

THE VIBRATIONS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

"New Thought" and How to Catch It

To Editor of The Oregonian who are seldom surprised when some sudden Vibration or Think-Wave come from direction of Washington and who are quite willing, thank you, to publish New Thought, if it got any News in it.

Affectionate Hon. Mr.---
I HAVE been nearly in danger of getting something. About 2 weeks of yore I go to a lecture by Mrs. Kate Lev Ellen Sweeney, New Thoughter, on subject of "Love Vibrations: they Can Move Anything." I enjoy this speak very much because it were free & full of difficult words.

She-say, "New Thought are sure-cure for most ailments what human flesh is hair to. If you don't believe it, get sick & try it on yourself. Love, when took internally, becomes a very angry dynamo & will kick out any Disease now living. When used externally love projects. Learn to vibrate & project. It are Nature's way. If Nature refuse to show you how, I will teach you for \$5 a lesson. When a Soul are completely passive it become energized," she say with voice.

I set silently attempting to assimilate them words she said-it. "Success can be got by New Thought," she suggest. "If you got right vibrations of mind & soul you can turn yourself into anything you like.

"Please, I should like to turn myself into a Swedish dairy-man," I say out-loudly, because I was wistful for that job I seen advertised in this morning's news-press.

"Perhaps you might," she response with slight tone of peev. "Love are a very high-powered energy. It make the World go round. Nothing are so cumbersome & heavy that Love can't move it when it get started."

"Will Love ever become a cheap fuel for otomobiles?" are next request I make; but Mrs. Sweeney make angry bicker with finger to Hon. Usher who push me to stairway where I am soon outside.

So I go to saloon of Hon. Strunsky for teach him this New Thought because he are Irish & fond of refinement.

"Hon' Strunsky," I ask-it, "what are a soul when it become completely passive?"

"It are paralyzed," report Strunsky. "When a soul become completely passive around this saloon I usually teleph-ones to his friends to come & take him home."

"I make note of this phenomenal."

"Can persons be cured of ill diseases by shooting New Thought at it?" I next require.

"Not around here they can't," reject Hon. Strunsky with Irish curse. "If you wish to attempt any such comical business, go try it on the Dog."

"Ah, no, can't do!" I reject. "My dog O-Fido are a valuable animal & must not be risked. Complete bulldogs is oftenly worth \$500; and I suspect O-Fido must contain at leastly \$1.50 worth of this scarce breed. Therefore I shall try it on Uncle Nichi who are less valuable."

So I depart off and do so.

At my room in Patriots of Japan Hotel I have remained for

2 weeks attempting to vibrate. I shall soon quit-it, thank you, because can't do.

At firstly it seemed so easy it look deceptive. I fasten my brain-thoughts in home of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald where I got nursing her geraniums for \$1.25 weekly payment. I make vibrations in that direction. I tell my Thoughts to atomize them plants carefully with warm water. This is done. I instruct my Soul to pick-away all Hon. Bugs from leaves of them flowers & dust lovingly with insect-powder. This are accomplished. Then I send extra strong vibration to remove them plants to sunny window and dig around roots with table-knife. My Thoughts inform me that this disagreeable job have been also completed.

Then I wait patiently till Saturday night for my \$1.25 pay to arrive from Mrs. Macdonald which is usual. But it do not come, thank you!

"What to do?" I enquire of my Thought. "Please send I immediate vibration to Mrs. Macdonald to collect them \$1.25 which she owe me for mental job I done to her plants."

No response, thank you, till next morning when following letter come-in by male:

"H. Togo, Dearest Sir:—
You need not arrive here no more. Geraniums is all fatally dead & Bunkio Saguchi have got your job for more intelligence & less pay.

Yours truthfully,
"LUSY MACDONALD (MRS.)"

When this literary note arrive I am filled with entire disgust & enjoy angry rages at my Soul for not telling me about them geraniums. Then I think, maybe, my Soul was mad because I treat him like a errand-boy. So I attempt to be a Mental Healer. I think of Sago Oaski, Japanese grocer, who have been bed-ridden for years with sick asthma in his joints & knuckles. So I call up my Soul & say to him:

"Go to bedsted of S. Oaski, Japanese groceries, & give him some love-waves for his inner side; also several vibrations to be took before meals. Tell him he will get well as soon as he feels so."

My Soul obey & I await satisfaction. Next morning-time my Cousin Nogi make approach to my room and decap:

"You hear what about S. Oaski, Japanese grocer?"
"What about?" I require with nervous calm.
"He are now painless," relapse Nogi.
"So Joy!" I snatch out. "Have he entirely recovered?"
"Almost," sa Nogi. "He are now dead."

This morning my Japanese school-friends become teased about

my strange absence & make call-see in my room to find why. Among them present was S. Wanda, Uncle Nichi, Arthur Kickahajama, Cousin Nogi, Bunkio Saguchi & little Annie Anazama. I are still in bed when they see me there.

"What suffering from?" ask Cousin Nogi hopefully.
"Not sure," I dib. "It feel like La Grip; but I suspect maybe I got a slight touch of New Thought."

"What are New Thought?" demont little Annie Anazama.
"It are Christian Science warmed over into a sort of Hash for Heathens," are sharp report from me.

S. Wanda who are a Socialist & believe in nearly everything, say it are possible to do something sometime by New Thought or Something like it. He tell sad story about gentleman in Minny-sota who wish to get job left vacant by Wm. Loeb on Taft Cabinet. So he send one very noisy Vibration to White House asking Hon. Pres to fix it for him. However, that Hon. Vibration never get there, because it were wrecked by a dangerous Sound Wave running back & forth between White House & Congress.

"Are New Thought new?" ask Uncle Nichi patiently.
"It are no newer than any other form of joke," say Cousin Nogi. "It were first discovered in dawn of history when England were inhabited by Hon. Niggers who sleep in holes & led healthy, superstitious lives. In them days when Hon. Patient were suffering from appendix of the stummick it were very hard to call in Hon. Doctor because medicine were discovered 10,000 years later & it are difficult to make a mad appendix walk so long."

"What to do, then, to cure that Hon. Sick?" I ask for scare.
"Quickest & cheapest way were to shoot him," say Cousin Nogi. "But savagery had then reached too refined a state for such a rude practise. So Hon. Patient were given a Mental Heel. Firstly he were requested to think Cheerful Thoughts & assistants were appointed to stand around with clubs to see that he done so. Chief Medicine Man then created Health Vibrations by pounding a log with a hambone. That there treatment were continued for 3 weeks when Hon. Patient grow tired of music or die getting well. This were earliest variety of New Thought."

"There are nothing new under the sun," I say for discovery.
"Hon. Solomon make that remark already," devote S. Wanda.
"Hon. Solomon are always stealing my bright sayings," are sulk from me.

"And yet persons is oftenly cured by New Thought in favorable cases," ollicute Bunkio.

"What are a 'favorable case?'" require Wanda.
"A 'favorable case' are one what ain't got nothing the matter with her," snub Nogi. "Many & numerous cures is recorded for such cases. Following wonderful miracles is clipped from 'Daily Vibrator & Thriller,' New Thought pipe-organ:

"1—Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, dippymaniac, imagine her stummick were carpeted with green moss. After 10 weeks treatment she imagine it was gone. It was.

"2—Dollfus Smittz, plumber, imagine he can write plays. New Thought stage-manager teat Dollfus for 3 rehearsals when the Patient realize his mistake & quit.

"3—W. Furo, Japanese hardware, imagine he got a toomer on his brain. Case very stubborn, like Furo. Finally New Thinker coax him to think he ain't got no brain. Great relief to Furo & his wife."

"I should not care for New Thoughts because I ain't not got no disease," abrupt little Annie Anazama.
"However, you might still need it," confuse S. Wanda.
"Many well persons takes New Thoughts to make them successful in Business."

"Tell us how to do it so we can get rich!" ollicute Nogi & Bunkio & Uncle Nichi & little Annie Anazama in unison.

"To get rich by New Thought you must do following way:
"Firstly you must choose some business you wish to get rich by. Suppose-it you wish to become one RR magnet. You get maps of this RR you wish to own and begin to think about it. You place your mind in report with harmony. You make your soul act passive. You must not wish no harm to nobody. You must surround your office with several rows of loving Vibrations full of sweet & gentle thoughts—"

"Wanda, you are making a clatter!" are sharp voice from me.
"Railroads is not acquired by sweet thoughts & gentle vibrations. Love-waves is useless also for this. Folks who knows Hon. E. H. Harriman are sure he never coaxed Northern Pacific by making harmonious sounds with his Soul."

Disappointment enjoyed by all.
"In this Christian kingdom," I say farther, "most business is done by the gentleman who can feel the most disagreeable for the longest time at a stretch."

"But are not Hon. Carnegie a Christian Scientist?" arrange Bunkio.

"In early struggle of career he were a Heathen Scientist. He can now afford to think anything he wants to on Religion & Tariff."

"Do not Hon. Rockefeller believe in sweet Thought Waves when talking to reporters?" ask Wanda to me.

"When Hon. Rockefeller were laying pipe-line of Success he were the most disagreeable man in Pennsylvania," I mark-out with Ida M. Farbell reminder. "Hon. Rockefeller are now rich enough to do anything—even look pleasant."

"Elderly capitalists should not be blamed for indulging in foolish luxuries," announce little Annie Anazama who are too young to be out.

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO,
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HOW MAIZE CAME THROUGH BY SEWELL FORD

SAY, there's times when we think all the rapid motion in the world gets its start right here in New York; don't you? Well, it's an idle dream. I've just been next to a super-energized specimen that come from the north end of nowhere; and the experience has left me out of breath.

It begins this way: One night a short time back me and Sadie was sitting quiet and domestic as you please in our twelve by fourteen cabinet finished dining-room on the seventh floor. We was gazing out of the open windows watchin' a thunder storm meander over towards Long Island, and Tidson was just servin' the demitasses, when there's a ring on the phone. Tidson, he puts down the tray and answers the call.

"It's from the office, sir," says he. "Some one to see you, sir."

"Me?" I says in a description. Tidson, so I'll know what to expect."

At that he asks the room clerk for details, and reports that it's two young ladies by the name of Blenkins.

"What?" says Sadie, prickin' up her ears. "You don't know any young women by that name, do you, Shorty?"

"Why not?" says I. "How can I tell until I've looked 'em over?"

"Humph!" says she, "Blinkens!" "Sounds nice, don't it?" I says. "Kind of snappy and interestin'. Maybe I'd better go down and—"

"Tidson," says Sadie, "tell them to send those young persons up here."

"That's right, Tidson," says I. "Don't mind anything I say."

"Blinkens," says Sadie, eyelin' me sharp, to see if I'm bluish or gettin' nervous. "I never heard you mention any such name."

"There's a few points about my past life," says I, "that I've had sense enough to keep to myself. Maybe this is one. Course, if your curiosity—"

"My not a bit curious, Shorty, McCabe," she snaps out, and you know it! But when it comes to—

"The Misses Blenkins," says Tidson, holdin' back the draperies with one hand and smotherin' a grin with the other.

Say, you couldn't blame him. What steps in a couple of drifty females that look like they'd just waded out of a tank. And belin' wet wasn't the worst of it. Even if they'd been dry, they must have looked bad enough, but in the soggy state they were the limit.

They wasn't mates. One is tall and willowy, while the other is short and dumpy. And the fat one has the most peaceful face I ever saw outside of a pasture, with a regular Holstein-Friesian set of eyes—the round, calm, thoughtless kind. The fact that she's chewin' gum helps out the dairy impression, too. It's plain she's been caught in the shower and has sopped up her full share of rain-fall; but it don't seem to trouble her any.

There ain't anything pastoral about the tall one, though. She's alive all the way from the second answer hole to the wiggly end of the limp feather, that flops careless like over one ear. She's the long-waisted, giraffe-necked kind; but not such a bad looker if you can forget the depressin' costume. It had been a blue cheviot once, I guess; the sort that takes on seven shades of purple about the second season. And it fits her like a damp tablecloth hung on a chair. Her rump mate is all in black, and you could tell by the puckered seam and the twisted sleeves that it was an outfit the village dressmaker had done her worst on.

Not that they gives us much chance for a close size-up. The lengthy one pikes right into the middle of the room, brushes a stringy lock of hair over her face, and unlimbers her conversation works.

PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE PICTURES A TRANSFORMATION FROM DOBIE MINNESOTA, TO UPPER BROADWAY

"Miss Blenkins," says I, "I'm willin' to pay you by the hour."
"It ain't so bad as all that," says she, "because precious little has ever happened to me. It's what's goin' to happen that I'm living for. But, to take a fair start, we'll begin with dad. When they called him Sport Blenkins they didn't stretch their imaginations. He was all that—and not much else. All I know about maw is that she was one of three, and that I was born in the back room of a Denver dance hall. I've got a picture of her, wearin' lights and a pith helmet, and dad says she was a burner. He ought to know; he was a pretty good judge.

"As I wasn't much over two days old when they had the funeral, I can't add anything more about maw. And the history I could write of dad would make a mighty slim book. Runnin' roller skatin' rinks was the most genteel business he ever got into, I guess. His regular profession was fero. It's an unhealthy game, especially in those gold camps where they shoot so impetuous. He got over the effects of two or three dealt him by a halfbreed Stook; but when a real bad man from Taunton, Massachusetts, opened upon him across the table with a .45, he just naturally got discour-sed. Good old dad! He meant well when he left me in Dobie and had me adopted by Uncle Hen. Phemey, you needn't listen to this next chapter."

"Euphemia she misses two jaw strokes in succession, sets her eyes at Maizie May for a second, and then strikes her regular gait again."

"Excuse her gettin' excited like that," says Maizie; "but Uncle Hen—that was her old man, of course—hasn't been planted long. He lasted until three weeks ago. He was an awful good man, Uncle Hen was-to-himself. He had the worst case of in-growin' religion you ever saw. Why, he had a thumb tolen once, and

when the doctor came to lance it Uncle Hen made him wait until he could call in the minister, so it could be opened with prayer.

"Sundays he made us go to church twice, and the rest of the day he talked to us about our souls. Between times he ran the Palaoe Emporium; that is, he and I and a half-baked Swede by the name of Jens Torkid did. To look at Jens you wouldn't have thought he could have been taught the difference between a can of salmon and a patent corn planter; but say, Uncle Hen had him trained to make short change and weigh his hand with every piece of salt pork, almost as slick as he could do it himself.

"All I had to do was to attend the dry-goods, candy, and drug counters, look after the postoffice window, keep the books, and manage the telephone exchange. Euphemia had the softest snap, though. She did the housework, planted the garden, raised chickens, fed the hogs, and scrubbed the floors. Have I got the catalogue right, Phemey?"

"Luthemia blinks twice, kind of reminiscent; but nothin' in the shape of words gets though the gum."

"She has such an emotional nature," says Maizie. "Uncle Hen was like that too, but let's not linger over him. He's gone. The last thing he did was to let go of a dollar fifty in cash that I held him up for so Phemey and I could go into Duluth and see a show. The end came early next day, and whether it was from shock or enlargement of the heart, no one will ever know."

"It was an awful blow to us all. We went around in a daze for nearly a week, hardly daring to believe that it was so. Jens broke the spell for us. One mornin' I caught him helpin' himself to a cigar out of the two-fer box. 'Why not,' says he. Next Phemey walk in, swipes a package of wintergreen gum, and feeds

it all in at once. She says: 'Why not?' two. Then I wakes up. 'You're right,' says I. 'enjoy yourself. It's time.' Next I hints to her that there are bigger and brighter spots on this earth than Dobie, and asks her what she says to sellin' the emporium and huntin' them up. I don't care," says she, and that was a good deal of a speech for her to make. 'Do you leave it to me?' says I. 'Uh-huh,' says she. 'We-a-ought' says I, and with that Maizie lets out one of them backwoods college cries that brings Tidson up on his toes.

"It takes it," says I, "that you did."

"Did I," says she. "Inside of three days I'd busted up four different parties that wanted to invest in a going concern, and before the week was over I'd buncoed one of 'em out of nine thousand in cash. Most of it's in a certified check, sewed inside of Phemey, and that's why we walked all the way up here in the rain. Do you suppose you could take me to some bank tomorrow where I could leave that and get a handful of green bills on account? Is that askin' too much?"

"Considering the sport you've brushed up my memory of Sport Blenkins," says I. "It's real modest. Couldn't you think of something else?"

"If that had come from Mrs. McCabe," says she, eyelin' Saile kind of longin', "I reckon I could."

"Why," says Maizie, "I should be delighted."

"You wouldn't go so far as to lead two such freaks as us around the stores and help us pick out some New York clothes, would you?" says she.

"My dear girl!" says Sadie, grabbin' both her hands. "We'll do it tomorrow."

"Honest?" says Maizie, beamin' on her. "Well, that's what I call right down decent. Phemey, do you hear that? Oh! swallow it, Phemey, swallow it! This is where we bloom out."

And say, you should have heard them talkin' over the kind of troussers that I would best help a girl to forget that she came from Dobie.

"You will need a neat cloth street dress for afternoon," says Sadie. "Not for me!" says Maizie. "That'll do all right for Phemey; but when it comes to me, I'll take something that rustles. I've worn back-numbers cast-offs for twenty-two years; now I'm ready for the other kind. I've been traveling so far behind the procession I couldn't tell which way it drum major. Now I'm going to give the drum major a view of my back hair. The sort of costumes I want are the kind that are design to stand after for days, after to-morrow. If it's checks, I'll take two to the piece; if it's stripes, I want to make a circus zebra look like a clipped mule. And I want one for every day in the week."

"But my dear girl," says Sadie. "Can you afford to?"

"Yes, but I can!" says Maizie. "My share of Uncle Hen's pile is forty-five hundred dollars, and while it last I'm looking like the lilies of the field growin' like the flowers you see on attic wall paper. I don't care what happens to eat, or where I stay; but when it comes to clothes, show me the limit! I guess it's our boardin'house. Wake up, Phemey!"

Well, I pilots 'em out to Fifth avenue, stows 'em into a motor stage, and heads 'em down town.

"Whew!" says Sadie, when I gets back. "I suppose that is a sample of Western brookiness."

"Yes, but n'a sample," says I. "But I can see her finish, though. Inside of three months all she'll have left to show for her wild will be a trunk full of fancy vestals and a board hair. Then it will be Maizie huntin' a job in some beany-ery."

"Oh, I shall talk her out of that non-sense!" says Sadie. "When she gets to do is to take a course in stenography and shorthand."

"Yes, we laid out a full programme for Maizie, and had her earnin' her little twenty a week, with Phemey keepin' house for both of 'em in a nice little four-room flat. And in the mornin' I Maizie wanted the certified check, and then turns the pair over to Sadie for an assault on the department stores, with a call at a business college as a finish for the day, as we'd planned."

When I gets home that night I finds Sadie all fagged out and drinkin' bromo seltzer for a headache.

"What's wrong?" says I.
"Nothing," says Sadie; "only I've been having the time of my life."
"Buyin' tailor made uniforms for the Misses Blenkins?" says I.
"Tailor made nothing!" says Sadie. "It was no use, Shorty. I had to give in. Maizie wanted the other things so badly. And then Euphemia declared she must have the same kind. So I spent the whole day fitting them out."

"Just wait until you see them," says Sadie.

"You bet I can!" says Maizie. "My share of Uncle Hen's pile is forty-five hundred dollars, and while it last I'm looking like the lilies of the field growin' like the flowers you see on attic wall paper. I don't care what happens to eat, or where I stay; but when it comes to clothes, show me the limit! I guess it's our boardin'house. Wake up, Phemey!"

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"But what's the idea?" says I. "How long do they think they can keep up that pace? And when they've blown themselves short of breath, what then?"

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THE MISSUS BLINKEN.