

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

WHY UNCLE NICHU CAN NOT LIVE FOREVER

TO EDITOR OREGONIAN, who are careless about catching cold because he know his Name intend to live forever in History, even if his Lunga die away before that time.

Hon. Dear Sir:—
Last Wednesday, while going with W. Furo to Sun's of Nagasaki Billiards & Pools to play it, I see my Uncle Nichu at soda-fountain of Kieki Futomoto a-drinking sour goat-milk with disagreeable expression of one who intend to be healthy.

"Why-so you do-so?" require me & Furo in unicorn.
"Because-so," say Uncle Nichu: "I have now arrived at the curio age of 65 annual years when quit-time of Death might be approaching. But I am unwilling to do so, thank you. Of recently I read in newspaper-print about a Scientist working in Dr. Pasteur's Mad Dog Hospital, Paris. Prof. Mushyoff are name of this man. He have made some great discovery about Old Age. He say that only reason why folks don't last forever is because they dies too soon."

I stand ast for this important knowledge.
"Hon. Prof. Mushyoff have discovered 1/2 of a great truth," I utter. "If he could only discover the other 1/2, who knows how long we might keep?"

"What additional truth must that Hon. Prof. discover?" require Uncle Nichu.

"How to keep folks from dying," are sharp report for me.
"Hon. Mushy are working on that problem now," say Unc, "and he have nearly finished it. Maybe he will get done next week in time to get picture in Sunday papers."

"Hope-so he will," I corrode, "because I am fond of reading about Science, however untruthful it may be."

"This Prof. Mushyoff," say Nichu, "say-so that all Human Bodies is built like N. Y. City. They are full of streets, alleys, viaducts, bridges, subways & tubes. All departments of Hon. Human Bodies is inhabited by imported Germs & criminal Microbes what imagines they owns the place & goes running around with Black Handers & other wicked chums. These sinful Germs, who is smart like a crook, gets into street cleaning dept, police force & all politicks—and first thing he know Hon. Human Body do not care to continue on, thank you; so he quit & die at the early age of 86, just as he are beginning on some career of usefulness. Human Body, say Mon. Mushyoff, are like lots other American cities—it got too darn much Foreign Populus."

"Ain't they no way of discouraging them Immigrant Bugs?" I ask alarmly.

"There are one way described by Prof. Mushyoff," say Uncle Nichu. "Folks what wish remove Hon. Old Age must not eat nothing but sour milk."

"How long could I live if I done that?" are next question for me.

"Forever," report Unc.

"If I couldn't have nothing but sour milk I should not want to live forever," are bite comet for me.

"I read in newspaper-journal," say Furo, "how Dr. Discardo, educated meat-chopper employed in that Pasture Dog Hospital, have discovered how folks can live forever without any drinking of sour milk. Pie, porter-join steak & other dissipated food can be eaten by this new way."

"Banzai!" I report, "these are good Doctor for me. I admire

them Italians for their smart intelligence. How could you neglect to get old by Dr. Discardo's way?"

"Dr. Discardo say-so that Diseases comes from folk's insides. If they didn't have no insides they wouldn't have no Diseases. If they didn't have no Diseases, nothing could kill them except foolishness. Therefore, everybody must go to hospital & have his insides cut off."

"This sound so easy it appear deceptive," I reproach. "By this scientific hari-kiri any child, however feeble, could grow older than McThusalem. O gladly should I elope to some Carnegie Institute & decry, 'Hon. Doc, kindly to vivisection me; but be gentle as possible, please.' So this Hon. Surgery would lay me on knife-bench & approach up with chloroform & sharp manicure sets. 'If you be so kind,' I say-so, 'please to include my heart & brain when you remove my interior.' 'Why you wish you should lose Heart & Brain?' require Hon. Dr. with cutting look. 'Because-so,' I say, 'when Hon. Digestion have went with them Mike-robes might be lonesome for place to go & settle down on my Brain & Heart. What result? I should grow dodder & drop in love with some Chorus Lady like oldy mans is so apt to do. When I was age 142 years this would be undignified for one of my advanced youth.' So Hon. Dr. would scoop me out & would walk off feeling lighter and more permanent."

"I should not want to have my inward part removed like a Chicken," suppose Unc. "And yet I shall require to live to Age 140, like Pro. Mushyoff say I might. Therefore, would you not join me in another glass sour-milk?"

"Not to do, thanks," request me & Furo with sinical smiling. "All well," say Nichu. "Then you young & fool-hard Japanese can continue murdering yourselves with square food. Already you seem dispeptic. Good health for me! When you are buried away I shall be in the midst of life drinking buttermilk with your grandchildren."

So me and Furo depart off & leave Uncle Nichu to his Fairbanks slips.

But that evening, at late P. M., Uncle Nichu, who sleep next room by me, jumped out of his slumber with howl & yell enjoying following loud symptoms:

- 1—Sporting feeling in seat of stomach as if a Ache & Pain was running a footrace there.
- 2—Shriek cries from poor Uncle, which was too bad.
- 3—Panick of phone-call for Dr. Midzuno, "O Mr. Sir, please come too hasty to Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging where Uncle Nichu don't know what he got!"
- 4—Arrival of Dr. Midzuno with medical baggage.

"What you been trying for to do?" require Dr. Midzuno from Nichu.

"Drinking sour milk so I could live forever. This afternoon I drink sufficient to pottle me for 50 years; so I am surprised to be dying so soon." This from Nichu with grone.

Dr. Midzuno look to Uncle's Tongue & say for wisdom.

"You are enjoying a slight poisoning of the toe-main, which is in the Stomick where it is."

"Would it not be nice to remove out Uncle's stomach before Hon. Mike-robe gets the rest of him?" I require alarmly.

"It should not be done," report him writing drugstore language in tab-book.

"But it are oftenly did in Paris to cure old age," I suggest. "All scandals comes from Paris," deploy Dr. Midzuno. So he take Uncle Nichu's pulse & depart away with it.

He arrive 2 times daily to look at Uncle Nichu's tongue, which he think very beautiful. Yesterday Uncle Nichu refuse to do so. "Make poke-out of tongue," say Hon. Dr. scientifically.

"O not shall!" report Nichu like a mule.

"Why not so?" require this medicine man.

"Because-so," explode this oldy man, "there ain't nothing the matter of my tongue. Pain are enjoyed in Stomick."

"But I must examine Hon. Tongue to derive condition of Hon. Stomick," negotiate Dr. Midzuno.

"If you are so wise," say Nichu, "you can look at my Stomick & maybe tell about my Tongue from there."

Dr. Midzuno snatch hat disgustly.

"Mr. Togo," he say me at door by whippers, "when a Patience get so peeved like that he are surely convoluting toward getting well. Hon. Stomick are better, but he got a gloomy frame around his mind. Please make some cheer-up for him."

Goodbye for Dr. Midzuno.

So I collect together Cousin Nogi & Bunkio Saguchi & little Annie Anazuma & Arthur Kickabajama & a Japanese who call himself Frank Smith to get job in a bank. To bedsted of Uncle Nichu we go together prepared for any kind of Jokes to make cheer-up for my dearle relation.

"Kind Unc, we have came to give you some Anecdotes, however disagreeable," I say cheerly.

"I contain too much medicine already," lament him.

"A Anecdote are not a medicine," I communicate.

"What could be, then?" require that convalescence.

"A Anecdote are a short Joke poked out on the end of a long story. To make him sound natural Hon. Anecdote must have one or two prominent Tariff statesmen or a actor or a millionaire or some prominent historical person mixed up in it. For example, I got a nice laughing-anecdote about Hon. Ben Butler. It begin as following:

"Hon. Ben. Butler, who were very fond of riding mules—"

"I do not care nothing about Ben Butler," collide Nichu peery.

"I wish hear some Jokes about Hon. Pierpont Morgan who I admire for his obnoxious wealth."

"All well," I decorp. "Then I shall out Hon. Butler and put in Hon. Morgan. This Anecdote are not particular about who are in it."

So I commence another beginning.

"Hon. Pierpont Morgan, who are passionately fond of mule riding—"

"Are Hon. Pierpont Morgan fond of mule riding?" require little Annie with childish curio.

"How could I know?" I did back. "This Anecdote got a mule

in it, and if Hon. Pierpont Morgan got to be in it too, he got to ride that mule or get out!"

So I resum on again.

"Hon. Pierpont Morgan, who are noted for his skilful muleman-ship, had a white mammal name of Sadie who were a very talented kick. One day when Hon. Morgan were a-riding his mule, as usual, in Central Park, N. Y., Hon. Sadie begin to behave so Wildy West that she throw her legs lavishly in all directions; and finally she make such a famous kick that she put her left hind food in the stirrup what Hon. Morgan were occupying at that time. So with immediate quickness that great Financier jump down & exclaim, 'Sadie, if you wish to get into the saddle I will get off.'"

"This story show that Hon. Morgan, though oftenly cruel to Human Persons, are always chivalrous to Animals," notate little Annie.

"Hon. Morgan did not do so for kindness," notate Cousin Nogi with sinical eye-wink. "He done so because he were too glued-up & snobby to wish for be seen in Central Park riding in the same seat with a mule."

When Sydney Katsu, Jr., say-how he got a deliciously sad anecdote about Hon. C. W. Fairbanks & the oldest statesman in Indiana, Uncle Nichu bounce out of bed with mad expression of a Athlete.

"Kindly to bring me my congressional shoes, my umbrella, my kimono & my derby hat, he jounce with brutal voice."

"Where you going, please?" I require like a referee.

"To some restaurant or restaurants," depopulate Nichu. "Why should I lay here with a room full of Anecdotes & nothing to eat?"

"Shall I not bring you slight sour-milk or a little nourishing yeast for old age?" require Nogi.

"Not to do!" relapse Nichu. "I shall not kill myself attempting to live forever no more. Life are like any other good job; if you work too hard keeping it, you are apt to get fired. Therefore, let us be slightly careless & eat whatever Germs we can afford. Even if we can't live forever, we can live forever as long as we're alive, can't we?"

No answer for this. So Uncle Nichu elope away with 35 cents intending to spend all of it.

"And yet," I say to Nogi, for slight sorrow feeling, "I feel slightly as he are getting used to it. Might it not produce long-live germs? Possibly might! It sound as scientific as any other good-health ideas. And it would be so nice to have some member of our Family live to 300 years. Maybe men would be ready to quit if they lived to that age. Or maybe they could be foolish for 150 years & wise for 150 years, so they could practice which way was most fun. Would it not be awflet thought to know that Hon. Jo-Uncle Cannon, when he have arrived to age 360 years, could look back to year 1909 & say, 'Ah, well! I was only 70 then. Whatever mistakes I made at that time—and there were quite a row of them—was mainly caused by youth & inexperience.'"

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO,

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

BY IRVING S. COBB
THE Hotel Clerk had been away on a short vacation. When he got back to the St. Reckless he was limping slightly and his sunburned nose shaded off from dark at the tip to lighter tones at the base, like a meerschaum cigarette holder.

"Well, sir," he remarked to the House Detective with the air of one who states a fact that must already be evident, "well, they got it."

"Got what?" asked the House Detective.

"The goat," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Which goat? Not goat?" inquired the House Detective.

"Mine, tubby sure, who else?" said the Hotel Clerk. "Whose goat is it customary to ensnare when I'm in the vicinity? Yes, sir, Larry. I regret to report that during my absence from your midst they celebrated St. Angela's day and 'twas I who provided the fresh meat for the picnic festivities. I feel that I have now taken the full post graduate course in gastronomy. In me you behold the oldest living alumnus of William and Nanny. The goat smugglers came in their low, black, rakish goat freighter, with muffled ears, and soon the tense command was heard, 'Give way, my hearties. Once aboard the lugger and all will be well for Dirk the Darling has this presumptuous stranger's treasured Cashmere fast within his grin. Give way, my trusty men, give way! That's what they did to me.'"

"Not talk have you?" inquired the puzzled House Detective. "I thought you were to the mountains."

"So I did, dear heart, so I did," said the Hotel Clerk. "That's where I lost my esteemed goat—far up on the mountain peaks, where the edgeweeds and the blackberry vineyard postcard grow, and the wild chamomile leap from crag to crag or would undoubtedly do so if there were any crags for the wild chamomile to leap from and any wild chamomile to do the leaping. Little, though you may dream it, Larry, you behold in me a finished mountain climber—one worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Miss Annie Peck and other members of the well-known Peck mountain family, including Chapultepec and Tehuantepec, that is, if you can do it all in the same breath."

"This is your chance to look over a mountain-climber who is finished, and also who is done, the two words being synonymous in this case as in many others. But there are extenuating circumstances—I was led into it mostly by one of those harmless lunatics called pedestriants, who do the same kind of manual labor for pleasure on a vacation that a Government letter-carrier does for wages. Then, too, I was filled with a mad desire to escape from the hotel where I'd put up. It was one of those regular Summer hotels, stuck on the side of a hill like a wasp nest. It had more L's than there are in a Welsh family name, and more halls and cross-halls and double-cross-halls than there are in the Catscombs. When it came to twisting around and doubling back and running into blind alleys, that system of intoxicated hotel halls had the Mystic Maze looking like the ground plan of a henhouse. Of a morning I used to venture out of my cosy suite, consisting of a room that was crowded to suffocation, containing one window,

one bed, one tooth brush, and me; and I'd wander on and on blindly until I came to a point where seven or eight different staircases ran up in seven or eight different directions, and just sit down there and scream for help until one of the official guides, called a bell hop, came and rescued me and led me to the dining-room, which was a large, airy hotel dining-room abutting on the hotel stables, with open windows between. The only time the flies that lived in the stable quit biting the horses was at mealtimes, when they varied the programme by coming into the dining-room and biting the guests. The cuisine was something to dream about afterwards. I shall never forget the first morning when I ordered a rum omelet."

"Well, wasn't it a rum omelet. All right?" asked the House Detective.

"It was, indeed," said the Hotel Clerk. "I think it was probably the rummiest omelet that I ever met face to face. Old Chief Rummy of the celebrated Rummy tribe couldn't have worked up a rummier omelet than that one was, in his most palmy days. Dinner was a great institution, too. If anything happened to a chicken in the kitchen they brought it to me. There'd also be several unsolved mysteries served in canary-bird bathtubs, with suspicious circumstance gravely around 'em and reasonable doubt sauce poured on 'em, the repast concluding with a small slab of Pish Tush ice cream and some—"

"You mean pistache ice cream," interrupted the House Detective.

"Not this kind," said the Hotel Clerk. "This was the genuine Pish Tush, although some of the guests used even stronger language in speaking of it. After all that, the waiter would bring me the bill and as I contemplated the total, the grand total if I may use the term, I'd be filled with a deep regret that I never learned Hebrew so I might have read that menu from right to left, and of the same suit of clothes. But I would look at the party who'd organized the trip forgoing sturdily on ahead and I'd remember that people said there were bears at large on that mountain, and I'd get right up and forge on ahead myself. Only I am not a success as a forger. If ever I turn to a life of crime, I will not try forgery. I realize that I am not galloped properly for it."

"We climbed and climbed and climbed and climbed. After while, to vary the monotony, we then climbed. And after awhile reason began to totter on her throne. I have an indistinct recollection



that my tongue hung so far down on my chest that it looked like a red necktie, a circumstance which naturally annoyed me because I do not wear red neckties anyhow and I find I can get more satisfaction out of a tongue when it is inside of my face.
But that was merely the beginning. Later on that tongue became a pink laprobe, but yellow at the tip, like a harness strap where the dust had settled, and I was afraid it might get down between my legs and interfere with my knee action. Yet ever onward and upward, but principally upward, strode my sturdy companion, often turning his head over his shoulder, with many a lightsome word or merry ha-ha when I fell down a ravine or up one, or tripped on the root of an everlasting oak and mangled my map against the cheek of the eternal ba-salt. I believe the guidebooks say that

mountain is only 2400 feet high, and that it slopes at an angle of 35 degrees, or something of the sort. Both of these statements are a mistake. It should say 2400 miles high and sloping at an angle of 275 degrees, or something of that nature. I know I have the figures approximately correct, because I've been over the premises personally foot by foot, and sometimes foot on top of foot, when I slipped back.
"In due season we reached the top. My new-found friend went mooning around from rock to rock, looking at the view, but for the moment I did not seem to care for views. I seemed to prefer lying on my back with my face pulled open to the last notch, engaged in panting. Sometimes I fear, Larry, that I will never catch up with my pants. I will still be hauling in on my this Summer's pants when others are using their Fall and Winter ones."

Even now I wake up in the night and find myself panting violently, trying involuntarily, as it were, to get back some of the pants that I lost, never to regain again, while ascending that mountain.
"While I was lying there with my face all agog in the manner which I have described to you, the person in charge came over where I was and said to me that I ought to be very glad to have taken the trip with him. Such a thing was good for every muscle in my body, he said. He said it would make me feel ten years younger.
"Yes," I said to him, slipping in the words between pants, "yes, I judge that is quite true. Probably my body is ten years younger, maybe 35, and my head cannot be out of its first foolish infancy yet, or it would not have permitted me to let you lure me up on top of this place. But speaking for my legs, I can truthfully say to you that they are no younger than they were. On the contrary, they have aged greatly since we started. The right one feels to me like it was at least 96 years old and a veteran of the Mexican War, having been severely wounded in the knee at the battle of Buena Vista, from which it is suffering great pain at this present moment. If I ever get back down off this mountain I'm going to name this right leg Windfall Scott. The left leg, while slightly younger, has a distinct recollection of the horrors of the Wilderness campaign where it caught chronic inflammatory rheumatism in its ankle. Should I survive I will probably call the left leg General Burnside."
"It was a very clever piece of sarcasm, Larry, considering the conditions and circumstances, but I think it was wasted on my companion. As far as I could tell he was one of those besotted creatures who actually enjoy the sight of suffering which he himself has been the cause of. He meandered around a while longer, gassing about the view, and then when my Adam's apple had abated its more violent paroxysms and I had succeeded in coiling most of the slack of my tongue back into its accustomed recess under the raters of my mouth, we started down again.
"You'd be surprised, Larry, to see how easy it is to come down a steep mountain. You merely go to the edge and let go and after that you have no worry or concern about the return trip until you near the foot of the mountain and begin to pick out the spot where you'd like to hit. Of course, I presume a man falling out of a balloon on a still day could come down faster, but he would not be handicapped by catching his clothes in briar bushes, or snagging his nose on a wild grape vine swinging across the trail as I did every now and then, or jamming his face into the trunks of trees, such as birches and beeches and scrub oaks and other trees with smooth bark and some with the rougher and more painful kinds of bark on them. He wouldn't encounter any of those backsets naturally.
"Still we did pretty well, I think. I don't want to brag but I'm rather proud of the record we made coming down that mountain. It took us all of four hours to go up and we came down in a trifle less than 17 minutes. I could have made even better time than that, but about half way down I stubbed my foot and stopped and went back and looked for

something I'd lost. It would not have appealed to some people, perhaps, being merely a toe nail off one of my toes, and possibly others might not have cared for it or prized it greatly because it was damaged goods anyhow having met with a previous injury through a hammer falling on it, that made it look something like a Brazil nut; but I had had it a long time and it gave moderate satisfaction and I felt more or less attached to it. So I stopped and went back for it. That was what delayed me. So then we got to the foot and while he went on and notified the hotel people to send a team for me I picked pine needles and splinters and boughs of the mountain ash and other souvenirs out of myself and was not a bit lonely until the wagon came. Then I stayed in bed a couple of days and then I came home, as you see me now."

"Poets is allus writin' about the beauties of the mountains," said the House Detective casually.

"Yes, I know," said the Hotel Clerk. "But the poets don't climb the mountain."

Harriman Buys American Pictures.
New York Herald.
E. H. Harriman has purchased four pictures by E. W. Deming, painter of Indians and of the Western wilds, which were shipped to Arden, N. Y., where they are to adorn the country house of the financier, who is now absent in Europe. Mr. Harriman seeks, whenever opportunity offers, to buy objects of native art, and so much is he in favor of developing the resources of this country that he even carries it to the extent of having only material from the United States in the construction of his house.
The four paintings he has bought are intensely American in their atmosphere and are fine examples of the style of the artist, which is strong and individual. Most of them were made recently by Mr. Deming on one of the journeys to the moose country of the Northwest, and show the monarch of the wild at his best. "The Phantom of the Woods," "The Woodland Trust" and "The Lake" all show figures of the moose. "The Monument to the Ages" is full of mystic feeling, for it shows a distant mesa dimly seen, with ridians on horseback in the foreground.

The Gentleman Farmer.
I'd like to bill the 'aters, I'd like to hae the corn;

I'd like to rake the driveway, I'd like to mow the lawn;

I'd like to pick some beans for grub (I know we need 'em),

I'd like to feed the horses, but it's too darn hot!

I'd like to paint the fences, or clean the horses' stalls;

Or fix that leak upon the roof or kalsome the walls;

I'd like to fix the stovepipe, and all that sort of rot;

I'd like to clean the hencoop; but it's too darn hot!

I'd like to—oh, confound the thing! These everlasting phoebes.

Are nuisances this weather! Hello! Yes!

That you, Jones?

What! Eighteen holes with you? Why sure! I'd just as lief as not!

But say! You'd better start before it's too darn hot!

—N. T. Sun.