

"IF WE GET PREPAREFULNESS, BIRSKY, OUR NAVY IS GOING TO COST US A BILLION DOLLARS INSTEAD OF A HUNDRED MILLION," SAYS ZAPP

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

And, "According to Them Fellers, the Ideal Condition a Country Could Be in Is That Everybody Should Be Strong Enough to Get Shot," Adds Birsky

In This Manner the Shirtwaist Manufacturer and His Real Estate Friend Dismiss the Subject, After Discussing It With Those Intimately Allied Problems of Prohibition, Trade Unionism, Economics and Styles

"Nowadays people don't do things by halves," said Birsky, the waist manufacturer; "they do 'em from one and five-eighths up to sixes. In other words, they overdo 'em, and they don't get the results they expect to get."

"Sure, I know," Louis Birsky, the real estate agent, agreed. "A feller starts out to get a million dollars in 10 years—and all he gets is the 10 years."

"I'm not talking from business," Zapp said.

"Not alone business," Birsky said, "but other things also. Take for instance getting married. Former times when a feller married a rich girl he might have gone so far as not to warn his wife's father and mother that they were digging their graves with their stomachs, y'understand, but that was the biggest extent of his impatience to probate the will, Zapp. Nowadays, before he buys the wedding ring even, he is already looking up in a Carnegie Library is there or is there not a book by the name

"The Son-in-Law's Companion; or, How to Prepare 100 Appetizing Dishes with Sinal of Potassium."

"What has all this to do with preparefulness, Birsky?" Zapp demanded. "Which I was saying that when preparefulness was coming in last year like cape effects in taffeta dresses, Birsky, I was in favor of it, but they overdone it, Birsky."

"Some women it suited, Zapp, aber not many, like white shoes," Birsky commented.

"Did I say something from white shoes?" Zapp asked, and Birsky was obliged to admit that he had not.

"Then what the devil you are talking nonenses?" Zapp continued. "I was saying that with preparefulness them people which is trying to get it has already overdone it. They started out to show to the Leute of the United States what preparefulness really means, Birsky, and they ended up by showing that it means that 120,000 business men loses a whole day by walking up Broadway and 5th avenue, and concerns which expects goods by express didn't receive them because the express wagons was held up on the other side of 5th avenue from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Preparefulness also means that if you pick up a paper to see what is going on in the world, y'understand, you couldn't tell the news section from the advertising section on account of the speeches for preparefulness, which is printed 20 columns long in small type, like a notice of sale in an action to foreclose a second mortgage on a trunk line railroad with a full description of all terminal property containing 25,664 acres be the said several dimensions more or less."

"You couldn't tell by the looks of the printing what a speech is about," Birsky said.

"I agree with you, Birsky," Zapp said, "but I already read some of them notices of foreclosure sale, Birsky, and if the fellers that are going round making speeches on preparefulness could be persuaded to read aloud a notice of sale, instead, Birsky, it would be better for the



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country. For instance, you take this here general of the New York National Guard which he makes a speech that preparefulness means compelling everybody to go for a soldier and get drilled so hard that he virtually loses his mind and ain't got sense enough to duck when he sees a cannon ball coming his way, y'understand, and if instead he would have said: 'My friends: Pursuant to judgment entered May 10, 1916, the undersigned will sell at public auction and so forth et cetera,' some of his audience might still have thought that preparefulness was a pretty good thing. Also, Birsky, there is certain preparefulness fellers making speeches and says that, not mentioning no names nor nothing, but hypocritically speaking, y'understand, if a certain nation in a continent which ain't Europe, Africa, Australia or America, and living, we would say, for example on islands north of the Philippines or somewhere like that, was to land an army of 30,000 men in California, y'understand, that they could walk away with the country, because we ain't got no navy to speak about—just a few navigable sardine cans and tugs, like Turkey."

"What do you mean—we ain't got no navy to speak about?" Birsky said. "Why, every year for years already we spent on our navy over a hundred million dollars."

"I give you right, Birsky," Zapp said. "Then what does he want to scare us like that for?" Birsky added. "Japan ain't going to take no chances against a \$100,000,000 a year navy."

"You got ahold of the wrong scare, Birsky," Zapp said. "The scare the feller throws into me by his speech is that if we get preparefulness, Birsky, our navy is

going to cost us a billion dollars a year instead of a hundred million. In fact, Birsky, all them preparefulness fellers is the same in their speeches. They overdo it. Every one of 'em tells you that war is horrible, but that it ain't one, two, six with preparefulness."

"Maybe preparefulness is the same as all them things which is good for you, like prohibition, not smoking, systematic exercise, dieting and Socialism," Birsky said. "The only thing against it is the people what's in favor of it."

"There's also the way they put it up to you," Zapp added. "Their talking points is bad, Birsky. For instance, you take a feller who is in favor of prohibition and he will tell you there is 5,1416 in the Nebraska State Prison for every county in Nebraska, a wet State, whereas in Kansas there is only 2,29999 State prisoners for every county in Kansas, a dry State. It figures out at somewhere around \$5-100 of a prisoner in favor of prohibition. What for an inducement is that, Birsky? Why don't he figure it out—say, in composers of music oder picture painters? If he could say there was .000234 composers in every county of Kansas, dry, for .000085 composers in every county of Nebraska, wet, y'understand, or that for every .000002 picture painters in Kansas, dry, there was only .0000015 in Nebraska, wet, then he would be talking. Or, put it another way, more attractive, Birsky, and say that during the last 10 or 15 years, as the case may be, that Kansas has been dry, y'understand, she has produced as many as .000000001 grand opera, whereas in Nebraska, a wet State, there was produced during the same period only .00000000015

grand opera. In one Augenblick he shows you what prohibition does for music, Birsky, and if a drinking feller is fond of music, as naturally a Shikker would be, Birsky, he says to himself: 'I am drinking away America's chance of becoming an artistic nation,' and he quits right then and there."

"Well, I'll tell you," Birsky said, "the times is past when it was considered that a musician, a picture painter or a Schriftsteller must get to be a drinker, Zapp. Things is getting now to be on an efficiency basis all round. A magazine oder a publisher would no more consider a story from a writer which drinks than the Pennsylvania Railroad would let work for them a Shikker as an engineer, Zapp, and the publisher is right, too. The U. M. W. of A. had the whole matter out with a boss publisher only last week, where the boss publisher refused to accept an article which he ordered from a union journeyman writer on 'The Cocktail in Song Story' because the feller smelt of cloves, y'understand."

"What are you talking nonsense—U. M. W. of A.?" Zapp cried.

"The United Magazine Workers of America," Birsky said. "They even made him threats that they would call out on him the Amalgamated Illustrators, New York Local No. 6, so they put the whole thing up to the board of arbitrators of the American Council of Labor, y'understand, consisting of delegates from the Plumbers' Union, the Federated Poets of America, the Sandhogs' Union, the Rockmen and Excavators' Union, the Gr. Op. & Symp. Composers, Local No. 1, and the Journeyman Plasterers, and the boss publisher won out."

"So you mean to told me that authors and poets is joining a union already?" Zapp exclaimed.

"And actors also," Birsky said. "Only last week the Actors has joined the American Federation of Labor, Zapp, and the same like the railroad workers is split up into Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Firemen's Union, Trainmen's Union and Conductors' Union, Zapp, so you will see that there will be Juvenile and Leading Men's Unions, Brotherhood of Heavies and even Amalgamated Prima-donnas, mit union cards and buttons, y'understand. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised that if the feller which plays Admiral the Honorable Sir Joseph Darby, K. C., M. D., L. R. C. P., comes on in the first act, y'understand, and crosses to door R, versteht du mich, and says to Kirby: 'Lady Susan is downstairs in the library. Tell her I wish to see her here at once,' y'understand, even though Kirby is only a footman, Zapp, he tal's right up to him and says: 'Have you got your January card?' and if the Admiral the Honorable Sir has left his behind him in the dressing room, Zapp, either he would get to go back there and get it or tell Lady Susan himself that he wants to see her, because if Kirby tells her, he's apt to get fined \$10 by the union and lose his card for the rest of the month. That's what it's come to among actors, Zapp, and I don't care if a feller would be playing Hamlet even, he wouldn't be allowed to kill the King in the last act unless him and the King could show Horatio and Laertes and all them fellers either a button or a card for the current month."

"Aber unions is for workmen, not for gentlemen," Zapp declared.

"What do you mean—gentlemen?" Birsky said. "That's an awful back-number idea you got, Zapp. Do you think nowadays it helps a man any if he is a genius? Theatrical managers would just as lieve do a genius as anybody else—liever even. Publishers is the same way, Zapp, and so you see, Zapp, a genius needs a union more than a mechanic, because the people he works for, recognizing that the poor Nebel is a genius and not a business man, thinks it is a pity to miss such an opportunity when drawing the contract. On the other hand, preparefulness fellers don't even admit that there is such a thing as a genius. Also they wouldn't recognize that there is even talent in the world. In fact, Zapp, their idea of preparefulness is that smart business men, street sweepers, architects, lawyers, longshoremen, doctors, poets and truck drivers is all soldiers and should shoot and be shot down as such. According to them preparefulness fellers, the ideal condition a country could be up to is that everybody should be strong enough to get shot, but as that could never be they are willing to save up for future use fellers with kidney, heart and stomach trouble, cripples, lunatics and the deaf, dumb and blind."

"I think, Birsky, you are pretty hard on them preparefulness fellers," Zapp said.

"I judge 'em according to the speeches they make," Birsky replied, "which I don't think they are talking about real preparefulness against war any more as Prohibitionists are talking about real preparefulness against drunkards. To one of them preparefulness fellers all men is soldiers, just as to a Prohibitionist all drinks is rum. Pilsener is rum and Burgundy is rum, and all them good light wines they drink by the quart in the old country is also rum, Zapp. So there you have it, Zapp. If America is going to be drilled

and worried the way Germany, Russia and France was before the European trouble, and if Prohibition means cutting off beer and light wine with whiskey and rum, then unpreparefulness and drunkenness ain't so bad, neither. Am I right or wrong, Zapp?"

"You are and you ain't," Zapp said. "Maybe the Leute over here is a Blaschke too penceable. Maybe they need it preparefulness the same like you've got to jack 'em up mit Prohibition, blue laws and antitrust laws. People overdoes things nowadays. Former times a feller would take once in a while a glass Schnapps, y'understand, and gradually poison his kidneys like a gentleman, Birsky, aber nowadays he wants to get charcoes of the liver in from three weeks to a month, and would, too, if it wasn't for Prohibition laws. It's the same way with doing business on Sunday. In Paris, where they allow Sunday opening, only the businesses is open on Sunday which is necessary for the people who work six days in the week that on the seventh they should enjoy—businesses like restaurants, theatres and cafes, y'understand, aber in this country if we allowed that sort of thing, Birsky, the International Pressing Iron Company would claim: 'Whereas their operators had worked hard six days casting pressing irons in a factory which would of made the hot room of a Turkish bath seem like a cold storage warehouse, understand me, that the one thing necessary for them operators to prevent 'em from spending a miserable Sunday with nothing on their hands but time, y'understand, was to allow them to cast pressing irons in a 220-degree factory. Also, Birsky, if there was no antitrust laws, y'understand, the entire business of this country would be in one combination, and the only people which knew the combination of the combination would be George D. Rockefeller, Abraham Carnegie and J. G. Morgan."

"Well, if there wasn't no preparefulness, Prohibition or trusts, Zapp," Birsky asked, "what would you and Bryan and Wilson and Roosevelt makes speeches about?"



"Ain't got sense enough to duck."



"The boss publisher refused to accept an article because the feller smelt of cloves."

We Nominate—Mister HAPPINESS!! News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

WHAT IS ADVERTISING?

Dear Children—In a few days our great city will be filled with ad-vertising men from all over everywhere and somebody may ask YOU what advertising is, and so I will talk to you about it today.

ADVERTISE means to turn people's attention toward some one or some thing.

Advertising a department store simply means turning people's attention toward that particular store.

An advertising man is a very wonderful person, because he has an imagination larger than a children's editor, even. Suppose he wishes to advertise PRUNES. He says, "Very Special—California Prunes—Kissed by the sunny breezes of the Pacific slope and watered by the dew of the Golden West. The yum-yum kind—large, delicious and tempting."

Then the wise advertising man puts the price, because that's important.

The children's editor must curb his imagination—he must tell WHY and give REASONS.

We hope you will take a good look at all the advertising men whom you see on the streets. They are wonderful men because they put words together, and when put together the words make folks DO THINGS.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

RAINBOWS A-FOOT AND A-HORSEBACK



Harry and Elizabeth Voigtsberger, Jackson street.

The Little Lost Girl

By KATHERINE IDELL, Mt. Airy.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl and her mother. One day she said, "Mother, I am going for a walk." She started off. Soon she came to a woods. Then she said, "There is nothing to harm me, so I shall go in and look for flowers." She walked farther and farther into the woods. When she went to go home she did not know the way out. Then it became dark and the girl became afraid.

She called out for help, because she knew she was lost. An old lady heard it and went to get the little girl and took her to her home.

The little girl learned a lesson and never more did she wander in the woods alone.

The Rainbow Fairies

The club song of the Woodbine Fairies, to be sung to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland":

The Rainbow Fairies are going now To Fairyland, to Fairyland. Oh, Fairyland is beautiful. Sweet Fairyland, our Fairyland. A Rainbow bright is always there And happiness and never care. Oh, Fairyland, dear Fairyland. You truly are our Merry Land!

Composed by the Rainbow Fairies, under the direction of Harriet Harris.

A "Busy Bee" Letter

Dear Farmer Smith—In the other night's ledger there was a pattern for a sewing case. Mother saw it and kept it. We made it and it turned out fine.

We made it out of cretonne with red, pink and blue roses on it. We tied it up with red ribbon and we finished it today.

Your little Rainbow,
ANNE A. GRAY,
Bala avenue, Cynwyd.

THE DANIELION BRIDGE

By Farmer Smith

Funny Bug was very tired. He was still a long ways from home.

"That Stretchy Worm was very good company," he thought. "I wish he could have taken me the whole way home."

"Oh, for the Stretchy Worm," he thought, "he found himself right on the bank of a little brook."

"How I am going to get across that I don't know," said Funny Bug.

He walked up and down along the brook looking for some way to get over.

"Oh, he said again, 'if only the Stretchy Worm were here; he could get me across so easily!'"

It was beginning to get very dark, and soon the stars came out.

Funny Bug was very sleepy.

"I guess I'll just lie down on the bank of the brook until morning," he said to himself, "and then maybe I can get across in some way."

So he lay down under a toad stool and closed his eyes until the sun came up.

When Funny Bug opened his eyes almost the first thing they lit upon was a nice big dandelion.

An idea popped into Funny Bug's head so quick it almost made him jump.

He hopped around and found a nice bush. He pulled off a stem full of thorns. Funny Bug went over and knelt down beside the bush. He began to saw back and forth with the dandelion, and soon the dandelion stalk broke.

Funny Bug gave it a push and it fell down right across the brook.

"That's a mighty bright bridge," he thought, "and Funny Bug, as he hopped safely across the brook."

A Doll's Letter

Dear Dollies—Oh, I'm so very sick! I've got the sorest throat and my mother has to keep wrapping things around it all the time. My mother is Marion Mills, of Haddonfield, N. J., and she is very much worried about me, but I guess I'll be well soon again. I would feel very happy if some Rainbow dolls would write to me, so that my mother could read the letter to me while I'm in bed. Won't you please write to me?

DOLLY MILLS,
(Address Doll's letters in care of the Evening Ledger.)

What to Know and Do

I am four letters, the name of a well-known woman of long ago. The first two letters of my name spell a male and I and a are "to exist." My I and a spell my I and a and my y and s and t spell my y and s and t. Who am I?

Baseball Scores

Woodbine Rainbow Stars 5
Woodbine Rainbow Juniors 9
Captain Stars, Samuel Bear; manager Stars, William Goodman.
Fairdale Juniors 1
Addison Street Rainbows 1
Managers, Carney and Bally; umpires, Carrigan and Seigel.
MITCHELL SCHOOL.
Room 34 29
Room 20 14
Batteries—Caldwell and Copeland, Brown and Smith. Managers—Thomas and Ferris.

MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL

In which Mercy Anne, having been sentenced to bed in the infirmary for stealing sugar and getting a "broken head," unknowingly confesses and is treated accordingly.

MERCY ANNE drew her knees up a little higher under the dainty white counterpane, the like of which was found only in the infirmary or "sick room." Knees make a very good desk when one has orders to stay in bed until notified to get up. Mercy Anne pushed the bandage up a little, sighed, wrote four more words and stopped to read all she had written.

"Dear Daddy—I'm in awful trouble. I lied to save some girls, and Daddy—" That was as far as she had gotten. "Daddy"—how the word would itself around her lonely little heart! "Daddy" who kissed her good-by in the morning, "Daddy" who hurried back to her in the evening, "Daddy" who told wonderful stories to Maile and herself out on the moonlit porch—Mercy Anne's head drooped lower and lower. And her white fingers released the pen. Slowly her white fingers released the pen. The pad slipped unheeded from position. Mercy Anne was asleep!

Very softly the door opened. Miss Stone stood and spoke ever so lightly.

"Mercy Anne."

No answer came.

Miss Stone stooped over to the bedside. She, the principal, had come to lift out the mystery of the sugar stealing of the night before. Stern as she was, her heart could not but soften at the sight of the small white hand thrown—suddenly Miss Stone's eagle eyes lighted on the partly written letter and before she could raise them she had read: "I lied to save some girls, and Daddy—"

"I had to save some girls." Quickly the truth flashed across her mind. So it was then as she had suspected—a bitter expression came into Miss Stone's eyes—and secret of her own guilt. Then a tender, softer light swept away the steeled hardness—it was the thought of the braveness and the loyalty of the little country girl. She looked at the innocent flushed face, all its troubles lost in slumber. Somehow the impulse to demand a clean breast of things melted softly away, and quite as softly Miss Stone stood and spoke ever so lightly.

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