

# "I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS, BIRSKY, A BIG ARMY TO A COUNTRY IS LIKE INSURANCE TO A MERCHANT," DECLARES BARNETT ZAPP

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by BRIGGS

"No Matter How Much It Cuts Into His Profits, He's Got to Have Enough of It," Zapp Continues Convincingly

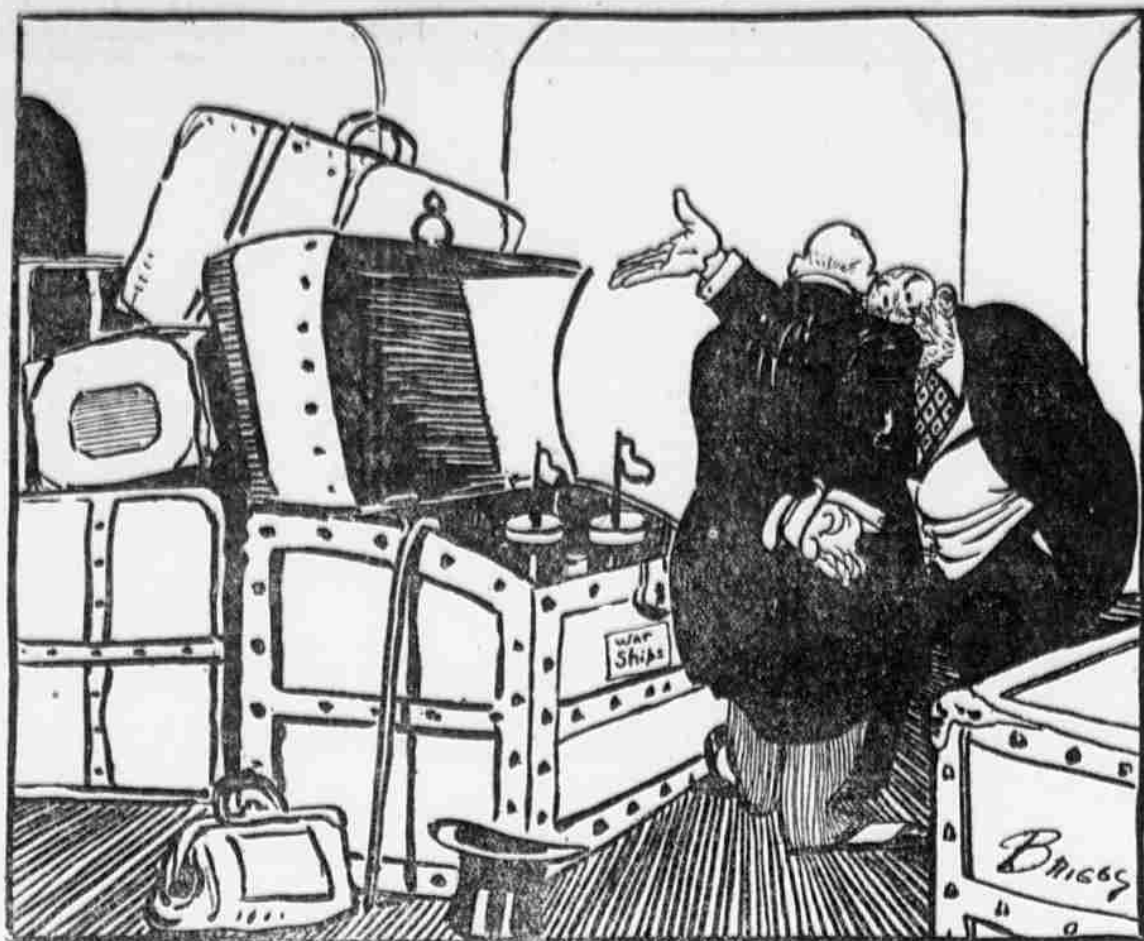
"But You've Got to Keep on Paying Premiums for Years After the Fire," Birsky Replies, "and Then You Ain't Sure You Can Collect on the Policy, Especially When You've Got a Total Loss"

"Take the German Army, for Instance," Birsky Goes On, "And You've Got to Admit That When the Kaiser Carries Such a Lot of Insurance as All That You Couldn't Blame People for Claiming That He Started the Fire Himself"

"THAT'S all right, too," said Barnett Zapp, after he had bitten the corner from a cube of sugar and had inhaled through it a cup of Wasserbauer's excellent coffee, "I seen plenty successful merchants which is got such confidence in their sales force that they ain't hired a new salesman since 1833, y'understand, and the first thing you know, Birsky, along comes a new beginner in the trade with four or five up-to-date young drummers on his staff and card indexes and loose-leaf ledgers and everything, and he cuts away the ground from under the successful merchant's toes and stabs him in the back, understand me, and if it wouldn't be that the used-to-be successful merchant comes around every three, six and nine months to renew his composition notes, some of his oldest friends would be writing his relations to please decide a bet and kindly inform them by return mail in inclosed stamped envelope whether it was diabetes or Bright's disease that carried him off. And with countries it's the same like merchants, Birsky. If they ain't got the salesmen they couldn't do the business, only instead of salesmen they've got to got soldiers."

"What comes over you that you are getting to be such a philosopher all of a sudden?" Louis Birsky, the real estate, asked.

"Nowadays if you got a heart and see what is going on in the old country, Birsky, you've got to be either a philosopher or a crank, because when I am reading in the morning papers



Then he goes around to the Navy Department with his samples

how them hard-working people in Kovno Government oder Galicia gets treated by the generals on both sides my first idea is to ring up the store and have the bookkeeper tell the concerns that I am doing business with that Mr. Zapp has gone out of town for a few days with three million soldiers and three hundred battleships, and be good enough not to bother Mr. Zapp about payment of bills or shipment of orders as he would not get back from the road till he's closed out a big line of seconds and stickers in Czaars, Kaisers, Kings, Sultans, generals and chancellors."

"Listen, Zapp," Birsky counselled. "It don't do a business man no good that people hear him talking such a nonsense."

"Say! I ain't no worse as Mr. Ford that sells all them Fords every year," Zapp said.

"If you sold as many waists as Mr. Ford sells Fords you would get a right to be a crank like Mr. Ford," Birsky retorted.

"Gott soll hutten!" Zapp exclaimed. "I onl said I was going, whereas Mr. Ford goes to work and goes, and he ain't got the three million soldiers, neither."

"Mr. Ford don't believe in having no three million soldiers," Birsky said. "The last thing he says before going on board the ship is that when he gets back, he is going to stop an alligator which is chasing up and down the land talking that we should have a big army and navy."

"Say!" Zapp protested. "What does Mr. Roosevelt care if Mr. Ford says he is an alligator? When Mr. Roosevelt was President of the United States, if some one in Wall street calls him only an alligator, I bet yer he would of considered it a compliment already. And anyhow when it comes right down to saying things, Mr. Bryan goes to the dock to see Ford off, and he says to Ford: 'God bless you,' which if I was going to sail on a steamer and Mr. Bryan says: 'God bless you,' to me, Birsky, I would take out marine, accident, fire and life insurance, and at the last moment decide to stay at home."

"Never mind, Zapp, Mr. Bryan is right. He don't believe in having no three million soldiers, neither. It costs enough to run the country as it is."

"I don't care what it costs, Birsky, a big army to a country is like in-

surance to a merchant. No matter how much it cuts into his profits, he's got to have enough of it."

"Enough is one thing and too much another," Birsky declared. "Take the German army, for instance, and you've got to admit that when the Kaiser carries such a lot of insurance as all that you couldn't blame people for claiming that he started the fire himself. Furthermore, a big army is a funny kind of insurance, Zapp. You've got to keep on paying premiums for years after the fire, and even then you ain't sure that you can collect on the policy, especially when you've got a total loss."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Zapp said. "A big army is such a kind of insurance that if a country carries as much as its competitor, Birsky, it would never have to have a loss at all."

"But Mr. Bryan says—"

"Who cares what Mr. Bryan says?" Zapp interrupted. "Mr. Bryan thinks preparedness ain't necessary because living out in Lincoln, Neb., y'understand, he figures that if Sweden lands an army in South Brooklyn, understand me, they would first try to do business in New York, Philadelphia,

Boston, Atlantic City and Baltimore, after which they would make Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Cleveland, with a stop-over at Saratoga, Rochester, Buffalo and Detroit, and Mr. Bryan argues that all this takes so much time, y'understand, that the United States wouldn't have to raise an army or Mr. Bryan's income tax until the Swedes reach Minneapolis and St. Paul."

"They reached there already," Birsky commented.

"I am talking serious, Birsky," Zapp said, severely. "Which it ain't only the place where a man lives, but also what for a business he is in, which makes him believe in preparedness oder not. Take yourself and Mr. Bryan, for example. Just because you are in the real estate business and he is in the lecture business, you don't neither of you give a cent what becomes of the country. Whereas, if you was both in the warship business like this here Cramps, then that's something else again."

"Listen, Zapp," Birsky interrupted. "Mr. Cramps is welcome to his warship business. I once used to be in the human hair goods business and I know what I am talking about. In 1909 the women is wearing so much false hair that I thought I was making a fortune already. So I went to work and bought everything I could lay my hands on—it didn't make no difference if it was cut off a horse or a converted laundryman, and when I had got my last cent invested word comes from Paris that it is now the fashion for ladies to be pretty near bald already. That's the way it is in



In 1909 the women is wearing so much hair

the warship business. Mr. Cramps makes up what he thinks is an up-to-the-minute line of solid-masted battleships with 13-inch guns and trimmed with armor five feet below the water. Then he goes round to the Navy Department with his samples, and while he is waiting for the buyer to come in, he couldn't help smiling like he is saying to himself: 'Here is where I hand him a regular knockout.' Whereas he is hardly got his trunks open when the buyer says: 'Why, you poor Nebich!' and it seems that overnight already people is now using only lattice-work masts and 16-inch guns, while the armor trimming is got to run clear to the hem, and the consequence is Mr. Cramps has got to close 'em out to a concern like China or Venezuela, which is such slow pay, y'understand, that so long as the terms is easy it don't make no difference to them how the goods is made up."

"Sure, I know," Zapp said, "but if you are going in for preparedness, you've got to have the latest thing in guns and warships."

"Well, that's the trouble," Birsky



and have the bookkeeper tell the concern that Mr. Zapp has gone out of town."

## O'BOLGER RAPS MOVIES AS VULGAR MASS

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gambling, general licentiousness and cheap bravura.

"I think I may say beforehand what the remainder will be: First, exaggerated husks, either wealth raised to the nth power by means of limousines and costly looking people in costly looking clothing and surroundings, or poverty generally depressed to the sorriest nadir, for in the world of moving-picture fortune, all is extremity; moderation means death to the class of story and acting involved. In the second place, there will be left a half rabble of grotesque figures to fill these husks, men and women ill-conceived and ill-portrayed, living a life of frenetic passion, going and coming at all times at a degree of tension that would have Solomon a lunatic and Sandow a wreck within a month.

"The situation, however, is by no means all stygian blackness; not even the moving picture can practice its affairs without learning something about life. It has learned, among other things, that there is a quality of public interest that is not necessarily prurient or dense. It has found that it is possible to interest the populace in stirring events other than those promoted by the whisky bottle, the hypodermic syringe, the cigarette case and the teapot. There is no doubt that the influence of scenes of stirring action, of highly accelerated motion, of pictures of vessels at sea and engines of all kinds in ingenious motion is tonic to the nervous system and to the blood. It is unquestionable that the public sense of the look of the world in strange, little-visited quarters has been mildly educated; but I am afraid that the pedagogic inclines to overrate the beneficial influences of such glimpses of Fathe's weekly world as are granted us.

"Were a 'palace' today to offer an unvaried bill of such pictures to its patrons, I am afraid it would be out of favor by next week. The moving picture by its abuse of the hygienic and far-fetched in action, motive and sentiment has so debauched the popular interest that it wants only screamers and thrillers in the field of the tragic and the pathetic and the grotesque in the field of the comic (which is, indeed, all that it is capable of handling). The public suffers the educative film rather than desire it. The bulk of the interest is of the 'scream' order.

In conclusion the speaker said: "If our schools were rightly equipped with good teachers of eloquence and with physical courses that would make the carriage of the children a beautiful thing instead of the brutal thing of the modern football arena we might then have plays by young people that would bring parents and friends into the presence of better things. With this might be combined a play by ambitious young people of the neighborhood in which good local talent would find a representation, and the community would find interest and education. In this way the best ambitions of the stage might be revived, creative and reproductive talent encouraged, a helpful use made of our school rooms and a healthy counter-influence exerted against the poor service of the moving-picture world. The cost would not be great; the profit in the circumstances, looking at profit in the larger sense of a care what might be done of benefit for us all, would be tremendous.

"Meantime, outsiders like the Society for the Extension of University Teaching are in the saddle. They are trying to produce fever if under crippling conditions something that will exert a wholesome influence."

## ENTIRE CITY PRAYS THAT Y. W. C. A. 'JINX' MAY END

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prayers will be said tonight for the association.

Board members, members of the association and officials and workers of the Interstate Field Committee all agree that there is a mysterious something on which no one can put his fingers, that mars the association spirit. It is a "jinx," to use slang.

"There is a something, a spirit of criticism, that I cannot fathom," said Mrs. Cyrus D. Foss, of Overbrook, one of the vice presidents, and widow of the late Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, who asked if she knew just what has called forth the extensive criticism of the local association.

"I feel it. I cannot find out what it is or where it comes from, but I have been trying hard to discover just what that spirit is. There are other members of the board who feel it, too, and we are anxious to do what we can to make the association of the greatest possible benefit to the girls of the city who need it."

"I do not know just how much of the criticism we merit," she added, "but I do know that since the new president, Mrs. Joseph A. Hudson, took office, there have been many changes in the central building. The place has been cleaned up in truly marvelous manner. The cooking, I know, has improved, because often I eat there myself. Then, too, there is a matron there all night every night, so that no girl will be turned away at night at any hour if she applies for a room unless she is under the influence of liquor; in that case the matron has instructions to call a policeman."

"Yes, things are vastly changed—but we are not through," she added with a smile. "We want everything done for the girls that can be done. We want to live up to the ideals of the true Young Women's Christian Association for the girls of the third largest city in the United States. I really am criticizing myself because I cannot get at the bottom of the trouble, the lack of business management or co-operation, or whatever it is, with which the Young Women's Christian Association is charged. But we are all trying our best, and we hope to solve the difficulty."

Because of this something which no one is able to fathom, the Field Committee, which has control of the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, refuses the Philadelphia Central Y. W. C. A. official recognition, and instead is giving endorsement to the Business Women's Christian Association, of 1104-06 Girard street.

Again, because of this same something and the claim that the board of managers of the Central Y. W. C. A. failed to keep its promise to put aside the old management and put in what is called the "metropolitan system," members of the Finance Committee, who co-operated in the \$50,000 campaign for a new building a few years ago, have refused to hand over the money.

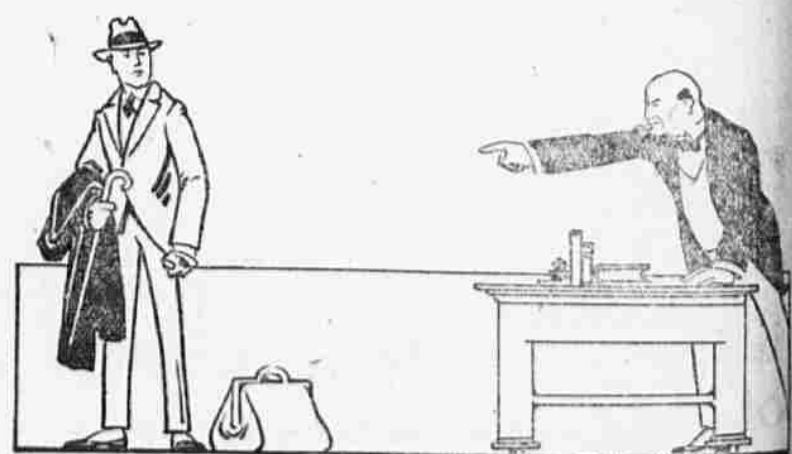
Women of the association declare that they made no such pledge, and that they never intended to install the metropolitan system. The matter is being discussed and on Monday morning matters of importance relative to this will come up. That is why women and girls of the city are offering prayers.

### Leg Cut Off, Dies in Hospital

Joseph Bronstein, 22 years old, of Ellensbeth, N. J., a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, died in the Episcopal Hospital early today after having his leg cut off by a freight car at 34th and Bristol streets. Bronstein was attempting to couple two cars when he slipped.

"Seven years before you were born my father turned me out. He gave me \$500. In the end I brought the name of Wayne back, and today it stands high. \* \* \* Here are \$500. It is the last money you'll ever have from me.

"Whatever happens to you, remember this: Red Hill does not belong to a Lansing nor to a Wayne. It is the eternal mother of us all. Broken or mended, Lansings and Waynes have come back to the Hill through generations. Remember that."



# "Home"

# Evening Ledger