

A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST IS ONE THING AND AN IRISH REVOLUTIONIST IS SOMETHING ELSE

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIGGS

Zapp and Birsky Discuss Recent World Events Over Paprika Chicken Mit Knockerl—The Spanish War, If It Happened Today, Would Be Printed Under "Amusement Notes."

(Copyright, 1916—The Tribune Ass'n.) "I THINK," said Louis Birsky, the real estate, as he looked over the bill of fare in Wasserbauer's Restaurant and Cafe. "I think I would have some paprika chicken mit Knockerl and a cup coffee."

"Well, why not?" Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, replied. "Negro, the Roman Emperor, played the fiddle while Rome was burning."

"I don't know what you are talking about at all," Birsky said.

"That's all right," Zapp said; "I don't blame you, Birsky. I just finished a big plateful of gedampfte Kalbfleisch myself, and if the waiter would of had any manliness about him he would of said: 'Listen, how can you sit there and eat that stuff when right today, things is going on in Europe that in hundreds of years from now children wouldn't be promoted in school if they wouldn't know the date they happened.' Yes, Birsky, in two hundred years from now poets will be getting a big reputation from writing poems about them things; artists will be painting pictures of 'em and people will cry when they see them pictures, and if some one looks up what you and me was doing at the time the originals of them pictures was actually taking place, Birsky, they would find that you was eating paprika chicken mit Knockerl and I just got through with some gedampfte Kalbfleisch and was thinking seriously of ordering a cup coffee and a slice of German cheesecake."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Birsky said. "Go on a diet because they are fighting in Europe? When we was running off the Spanish war, Zapp, the *Leute* in Europe oser felt bad enough over it to go without so much as one caraway seed in their rye bread."

"Aber what was the Spanish war, Birsky?" Zapp protested. "A skirmish, that's all."

"Never mind," Birsky said. "The Spanish war was pretty good for its day."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "for its day, Birsky, but you take the Spanish war today, Birsky, and they would print it in the newspapers under the head of 'Amusement Notes.'"

"That's what I am driving at," Birsky said. "Things like the Irish revolution and the Spanish War has got too much competition nowadays. Take all them poor people, *nebach*, which lost their lives in the Iroquois fire, the Titanic, the Grand Republic

and the Eastland, Zapp, and if the same number of French and Germans is wiped out in front of Verdun between 9 and 12 in the evening, y'understand, the next morning the German War Office sends out a statement that to the east of the Meuse and in the Woivre things have been comparatively quiet. That's the reason why the Irish revolution was taken off so quick. It was like a fairly good show which is put on while there are too many attractions in town, Zapp. No-

And you couldn't blame them people for laughing at it, Zapp, any more than you could blame me for eating paprika chicken mit Knockerl while them poor Irish is getting killed by the thousands, because what would happen me if I did otherwise, Zapp? Let us say, for example, that I would go out now into the streets and sit in the gutter and beat my chest, and a policeman—an Irish policeman at that—comes along and asks what is the matter with me, Zapp, and I tell him I am carrying on

"but my relations would figure that blood is redder than water, and from a feller in jail or an asylum they couldn't get no accommodation notes or stick him with a post-dated check. And, anyhow, Zapp, so far as my relations is concerned, I give them suckers leave to let me sit in an asylum the rest of my days if I would make such an exhibition of myself in the public streets."

"Well, you couldn't expect no better, Birsky," Zapp said, "and them poor Irishmen, *nebach*, couldn't expect no better, neither, because you could be so sorry for Ireland that you could cry tears in the streets for her, y'understand, and you could be so anxious to see Ireland independent of England that you could shoot off guns in the streets for her, understand me, and just so long as you only TALK about doing it and WRITE about doing it you would be O. K. For instance, you take these here Irishmen and they says months ago already: 'England's izuris is Ireland's *simaha*,' and when Mr. Asquith reports it the English government only smiles and says they should tell their troubles to Birrell and that Asquith should please ask Kitchener has the expressman delivered them 1,689,352 khaki uniforms yet. A little later these here Irishmen goes to work and incorporates under the style of Sinn, Fein & Co.; Max J. Sinn, president; Louis Feta, vice-president and treasurer, and even with them German names for officers the English government says what is the difference; if they want to, let 'em organize under the name of the *Dubliner Aufruhrerischer Gesellschaftsverein*, and by printing only one proclamation in a union shop they would exhaust their funds for composition alone. Then they turned around and got up ON PAPER the Irish Republic, and the English government figures that the Henry George Junior Republic was ALSO a republic, and let it go at that, and so you see, Birsky, as long as them poor fellers' revolution was on paper, Birsky, or just a matter of talk, y'understand, the worst that could of happened to 'em was writer's cramp oder laryngitis, which is two diseases you couldn't die of, no matter if you hired a specialist to treat you at a hundred dollars a visit. But them poor revolutionists felt so strong about Ireland, Birsky, that they had to give vent to it."

"Well, their feelings done 'em credit," Birsky said. "Sure, I know," Zapp agreed, "but feelings which are a credit to a man, Birsky, remains a credit to him only so long as he keeps 'em to himself, and after that they become a debit, Birsky. A feller must always pay for showing his feelings, Birsky. If he chows 'em by making for somebody a blue eye, he's got to pay a fine to a magistrate, and if he shows 'em by joining in a revolution, he's got to pay with his life to the government he is rebelling against, and you could no more blame the magistrate for collecting the fine as you could blame the English government for collecting the feller's life, which, if you claim otherwise, Birsky, you are acting like a poor sport."

"I don't claim nothing about the Irish revolution because I don't know nothing about it," Birsky said, "but I was born and raised in Russland, Zapp, and if a feller is a revolutionist, *nebach*, he has got my best wishes up to and including the funeral."

"Well, I'll tell you," Zapp explained, "a Russian revolutionist is one thing and an Irish revolutionist is something else again. What a Russian revolutionist wants is that he should be able to live in Russia under government conditions a quarter as good as they are in Ireland, but as he couldn't expect miracles exactly he would be satisfied if he could get one-tenth the liberty the Irishman has got."

"Then what is the Irishman a revolutionist for?" Birsky asked. "He is a revolutionist for old times' sake," Zapp continued. "A hundred and twenty years ago English soldiers killed and worse than killed his relations by the thousands; seventy-five years ago the English government allowed his poor *Grossmutter olav hasholom* to starve, and down to twenty years ago English landlords gave him a dispossess for not paying rent on property which wasn't worth no rent at all till he grew potatoes and raised pigs and cows on it, which while it is true, Birsky, that them things is now vorbei for years already, hard feelings ain't like promissory notes. You couldn't bar them by a statute of limitations, and if you murder a man's great grandfather, starve his grandmother and take away his roof from over the man's own head, you ain't going to make him love you exactly if you say to him: 'Nu, let bygones be bygones.' And so for *Lahochlos* only, Birsky, the Irishman is making a revolution."

"I think you are fooling yourself, Zapp," Birsky said. "I think you would find that England has got things fixed that an Irishman must get to live in a pale of Irish settlement and couldn't own no real estate, the same like our people in Russland, and also an Irishman couldn't use the Irish lan-

guage the same like the Poles couldn't use no Polish in their business with Russians."

"Oser a Stuck!" Zapp declared. "An Irishman could live where he wants to, vote, own real estate and act in Ireland the same like he acts in the United States, and as for the Irish language, Birsky, the average Irishman knows just so much about it as you do about *Loschen Hakodesh*," Birsky said.

"To my sorrow, Zapp, I never had the time to learn it," Birsky said.

"Well, if ever you do have the

tion paper he made and indorsed for the South African revolution he could of floated a chain of department stores, any one of which would make Marshall Field and B. Altman look like new beginners already, and for all the good it done down in South Africa, Birsky, he might just so well of invested the money in Anglo-French 5s. Egypt and India was the same way, Birsky, and now that the Irish revolution went *mechullah* on him for several million dollars' money loaned, Birsky, if he figures on financing any more revolutions against England, y'understand, he would do a whole lot better by advising the revolutionist president to take out life insurance and put up the policies with the Reichbank as security for a loan. The way revolutions has been going recently, Birsky, the Reichbank would realize on the policies within five days after the revolution starts, and it would keep the Kaiser's name out of the affair."

"Aber how do you know the Germans was behind the Irish revolution?" Birsky insisted.

"In the first place, everybody says so," Zapp explained, "and in the second place, it sounds awful German to me. Everything was figured out in advance, Birsky, in the regular German way. They had coins coined, postage stamps printed, a president, a vice-president, a cabinet, and, in fact, it was the last word in what a republic should ought to be, according to the opinion of Professor von Spingewebe, of the department of history of the University of Berlin. No pains was spared in working out the details, Birsky, and nothing was overlooked—absolutely nothing, except a couple million English troops about six hours away in England and several warships of the English navy. Yes, Birsky, the whole thing seems like the gen-wine brand of German efficiency—the same as Verdun and the battle of the Marne. It reminds you of one of them surgical operations by a \$2000 professor, where he diagnoses the case successfully, opens the patient successfully, removes most everything he sees successfully, closes the patient successfully and brings him out of the ether successfully, and the patient gets along splendidly up to two or three days before his funeral."

"But by your own showing, the Germans did succeed in bringing about the Irish revolution, Zapp," Birsky said.

"Yes," Zapp commented. "The operation was successful, Birsky, but the patient died."

*Holy language—i. e. Hebrew. **Spite, hatred.



"A FELLER MUST ALWAYS PAY FOR SHOWING HIS FEELINGS."



"Let Bygones Be Bygones."

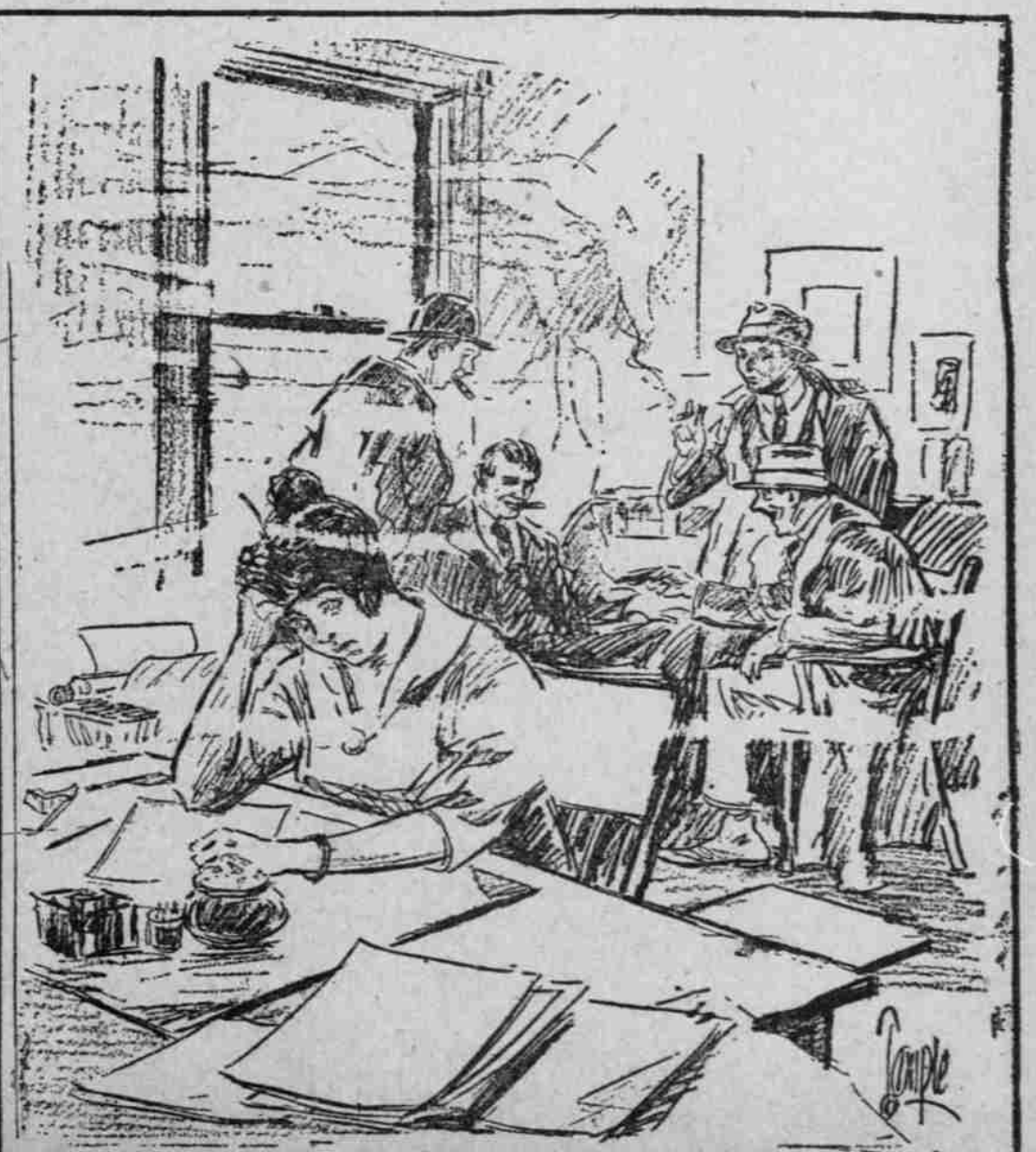
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