

THE GENTLE ART OF VIVISECTION

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

TO EDITOR OREGONIAN, who often gives Politicians and other animals rip-up with sharp scissors and smart pen so he can peek inside their hearts & see what make it do so.

DEAR SIR:— Yesterday while me & Cousin Nogi was learning how-do to play that German-speaking game of pea-nuckle with cards, somebody make knock-tap to my door.

"Make income, please!" say me & Nogi with voice. So my dear schoolfriend Sydney Katsu, Jr., who are studying to be a medical student, approach looking very surgical. He set down by bedside & pet my dog O-Fido across lungs. I could see he was wishing to speak something about topics.

"I offer you 40 cents for this Hon. Pupp," say Sydney slyly.

"What to do with, please?" I report suspiciously.

"I wish to unfasten his ribs & see what he is doing inside."

"Ah, no shall not!" I collapse. "I love my Dear Friend too much—also 40 cents are too low price."

"Sydney, you are a biological investigator," say Cousin Nogi who are expert in mean curses.

"I shall not have that sweet mammal O-Fido sliced up by Vivisection," I snigger. "It is a horrible practice."

"Practice makes perfect," suggest Sydney. "Most persons what romp & scold about vivisection does not understand what it is."

"I understand what it is," are quick snap from Nogi.

"What is your dictionary for Vivisection?" relapse Sydney with doctor expression.

"Vivisection," say Nogi, "are a scientific cat-teasing for the purpose of making old ladies mad. Dogs is also included in this."

"I have a soft soul," are voice from me. "I abominate any science what gives needless pain to innocent creatures."

"Vivisection does not give pain to dogs & cats," narrate Sydney.

"Dogs & cats is chloroformed while doing so."

"It give pain to old ladies who talks about it," I bid. "Dogs & cats what is cut into vivisections gets off easy. They are first sent to slumber by sleeping-sponge over nose. Deep calm during slices. But with Auntie Vivisection ladies it is different. They must be shocked & jarred by the horrors of surgery without taking nothing for it. It is illegal to chloroform a lady when she scream, however pleasant it would be to all. Then Sweet feminines has got to enjoy their ang-wish straight. Nobody can put a sleeping-sponge over the voice of Mrs. Dottie Gazazo, the Animal's Friend, when she schreech 'Veterinary Vampire!' & other scientific terms at Dr. Sim Flexner when he kill 60 giny-pigs and discover a medicine what will save a million children annually from death by spinal meningitis."

"Who are this brutal Dr. Flexner you mention?" I ask it.

"He are a regularly employed chopper in the meat department of the Rockefeller Institute, N. Y."

"This adds another crime to kerosene," I bid. "Are this Rockefeller Institute still situated at 26 Broadway?"

"I am helpless to reply," say Sydney. "But I suppose so maybe it are, because surgical grafting were first discovered there. Dr. Morel, famous French-speaking surgery, have took apart so many dogs, cats, snakes & other menageries that he have discovered one very wonderful fact—human persons is built like otomobiles!"

Me & Nogi make note of this phenomenal.

"You can take them apart & screw them together again without doing no injury to nobody. It is only necessary to know how. If a person lose anything—a head or an arm or a heart—it are no longer necessary to throw him away as useless. Have you shot away something by 4th of July ceremony? Pretty good! Dr. Morel have got plenty of extra parts in the ice-box. If you are tired of the brains you got, he can give you new set. Persons residing in the suburbs needs no longer be timidly afraid of burglars, cooks & black-handers. Prominent business man bear sound of burglary by midnight. He arise up & go to hall-way. Bang! he flop back shot through heart. 'Too bad!' say wife. 'I must ring for Dr. Morel.' So she go to telephone & jingle up Rockefeller Institute."

"Hello, please, are this Dr. Morel?"

"Truly are," response French-speaking voice.

"Kindly to come, if convenient, with a new heart for my husband, who spoiled his."

"What size heart do he wear?" require Hon. Morel.

"Last one he got was a No. 2, I think," say Mrs.

"So Dr. Morel soon arrive by quick ambulance with one No. 2 heart and a spool of thread. Quick change of heart for that prominent business man, who set up & smoke a cigar as soon as he is stitched together. Next morning he go down to Wall Street as usual, where he appear quite natural for his disagreeable qualities."

"That show how good Vivisection can be to the human race," say Sydney. "Dr. Morel learn how do such miracles by practice on dogs & cats. Are it not worth the life of 1000 dogs to save one talented financier?"

Me & Nogi set silently because we are not sure.

"I will tell you another delicious anecdote to show what a

skillful grafter this Dr. Morel is," say Sydney. "Last week a Swedish sailor limp into the Rockefeller Institute with a clubfoot, a fractured elbow, one lung & softening of the brain. He said he were feeling slightly ill—maybe he ate something for lunch which disagreed with him. Dr. Morel examine this man & tell him he must be done over. So he put him asleep by gas-tube and quickly unhooked his arms & legs, unscrewed his lungs & carefully took off his head. Then this celebrated slicer go to ice-box & select following extra parts:

"1—2 legs, size 14, formerly owned by a Marathon runner who trotted himself to death."

"2—1 lung, size 16, which used to be the property of a famous Tariff Senator."

"3—1 pair biceps once belonging to a heavyweight champion who had got discouraged, waiting for Hon. Jon Johnson (colored) to accept his challenge."

"4—1 head, size 74, lifted from a college professor who sprained his intelligence writing a book titled 'How to Corner the Wheat Crop and Benefit the Poor.'"

"These sections was fitted on to this Hon. Swede, who had a hansom & improved appearance. He sat up & scratched his head as if he wondered what profession he ought to go into with so many first-class fixtures."

"How you feel?" require Dr. Morel as soon as this Victim had put on his overcoat for go home.

"Like a new man," reply Hon. Swede & walk away on his new Marathon legs."

I make note of this phenomenal, but Cousin Nogi listen with clinical eye-wink.

"Did you read about this wonderful surgery in 'McGhee's Magazine'?" require Nogi.

"Not yet," say Sydney, "but who knows what?"

Mr. Editor, Auntie Vivisection League, and other sweet ladies, is making considerable yelp about Doctors being harsh to Dum Animals. Ladies what loves animals because they are Dum are usually not afflicted that way. Mrs. Angora Jones, President of the Little Mother of the Cats Association, say it are harsh & uncomfortable for Scientists to slice our four-footed relatives. If Mrs. Angora Jones feel that way maybe she had better think of something else that will make her more restful.

So long as human Men continue to be Animals they will have diseases somewhat similar to brutal Beasts. Therefore brutal Beasts must be cut up for see how them diseases grows. Mrs.

Angora Jones say she would rather enjoy small-pox than sacrifice one innocent calf. I should not. And there are \$8,000,000 persons in America who feel similar to me in this respect.

If everybody believed in Christian Science or New Thought there would not be no need for Vivisection. Then when persons got sick they would do so merely out of meanness. If they died it would prove that there was nothing the matter of them. At that happy time there would be no doctors, hence no poverty. Life would be simple and unsafe.

But so long as there are Doctors there has got to be some disagreeable work in the world. A Doctor what expects to pass his time amidst pleasant sights & sounds had better quit and go into the candy business. It are a Doctor's business to be in the midst of head-ache & unhappiness. We never call up the Doctor to tell him pleasant news—except when twins is born. We call him up to tell him we got a suspicious liver & a circular feeling of the brain. We call him up to complaint about tuberculosis & gossip about our scandalous stomachs. And nobody can die respectably unless a Doctor is there to permit it.

Learning to be a Doctor is like learning to play the trombone. It are deliciously unpleasant when he practices. Yet how can a Doctor learn how to cut up unless he practices? Poets writes poems & painters paints pictures by inspiration—and they often look like it. But I don't want no inspired Doctor to go poking around my interior digestion with a pair of scissors. Scientific facts is the best tools to use on a mad appendix. Maybe I sound like a complete Peend to say so, but I would rather see 60 giny-pigs slaughtered at the altar of Science than have one Doctor open me up on the wrong side.

Mr. Editor, in the dis-cussing of Vivisection everybody is enjoying angry rages except the Dog. He, as usual, is a sensible animal. If he got as mad as the Ladies on the one side and the Doctors on the other he would bark himself into spasms and be shot for hydrophobia. But the Dog remains quiet and has his lungs removed for Science. He is, the same as ever, the Friend of Man, and he are never more friendly to Humanity than when he lays down his humble life to ease the pain of 1000 Babies suffering in public hospitals.

Little Annie Anaxuma, 9-year age, daughter of I. Anaxuma, Japanese barber, ask me recently:

"What would be neat, durable motto for a Auntie-Vivisection League?"

"Spare the Dog and Kill the Child," are sharp reply for Hashimura Togo.

Hoping you will not, yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE LATEST LITERARY INVASION

"I FEEL sorry for those poor fellows that made a living writing special articles for the magazines," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Sure, why should you?" asked the House Detective of the St. Rockless.

"Think of the ease time they have, with no union hours and no comin' down at 8 and stayin' till 5. When one of them chaps needs a bit of money all he has to do is to sit down and write, without any worry or any thinkin' about it at all."

"Yes, you do get that belief from reading what they write, sometimes," said the Hotel Clerk. "But that's not what I was meaning. Writing the stuff may be easy enough for a special writer, especially if he's not hampered and hindered down by facts, but placing it in the hard job these times."

"Wot's the trouble?" said the House Detective.

"The trouble is," said the Hotel Clerk, "that most of them don't know how to do anything but write. They're never been distinguished at anything else except writing. They've never happened to be President of the United States or any little thing like that."

"Ain't parties wot can write, wot the magazines want?" demanded the House Detective.

"Once 'twas so, but not any more," explained the Hotel Clerk. "When a plain day, week or job writer goes into a magazine editor's office with a bunch of manuscript under his arm, he doesn't get the warm welcome any more. Nobody goes up to give him a glass of beer, nobody wings his hand and hopes he's been well. The great editor sitting there in the sanctum, with his hands folded across his knee, and his high, noble forehead, running all the way up to the temple, regards him with pronounced coldness, while he describes the nature and the attractiveness of his wares. And, believe me, Larry, they can do it eloquently too. A magazine editor is a realer at a loss for strong words when he's describing his own works. 'All very well,' says the editor when he gets through, 'but this is a very poor specimen of the art of writing. I have not seen you afterwards went to Africa by way of Washington, D. C. I suppose you've never done anything of importance in the trust-fund or the trust-fund either? And you're not a preacher that's turned literary or even a doctor that can tell amusing tales about the habits and

morals of bacteria. You must know, my good man, that there's no demand any more among the best class of weekly and monthly publications for the work of men who merely write. Anybody can split infinitives. But did you ever split rails preparatory to becoming President, could you tell me about it? Guess you won't do. And the magazine writers goes forth under the open sky in a dazed state, wishing that he'd spent the early years of his life fitting himself for a profession of a bricklayer, where the pay may not be so large but you can get it in an envelope every Saturday night. 'It's a funny thing, too, Larry. It's only been a few fleeting months since all the magazines were muck-raking to beat the garbage contractors. A magazine that couldn't stir up a large and assorted collection of bad smells in high places didn't belong. Opening the newest number was like cutting into an intestine. Camembert cheese, only the odors were more invigorating and various. Every magazine worthy of the name had its troupe of bright young men, with long prehensile noses, like the rubber eraser on a dime lead pencil, who were constantly digging at the nose of the Editor. In the hope of turning up a dead rat from time to time. If you saw a magazine on the newsstand with a cover design of a cockroach or a winged cracked china plate, you could be sure that 'Anybody's' was out with a fresh crop of discoveries touching the pretty doing among the elect, or the re-elected of the nation."

"And then, all of a sudden, a change came over the spirit of their night."

"I think maybe 'twas Uncle John D. Rockefeller, that dear old man with the de-natured memory and the smile like somebody's dirty knife, who started 'em off on the new track. He got tired of spreading the sweetness and the salve-by night and day of the month from the witness stand and the second bunker. So one day he sat down in his quiet library and rows of shelves lined with bound reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, appropriately autographed with the compliments of the authors, and began a series of masterly articles on the state of the nation in the leading literary circles of Wall Street, almost instantly. It seemed to me that Edgar Allan Poe had more imagination; but then, Poe drank and he lived a more or less reckless life, and when it came to amassing a comfortable fortune Rockefeller had him beat by a Battenberg edging. So I guess we'll have to give it to Uncle John D. for literary excellence."

"And now, by heavens, there's a flood of them. Harriman is turning out dainty little conceits on train wrecking as an indoor sport, and Rogers has

burst forth, and Carnegie, not content with building libraries, is furnishing the material to fill them. Carnegie

started in to follow the pursuit of letters, and the first one he caught up with was the upper case 'L' and he's

been keeping steady company with it ever since. And now every time he writes down that adorable capital L

of sight and Hooker telegraphed the good news to Stanton. But Jackson, when put of sight, turned swiftly to the left toward the west, made a detour around Hooker's right wing and at 6 o'clock in the evening burst out upon the unsuspecting command of Carl Schurz, the Eleventh Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. The Federals were scattered, away from their guns, engaged in cooking, some in eating Rabbits and deer leaping toward them and the furious "rebel yell" from 25,000 throats were the first signs of an attacking enemy. Jackson found them absolutely unprepared and rolled the entire command back upon Hooker's center and left until the speeding remnants actually reached and passed headquarters. The secret of General Jackson's success was secrecy, combined with celerity of movement and massing men. The subordinate commanders closest to him never knew what his next movement would be. As second in command Ewell was in a state of constant indignation because Jackson did not communicate his intentions and purposes to him, and Ewell did not hesitate to express himself about it in vigorous terms. Jackson said once to his wagon master, early in the morning, "Move the wagons to the west at daybreak." The wagon master naturally asked, "How far shall



STONEWALL JACKSON BIG FACTOR IN BULL RUN BATTLE

Famous Confederate General Saw With Napoleonic Vision How the Confederate Army Could Crush Federal Opposition.

ABOUT 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, July 21, 1861, Stonewall Jackson was sitting, with his cap drawn close down over his face, on that dun war horse, seemingly built to stand any sort of hardship, on the battlefield of Bull Run. He was awaiting the opportune moment. For three hours he had kept the impatient "Stonewall Jackson" which the ladies of the valley afterwards called their "dirty darlings," in a cedar or pine grove. They were lying on the ground there, for he always insisted that his men while resting, in battle or during intervals on the march, should lie prone on the ground. An officer rode up to him and said, "General, the day is going against us." Jackson replied, "If I thought so, sir, I would keep it to myself, sir." A little while after the latter replied that he felt himself safe in the hands of Providence anywhere. I think it was only a few minutes after this that as he rode back to the Second and Fifth Virginia, a finger on his left hand was shot away. He drew a handkerchief around the wound and at the time paid no further attention to it. Afterwards, while this wound was healing, he contracted the habit of holding his hand up in the air to ease the pain and from this grew the notion that he prayed as he rode into battle.

At 4 o'clock he rode down to the Second and Fourth Virginia, bringing there under cover, and without excitement, ordered both regiments to attack and break the Federal center, telling them to yell like demons as they advanced on

the enemy. In perfect order they rose and swung to the charge and so fierce was their onset that McDowell's center broke and his whole force was hurled back on Washington.

That Stonewall Jackson was the deciding factor at first Bull Run is a fact not generally known. It was Jackson's idea to march at once on Washington, and he was the one who insisted that he permitted. Indeed, he had the Napoleonic foresight to perceive that the one way to whip the Federal Government, if it could be done at all, was to paralyze it by a series of decisive blows delivered in succession so rapid as to leave his enemy no time to recover. He knew the Federals were not prepared to meet him in a battle of attrition. He knew that the Federals were not prepared to meet him in a battle of attrition. He knew that the Federals were not prepared to meet him in a battle of attrition.

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