

AN AMBASSADOR AIN'T A JOB; BUT A RICH BUSINESS MAN

BY
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Zapp's Conclusion to Birsky's Question Touches on Expensive Diplomacy and Colonel House

"It's a quincidence, anyway," said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, in Wasserbauer's restaurant, as he wiped from his eyebrows the circumstantial evidence of a charlotte russe.

"What's a quincidence?" Louis Birsky, the realtaster, asked.

"That he should send him to Europe a couple of days before they come back from their honeymoon," Zapp said. "Which it's either a quincidence or she says to him: 'Maybe you like to have

Chicago, or the Yates House, Sarah-cuse.' 'Well, what could I do?' Mr. Wilson says. 'Send him to Mexico,' she says. 'I already sent him to Mexico.' 'Then send him to Europe.' 'I sent him to Europe, too,' says Mr. Wilson nebuch. Then send him there again,' and so Mr. Wilson rings him up from Hot Springs, Virginia, and after the girls tells him when through talking please deposit one cent internal revenue tax in the quarter slot, he says to Colonel House is he doing anything

out what them fellers is up to over there?" Birsky said. "Furthermore, he's got a lot of confidence in Colonel House on account he used to be a prominent banker in Houston, Texas."

"Sure, I know, Birsky," Zapp continued, "but if I would get a couple big concerns in Chicago which is getting pretty shaky on me, and I want to send out there some one he should look after my interests, y'understand, would I get an old friend to go for me, supposing even he is the prominent bank-

"What harm could Colonel House do in Europe?" Birsky asked.

"I don't know," Zapp replied, "but if the Kaiser of Germany would send an old friend of his which was for years a prominent banker in Bingen on the Rhine to see what could be done with the King of Bulgaria, y'understand, Bulgaria would now be as neutral as Toronto, Canada. What the Kaiser done was to send to Bulgaria a feller which worked a lifetime as an Ambassador in every country in Europe, and while in all probability he didn't know a paying teller from a safe deposit vault, and wasn't no more intimate with the Kaiser than you are with President Wilson, Birsky, he swung Bulgaria right into line, and that's what we should do with England and Germany and France."

"But we already got Ambassadors in England, Germany and France," Birsky protested.

"Sure, I know," Zapp said. "In England we got an Ambassador, also an old friend of President Wilson, which used to be a prominent printer and publisher in Garden City, Long Island, and in France we got an old friend of Mr. Wilson, which used to be one of the biggest pig iron manufacturers in Ellyria, Ohio."

"Well, how did them fellers get appointed Ambassadors?" Birsky asked.

"I don't know," Zapp replied, "unless it was that when Mr. Wilson got his position as President he took all his old friends in the business directory, from Architectural Iron Works to Yarns, Domestic and Imported, and fixed them up with jobs alphabetically. For instance, old friends up to and including Hotel Supplies and House Furnishings gets postmaster jobs, and he appoints judges and custom-house collectors from Insurance Brokers and Interior Decorators, and when he reached the P's he had Ambassadors' jobs to hand out, so he puts a Printer and Publisher in London and a Pig Iron Manufacturer in Paris, and probably you would find an old friend of Mr. Wilson in the Plumbing Supply business is Ambassador to Sweden, and another old friend in the Pants business Ambassador to Norway, and so on from Paints and Painters' Supplies through Pickles down to Portable Houses."

"Well, after all," Birsky said, "it ain't such a Kunst to be an Ambassador. All an Ambassador does is what he is told."

"And they couldn't even do that," Zapp continued. "That's why, according to some people, President Wilson is sending Colonel House to make them fellers stay on the job, on account Colonel House being a banker, naturally a printer or a pig iron manufacturer looks up to such a feller, which all them bankers is connected one with the other in bankers' associations, and if that Ohio pig iron manufacturer gets fresh with Colonel House, understand me, the next time the pig iron trade becomes a little quiet and the manufacturer goes around to see the president of the Kosciusko Bank in Ellyria, Ohio, and tells him that business could be better and it could be worse, understand me, and would like to renew on the fifteen hundred-dollar note that comes due next Wednesday, y'understand, the president of the bank asks him does he know a friend of his by the name House used to be a banker in Houston, Texas, and the pig iron manufacturer says yes, he met him in Paris, y'understand, and the president of the bank says so House told him, and the fact is that money ain't as easy as in former times and would like the pig iron manufacturer to clean up."

"Aber if the feller is so short for money as all that," Birsky inquired, "why don't he stay at home and attend to business instead of going to be an Ambassador?"

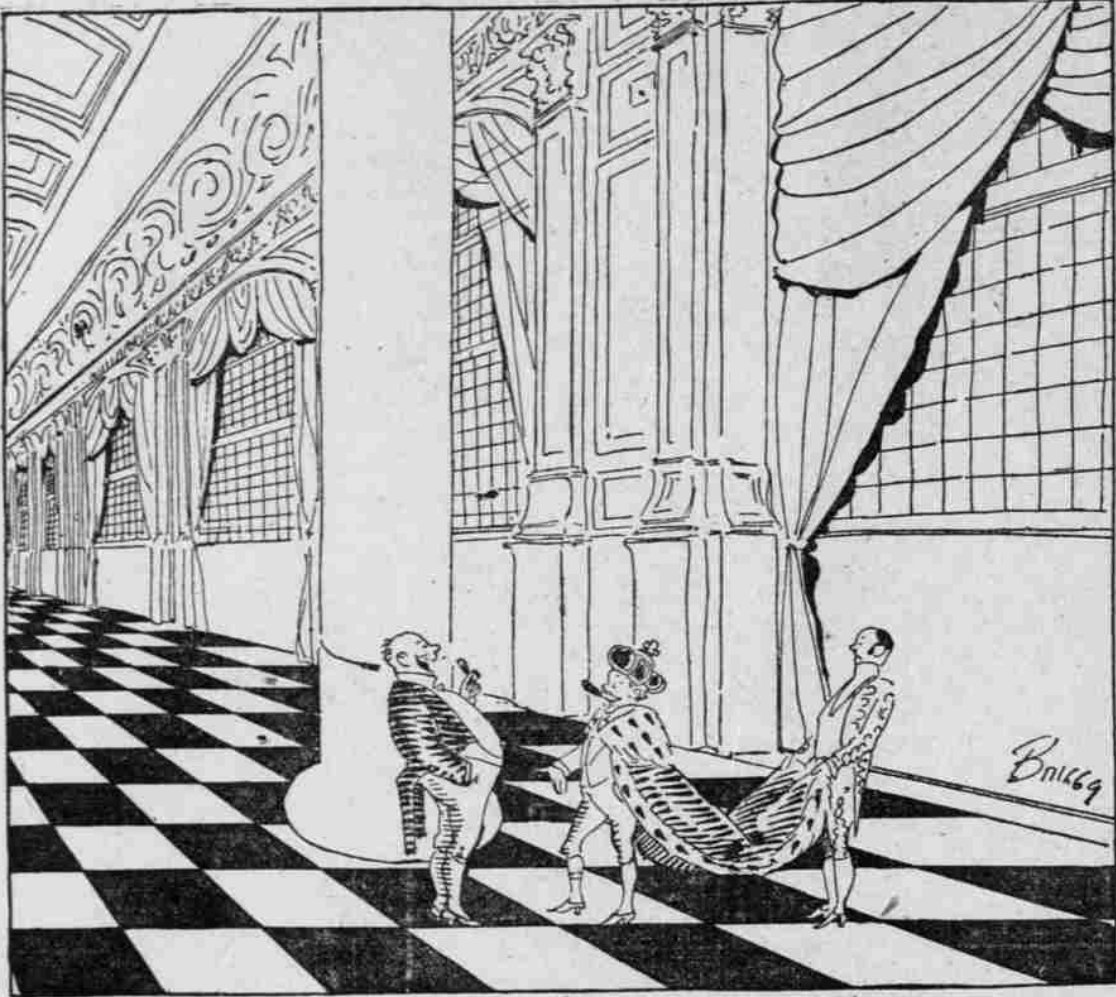
"Well, I'll tell you," Zapp explained; "it ain't when a feller goes to be an Ambassador that he's short of money. It's when he comes back. Ambassadors don't get no salary to

speak about, and the expenses is terrible."

"Then what do they want to be an Ambassadors for?" Birsky demanded.

"Because it's a big honor to be an Ambassador," Zapp said. "Supposing a feller would be the biggest manufacturer of pig iron in the state of Ohio, and if he meets once in six months a couple Congressmen order a judge, he's doing immense, y'understand; whereas, when he becomes an Ambassador, Birsky, it is nothing for that feller to see

times that the expenses should be paid, and the Congressmen says where do they come in that they should give Ambassadors money to spend in Berlin oder London. United States Congressmen ain't running for Congress in Berlin oder London, and the way they figure, if an Ambassador in Paris buys six quarts ice cream and a couple cases of beer every afternoon of his life, the money might just so well be paid over to the cashier of the Honest Ballot As-



"IT IS NOTHING FOR THAT FELLER TO SEE KINGS A HUNDRED TIMES EVERY NIGHT IN THE YEAR."

that feller hanging around the house all the time, but me not." And Mr. Wilson says: "Aber the feller is doch an old friend of mine," and she says: "What do you mean, an old friend? Bryan is also an old friend of yours—Colonel Harvey, too, and Dudley P. Malone and Charles K. Murphy and Gott weis wer nach—and if you are going to have all that crowd sticking around the place, y'understand, instead of the White House, Washington, I might just so well be running the Palmer House,

next Saturday, and if not be a good feller and take a run over to Europe and see what Mr. Page and Mr. Gerard and this here Sharp is up to over there."

"What are you talking nonsense, Zapp?" Birsky exclaimed. "Mrs. Wilson didn't got nothing to do with Colonel House going to Europe."

"Didn't she?" Zapp said. "Then why did Mr. Wilson send him there?"

"Ain't you yourself just now telling me that Colonel House is an old friend from Mr. Wilson, and he wants to find

er in a larger town as Houston and much nearer New York—say, for example, Hoboken? No, Birsky; I would send to Chicago a perfect stranger, which all his life made a specialty of bankruptcy law, because while I am satisfied that any friend of President Wilson is a descent, respectable feller, y'understand, and that Houston, Texas, is a good live town for its size, understand me, the place where a Houston banker would do the least harm, y'understand, is in a bank in Houston, Texas."



"Mr. Wilson Rings Him Up From Hot Springs."



"THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK ASKS HIM DOES HE KNOW A FRIEND OF HIS BY THE NAME HOUSE."

Kings and Queens a hundred times every night of the year."

"And probably the best he holds is tens and deuces," Birsky said. "Is it any wonder he comes home broke?"

"I am speaking from real Kings and Queens, Birsky, which it costs just so much money to see Real Kings and Queens every night as though they would be kings full of queens in a table stakes game," Zapp went on.

"Well, if it's necessary in their business for Ambassadors to spend so much money," Birsky asked, "why don't the Government allow them an expense account?"

"That's what everybody says," Zapp replied. "The Ambassadors' As-

sociation for all the good it does, because nine times out of ten, all that a Congressman goes to Congress for is to get elected to Congress again."

"Well, you can't blame those fellers that they want to hold their jobs," Birsky said.

"A feller which is so anxious to hold his job that he couldn't show results to the people he is working for," Zapp said, "would better be without a job; it don't make no difference if he's a Congressman oder a shipping clerk."

"How about an Ambassador?" Birsky asked.

"An Ambassador ain't a job," Zapp said. "It's an expensive pleasure trip for a rich business man."

AS THE ARTIST SEES LIFE SARA MOORE



FROM THE COURTSHIP DICTIONARY

BY SARA MOORE

"TO LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY." THIS RECORD TO BE KEPT FILED WITH EVERY MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

THE SEARCH FOR SECLUSION—MODERN LOVE STORIES HAVE NO RECORDS OF A GOOD-NIGHT KISS AT THE GATE.

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COTTON VS. SENSE—CHIFFON IS MIGHTIER THAN CALICO.—THE "WRAPPER" IS NOW AS SCARCER AS BLACKENED EYES.