Fe Editor Oregonian, who got a 60-horse sense, racing runsbout brain what can go at very speed rate, but must slow up sometimes when Ladies & Childrens wish take pleasure-drive and see scenery. Hon. Mr .-

TTOMOBILES is like babies. When you got one in the house it are hard to talk about something else. Naybors might drop around for slight conversations about Tariff & other scandals: but you merely set around with absent-mind expression awaiting for chanst to mention something. Of finally Hon. Naybor find he must be polite or go, so ne ask to know, "How are Dearie behaving itself today?" Immediate brite expression for your face. "Thank you, Dearie are quite well," you blow out, "with excepting of slight knocking in engine & bursted cylander which will soon get fixed and it can still pass every person on the road, but can't do today because of 4 punctuated tires-" And if Hon. Naybor are a true friend he will observe that you are beginning to enjoy his visit.

I got a very motoring mind today because I just rode in one.

You are requested to imagine my surprise.

This A. M. while standing by curb with toothpick, American custom, suddenly Hon. Death riding on wheels and decorated with red paint come boofing round corner snoring loud wads of smoke and low! I was collided from behind by a blow which caused my footprints to seek such altitudes that I arrived down on my brain.

If you was ever overtook by a Ottomobile you will understand them simptoms I mention.

Silence followed for me & cease-to-think. Soonly I arrive sensible again; but I did not durst ope my eyes because I might be dead & regret it.

"Do you enjoy great injury?" require a Voice at my ear in Japanese. "Where am I located?" are first question for me, because it

are correct to say that when coming to.

"You are safe in my ottomobile," say same Voice in calmly manner.

"Are anybody safe in a ottomobile?" are next question I take. Blushing silence from that Hon. Voice. I peek slightly through my eyes, & beholt! I are in front seat of a hui red tourcar of angry appearance, & next by me set G. Washida Nishi, Japanese coachman for ottomobiles. I am very much pride to be there. I forget my wounds for enjoyment. There I were looking quite natural & setting in chumbly companionship with a actual Chaffer to include gogged spectacles and a beast-skin overcoat of enormous plumage! This must be too much pride for poor Japanese Schoolboy.

Thus are hummbel persons, oft by axident, tossed in company of richness & high quality.

With fierce expressions of General Prince Oyama this Hon. Nishi clasp pilot-wheel with elbow, press clicker with thumb & kick 3 golden handles with foot. Rores from Hon. Machinery. Deep breathing by Hon. Ottomobile, and of suddenly-we are

LETTERS OF A JAPANEJE

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN) COASTING BY GAS POWER

sorted emotions.

"Chaffers is not required to answer fooly questions unless they feel so," are snib from Hon. Nishi while ottomobile make carelus curve around corner.

By this time we are 2 miles away & I do not care. Thick dust-winds. Hon. Nishi keep firm eye forward & chew gum with goggles. We are now in rural suburbs. I can tell this by green streaks which go booling past. Occasionally we break through villages. I suspect they are there by American curses from indistinct inhabitants.

"Have we arrived to Chicago yet?" I ask for nervus teeth. I motter. "I should like to know when we do, because I got a cousin there

in the tobacco business." Harsh smiles from Nishi.

'We are still approximately in San Francisco," he spark up. "At such slow rate we are going we should never reach nowhere." "Are we not progressing some?" I ask with clutches to seat.

"Merely 40 miles per hourly," he absorb. "Should we meet a straightway stretch of road we might be able to singe-up to

slight speed.' (I make a Shinto prayer for continuation of wiggly roads.) Pretty soonly Hon. Nishi show signs of kindness.

"So-ha!" he say, "Straight befront of us are 1-mile stretched with straight speedway. Now we shall get some joy from this

Pushes by gasolene-Whoof!! already my derby hat & spectacles is blown out. With one hand I clutch-on to my hair, so that this also will not depart by wind. With other hand I make crabpinch to seat & permit my intellect to vanish. Cannon-ball feelings of entire digestion. I close my eves because I can see better that way. In 40-second by clock-time that mile of smooth-way road have been entirely removed, and I was glad to see it gone. The Car are then gradually appeased by Nishi who command

it to stop near road-side saloon.

'We was going to some extent," he announce for information. "I suspected maybe-so it was," are deep sob from me.

"Let us enter this saloon for slight whisky-ceremony," say Nishi. I do so, thank you, because my soul require some medicine to smooth it down.

I set to table by Hon. Nishi & whisky-drunk are obtained from waiter. I admire to see this great Gas Driver throw 25c carelusly away for this refreshments & 5c extra for Hon. Waiter to tip himself with. Formerly I have admired Hon. Napoleon, but I have no room to do so now, thank you, because Hon. Nishi are so much grander.

"Exalted Mr. Sir," I blow out when Hon. Whisky have ceased hurting my voice, "please to tell me 25 or 30 historickal facts about vourself."

D. Stran

"Five years ago from date," commence Nishi with stiff-brow

"Hon. Mr. Sir, where are we intending to go?" I quizz with air of a hero, "I was a poor Japanese Schoolboy like you are

"I am discouraged already," I reverse. "What you did to give

you such sudden riz to be famous?" "I firstly work in livery stable of Baron Motomatsu, samurai & sugar merchant. Here I begin life by being poor & lazy. By ernest effort in this direction I gain confidence of my employer & was promoted up from time to time until, of finally, I get complete control of his tour-car and have been there every since, loved & respected by all who know me."

"There are a great moral lesson to be cleaned up from this,"

Patient expression from G. W. Nishi. "Lesson are: Begin life by being poor & lazy and you will

have great distance to rize up," I say for wise remark. "High jobs of great success is nice, but they is oftenly squashed down by considerable responsibility," gear-up G. W. for crumpled forehead.

"What must persons learn-do to make a complete Chaffer?" are queery .I ask-it.

"A complete Chaffer must know slightly something about the inside stummick of a ottomobile so he can talk the language. When broke-down occur Hon. Boss require, 'What are cause-it?' Hon. Chaffer must open cover-lid of enginery & coyly peek inside. 'Oil-cups is dripping into feed-box-new ones would cost \$16.' he might say, or something else inteligent. When Hon. Car travel with morbid noise like a bagpipe, then Hon. Boss might require, 'What makes the machinery lament so?' So Hon. Chaffer must again got out & look worried into interior digestion of Hon. Car. Of finally he must say with voice, 'Speed-gears has all come loose & got bound around inner tubes. This will cost \$40 for a new one.' Pretty soonly Hon. Boss will cease enquiring questions, because it always cost him some more money."

"All animals comes in different breeds." I negotiate to Hon. Nishi. "This are especially true of dogs. Do ottomobiles also come in sorted kinds?"

"Something slightly," kindly explan this noted man. "Ottomobiles arrives in elaborate varieties and very wise persons can tell them apart by looking at them."

I stand gast with otter beswitchment at such wisedom. "Tell me ear-marks of a few brands," I pleed. So Nishi give

me following statestick about 6 brands of ottomobiles. 1-The Mercy D. are a German-speaking motor of kind disposi-

tion. It look very expensive when in motion & filled with Vanderbuilts. 2-The White Steamboat are a American-raised car with a large

bird-cage in front. 3. The Hard-Pan are a French speaking car with a sloping roof

on the front porch.

4-The Reno are likewise French, but it got a kind face like a

porpoise with brass teeth. 5-The Locomubble go very fast when pursued & are a fine tree-

6-The Placard have a stealthy disposition and yellow legs.

SCHOOLBOY

Hon. Nishi would gladly told me more about the habits & home-life of ottomobiles; but I were nervus to go away because Hon. Waiter kept cluttering around with expression of wishful hope that I would buy something. So soonly we was off in roadway again pushing away miles in confusion of dust & honks. When we approach to Market Street, Hon. Nishi persuade the

Otto to go more gingerish.

"Are it true you are completely void of any variety of fear?" ask-it with what breath I can use up.

"Completely so," he relapse with modesty. "To be a Chaffer a person must be accustomed to look death in the teeth; so what could he fear from mere human mans?"

I were admiring this fearless super-Gentleman who was not scart of nothing when-of suddenly! by street-corner one Hon. Police make hop-out with bounds.

"Stop-it your Car!" he dib.

(Obedient stops by Hon. Nishl.)

"How many times I told you about carelus manner you twist the handle-crank of Hon. Machine to danger life & lim of passengers on sidewalk? I warn you oncely again & no more, impudent Japanese puppy-cat of a Chaffer! Will you obey or go jail?"

"I will obey, please!" revoke my Hero with stotter of voice, which is sure simptom of timid frite.

So slowly Nishi continue on with chaste & pius ottomobile. He let me sadly off befront of Patriots of Japan Boarding & Lodging; and when I alighted down it were a society scandal among Japanese naybors. Running back & forthly; throw-open of windows; and nearly a riot everywheres.

I were such a celebrated person & manicure of every eye, so was oblige to tip Hon. Nishi 10c & dismiss him with proud expression. Honks from him. When I intend to go to my room I were escorted by 25 Japanese friends to include Uncle Nishi with kimono & derby hat. I escape to my bedstead & lock away their questions which is less intelligent.

Pretty soonly little Annie Anazuma make tap-tap to my door. permit her enter because she are childish & require education. "How do it feel to ride in a ottomobile, Uncle Togo?" she

ask-it. "Childly Japanese," I renig, "if you wish to have the sensations you ask you must put your head in a flour sack & jump off a high building."

"I should not care try such a jump," say Annie, "because I are not used to it."

"Never try it for first time," I exasperate. "Because who knows when it might become a habit?"

So I go-sleep quite weary.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO. (Copyright by P. F. Collier & Son.)

SOLDIER OF THREE WARS AND SENATOR FROM THREE STATES JAMES ()HIELI Caroll !

Valhalia of the great Republic, you will find a memorial to James Shields. Many of those who stop before the bit of stone never heard of Shields, or, if they have heard, remember him; yet in all history there are few men who were the peers of Shleids in gallantry, in valorous endeavor or in remarkable experiences. He was a lith century character in a 19th century setting, who played well his part from the day when, a lad of 15, he crossed the hills of Tyrone to fight a duel with one of Wellington's veterans, until, war-worn, battle-scarred, broken in body, poor in purse, but rich in honors and occupying the highest office the land of his adoption could give him, the curtain fell and his wenderful career closed. Shields was born in Alimore, Ireland. there are few men who were the peers delds was born in Alimore, Ireland May 6, 1806. It was a time of strife and struggle. All Europe was in the threes of war. Mighty battles were being fought, empires were crumbling, thrones were empires were crumbing, thrones were tottering and the whole world seemed to he in convulsion. To the homes of the Shields family came soldiers who had fought on the Continent or in the peninsula under the Iron Duke, or in Italy, in sula under the Iron Duke, or in Italy, in Prussia, in Russia or on the Danube under the great Corsican. By the fireside at night the warriors talked of sieges and acriles, of deeds of daring and devotion, of campaigns and armies, of the Little Corporal who dazzled the world with his military genius, and of the man who crushed him on the field of Waterloo. The boy who listened to these tales was singularly impressionable and emotional. Before he could read or write he played Before he could read or write he played the soldier. He drilled his little play-pates, built forts, charged the enemy's intreachments and fought as only a boy. spurred by the enthusiasm of youth, can fight. Whatever he got in the way of military preparation he obtained in those days. Great soldier certainly he proved himself. Great commander he certainly was not. He could handle a brigade, but not a division. Perhaps that was due to the fact that the veterans who watched the boys in battle and taught them what little they knew of tactics were soldiers of that old school that embraced in its curriculum much of the pageantry and heroics of war with little of the scien

The Lincoln "Duel."

Ireland offered little to a youth who craved adventure and whose dreams were of the great world of achievement. Amer-ica seemed to the boy the land of promiso and when he was 16 he sailed away had been in the War of the Revolution and in the War of ISIL but when the youth reached America the uncle was Business had little attraction for Shields, so he turned to the sea for a livelihood. The vossel on which he shipped furnished more of excitement than he bargained for. It was wrecked on the arolina coast, and when it struck, Mields, who was in the rigging, was brown to the deck and had both legs

coln never referred to it except with had his bones mended than he had this first chance in actual warfare, then distinct the next they could of the rouble and an expedition was organized work, so he cought to support himself by locturing. Around the country head for the city, there he was guitty of an act of folly which, however, much it merited military centered he most they could of the sure, served only to add to his popularly served with distinction, received two his free came one night an English boot and splitt, he was unfitted for any over members of the state to succeed State Andre of the state to succeed State Andre of the state to succeed the sure of the state to succeed the state of the state to succeed state and he was in the city with his mother received now his was then the city with his mother before the General can he was in the city with his mother the state of the state to succeed state and he was in the city with his mother of the state to succeed disappears the state of the stat Hardly had his bones mended than he had his first chance in actual warfare. The Indians in Florida were making trouble and an expedition was organized

SIZE OF THE BALL THAT PIERCED SHIELDS' BODY AT CERRO GORDO

counter with Lincoln. It was a time of bitter partisanship. Shields and Lincoln were members of opposing parties. Scott at Vera Cruz and took a leading part in that marvelous campaign which elife were spared. Out of some happening in the State Auditor's office, a controversy arose that stirred the passions of many men.

Shields was lampooned unmercifully in a series of articles that appeared in one of the Whig newspapers, and that was leading a charge of one of the one of the Whig newspapers, and that was a Cerro Gardo that struck him in the right breast. The bullet, which was 1 1-3 inches in diameter. When General Scott heard was furious. He threatened country rang with particular to the city where Santa Ana's army lay intrenched. Shields and his 400 went late at night, led by of Winchester and defeated Stonewall Jackson. It was the first and only defeat the great soldier of the Confedence of the public than did Shields became a National figure. He was a series of articles that appeared in one of the Whig newspapers, and that were known as the "Rebecca of the Lost Township letters." Shields was

Lost Township letters." Shields was rather vain regarding his good looks. He was five foot nine, distinguished looking, something of a dandy and extremely sensitive to criticism. The Rehecca letters were cleverly satirical and drove Shields to frenzy. He demanded the name of the author from the editor, and when Lincoln assumed the recognition. the responsibility Shields challenged him to a duel. The challenge was ac-cepted, and swords were selected as

From one of Wellington's captains.

Shields took lessons in swordsmanship, and so adopt did he prove himself that he became one of the best swordsmen of been different chapters in history from been different chapters in history from those that have been chronicled of the Nation, but the seconds were men of sense, and when they learned that Lincoln had written only one of the letters and that most of the others were penned by Mary Todd, with whom Lincoln was in love and who later became his wife, they decided that the affair did not warrant a hostile meeting. Lincoln was prevailed upon to write such a letter as would permit Shields to withdraw his challenge, and he did so. "Your conduct toward me," Lincoln wrote, "so far as I know, has always been gentlemanly. I had no personal

been genuesianly. I sad be personal grudge against you and no cause for any. I had no intention of injuring your personal or private character or offending you as a man or a gentle-The whole affair was ridiculous. Lin-

coln never referred to it except with chagrin. He acted throughout in a most manly spirit, but his political ene-mies made the most they could of the

eter—as big as the marbles with which boys play in Summer days—passed into the right lung, and, going through the body, came cut of his back alongside In 999 cases out of 1000 at

grievous wound would result fatally, but, as Shields lay on the ground, bid-ding farewell to his companions, a French surgeon, who had been serving in the Mexican army and had been taken prisoner, begged permission to examine the wound. Calling for a ramrod and a silk handkerchief, he bound the handkerchief about the ramred and forced the handkerchief through the General's body. Then he pulled the handkerchief through the wound until handkerchief through the wound until
he had cleared away all the coagulated
blood. Then he dressed the wound as
well as he could. In 75 days Shields
was in the saddle again and had resumed command of his brigade. At the
battle of Contreras, where he was in
charge of the right wing of the army,
he was shot in the arm. This was 15
days after he had returned to duty.
The wound was slight and did not interfere with him talking part in the terfere with him talking part in the battle of Cherubusco, and he was one of the first to climb the heights of Chapultepec and drive the Mexicans into the City of Mexico.

When Scott Rebuked Him

After Chapultepec he had charge of the force at the Belem gate in the investment of the city. Here he was guilty of an act of folly which, how-

CHAPULTEPEC

occurred, he was furious. He threatened Shields with court-martial, rebuked him publicly and probably would have relieved him of command had not more Important matters claimed his atten-tion within a few hours. The mere im-portant matters had to do with the crowning triumph of the war—the capture of the capital. Here, again, Shields offended. General Scott planned to give to General Quitman the honor of being the first to enter the city and raise the American flag, but Shields, impatient of delay, rushed the Belem gate and raised the Stars and Stripes in advance of the General's program

A victorious people are forgiving of a brave, impetuous man, and when Shields returned to the United States he was greeted as one of the great heroes of the war. What did a few infractions of the military order signify? Illinois, eager to do him honor, elected him a member of the United States Senate, and in 1848 he went to Washington to take his seat. His col-league was Douglas. In the Senate at that time were Webster, Clay, Cal-

houn and other great statesmen.
It is not of record that Shields won renown in that august body, but some of the speeches he made show a homely wisdom and a grasp of the leading questions of the day that are highly creditable to his intellectual capacity. When his term as Senator closed,

public eye, and the country rang with his name. In fact, it is said that Secretary of War Stanton seriously considered placing him in command of the Army of the Potomac and visited him at his headquarters with that end in view. The Army of the Potomac was in dire need of a vigorous general at that time. But if Stanton or the President had any such idea they soon abandoned it, for in the battle of Port Republic, where Shields was desperately wounded by the bursting of a shell, and where he planned and fully exand where he planned and fully ex-pected to annihilate Jackson's forces, the Confederates won a decisive vic-tory, so decisive that Shields, mortified that his account of how the defeat resulted—not from his being wounded in the action, but from the failure of one of his subordinates to obey orders— was not accepted, resigned in dis-

He sought retirement in California, but the wanderlust had possession of him, and he drifted East again. In Missouri he took up his home and served one term in the Legislature of that state. In 1875 he was elected Representative in Congress, but the election was contested and the Republican majority ousted him. And now there came the drab, the bitter, the sorrowful days of this man's life.

Never much of a business man, never provident, crippled by his many wounds.

provident, crippled by his many wounds, old and failing, and suffering much in body and spirit, he was unfitted for any real work, so he sought to support him

GIN. a HIELDO after the lecture a guard of honor from I clared that it needed no epitaph. The the Irish Brigade attended him, and the leading men of New York and Brooklyn gathered round him on the stage. And while men applicated him wildly few knew of his poverty and his needs.

(Copyright, 1909, by Richard Spillane.) while men applauded him wildly few know of his poverty and his needs.

the strain of traveling, unable to earn a living in private life, he went before the Congress of the United States and sought the position of doorkeeper. The House was Democratic, and Shields, twice a United States Senator, hero of three wars, scarred with 12 wounds, had little longer

General Benjamin F. Butler placed him in nomination. He told of the Gen-eral's poverty, of his wounds, of his struggles, of the pathetic last phase of a career without parallel in American history. But Congress was swayed by politics, not pathos. Shields was re-However bitter the old soldier's feel-

ings may have been when he hobbled away from the Capitol; however dark

away from the Capitol; however dark the future may have seemed, fate had in store for him a curious turn, a crowning triumph such as no other man in American life has had.

Missouri elected him United States Senator—sent him back to Washington, made him a member of the upper branch of that Congress, the lower of which a few weeks before had refused to have him as doorkeeper.

And so, for the third time, James Shields, plaything of fortune, became a Senator of the United States.

The sands of life were running low The sands of life were running low with the old soldier when he took the cath for the third time and he was in his seat only a few times. His last ap-

Bishop Potter's Cornbread Recipe.

Among the many things that the late Bishop Potter knew was a first-class recipe for combread. There is nothing better and nothing easier to make well. better and nothing easier to make well. Take one and one-quarter cups of cornment to one quart of boiling water, one teasponful of salt and a desert spoen of butter. Put all the materials into a big bowl and pour over them the boiling water, beating the mixture together thoroughly. Let it stand for ten or fifteen minutes before you pour it into buttered pans. It must not be more than an inch and a half thick, as the corn bread is the thin kind, and must be baked brown and crisp.

Why should a man be a poet—
A great big, healthy man
Who might be puddling a furnace,
Or driving a furniture van?
Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he dare refuse
To put out his hand to a shovel.
But hang to the skirts of the Muse? Why should a man be a poet?
What is the reason that he
Should take it for granted a lady
Should support him in luxury?

Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he dodge and shirk
The labor that good men are doing
Why doesn't he go to work? Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he wander in quest
Of flowers in the fields of Parnassus When farmhands are needed out

West?
Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he handle the pen
With Hly-white fingers when railroads
Are looking for track-laying men?
Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he stroll on the shore
At his ease by the sea of the lotus,
While the muscles of millions are
sore?
Why should a man be a poet?

why should a man be a poet?
Why should he build away
His fabrics of fancy while masons
Are earning five dollars a day?
Why should a man be a poet?
Why should he sing like a bird
While the rest of us work for a living?
God knows, and He won't say a word!

Exchange.