

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

WHAT IS A FOREIGNER?

TO EDITOR OREGONIAN who are as noble as usual, etc.
Dear Mr. Sir.—My Uncle Nichi arrive to me this morning with Pat McCarran expression of angry statesmanship. "Trouble of America," he says, "are too many Foreigners continually migrating into here."
So he show me the following slight scrap ripped from newspaper-print:

LITTLE AMERICAN LOST.

New York, July 12.—
Andrew McFadden Gumowsky, a small Scottish child, age 5½ year, were found wandering in the Park by Policeman All Ben Yusuf and Detective Sergeant Schnepfer. When took before Judge Clarence Ponzi the tiny prisoner was asked what nationality he suspected he was, and he replied in French with a German accent that his Grandfather knew best. Krako Albiades, a Greek candy merchant, identified the prisoner as a child belonging to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Gumowsky (nee McFadden), who are better known as President of the Armenian Ladies' Aid Society. Prisoner dismissed with careful promise not to do so no more.

As soon as I had finished assimilating this news with my mind Uncle Nichi say-on with sad eyebrows.

"Are it not saddy to see this kingdom, after being started so well by Hon. Geo. Washington & Gen. U. S. Grant, departing off to the Doggies by such route? Great flux of Foreign Immigration are doing so to America. No sooner have America cuddled down to her Fate with firm-tooth resolve to amalgamate herself into one odd nationality, than another boat-load full of Huns, Zuts, Basharks & other races with names sounding like they had been collected at Mombasa arrive here determined to kick off yolk of oppression & start peanut-business in the Land of the free and the home of the Slav. I am filled with angry rages to think of. When I go out for take-walk with my American derby and clean kimono, why should I be crowded off sidewalk by Flans & Poles standing around expecting to vote?"

"Are not Poles appropriate for votes?" are question I require.

No Intelligence responded by Nichi.

"To see them give me exclusive feeling of elbow," resum Uncle Nichi. "Must America be entirely full of Aliens? Why should not Hon. Wm. Loeb, or some other gentleman of New England ancestry, stand at port of N. Y. and knock off them foreigners when they arrive? What are that big iron Goddess of Liberty doing in port of N. Y. holding up piano lamp so strangers can see-how get in? Gatling-gun for chase them off would be more appropriate way to welcome them Foreigners to America."

"Uncle Nichi," I say for scorn, "you are talking garbage. Are you not a Foreigner yourself?"

"How you insult me!" say Uncle Nichi. "Have I not been in America over six months?"

"Why are you decided to join Aunt Ammiration Leg?" I require.

"Because-so," say Uncle with dignity of true Samurai, "America should be for us Americans and not for all rift-rafts."

Would it not be more better to lock up America for a slight hundred years so that people could get acquainted and guess what nationality their children are?"

"Would you exclude off all foreigners, if permitted?" I snuggest with shocky tones.

"Not entirely," expose my Jay ancestor. "But I should be much more cross & stricted about them than now is. Besides criminals of crooked records, lunatics & other poets, I should get up new list of Undesirable Aliens which should be shot off from this shore-side. Following foreigners should be ancored off shore by quarantine:

1st Class—British Lady Novelists

a—Mrs. Humpley Ward variety who come to America to find a novel about a Perfect English Gentleman what was kind to an American girl & marry her for her money—did she appreciate it? Ah no! She was naturally brutal.

b—Mrs. Ellen R. McGilly variety who nearly refuse to take American money because it are so Middle Class.

2d Class—Italian opera-singers, painters, cooks & boot-blacks.

a—Kind what fall to get rich go home sobbing that America are vacant in Art.

b—Kind what go home with \$100,000 declaring that America are a beautiful place only equalled by a few suburbs around, ancient Greece.

3d Class—Foreign Political Reformers.

a—Kind what thinks Americans are all Grafters because they reads the Uplifted Magazines.

b—Kind what meets the real Grafters & borrows money from them.

c—Kind what tries to, but can't.

4th Class—Kind what wants to be polite about America but can't think of nothing nice to say. So they report, "American ladies is very remarkable," and depart back to Europe.

Mr. Editor, I sent this above skejole to Hon. Philander P. Knocks, Washington, but I have got no thanks for come-back. Maybe he are the wrong statesman to receive it; or maybe them Immigration suggestions was foolish because of Uncle Nichi's raw intelligence. Undoubtedly my dearie Uno are too peeved about them Foreigners. If they did not come to America, who would? Also, America must have some laboring done, mustn't it? And who shall build subway & scoop railway banks, if not Italy-mans and Finn-mans? America-mans is too fashionable to do this low-down drudgery. They must do broke-business in Wall Street or attend to Trusts & politics. So must we enip scorn to Hon. Dago Foreigner who, by dent of hard labors doing pick-shovel work by day & Black Handing by night, amass up a fortune & retire off? Answer is, No!

Some other good reason why Foreigners is best-good for America is this: a perfect Nation should be like a perfect Soup—mixture of healthy vegetables gathered from everywhere; beef from England, potatoes from Ireland, cabbages from Germany, slight garlic from Italy, pepper from Spain, salt from Sweden &

Jews from everywhere. Only vegetable what should be excluded from Hon. National Soup is beets, which are less nourishing.

What-say Hon. Ben Franklin about Immigration? He-say, "Too many crooks spoil the broth." Therefore, Hon. Uno Sam shall be very careful to permit only high-class criminals to arrive here by boat. But how to tell a criminal from any other Italian? This are hard question for all Inspectors, because Criminals are like inventors of airships—very shy & modest when talking about themselves. If you approach up to a Criminal and require "Are you a Criminal?" he will merely blush & change the subject.

One simple way to tell a Criminal are to look him in the eyes & see what you find there. If he are perfectly straight-fronted & honest by expression, that are a sure sign he have escaped from Cicely after murdering his Hon. Grandmother with a saw so he could inherit her life-insurance. But if Hon. Immigrant wear a sneekret & lynch-dog expression of very cute cruelty, this are a pretty sure symptom that he are a honest man wishing to join his sweethearts & wives in N. Y.

Another way to tell a Criminal are to turn him loose in America. If he are caught doing a crime, he are a criminal; if not, he are either an honest man or a careful one.

Sydney Katsu, Jr., who studied mollycoddling at Harvard, say-so it are all very intelligent to compare a Nation full of Foreigners to a rich Soup; but some Soup are deliciously abominable because it got too much Garlic in it. Also, say Sydney, human races is like Zoological Birds, they got to be mixed with some discreteness or horrible rumpage must result.

So he told me following historical fairy-story about antique Japan.

In date about 5000 before the Mormon conquest of England there reside in Yeddo a Emperor named O-Jingo who was not only a king, but also a god, which were a great help in his business. Now, when this Emperor had finished off civilizing all the entire world (excepting of China, which was late, as usual) he go back to his Royal Farm begin raising poultry to show how smart he was. He were not begin to raise merely plain Ducks, thank you! Ah surely No! He must have Luther Burbank varieties of surprised fowels.

Firstly he go to work for breed a Eagle & a Hen. Them Eggs hatch open and—alive sakes! what a cross-looking chicken was there born!! Hon. Emp. O-Jingo were dee-light to see this birdie, what grewed up to be a fighting Plymouth Rock what could lay six eggs in the morning & fly around killing hawks in the afternoon. So O-Jingo he get ambitious and married a Duck with a Ostrich. Result of this union were a quacking ostrich what loved aquatic sports & could kick down fences to escape when attacked by his enemies. And when Hon. O-Jingo behold this result he laugh "So-Ha!" to think how smart he was. "By this cross-crossing of varieties soonly I shall have the beasts of the air and the birds of the field mingled to one conjamorite whole," he report with eye-wink of a careless Scientist.

But one night when he go to Hon. Roost for feed his herd of poultry he observed that Hon. Eagle-Hen and Hon. Ostrich-Duck had eloped away together somewhere to get married. So this great Emperor he jump onto a horseback & he explore for one entire year for find where them valuable Zoology had escaped to. Finally one day he arrive to a dense jingly-wood where he hear sounds of kicking & shreecching. O Joya! it were the Ostrich-Duck in song! He approach softly through scrubbery—and what-see! Them two Birdies, during absence, had raised a complete family of 20 children who had inherited all the disagreeable qualities of their surprised ancestors. They had inherited the light-mindedness of the ostrich, the mad disposition of the eagle, the deceptiveness of the duck and the hysteria of the hen. Them young Bird was six-feet tall with dominick speckles, hooked beaks and soft, gentle eyes like a duck. When they seen their Proprietor they hid their heads in a hole with a loud cackle, then with horrible quacking sound they roshed at Hon. O-Jingo and ate him to death after kicking him to pieces.

So the loving people of Japan built a nice tomb on that spot where following inscription can be looked at today, price 10c:

This Bldg. is constructed

To the Memory of O-Jingo.

Because nothing Else was left of him.

He mixed Breeds

To see what he Got

And when he Got It

He wisht he Hadn't Did.

Mr. Editor, with imaginary eye-glasses I can see 2 Indian Chiefs a-standing on cliffs near Plymouth, Mass., date 1642. In away-off a English-speaking ferryboat labelled Mayflower are approaching.

"Ah, Big Face," say 1st Indian, "let us kill them Undesirable Aliens before they spoil Boston."

"How useless," report 2d Indian. "There is plenty more where they came from."

"This are the first of a Great Excursion," say 1st Indian. "When they are sufficiently numerous they will take all good political jobs away from poor Americans, they will stero our railroads and build boarding-houses all over the Catskills. And when the Allen Races are running America what will the poor Red Man get out of it?"

"The Carlyle Indian School, I suppose," corrode Hon. Big Face and track away into the unpalatable forest.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

P. S.—Some wild Scientists is saying that America-mans & Japanese-mans would look very nice mixed ½ together. Do not chew this remark seriously, Mr. Editor. There are fools in every language. Whisky are a pretty fine distillery when took separate. Beer are a quite delicious brewery when drank apart. Then why make pour-together & spoil 2 good beverages? I require no answer.

H. T.

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

BY IRVING S. CORR.

"WOT'S doin' over the wide, wide world?" asked the House Detective of the St. Rockless as the Hotel Clerk laid down his paper and reached for a tall glass containing a pleasing mixture of fruit, flowers, ice, umbrageous foliage, a straw and a quantity of an amber-colored fluid.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk after a preliminary sip, "Summer seems to be ensuuing about as usual. The cable news says 'An Englishman's Home' is going to run in London until Fall. Only they ought to rename it 'What Every German Knows.' The tariff will remain in the hands of its friends, especially the weather friends. A couple more Summer hotels have caught fire and burnt up with all the spontaneous abandon of a celluloid comb, the guests barely escaping with their lives. The management already had their valuables."

"A trained ape is entertaining the cultured classes of New York with a display of intelligence that has rarely been equaled in the metropolises of the Nation, on the stage or off. Well, it must indeed be a relief to turn from roof-garden shows to an entertainment where brains have a part. Our President is receiving attractive souvenir postcards regularly from his Summer home, swept by ocean breezes, up on the Massachusetts coast. At Washington the impression prevails that President Taft will be able to start his Summer vacation about October 1. Congress and the weather permitting. Several more joy-riders have met an untimely fate. I am bearing up well under the blow. For tomorrow fall and warmer weather is promised. But would you call it a promise or a threat?"

"Walter Wellman, the intrepid president of the Hearst and Home Society of Indoor Polar Explorers, is getting ready to start back to civilization again, after making another of those daring dashes for the Pole, which carried him so far into the Frozen North that he was fully two days away from the last good American and European plan hotel, and couldn't even find a pressing club to have his Arctic exploring pants pressed of a morning. He's one of our greatest Pole dashers, is Walter. The time before this he reached a point so remote that he was fully forty miles beyond the last all-night druggists and nowhere near a decent hand laundry. There's only one trouble with Walter that I can see. He must've learned the art of dashing from one of those old-fashioned church dashers, because when he's not going straight up and down he's moving around in circles. The angry Wellman dashed high on a stern and bonehead coast, as the poet says, and then dashed right down again in the same place. But nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, he'll dash again next year about this time, mark my word for it. When it comes to making those nonremovable balloon ascensions, or fired flights, the German Count Zeppelin, with his gallant crew, consisting of a stationary engineer and an eccentric fireman, has nothing whatever on our Walter. I don't understand why Walter, during the dull seasons for Pole dashes, doesn't form a partnership with the Count and use their combined airships for tree pruning and arborist well-digging purposes. Or they might

take them out on the water and use them for submarines.

"I see that," ex-President Elliot of Harvard says his Five-Foot Shelf of Books is enough reading matter for any ordinary man. I think so, too. Enough, and then some. 'Twas certainly a great list of literary immortals that President Elliot included in his selection. I think I heard of one of them once, at a Chautauque lecture. The others were total strangers to me. None of them played in the Big League in my day and time. But if I had a five-foot sap on my library wall, if I had the library wall, and had no drag with the Government Printer that would enable me to secure a suitable number of bound copies of Geological Survey reports, I'd subscribe for President Elliot's set of favorite authors in a minute. I know I could put 'em on the shelves and they'd stay there from one housecleaning season to another, and not be disturbed or pulled out of line by careless hands."

"The theatrical managers are predicting a great coming season for the drama. There's to be one new strictly American play with a strong original plot dealing with a mortgage on an exclusive Southern hotel, and a horse race that wins the day in the last act, and the old planter's heroine daughter, named Madge or Virginia. The lucky producers say this one can't fail. And I don't see how it could. It never has. I can't remember when it wasn't a hit, and I've been going to see it ever since Dion Boucicault, or somebody else, wrote it the first time."

"Anything else?" said the House Detective when the Hotel Clerk paused, out of breath, to take another taste of the aromatic fluid in the tall glass with the mint fronding a grateful shade over it. "Let's see," said the Hotel Clerk. "Seems to me I did read something else that was interesting. Where is it? Um—'Hay Fever Cured in Twenty Easy Lessons by Malt—no, that's not it. 'Harris Must Go to Live on Beer and Bread.' He must've tired of an exclusive diet of undigested securities. 'Washington Team Holding Its Place in the American League.' Those Washington players are certainly the lads to fight for a principle. Let others engage in the sordid struggle for the rag called a pennant. Just give them a commanding position at the foot of the percentage column and trust them to defend it against all comers the season through."

"Um—um—oh, yes, here it is, Larry. Under large headlines. A prominent reformer has discovered that any one of our great cities is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah, and he feels certain that it's only a question of a short time until this republic, for which our forefathers fought and bled so many people, will share the fate of Rome."

"Wot's wrong with Rome?" asked the House Detective in a startled tone of voice. "I got a married sister livin' up there. Her husband's in the retail shoe business and doin' well the last time I heard from 'em."



seven hills at one and the same time, which in itself is quite a feat for anybody except a fleshy contentorian. Rome that once sent forth its mighty legions to rule the world except on those occasions when the barbarous Teutonic hordes stood the said mighty legions on their heads and invaded the capitol, introducing for the first time the German measles, the German two-handed broadaxe, the clarinet solo and other products of their native land among the Roman patricians and Senators.

"I thought it was almost time for some member of the Sodom & Gomorrah Revival Association and Marching Club to come forth—we usually detect several of them at large during the prickly heat and foolish season—but it's been quite a spell since a member of that organization undertook to double in Rome for the street parade. Personally, my recollection of the first-named cities is that they had a promising building boom spoiled by adverse remarks on the part of a prophet. His name escapes me, but according to what everybody said, he must've been one of those human hang nalls, all right. Those old-time prophets certainly were a bunch of killjoys anyway you took 'em. And shortly after this prophetic began

knocking on the reality development some attention was attracted to the situation by a lady named Mrs. Lot, the wife of a very prominent citizen, turning around to see how the skirt of the lady who'd just passed her, was trimmed in the back, and product of a dill pickle (no benzoin of soda used for a preservative) as a warning to her sex, and they must've taken the warning, for now any of them can take in all the details of a costume at one side glance and go right home and duplicate it out of her own head.

"As for Rome, I've given the subject some study, paying particular attention to the period treated so fully by the late Mr. Gibbons in his immortal work, 'The Decline and Fall; Was She Ynased, or Did Her Foot Slip?' Yes, Larry, I've been down the line from the time of Romulus and Remus, which sounds like a song and dance sketch team the first time you hear the period treated so fully by the late Mr. Gibbons in his immortal work, 'The Decline and Fall; Was She Ynased, or Did Her Foot Slip?' Yes, Larry, I've been down the line from the time of Romulus and Remus, which sounds like a song and dance sketch team the first time you hear the period treated so fully by the late Mr. Gibbons in his immortal work, 'The Decline and Fall; Was She Ynased, or Did Her Foot Slip?' 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