Illustrations by BRIGGS

"A POLITICIAN OUT 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

"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 Worser 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 estater.

"What d'ye mean-right?" Birsky re

torted as he flourished a paper which contained a copy of the Hughes telegram. "Here is a feller which mit my own eyes I seen it a picture in the paper that he is got a wife and a whole lot of children depending on him for a living, y'understand, and, in the expectation that he can get Wilson's job away from him, Zapp, he throws up a good position with the Supreme for the control of th

"Sayl" Zapp protested, "with Roosevelt to back him, I should be so sure of landing a \$2000 order from B. Altman oder Marshall Field as Hughes is of landing the presidency.

"Never mind," Birsky said. "It's the old case of the feller being now between old case of the feller being now between two stools, Zapp, and, instead of cutting out the 'ofs' and the 'thea', y'understand, he couldn't of written the telegram more extravagencely if he would be trying to show how he didn't give a nickel how much money he threw away on telegrams. For instance, he starts in by writing: 'I welcome the support of the Progressives,' which I laye it to you, Zapp, that, even if a feller weald got to write such stass in a a feller would get to write such stuss in a telegram, Eapp, why couldn't he say, 'Pro-gressives' support welcome,' and save four words? What for an economical adminis-

ration could you expect from such a feller.

Zapp? Am I right or wrong?"

"Four words in a telegram ain't going to make or break him," Zapp commented.

"That's only a sample," Birsky continued.

"Here toward the end of the telegram he writes:

"To what agency shall we look for the essential constructive program on which our security and prosperity must depend? It is vain to expect it from the Democratic party. That party has not the national out-look. Both its traditions and dominating influences are fatal bandlcaps. I have no sectional word to utter. We are to elect a President of the whole country, not a part. The South as well as the North, East and West, will be the gainers from our en-

understand, which if I would be writing in a telegram, Zapp, I would say: Couldn't expect nothing from Democrats.

Dearest Children-What are hats?

A HEAD OR A HAT?

that are put together and marked down to \$1.98 and \$0.59 when they aren't sold

Did you ever hear of a head being marked down to \$1.98?

Hve FLESH and BLOOD POWERS built to conquer the world.

Do not trade your head for your hat! Dead men wear no hats!

Little pieces of straw things, felt things, ribbon things and feathers. Pieces

Pieces that are thrown in the ash barrel many a time when the owner tires

Did you now, tell the truth, ever see any one carclessly throw his or her

Remember, HATS are LIFELESS THINGS-HEADS and ARMS are real

Let your hat blow away and be run over if it will when a gust of wind

There are COUNTLESS HATS in the WORLD. Only ONE HEAD to

Save your head. Be careful of it. It may be the means of buying you a

P. S .- Congratulations, boys and girls! You are doing splendid work!

leaking out.

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



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

Not kicking them, but too much Southern committee he ain't going to run for Presistuff. My idee give North, East and West dent, them fellers becomes as indistinguished in this here presidential campaign

In one Behlag I save sixty words, and I should also show you, Zapp, how much I could save on the rest of the telegram, if you want me to." "I'll take your word for it, Birsky," Zapp

"Il take your word for it, Birsky," Zapp said. "I already read that telegram, and it's my idee 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. So that's why I say, Birsky, that in sending this here tole. Birsky, that in sending this here telegram to C. O. D. Davis, Mr. Hughes done right."

"Aber when he says in the telegram that "Aber when he says in the telegram that the Government is responsible for the Lust-tania trouble and the Mexican trouble and German-American conspiracies, y'under-stand," Birsky said, "why does he turn right around and say: "The Government must have the unstinted and patriotic sup-port of every sitson in this existing ex-

"Maybe he is trying to put C. O. D. Davis in bad," Zapp suggested, "because I wouldn't be sur zised that when Davis got through reading aloud this here telegram to the Progressive National Committee, all that the members from Kansas could remember of it was the way he stumbled over 'sitsons in this existing exigency,' and as soon as he finished talking, Birsky, they went forward and shook hands with him to find out if he really smelt of liquor or was it only their imagination. And, anyhow, Birsky, it don't make no difference what Mr. Hughes put in the telegram. He could of said that Oklahoma was a truly rural spot or she sells sea shells or any of them things, because at the minute when Roosevelt tells the National Progressive

"Maybe Hughes got the telegram company to quote him wholesale rates on the telegram, and he could even sont it 'collect. And anyhow, when a feller is rumning for President, Birsky, a telegram or so is the least of his expenses. Right on the head of that telegram, Birsky, Hughes asks Mr. Roosevelt over to the hotel to have a bite to eat with him in the expectations that Mr. Roosevelt is going to order up on him at the very most a rye bread tongue gandwich and a cup of coffee. What a chance! I seen an account of the meal in the paper the next morning, and from what Mr. Roosevelt tells the National Progressive Marine and Mr. Hughes had hopes of sell-In bad," Zapp suggested, "because I wouldn't be sur zised that when Davis got through reading aloud this here telegram to the Progressive National Committee, all

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, Evening Ledger.

A Thoughtful Little Boy

By BERTHA CHILDS, age 11, 115 Oak avenue, Danville, Pa.

Henry was 8 years old and he always had

ived 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 inside buying.

Along came a sprinkling wagon. Henry

lidn'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

The man was kind-hearted and explained

Henry about how they sprinkle the rects 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."

I am glad and I know that you are glad that the man taught the boy that which he didn't know instead of poking fun at him.

as an M. Cohen in a city directory. They went right straight back to private life."
"All the same, Zapp, it must of been a terrible blow to Mr. Wilson." Hirsky said. "I bet yer so soon as he opened the morning paper and read Mr. Roosevelt's letter to the committee indorsing Hughes, he didn't waste no time about registering his name mit a Teachers' Agency. And even if he thought he stood a pretty good show, Zapp, Mr. Wilson ain't the kind of man which throws away his money wiring some body:

"'No intelligent man is deceived by the temporary prosperity due to abnormal con-ditions and no one could fail to appreciate the gravity of the problems with which we shall be faced when the war ends y'understand, when for a quarter of the money he could telegraph: "'Don't kid yourself; war boom about to

"What are you still worrying your head about that telegram for?" Zapp asked. "Maybe Hughes got the telegraph company

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

like Taft to me."

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

Court."

"Aber Hughes wouldn't got nothing to do mit no German-Americans." Birsky said. "He said so himself and Mr. Rooseveit in particular says so for him in the speech he made it declining the nomination of the l'rogressives."

"Rooseveit didn't say nothing of the kind." Zapp retorted. "He said that Mr. Hughes would deal mit 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 days now, Birsky, when Mr. Hughes would be sittled down to dinner every night with a lot of good German-Americans and all of 'em eating neas mif a hyphen-hothouse peas, 60-1.00," .

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 pertion would be marked and some of 'en', and if them good German-Americans didn't like it they could take their hyphens over to Wilson and see how they come out with him. I bet yer a sparsam feller like him would make from five cents a rye loaf and for ten cents. 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 Macher blowing 'em to Cold Asparagus, French Dressto Cold Asparagus, French Dress-ing. . . . 80-1.50. It ain't in him to do that, no more as he could schenck the Western

Union a couple dollars by telegraphing:
"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 destroying or crippling our destructive ener-

y'understand, when he could of put it into a "We should quit monkeying with our

"But what does Hughes care? I bet yor but what does hugnes care. I bet yor before he'd half finished that telegram he rings for a messenger, and when the walter shows the boy up to his room he says. 'Bring him up a portion of Maryland Spring Turkey en Casserole, Sam Ward...*4.00 and an individual service after dinner coffee made in a perculator...*1.00. I ain't through writing "Well, he's spending his own money, Bir-

sky. Aint's it?" Zapp said.
"Sure he is." Birsky replied, "and it's a good thing for the taxpayers that Wilson and not Hughes is sitting in the White House just now, Zapp, otherwise it wouldn't cost a penny less than a million dollars to send the 7th Regiment to the border for food alone. Instead of hardtacks, them boys would be eating Monte Carlo Tonst...50-1.00, and all the beans they would carry with 'em would be Hothouse Beans a la Geraldine Garden... 80-1.50."

"It wouldn't be too good far 'em at that." Zapp said. "I don't hold with them people which thinks that except for getting shot at occasionally by Mexicans a soldier should be treated pretty near as decent as a convict. My idee is that if every army officer and preparefulness feller would talk about

erving in the army in such a way that you would think it was a life and not a pun-ishment, Birsky, there's plenty young fellers now working for dry goods concerns and cuting 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 goes all the way from New York to Columbus, Ohio, in day coaches before they get a chance to wash their hands and faces, Birsky, and that the 12th Regiment didn't get nothing to eat from five in the morning till seven at night, y'understand, you don't got to be a publicity

expert exactly to call it poor advertising."
"Sure I know, Zapp," Birsky said, "but
you could go to the other extremes also like drawing rooms and observation plat-forms for them boys. That's what Hughes would of done, Zapp, but Mr. Wilson ain't got no such idees the Hughes got it. He

ain't paying two cents a word to say:
"The Progressives have insisted on responsible not invisible government—on 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' y'understand. He would of said:

y'understand. He would of said:

"Believe me, there will be no Danielsons in my cabinet,'
and done the Western Union out of the other \$1.55, which it don't make no difference to Mr. Wilson what grossartig notions Mr. Hughes might got it, Zapp, Mr. Wilson don't believe in treating a soldier like he would be a moving picture star going out to Los Angeles with a \$600,000 a year contract and his transportation. If them young fellers is ever going to get them young fellers is ever going to get hardened to fight Mexicans, Zapp, they might just so well start in to rough it at Jersey City, N. J., as at El Paso, Texas." "Aber when Frank Moran comes up here | exactly."

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 Dilion give him makkas something terrible," Birsky commented. "He would probably been in better shape if he'd walked here, Zapp, never mind riding in a freight car even." "Then you think it would do them young

"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 going 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 allens have

republic has been torn with civil strife, the lives of Americans and other allens have been sacrificed and"—
"Listen, Birsky, I am sick and tired hearing about that high-priced telegram," Zapp interrupted. "Furthermore I didn't go crasy over it when I read it the first time. It struck me as being old stuff."
"Old stuff!" Birsky exclaimed. "It's what Mr. Roosevelt has been saying in a more economical form for the last two years already. Also there is things in that tele-

more economical form for the last 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 idees like he would of only thought of 'em as he was shaving that morning supposing he was the kind of a man that did shave once in a while." "Say, what is the use talking." 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."

AFETY First

MILES Are More Cooling Than GROANS

the first part of the season!

head away in an ash barrel?

of wearing them!

Well then-

blows it from your head.

EACH BOY and GIRL.

Branch Club News

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 pres-

ent 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 noise are indulged in after the important affairs of the day have been dispatched.

Honor Roll Contest

The prizes for the week ending July 8 were won by the following members:
May Keenig, Atlantic City, \$1.
Bessie Feldman, Woodbine, N. J., 50

Besslo Carr, Idlewood, N. J., 25 cents

Bertha Childs, Danville, Pa., 25 cents.

FARMER SMITH,

Pauline Herawitz, Wheat Read, N. J., 25

Isadoro Sogal, West Allegheny avenue,

Care of the Evening Labors.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Piesae send me a beautiful Rainbow Button tree. I agree to DG A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE

EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name

Beheal I attend

Reuben Bear, president of the Woodbine

of the prizes!

News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

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 Tulip 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, mounting and whining about her rivers of gold and clouds of pearls. And now, when-ever you hear the trees mean 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 snow flake, 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 seem to mind, nor was she hungry. At length the cloud bumped on the

nhore of a beautiful lake.
"Here we are, my beautiful bride to
be," exclaimed Prince Marmolade to littla Tulip Heart, as she stepped forth on the shore.

It was a beautiful day, the day of Little Pulip Heart's wedding.
Everybody in Cloudland was there, as

were the Sugar Plums, the Chocolate Drops and the Lollypops from Candyland, while Santa Claus and his good wife, with all the folks from Toyland and the toy factory, were there, too.

The King of the North Wind was there, too, and ZEZZZZZ, King of the Snow Birds,

who came all the way from the Blue Forest of Alaska with a cloud full of sapphires and a tiny golden crown set with diamonds. They, of course, were for Little Tulip Heart-Mee Mee and Tee Tee, the two little siz-ters of Prince Marmolade, marched before Little Tulip Heart and her Prince as they marched up the aisle of the Cloudland The King of the North Wind had a thou-

sand harps to play the wedding march.

After they were married the King of the
North Wind kissed the bride and the tiny kiss fell to earth as a snowflake. Then Prince Marmolade kissed Little Tulip Heart that had been and that kiss also foll to

that had been and that kies also fell to earth as a snowflake.

Then everybody, including Santa Claus, with his wobbly whiskers, kiesed the bride and the kieses fell to earth as snowflakes.

And so, if any one asks you why trees moan and sigh when the wind blows, tell them it is Granny Grump meaning and sighing for Little Tulip Heart, who is now the Princess of Cloudland. the Princess of Cloudland.
Should any one ask you where anowhakes come from, YOU know now, don't you, my

(The End of First Series.)

Things to Know and Do

(i) Anagram—I wish some one would spank that printer's boy. I wrote a word just as nice as you please and when it came back that boy had made "A VISITING NOTE" out of it. What word did I send to?

(2) The post next door came running in just now wanting a word to rhyme with "PRUNE" We thought of four. How many can you bright beys and girls think off SAFETY-FIRST CONTEST PHILADELPHIA RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY IS OPEN

For the best STORIES, DRAW-INGS and IDEAS on HOW TO PREVENT and AVOID ACCI-DENTS the following prizes will be

For Children Over 9 Years

1st Prize—\$10 in 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.

3d and 4th Prizes—Choice of Boy Scout Tent, Erector Set with Motor, Silk Sweater or Sterling Silvery Pockethock ver Pocketbook. 5th, 6th and 7th Prizes-Choice of

Gold Piece, or Boy's or Girl's Watch. 8th, 9th and 10th Prizes-Choice of

Cameras, Boy Scout, Indian or Cowboy Suit or Sewing Case. AND Fourteen other prizes—Choice of Boxes of Paints, Drawing Boards, Footballs, Basketballs, Boys' and Girls' Books, Music Rolls and

School Cases. For Children of 9 Years and

Under — 1st Prize—Choice 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 8th, 9th and 10th Prizes-Choice of

Blackboards, Sets of Paints, Games or Doll's Dishes. Fourteen other prizes - Choice of Tinker Toys, Quacky Doodle Ducks, School Bags, Books

SEND ALL STORIES, ETC. TO FARMER SMITH, EVE. NING LEDGER, PHILA-DELPHIA.

Three Reasons Why, a Child Should Never Talk Back to Parents lysa by EDITH CROWTHER. Ells street. Because it pains your mother and fa-

1. Because whatever mother or father

may or do they always know best. 1. Because when mothers and fathers are cone yes, and sover bring them back to say







CATHERINE CONNORS, OLNEY, ANITA ROWSEY AND "BUNNY," OAK LANE, AND TOM HUGHES CAMPEN



ADELE ROWSEY, OAK LANE

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

The Poor Little Match Girl By SAMUEL COHEN, North Percy street. Once upon a time there was a poor little

girl who had no home. She used to sell matches. One hot day she was walking down the street; it was so warm that the Cast Contest Entry Blank she walked on and on and soon she passed a shady porch where people were drinking nice cool lemonade. She went on a little further, thinking how nice it would be is she could have semething cool to quench her dry throat. Suddenly she fainted.

dry throat. Suddenly she fainted.

When she came to she was on the very porch that she had seen and a very sweet indy was giving her cool water to drink. When she asked how she had gotten there, the lady answered that they had seen her fall and had brought her to their horn.

In answer to her questions she told the lady that she was all alone in the world. A man who was on the porch spoke up and said. "Lat us adopt her," and they did.

And the little match girl was paver unhappy again.

Evening Ledger Photoplay

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photo-play Cust Contest:

Home address

This enter blank, when properly filled out and forwarded, will entitle the nominee to 2000 votes and satery blank will be credited each controllary. fring or small this to Farmer Smith, the

SCOTHE it in by DOROTHY BOTTE, Lambertville N.J.

Softer, little tullaby, And soothe my angel child, With flaxen hair and skin so fair, And nature sweet and mild.

Softer, little fullaby. Let thy graceful air Tell the lave from Heaven above Seut from the Great God there.

And put my child to rest, With eyes of blue and heart Asless on my pentic breast.

With air so sweet and mild, Evep at rest on mother's breast My gentle angel child.

TURE SHOW?

EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia.

DO YOU WANT TO BE IN A REAL MOVING PIC-

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,

THE VOTING BEGINS MON-MAKE YOUR ENTRY Softer, little lullaby, NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

WILFRED AND ALFRED WEBB, OLNEY