

THE LATTER DAYS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

WOULD NOISELESS JULY 4 BE LEGAL

TO Editor Oregonian who must worry with brain to make everybody happy and yet get sufficient news to print, DEAR SIR:

Many noiseless subscribers to your Hon. Paper is delivering letters to you requiring you must do something to make Hon. July 4 more quiet. They make very plaintiff peal to you. Some says they got cronic brain-ache which are less comfortable each time a boyish cannon wreck some more echoes. Others say it are merely foolish to try make historical noises on this date. When ears and eyes is filled with such variety of blazes going off at once, how can nervous person tell whether they are patriotic or not?

This are too difficult reply for Japanese Schoolboy. My cousin Nogi, who are educated in American horseracing, religion & banking, say he got so used to July 4 he can hear it without feeling shy. Fireworks, say Nogi, should be approached with Christian Sciences. If you run away from them you will find more where you are. If you set still & pretend you like gunpowder, then maybe you will find it got many good traits. This are a very Eddy idea.

"I got a joke which is very good for laughter," suppose Nogi with slight snicker of one who has.

"I can smile at all humors, if respectable," I pokeout with Puck & Judge expression.

"Following are my joke," say Nogi. "Why are July 4 like Reforming the Trusts?"

"Perhaps, because they both begins with a loud Noise and ends with a slight Fliz," are calm reply for me.

"Ah no!" report Nogi; "my joke are still more sinical. Answer is: Because both is exploded ideas."

I salute this with slight symptoms of mirths, because it might be funnier than I suspect.

"Fourth of July is also similar to the Trusts in something else," I add on; "the more earnestly you explode it the longer he lasts."

"If Americans got Patriotism inside they got to get it out, ain't they?" I require my cousin.

"What are Patriotism?" I require with Sam Loyd puzzled expression.

"Patriotism," say Nogi, "are love of Country."

"I should love this Country more if it made less noise about it," I did because I got pin-wheels in my forehead.

"How foolish you seem!" decrop Nogi earnestly. "If July 4 were not ushered in with jolts & jounces fumigated with smoke, it would not be July 4—it would be some other holiday. Each holiday have its own peculiar curses by which it is known from all others. Christmas for give-away, Thanksgiving for turkey-chop and July 4 for bang-up. If Sandy Claus should appear shooting firecrackers or Geo. Washington was seen crawling down chimnies with dolly-toys, both would be arrested as burglars. What could be more disgusted than a silent July 4? If this sweet ceremony was not exploded, sparked, blazed & shot full of holes, how could you tell it from any other Monday?"

While we was thusly making lectures S. Wanda, Japanese Socialist, arrive up & rejoin into us.

"When Socialism arrive—" begin Wanda. "Have that date been postponed again?" burst in Nogi. "—when Socialism arrive," consume this Wanda with Debs eyebrows, "all Noise shall be abolished by law."

"Such laws would be contrary to Human Nature," arrange Nogi.

"Human Nature shall also be abolished by law," corrode Wanda. "Socialistick July 4 will be calmest date of all. Strange Englishmans arriving to America will require, 'What make this Nation so stealthy today?' 'Hush it!' revoke all Patriots; 'we are celebrating Independence.' Streets will be desolated from trolley-rides & honk-ottos. Two-by-three youthly boys & girls will make stealthy tap-toe from one drug-store to another to enjoy slight soda-water ceremony. Children wishing to celebrate will be permitted to wave flags & talk on historical subjects. General close-up of all existing amusements. No symptom of noise anywhere except by yonder lamp-post where a suffragette police lady are arresting a German foreigner for blowing his nose like a firecracker."

"There are something wormy about such good government," I did.

"What say Hon. Roosevelt to a Lady what wish he would join himself to Society for the Prevention of Noise?" require Nogi. "He say, 'Ah, Mrs. Madam, no can do! If I should become noiseless, how would Hon. Congress know I wasn't dead?' I feel somewhat similar to this."

Mr. Editor, July 4 are the only date known to Christians which begin before it happens. About June 25 when Port Arthur sounds of artillery-practice is heard on greets punctuated by help-calls & gong of hospital-cart; when Star-sangly Banner begin floating to blazes and you can distinctly smell an insurance burning up under your bedroom, then you are aware that Nation's natal day of glory are beginning to be shot off, as usual, two weeks ahead of time.

Last night 2 Patriots obtain my dog O-Fido & attach a romantic candle to his extreme appendix. O-Fido rosh through gloam making sublime back-fire with handsome appearance of sky-rocket mingled with dogly yellup and bansal. I am filled with angry rages that human persons should do such a loud trick to my dum friend.

So this morning I arose with this dear O-Fido & go to sweet grass fields of country where silence grows. But when we arrived to suburbs of trolley, how mistake we was! Nearly all City Persons had did likewise to me & got there first. Each one & family was searching for a quiet spot where they could teach their children how to explode firecrackers. Sweet daisy-cups of meadow was filled with bang-up red paper & smuj. All Nature smoked. I could not hear song of bumble-bee and willy sparrow because another explosion, value 25c, was doing so at the same time.

At last O-Fido, with puppy brightness, lead me to one nice sequestered spot to include sentimental walk and poetick trees on both hands. "This would be very sneekert place for Japanese Boy to forget it," I say selfishly. How thankless! No sooner I make footsteps to this shade than I notice, in top-up branches of tree, 1 Father & 2 Children exploding July Fourth to path below. Too late for me! Of suddenly I feel some rude object dropped to my derby hat.

"O Hon. Sir!" say voice of that Father from lofty tree, "Please I have just accidently dropped a fire-crack to your hat."

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"I notice it, thank you!" I dejoin with Senator Aldrich expression.

Poor derby! how could I respect it any more with wounded condition of Hon. Brim surrounding my neck? I stand forthly with contemptible expression of angry heroes.

"Why you drop gun-works to neck of innocent passengers?" I yellup. "Why you make me suffer for Geo. Washington war? I am not a British General."

"I bag your pardon," say this Hon. Gent, dropping from tree with chivalry. "I now realize my mistake."

"Are it not imbecile for life-size Parent like you to do such kiddly tricks in trees?" are next dib from me.

"I were not shooting them firecrackers because I like it," revoke this person. "I was merely showing my children how do-it so not to sizz their fingers."

"Should childly boys & girls aged 9 be admitted to go around shooting firecrackers?" I say-off with more mollucuddle voice.

"O surely should!" he rejoin. "Don't we wish all boys & girls to be like Geo. Washington?"

"Did Hon. Geo. Washington go around shooting off fire-cracks?" I ask it.

"Perhaps not," say this local American. "When Hon. Geo. shot, they had some bullets mixed into it. Numerous persons was sleyed in battle of Revolutionary War. Therefore July 4 have been sacred ceremony for doing so ever since."

I make note of this phenomenal.

"Revolutionary War were famous for killing Englishmen," I did. "Why, then, must Americans celebrate by killing each other?"

"Not sure," revoke this Patriot. "Perhaps because Englishmans it too hard to find in these times of hard tariff."

I shall believe that excuse. So this Hon. Father donate to me \$1.65 war indemnity for Hon. Derby which was exploded apart. I am too proud to accept this money but I do, because I am aware of fashionable straw hats what can be obtained price \$0.65.

I walk onward through this rural scenery, till bye-bye I arrive to a very mild-looking Farm where patriotic neighbors was doing a Pick Nick all over front yard. Orange-peels & lunch-papers to grass. 75 neighborly Ladies disguised as Godish of Liberty was

drinking lemonades. By farm gate I see one kindly Boy trying to blow off his eyes with an infant artillery.

"Who do this Hon. Farm belong to?" I require.

"Hon. Farmer Smith," report child puffing on a huj red explosion.

"Where are Hon. Farmer Smith, please?" are next from me.

"Gone to the city to get away from the noise," say this Ur-ching. So I take O-Fido to trolley & do the same, thank you.

Many persons, Mr. Editor, believes that July 4 should be slightly suppressed so to be more polite. If pin-whirls, dynamites & sky-rackets is dangerous, why should not persons be required by law to pass examinations & get license like they was intending to run a otomobile or some other crime? If each American child was made necessary to answer 6 hard questions in American history before getting permitted to enjoy firecrack, would he not be a more intelligent shooter on July 4?

What historical questions should this Hon. Child be asked to make most good for his brain? Following would be very intelligent examination:

Examination for American Child to Prove He is Old Enough to Handle Fireworks

- 1—(a) Why was Columbus absent from Battle of Bunko Hill? (b) Whose fault was it?
- 2—Was not Geo. Washington rude to cross New Jersey ahead of the Standard Oil? Give six reasons why your answer is wrong.
- 3—(a) Where was Alex. Hamilton during the Tariff Revision? (b) Where was Wm. H. Taft?
- 4—If England was still owner of America what language would be spoken (a) in Chicago (b) in New York (c) in Boston?
- 5—Name the five greatest battles of modern times with the scores and batting averages of each team.
- 6—Is there a divorce clause in the Declaration of Independence? Why not?

Mr. Editor, I arrive to conclude, after some think, that July 4 shall be permitted to go on without no prevention from me. Camel Flaramion, celebrated French astronomy, say-so that warfare with noiseless guns would be murder. Celebration with noiseless firecrackers would be somewhat similar to this. Perhaps what says that Independence is a calm & beautiful thing, and should be therefore celebrated with calm & beautiful Independence Day, are saying truthless things. Any species of Freedom is awful expansive & apt to burst when it acts inside human lungs. Kicking off shackles of slavery & down-troddery are not jobs for soft plush diplomacy. Folks gets Independent by rough far & knock-out; and they keeps independent by making a delicious noise whenever it seem necessary. Hoping you are the same,

yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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SAM HOUSTON A GREAT AMERICAN

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESCUE FIGURES IN AMERICAN HISTORY—WON AN EMPIRE

BY A MASTERLY RETREAT

BY RICHARD SPILLANE

IN THE roster of great Americans comparatively few names deserve to be placed before that of Sam Houston. Barbarian he was to a decided degree, military genius he proved himself in one of the shortest and most brilliant of campaigns, as a statesman the future historian is likely to give higher rank to him than does the present, and as a man his career stands out without parallel in American history. With a paltry force of undisciplined men he won an empire—an empire greater in extent than the 13 original states; with marvelous skill he guided through the shoals and the rapids the ship of state which he commanded; practically alone he strove, in the early days of secession, to hold Texas to the Union. But greater than any victory he won in war or state was his victory over himself. Wild, primitive, violent and passionate, he conquered himself.

On March 2, 1792, at a little place in Rockbridge County, Virginia, called Timber Ridge Church, Sam Houston was born. His father died in 1806, and then the widow, with her six sons and three daughters, set out across the Alleghenies to make a home for her family in what was then the wilderness of Tennessee. It was from this mother that Houston got most of his striking characteristics. She was strong of spirit, masterful and indomitable, and so was he.

Back in Virginia Sam had little opportunity for schooling, but he got hold of one book that stirred his imagination to the depths. It was Pope's translation of the "Iliad." Its reading became an obsession with him. Fiery tempered, intolerant of interference, he became rebellious when his elder brothers sought to make him give up the book. In Tennessee they tried to make a blacksmith out of him and, failing in that, they put him in a frontier store as a clerk. That they tyrannized the boy there is no doubt, for he abandoned the store and his home to seek refuge among the Indians. He was adopted by Oo-loo-toe-kah, one of the chiefs of the Cherokees, as his son, and remained with the Indians until he was 19 years old. He was dressed as they dressed, painted himself as they painted, and lived the life of the Indian. When he was 18 he returned to civilization, because he wanted to earn enough money to discharge some debts. He opened a school, and not only cleared enough to free himself from his obligations, but to pay for a short course in the Maryville Academy.

In 1812 he enlisted as a private in the Thirty-ninth Tennessee Volunteers. The War of 1812 was in full blast at

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that time, but there was another war also that concerned the people of the West just as much. That was the war with the Creeks, the most powerful and warlike of all the Indian tribes. Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, had been responsible for the Fort Nims massacre, and General Andrew Jackson had been ordered to take the field against them.

When young Houston bade farewell to his mother this was her parting injunction: "Go, and remember that while the door of my cabin is open to brave men, it is eternally shut to all cowards."

Houston's First Battle.

The battle of Horseshoe Bend was the biggest and probably the most desperate in which Indians have been engaged with white men. Tecumseh and his warriors had fortified themselves behind palisades. Houston, who had been promoted to ensign, was on top of the palisade when a barbed arrow struck him in the thigh. He asked a lieutenant to pull the arrow out. Twice the lieutenant tried, but the arrow was lodged too firmly.

"Try again," said Houston, holding his sword over his head, "and if you fail this time I'll cut you down."

The lieutenant exerted all his strength and the arrow came out, but it left a horrible wound.

A little later Jackson called for men for a particularly desperate charge. Houston was one of those to respond. Seeing how he was wounded, Jackson ordered him back. Refusing to obey, Houston dashed out to lead the charge. He got close to the Indians before he discovered that he was charging alone, the others not having followed him. Two bullets struck him in the shoulder and his right arm was shattered. After the battle his wounds were pronounced mortal. One bullet was cut out, but the surgeon said it was a waste of time to give further attention to him, as he was near death and there were scores of other wounded men to look after. All night Houston lay where he fell. There had been a heavy rain, and he was without cover. In the morning, much to the surprise of his companions, Houston was alive. He was put on a litter and carried 75 miles before he got medical attention again, and then it was of the rudest sort. The wounds he received in that battle never healed. For a year he was little more than a skeleton.

Houston was promoted to a Lieutenant in the regular Army, and by reason of his influence with the Indians was assigned to service as agent among the Cherokees. It was

while he was in this service that he had the biggest and probably the most desperate in which Indians have been engaged with white men. Tecumseh and his warriors had fortified themselves behind palisades. Houston, who had been promoted to ensign, was on top of the palisade when a barbed arrow struck him in the thigh. He asked a lieutenant to pull the arrow out. Twice the lieutenant tried, but the arrow was lodged too firmly.

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three months after their marriage, when she confessed to Houston she never could love him, he determined to close the book so far as their married life was concerned.

With the Indians Again.

His old friends the Cherokees were far up the Arkansas River in what now is the Indian Territory, and to them he went. He was received with joy by Oo-loo-toe-kah, who always considered him a son. He became a member of the tribe under his old name of "Coloneh (the Rover)," and he assumed Indian garb. He sat at the council fires and he was one of the chiefs.

But there is a sadder picture of Houston to be viewed at this time. Never a temperate man, he gave himself over to unbridled indulgence. To his name of the Rover there was another by which he was known, and that was the Big Drunk. And he took to himself an Indian wife, Tanya Rodgers.

For three years he lived as an Indian chief, and these were the darkest and blackest of his queer life. In 1830 he accompanied a delegation of Indians to Washington to plead with the Great White Father to redress their wrongs, and in 1832 he went to the capital with another delegation on a similar mission. No other white man ever had the confidence of the Indians as had Houston, and they never had a better pleader or a more faithful friend and counselor. It was while Houston was with this second delegation at Washington that he caused another great sensation by a fearful beating he administered to William Stanbery, a member of Congress from Ohio, who had criticized him bitterly.

President Jackson openly applauded Houston's conduct and the assault was made a national political issue. Houston, as a former Member of Congress, was brought to trial at the bar of Congress, and after a long investigation was sentenced to be reprimanded by the Speaker. The Speaker made only a pretense of reprimanding him. Then he was prosecuted in the criminal courts and fined \$200. President Jackson remitted the fine.

In the three years that Houston buried himself among the Indians a crisis was developing. In what now is that vast Southwest domain of the United States known as Texas. Within half a century the region had passed from the hands of Spain into those of France, then to Mexico, and finally to the United States. And now in Mexico there was a convulsion. Bustamante, the president, was being opposed by Santa Anna, who, using the constitution of 1824 as a cloak for his ambitious schemes, sought power only to be a more despotic

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ruler than Bustamante. The United States had cast envious eyes on Texas ever since the Louisiana purchase, and Texas, while nominally a part of the State of Coahuila, had more Americans than Mexicans among its 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants.

Texan Revolution.

Between the Americans and the Mexicans there was constant friction. Mexico had freed its slaves, and in 1830 tried to extend emancipation to Texas. Mexico, having profits, had no need of black slaves. Texas had 100,000 in slavery. In the struggle between Bustamante and Santa Anna Texas supported Santa Anna, but when Santa Anna obtained the Presidency Texas was no nearer its declared desire—separation from Coahuila and religious freedom—than it was before. No doubt Santa Anna knew that what Texas really wanted was American rule, not Mexican rule, independence, not dependence. Into Texas there was coming a constantly increasing number of colonists—agricultural developers—from the United States. And into Texas there also was coming all sorts of adventurers, many of them fugitives from justice, who were safe in Texas, but not within the borders of the United States.

Santa Anna was vain, tyrannical, brutal and unjust. The Texans were rebellious, impatient and determined. Armed clashes between Mexicans and Texans were frequent. Mexico needed a strong hand and a wise head to guide it in those days. It had neither. Santa Anna, after suppressing some outbreaks in Zacatecas, turned his attention to Coahuila and Texas, for Coahuila, too, was dissatisfied.

Meanwhile Texas required nothing so much as a leader. To Houston, sinking his sorrows in the Cherokee country, there came an invitation to go to Texas. He went in December, 1832, traveled from Nacogdoches to San Antonio and when he returned to Nacogdoches he wrote a long letter to Andrew Jackson. At Nacogdoches he was told he was wanted to lead the revolutionary movement, and he was elected a delegate to a convention to be held in April, 1833. That convention formally demanded separation from Coahuila. Santa Anna's response was to cast the delegate who bore the dispatch, Colonel Austin, into prison. And then, when Lorenzo de Zavala, a fiery Republican, Mexican Ambassador to France, resigned

his post as a protest against Santa Anna's violation of the Constitution of 1824 and Texas and Texas refused to surrender him, Santa Anna issued a decree that all Texans must disarm. To carry out his order Santa Anna sent his brother-in-law, General Cos, to San Antonio with a force of 100 men, many of them convicts.

On November 3, 1835, Texas, in a convention at San Felipe de Austin, appointed Houston commander-in-chief of its military forces and Henry Smith was appointed president pro tem. On December 8, independent of action from the provisional government, Ben Niman, with a small force of Texans, began an attack on Cos at San Antonio and on December 14 Cos surrendered, pledging himself never to bear arms against Texas again.

That much accomplished, nearly every one in Texas, except Houston, thought the "war" was over. He was the one man who saw the future clearly. Most of the men under arms in Texas were members of independent bands. Many of them disapproved of the war. Many of them were going to their homes for Christmas rejoicing. One body of adventurers, under a Dr. Grant, started on a wild expedition to capture Mafanora, only to be captured and slaughtered. Santa Anna, with an army of 8000 men, was en route for Texas, and on February 23, 1836, he arrived at San Antonio. There was a little garrison there, commanded by Colonel Travis, a gallant South Carolinian, and also had ordered Colonel Fannin, in command at Goliad, 50 miles from San Antonio, to join him at Gonzales.

But Travis and Fannin disobeyed orders. With Travis were James Bowie and Davy Crockett. The garrison at San Antonio gave battle to the "Napoleon of the West." In all the world's history there is nothing to surpass the heroic defense of the Alamo. From February 23 to March 6 the little band of about 154 men held Santa Anna and his army in check. Then the survivors of the decimated force surrendered and every one of them was butchered.

In the capital grounds at Austin there is a noble monument, on which is inscribed:

Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none.

The massacre at all Texas affairs.

Four days before the fall of the Alamo.

On March 2 at Washington on the Brazos

—Texas formally had declared itself free and independent. By a strange whim of fate Texas declared its independence on the anniversary of the birth of Houston, who was destined soon to be its liberator.

From the Alamo Santa Anna's forces swept down upon Fannin at Goliad. He, Goliad man, had sent 100 men to defend the fort, and then 100 more to rescue the first force. Both bands were lost. The country swarmed with Mexicans, and when Fannin decided at last to obey Houston's order and fall back it was too late. Eight miles from Goliad he was hemmed in, and, after fighting valiantly on March 13, he surrendered on March 15. The Mexicans massacred 320 prisoners.

If ever commander had a desperate task Houston surely had one then. However brave the men he had under him, they were undisciplined, unruly and mutinous. Strangely armed and ill-clad, made up of separate and independent commands, they chafed under any semblance of restraint or military order. They were more adapted for the frontier style of guerrilla skirmishing than for regular warfare. To Houston success seemed possible only through weakening Santa Anna by drawing him further and further away from his base. To retreat, retreat and still retreat was his plan of campaign.

As Santa Anna, flushed with the victory of Goliad, hurried eastward, Houston began to retreat from Gonzales. Across river after river Houston led the way. Part of his force was panic stricken, part of it openly insubordinate. Marauding parties of Mexicans robbed and murdered all the defenseless inhabitants of the district through which they passed. Farm houses and villages were destroyed and the country laid waste. Still Houston retreated. How a man of his imperious spirit withstood the covert charges of cowardice that some of his subordinates made is hard to understand, but as day followed day, and his force lessened through desertion, the Mexican force lessened far more through spreading out over a wider and a wider field and through the dropping off of stragglers. And at this time up in Washington a soldier of many campaigns, who had a map of Texas before him, put a finger on a spot near the San Jacinto (St. Hyacinth) River, and said, "If Houston knows his business there is where he will make his stand." Such was the opinion of Andrew Jackson.

Houston's Triumph.

Queer prophecy, but it was true. On the banks of the San Jacinto Sam Houston did make his stand. What did it

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