

"A POLITICAL POINT TO GET VOTES SAYS THE SAME OLD THINGS, BUT HE DON'T HAVE TO SAY 'EM AT TWO CENTS A WORD EXACTLY"

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"Hughes Was Right in Sending That Telegram to C. O. D. Davis," Zapp Maintains, but Birsky Asserts a \$21.51 Message Is Extravagance

But It's Only the Least of His Expenses, for Then Again There Was That Breakfast With Roosevelt—"Taft Comes Later and There's Worse Than Him Yet"—A Good Economical Campaign Caterer Is an Urgent Need With the Presidential Candidate

"Hughes was right, Birsky, in sending that telegram to C. O. D. Davis," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, said to Louis Birsky, the real estate.

"What d'ye mean—right?" Birsky retorted as he flourished a paper which contained a copy of the Hughes telegram.

"Here is a feller which Mr. my own eyes I seen it a picture in the paper that he is gettin' a wife and a whole lot of children dependin' on him for a livin'."

"Say!" Zapp protested, "with Roosevelt to back him, I should be no sure of landin' a \$2000 order from B. Altman order Marshall Field as Hughes is of landin' the presidency."

"Never mind," Birsky said. "It's the old case of the feller being now between two stools, Zapp, and, instead of cutting out the 'ots' and the 'thes,' y'understand, he couldn't be writtin' the telegram more extravagantly if he would be tryin' to show how he didn't give a nickel how much money he threw away on telegrams."

"Four words in a telegram ain't goin' to make or break him," Zapp continued. "That's only a sample," Birsky continued. "Here toward the end of the telegram he writes—"



"Bring up a portion of Maryland Turkey En Casserole Sam Ward."

Not kicking them, but too much Southern stuff. My idea give North, East and West a show."

"I'll take your word for it, Birsky," Zapp said. "I already read that telegram, and it's my idea that Mr. Hughes figures it wasn't the money, but the principle of the thing, and the principal thing of getting a feller's job away from him is to knock him, and knock him good."

"Aber when he says in the telegram that the Government is responsible for the Louisiana trouble and the Mexican trouble and German-American conspiracies, y'understand," Birsky said, "why does he turn right around and say: 'The Government must have the unstinted and patriotic support of every citizen in this existing exigency?'"

Committee he ain't going to run for President, then feller becomes an indistinguishable in this here presidential campaign as an M. Cohen in a city directory."

"All the same, Zapp, it must be a terrible blow to Mr. Wilson," Birsky said. "I bet yer so soon as he opened the mornin' paper and read Mr. Roosevelt's letter to the committee indorsing Hughes, he didn't want no time about registerin' his name with a Teachers' Agency."

"What are you still worryin' your head about that telegram for?" Zapp asked. "Maybe Hughes got the telegraph company to quote him wholesale rates on the telegram, and he could even set it 'collet.'"

ing him a line of 40,000-ton ocean steamers. It consisted of: California Melon... \$5.15-00 Essence of Tomato, sold, on tins... \$45-00 Olives, Celery, Radishes, Salted... \$5 P. F. Mineral Water... \$40-00 Broek Trout, Sante, Baking, sugar treated... \$5 P. F. Potatoes, Parisienne... \$50 P. F. Squab Chicken Roll... \$3.00 Cold Asparagus, French Dressing... \$6-1.50 Glass Emma Bakes... \$5 P. F. Petits Fours... \$50-1.00 Cafe Nair... \$5 P. F.

"Are you sure it was Roosevelt that dined with him?" Birsky asked. "It sounds more like Taft to me."

"Taft would later," Zapp said, "and there's worse than him yet. Wait till them German-American leaders comes along to graft a meal or two on him I bet yer Mr. Hughes would be wishin' himself back among the crackers and milk in the good old days of the United States Supreme Court."

"Aber Hughes wouldn't get nothing to do with no German-Americans," Birsky said. "He said so himself and Mr. Roosevelt in particular says so for him in the speech he made at declinin' the nomination of the Progressives."

"Roosevelt didn't say nothing of the kind," Zapp retorted. "He said that Mr. Hughes would deal with only them German-Americans which is good, and you could take it from me, Birsky, when Mr. Roosevelt means a German-American which is good, he means a German-American which is good for one vote, so it's only a matter of days now, Birsky, when Mr. Hughes would be sittin' down to dinner every night with a lot of good German-Americans and all of 'em eatin' peas out a hyphen-hothouse peas, 60-1.00."

"If I would be Hughes," Birsky said, "before I went to work and hired it a campaign manager and a campaign treasurer, Zapp, I would get busy and find a good, economical campaign caterer. Then I would rent a furnished house not too far uptown and print my own bill-of-fares, Zapp, and every portion would be marked * and some of 'em * * *, and if them good German-Americans didn't like it they could take their hygiene over to Wilson and see how they come out with him. I bet yer a spearmen feller like him would make from five cents a rye loaf and for ten cents



"They went right straight back to private life."



"They went forward and shook hands with him."

worth of Swiss cheese enough sandwiches to go round a whole German-American league. Catch that! Acher blowing 'em to Cold Asparagus, French Dressing... \$6-1.50. It ain't in him to do that, no more as he could schenck the Western Union a couple dollars by telegraphin'."

"We must rescue our instrumentalities of Interstate and foreign commerce, our transportation facilities from uncertainty and confusion. We must show that we know how to protect the public without destroyin' or crippling our destructive energies."

"y'understand, when he could of put it into a few words like: 'We should quit monkeying with our railroads.'"

"But what does Hughes care? I bet yer before he'd half finished that telegram he rings for a messenger, and when the waiter shows the boy up to his room he says: 'Bring him up a portion of Maryland Turkey En Casserole, Sam Ward... \$4.50 and an individual service after dinner coffee made in a percolator... \$1.00. I ain't through writing yet.'"

servin' in the army in such a way that you would think it was a life and not a punishment, Birsky, there's plenty young fellers now workin' for dry goods concerns and bein' baked beans in arm chair lunch rooms which would be glad to work for the Government and eat baked beans out in the open air, aber when you read it in the paper that the 7th Regiment didn't get nothing to eat from five in the mornin' till seven at night, y'understand, you don't get to be a publicity expert exactly to call it poor advertisin'."

"Sure, I know, Zapp," Birsky said, "but you could go to the other extremes also—like drawing rooms and observation platforms for them boys. That's what Hughes would do, Zapp, but Mr. Wilson ain't got no such ideas like Hughes got it. He ain't payin' two cents a word to say: 'The Progressives have insisted on responsible not invisible government—an efficient administration. I yield to no one in that demand. I am eager to call the best ability of the country to our aid. For the conduct of the departments the Executive is directly responsible, and there is no excuse whatever for the toleration of incompetence in order to satisfy a political obligation.'"

"Believe me, there will be no Danielsens in my cabinet," and does the Western Union out of the other \$145, which it does make no difference to Mr. Wilson what grossartig notions Mr. Hughes might got it, Zapp, Mr. Wilson don't believe in treatin' a soldier like he would be a movin' picture star goin' out to Los Angeles with a \$500,000 a year contract and his transportation. If them young fellers is ever goin' to get harden' to fight Mexican Zapp, they might just as well start in to rough it at Jersey City, N. J., as at El Paso, Texas."

from Hot White Sulphur Springs, Va., to fight this here Dillon, he oser traveled in a day coach," Zapp said. "I bet yer he bought at the very least a whole section to sleep in."

"And Dillon give him pockas something terrible," Birsky commented. "He would probably been in better shape if he'd walked here, Zapp, never mind ridin' in a freight car even."

"Then you think it would do them young fellers of the 7th and 12th Regiments good to walk all the way to Mexico, Birsky," Zapp said. "Is that the idee?"

"I don't think nothing of the kind," Birsky retorted. "The quicker them boys get down to Mexico, Zapp, the better. Things has been goin' on down there long enough. As Hughes says in his telegram: 'It was officially stated by the Secretary of State in the Mexican note of June 20, 1916, that for three years the Mexican republic has been torn with civil strife, the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed and...'"

SMILES Are More Cooling Than GROANS News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club SAFETY First—SWAT The FLY

A HEAD OR A HAT? Dearest Children—What are hats? Little pieces of straw things, felt things, ribbon things and feathers. Pieces that are put together and marked down to \$1.98 and \$0.59 when they aren't sold the first part of the season! Pieces that are thrown in the ash barrel many a time when the owner tires of wearing them! Did you ever hear of a head being marked down to \$1.98? Did you now, tell the truth, ever see any one carelessly throw his or her head away in an ash barrel? Well then—Remember, HATS are LIFELESS THINGS—HEADS and ARMS are real live FLESH and BLOOD POWERS built to conquer the world. Do not trade your head for your hat! Dead men wear no hats! Let your hat blow away and be run over if it will when a gust of wind blows it from your head. There are COUNTLESS HATS in the WORLD. Only ONE HEAD to EACH BOY and GIRL. Save your head. Be careful of it. It may be the means of buying you a million hats! FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER. P. S.—Congratulations, boys and girls! You are doing splendid work! The mailbag is weighted down with your stories, drawings and suggestions. Send in as many suggestions as you like. All will be considered in the awarding of the prizes!

WHEN THE WORLD'S A FAIRY LAND!!!



CATHERINE CONNORS, OLNEY, ANITA ROWSEY AND 'BUNNY', OAK LANE, AND TOM HUGHES CANDEN



WILFRED AND ALFRED WEBB, OLNEY

Our Postoffice Box We read some writing wrong and we would like to acknowledge our mistake. The little Vineland Rainbows whom we called Giovanni are not Giovanni at all. They are Giovanni, Gusie, Albert and Louise corrected us in a very polite fashion and didn't send a bit. For that reason we think we're going to be very good friends.

Branch Club News Reuben Bear, president of the Woodbine Rainbow Stars, reports the voting in of a new member at the meeting which took place last Tuesday. Morris Leavitt is the latest Rainbow's name. The young man was very anxious to join, and feeling that Morris would be a favorable addition to their list of members, the officers were equally anxious to have him. At the present date the Rainbow Stars are very well organized. The meetings are conducted in systematic parliamentary fashion. Business is not mixed with pleasure. Good times and general news are indulged in after the important affairs of the day have been dispatched.

A Thoughtful Little Boy By BERTHA CHILDS, age 11, 115 Oak avenue, Danville, Pa. Henry was 8 years old and he always had lived in the country. One day he took it into his curly little head to go to the city with his papa, so his father took him along on a shopping trip. Henry stood on the pavement in front of the hardware store while papa was busy buyin' things. Along came a sprinkling wagon. Henry didn't know what a sprinkling wagon was. He thought the water was leaking out, so off he started and followed the wagon two blocks and told the man the water was leaking out. The man was kind-hearted and explained to Henry about how they sprinkle the streets in the city. He said: "You made a mistake, but there is the making of a good man in you because you try to help others."

Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest Entry Blank. Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Contest! Name: Home address: Signed by: For: This entry blank, when properly filled out and forwarded, will entitle the winner to a special prize.

SOFTER LITTLE LULLABY AND SMOOTH Sent in by DOROTHY BOTTE, Lambertville N.J. Softer, little lullaby, And soothe my angel child, With azure hair and skin so fair, And nature sweet and mild. Softer, little lullaby, Let thy graceful air Tell the love from Heaven above Sent from the Great God there. Softer, little lullaby, And put my child to rest, With eyes of blue and heart so true, Asleep on my gentle breast. Softer, little lullaby, With air so sweet and mild, Keep at rest on mother's breast My gentle angel child.

DO YOU WANT TO BE IN A REAL MOVING PICTURE SHOW? If you do, cut out the coupon on this page, headed EVENING LEDGER Photoplay. Fill it in and mail or bring to the Photoplay Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. THE VOTING BEGINS MONDAY. MAKE YOUR ENTRY NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

TALES OF THE BLUE FOREST OF ALASKA Why Trees Moan and Sigh By Farmer Smith The two young people sailed away on the beautiful white cloud. The Prince and Little Heart were so busy talking about Cloudland, Toyland and Candyland that they did not see Granny Grump fall. She fell into a great tree, where she hung by her skirts, moaning and crying about her rivers of gold and clouds of pearls. And now, whenever you hear the trees moan and whine as the wind blows, you may know it is old greedy Granny Grump. Little Tulip Heart was so happy she did not miss her Granny, and besides, every time she looked up the prince gave her a kiss, which froze into a tiny white snowflake shaped like a star, which dropped to earth. It seemed as if the white cloud sailed all over the earth, but little Tulip Heart did not care to mind the prince's company. At length the cloud bumped on the shore of a beautiful lake. "Here we are, my beautiful bride to be," exclaimed Prince Marmolade to little Tulip Heart, as she stepped forth on the shore.

THE SAFETY-FIRST CONTEST of the PHILADELPHIA RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY IS OPEN NOW For the best STORIES, DRAWINGS and IDEAS on HOW TO PREVENT and AVOID ACCIDENTS the following prizes will be given: For Children Over 9 Years 1st Prize—Choice of Gold, or Solid Gold Medal with your name engraved on it, or a Folding Kodak. 2d Prize—Choice of Desk, Genuine Leather Traveling Bag, White Ivory Dresser Set or a Talking Machine with records by the latest two years already. Also there is things in that telegram which Mr. Wilson himself first invented and now Mr. Hughes comes along and springs them as his own ideas like he would of only thought of 'em as he was slaving that morning suppin' he was the kind of a man that did shave once in a while. "Say, what is the use talkin'," Zapp said, "when a politician is out to get votes it don't make no difference if he would be Wilson, Roosevelt or Hughes, he says the same old thing over and over again." "Sure I know," Birsky concluded, "but he don't have to say 'em at two cents a word exactly."

For Children of 9 Years and Under of Gold Medal, Boy's Watch, Solid Gold Bracelet or a Beautifully Dressed Doll. 2d Prize—Choice of a Tent, Sliding Board for the Backyard, Doll's Brass Bed or an Erector Set. 3d and 4th Prizes—Choice of Baby Doll or Mechanical Boat. 5th, 6th and 7th Prizes—Choice of Indian Suit, Cowboy's Suit, Red Cross Nurse's Outfit or Doll's Hammock. 8th, 9th and 10th Prizes—Choice of Blackboards, Sets of Paints, Games or Doll's Dishes. AND Fourteen other prizes—Choice of Tinker Toys, Quackey Doodies, Dunks, School Bags, Books. SEND ALL STORIES, ETC., TO FARMER SMITH, EVENING LEDGER, PHILADELPHIA. Three Reasons Why a Child Should Never Talk Back to Parents (Given by EDITH CROWTHER, Pitt street, I. Because it pains your mother and father. 2. Because whatever mother or father say or do they always know best. 3. Because when mothers and fathers are gone you'll never bring them back to any that you can see.