

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

SUNSTRUCK THOUGHTS

EDITOR OREGONIAN, who should keep his brains surrounded with cooling drinks & baseball fans so no news will get scorched.

HON. MR.—

When American gentleman put on Hon. Straw Derby he is supposed to enjoy July sensation inside his soul. Complete lax for him. So many persons is too thoughtful & cultured in Winter; they read too many good books, paints too many beautiful masterpieces of Art, discovers too many wonderful inventions what will remove poverty & send all rich people to jail. But in good elderly summertime all heavy subjects like literary works of Hon. Hon. Jas. music of Hon. O. Mammerstein, etc., are kicked away to bygone and Care Free is discovered everywhere. Fare-bye to sorrow & other intelligent subjects! To walk by shore-side with duckling pants on leg are considered fashionable. Ice-cream sip, shoot-gallery, row-boat are also nice; and when soft summerly moonlight arrives, this is valuable occasion for walk-talk with young lady & make arrangements for marriage or divorce.

Hon. Doctor say-so that Sunstrokes comes from thinking too much. This can not be truthful, because sunstrokes is too common. In July & Aug so many persons is discovered walking around with nothing on their minds that it appear improper. This would make nice job for Hon. Aunt Comstock.

Principal reason why persons act so vacuum in Summer is because of the things they do when they are doing nothing. When mad dog days arrives nearly everybody gets tourist feelings & wish for foreign travel. Travel are very suitable sport for Summer, because it are uncomfortable and brainless. Travel are a habit which makes you want to be where you are when you ain't and where you ain't when you are. This habit make jay-seeds ceases their farm & buy trolley-ride to Peoria; it makes Peoria Persons take Pullman fare to N. Y.; it compel N. Y. persons to obtain Lusitania for London; it drive London persons to go Switzerland for a slight Alp. Switzerland are a high & happy republic inhabited by Yodels who are the most sensible people yet discovered. When Summer comes they stay at home & runs hotels.

When Summer have elapsed and Fall approach numerous persons must arrive back home from foreign lands full of bankrupt discontent because home seem less glamorous than abroad. Folks what has been to Coney Island complain that Society are too sad in Birdie Center. Folks what has been to Italy yell because the City Hall, Birmingham, Ala., are less pompous & elegant than St. Pauls Bldg, Rome. When you show such travelers the new Keating Block, cor. G. and Nutt streets, they say off-mindedly, "Ah yes, so it is. But how can I describe the elderly appearance of the Dog's Palace, Venice, by moonlight?" "Are it a specially fine kennel?" require merely Local persons. "It are most deliciously expressed in words of the Poet," say Hon. Traveller. "Which Poet?" require some inhabitants who can not travel because of sea-sick. "Not sure," say Lady Tourist, "but he are very prominent in all Guide Books."

Many wise Professors is asking, "How do Travel broaden the mind?" "By thickening the skull," are sharp report from Japanese Schoolboy.

Because it are most safer & sensible to be foolish in Summer,

all newspapers is full of light-minded print which would sound too blow-away in Autumn months when football must be attended to. Now are the time when persons is enjoying themselves rather than do something important. Therefore there is much news about murders, polar expeditions, flying machinery, Tariff speeches, comets, sea-serpents, Who Wrote Shakespeare & other jobs what are best thought of in a hammock.

By this morning's early news I see how that one Professor of Literature at Coney Island have discovered how Hon. Shakespeare wasn't any such person; and even if he was he didn't do what he did. How could such a man, then, write entire plays like "Julius Caesar"? Ah, no! "Julius Caesar" was wrote by Hon. Frank Bacon, a famous politician who knew all about stabbing folks to get their jobs. "How, then, did Hon. Shakespeare got his name on them dramas?" are question from many schoolteachers idly lingering at Chataqua. "That Wm. Shakespeare," rejoined Hon. Professor, "were a smart barber employed in court of Queen Elizabeth, who was then lady mayor of London. Hon. Bacon would often go to shave-parlor of Hon. Shakespeare to get hair-cut so that no one would suspect he was a poet. One day he say to Hon. Shakespeare, 'Wm., here are one extra 25c money for which I would ask you one slight favors.' 'Anything else you require should be,' response that Barber who didn't expect to be included in Literature. 'During odd moments,' say Hon. Bacon, 'I have wrote 26 entire dramas to include "Hamlet," which will rank with all best modern plays; though not so rank as Ibsen, from which I borrowed so many ideas. Wm., will you keep them plays till called for?' 'How shall folks know I didn't wrote them plays myself?' require Hon. Shakespeare, who was willing to be blamed for them. 'Because, I have put a very neat Puzzle in each play to show Hon. Posterity I done them,' say Hon. Bacon. 'Turn, please, to page 1; and what you find there? Letter B—and if it ain't there it will be on page 2 or some other page. If you pass carefully enough through them 26 volumes you will probably find also letters A. C. O. & N., spelling Bacon, which are my name. If this do not sensibly prove that I wrote Shakespeare, look at the word "Hamlet." If the word "streamlet" mean "little stream" and "birdiet" mean "little bird," why should not "Hamlet" mean "Little Ham"? And what are a "Little Ham" but Bacon?' (No reply from Hon. Shakespeare who could not.) 'Therefore I have proved that I wrote them,' report Hon. Bacon. 'How must I keep this suspicious typewriting in my trunk?' require Hon. Shakespeare, but Hon. Bacon were too hurry for reply, because he had important engagement that p. m. in court of Queen Elizabeth where he must help chop off Mary Queen of Scotch at neck.

"So them plays remain in barber-shop of Hon. Shakespeare for 100 years till Hon. Posterity, or some other mean person, bought that trunk at a auction & find them 26 dramas together with photo of Hon. Shakespeare who was then entirely deceased. 'He must be the Author, because he do not look like it,' say Posterity, so 'Hamlet' was sold to Booth & Barrett while Hon. Robt. Downing made 'Julius Caesar' so popular that it are now

enjoyed in all American theaters not controlled by Klaw & Erlanger."

Mr. Editor, are it not ashamed that heat-wave should make Hon. Professor talk that way? If Hon. Bacon wrote Shakespeare, were it not his own business? Maybe he did not care to appear in public with wrong ladies like Mrs. Mackbeth. Are it not deliciously rude to explode Hon. Shakespeare from that famous tomb by Avon creek where he rest so cozy by the humble cottage where he didn't write his immortal plays? I require no answer.

Hon. Peary, arctic expeditioner, are again discovering North Pole. Why should folks risk so much dollars & chillbite attempting to discover something what they already know is there? Hon. North Pole are now a hacked-up subject. Huj Libraries & geographies has been wrote about it; and from what I read about it, there ain't nothing to see when you arrive there. I got some strange suspects about that Hon. Peary man! I suspect now he do not care whether he discover Hon. Pole or not. After wandering around Arctic Circles for 2 or 3 months strolling over ice hummocks & Rory Boreases he will pass by Hon. Pole never notice it. "O, Mr. Dearsir," Hon. Eskimo guide will report, "Hon. North Pole are yonderly to right where you nearly kicked it over." "Who care?" reply Hon. Peary coolly. "I did not come here to discover such chestnuts." "What did you come here for, please?" require Hon. Esk. "To get away from the heat," reply Hon. Peary with voice of great success.

Hon. Wellman are again attempting to arrive at N. Pole by balloon. Summer seem slightly more temperate when we think of Hon. Wellman gas-bagging over them frozen waists. Soon this frosty arctic will lunch his ship toward the Great Unknown, which are somewhere north of Albany. Do it not make him shudder to think of Hon. Zepellin who floated 851 miles & was wrecked in a peach-tree? No, it do not. Hon. Wellman are not nervous about wrecks, because peach-trees is unknown in that minus latitude of Polish chill.

Hon. Dr. Eliot, ex-Pres. of Harvard, Mass., are idly spending his vacation concentrating the English language so it can be pressed into 3 feet of light reading. When Hon. Dr. Eliot make this handy book-shelf it will be very blessing to American homes which are mostly flats, and therefore too cluttered up with libraries to include complete works of Socrates & other great Roycrofters. Such hard works we must be continually chewing in hopes we have missed some wisdom. But Hon. Eliot's library will be convenient package to take home & say you Got it All. And it will be such neat-sized wisdom to tuck reverently into some corner where it won't look too prominent & will thusly give more room for planola, billiard-table, ice-box, whisky-sellerette & all other civilized furniture necessary to bridge-play.

Mr. Editor, Cousin Nogi furnish following sunstruck stanza which have been away visiting all the important Magazines:

What did the gentle Toot-Owl told me

Last night
When I was sweetly asleeping
On fire-escape
To get away from Hon. Thermometer?
He say,
"Japanese Schoolboy, are it not strange to think
Of all the Alps and Oyster Bays and Atlantic Cities and Coney Islands
Where folks
Of different-spoken nationalities
Are all doing similarly likewise?
Climb-up mountain to see view—
They see it and come down.
Take sail-away in boat to see Ocean—
They see it and come back.
All roads
In Spain and Maine and Lake Champlain
Is filled of red honks
Where giddy persons
Is shoving dust by gasoline
In hopes to arrive at some Place
Where Trouble ain't.
Thing of all them gift youths
A-setting in country clubs near some Newport or other
Tipping off champagne-lemonade
And making frivolous conversation
About Hon. Sirton Lipton's next defeat & acting cool but vacant.
Think of all them tourist gentlemen
In Rocky Mountains
A splattering around in iced water-falls
and making snags with fish-poles.
And think of all them \$4,000,000 steam-yachts
Entirely filled with Dukes—
I look nervously to this Toot-Owl & require
"Why you wish me think of such topics?"
"Because,"
Revoke this Superstitious Pigeon,
"When you are resting quietly at Home
Enjoying this cozy fire-escape
At a temperature of 101 degrees—
Do you not notice
How foolish everybody else is
Who are merely wasting their time in Vacation?"
"To give you my candied reply," I snap-back,
"I do not notice it."
"So-what!" honk this dingy Fowl,
"Would you escape off from free, glad life
Of Japanese Schoolboy
To join idiot-joy of them idly rich—"
But for brutal reply
I throw Hon. Thermometer to head of this Toot-Owl
Which knock him off in the center of his poem.
Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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"WE'RE FINDING OUT HOW THE RICH HALF LIVE"

SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVING S. COBB.

"WUZ you readin' about that there latest divorce suit in high life?" asked the House Detective of the St. Rockies.

"Of course," said the Hotel Clerk, "everybody in my set's been reading all the horrible and disgusting details and enjoying them, something wonderful. I don't know of a more popular form of Summer reading matter among the poor than a nice, circumstantial account of a truly nauseating scandal among the rich. Should old Mrs. Mulligan, up Bag Alley, look too much upon the ale when it's mixed, and disrupt the household, her husband, Mr. M. J. Mulligan, the popular and well-known retired sawtrimmer, either restores peace on the spot by the simple expedient of fighting for it, or else some of the neighbors run for the cop and the paper gives old Mrs. Mulligan six lines in the Casual Jottings About Town, and the judge gives her six months in the workhouse. But there's no divorce. Why should there be, as long as Mr. Mulligan, her husband, has a good right arm and a tongue left in his head? And why should we, being of the lower orders, read about it? There's not one of us but has the price of a crock of mixed ends himself. But if the preliminary training was done on vintage champagne in one of those stone Newport cottages about the size of a country courthouse, and if it develops during the trial that the lady was in the habit of bouncing priceless articles of virtue off the esteemed dome of the man that she swore to love, honor and obey, with the fingers crossed, we just eat it alive. I buy every edition myself to see if it's come out about the trusted family butler looking through the keyhole and seeing his mistress mixing the morning supply of brandy and soda in an Italian umbrella vase; or if the confidential maid's gone on the stand to tell about tracing her master across the beach and catching him in the act of leading one of those semi-detached Brooklyn two-family lives. Far be it from me, or anybody in my circle of society, to overlook any of the fascinating particulars of the deplorable details.

"If a cockroach could read, I'd think, Larry, that he'd read about other cockroaches? He would not. He'd read of the domestic affairs of the ostrich and the eagle. Human nature is just the same with us as it is with a cockroach, maybe more so, for all I know. Let us picture the scene:

"Tired and weary after his day's work in the hotel kitchen, Henry J. Cockroach comes home to his simple tenement on the third floor and dresses for the evening by removing his top shirt and shoes and putting his feet out on the fire escape. 'What have you tonight, woman, in the way of ease?' says he to his wife, the henroach. 'Corned beef and cabbage,' says she. 'Fine,' says he. 'Afterward I'll chase down to the corner with a pop bottle and get a nickel's worth of light beer for dessert. It looks like a big night tonight,' says he. And then he sits down in the window, in the glowing, in the undershirt and reads all about the divorce case of the Reginald Emus, of Fifth avenue, Newport and Part Five, Special Trial Term, out loud to Missa Roach while she's setting the table for supper. He's liable to read the whole thing all the way through before he even turns over to see if the joints won the

game. 'Tis great stuff,' says Henry J. 'It says here that the beautiful chateau of Castle Emus used to order for breakfast two quarts of wine, a yard of assorted cocktails, a caviar sandwich and a dachshund. What would the dachshund be for?' asks his wife. 'To eat the sandwich, to be sure,' says her husband, he being somewhat of a wag, like most cockroaches. 'And for dinner, now what did she have?' asks his wife. 'The same order,' says Henry J., 'only doubled. It must be a grand diet,' says he, 'and filling, too. You'd be full all the time,' says he. 'No need of any of that Fletcherizing slow-chewing stuff, there,' he says. 'You could relish that meal if you didn't have a tooth in your head. They'd have to cut my throat to keep me from enjoying such a line of nourishment and even then I might find a rubber tube somewhere,' says he, 'and beat the game. But just for that,' says Henry J., 'just for that and nothing else, except a few long ones, maybe, between meals and before meals and after meals, the husband must go and accuse the lady of drinking. He must be one of those suspicious guys,' says he. 'And what does the wife charge?' inquires Missa Roach. 'Incompatibility,' says he. 'It seems the heartless wretch persistently refused to wear neckties that would match the scrambled eggs she used to throw at him in the rose-filled breakfast room of the stately castle. And also cruelty,' says he. 'The family physician was on the stand in her behalf today. He testified that he found the patient suffering from injuries such as had undoubtedly been produced by a dull, blunt instrument.' 'I'll bet her husband had been butting her with his head,' said Missa Roach. 'You must have been looking at his picture,' says Henry J. 'She also charges lack of support,' says he. 'It's been brought out in the evidence that he deprived her of the bare necessities of life something fierce,' says he, reading on. 'She only had \$10,000 to \$12,000 a month in the best years, and toward the last he cut this meager sum down to a beggarly \$5000. What d'ye know about that?' says he. 'The stingy thing,' says Missa Roach. 'Speaking of money,' says she, 'what did you get in your envelope tonight?' 'Fourteen seventy-five, counting the overtime,' says Henry J. 'Well, come to dinner,' says she, 'and we'll read the rest of it afterward if I can find a bit of kerosene around the flat for the lamp.'

"At that, Larry, Henry J. Cockroach and his wife, Maggie, have nothing on me or on you, either, have they? We like to hear about the domestic affairs of the Reginald Emus ourselves. It's none of our business, so naturally we enjoy it fine. And it certainly makes seasonal reading for hot weather, being full of high cooling drinks and nights in Venice, with a bun on.

"It's funny how a simple matter of suing for divorce will bring out so many interesting private facts about people with money. For years a society couple have gone along without attracting much attention anywhere except in the tax office. The husband has \$11,000,000, which he inherited, and wears a size 6½ hat. The wife appears at the opera looking like she'd just come out of the hands of Tiffany's head window dresser, but is otherwise not particularly noticeable among a lot of ladies who'd be regarded as under-dressed if they ventured out wearing a diamond stomacher that weighed less than nine pounds. Their yacht is a plain three-story, and Eng-



"SHE PASSED THE SPANISH OMELET ACROSS THE CENTER PIECE INTO HER HUSBAND'S ABASHED BUSOM."

lish basement yacht with a crew of only 50 men and no all-night elevator service. Their Summer home is merely a simple little \$2,000,000 estate with one private ocean attached and they have but three town houses to their name. In fact, you might say they are not conspicuous in any way in the gay life.

"But all of a sudden along comes the grand slam. A seemingly quiet and unostentatious household is abruptly disrupted. The wife retains one of our most criminal lawyers to defend her rights; the husband hires a prominent legal person with the reputation of being a very cross-examiner, to represent him, and pretty soon a great divorce trial, one of which is deeply regretted and highly popular in all walks of life, has been started before a light sleeper in a black silk kimono, called a Judge. The papers let with fine herbs, across the orchid centerpiece into her husband's abashed bosom, then burst into tears and sweep from the room in a high dudgeon. "Wot's a high dudgeon?" asked the House Detective, breaking in. "It's the thing that a society lady so frequently sweeps from the room in,

when her disposition begins to clabber," explained the Hotel Clerk. "I never saw one myself, although I have a friend, a special writer who raises 'em for the society trade and uses at least one in nearly every story he writes. But whatever a dudgeon may or may not be, whether it's hairy or slick and whether it buttons up the back or hooks down the front with hooks and eyes I'll say this much: The last prominent lady that took her troubles into court would never sweep from a room in any style dudgeon except a high one. The proof showed that her taste always ran to things that were high, from jewelry to temper. The higher the better. Also the frequenter. Hence, as I say advisedly, the high dudgeon.

"Anyway, they get a divorce and marry again, being as you might say, beggars for punishment, or else they do not get a divorce and have to struggle along with the present encumbrances a while

longer, until something better turns up, each, of course, retaining the option of picking out sympathetic natures for friends in entirely different parts of the town."

"Well, the divorce evil certainly has grown accordin' to what the paper says," gloomed the House Detective. "You don't hear these times of any more of them old-time golden wedding celebrations."

"That's easy to explain," said the Hotel Clerk. "A young chap who's got the corn with a silver spoon in his mouth and hasn't since been apt to get much of the same material into his pockets at any one given time, marries a girl whose only dower is a working acquaintance with a cook stove. Well, their first anniversary the installment furniture wedding, and the next is the hairbrained underwear wedding, and after that there come along the amalgam fillings wedding and the new-tin-roof-for-the-kitchen wedding and the first-and-second mortgage wedding and the sending-the-boy-off-to-college

wedding and by the time for the golden wedding celebration rolls around the couple have worked themselves into honorable but comparative obscure graves or else they'll be perfectly satisfied to receive their golden gifts in the shape of a little McKracken decorating on the new set of rubber and chinaware teeth that the dentist is making for their receding years. That goes for the middle classes, Larry. The very rich change partners and their luck so often that the only way I know of for them to celebrate a golden wedding would be for the lady to wait until the grand total of her married lives mounted up to the right figure and then invite all her ex-husbands to attend a family reunion, to be somewhere out-doors, where there'd no room."

"Well," said the House Detective, philosophically, "one-half the world don't know how the other half lives, does it?" "Well, be in a fair way to find out if the court stay open in the stills with servants continue to take the witness stand," said the Hotel Clerk.

Denatured Alcohol Costly

It Cannot Be Manufactured to Compete With Gasoline.

THE plan of using denatured alcohol from waste products as a cheap fuel to furnish power on the farm—one of the objects of the law permitting its manufacture—is pronounced a failure by the chemists of the Department of Agriculture after experiments covering almost a year. Professor Harris L. Sawyer, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, says it is impossible because of the fuel cost to operate the still, to say nothing about the original cost of the plant.

"Mountaineers make moonshine whisky in small stills and realize a good profit until they get caught," says the chief of the bureau; "but while moonshine whisky, which costs 50 cents a gallon to manufacture, is cheap for whisky, alcohol at 50 cents a gallon would never compete with gasoline. So this was the dream of Congressmen impossible to produce alcohol at as low a price as gasoline is produced."

As a commercial product denatured alcohol may some day compete with gasoline; but as for each farmer's having a fuel still and making a fuel with which he can secure power to thresh, shell corn, grind feed, churn or light his farm, the day is not in sight. Yet this was the dream of Congressmen and some enthusiasts in the agricultural schools when the bill was before Congress permitting the manufacture of the great "civilizing drug, denatured alcohol."

Greeley, Colo., is thought to be the greatest potato market in the country, and it is in the center of a great irrigated potato region. Greeley proposes to put in an alcohol still and make the denatured product from the surplus potatoes. The chemists of the Department of Agriculture are hopeful for this enterprise. It may save the consumers of the alcohol the amount of the freight rate on gasoline, but if it saves anything now the margin will be small.

In good faith the Department of Agriculture secured an appropriation of \$10,000 to demonstrate the process for making denatured alcohol. A first-class still of small capacity was secured and placed in the Government exhibit at the National Corn Exposition held in Omaha last December.

Uncle Sam's traveling alcohol plant

proved a good attraction, and some 100,000 farmers saw it in operation; but with material from which to make alcohol almost free and little or no fuel cost the alcohol cost almost as much as it costs to make moonshine whisky. The lowest cost, at which it has been produced in the stills with which the department has experimented has been about 17 cents a gallon, and a gallon of alcohol will scarcely produce more horsepower than a gallon of gasoline.

It was when the National Corn Exposition took up the question of having the still placed on exhibition at Omaha next December, when the third corn show will be held, that Dr. Sawyer, of the Bureau of Chemistry, said, "We do not believe it is a good thing to exhibit again. Our experiments now convince us that the hope of farmers making the alcohol economically to be used for fuel is useless. Glad to let you have the still if you pay the expense of installing and operating it. Our appropriations are exhausted." Accordingly the Department of Agriculture is planning a new and entirely different display for the 1909 corn show.

The traveling still is now in Washington. A still similar to it is attempting to make alcohol from cactus at El Paso, Tex., while another is working near Hattiesburg, Miss., where it is making alcohol from sawdust.

The approximate cost of a still to do good work is \$10,000. If farmers ever get the benefit of denatured alcohol it will be by organizing a co-operative company in regions where coal can be secured with small cost.

While these conditions exist regarding the use of alcohol for power, the use of alcohol for commercial purposes is increasing, and the law permitting the "poisoning" of pure grain alcohol is making a big saving in cost to manufacturers using it.

Oh, Joe!

Today when I got out of bed, I nearly jumped with joy. A knock came, and the glass I said, "Shake hands with me, my boy!" You ask why did I thus behave? The reason's very slight: It was—I hadn't got to shave. I'd shaved myself last night! —LA Touche Hancock in New York Sun

Australian sheep now yield twice as much wool a head as did in 1881. The commonwealth has \$8,000,000 sheep.