

"THE FELLER THAT NAMED THEM GERMAN WARSHIPS MUST OF ONE TIME HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE," ZAPP REMARKED IN GOING OVER LIST OF NAMES

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

After He's Exhausted the German and Austrian Watering Places He'll Have to Go Abroad—"All He Can Get From Us Is Saratoga, French Lick and Hot Springs"

"There is one thing which a modern navy needs, Birskey, and this here sea battle proves that they should positively ought to have it," said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, to Louis Birskey, the real estate agent, as they sat in Wasserbauer's Cafe, and that's an Official Scorer."

"Also a Referee," Louis Birskey said, "when after Berlin has hung out flags and given the school children a holiday, y'understand, because Germany won, Zapp, it must be terribly confusing for the people to learn that in London every member of the Stock Exchange smashed another member's hat and services was held in the churches all over England on account of the big English victory."

"What is a few flags more or less in Berlin, Birskey?" Zapp asked. "And as for giving the school children a holiday, Birskey, every time Germany fights a battle, y'understand, she claims a victory and gives the school children a holiday; then she goes to work and docks the teachers, the janitors and scrub women one day's pay, averaging thirty-eight cents apiece, Birskey, but as Germany has got the largest educational system in the world, y'understand, the total amount saved is quite an item."

"If she gains many more victories," Birskey commented, "in twenty years from now the people of Germany wouldn't be able to read or write."

"Even today yet they ain't good figures exactly," Zapp said, "and that's why they need it an Official Scorer."

"Both sides need one," Birskey said. "The English is quite as bad as the Germans that way, Zapp. If the Germans admit that the battleship was sunk, the Kaiser wouldn't work any more. Zapp, the Kaiser goes to work and says they ain't sunk as Kielingen, Wuldungen, Karlsruhe and Hamburg."

"The feller that named them German warships must of one time had kidney trouble," Zapp said. "After the Marston, Homburg and Baden-Baden gets sunk, he'll have to go outside of his own country and Austria for names, and at that he ain't got a very wide selection. All he can get from us is Saratoga, French Lick and Hot Springs, Arkansas, and we're practically broke."

"Well, it's a whole lot better as calling battleships invincible, Uffinkable and all them names," Birskey said. "It's like calling a boy Abraham L., George W., Theo-



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dore R., or Grover C. The most you could expect from such a young feller is that after they let him out of the reformatory he would become a bartender."

"Anyhow the English has got a bigger scope," Zapp said. "There's enough in, Ums and Ims to last 'em with names for the rest of the war—names that according to you would bring luck, like H. M. Battleships Unmanageable and Indigestible down to the destroyers Impossible and Improbable."

"Aber you've got to admit that the English need a little luck, ain't it?" Birskey said.

"They need a little something—I don't know what it is," Zapp said. "All that them English admirals and generals has been doing since the war started is regretting to report. At least one or two of 'em is about due to be glad to inform. At the same time, Birskey, in my judgment none of them countries up to date has got away with a clean enough victory to hang out so much as a red fannel undershirt over."

"But you also got to admit that the Germans made a big victory of it there in the North Sea, Zapp," Birskey said.

"Well," Zapp said, "the way victories is worked nowadays, Birskey, a man has got to be a victory expert to tell one when he sees it, but as I understand the matter, when the Kaiser got the news over the phone, Birskey, he wasn't so tickled over it neither."

"I couldn't hear a word you say," he said, because the voice at the other end of

the wire seemed indistinct as of some one speaking through hair.

"Listen, Birskey," the voice said. "It's me, von Tirpitz. Could you come over for a little while?"

"What's the matter now?" the Kaiser asked.

"Well, I don't like to tell you over the phone," von Tirpitz says, and the Kaiser puts on his hat and coat.

"He ain't satisfied that he gets me into trouble with Wilson, Mommer, the Schlemiel has got to win a naval victory yet."

"Wouldn't you be back for lunch?" she asked.

"How could I get back from Wilhelmshaven for lunch?" the Kaiser says.

"And I was going to have some real trips," she says, breaking into tears. "The first meat we've had since Shevies."

"There, there, it can't be helped," the Kaiser says, jumping into his machine, and when he gets out at Wilhelmshaven, a little crowd is standing round a feller in an admiral's uniform, who is laying exhausted in a chair.

"Did you gather round him like that?" the Kaiser says. "Give him air."

"I did give him air," von Tirpitz says, "I fanned him with my machine, and when he gets out at Wilhelmshaven, a little crowd is standing round a feller in an admiral's uniform, who is laying exhausted in a chair."

"Listen," von Tirpitz says to the crowd. "Did I try mathematica spirita of ammonia? He's full from ammonia like an artificial plant."

So the Kaiser leans over the admiral and shakes him by the shoulder.

"Now quit that trembling and tell us about the victory," he says, and after a while the admiral pulls himself together.

"We won," he says. "We won by twenty miles."

And the Kaiser says: "Well," he says, "give the school children a holiday and tell von Reventlow to announce that we sunk six English battleships of the Im class, two

battleships of the Im class and one super-dreadnought of the Im class."

"And how many cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers should he say we sunk?" von Tirpitz asks.

"Let him use his own discretion," the Kaiser says, and so soon as von Reventlow hears that he has a free hand, he goes to work and sinks the Shark, the Haddock, the Blush, the Matton Herring, the An-pettit and ten other cruisers of the Fish class, and from 21-A to 41-A of torpedo boats in the Party Wire class."

"You are judging this here sea fight from what the English is giving out," Birskey commented.

"Over a Stock," Zapp declared. "I am judging it according to the Law of Probability, which means that if two parties tell different stories about the same Geschichte, Birskey, the chances is a hundred to one that they are both lying. I don't believe that the English sunk all them ships of the Mineral Water class any more as I believe Germany's fish story about all the English cruisers she got away with, aber when I read it in the Yorkville Presse and the Brooklyn Morgenblatt what a dummer Esel the English admiral was because during the first part of the battle when he found himself fighting one to three against the Germans he didn't geschwind beat it away, y'understand, and what a smart feller the German admiral was because in the second part at which he turned and run for his life back to Wilhelmshaven, understand me, then all I got to say is Birskey, Did the English done everybody hanging out flags for such a victory you've got to be in the flag and hunting business selling principally to the German trade."

"Aber what did you expect the German admiral to do?" Birskey asked. "Stay there and let the English give him Makka?"

"Did I say I expected such a thing of a German admiral?" Zapp demanded. "From an English admiral oder an American admiral yes; aber a German admiral, that's something else again. With our soldiers and sailors, Birskey, we ain't looking no much for speed as for endurance."

"Well, the way I see this thing, Zapp, the Yorkville Presse was right," Birskey said. "The German admiral already won in the first part of the battle; why should he wait to take chances on the second part?"

"If you got them ideas, Birskey," Zapp said, "you should ought to run a School for Card Players in the Sunday edition of a German-American newspaper. It goes like this:

Auction Pinochle, three handed: A, B and C are playing ten cents a hundred, spades double. At half past nine, A is ahead ten dollars, B and C losing five dollars apiece. A wants to quit, thereby busting up the game. Can he?

Answer: Why not?

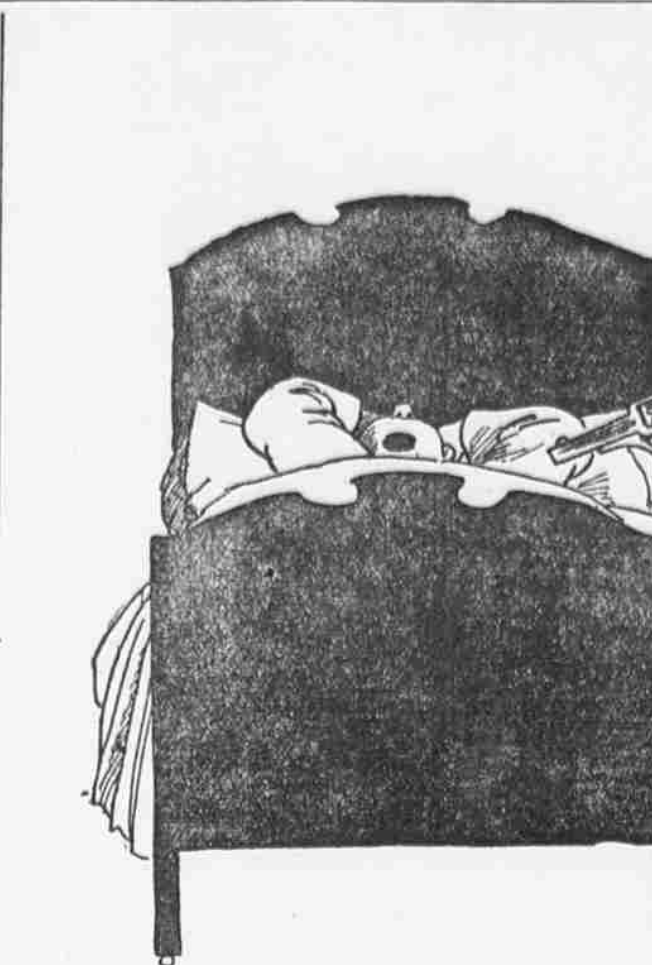
Poker, seven handed: A is banker and having sold for twenty-five dollars checks, he excuses himself to get a drink of water. Six months later, one of the players, meeting him in Chicago, wants to break his neck or something. A, therefore, offers to compromise and in the meantime to hold the money as a bank for negotiations. What do you advise?

Answer: It is sometimes done.

Poker, seven handed: A is dealing. He says himself an ace off the bottom of the deck and makes three aces, thereby taking the pot. (a) What is the penalty and (b) what becomes of the pot?

Answer: (a) The players congratulate him in turn, beginning to the left of the dealer. (b) He keeps it.

"The trouble with you is you are prej-



"He would think that murdering a friend under the circumstances was the right thing to do, even if his heart was breaking."

dicted, Zapp," Birskey said. "The Germans is good sports the same like anybody else. Look at this here German Lieutenant who, after he lost his ship and his food, he brought his men home from the other side of the world, Zapp, like it would be a miracle already. Did the English done something like this? I ask you? The feller was a hero."

"Sure he was," Zapp replied. "Aber he was acting according to his own ideas, and not following the rules laid down for him by the German Government. I ain't claiming that a German admiral ain't such a good feller like an English admiral oder a French admiral. The chances is the captain of the submarine which sunk the Lusitania when left to himself and not working according to government instructions, is very fond of children and wouldn't dream of sitting down in a subway train when ladies is standing. Why, some of my best friends is Germans, Birskey, and they are welcome in my house like they would be my own brothers up to the time they go to work for the German Government, and then I am through with 'em, because if the German Government thought it was necessary for the success of the war to murder me in my bed, y'understand, they would pick out to do it a German friend of mine as being the most likely to catch me unawares. Furthermore, my German friend, being a German, would not hesitate for a moment. If his Government told him to do it, he would not only do it, but he

would think that murdering a friend under the circumstances was the right thing to do, even if his heart was breaking."

"A feller could get himself very un-

popular that way," Birskey commented, "German or otherwise."

"I give you right, Birskey," Zapp agreed, "but the trouble with the Germans is that they couldn't see it at all, and if the murdered man's relations puts up a roar, which certainly you couldn't blame 'em, then the Yorkville Presse and the Brooklyn Morgenblatt says their relations was prejudiced against the German cause. Also that they were bribed by England to complain about it, and that they can call it murder if they want to, but Germany had the first Workmen's Compensation Act and Old Age Insurance, and just look at Tammany Hall."

"Well, Tammany Hall ain't nothing to be proud of, neither," Birskey said.

"Sure I know," Zapp replied, "except that Tammany Hall is systematized in a number one style, Birskey. From the boss down, they're all working together for the Organization, and whatever their Kaiser—I mean their boss—directs the rank and file to do in the way of dirty work, Birskey, they do it like good Germans—I mean good Tammanyites. It's funny that I should get the members of Tammany Hall mixed up that way with subjects of the German Empire, because, after all, they're very different in a number of ways. For instance, a member of Tammany Hall never beets about how unpopular he is."

"And what are the other differences?" Birskey inquired.

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A Soldier OBEYS! Do YOU?

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

Mistress Nature's School Open NOW!!

HOW TO SPEND THE SUMMER

Dear Children—The long vacation days are a relief from the hot, stuffy schoolroom, but the question is going to come up: What am I to do?

Some of you are going away. That's a good idea. You will meet new people who will tell you new things.

Right in the middle of your head is a centre called HOME. When you live at home a long time this centre gets tired. All the blood goes there and you need to get it away.

Take a trolley ride when you feel tired of home. Don't say you never get tired of home, for if you get away you are always glad to get back, aren't you?

We need a change from everything. If we think on one subject too long it makes us sad and morose.

Loneliness, sadness, melancholy all come from using ONE part of your head to the exclusion of the others. In short, thinking too much on one subject.

This summer try to do things you have not done in the last nine months—just to please

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

JIMMY MONKEY AND THE FLY

By Farmer Smith

Jimmy Monkey was sitting under the bamboo tree, squinting first one eye and then the other.

"I wonder which eye goes to sleep first?" Jimmy was asking himself, when SWAT! he made a drive at a fly.

"I wonder what makes me go to sleep, anyway?" Jimmy kept on thinking. "Why don't you go to sleep and find out?" asked Mister Fly, who had heard that Jimmy was saying to himself.

"Good idea," replied Jimmy, as he closed his eyes. In a little while Mister Fly asked:

"Are you asleep yet?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy, "but I am almost asleep."

At this, Mister Fly forgot himself and at the end of Jimmy's nose and began waving his tiny legs.

"Excuse me," said the fly.

Jimmy began to blow. Then SWAT! he hit at Mister Fly.

"How do you expect me to go to sleep when you are always bothering me?" "Excuse me," said the fly.

The clock on the Jungtowntown Public Hall struck three before Jimmy finally went to sleep.

When he woke up, Mister Fly asked: "Now, do you know what made you go to sleep?"

"Yes," answered Jimmy, "An Uglia-ma-gualum came and put a pink powder in my eyes and I went fast to sleep."

"What's an Uglia-ma-gualum?" asked Mister Fly.

"Go to sleep and find out" was Jimmy's reply, as he made another SWAT at Mister Fly—and missed him.

A Rainbow Birthday Party

Described by ESTHER MILLER, Roxborough.

I want to tell you about Bud's birthday party. He is just 8 years old. Mamma and Aunt Edith had the room decorated in crepe paper, all the colors of the rainbow. In the parlor they had strips of the colors slightly rolled from the four corners of the room to the light in the centre of the room, and a small American flag directly under the chandelier. They draped a large American flag like a curtain between the dining room and parlor, and then the dining room was decorated the same. They had different colors hanging from the light, right over the centre of the table, and the streamer separated the little guests. There were 19 guests beside my Aunt Alma, from Cheltenham, and mamma's Aunt Rae, from Roxborough. Bud received many pretty presents. The guests all went home happy, for they all said they had a dandy time. O, I mustn't forget to tell you that Thelma and Althea Baghurst each sent Bud a very pretty birthday card.

It isn't our turn to talk, but we're going to because we want to say that was the prettiest party we've heard about in a long while, and we hope that other little people will cut it out and save it so they, too, may have a Rainbow party.

Things to Know and Do

Take five lines away and have three squares left. (Sent in by Dan Davis, Pine street.)

FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER:

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name

Address

Age

School I attend

SOME ROYAL BABINESSES AND MIRIAM



KARL HANIFEN FULLER, ELKINS PARK



MARY MARGARET MURRAY, PARK AVENUE

Our Postoffice Box

Poor little Lily Altman, of Woodbine, N. J., has had lots of trouble, and we know you are going to feel sorry for her that what happened did happen, and glad for her that what happened wasn't worse. We'll let Lily tell it herself: "Last Thursday, at 2 o'clock in the morning, my brother smelled some smoke and he came and woke mother and me. Mother was afraid if she opened the door the flames would burst in and catch on to our clothes, so we all got out on the roof and huddled 'Help! A man took me down; my brother jumped, and mother jumped, too, and hurt herself badly. She is getting better now. My button got burned and I would like another one." Lily, and we are very happy that mother is getting better.

Knowing Catherine as we do, we know she has thought wisely and well before attempting to form a branch club. Now that the step is taken, we feel sure that she and her little friends will leave nothing undone to make their branch as active and successful as any that have been founded.

Branch Club News

For the last week mysterious letters postmarked Danville, Pa., have been coming to the Rainbow office. They kindly asked that we guess what R. L. meant. We were quite at a loss, but yesterday afternoon the mystery was cleared—in the loveliest way imaginable! R. L. means "Rainbow Ladies," and the "Rainbow Ladies" is a branch club founded in Danville by Catherine Murray.

In her announcement Catherine writes: "The members of our club are Ruth Martin, Isabel Martin, Clara Scott, Madeline Poulk, Isabel McWilliams, Catherine Coleman, Alice Geringer, Elizabeth Ryan, Helen Murray and Catherine Murray. You will receive a letter from the 'Rainbow Ladies' once a week, telling of plans. We have a lovely one in view. This club is a surprise, but it is only one of a number that will come from the 'Rainbow Ladies'."

Knowing Catherine as we do, we know she has thought wisely and well before attempting to form a branch club. Now that the step is taken, we feel sure that she and her little friends will leave nothing undone to make their branch as active and successful as any that have been founded.



MIRIAM LEA AND BABY IDA MARES, CAMDEN

The Wearing of the Button

By BERTHA CHILDS, Danville, Pa. As I was walking down the street on a very pleasant day, I chanced to meet a Rainbow sweet. Coming the opposite way.

Ah, you may ask how did I know a Rainbow on the street. And I reply the reason why, The Rainbow button I did spy.

Said I to her, I truly see That you have promised to be Kind and good from day to day— A sunshine scatterer along the way.

Baseball Challenge

The 24th Street Rainbows would like to meet teams of 12 to 14-year-old boys Wednesday afternoons.

Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the week ending June 18 were won by the following children: Estella Potashnick, Woodbine, N. J., 25 cents.

Rose Swartz, Houlsh street, 50 cents. Arthur Smith, North 15th street, 30 cents.

Lily Altman, Woodbine, N. J., 25 cents. Fautine Horowitz, Wheat Road, N. J., 25 cents.

Dominic Cesaro, Fitzgerald street, 25 cents.

MERCY ANNE PERKINS AT BOARDING SCHOOL

Mercy Anne, a "new" little country girl, has been sentenced to bed in the infirmary for being quarrelsome and incidentally hurting her head. She has been the star by the "Six Great Secrets," a club of "old" girls according to some. But she refused to confess their part in the crime. However, Miss Stone, the principal of the school, discovers the truth, accidentally reading a few lines of a letter which Mercy Anne has fallen asleep writing. Jerry Patton, one of the "old" girls in the "Six Great Secrets," has stolen up to the infirmary to try to "make up" she stands outside the door, waiting to screw up courage to go in.

A footstep sounded down the hall. Jerry had no choice. She opened the door quickly and went in.

"Mercy Anne," she faltered.

"What—what is it?" answered Mercy Anne, rushing back to the day world with a shock.

"It brought you a place of cake," and she produced the crumbled offering with diffident hands.

"And I—I came to say I'm sorry about—about that you were caught and hurt your head." Her loyalty to the "Six Great Secrets" did not allow her to lay blame on them.

Mercy Anne sighed bitterly. "I guess it's too late to be sorry. I think I'm going home."

"Home!" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yes," said Mercy Anne; "this morning Miss Nettles told me almost that." To be sure, Miss Nettles had threatened vague awful things which to one unused to boarding-school tactics meant only expulsion.

"They can't, they won't," Jerry could scarcely realize. "I'm going to tell them the truth. I'm going right down now—and she turned, rushed to the door and bumped square into Phoebe, the first hall maid."

"A note for Miss Mercy Anne," said Phoebe when she had gathered her wits, and handing it to the little girl, she went out, muttering, blaming Jerry for the collision.

"Wait, Jerry," said Mercy Anne, tremblingly; "maybe—maybe it's I'm expelled." How she opened it and read. Then she gave a little scream of delight.

"Jerry," she cried, "read it!"

And Jerry read.

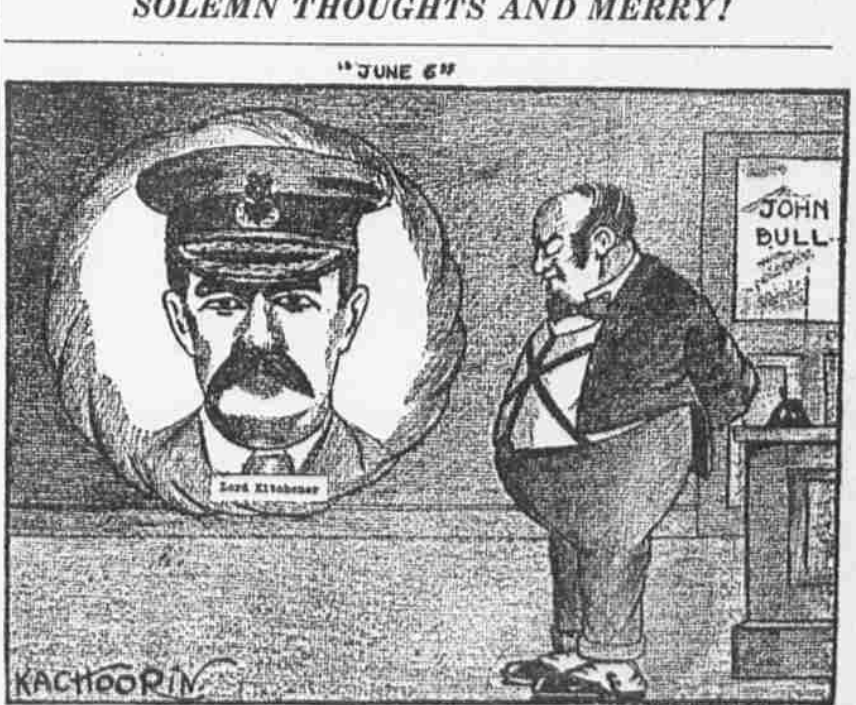
Dear Mercy Anne—A broken head is enough of punishment without staying in bed to think about it. Get up and come down to your dinner. And remember, little Mercy Anne, the dining room is the place to eat, not the pantry at 11 o'clock!

Let's forget all about it and spend our time mending the broken head!

And Mercy Anne did "get up" and "come down" to dinner, and she sat next to Jerry Patton and talked the whole meal through!

(A following episode in Mercy Anne's life will appear in next Saturday's EVENING LEDGER.)

SOLEMN THOUGHTS AND MERRY!



JOHN BULL



JOHN BULL



JOHN BULL