

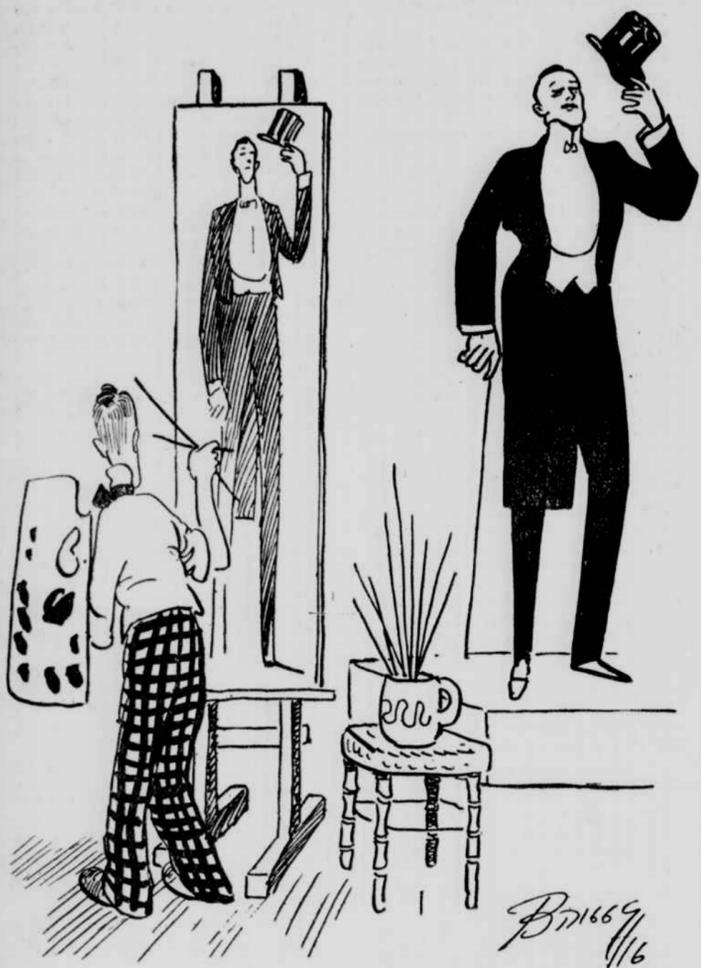
PACKING GOODS IS LIKE PLAYING GOLLEF, BIRSKY

It Exercises Every Part of the Body Except the Head, Says Zapp—Still, if His Competitors Only Devote Time Enough to It, Zapp Is Satisfied—Gollef, However, Is but One of the Things Under Discussion at Wasserbauer's Restaurant.

By MONTAGUE GLASS

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Illustrations by Briggs



"Always drawing pictures from a young man in a full dress suit."

"WHAT are you fooling away your time reading that *Machshovos!*" Louis Birsky the real estater exclaimed as he seated himself opposite Barnett Zapp in Wasserbauer's Restaurant.

"That's what Old Man Zeppelin used to say," Barnett Zapp the waist manufacturer replied as he laid down the current issue of "Sultry Stories." "Every once in a while he would find his youngest son, Pincus Zeppelin, reading a dime novel, and he would catch him a *Potch* on the ear and ask him what would become of him, and that he had a kind father and a good mother and this is the way he repays them, and to look at his brother, Sig, which never read nothing but the papers and now runs one of the biggest *Kolonialwaren*, delicatessen and fine grocery stores in Immenzingen, Wurtemberg, whereas Pincus Zeppelin couldn't forget the time he fooled away over "Ned Harrington, the Boy Aviator," in the "Ned Harrington" series till it affected his mind, Birsky. He becomes crazy on the subject of airships and before he recovers his senses, y'understand, he stands a show to get away with anywheres from ten to twenty million dollars."

"You are talking now from one single for-instance out of hundreds," Birsky objected, "aber the shoe could pinch on the other foot, too, Zapp. If I would read, for example, in a ten-cent magazine that Ned Carruthers's uncle left him \$2,000,000 profits from the Cruller Trust and Ned wouldn't take a cent of the money on account it was tinted from being ground out of the blood of working women which has got to sit and see their husbands die because there isn't so much as a cruller in the house, and that's the way Old Man Carruthers—Steel Trap Carruthers they used to call him on the Cruller Exchange—made his money, y'understand, reading such *Machshovos* couldn't do me no harm, Zapp. It wouldn't make me turn down any \$2,000,000 legacy from my uncle, even though as a reward I might stand a show to marry a girl with \$5,000,000 the way Ned Carruthers did in the story, because in the first place, Zapp, such things only happen in stories, and in the second place, supposing I had an uncle, the chances is that up to the day of my death he would be *schnorring* from me ten dollars a

week to keep him out of a Home for the Aged, y'understand, and that at my funeral he would go round telling how for years he begged me I shouldn't make a god out of my stomach, while I let my own mother's brother practically starve. So you see, Zapp, reading such a story ain't going to make me lose nothing but my time and ten cents for the magazine, Zapp, *aber* you take here the other day a lady which lives over in Brooklyn and rents for a few dollars a week a furnished room, y'understand, and the poor woman actually *has* got an uncle die on her and leave her \$200,000, Zapp."

"*Nebich!*" Zapp exclaimed. "It must of upset her something terrible."

"Ordinarily it wouldn't," Birsky agreed. "The chances is she would of got just as much plasure out of such a thing as you and me, Zapp, if it wasn't that she read this here Steel Trap Carruthers story, Zapp, and what does she do, Zapp, she turns around and goes to work and refuses to take the \$200,000, on account it is tinted. It seems, Zapp, her uncle was in the second mortgage business and could be persuaded to once in a while accept a bonus over six per cent per annum, and also occasionally foreclosed for non-payment of principal the same like other dealers in second mortgages in and out of magazine stories, the only difference being that in stories, Zapp, all property under foreclosure is owned by widders with small children, while in real life nine times out of ten the defendant is for example the Klotzpick Construction Company; Harris Klotz, president; Jacob Pick, vice-president and treasurer, and if they decide to let the foreclosure suit go to a sale, all them two fellers is got left in the world is a million dollars' worth of improved property around Riverside Drive and 86th Street. But this here lady in Brooklyn refused to take the money, Zapp, because she read the magazines so long that she didn't believe in real life no more."

"Neither does a whole lot of other people," Zapp declared, "editors of papers for example. Every New York newspaper editor has got an idea that anyhow fifteen per cent of the *Leute* which lives in New York, or 600,000 people, takes such a big interest in gollef, y'understand, that it's necessary to get once a week a funny gollef picture done by the newspaper's cartoonist. Now as such a cartoonist is paid a salary equivalence to the President of the United States, supposing Mr. Wilson on the rights to reproduce in moving pictures as comics, the carryings-on of the Senate and House of Representatives, y'understand, take one-seventh of such a cartoonist's salary, Birsky, and

it makes gollef a very expensive game for a newspaper, even supposing it was as popular as the editor *nebich* thinks it is. However, Birsky, if you was an editor and was able to read all the magazines free, you wouldn't act no differently, because it don't make no difference if a *Schriftsteller* is writing a love story, a business story, a detective story *oder* a sea story, he thinks he must got to ring in something about gollef, the idea being to make the rest of the story sound more refined and give people the impression that although writing under an alias he is really *Mish-pocha* to the Asters and Vanderbilts."

"What is there so *bekovet* about playing gollef?" Birsky asked.

"Well, for one thing, it's taking exercise," Zapp continued, "which taking exercise is considered such a *Mitzvah* nowadays, Birsky, that when some fellers tell you about the exercise they are taking, y'understand, they act like they would be admitting that they just give a hundred thousand dollars to the Belgium Relief Fund."

"If taking exercise is such a wonderful thing," Birsky said, "a shipping clerk must be a big *Tzadek* already."

"He is just such a *Tzadek* as a gollef player is anyhow," Zapp said, "because packing and shipping goods is a great deal like playing gollef, Birsky. It exercises every part of the body except the head—the only difference being that

sense enough to make a hundred million dollars in platinum like Senator Carruthers—Steel Trap Carruthers, they used to call him on the Platinum Exchange—it stood to reason that he wouldn't stand for his associates shooting down strikers and their wives and children in cold blood, Birsky. The magazine owner also says to the author that he should ought to be ashamed to write a story where an American mine owner paid foreign mine workers such a miserable wages, y'understand, and that for writing such an exaggerated and untrue story he couldn't give the author the regular amount for the story, but paid him \$35 for it, which the author figured was at the rate of 6c. an hour for his work. Later the magazine owner got to like the story better, so naturally when them Colorado mining people reads on the front page of the magazine that "The Guilty Dollar" is a marvellous, gripping, genius-inspired story of the Iowa Platinum Mines, y'understand, and is a masterly and accurate study of the problem of mining capital and labor, *verstehst du mich*, they want to find out what it is about. First the Acting General Manager reads it and says to the Second Assistant Vice President what some people wouldn't do for money! And to make a note in the story they used machine guns on the strikers. When the Second Assistant Vice President got through with it, he

rado with the foreign mine laborers in the story."

"*Aber* don't people get no good ideas out of magazine stories?" Birsky asked.

"Well," Zapp said, "I myself got a couple designs for waists from magazine covers and I figured I made five per cent of the regular cost of the garment or the goods I didn't use in the neck and sleeves."

"You could of made more than that if you would be as *sparsam mit* dress goods as the artists that draws some magazine pictures," Birsky said. "If a lady would select the kind and amount of clothes that some magazine artists thinks plenty sufficient for their pictures, and if she would wear such clothes on Fifth Avenue, Zapp, before the patrol wagon arrives, she would attract a crowd of twenty thousand people."

"But there wouldn't be no magazine readers among them," Zapp retorted. "The magazines has given people very liberal ideas in the matter of dress and etiquette, Birsky. Yes, Birsky, a lot of people has changed their way of living from reading magazine stories. Some of 'em moves into other neighborhoods on account of it. Take for instance Sam Zarodnik, of Zarodnik & Karpas, in the fur business and Sam tells me he is going to move from 8th Street to 26th Street."

"It's funny how people changes," Birsky said. "Ten years ago when Za-



"Spectacles ain't a matter of eyesight no more."

the scene is laid in a studio close to Washington Square, and what nearly happens in them studios, according to the stories, Birsky, has created such a demand for studios close to Washington Square that all the furriers and cheap clothing contractors has got to move away from there; and the old run-down houses they used to occupy is being made over into studios and filled with magazine readers at rentals which a furrier or a clothing contractor would consider high for a sprinkled fireproof loft with two elevators and light on three sides."

"*Aber* what does all the people want studios for?" Birsky asked. "They ain't artists, are they?"

"Listen, Birsky," Zapp said. "If all the people which rented studios in New York was artists, y'understand, the competition in the picture painting business would make the cloak and suit business look like it was run by a virtuous monopoly. As a real estater you should know it, that from reading magazine stories a lot of people has come to consider as a studio any cold water flat above the third floor without elevator service and within ten block of Washington Square, and in changing over such flats into studios, Birsky, the only decorating that the landlord must do is to raise the rent from \$20 a month up to \$60 a month, payable strictly in advance."

"Well," Birsky commented, "it's time somebody done something for the real estate business in New York."

Zapp disregarded the interruption.

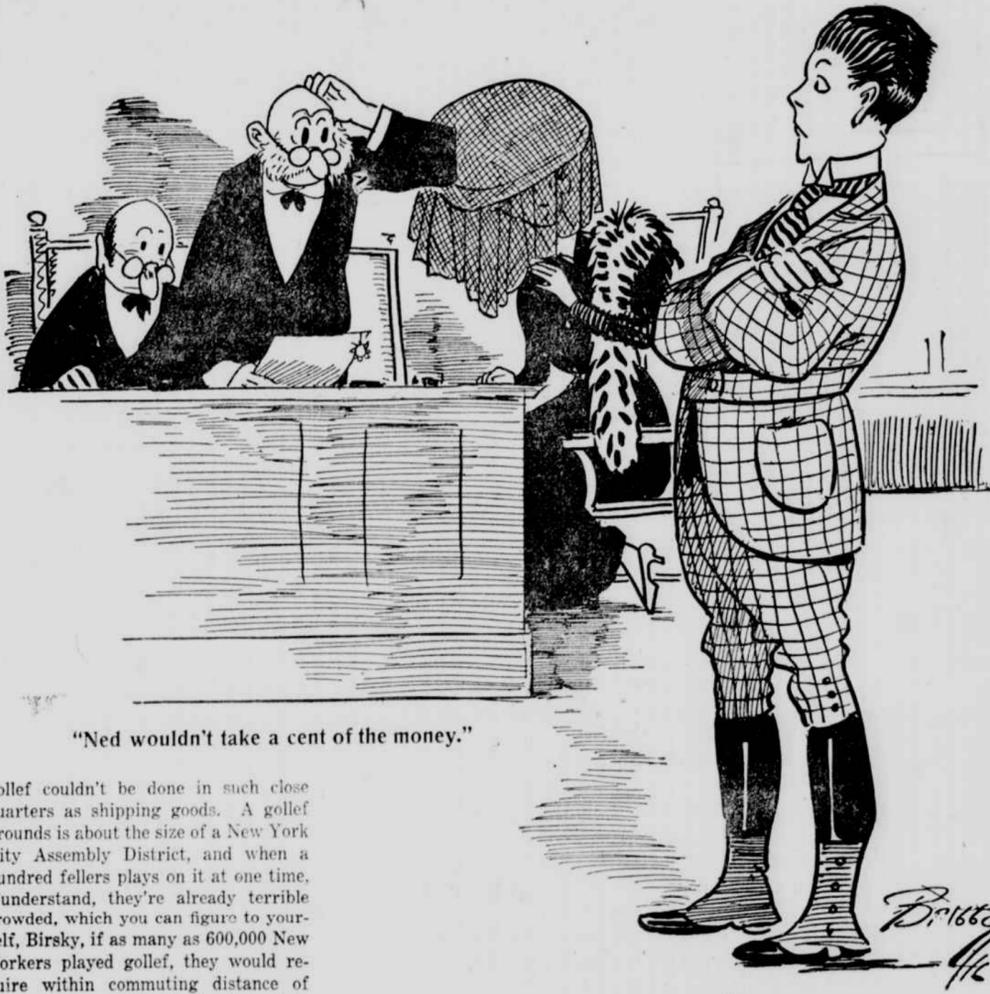
"Another idee people gets from magazine fiction," he continued, "is that spectacles ain't a matter of eyesight no more, Birsky. They come under the head of clothing, and a young feller that reads the stories in an up-to-date magazine would consider himself practically naked if he was seen on the streets without his rubber tired spectacles. Then again in former times a young feller was lucky if he had three suits of clothes, y'understand,—his working clothes, his best clothes and a suit of clothes he kept to go fishing in, supposing he ever did go fishing,—*aber* nowadays not alone does young fellers like to act in real life like the young fellers in magazine stories, but they also want to look like the illustrations. An up-to-date young feller has got a different suit of clothes for every purpose mentioned in a magazine story, even if he has to go without lunches to do it. Yes, Birsky, the magazine artists which is always drawing pictures from a young man in a full dress suit, a cutaway or a tuxedo leaning over a grand piano while a lady is playing her hardest to keep the blood circulating so she wouldn't freeze from the waist up, y'understand, such a magazine artist is doing more to make young men who are good dressers raise checks, *gawner* the petty cash and practise double-double entry than all the pool-rooms, racetracks, poker games and roulette wheels in America."

"Then, after all, Zapp," Birsky said, "magazine stories has a bad influence."

"Not on the dress suit, tuxedo and cutaway business," Zapp replied, "nor on the rubber tired spectacle business neither."

"And how about gollef?" Birsky asked.

"I got no kick about gollef, Birsky," Zapp concluded. "If my competitors only devote enough time to it, Birsky, I am satisfied."



"Ned wouldn't take a cent of the money."

gollef couldn't be done in such close quarters as shipping goods. A gollef grounds is about the size of a New York City Assembly District, and when a hundred fellers plays on it at one time, y'understand, they're already terrible crowded, which you can figure to yourself, Birsky, if as many as 600,000 New Yorkers played gollef, they would require within commuting distance of Times Square a piece of land equal to Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and the Northern Tier counties of Pennsylvania."

"And yet you say people gets good ideas out of magazine stories," Birsky commented.

"I said they get ideas," Zapp admitted, "but not always GOOD ideas. For instance, when them mining people run off that strike there in Colorado, they got their ideas from a serial story by the name 'The Guilty Dollar,' which at the time he bought it the magazine editor said was terribly exaggerated, because in this day and generation, y'understand, when a millionaire has got

said that a feller who could imagine such a rotten state of affairs in any big industrial community was a tiger in human form and made a memorandum of the bull-ring idee, the shutting off of supplies to the strikers, including milk for their babies, and one or two other pointers about strikes, and then he passed it on to the Head Actuary and says to him that no wonder people hated the trusts when such lies were allowed to be printed about them, and that he should look over the story and report tomorrow morning at the latest what could be done to equalize the wages of the foreign mine laborers out in Colo-

rodnik & Karpas signed checks, Karpas wrote the Zarodnik and the Karpas, and it was as much as Sam could do to write the 'and.' Yet nowadays that feller is reading magazines yet."

"What are you talking nonsense—Sam Zarodnik reading magazines?" Zapp exclaimed. "Sam couldn't even read electric signs in words of one syllable, like 'Lunch' and 'Cafe.' I said he was moving away from 8th Street on account of other people reading magazine stories, Birsky, which if you read anything from magazines, Birsky, you would know it that every magazine has got in it at least two stories where