

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

THE FLYING AGE OF AIRSHIPS

To Editor, Oregonian, who have printed considerable news about the recent fly behavior of Count Zeppelin.

Dear Sir:—

Bunkio Saguchi, who have a very reporter mind, tell me how-so Congress are intending to think of considering getting ready to talk over debating the proposed proposition of establishing an unbursted chain of Zeppelin airships along the complete Atlantic Coast from Maine to Mexico.

"Do not this prove that the flighty age of airships have arrived?" require Bunkio.

"Perhaps; yet I can not see no airships zephering around," I rejoined.

"You are too dubbful," say Bunkio. "Do you need to see a airship before you believe it is there?"

"I shall believe in airships when they become a nuisance like otomobiles," I did. "The flighty age of Otomobiles are already here. I know because I have been hit by one."

Thusly all persons speak with me about airshiping & how it have arrived. I oftenly pay price 10c to see airly navigation from some Wilbur Wright, Jr., what have got one; but something are always bursted & I must go home quite peeved.

And yet all newspaper-print are full of excited type explaining about some dar-devillish fellow that flew 48 miles in Indiana & back again. I am a very luckless Japanese. Something are always happening in Indiana when I am in California. If I should move to Indiana all the news would happen in California.

Dirigible balunacy are getting to be a terrible epidamix among all civilized nations. In England they got it so bad that Englishmen is acting more queer than usual. One-sided eyeglasses is now turned into telescopes so that Englishmen can look into heaven & see if a German navy ain't coming from direction of Friedrichshafen.

Hon. England are now enjoying delicious spasm of war-skare. She are timid about all gas-bags made in Germany. Hon. Reporters is setting up nights attempting to see things what ain't there & so much foolish & imaginary news is being printed in the papers that British Journalism are beginning to appear interesting for the first time in History. The House of Lords has got no time to oppress the Irish peasantry no more, thank you, because they in too busy peeking out of Parliament Bldg to see if the sky ain't full of huf filers resembling German sausages of 400 horse capacity. Every time Count Zeppelin start out visit Berlin & forget how to arrive there all Gt Britten wonder what is. Are it tire trouble what make Hon. Zep change his course? Or have he sneeketly flew away to blow up the London navy and thusly announce war?

War is hellish, but war-skares is hellisher.

Hon. England are now making sweet brotherhood signals to these U. S.—which are sure symptom that they are desperate about something. Mrs. Britannia kiss Mrs. Columbia by marse wave & wish she would forget past gruj like Olympus Games. Revolutionary War & what Elinor Glym said to the Colonial Dames. I enjoy suspicious eye-wink for this. When prominent British Lords get up at dinner-banket & announce to various American weaths present the exciting discovery that "Blood is thicker than selzer," that are a pretty cog signal that England are intending to pinch America for a large International favor. This habit are not peculiar to England alone. It are the habit of all Nations to act neighborly when they wish to borrow something.

Maybe Hon. England expect that Jo-Uncle Cannon will loan them Hon. Baldwin's Baby Balloon to help scare away Mr. Zeppelin's navy when he comes over to do so.

And yet how foolish! If it take Count Zeppelin 40 years to

build a sky-boat what can not go over an orchard without getting himself shipwrecked on a plum tree, how long would it take that brite inventor to construct 100 giant floaters what could not only destroy England, but could axually arrive there? This is too hard arithmetik for Japanese Boy. Maybe it would take 100 years. In such a cases neither water-boats nor sky-boats would be necessary no more. Because the World will belong either to the Socialist Party or the Standard Oil by that date. If it belong to the Socialists it will be too tame to care for battles; if it belong to the Standard Oil it will be too poor.

Maybe some talented History of future date will have following news to tell about it:

The Aerial Invasion of England

In the year 1911 Germany first commenced to begin her air invasion of England. This would have been successful but it wasn't. On them date Admiral Count Zeppelin assembled at Friedrichshafen a nice-looking Armada consisting of 40 flying Dreadnoughts, 12 fast gas-cruisers & a light aeroplane mosquito fleet under Hon. Hutzl C. Cone. Midst maddy banzais of entire Germany this fleet proceed in perfect order in the direction of England; but while over the city of Frankfurt Admiral Zeppelin's flagship, Wurtzburger XV, collided with the spire of the town hall which cause considerable gas-leak. To make addition to this 5 Dreadnoughts caught fire from a cigarette & exploded. Also it began to rain & a 10-mile breeze sprung up, making aerial navigation too dangerous to be enjoyed by heroes. So this proud fleet was ordered back to her garage for repairs.

Meantime Hon. Emp. Wm., who with characteristick patience had waited 3 years to watch Hon. Fleet make fly over parade grounds near Berlin & give her some godspeed together with music, got nervus & wondered why. He insult all army officers with military expression. Why should flighty navies always be late? Of finally he telegraf back now-historic question to Count Zeppelin, "Why do you delay when your Country calls?" And Count Zeppelin telegraf back now-historic reply, "Why does my Country call in such rotten weather?"

A general strike in the gas company again delayed the invasion of England till the year 1915, when, on July 4, this birdy fleet again flew away and would of got there doubtlessly, but for one careless fact: the entire German air-navy was blown up by a fire-cracker while gallant Adm. Zeppelin and his crew was partaking a picnic lunch in a field near Munich. So Emp. Wm. enjoy angry rages & aware that, for the money invested, air-navigation was the most darnly expensive amusement in the Divine Right business.

So German ambition to avigate the air grew quite havoc after this & they seem willing to postpone for some other time, thank you.

Meanwhile Hon. England was awful disappointment, because they wish for meet a foreign foe on land as well as water. Already they had changed their national tune to "Britannia Rules the Clouds," a tune which any English band could play on wind instruments. How sadly, then, did them greatest statesmen in the kingdom look by day & night for Hon. Zeppelin who had tried so hard to get there!

When finally the wireless message "Invasion of England postponed again on account of rain," the King wep aloud & all England felt neglected.

In 1987 the Airo Club of London met & voted a prize of £50,000 and a \$1.90 loving-cup to the first foreign foe what

would invade England by air, sail around the Tower of London & drop a box of crackers into Buckingham Palace.

The Swiss & Turkish navies will compete again for this prize next year (2003).

Thusly, Mr. Editor, I have proved by History that Hon. England & Hon. America & other Christian Powers, to include Japan, please, must trust in Steel Trust rather than Gas Trust to control their navies of future. Let us show least fear, then, when Stanley Y. Beach try to circumnavigate the Grant Monument when weather is too cross to do so. We got a Railway Problem & a Tariff Problem without going to breezes for new calamities we can't use. Anyways, let us put off this Airship Problem till Hon. Roosevelt come back from Africa to settle everything.

Listen at this Japanese poem I made out of my imagination: Poem Wrote to Discourage Hon. Zeppelin & Hon. Baldwin & Other Army Balloons

O!!

Mr. Ed. of England

And Hon. Wm. of Germany

And Hon. Taft of U. S.

Kindly to dispose away fooly apprehension

About airships!

Ain't everybody crazy enough, thank you,

About "Dreadnoughts"

Without flying to gas

For more flighty ambitions?

You realize

What awful scramblingness of cloudy competitions must ensue If you don't stop desiring to continue going on?

If one Zeppelin airship

Are now 500 feet long

England must immediately fill up a sausage baloon

1000 feet long

To be in style

Hon. Germany would then feel shamed

And blow-out 2 dirigible "Dreadnoughts"

3500 feet lengthwise apiece.

This would be one entire mile of airship.

I blush to say

What Hon. England would do

After this;

Groans from uptaxed peasantry

Who must pay to fill them giganterous bladders

With \$1 gas!

What would U. S. of America

Be doing meantime?

Maybe she also would get gas-daft disease

And clutter Heaven all up

With awful inventions.

And maybe not.

Maybe Jo-Uncle Cannon would slam-out

"Too expensive!"

And Hon. Congress

Would vote one \$10 parachute

For Leo Stevens.

Sometimes it is lucky for America

That Jo-Uncle

Have not got no imagination about spending money.

Anyways,

When me
And Hon. Roosevelt
And Hon. Rud Kipling
And other distinguished Americans
Is behind our tombstones
Playing with our ancestors
We will feel quite congratulated
To see

What we missed!

Therefore,

Mr. Ed.

And Mr. Wm.

Throw away all the hardware you please in decorating the sea with needless expense,

But for heavenly sakes,

Permit the clouds

To roll by

With nothing in them but Angels

And other natural phenomenals.

I am now membership of Japanese Schoolboys Airo Club which meet weekly at O Pic-San Restaurant, price 50c and alcohol free. Last Friday night we had a very flighty time. Banzais enjoyed by all. More gin-wine.

"Fellow Schoolfriends," say-off Bunkio Saguchi with Gen. Horse Porter expression, "object of this Club must be to put airships on firm footing so it will be safe vehicle for Pres. Taft & baggage to ride around in. Navigation of air are now recognized by Science—let us fix it so it will be recognized by E. H. Harriman. Let us arrange it so that them airy-planes of Hon. Wright Bros. will make glidden tours with coal, lumber, bricks & pianos between San Francisco & Boston. Let us do this, please."

Bunkio set down and enjoy another beverage.

"How can a Japanese Schoolboys Club arrange so much progress?" I ask to know.

Bunkio set with skewed face.

"I was not attempting to say anything intelligent," he pronounce blusly. "I was merely making a after-dinner speech."

"I wish to make an emotion," say Cousin Nogi uprising to his shoes. "I move that we restrain our moneys from tipping the waiter & send a meal to Hon. Wright Bros. at Dayton, O-Hio."

"To send a telegraf would be more cheaper," say Sydney Katsu, Jr., with mollucydeu expression.

So we send following tidy greetings by tick-wire to Dayton:

"Wright Bros.—Keep it up! We expect no answer."
"JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS."

When we send this telegraf Arthur Kickahajama enjoy aspic of deep glum.

"This club," growell Arthur, "are now entering a career of great uselessness. No Japanese Schoolboy have got sufficient cash-py to buy a air-boat. There are why this idol talk? What help are we giving to arial navigation?"

"Airo Clubs is not supposed to understand much about high-fly machinery," say Nogi, who was there. "Purpose of Airo Clubs is to give nice dinners to distinguished Scientists."

"Do such dinners stimulate Science?" require Arthur.

"They oftenly stimulates Scientists," report Nogi.

So we partook another gin-wine & went home feeling quite lofty.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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JOHN B. HOOD A NINETEENTH CENTURY KNIGHT

A BRILLIANT SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY TO WHOSE CHILDREN THE SOUTHERN STATES PAID A REMARKABLE AND TOUCHING TRIBUTE

BY RICHARD SPILLANCE

OUT of the headquarters of a Federal commander in Mississippi in the early Summer of 1865 there hobbled a young man in a faded uniform of gray. As he made his way slowly through a lane made of lines of Union and Confederate veterans every man saluted. The great conflict was ended. The South, beaten and exhausted and ravaged by war, was overrun by the soldiers of the armies of the North. Lee, at Appomattox, had surrendered two months before and now this young man, who had held the rank second only to Lee, had laid down his sword and been released on parole.

The man in the faded uniform of gray was the wreck of a human. One leg was missing, shot away at Chickamauga; one arm hung lifeless by his side, shattered and mangled at Gettysburg; a wound made by a rifle ball had pierced his body at Gaines' Mill still troubled him, and one of his eyes was affected by the fragment of a shell that struck him in his flight with his army after the fall of Atlanta. He had gone into the war as a Lieutenant, as brave, as dashing and as chivalric a soldier as the South could furnish, and now at 31, broken in body, his fortune gone, crippled, disfigured and almost helpless, but wearing the stars of a Lieutenant-general, he was little more than a bit of flotsam and jetsam cast amid the debris by the tide of fate.

To a soldier it is bitter indeed to surrender his sword, but upon John B. Hood that day in the early Summer of 1865 there devolved another duty that required by far a higher degree of fortitude. When he left the headquarters of the Federal commander and went to the house in which he was living temporarily it was to write a letter, every word of which was anguish to his heart. The letter was to the woman he loved, releasing her from her promise to become his wife.

He told her he was only the remnant of a man, and that it would be wrong for him to link his life with hers. He loved her, loved her from the first day they had met, loved her so well that he had a right to demand the life of her now. It would blight her life, he told her, releasing her from a such a crippled, helpless being, one whose days were numbered and whose course was run.

And the woman he loved replied as only a woman who loves could reply.

"John Hood," she wrote, "if there was

only enough of your body left to hold your noble soul I would hold you to your promise. In place of the limb that you lost you have me as a crutch. For the arm that is shattered you have my two arms. If your eyes fail, whose eyes should see for you but mine?"

And so these two were married to live a life that was to have as its climax one of the most remarkable incidents in American history.

His Early Career.

To the South Hood always has seemed a knightly character. As a boy and as a man, in the camp and in the home, he was the same lofty spirit. He had all the chivalry and sense of honor of the highest type of the Southern soldier. To do worthy to the best of his ability everything that was a duty was his cardinal principle in life. He personified the highest ideals of the Southern soldier. To bear on high "the colors and charge at the head of his column as he did at Chickamauga appealed to him as one of his most glorious privileges of war. From the day he was commissioned Lieutenant until the day he surrendered he carried on his sword the bit of silk he got from the woman he loved, just as the knights of a former day wore mottoes of their loves in that age of chivalry and romance.

He was born in Kentucky in 1831 and was appointed a cadet at West Point in 1849. He was graduated in the class of 1853, along with Sheridan, McPherson, Schofield and a host of other gallant men who were to play prominent roles in the great tragedy of the Civil War. His first service was in San Francisco, then the center of fortune seekers the world perhaps ever has known. The region was mad with the fever of gold, and one of the best pictures of the golden age of that period is that given by the young lieutenant in some letters he penned at that time.

In 1856 he was transferred to Fort Belknap, Texas, to serve under General Albert Sidney Johnston. It was in Texas that he had his baptism of fire. In 1857 there was an Indian outbreak, and Hood, with 30 men, was sent in pursuit of a band of 100 braves, whose raids on the state had caused much alarm. For three weeks Hood followed the Indians, who drew him further and further away from any chance of reinforcements and who would not give battle until their

homes gave out and those of the troopers were almost spent. Then there ensued a fight that for years was the marvel of the frontier. It was in the Rio country, near Devil's River, that the forces met. Few of Hood's little command escaped unscathed, but the Indians were routed utterly.

From Lieutenant to Major-General.

In 1861, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, Hood resigned, went to Kentucky and offered his services for the defense of the state. But as Kentucky hesitated about joining the secession movement, Hood proceeded to Montgomery, Ala., and there was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Confederate army and ordered to Richmond to report to Lee.

Promotion came rapidly. In a few months he was a major, next lieutenant-colonel, then brigadier-general, and next major-general. Of all the generals who had commands in the Southern armies it is doubtful if one, Lee excepted, participated in a larger number of important engagements, and if any received so many serious wounds and continued in the service.

Early in the war he got in his brigade regiments from Texas and Georgia. He drilled these men until they were as fine a fighting force as the army possessed. They exhibited much of his own dash and spirit and they were looked upon as the flower of Lee's army.

And Lee saw that they had plenty of action. At Gaines' Mill, where Hood bore the brunt of the battle, his brigade lost more than half of its number. He was in the battles of Malvern Hill, second Manassas, Boonesboro Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Suffolk and Gettysburg,

and then he was sent to the West. It was the belief of Hood, and his belief was shared by many other soldiers, that if he had been permitted to advance on the first day at Gettysburg and capture a position he suggested, Meade's army would have been crushed. But the permission was not given and before the battle closed Hood had other things to think about. He was suffering from a wound in the leg before the engagement and had to be lifted onto his horse. In the thick of the fight on the second day his horse was killed under him. He was assisted to mount another and a little later was shot from the saddle.

At Chickamauga, two months later, he commanded the left wing of Bragg's army and led the principal charge in that bloody battle, one of the most deadly of all the war.

Chickamauga marked the summit of success for Hood. His gallantry and daring thrilled the South. So far he had proved himself equal to every task to which he had been assigned. He was promoted to be Lieutenant-General, and in July, 1864, he succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston in command of a army opposing Sherman. Against such a master of strategy as William T. Sherman Hood cut a poor figure. It is true, of course, that the spirit of the South was broken and that the men fought out of pure doggedness and not with confidence of victory. Sherman had little respect for Hood's ability, considering him less able, in fact, than Joe Johnston, and not a few Southern soldiers think Sherman was right. Hood, like many another brave soldier, probably was more capable of carrying out the brilliant plans of another commander than of conceiv-

ing brilliant plans on his own account, and then attending to their execution. Sherman drove Hood before him steadily and surely from point to point, until Hood made his final stand at Atlanta. When that city fell Hood made one despairing effort to turn the tide. He raced around Sherman's forces and tried to cut the Union General off from his communications, expecting to compel Sherman to turn back. But the backbone of the Confederacy was broken and minor defeats and minor victories cut no figure in the inevitable result. Hood came in for bitter criticism for the manner in which he conducted the campaign against Sherman. Losers generally are blamed. Johnston was one of the most savage of his critics, and the two had some sharp correspondence as a result of Johnston's biting satirical reflections regarding Hood's capacity as a commander. But then Johnston was caustic in his observations as to every prominent Confederate General, for Johnston considered himself the greatest military genius America had produced, this regardless of the fact that he was one of the most unsuccessful of the South's captains in war.

To Hood the Winter of '64 was the most sorrowful of his life. His army crushed and ragged, he held responsible by many for its defeat, the cause of the South hopeless, surrender was inevitable.

After the War.

April, '65, brought Appomattox. In June Hood surrendered, and he wrote the letter to the woman he loved and she refused to release him. Then there opened a new life to the sadly crippled soldier. When the lovers married they made their



GENERAL JOHN B. HOOD

home in New Orleans. Their union was blessed with many children. For a time Hood prospered. He showed an excellent capacity for business and as an officer of an insurance company he managed its affairs in fine style. He might have accumulated a modest fortune had he confined his attentions to that one branch of industry, but to provide for the big family he had dependent upon him he invested all his savings in a new enterprise and the whole amount was lost. In 1879 yellow fever appeared in New Orleans. His wife and eldest child were stricken and died within a few hours of each other. Then Hood was stricken, and on August 30, 1879, he died.

When the news of Hood's death was telegraphed to the outside world one of those great waves of sympathy that sometimes spread over the land went through the South.

"What is to become of the children of John Hood?" some one asked.

The response was immediate. No one doubted that the children of such a noble father and such a noble mother were worthy of the best tribute the South could pay.

From one end of the Southland to the other came offers to adopt one, two, three or more of the children. Rich families and families in moderate circumstances vied with each other in their efforts to befriended the orphans. And the poor were not touched by the needs of the innocent and the helpless?

With hundreds of eager claimants for the children, it was hard indeed to decide. When the problem seemed to be most difficult, a soldier who had fought by the side of Hood came forward and

declared that the question was not one for families, but for the South to decide; that the children of Hood belonged to the South and that they should become wards of the Confederate States.

The South is awayed by the heart. The idea appealed to it as worthy of Hood. It was acted on at once.

Virginia demanded the right to become the guardian of one of the orphans. Texas demanded the privilege of being made the guardian of another. Georgia demanded another. And so on down the line.

And so, as in days of old the children of great knights became the wards of the king, so the children of John Hood, a 19th century knight, became wards of the Southern States.

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INSPIRATION.

The fairest view on earth to me
On which the eye can rest,
Is that seen through the purple haze,
From the heights of Council Crest.

In the valley calm and sweet,
My home so peaceful lies,
While in the distance great and grand
The snow-capped mountains rise.

Oh, glorious view! What noble thoughts
Thy beauty doth inspire,
To make me build my own life up
To higher things and higher.

To make it like thy valleys,
So calm and sweet and pure,
And like thy rugged mountains,
All hardships to endure.

Portland, Or. ELEANOR CARROLL.