

# LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

## SOME POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

There will never be another Togo. The next satirist, who will be due in about ten years, will have difficulty in finding a voice and a limbo equal to those of Dooley or Togo as a vehicle for comment upon current events and the old, old human follies.—The Bookman.

**EDITOR OREGONIAN,** who got a helping-hand feel for Poor & Needy will be less so if they put slight advertisement in the Wanting-Column of this paper.

**DEAR HON. MR.:**  
A Book Agent came approaching to me yesterday with Carnegie Library expression & said he got a History every Japanese School-boy should have before he advance very far into America.

"How much, please, to purchase this total book?" This from me.  
"For \$2, thank you, and the rest by degrees till payed for." That from him.

"Oh, so sorry, no can do!" I corroborate with great chivalry. But this Book Agent are a very firm literary man; so he drop that fat work on my bedstead & part off with these charitable words:

"You shall read this Great Compie & learn how-do to become Famous. Then I shall come around weekly & collect 50c till payed for."

"At what date shall it be payed for?" But he have already parted off and left me with this expensive literature. It are a very Taft-shape book bound in sheepish leather with guilt-colored edges. I already feel somewhat prosperous by seeing it laying on my bureau. By opening this Hon. Book I am charmed by very valuable invoice of Thought which I receive. It relate about many youths of very Hobo parentage who, by constant smartness, start at first round of the ladder and soonly climb to second storey of Success. "Do not be discourage to start at feet of the Ladder," Editor of this Book say. "You will always find a window unlocked on the second storey."

This Book pronounce great Hope to any boy who is poor enough to be ambitious. It say, "Keep your brain close to deeds of Great Men and attempt to learn how. Nearly every Life Insurance President, Poet, Martyr or Politician now occupying wealthy chairs in glass offices was formerly office boys in buildings they now owns. Folks gets famous by constant application.

"Pray listen, Little Boy, if you're intent to reach that Golden Niche: Don't waste your kindness on the Poor, But jump, O jump and help the Rich!"

I chew this information with my brain. This Author say you must obtain Fame "by constant application." I have made constant application for all sortsd jobs; but maybe I have applied at the wrong place. So I read on.

Frontispiece of this Hon. Book are a large crane-portrait of Hon. John D. Rockefeller with sad & loving expresion like he did what he done to America more in sorrow than in anger. Next come following brief historical write-up:

**LIFE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.**  
Hon. J. D. was borned on July 4, 1839, of pious, patriotic, poverty-stricken people. After a loveless youth he left college at the age of 9 and accepted an obscure post as office-boy at the modest salary of \$4 a week. Little is known of his subsequent career; but he must have advanced rapidly in the esteem of his employers, for we find him in the year 1909 universally known as a leading oil merchant. He lives at Tarrytown, N. Y., where he is loved & suspected by all.

Wm. Shakespeare was born, if at all, in the latter part of the 16th Century. His works are full of historical blunders. For further particulars see FRANCIS BACON.

**LIFE OF E. H. HARRIMAN.**  
Hon. E. H. Harriman was borned in the 19th Century, but refuses to talk about it. As a young man he worked as a collector for a railroad. Recently he has branched out into a railroad-collecting business. He lives in a private car and moves in a mysterious way. He is loved and respected by all. For further particulars see GEORGE GOULD.

**LIFE OF JAMES A. PATTEN.**  
Born of poor but contented parents, Little James went out at an early age to earn his bread & butter. He didn't have no luck in butter but he was soon able to corner the bread. He is called the Yeast King because he has raised so many loaves. He lives quietly on his Western farm where he is loved and respected by all.

And so onwards through every stages of greatness. I am completely fascinated by this Hon. Book so filled of grand achievement & biographies! How nice to be included in History! I should more rather be famous than almost any other job. Could I, too, not be mentioned some day because of my sweet disposition & firm-tooth struggle to Success? Would it not be nice for Prosperity to see following information about me:

**LIFE OF HASHIMURA TOGO.**  
Hon. Hash Togo was begun in Japan about 1874. His parents was poor but perfectly natural. He come to America to learn intelligence & was employed as soup-carrier in many board-houses where he stayed until he quit. He got so famous for his perpendicular character & honest face that he wrote a book of poetries & died controlling 3 banks. He is always at home to friends at Room 405 Hall of Fame. Tokyo papers please copy.

Mr. Editor, when I read them paragraphs full of bright & flashy hope I resolved to become a Office Boy and learn how-do get Famous. Because that Hon. Book, though entirely inspiring to folks enjoying poverty, do not tell what them Great Men was doing after they quit being office boys. It merely say, "Hon. J. D. Rockefeller began on the farm as office boy & he was next discovered at 26 Broadway running the place." Therefore I must find some gentleman what have arrived at top-tip of Fame and ask him some replies.

So I put on my frockaway coat & courteous derby, so I might appear sublime as possible. Then I retire to a rich-looking street & hunt up a tall building what appear to be occupied by a Poor Boy Who Had Become Famous. Pretty soonly I seen an emfient looking Building of extreme tallness which appear very dignified as if it had stole something & wished to keep still about it. Over the main entry to this place was sign "Chicago, Rakeoff & Back-away R. R."

This would be very nice Building for me to become famous in. So I get elevated to 9th storey where glass office was; and there one very kidly looking Ladd was setting engaged in gum-chew & reading a Book by title "History of Famous Home Runs." I suppose this to be some important book on the Railroad business. "Name, if any!" require this Ladd after 5 or 15 minutes after he was sure I was there.

"Hashimura Togo," I say reverently to this child, because he was a poor boy & might become Famous unless neglected. "Business, if any!" are next slam-out for him.

"Hon. Child," I say-it. "I desire a earnest wish that I could see the Pres. of this Co. so that maybe I also can get job of Office Ladd & so upwards till I owned this Building."

"Hon. Child," I say-it. "I desire a earnest wish that I could see the Pres. of this Co. so that maybe I also can get job of Office Lad & so upwards till I owned the Building."

When I said this Hon. Office Boy become peeled with laughter. "You are a species of Oriental lemon," he report.

"Kindly to respect my color, if nothing else," I say dogglahly. "I am Office Boy to this organization," snib that Kidd-person.

"My salary are \$4 weekly which I earn by sharpening pencils & being a Dummy when called for directors' meetings. Therefore you should not burst into my career. Kindly remove away."

"I should not go until I saw Hon. President," I provoke with Samurai voice.

While this loud alteration was going on between us, door of glass office crunch open suddenly & a blank-haired gentleman of Trust appearance & wealthy vest rosh out with voice to yellup: "Why you burst up my office with hellish conversation & talk?"

"Please, Mr. Sir," I say-so with humbel derby, "I wish to make interviews with Pres. of this Assn."

"I am him," say this swollen person with Hon voice. "Therefore come inside & be insulted."

So he bang me behind glass door where was considerable mahogany desk all buttoned up with electric signals & other simptoms of Success.

"What you wish to see me by?" he ask-it with refrigerated eyes. "I wish some talk from you because you are Famous," I say-so cordially.

"How you know that?" he reply nervously. "I read so in newspapers," are answer for me.

"Heavenly sakes!" report this Magnot, "have the newspapers discovered me. Nextly I shall be surrounded by the Magazines. How can I keep out of Jail?"

I could not think of no intelligent reply. "Are ypr one of them Poor Boys who become Famous?" I require.

"I are!" he say, locking the door. "Kindly explain to me how you got in this condition," I corrode.

"It came on gradually," say this Famous Man sadly. "I was born 57 years ago. My parents was too lazy to do anything dishonest. But I was ambitious. No one at home sympathized with me, except my dear old grandfather who taught me to smoke cigarettes; and oft at evening took me on his knee and read me stories from Nick Carter so I could know something about the Great World outside. When I was 11 years old I resolved to run away to sea. This was hard to do, thank you, because we lived in Kansas. One night at 8:30, when the village was all asleep, I dropped out of a window and vanished in the darkness. My only wealth was 38c and 5 loaded dice which my dear old Grandfather had gave to me at parting.

"I nextly was seen in Cincinnati, where I amassed enough pennies with my loaded dice to set myself up in business as a horse-

thief. After the first mis-step the upward course is easy. From horses I went into mining stocks. Nobody can't never get discouraged at nothing when they can't never fail at nothing. Wall Street, after attempted murder, embraced me with lovely kindness. Then one day I made the great criminal stroke of my career. I took a Railroad and forgot to return it."

Speaking suchly words this Hon. Success arise up, unlock door & show me how to get out.

"To what one influential Factor in your career do you mostly owe it that you have arrived so great?" I ask-it at parting.

"I got my education from these," he say. And he show me them 5 loaded dice what his deary Grandfather had gave him in antique date of childhood.

So he slam me outside & leave me full of muses. Here is a Japanese Poem what can be poured into any column, no matter how gas-pipe it is in shape:

MUSICAL SNUGGESTIONS TO SCULPTORS & STONE-CUTTERS WHO MANUFACTURE STATUARY FOR PUBLIC PARKS.  
Hon. Sculptors  
Standing around with chisels  
Waiting for some Great Man to die so you can ossify him in immortal stoneware,

Soonly Public Squares  
- Will be full  
Of new faces sawed out of marble & bronze.  
Soonly we will see popular heroes  
Standing on basis of granite  
And looking much handsomer than we ever thought they would.

Think of Hon. Jo-Uncle Cannon  
Standing patly on a pedestal  
Looking grand  
And wearing creases in his stone pants like he never actually had!

Think of Hon. Wm. H. Taft  
Standing in a posy public attitude  
With his stomach idealized to look like a chest!  
Imagine Philander P. Necks  
With stone forehead of Napoleon  
And cross expression  
Like he was forever jerking Hon. Castro back from Venezuela!

In joy-day of future  
Some fine sculptuary groups  
Will also appear.  
"Hon. Nelson Aldrich Commanding the Tariff to stand still,"  
Hon. Jim Patten in sweet pose entitled  
"Bringing in the Sheaves,"  
"Harriman Ticking the Octopus"  
Would be another,  
And "Serene O'Pain Killing Time"  
Would look very distracted.

O Fame,  
In ordering statues  
To show future generations  
How Civilization behaved himself in 1909,  
Please do some of them works of art I snuggest,  
And oblige,

Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO,  
(Copyright, 1909, by P. F. Collier & Son.)

# "THEY'RE UPLIFTING ART AT PITTSBURG" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"WELL, we'll have to give it to Fair Pittsburg at last," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Wot's Pittsburg been doin' now?" asked the House Detective of the St. Reckless.

"Pittsburg," said the Hotel Clerk, "has been giving the cause of purity in art an uplift. 'Take this here purity thing now,' says Pittsburg, 'what's been done for purity? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Let's give purity one swell boost.' And, Larry, to quote further, they done it just like they said. It must have been a grand sight to see the culture and refinement of Pittsburg get together, split on their hands, take the quill toothpick, gold mounted in some cases, out of their mouths, and with a long pull, a strong pull, Pittsburg being the home of strong pulls, and a pull all together, they elevate purity in art to an eminence which it has not enjoyed since Boston refused to let a statue of a Greek lady called Buechans go in the new public library, because she was mainly dressed in a bunch of Malaga grapes and her own hair. 'What sort of a scandalous bronze female is this we have here?' said Boston. 'She doesn't wear glasses and she has absolutely no place to put a W. C. T. U. membership badge on, chuck her out,' says Boston with one voice. And they chucked Maggie Blanche Buchanan out, and hospitable New York took her in and gave her an asylum up at Central Park and now she's frequently mistaken for a working model of one of the new school of society barefoot dancers."

"Fair Pittsburg trailed in even stronger. Future generations will not recall Pittsburg as the town that turned out so many missing bank officials who were described in the reward notices as being six feet long and \$60,000 short; or as the native haunt of a lot of millionaires who had the habit of frequently changing their collars and their wives while at home, and coming to New York when they wanted to spend their money or shoot somebody. None of that rough, soft coal stuff will go for Pittsburg any more. Pittsburg has uplifted purity in art."

"It means that a young person named Sauter, which is a name that sounds like it would go well, balled, with new cabbage, but who's an artist for all that, painted a picture called 'The Bridal Morning,' of a young lady about to be married, who'd been called early by her mother or somebody, and she'd got up hurriedly without slipping on anything. She hadn't even slipped on the top step, like the historic young girl of two seasons back. At first glance, it appeared to be a perfectly alright picture, and had a swell nine-inch gold frame on it. They even went so far as to give it second prize at the Pittsburg Carnegie Institute. Coming from the place it did, and being only the second prize, I presume it was a Carnegie Hero Medal. I believe that the first prize was a public library. Seems to me I heard somebody saying so."

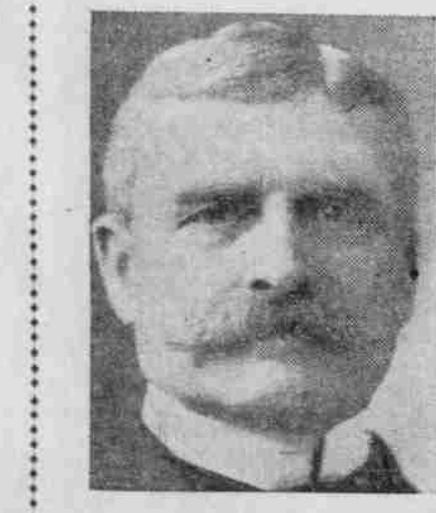
"Anyway, they banded it out the prize and hung up 'The Bridal Morning' for the public to see. For some days all went well. Prominent people came and stood in front of it and admired the execution and wondered how much the frame cost, and passed on. But all of a sudden who should happen along but the Eastern League of Art Students."

"Pittsburg is a good growing town, Larry. In the matter of baseball, it's team has been up in the first division of the National League for several years, but in art it's never been able to get beyond the Eastern League. So, along came the Eastern League, female branch, and looked at this picture and emitted the loud, piercing shriek. 'Mushful Evans!' cried the young ladies of the Eastern League, and some of them not so blamed young at that. 'What's troubling you?' says Pittsburg. 'It's a nude,' says the league. 'A which?' says Pittsburg."



"LONG CAME THE EASTERN LEAGUE FEMALE BUNCH AND EMITTED A PIERCING SHRIEK"

## REAR-ADMIRAL GOODRICH IS SUCCEEDED BY CAPTAIN MURDOCK AT BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich. NEW YORK, June 5.—(Special.)—Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, retired, who has been commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard since June 1, 1907, relinquished his command May 15, and was succeeded by Captain Joseph B. Murdock, who commanded the battleship Rhode Island and in the cruise of the fleet around the world. Captain Murdock is the first officer of his rank to be placed in command of the Navy-Yard since 1889, when Captain Francis M. Ramsey was the commandant. Captain Murdock was born at Hartford in 1861 and is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. He served as executive officer on the U. S. S. Panther during the Spanish-American War. He has written a number of articles on electricity and magnetism. Rear-Admiral Goodrich was born in Philadelphia in 1847 and is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy.



Joseph B. Murdock. NEW YORK, June 5.—(Special.)—Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, retired, who has been commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard since June 1, 1907, relinquished his command May 15, and was succeeded by Captain Joseph B. Murdock, who commanded the battleship Rhode Island and in the cruise of the fleet around the world. Captain Murdock is the first officer of his rank to be placed in command of the Navy-Yard since 1889, when Captain Francis M. Ramsey was the commandant. Captain Murdock was born at Hartford in 1861 and is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. He served as executive officer on the U. S. S. Panther during the Spanish-American War. He has written a number of articles on electricity and magnetism. Rear-Admiral Goodrich was born in Philadelphia in 1847 and is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

"Such, Larry was the voice of Pittsburg, indeed, of Greater Pittsburg, which includes Allegheny and other suburbs, not so large, perhaps, but equally smoky. An indignant and infuriated, I might even say, a maddened populace, called upon this man Sauter to stand up and explain before the situation got beyond the control of the police authorities. Mob spirit seemed rife, whatever that is. Already from the rear of the crowd there were loud cries of 'Lynch him!' and 'Get a rope!' which in such cases, as I've often noticed, the farther back the party, the louder the cry."

"Well, Sauter, the low scoundrel, tried to square himself, but it was a bum job. Painters are not usually fluent talkers, except when talking about themselves. He tried to excuse himself by saying the young lady in the picture had just been taking a bath and he didn't think it would be the proper thing to show a well-raised girl coming out of the bath tub with all her clothes on and maybe a pair of gym boots. 'The young woman of my picture is no deep sea diver,' says Sauter. 'She's a bride.'"

proper, to say the least, it was to surprise a young woman just after she'd got the soap off, and before she got anything else on, and how much more improper to bring the life-size result of his nefarious observations to a town like Pittsburg and put it on display. They didn't lynch him outright, but it was a close call and ought to be a warning to all artists."

"It's a strange thing, Larry, this art purity movement, a darned strange thing, if you'll excuse my language. The ancient Greeks and Romans couldn't see anything wrong in the human form divine, but I guess they weren't as pure-minded as we are. They never enjoyed the advantage of being born in the same century with Anthony Comstock and the Eastern Art League of Pittsburg. And yet, in spite of all the teachings of these people that are an even 100 per cent pure, we still stand for the nude in some things. Personally, I've always taken my sartorial bare, although some prefer the French dressing. I wouldn't think of biting any banana anyway except a naked banana, and I never heard of anybody who objected to a nude egg, if it was fresh laid. As for oysters, I know people who wouldn't eat one any other style. A perfectly nude oyster, with maybe a dash of lemon, conveys to their minds nothing except an appetite. It's the same with a clam. At times I've known the clam to taste just a trifle too much like one of O'Somebody's heels of new rubber, but I never regarded him any more immodest than a fried smelt or a boiled prune, because he came on the table wearing nothing but half a shell, and that merely as a background to set off his natural charms. Small babies are all right in real life without clothes. Many of them are born that way, I'm told, and it seems to become them. But in a picture—never, at least never in some places."

"Pittsburg didn't throw any spasms that I've ever heard of, early in the season, when visited by a Salome dancer who wore a costume consisting of a magnetic health belt and the scenario of a set of bead portieres. I know that's what she wore, because when she opened the season here I went to see her myself eight times. But when a young man named Sauter painted 'The Bridal Morning,' and somebody emits a squawk, they turn his picture to the wall and put a label on the back, 'Ladies' Bathroom Closed Indefinitely,' and then call the vigilantes together and give him 48 hours to leave the state."

"I wish I knew why these things were, and next week I hope to find out, maybe. You see, Larry, it'll be commencement week. Right now, all over this wide land, fair young maidens are debating with themselves the great vital question—dot-dot-muslin or white wool. And noble young men, who on the night of the graduating exercises will impress you, as they sit there on the stage, as knowing everything in the world except what to do with their hands and feet, are even now putting the finishing touches on literary masterpieces entitled, 'The Mis-

takes of Jefferson' and 'Beyond the Alps Lies Italy.' I sort of look to these future hopes of the commonwealth for illumination on this art and nature purity proposition."

"Wot makes you think they might help you?" asked the House Detective.

"Because," said the Hotel Clerk, "I never struck a young high school graduate yet that wasn't in full possession, at the time, of all the human knowledge there is."

## German Art for Harvard.

New York Times. The Prince Regent of Bavaria has decided to present to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, a cast of the oldest equestrian statue by a German sculptor, that of Emperor Conrad III. It dates from the Thirteenth century, and is at present in the Bamberg cathedral. Professor Kuno Franke of Harvard, who is spending a vacation at Munich, has been informed that the Swiss Government intends to send to the museum a reproduction of one of the most important monuments of Burgundian art, a group of statues on the tomb of Lasaraz, near Neuchatel.

## ONE OF JAPAN'S BEAUTIES.



Princess Nashimoto. NEW YORK, June 5.—(Special.)—Princess Nashimoto, wife of Prince Nashimoto, the Mikado's first cousin, is esteemed to be the most beautiful woman of Japan. The Princess, who is 27 years old, is petite, with the dark complexion of her race, wonderful eyes and a most fascinating smile. She dresses in excellent taste and in the latest fashion, so that, despite the delicate olive tint of her skin, she looks more like a dainty French woman than an Oriental Princess. The Princess created a furore of admiration in Paris recently, where she and the Prince made a visit. They are now on tour in Italy, but will return to Paris and expect to visit the United States.