

# "IT'S THE SAME WAY WITH PRESIDENTS AS IT IS WITH SOAP, TOOTH POWDER AND POPULAR PRICE CLOTHING," SAYS ZAPP

**"If the Name Ain't Kept Before the Public the People Don't Ask for It Again," He Continues**

**"Yes, but the President Not Only Has Got One Boss, but He's Got a Hundred Million Bosses," Answers Birsky, the Real Estater, and Every Four Years He Has to Turn to Help Wanted Males**

Zapp and Birsky Enter Into a Hot Discussion Over the Merits of Henry Ford as a Possible Presidential Candidate, and Then Consider the Numerous Trials and Tribulations Which Beset the President of the United States While in Office

"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 estater, 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 afterward 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 traveling 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 a President any more than a *shikkerer* 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 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, Mich.; the First Annual Banquet of the Cyprus (Penna.) Business Men's Association, of Cyprus, Pa.; the wedding of Miss Sadie Goldfish, daughter of Alderman Max Goldfish, of the 89th Aldermanic District, Borough of Bronx, to ex-Assemblyman Charles J. Shein, 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 Manassah at the Armory, Sacramento, Cal., and Memorial Service for the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Eastport, Me."

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

"Zottenly 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 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 up 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 *balabona*," 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



"The people kicks that they got to put up 50 cents to hear him lecture."

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 intends 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 Situations 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, stenography and bookkeeping; 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 15 cents essence of pepsin, 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 milcege books on account he is going to accept invitations to speak at 10 dinners to be given by 10 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 which won a six-day bicycle 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, understand me, he delivers lectures instead. H'afterwards when the people kicks that they got



"Turns first thing to Help Wanted Males."



"He goes round asking everybody they should excuse him."

to put up 50 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 pictures, which I am seeing only last week a fillum by the name, 'The Governor's Daughter,' and if people pays 10 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 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 become 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 10 years ago, a feller at all," Birsky explained, "but race 20 years ago is a household name already."

"You're right, Birsky," Zapp said; "so after all, Birsky, you couldn't 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 Presidents as it is with soap, collars, tooth powders and popular-price clothing: if the name ain't kept before the public, y'understand, the people don't ask for it again."

13,000 going on 14,000 members!!! Are you a Rainbow?

## News and Views of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club

THE WEATHER The sun always shines sometime on Saturdays—Ever notice it?

Spend a Few Moments With Our Young Authors

### Mollie's Lesson

(By Rose Fisher, South 4th street.) Mollie jumped out of bed that morning with a gay heart. She ran to the window, where the sun threw its warm rays, and looked out into the wide, flowered meadow. Butterflies danced everywhere and her little dog barked in the barn. But then the smile left her face and still thoughts flitted in her brain. She must go to school and sit in the hot room and study. No, she would not go, for she felt sick and wondered if she were pale. She ran to the mirror and peeped in, but to her disgust, her cheeks had two blooming roses in them. "But I don't care," she said half aloud, "I am sick, anyway."

### Family Troubles

(By Urban Quirk, Addison street.) Mr. Rooster was contented with all his family, with one exception. This was a small, yellow chick, who instead of being fat like his brothers and sisters, was thin and bony. He seemed very discontented and would never eat what his mother had for him.

One day, when the mother counted over her brood to see if they were all there, she found him missing. She began a search and found his prostrate form lying on the ground beside a small bird, while a severe bite in the neck revealed itself. Immediately she knew why he was not as healthy as his brothers. He had brought his food to this poor little bird.

### Our Pet Column

Here's our mascot! Whistle and see him prick up his ears! Poor dog, he's lonesome—won't you please send pictures of YOUR pets to keep him company? Our mascot's name is "Bunny" Luke and he lives, well, you walk about seven miles from the City Hall and then turn to your right and there you are in Oak Lane, where "Bunny" lives. How do you like his sweater?

### Star Money

(By Millie Zerillo, South 13th st.) Once upon a time there was a poor girl who had a kind heart and her father and mother died. One day this little girl went out, she had a piece of bread, which a kind man had given her. An old man came by and said: "Oh! please, give me that piece of bread? I am hungry."

And the poor little girl gave him

## FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

### GOOD-NIGHT TALKS

Dear Children—I wish we could get more HUMOR into our club. It is a good idea to laugh once in a while—it starts all the telephone bells in our mind ringing and makes the little wires of our bodies—called nerves—tingle with high glee.

Don't try to be funny. Good humor is unconscious—it is never "put on." Most of the funny things in life are those which hurt some one or upset them. When we see a deacon walking slowly to church with a "stove pipe" hat on, and some boys hit the hat with snowballs, it is not funny to the deacon, but very, very funny to those who see it.

Anything to be funny must have a point to it, and the best point is one which the reader sees through and thinks he is very smart to see it.

A little girl once "made up" a conundrum as follows: Why is a dog like a tree and an elephant?

No one could answer, so she said: "A dog and a tree have a bark." "How about the elephant?" the little miss was asked. "I just put that in to make it harder," she replied.

Think of some funny saying of children or some jokes and send them along, but tell us whether you "made them up" or copied them from some book.

Oh, yes! We can always find room for funny pictures. Address FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

### THE RAINBOW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

<small>SHEILA ROSSKAM Widwood Crest, N. J. Who is just half-past seven.</small>	<small>NANCY RYAN North 11th Street Who is chairman of the "Jefferson Rainbows."</small>	<small>MADLEINE CUNEO Salter street. Who has been on the "Honor Roll" four times!</small>	<small>CATHERINE ROSENBERGER Hall at Spring City, Pa. Who is going to work hard for the club.</small>
<small>THOMAS MORGAN WILLIAMS JR. Fifth and Spruce. Who writes a newspaper of his very own every day for his mother.</small>	<small>MAURICE LANG Eas Harbor, N. J. Who would like to exchange "tablets" with some Rainbow boy.</small>	<small>HOWARD FOSTER Hoswood street Who belongs to the "Hoswood branch" of the Rainbow Club.</small>	<small>DAVID STAPLER South 4th street. Who says, "If I see a boy without the Rainbow button I tell him all about the club."</small>

### Can You Draw as Well as Rainbow Artists?

<small>CECIL FRANKLIN WALKER South 21st street.</small>	<small>PETEY. —Apologies to C. A. Vaught. DRAWN BY WILLIAM BLUMENSTEIN South 13th street.</small>
<small>AND THE WORST OF 'EM —Apologies to Wellington. DRAWN BY HARRY AXON Collingswood, N. J.</small>	<small>ARABE BOY DRAWN BY ISADORE FOGEL Dudley street.</small>
	<small>DRAWN BY ANTHONY DI SANTI Carpenter street.</small>

### Honor Roll

The children whose names appear here gave the neatest and best answers to the questions "Do You Know This?" for the week ending January 15:

Elsie Knecht, East Ontario st. George Tanguay, Arch st. Bessie Presswne, Barring st., Camden, N. J. Kitty Stokesberg, North 37th st. Evans Duemler, Sanger st., Crescentville, Pa. Helen Cullaton, North Hutchinson st. Anthony Colantano, Dickinson st. Anna Grass, South 22d st. Lida Pauline, South 12th st. Hannah De Maison, Howell st.

### Do You Know This?

1. What State is an island? (Five credits.)
2. Why is it better to have green grass than blue grass? (Five credits.)
3. What street grows in Fairmount Park? (Five credits.)

### Pin Money

Those who wish to earn money after school and on Saturdays should write a letter to Farmer Smith, Room 418, the EVENING LEDGER.

### Announcement

The one word which spells Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club is SERVICE. If you want work, or need ANYTHING, let us try to help you.

FARMER SMITH  
Children's Editor  
The Evening Ledger