

BEING THE PRESIDENT NO SNAP WITH HUNDRED MILLION BOSSES

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIGGS

Job No Better Than Pullman Porter's, Zapp Declares--Opposition Is Good Advertiser, Birsky Finds

"I SEE where they consider putting up Mr. Ford for President," Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, said as he reached for a dill pickle in Wasserbauer's restaurant. "Is he a Republican or a Democrat?" Louis Birsky, the real-estate, asked.

"He's a runabout," Zapp replied. "It seems like the day before yesterday when he takes a steamer for Norway; the next thing you know, he's got the grip in Copenhagen; a couple days later he won't let reporters talk to him on the dock in Hoboken; an hour after-

expenses, Birsky, it would be a whole lot cheaper to buy a couple million uniforms and give the clothing business a look-in instead of the railroads and the Pullman Company."

"Might if the feller should Gott soll hueten become President, he would settle down maybe," Birsky suggested.

"A feller which has got the travel bug couldn't settle down by becoming President any more than a shikherer could swear off by becoming a bartender," Zapp said. "You take the President of the United States, and if he has a mind to go running round the

of the 89th Aldermanic District, Borough of Bronx, to ex-Assemblyman Charles J. Schein, at New Riga Hall, Wendover avenue, near 265th street; the Grand Opening of the Exhibition of Fine Arts, and Fair of Harmony Lodge 123, Independent Order Sons and Daughters of Manasseh, at the Armory, Sacramento, Cal., and Memorial Services for the chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Eastport, Maine."

"But the President always turns down such invitations, ain't it?" Birsky said.

"Zaitenly he turns 'em down," Zapp replied, "because as it is, without accepting a single invitation nowhere, when it comes to showing just why a tariff bill wasn't up to the specifications or explaining that when the Democrats made a platform about Panama Canal rates they they didn't do nothing of the kind and vice versa, y'understand, the only difference between the life of a President and the life of a Pullman porter is that the President don't have to make no berths and the Pullman porter don't have to get off no speeches. Otherwise they both spend the same amount of time with their families."

"Then what is the simcha about being President?" Birsky inquired.

"Well, for one thing, the President is the balabaas," Zapp explained. "From every other job a feller could work his way up to be something better. An Assemblyman could work his way up to be State Senator; a State Senator could watch out and get to be a Congressman; a Congressman could make opportunities so that he could be a Governor; a Governor tries hard and does his best, y'understand, and some day he is Vice-President; aber the President, when he gets to be President, no one could say to him: 'Now, looky-here; you are a young feller with a big future if you want to take the trouble. Don't run around nights. Be a good feller, but not too much of a good feller, y'understand. Save your money, join a couple good lodges, and there ain't no reason why you ain't got just so big a chance to get on as the next one.' No, Birsky, no one could advise

the President he should try to make a hit with the boss, Birsky, because the President ain't got no boss."

"Ain't he?" Birsky retorted. "Well, that's where you make a big mistake. The President not only has got one boss, but he's got a hundred million bosses. He is working for the entire United States, Zapp, because if he wasn't, what is the reason when Mr. Taft was President, as you yourself said, he goes round asking everybody they should excuse him that he balled up the tariff business? Why, right now, Zapp, Mr. Wilson is holding up his friends and saying: 'Listen, did you boys hear something that the bosses intend to make a change in my department at the end of the year?' And the friends says: 'Why, no, we ain't heard nothing. What makes you think that?' and Mr. Wilson says: 'Well, I understand they ain't satisfied, the way I handled that business with Frantz Joseph Inc. and the German-American Housewrecking Company,' and the friends tells him: 'Well, say, with a big concern like you are working for, you couldn't expect to please everybody.' And the next morning Mr. Wilson turns first thing to the Help Wanted Males, and before he could find it he runs across the six columns of Situa-

Wanted Male, and right at the top of the third column he is hit in the eye with:

PRESIDENT
Young man (49), beginner, opportunity wanted to demonstrate ability; ambitious, college education; knowledge typewriting, advancement object, not salary; best references; two years' experience Governor, three years District Attorney. C. S. W., Albany, N. Y.

Then underneath he sees also: PRESIDENT—Thoroughly experienced, is open for immediate position with country that will appreciate reliable and energetic service. Address T. R., Oyster Bay, L. I.

And the next one is: PRESIDENT—Married, 62, broad, practical, experienced, sober, honest; excellent reason for leaving last place: good penman; unquestionable references. Write W. H. T., Lock Box 66, New Haven, Conn.

"With that, Mr. Wilson sees enough, Zapp, so he sends out the girl to the drug store she should get for fifteen cents essence of pepain, a bottle of soda mint tablets and some Bromo-Rhubarb, and then he telephones down to the Trunk Line Association they should ship him right away one case assorted mileage books on account he is going to accept invitations to speak at ten dinners to be given by ten chambers of commerce, and that's the way it goes."

"Ain't Bryan advertising, too?" Zapp asked.

"Bryan don't got to advertise," Birsky said. "Everybody knows he is looking for a job as President since 1896 already. He makes his living that way."

"What do you mean—makes his living that way?" Zapp demanded.

"I mean before he runs for President in 1896, nobody hears of the feller at all," Birsky explained, "but after he gets beat, it's like a lady gets off from murder and they want her to go on the stage, y'understand; only as Mr. Bryan ain't no actor and couldn't sing, under-

stand me, he delivers lectures instead. H'afterwards when the people kicks that they got to put up fifty cents to hear him lecture on account they couldn't remember whether he is an ex-baseball player: oder one of them North Pole fellers, y'understand, he runs for President again and gets licked again, understand me, and he's good for another four years' lecturing. He's been keeping that up now for going on twenty years."

"Might if he runs this time and gets licked again," Zapp suggested, "he would get offers to go into moving pic-

credit, Zapp, that he ain't like a lot of other fellers which run for President and got licked, y'understand, and for all you hear what becomes of 'em, Zapp, they might just so well be dead and buried and the cemetery taken over by the Bureau of Street Openings for a grand concourse and boulevard. Yes, Zapp, compared with a feller which lost a Presidential election ten years ago, a feller which won a six-day bicycle race twenty years ago is a household name already."

"You're right, Birsky," Zapp said; "so after all, Birsky, you couldn't



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ward he talks 'em to death in the Waldorf; the following morning he arrives, so to speak, home in Detroit, and yesterday he turns up right here in New York at the Grand Central Palace. His friend Bryan makes an awful geschrei about the cost of running a big army, but before we go to work and elect Henry Ford President of the United States, with a salary and travel-

country, y'understand, every day of his life, he's got a choice between the Wind-up Dinner of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Knee Pants Manufacturers of North America in Detroit, the First Annual Banquet of the Cyprus, Penn., Business Men's Association, of Cyprus, Penn.; the wedding of Miss Sadie Geldfisch, daughter of Alderman Max Geldfiesch,

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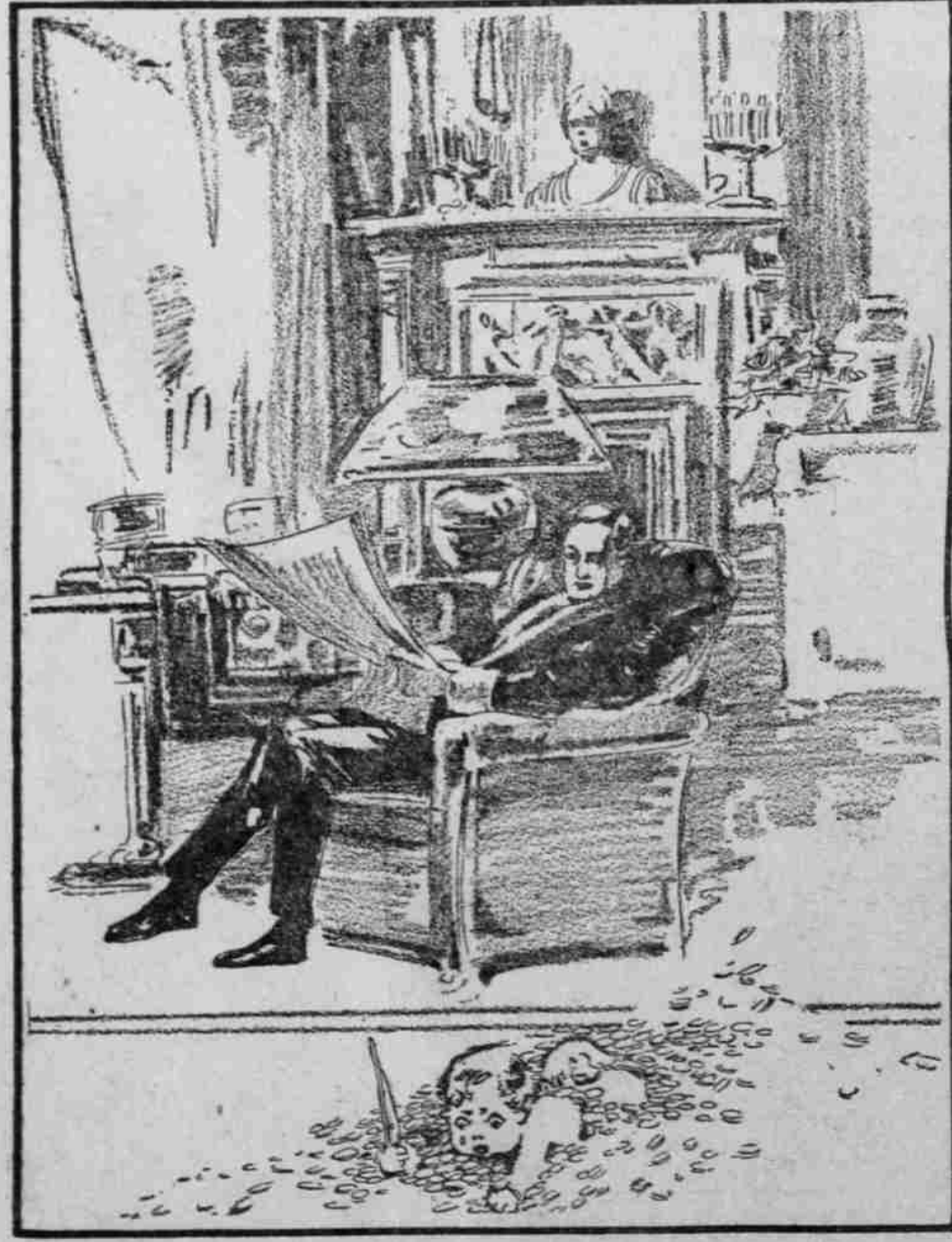


HE GOES ROUND ASKING EVERYBODY THEY SHOULD EXCUSE HIM.

tures, which I am seeing only last week and a fillum by the name 'The Governor's Daughter,' and if people pays ten cents to see a Governor it stands to reason they would pay a little more to see 'The President's Daughter,' especially if Bryan does the President and they get some one to do the daughter like Mary Pickford or this here Anita Stewart."

"Well, you've got to give Mr. Bryan blame Mr. Bryan that he lectures and Mr. Roosevelt that he explores and Mr. Wilson that he goes to work running around the country and getting stomach trouble at chambers of commerce dinners, Birsky, because it's the same way with President as it is with soap, collars, tooth powder and popular price clothing; if the name ain't kept before the public, y'understand, the people don't ask for it again."

AS THE ARTIST SEES LIFE BY SARA MOORE



HELP WANTED—MARRY! HOW CAN I AFFORD MATRIMONY ON A PAI TRY TEN THOUSAND A YEAR?



RECKLESS QUOTATIONS—WHAT SHE SAID—NEVER AGAIN! WHAT THE REPORTER WROTE—THE MEMORY OF HER LATE HUSBAND WILL KEEP HER ALWAYS A WIDOW!



A BURNING QUESTION—AUNTIE, HOW OLD DOES I HAVE TO BE TO GET ENGAGED?

BY SARA MOORE