

"AS A FINISHER, BIRSKY COLONEL GOTTHEIL AINT EVEN A BASTER," SAYS ZAPP DISCUSSING THE PANAMA CANAL

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"If Instead of Water It's Got Rocks and Sand in It, It Ain't a Canal no Longer; It's Just Vacant Lots," He Adds

"But if Gottheil Was Such a Poor Success in Panama, Why Is It He Turns Down an Offer of \$15,000 a Year to Run the City of Dayton, Ohio?" Asks Birskey

"They Offer Gottheil Money He Should Run a City?" Zapp Inquires Incredulously. "Why, There's Plenty Experienced Fellers Which Would Handle the Proposition on a 50-50 Basis, and Pay the City of Dayton \$15,000 Not Even as an Advance, but as a Bonus"

"WHAT makes a canal is the water in it," said Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer, "and if instead of water it's got rocks and sand in it, Birskey, then it ain't a canal no longer; it's just vacant lots, and even if they would be partly excavated, y'understand, Panama lots is too far from the end of the Bronx subway to have much of a future."

"In a few days they would clear up that land-slip and have the canal open again," Louis Birskey, the real estate dealer, declared.

"That's what they said last summer," Zapp retorted. "Seemingly they think a canal is like the millinery trade—two grand openings a year and the rest of the time business is dead."

"Never mind, Zapp," Birskey said; "they boys done wonders down there. Look at this here Colonel Gorgas, which he made the discovery that from mosquitoes biting a guinea pig comes malaria and yellow fever, and while in former times already the death claims from yellow fever in Panama was worse than the old industrial insurance days, now it's more healthy down there than Rockaway Beach. And how did Gorgas do it?"

"I don't know," Zapp said. "Shot all the guinea pigs, maybe."

"Say, looky here, Zapp; mach kei Meines," Birskey said indignantly. "If it wouldn't be that Gorgas uses them fly screens on the mosquitoes, Zapp, Gottheil would never finish the canal."

"Finish it!" Zapp exclaimed. "If I would finish waists the way Gottheil



"They got big professors to finish the Panama Canal, Birskey, I would got to buy a filing cabinet to keep track of my cancellations. As a finisher, Birskey, Gottheil ain't even a baster."

"It ain't Gottheil's fault the canal ain't finished," Birskey said. "In this here who's this cut they got big professors to come and decide why it is she slides down and fills up the canal. Some says build a wall to hold it. Others says: 'An idea! Don't do nothing of the kind!' Still another one says: 'Listen, Gottheil! Stopped up canals them fellers are trying to fix it! I bet you between them they wouldn't clear the coffee grounds out of a kitchen waste pipe.' And then he tells Gottheil just what the trouble is, and that's the way it goes."

"Sure, that's the way it goes with Government ownership—a lot of talk and nothing done about it," Zapp said. "Now, if it would be anybody like this here C. L. Schwab which owns it, Birskey, he would be on the job at 8 o'clock, y'understand, and before he takes off his coat, even he says: 'Where's Gottheil? Ain't down yet, I suppose. Sits up till all hours of the night with a lot of lowlife professors, y'understand, and expects to hold his job yet!' And then when Gottheil comes in and says, 'Did you want to see me, Mr. Schwab?' the boss an-

swers: 'I don't care if I never see you. What's the matter the canal ain't opened yet? Well, go and open it. What are you standing?' And Gottheil don't even say: 'Could I help it if she slides on me? Expect me to perform miracles for thirty dollars a week!' No, Birskey, he turns right round and goes to work and gets it open quick, Birskey, because when you are working for a private owner, Birskey, you get paid for results and fired for excuses."

"Anybody can speak a criticism, Zapp," Birskey responded, "but if Gottheil was such a poor success in Panama, why is it he turns down an offer of \$15,000 a year to go to work in Dayton, Ohio?"

"Well, some people is funny about leaving New York," Zapp retorted. "I've stood on State street, Chicago, opposite Marshall Field's, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and heard traveling salesmen pass a remark how dead it is after New York, which when them fellers was at home they lived so far up in The Bronx that they got to transfer twice to reach the nearest delicatessen store. And, besides, it depends on what company out in Dayton offers him the job, Birskey. Everybody in Dayton don't do a business like the National Cash Register Company, y'understand. There's a couple

of merchants out there, Birskey, which I figure the first meeting of creditors at the latest, four weeks from the day after Christmas."

"What are you talking nonsense—a concern offer him the job?" Birskey exclaimed. "The people of Dayton, Ohio, offers Gottheil a job he should run the city for them."

"They offer Gottheil money he should run a city?" Zapp inquired. "Why, there's plenty experienced fellers right here in New York who have worked for years by one concern alone on 14th street which would handle the proposition on a 50-50 basis, and instead the people of Dayton pays them for running the city, they would pay the city of Dayton \$15,000, not even as an advance, but as a bonus."

"Sure they would," Birskey agreed, "and that's why the people of Dayton want Gottheil for the job."

"Well, they can have him," Zapp said; "I'm sick of him."

"Sick of him!" Birskey cried. "Is that a way to talk about a big Melamed like Colonel Gottheil? The feller is a great man, Zapp."

"Don't I know it?" Zapp said, "I am just through getting my teeth fixed for \$75 by Doctor Plotnik which he guaranteed absolutely painless dentistry, but not in writing mit a surety

company bond, nor anywhere near it, believe me."

"What's all this got to do with Colonel Gottheil?" Birskey demanded. "It's got just so much to do with it as getting my hair cut once in a while, or paying a doctor \$25 to find out that an operation ain't necessary as yet, Birskey, because in Plotnik's office not only do I got to dread what that murderer will do to me, but I must also anticipate reading that Colonel Gottheil is a great man by a magazine without a back and the dentists thumbmark in butter on the first page; also, in the barber shop Colonel Gottheil is a great man by a Sunday supplement with poetry about him, like he would be a breakfast food or the Lackawanna Railroad, and in the doctor's office it ain't enough that the *Leute* is got to come there three times a week with diabetes oder Magenbeschwerden, but on the table in the waiting room is Gottheil after Gottheil, with covers, without covers, and dating anywhere from January, 1911, to last April at the latest. Yes, Birskey, I don't care if it would be the biggest *tsadek* that ever lived; people would soon get sore at him if they see his picture too often."

"Is that so?" Birskey exclaimed. "Well, so far I ain't met many people that kicks about seeing too often Mr. Harrison's self on a five-dollar bill."

"Sure, I know, but you take them fellers whose pictures is on fifty and hundred dollar bills, and while for all that most of us know what they done, it could have been time in the penitentiary or something, we're only sorry that we see so little of them."

"That's what you think, Zapp."



"The public will say, 'Well, it's about time.'"



"Reading that Colonel Gottheil is a great man by a magazine."

Birskey said. "You are one of them fellers which if you don't know what a feller done to get his picture before the public you are willing to take a chance that it was anyhow larceny in the first degree."

"I am only saying, Birskey!" Zapp protested. "I am willing to take a chance that we elect once in a while a Congressman oder a judge or even a President who done something some time that somebody has got the goods on him for. But we can't do it if we put pictures in the paper only of fellers which no one could say they ever seen 'em playing for as much as two cents a hundred settling 25 cents on the dollar. Believe me, Birskey, if we paid Mr. Taft a hundred thousand dollars a year for being President, there's plenty fellers we could afford to pay two hundred thousand, not including commissions and traveling expenses, so much smarter they are than Mr. Taft; the difference being that if they got their picture in magazines the way Mr. Taft does, by the next mail comes a letter reading: 'Dear Friend Max: I seen your picture in the Friday Evening Post and I am glad to see you are getting on so well, which the same I wish I could say about myself, as I am two weeks behind in my room rent here and am sick and everything. Why not come over to see me?' As ever,

"GOLDIE HOWARD."

"P. S.—I found a couple more of your old letters yesterday. G. H."

"Then the reason why you don't like to see Gottheil's picture is because

he used to was a respectable man and not a loafer!" Birskey asked. "Say," Zapp protested, "he's still a respectable man."

"Then what's the objection?" Birskey asked.

"The objection is that I couldn't get no sympathy with pictures which has under 'em 'Colonel Gottheil, who built the Panama Canal,' or 'Colonel Gottheil, who finished the Panama Canal,' whereas if the picture says, 'Colonel Gottheil, who had an idea that he finished the Panama Canal, when she slides down on him and he's got to do a whole lot more work on the *verfluchte Bobke*, y'understand, then I would got sympathy for the feller, and I would say, 'Never mind, he'll finish it yet—you see if he don't.'"

"And so he will," Birskey declared, "in a few months more."

"Did I say he wouldn't?" Zapp asked. "And when he does, and they put his picture in the paper with 'Colonel Gottheil, who finished the Panama Canal,' under it, the public will say: 'Well, it's about time. I thought that *achmetel* would never get through.'"

"They wouldn't say no such thing, Zapp," Birskey said. "Colonel Gottheil is too popular for that."

"Maybe you're right, Birskey," Zapp concluded, "but if you was in the delicatessen business and run an automobile delivery you would understand that too much popularity is like too much carbon—you can always tell it by the knocks."

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CHRISTMAS MUSIC IN THE CITY CHURCHES TO BE OF HIGH ORDER

Special Programs Arranged for Services Tomorrow, Beginning in Early Morning and to Be Repeated Sunday

CAROLS BEFORE DAWN

Christmas music has been the most enjoyable feature of the annual holiday observances in the churches of Philadelphia for many years. And the programs announced for services to be held tomorrow and Sunday indicate that the lovers of good music are to enjoy an unusual treat this year.

Throughout the city Protestant and Catholic churches will begin the birthday of the Lord with celebrations of song, prayer and thanksgiving. As early as 5 o'clock tomorrow morning, before the first rays of sunshine glitter on the snow, "Billy" Penn's broad-brimmed hat on the City Hall tower, the Quaker City will welcome the greatest holiday of the year with the sweet music of the chimes and the loud ringing of the bells on many scores of churches. For in Philadelphia there are a great number of churches in which daybreak services are always held on Christmas morning.

And from that time until nearly midnight on Sunday hardly an hour will pass during which there will not be some special services in the churches—and, of course, in Philadelphia special services mean exceptionally fine programs of music.

Musical programs have been announced to be given tomorrow at 5 a. m. in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Broad street and Susquehanna avenues; the Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist, 13th and Chestnut streets; the Church of the Gesù and St. Ludvig's and other churches in the central part of the city. At the 11 o'clock Masses in St. John's and Our Lady of Mercy Churches there will also be special music, and in hundreds of Protestant churches there will be preaching services with special music, at 10:30, 10:45 and 11 o'clock a. m.

In the majority of the churches the entertainments, in which the children will take part and at which Christmas carols and songs will be sung, will be held tomorrow evening.

All the regular services of the churches, Sunday schools and young people's organizations on Sunday Christmas music will be given and Christmas hymns will be sung. The programs this year make "peace" songs popular as a result of the death struggle between the nations across the sea.

a special Christmas address at the North Branch Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, December 26, at 1 p. m., on "The Prince of Peace in a World of War."

BIDDLE'S CELEBRATION.

The annual Christmas celebration of the Drexel Biddle Bible classes will take place tomorrow afternoon at the Bible Class House, 1317 Mt. Vernon street. In addition to the social features of the day, a number of classes have distributed baskets of food in their respective neighborhoods.

The ladies' class of Holy Trinity has provided 40 members to be at the Inasmuch Mission during the day to assist in serving the dinner.

RICH BOOTY SAVED BY COP FROM GENTLEMAN BURGLAR

Attempt to Blow Insurance Company's Safe Frustrated

A gentleman burglar, preparing early today to blow up a safe in the office of the John Hancock insurance company, on the southeast corner of 19th street and Montgomery avenue, was frightened away, leaving behind dynamite, tools, a walking-stick and a handkerchief.

Several thousand dollars, the receipts of the day before, were in the safe, untouched. The burglar evidently had just prepared to "crack" the safe when the rattling of a door warned him that Policeman Egan, of the 19th and Oxford streets station, was coming.

The bluecoat, trying doors, found the door of the insurance company open. Entering cautiously, he heard scurrying footsteps. With drawn revolver the policeman searched the office, but found no one. In front of the safe, in a front office, were a steel brace-and-bit, electric wires attached to two nitroglycerin caps, a stick of dynamite, a cane and a handkerchief, whose fine texture causes the police to believe that the burglar was no ordinary "yeggman."

"DOC" STEARN SAYS PEACE LEADER HAS FORDITIS AND THINKS HE'S "IT"

"Instead of Taking a Dove Along They Should Have Taken a Pair of Kilkenny Cats," Says Man Who Was Left Behind

Who's loony now? Dr. Moses Stearn unleashed his broadest smile as he asked the question. "Now you can see," he said as he turned an egg. "Why I didn't go with the peaceable peacemakers." And the doctor chuckled like a cuckoo.

"They scoffed at old Doc Stearn," he added. "Because one of the alleged prominent reformers wired over and told them he was not in their class. Instead of taking a dove along I think the Ford party should have taken along a pair of Kilkenny cats."

A sigh of satisfaction escaped the "Doc" as he peppered the eggs. "Ford is sick," he said. "They say it's Norwegian drip, but I think it's Forditis. Don't you know what Forditis is? I'll tell you. It's a disease of which one of the symptoms is about the peaceable peacemakers. The disease is derived from the word 'it.' In the case in question a man thought he was it, and traveled many thousands of miles to find that he wasn't. Then he decided it would be a good idea to become ill, and his fellow pilgrims went along without him, although he foots the board bill and the transportation. Another symptom of Forditis is to labor under the delusion that the public will believe anything you tell it. For instance, Mr. Ford said something about having certain persons removed from certain trenches December 25. But they're still digging like a lot of McNichol constructors. But

Mr. Ford did get something for his trouble. He gave a Christian institution \$10,000 and they presented a lovely set of resolutions to him on real fool's cap paper."

"The doctor paused to pour out his coffee. 'Do you know,' he said, confidentially, 'any of the business men's associations here would have adopted a set of resolutions much cheaper.'"

"And to think Ford's secretary thought I wasn't good enough to go. Now he's making addresses just like the rest of them. If you notice, they've all been blabbing so much that they've frightened the newspapermen off the ship. McClure and a bunch of them, who have listened to all sorts of stuff, can't stand for these Fordities."

"The doctor buttered a brutal piece of bread with vigor. "And to think," the "Doc" chuckled, "Ford's got one of the most expensive doctors in the world with him—and he's sick. He couldn't have done any worse if he had brought old 'Doc' Stearn along."

"The trouble is they eat heavy meals and then listen all day to heavy thoughts. It's too much even for the sea. But Europe needs Ford. They need some more new institutions and they might as well set the coin out of him as have him springing about the Atlantic helping to feed the sea lions and the goldfish."

"Will you have a cup of coffee?" "No, well, Merry Christmas to you."

his navigation. It was also evident that his vision was clouded, for it appears that he mistook a turkey which was suspended in front of a butcher's shop for a bird of peace and tucked it under his coat by way of being consistent. But the turkey was rather a droopy sort and its long head hung down below the line of Johnson's coat.

Detectives Bob Duff and Bob Dunbar saw Johnson steering unsteadily and also discovered the protruding bird. They convinced the sailor that it would be well to steam into the Trenton avenue and Dauphin street station. He told Judge Dietz that he had read much about peace and happiness and desired to spread sunshine wherever he went. The proprietor of the bird finally arrived and identified it while the sailor was endeavoring to prove how he and the bird had met. In view of his ambitions in regard to peace Judge Dietz thought the prisoner deserved another chance for liberty and he was allowed freedom over the holidays.

Camden Birth Rate Breaks Record Statistics in Camden show that 284 children have been born during the last year in that city. It is said that during the last 10 years the birth rate has increased there out of proportion for cities of its size. General prosperity is given as the cause of the record-breaking number of children born this year.

LID ON SHORE GAYETY SLAMS SHUT GOOD AND HARD AT STROKE OF 12

Christmas Celebrants at Atlantic City Must End Their Festivities Strictly at Midnight Tomorrow

PHILADELPHIANS THERE

ATLANTIC CITY, Dec. 24.—Much as hospitable officials and shore bonifaces, not to mention a great many cafe-keepers, would like to have it otherwise, Atlantic City's record-breaking throng of holiday visitors will have to wind up its Christmas celebration on Christmas Day. In other words, while New York may lawfully make Saturday night last three hours more into Sunday morning, New Jersey's light and fast excise laws have no such flexible characteristics.

Consequently, the lid on cafedom will be applied, it was officially announced today, at 12 o'clock sharp tomorrow night. City officials might be willing to accord at least an hour's grace, when waiters are rushing and minutes are golden. But that would require the consent of the county judge and prosecutor, which is a horse of another color. So, nobody will take chances.

Every one of the big hotels will be a little bit of Manhattan tomorrow night when the lights and music get going. At the Traymore, is Mrs. William E. Corey, formerly Mabel Gilman, singer. Her fur is sable and cost a fortune. With Mrs. Corey is her friend, the Countess de Bille, who is middle-aged and exceedingly well dressed.

For the big crowd, however, the figure of greatest interest here is Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, who arrived last yesterday from Washington with Mrs. Garrison. They will remain at the Marlborough-Blenheim over New Year's Day, and while here the Secretary will endeavor to renew his acquaintance with golf. He has not had a great deal of time for the links lately with the papers so full of war news and Colonel Roosevelt on the warpath.

George Harding, Philadelphia artist, has been here for some time. Mr. and Mrs. William Rice Taylor, of Philadelphia, are making an extended stay at the Marlborough-Blenheim. There also is Mrs. Justice Pierson, Miss Beattie Pierson and Miss Shoemaker, of Germantown.

Ill, Tried to Reach Hospital; Dead William C. Slack, 33 years old, who lived a hermit life in a house along Newton creek, tried to walk to the West Jersey Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, last night while suffering from pneumonia and fell unconscious on Mt. Ephraim avenue, about four blocks from the hospital. He was found and removed to the institution, where he died soon after being admitted.

Noiseless Typewriter Co.
430 CHESTNUT ST.
Bell Phone, Walnut 3881.

ASHMAN, GARBAGEMAN AND THEIR ALLIES IN CITY-WIDE "DRIVE" TODAY

Thinning Pocketbooks Tremble as Army of Men and Women Who Do Your So-Called "Dirty Work" Ask to Be Remembered in Christmas Spirit of Giving

Wallets are getting thinner. Yellow backed notes are succeeded by lonely "ones." Even the small change is looking skimpy.

Yet, despite this, the ashman and the garbage man and the private watchman who (says he) washes your house, and the washwoman and the grocer's boy and the milkman are around today for their annual Christmas raid.

While their pleas appeared humble enough, they confronted housekeepers with a spirit of self-assurance, showing that they regarded the gift as little less than a legal right.

And by way of reminding you of his martyrdom, he of the ash cart pushed this effusion under doors in a West Philadelphia neighborhood before he came around.

Remember now the poor ashman. Who tells all through the year. And give whatever cash you can toward his Christmas cheer.

To make matters worse it was learned that some houses were visited by two or three ashmen. The imposition was practiced by negroes, who called before the

"official" ashman of the district arrived. Was covered with ashes, and he averaged housekeeper, to whom all ashmen look alike, gave him a little cash for Christmas. When the real ashman arrived he was indignant, and it is possible that he will find many broken ash boxes on their sidewalks during the following year.

The garbage man was equally indignant today. He also spread some poetry in advance. He was a little more business-like, however, and had his rhyme type-written on little envelopes. It was as follows:

In sunshine or storm the garbage man works from day to day. So give him now whatever you can for a merry Christmas day.

The letter carrier is being remembered by thousands because he doesn't look in advance. He was a little more business-like, however, and had his rhyme type-written on little envelopes. It was as follows:

The letter carrier is being remembered by thousands because he doesn't look in advance. He was a little more business-like, however, and had his rhyme type-written on little envelopes. It was as follows:

GRIP LOSING ITS HOLD ON VICTIMS IN CITY

Pneumonia Cases Also Show Falling Off—Fewer Patients at the Hospitals

The epidemic of grip and pneumonia which has swept this city is at its height and will soon begin to subside, in the opinion of health authorities who have followed the situation closely.

Only 16 new cases of grip and 5 of pneumonia were received at the hospitals of the city yesterday, and although it is admitted that there were probably many new cases of both diseases which were not brought to the attention of the hospitals or physicians, it is thought the decrease will continue steadily.

The diseases have been especially severe when old persons contracted them. Of 135 deaths recorded yesterday three of the victims were more than 90 years old, it was learned.

Car Barn to Give Way to Homes The old trolley car barn at 4th street and Lancaster avenue has been bought by Martin Maloney, who will build a row of dwelling houses on the site. The price was not disclosed. The property was assessed at \$100,000.

Wonderful Lunches

Len Ard's is such a good place to eat—the service is so prompt and perfect and the food so good and so delicious—that it is already an institution.

BREAKFAST is a revelation to those people who have tried it. CLUB BREAKFASTS, etc.

LUNCHEON offers you the greatest choice of well-prepared dishes and sandwiches.

DINNER is the very best seven-course meal that has ever been offered in Philadelphia at 50c.

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