LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

ARE HON. TARIFF TOO DRUNK TO REFORM?

TO EDITOR OREGONIAN, who make deceptive eyewink of wise owels when he speak about Hon. Tariff and pretend he understand it; but he don't, because nobody ever did, DEAR MR. SIR:

Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, make walk-in to my room yesterday eve while me & Nogi was setting there by oiled stove heating our hands in the herosene & attempting to look nearly happy. Arthur do not need to look happy because he are a Christian. He have a mourning mind, addicted to deceased funerals, Henry James, death-rates & other publick calamities. So naturally he prefer to talk about Hon. Tariff rather than say something cheerful.

"Something must be did to Hon. Tariff to make him look more fresh," say Arthur with expression of deep glum.

"Hon. Tariff do surely need a shave," are smart reply for Nogi.

"Are not them Statesmen who revise the Tariff working for the interests of the People?" I require.

"Some of them is working for the people of the interests," report Nogi.

"If Hon. Tariff are not repaired with immediate quickness everything must become dire," corrode Arthur. "Pittsburg will rise up in bayonets, Idaho will be joined by Texas and this entire kingdom will be plunged in state of uncivil war."

My soul stand endwise for fear of this remark.

"Why do persons go to war?" request Nogi calmly.

"They go for sense of Duty," revoke Arthur Kickahajama loftily.

"There are more Duty than sense in Hon. Tariff," bounce-back Nogi with Carnegie voice. "Therefore, if Hon. America must go to war about Tariff, I shall be somewheres else looking for a job."

"Yet Tariff are important and it have arrived," I say for Senator Beverage expression. "There comes a time in the affairs of nations when every great Question, no matter how dull, must be settled. Are it not sweet & glorious to die for a shining Cause—"

"It are sweet & glorious to die for most shining Causes," rasp Nogi, "but I draw the string at Hon. Tariff. It were sweet & glorious to go to war with Gen. Lincoln in Battle of Bully Run and fight for Hon. Niggers who are a brite race & make convenient waiters for hotels. It were sweet and glorious to go to Port Arthur & shoot away some Russians, because they are Tartars and need to be scratched. But I am beswitched if I should go to bang-up & bloodshed for any Tariff. I am suspicious about that Tariff. It have a sly & deceptive nature. Who could be a hero & get killed for a Cause what have got 4000 separate items L. it subjeckt to a duty on a sliding scale?"

"Perhapsly you would get more fevered about Hon. Tariff if you understood him more," snuggest Arthur.

"Who understands the Tariff?" bat-out Nogi. "Do you? Did Hon. Nelson Dingley? Frequent answer is, No!! Then why should Japanese patriot make tag-game with Death midst shoot, shell, explode & rore of Jo-Uncle Cannon, storming forts & receiving bullets to forehead for something I do not know nothing about?"

"Many Marters has been boiled for less causes than Hon. Tariff," rebuke Arthur sadly.

"When Marters is being cooked it is their privilege to know what they are stewed for," are next from Nogi. "But supposing I should become a Marter to Tariff, would I not get confused to know which one of them 4000 items on a sliding scale I was being warmed up to save? Or supposedly I should go to warfare for this and receive shot-bullet to lung. Maybe I might pass off with pleasant smile & happy thought. 'I die supporting my views on Item 1432-K, revised schedule, relating to customs duties on German peaches pickled in French brandy.' That would be a noble thought to die with, because Peaches is a delicate subjeck and French Brandy is filled with inspirations. So I should not refuse to die for Item 1432-K. But supposingly I done all this heroism and Epitaph Man come along to write something nice on my tombstone. Carnage of battle might be so great he would get duzzled to know what one of them 4000 Items I was a Marter for. So he might look up Revised Tariff Schedule & write on my grave-top,

"'Here Lies Cousin Nogi,
Who fought Fearlessly
And Died Defending Item 3744-A (revised schedule).
Designed to proteckt American Hog Bristles.'

"When I am dead & gone & my Hon. Ghost are leading my Hon. Ancestors and their relatives around to see my handsome tomb-stone, would it not be disgusting suprise to know that I got immortal by defending American hog bristles? I ask to know!"

"Deep breathing for Arthur Kickahajama.

"Hoeverly & at any rate," consume Arthur, "Hon. Tariff must be reformed very soonly. For years he have been a prominent drunkard, too kind to some persons, less kind to others. And when at last Hon. Carnegie come forthly & say, 'Reform that Tariff!' it are too bad, because Hon. Tariff, even in his wildest debauch, have always treated Hon. Carnegie like a gentleman."

"What great American have been appoint to lead Hon. Tariff from jaggly path he now enjoys?" are soft queery I make.

"Hon. Serene O'Pain, chairman of Committee on Mean Ways, U. S. Congress, have got this high & disagreeable job," say Arthur. "He will make a very nice Marter to Tariff & lead that famous drunk from his present sotted path to who knows what?"

"One way of curing firm drunks is to beat them quiet with big clubs," say Nogi.

"That were Hon. Roosevelt's way to cure Tariff & it seemed very manly and full of bumps. But it are not Serene O'Pain's way. He are not that kind of a reformer. He believe a drunken Tariff can be cured by kindness. He believe that punishment do not reform. He believe that Hon. Tariff will never lead better life if it are permitted to wander around streets in half-starved condition. It should be treated with sympathy. It should be invited into Congress and made to feel that it are among friends. It should shake hands with Hon. Senators so that it will know that it are protected. It should be took around in a ottomobile to see Washington Monument & thus learn lesson of how high a Tariff can go under favorable conditions. So gradually it will begin to observe errors of its past & step-by-steps begin to lead higher life—"

"It are not hard to lead Hon. Tariff higher," dib Nogi with Bluejean V. Debs expression. "American statesmen has been leading it steadily in that direction for last 50 years."

"Like all cronick drunks," resum Arthur, "Hon. Tariff are always going to reform itself, yet never quite arrives there. By eech New Year he are persuaded to sign plej by Tariff Temperance League. No more shall cursed Dingley liquor pass his moustache. High thinking and low tariff for him. No more secret tipples from sugar-beets, cowhide, whale-bone, rough lumber, crude hemp, ad valoriums, soap & oil paintings. United we stand, protected we fall. Up with the Republick, down with Rates!"

"Do he immejutly begin new life?" I ask-it.

"What-say Hon Shakspeare, great bookmaker?" Arthur require. "He-say, 'Rates crushed to earth shall rise again.' And they do. Hon. Tariff begin New Year by feeling almost reformed. By February he begin to enjoy a relapse. Melancholy for him. By March he may be seen by Sneekret Service Agents shyly stealing into rearwards entrance of Custom-House Saloon. And there he meet considerable colledge friends doing the same. Songs followed by something more. Soonly Hon. Tariff feel very protective, lose memory & go sleep standing up—he are back among the Boys."

"It would be great surprise to America if Hon. Serene O'Pain axually did reform the Tariff," commute Cousin Nogi.

"It would be a great surprise to Hon. Serene O'Pain," are brite answer for Japanese Schoolboy.

So Nogi & Arthur depart-off for soda-water drunk and leave me setting by bedsted for lonesome company to paint following Poetickal Dream which I shall never see, thank you, if possible to avoid it:

POETICKAL CONVERSATION WITH THE ANGEL OF FARMING ABOUT TARIFF.

One sweetish Summerly afternoon,
Near Village of Mahoosicka Falls, Oregon,
While taking health-walk
For lonesome company,
I seen something
Very sightly.
I seen a Angel
Perching up upon a fence-post
Picking a goldy-harp
With a corn-straw.
And with immediate quickness I reckognized it was
The Angel of Farming.

"Tell me to know,
O Angel of Farming,"
I say with song,
"What make sky so blue,
Zefir so sweet-blow,
Perfumery from fields,
Bibbling brook,
Salad-colored grass everywheres
& all Nature
Looking natural?"
Hon. Ruril Angel
Shake pin-feathers from wings
And reply-back,
"Hon. Tariff do it."

"Tell me to know,
Angel of Aggie Culture,
Why are Nature looking upward so much
In vicinity of Mahoosicka Falls?
Why such swelled punkins
Of exaggerated stummicks?
Why such huj apples
Notable for ice-cream flavor & reddy complexions?
Why such cropply potatoes
By weight 6-pound eech
And most per aiker since 1876?
Why such musickal hens
Singing sweet lullaby
Full of eggstacy?
And cows flowing with milk & honey?
Why are cider so full of nice nips this year
And why do Hon. Sheeps come forth to hair-cut
Covered with such fine woolen goods?"
But Hon. Farming Angel fold its wing acrost
barb-wire fence & relapse,
"Hon. Tariff done that also."

"Tell me know, Hon. Gardeen of Country Life,
Why is Young Ladies
So habitually beautiful
In these parts surrounding here?
Why is Farming Youths
So fashionably dressed up?
Why is Rev. Preachers
Requesting such normous rates,
And why is Wedding Bells
Continually peeling forth?
And moreoverly,
Why are such vasty numbers of baby-carts
Being ordered
To be filled with birth-rates
Which are happening momentarily
And even oftener
In your local village?
Hon. Angel wipe her harp on sleave
And reply back,
"Hon. Tariff done it!"
Then she sore away on lofty turkey-wings
In direction of Danville, Ill.

Mr. Editor, the only human intelligence in this boarding-house who are sweet & friendly to Hon. Tariff are Bunkio Saguchi, Japanese vegetarian. He-say, "If Hon. Tariff wish to stay up, are it not indecent for Statesmen and Patriots to try for to drag it down? Are this right way to act for civilized races? No!! Stroggling upward with all energy of shoe-nails are the instinct what keep humanity from being entirely slopped. Why should Hon. Taft prevent Hon. Tariff from making such soring attempt to lofty hight? If America should be like Tariff, continually prevented from going upwards, it would be crushed and without Ideelism."

"What is Ideelism?" I ask to know.

"Ideelism are a yearning to be lifted from low-down surroundings. It are a reverence for the Man Higher Up," explan Bunkio dizzily.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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"PEOPLE WITH DOUBLE CHINS RARELY LEAD DOUBLE LIVES"

SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"YOU'RE gettin' too fat," said the House Detective critically. "You oughter exercise."

"I am not getting fat," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless, warmly, "and I positively refuse to exercise. No man can properly be accused of being fat until he begins to abut so far over the building line that you can't see his foundations without stooping down and peering under. This goes double for a woman because by judicious lacing she can crowd the excess baggage up toward the top and let it overflow like a charlotte russe.

"I don't know why a healthy man who takes good care of himself and has nothing on his mind except a few nice extra layers of tissue shouldn't be allowed to plump out a trifle and fill up the dimples in his frame without having somebody forever advising him to take exercise. Stout people are the best behaved, anyhow, especially in warm weather. You never heard of a man with a double chin leading a double life."

"Well, I notice that every time you cross one of your laigs, you have to hold it on to keep your stomach from shovin' it off agin," said the candid House Detective. "W'y don't you try horseback ridin'?"

"Don't tempt me," said the Hotel Clerk; "pray don't tempt me. Just when a man reaches the size where he fills a hansom cab comfortably, if they leave the door open, he quits riding in one and hires a horse. You can see them any morning on the bridle-path—agonized male parties that go bobbing up and down mile after mile, vainly imagining that they're really riding English style, which, I take it, was invented by a nervous man who hated the thought of staying long in one place. And the rest of the day the victim is as stiff as a hat-rack and sore as a mashed thumb. He walks with a gait like a pair of callipers, and every time he passes a harness store he involuntarily flinches. Yet day by day he'll go out and offer himself up as a burnt sacrifice on the altar of a raw-boned horse with a sharp spinal column running down the middle of the altar. He has a vain delusion that if he keeps it up long enough it'll give him a figure as willowy and sylph-like as a yard of baby ribbon, and you can't make him believe any different.

"I've got a friend that's been indulging in this form of punishment all Spring. He's not merely pleasantly plump like I am; he's what you might really call verging on the stout. Yet he wouldn't admit it for a long while. But policemen would come up to him on the street and tell him if he didn't disperse he'd be arrested for forming a crowd and blocking traffic. And he'd overhear people who were walking behind him wondering why people don't wait until night to move those bank vaults. So now I love to go up to the drive of a morning and watch him go bounding by on a profile map of a horse, wearing that painful look which you see on the face of a serious man who learned dancing in twenty easy lessons by mail, and who's waltzing with a lady that he's just been introduced to and trying to think up something to say and keep count of the waltz steps at the same time. Every little while the horse gets the cue to vamp and does some buck and wing dancing sideways, and then my friend grabs his noble steed around the neck and I can see his pale lips moving in silent prayer. He looks like a chunky Santa Claus sitting astraddle of the dormer roof of a mouse-colored house, trying to look down the chimney to see if the children are asleep yet. That's the cue for me—sitting there all nice and cosy on my little park bench, I gloat. You just ought to hear me gloat. I'm one of our best little gloaters. Harry and you can take it from me. Sometimes when he slides down over the mansard and almost loses his strangle hold on the flues of Gray Gables, which is my pet name for his horse, you can hear me gloating all over the place. Once or twice the cops have threatened to arrest me if I didn't do my gloating more under my breath. They said it was scaring the squirrels out of the park."

"Well, ain't your friend taken off any flesh?" asked the House Detective.

"No, but I think he's taken off considerable skin," said the Hotel Clerk. "I notice that he uses more care in sitting down than he used to. You don't catch him hurling himself around in a care-free, abandoned manner when he's backing up for a landing. He reminds me of a black and red hen that we used to own when I was a boy. I think she must have been a combination of a black Wyandotte and an Irish setter, for she certainly was a great one for families. The way she used to settle herself on a batch of hopefully inclined eggs about three days before the happy date was very much like the way this friend of mine takes a seat, since he turned equestrian. He's quit calling on one of his friends who hasn't any chairs in his parlor except those hard-finished mission kind, without cushions. He certainly is the Ostermoor Kid. And he seems somehow to have lost most of the love he once had for man's noblest dumb friend.

"Meanin' the hoss" said the House Detective.

"Certainly," said the Hotel Clerk. "When a horse gets scared at a scrap of paper and runs eight miles across country and lands in the front window of an all-night drugstore, it seems to me he's about the dad blamedest, dumbest friend we've got in the whole animal kingdom, dumber than a caterpillar and twice as dumb as a guinea pig. But this friend of mine sticks to it, because he has an idea that he's reducing. He alternates between the stable and the bridle path, the arm chair with the eider-down pillow in the seat, and the scales where he weighs himself. The only trouble with him seems to be that riding gives him such an appetite that he eats twice as much as he formerly did, and he's putting on layers from the inside faster than he can wear 'em off on a saddle from the outside.

"So I've decided, Larry, that the horseback thing is not for dearie me. I can get all the violent exercise I want riding a cross-town trolley line, about the time everybody in New York is trying to go home on the same car. Horseback riding is all right for mounted cops, Cossacks and ladies in circuses. They're paid to do it. Otherwise, I bet you they'd walk. It's all right as a business, but, personally, I wouldn't class it among the pleasures, sports and pastimes."

"Maybe you're skeered of hosses," insinuated the House Detective.

"Not at all," said the Hotel Clerk. "When we're each in our proper sphere, which is to say when both of us are on the ground, I'm afraid of no horse alive. But when a horse begins to act up like a Coney Island roller coaster and do intricate schottishe steps with all four of his feet at once, there're just two places in the world where I earnestly desire not to be. One's on top of him and the other's under him. Besides when I climb up on what appeared from the earth to be an average size horse, I'm apt to suddenly discover that he's about 28 feet high and constructed along the top on the general design of the Andes Mountains. And I'm almost certain to get to thinking how unpleasant it might be for all concerned if he should suddenly forget about my being located away up on the topmost peaks of his mountain range and go away suddenly and leave me up there, sequestered, so to speak. Constant brooding on this prevents me from giving my full time and attention to graceful riding. It have a feeling that I do not make my best appearance astride the combing of a spare-built horse with my feet sticking out over the eaves and a hunted look in my usually calm and reflective eye. Also my customary flow of bright and sparkling conversation seems to desert me at such a time. So far as the apt and ready retort is concerned, I'm left practically at the mercy of the ribald chatter of the thoughtless populace. What with trying to anticipate the next movement of my mount and hoping to be there in time to meet him, and keeping my feet in the stirrups and holding on to the reins, the horse's mane and my hat simultaneously, my mind is so fully occupied that the only English words I can think of are "Whoa" and "Ouch," and they don't seem to fit very well into an exchange of roadside repartee. I don't feel at home and I'm blamed if I think the horse does.

"I don't think I'd ever learn to care deeply for polo, that being a game in which you encounter almost constant opposition from somebody on the other side, and I fear there are a few minor defects about my bearing on horseback that might militate against my being selected as a model for equestrian monuments to any of our great generals. So what's the use?

"If I ever really feel the need of banting, I'll bant the same way a woman does. That's a nice, comfortable, satisfying way. It's hard to convince a woman that she's taking on flesh, but when you do convince her there's nothing to it. As long as the cook, the parlor maid and the upstairs girl, by their united strength, can couple her into the last pair of corsets she bought, she's perfectly satisfied that she's not a mite heavier, even if the strings are drawn tight enough to play a guitar solo on and her head has the appearance of just bursting through a feather tick. But the sad day comes when they can't jam her in, even with the breathing suspended, and then she realizes that she's fleshening up a bit, just a trifle, and she goes on very strict diet, this way:

"She takes a Turkish bath for breakfast, a hardtack cracker and a sip of mineral water for lunch, and at dinner she orders everything on the menu except the date line and the proprietor's name, not because she wants that much food, of course, but to give her the strength to go on with the treatment the next day.

"Why can't people be satisfied with the way nature intended them to be? Thin ones get thinner trying to get fat and fat ones swell up trying to make themselves thin."

"That's foolish talk," said the House Detective. "Did you ever hear of anybody in this country that was puffectly satisfied with the way Nature made him?"

"One," said the Hotel Clerk, "but he's not in this country at present, having gone to Africa."

Taking the Hurdles With Teenie

Continued From Page Four.

this up," says I. "How's your sportin' blood holdin' out?"

"I—I'm all right. Go on!" says Teenie.

She was breathin' some hard by then; but a long ways from being all in, so we let out a few links for a spurt. Then I see the white thing do another disappearin' act.

"Aha!" says I. "More bushes! Over we go now, one-two-three!"

As a jumper Teenie wouldn't break any Barnard records; but for a middle-aged old girl that wa'n't in track costume she water ain't more'n knee deep; but Teenie has got some tangled up in her flight, and made a good try for it. We didn't exactly clear the bushes, but we went sailin' through the tops of 'em, and then—Ker-flop! Ker-splash!

I'd gone over feet first, so I knows as soon as my toes hit the mud that the lands on her back, ker-souse. Course, she swallows a mouthful or so before I can paw around and fish her out. That and being soaked through so sudden simply scares her into a double and twisted fit. She grabs me around the neck tight and proceeds to let out the yelps.

"Help! Help! Help!" says she, sputterin' and chokin' all the while, but makin' noise enough to rouse up the whole county.

"Ah, cut it out and climb down, old girl!" says I. "I'm no life buoy."

"Hel-lup! Hel-lup!" says she, kickin' lively with both feet and clawin' at the back of my pajama jacket like she was furlin' a sail. "Oh, I'm dud-dud-drowning!"

"G'wan!" says I. "You're actin' as if you was climbin' a greased pole. You're all right. Ah, quit the contortions until I find out where we are."

But she'd got started callin' for help, and there was no stoppin' her. And there was me, up to my knees in chilly water, not darin' to walk around for fear of wadin' into a hole, and not able to put her down.

Say, I guess we'd been there yet if it hadn't been for one of the coachmen wakin' up out at the stables. He throws a switch, and about three dozen incandescents is turned on, lightin' up the grounds all around. As it happens there's a light almost over us, and one glimpse clears up the mystery about the bushes and the fence. Seems the Willoughbys has a private runnin' course where they train their hunters. That's the track we'd been followin', and just at that minute we was in the middle of the only water hurdle in the whole length. By the time the rescuin' party locates us, I've climbed out and landed Teenie on top of the fence. "But the Major!" says she. "Oh, where is the Major?"

Then I looks up the course a ways and sees what it is we've been followin' over the hurdles—an old white mule that's been pastured inside the inclosure. He's standin' there lookin' at us, with one ear lopped and a kind of humorous, satisfied look on his face.

"Ah, grin, darn you!" says I, and Clementina takes one horrifyin' glimpse and tumbles off the fence in a heap.

The coachman seems a little puzzled and suspicious; but he's seen so many kinds of queer doin's at the Willoughbys that he makes no remarks, but leads us around to a side door where we can get in without trailin' mud through the front hall.

* * *

As we were passin' the library wing we comes to an open window on the ground floor, with the shade up and a bright light inside. And there's a green-topped table surrounded by five gents, all payin' strict attention to the game. Teenie recognized one of 'em in a flash.

"Why, Major!" she squeals.

"Eh?" says he, droppin' the cards and jumpin' up from the table.

I reckon Teenie had kind of forgot the figure she was cuttin' just then, draped in a dressin' gown soaked through with muddy water and escorted by a barefooted gent in wet trousers and a torn pajama jacket. But the Major ain't missin' any cues. Guess he must have suspected how his sleep-walkin' fairy tale has worked out. Anyway, when he meets us in the hall he's ready with his little speech.

"Clementina," says he, "I'm shocked and surprised! Out at this hour of the night! And in that costume!"

"Oh, Major!" says Teenie, "we were looking for you. I thought you had—"

"That will do, Mrs. Kilroy," says he. "I will hear the rest tomorrow morning. And let us hope that you can explain satisfactorily, both to me and to Mrs. McCabe. Pray go to your room, madam!" and with that the Major, swallowin' a chuckle, goes back and says he'll take three cards.

As I left early Monday mornin', I didn't see how it all come out; but when Sadie arrives last night she reports that the Major is still cracking the whip over Clementina, and that she's as meek as a lamb.

"But, of course," says Sadie, "he can't keep it up very long."

"Can't, eh?" says I. "Guess you've never seen the Major bluff out an opener on a pair of treys! You watch him!"