure Food Laws, Minimum Wages, Refer-endum and Recall." endum and Recall."

"Just the same there is Washington tele Just the same there is Washington tele-phone conversations which might be inter-esting to listen to." Zapp continued. "For instance, if you would be at the Brooklyn end of the wire some day you would hear falles calling a and any out would hear

and of the wire some day you would hear a feller calling up and say: "'Suppose the carburetor is flooding, she must posificely be ready to sail by s o'clock. We are already a month behind schedule in our maneuvers."

"'Aber, Mister Danielson,' the admiral says, 'she is missing something terrible Haif the time she only hits on two cylin fail the time she only hits on two cylin-ders. She needs a new rudder, a new fighting top, new felt washers on the rear wheels, and two of her-sixteen-inch guns has shrunk so we couldn't get even size 15% shells into them.

"'All right,' he says, 'I'll send you a court marshal for trying to stuntify my administration



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"Pay a lawyer a couple hundred dollars he should offer in evidence a telephone instrument."

letter last month telling you all about "'You wrote me a letter?" Danielson

"'Zoltenly,' the admiral says, 'and I also States Army on letterheads reading

wrote you a postcard saying how about that letter I wrote you. If I ain't mistaken, the postcard was a view of the East River and Blackwell's Island Bridge from the Navy Yard.' "'Go on! Go on talking," Danielson says.

'Next thing you'll remember you sent me a valentine and a Easter greeting, but I don't care if you sent me a whole assort-ment of postal cards with everything on

em in colors from Grant's Tomb to the Statute of Liberty, the ship must be ready to go to sea tonight or there'll be an ad-

for somebody which is a new beginner in his business," Birsky said.

ministration." "Say!" Zapp replied, "if you are working "What are you talking nonsense—court marshal?" the admiral says. 'I wrote you has never had more as three to four years'

"I think you're mistaken, Zanp." Birsky said. "Secretary of War Becker uned to was in the law business, not the feather business "Well, the feather business wouldn't have

"Well, the feather business wouldn't have disqualified him." Zapp continued. "When being for years an editor of a newspaper is considered a good experience for a Secto-tary of the Navy. Birsky, it wouldn't sur-prise me if instead of a feather dealist Birsky. Mr. Becker would have been circles its and the sector of the sector of a live prise me if instead of a feather dealist Birsky. Mr. Becker would have been circles its and the sector of the sector of the best of the Navy. Birsky, it wouldn't sup prise me if instead of a feather dealist Birsky. Mr. Becker would have been circles its and the sector of the sector of the prise me if instead of a feather dealist best of a conversation when he is ringling that a Paloma or Conchas Finas, Mexico, it would sound something like this: "Hallo, general, couldn't we hear noth-ing from you once in a while but reports of typhoid inoculation? We ain't sending American soldiers to Mexico just to get vaccinated exactly." "Listen, Mr. Becker,' the general says "An army is a business the second

as me, you would know it that these thissy take time." "'An army is a business the same like any other business. Becker says. "Day after day I get nothing from you but health reports. If you think you are sent down to Mexico to run a Boys' Summer Camp. to Mexico to run a Boys' Summer Camp, with special attention to safety and com-fort, waterproof tents and floors, all land and water sports, tramping trips, hors-back riding and camp physician, yunder-stand, you are make a big mistake." "But Mister B.cker-- the general says "But Mister B.cker-- the general says "But MOTHING, Becker shouts at him. Don't write me no more letters about the health of our soldiers, General. Just look after the health of Villa's soldiers and be sure that it's bad."

"Well, what's the matter with that kind of talk," Birsky asked, "supposing he would of been in the feather business?"

of been in the feather ousiness." "Nothing's the matter with it," Zapp said. "I's the kind of talk a business man would make, even if he wouldn't know as more of what he was talking about thanthan

"Than a feller by the name of Zapp in the waist business," Birsky concluded.



miral (62), good mechanic, sober, careful desiring position as admiral, city or coun-try, call or write. Admiral, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and don't you forget it. Goodby." "Well, that's what comes from working

#### 10 YOURSELF

BE TRUE

# News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club



### WHERE DO I LIVE?

Ocean City, N. J. THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE,

Dear Children-I thought you would like to know where I live and so I am going to tell you. The great secret about being a writer is, one must never stay in one place too long, and so I have moved from our little vine-clad cottage in the northern part of New Jersey and come to live for the summer on the seashore. I hope you will like my stories about the ocean, and I want you to write and tell me if you do; and if you do not, tell me just the same.

#### I WANT TO PLEASE YOU.

We had to leave Perky, our pet pigeon, and Spooks, the cat, but we have a new cat called Boul Boul and some minnows and little crabs instead of poor Perky.

We are near the shore, and while I have not, at this writing, put anything in the ocean except my little pink toes, I hope to go in bathing some day and tell you about it. Any bey who lived down South and could not swim was in disgrace. He HAD to learn by about six years old. No, don't wrinkle up your face, for my daughters, yes, both of them, could swim when they were six.

If you will be good children, as I know you will be, I am going to get an squarium and tell you about my pets, and some day, not many years from now, I will have a home where you may come and see me, and from time to time I shall tell you how we are getting along.

I believe "The Peppers" had the "Little Brown House," did they not? FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

#### FERDIE FLEA'S AIRSHIP By Farmer Smith

father, "so that you cannot bits it. If I got you one of those Butterflies you would bite him, and flien the poor Butterfly would be teept busy scratching himself all the time. You can't bits a June Bug, I'll bet you

By Farmer Smith
"I wish I had an airship like the Potato sug children," said little Fredie Fish to hig pape one moruling as he jumped out of bes between moruling as he jumped out of bes between moruling as he jumped out of bes between the bird pape one moruling as he jumped out of bes between the bird pape of the second out of bes bes between the most of these fully second to be best birds at a time and don't try to a the first time. Only contain the function and the first time and don't try to a function of the second try to a the first time. Only contained the second the fract time. Only contained the birds the second the fract time. Only contained the first time and don't try to a function the first time. Only contained the second the fract time. Only contained the first time and the first time and the first time. Only contained the first time and the first time and the first time and the first time. Only contained the first time and the first time and the first time. Only contained the first time and time and the first time and time time and the first time and time time and the first time and time time and the first time and the first time and the first time and time time and the first time and time and time time and the first time and time time and the first time and time time and time time and tis time and time time and tis

## ALL THE WAY FROM HERE TO CHINA! Ratering Class TAP THE MILLER MADMIN SE BURNT IS BS A

THE NUMBER OF TAXABLE



JOHN YERKES, OLNEY

Our Postoffice Box

Branch Club News

CHARLES GURLIN, CAMDEN

#### A Rainbow By LOUIS CATALANO, Market st.

My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky." A poet said once long ago, and now so say L

It reminds me of the button I wear upon my coat.

It shines like gold as if behold. It was a rainbow, too!

#### **Origin of Violets**

By RORE GREENSTEIN, B. Sth St. Jane was walking along one day when she found a seed lying in the hollow of a tree. She was looking for insects to put in her collection so that is how she discovered it. She thought it looked very curious. She took it home and showed it to her mother. Her mother told her to plant it and see what kind of flowers would bloom on it. Jane planted the seed, and when spring

Jane planted the seed, and when spring came, also saw a nurple bud on the green purple bud on the green stem, we were atting so long to find out the manne of it." The mother then said. "I have found a name for it that will just suit it." "What is it, mother? I am sure it will be a very good name for it, for you aways make up such nice names." "Weth how would you like violet for its man." How would you like violet for its man." How would you like violet for its man." "I think violet is a very good name for it, mather," and lane." "Atting the woolet for its and have been been been been been been been to be a wery great. This was the beginning of the violets weet lives.

## Billy's Bicyele

Billy's Bicyals By ROBERT REALMONT, M. AIR. Billy was nine years old. He wanted the wanted and wished so hard thin to work is he was no be wanted to be for it. He wished and wished so hard thin to be was in the woods within, to work which he was in the woods within, to be wood before him. She told him to be to be reached the Bairy's painor which he was the be did not want to be but he Fairy said it was the bill with the bair the beingois. He at once was be could get the beingois. He at once was be work at his thought. He was him a binning, and hey alter he was willing to be but he bairy and the was the bill with the bair hey alter he was willing to were her any market.

MATILDA MECOURT DAVID DEAR, GERMANTOWN To a Child A Pair of Shoes

By HELEN BERMON, Germantown ave. I am a pair of shoes. My skin is of red eather and I used to be decorated with beautiful pearl buttons. I lived in the widdow of a shoe store with my brothers and sisters. Oh, how I longed to see the world! sisters! Oh, how I longed to see the world! One day a little girl and her mother came lints the shop to buy a pair of shoes. The little girl say me in the window and made her mother buy me. I was very proud as I passed my brothers and sisters. The hittle girl wore me until I became old and worn out and then she discarded me for a new pair.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Picaso send me a beau-thui Rainbow Button ires. I agree to DG A LITTLE KINUNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

AND CONTRACTOR AND TO AND ADDRESS OF THE OWNER

## MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL

The "Six Great Secrets," a secret society at Miss Stone's on the Hudson, is putting Mercy Anne Perkins, a "new" little girl from the country, through the "trial by fire," a test of admission to the club, which the girls do not think she can stand. As a first "stunt" they have sent Mercy Anne to the pantry at 11 o'clock at night to get sugar.

"WHAT'S that?" A startled figure sat boit upright in bed. No one answered. For just one second Miss Swenkins hesitated, then up and out into the hall she fiew. There in the corridor was another figure. Like her own, it commenced with curt papers and finished up with woolly gray There in the corridor was another figure. Like her own, it commenced with curl papers and finished up with woolly gray slippers.

Newman J. Becker, Prop.

Manufacturers of

Millinery Novelties.

AND OSTRICH A SPECIALTY.

66 North 7th Avenue, Cleveland, O. CLEVELAND, O.... 19.

duty as inspector of that department

slippers. "That noise, Miss Nettle," gasped Miss Swenkins, "what what was it?" "Came from downstairs." returned Miss Nettle in the same dry, stern voice that issued daily from the study hall desk. "Do you think it?=-burglars?" "Pshaw!" exclaimed the most-feared teacher in the school. "Burglars! Jt's cooky stealers; that's what it is, and I'm going down to catch them. You can come with me if you choose." Miss Swenkins did not choose, but she went. In dealing with Miss Nettle there

went. In dealing with Miss Nettle there

went. In dealing with Aliss Nettle there was no choice. Down the broad stairway they hurried. Up the marble corridor, through the dining room, out the kitchen way and— "Look!" Miss Swenkins gasped, and her ourl papers shook with a horrifled trem-ble.

ourl papers shook with a horrified trem-ble. There, stretched out a few feet in front of them on the paniry room floor, lay Morey Anne Perkins, a tiny stream of blood trickling down her still, white face-a queer-looking little face, almost covered with the sugar that had fallen from the can that lay upset beside her. In a second the two bachers had picked their way around the overturned drawer and the knives and egg-beaters that were strewn all about, and were bending anxi-ouely over the unconscious little form. Up on the fourth floor the "Six threat Secrets" were beginning to get anxious.

Up on the fourth floor the "Six Great Scoreta" were beginning to get anxious. It was fully 30 minutes since Mercy Anne had been dispatched for the augar. "Let's go down and see what's happened to her," suggested Jerry. "Huh, not me!" exclaimed May Belle; "sho's been caught, that's what's happened to her, and I for one won't get caught with her."

to her, and I for one won't get caught with her." No ote said a word. "She'll most probably tell on us any-way," continued May Belle. "It's just like her, country bably, to.." "She won't tell May Belle Smith," inter-rupted Jerry in a heated little voice. "She's never done a mean thing since she's been here. Just because your uncit left you isoo,000 you think you can make fun of her. Well, she may be funny looking and all that, but I'm going down to get ber, that all." May Belle checked the sharp retort that was on the tip of her tongue. She winted Jerry's friendship very badly. Jerry's peo-pie had a fine home at the seasificers and jerry was the meat popular siri at school it did not pay to offend her, yet it would not do to bet her ge down and own up abbut the party. The "Six Great Screets" was May Be's a pet ping. "On the was pet ping.

do to let her go nown treat Secrets' wan party. The "Six Great Secrets' wan by Be's pot plan. "On, Jert-ry," and excitationed, reprint ily, "I think you're swith you!" Ene really antid to sunich Jerry heavy from pomp-antid to sunich Jerry heavy from pomp-a contentance. "I brits to decine bissy it did not ment of brits to decine bissy it did not ment of brits to decine bissy

"Get behind the door, quick."

A stern familiar voice came from out the pantry: "And, pray tell, Mercy Aras Perkins, what were you doing to fall drow and cut your head that way." "Oh," whispered Jerry, "she's hurt." A smothering hand would not let her as

more. A plaintive little voice floated out weak. ly, "I-I was stealing sugar"... "Stealing sugar" gasped a horrinal

"Yes, ma'am," returned the small vols. "Were you at a party, Mercy Anne Fir kins?" came back in stern tones. "You are new. Nothing will be said to you. War did you steal the segar?"

"I-II stole it because I was hungry for sugar. I-I always get hungry at-at this time of night." "Lat me out, May Belle," whispered Jerry, "I'm going to tell." "You can't, you won't," begged May Belle.

Belli Again the volces from the pantry floated

"We will help you up to the infirmary, where you will stay until such time as Miss Stone shall judge this grave case of stealing."

stealing."

stealing." "Let me tell, May Belle," begged Jurry, "If you tell," said May Belle in awesons tones, "you'll be a traitor." "A traitor!" The fearful word sank lies a stone into Jerry's beating beart. "Come," said May Belle. As in a deam Jerry followed And as she went, through the half-open door sounded the same litur voice.

voice. "I-I said the truth; I stole the sugar because-1-was hungry.

A following epillods in the life of "Many Anne" will appear in next Saturday's EVENING LEDGER.

Things to Know and Do

(1.) Fill in the missing letters. Octages

- to command. bunders ( bunders ( ungrateful: delays, a vensel. (ese uncommon work)

Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the wask suding date wase won by the following members date Burgess, Cedar Systems, 31. Madeting Cukes, Salzer street, 30

realt. Risanos Wates, Marris street. Thomas Smith, Malvern, Fa-

Paultas Balliert, Gilbert, Paul

estion Bar, Wanahille, S. s. al

Sent in by JOHN YERKES, Olney. Small service is true service while it lasts, Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one. The datay by the shadow that it cauts, Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun. Our Postolice Box Donald Burt, of Logan, is a deserter. Ha promised to write us a story and he DIDN'T. We are waiting? Hugh Shaw deserves an apology because he was mide to wait for his Bainbow button. As a re-ward for his patience he will receive a list-ter (not a typewritten one). Jennis Linne-man, Camdan; Louis Mashadri and Roy Scheldhauer deserve special praise for the neat little notes of thanks they sent for Rainbow buttons.

New pair. How I envy that new pair of shoes and oh, how I wish I was back at the old store!

FARMER SMITH.

Care of the Evaniso Langer.

Branch Club News The "Rainbow Clover Club" is the name of a branch club that has been organized within the past week Margaret Donatzlift, of Morris street, is president, and Rose D'Império, of South 11th street, is asofe-try. The girls will president, and Rose D'Império, of South 11th street, is asofe-try, The girls will president. The street is a street south man of that time sewing and crocheting. The street of finish time report south interacting and business line. The choice of mans and choore is a banny un. We have the time of time of a pain will be guits and the south

state | attanta reserve and a state