

THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE ALIEN RACES.

"WELL," said the House Detective of the St. Reckless. "Fall's come."

"There you go," said the Hotel Clerk. "Always spring those secret surprises of yours on people when they're not prepared. Some of these days you'll bust some such startling information like that in the ear of a man with a weak heart and then you'll have his death on your soul."

"But I'll forgive you this time, because it happens that your news is not exclusive. I've been suspecting myself for several days now that Fall might be coming along before a great while. I always know Fall is at hand when the sons of the rich begin to blow out in new automobile disasters and I begin to dig down into the bottom tray of my trunk to see if my last year's heavy underwear is going to stand the strain of another hard winter. I was trying on one of my collection of souvenir undershirts yesterday. It had shrunk some. After I got into it I looked like I was wearing a Spring tie. The little fellow we used to see in the street car, whose mother didn't use Woolly soap, would've looked positively overdressed alongside of me. Yes, sir, it's about time, as the poet says, for the short and simple flannels of the poor. But what directed your massive intellect to the fact that Fall's coming, if I may ask?"

"Well, it's a sure sign of Fall when baseball ends and football starts in," said the House Detective.

"Quite so, it is," said the Hotel Clerk. "Since you mention it, I have been noticing a few errant lines here and there on the subject of football. Nothing to speak of, of course—merely a few columns to the page and a full length picture showing promising young fullbacks that measure forty-eight inches across the chest and nearly an inch and three-quarters across the brow. But naturally that's not a circumstance to what they'll be printing a few weeks from now when the Knights of the Pigskin and the Gridiron, or the Pig Iron and the Gridiron, as some would say, are really beginning to shine. From Halloween to Thanksgiving Day there'll be mighty little chance of Friend Bill Taft grabbing off the top of the column. Of course if his son, Charles, ever makes the varsity team, he'll have a chance. He'll be mentioned occasionally in the New Haven dispatches as W. H. Taft, the father of a hero; but that's quite some time off yet. Only today I was reading an interview on the sporting page with Bull Slaughter, the famous

coach. From his pictures I would say he was more a moving van than a coach, but that's what they called him. Maybe they meant a funeral coach. Well, anyway, Mr. Slaughter, the human tailfin, says Chi Li is making good in the track squad at Cambridge and may go in for football."

At the mention of this candidate for football honors, the House Detective gave a perceptible start.

"What's his last name?" he asked.

"That's all the name there is to him," said the Hotel Clerk. "Young Mr. Chi Li, the rising young athlete of dear old Harvard."

"He'd rise faster in the washin' business, I'm thinkin'," said the House Detective. "Wot would a Chink do with a football, if somebody so fur forgot himself as to hand it to him—take it back to the laundry and make a chew main out of it for dinner?"

"He won't," said the Hotel Clerk. "Not this lad. He'd tuck said ball under his arm and go down the field uttering his class yell or a few choice words in his native tongue. It makes no difference which, because they both sound alike anyhow. And if a young Anglo-Saxon giant named Lars Larsen or Francis Xavier Hovrigan got in his way he'd brush him aside with a quick petulant gesture and touch goal. In his own country, Larry, he's the hero of many a hard-fought field that's a blame sight harder to pronounce. He has so many medals and athletic honors and decorations and things that when he pins them all on his many Chinese chest he looks like the cane rack at a county fair. He's related to Kuen Chi Kian; that's either a Greek-letter society or a Chinese governor, I forget which, and when he was a student at Pei Yang University at Tientsing and took part in the native sport known as a cane rush they used to follow him through the campus and take up the opposing young Tientsingers with a vacuum cleaner."

"I never heard of nothin' like it in my life," said the House Detective.

"I spoke not," said the Hotel Clerk. "That's why I'm telling you. Here we've been going along for a century or so talking about the supremacy of the pure Anglo-Saxon in this country, and we are the purest Anglo-Saxon in the whole world, if you'll excuse a little Irish blood and a touch of Swede and some French and a flock of Italian, here and there, and quite a little sprinkling of the kind of Anglo-Saxons that came originally from Jerusalem but were mostly in the cloak and suit trade. We used to think that these



"AN INSPIRED ARTIST
PAINTS A PICTURE OF
CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT
FOR A HARVESTER
CO."

smoked people didn't belong. If a anywhere from golden oak to black it go at that. We had an idea that party had a complexion that shaded off walnut we gave him the boots and let a brown hide went with a liver that

was the color of the driven snow. We're being cured.

"Now there was that baseball team from the University of Wisconsin that started on a triumphant tour around the world to expound the National game. A fine lot of up-standing young finger grooves they were, too, with lichen on their chests and sunny, red necks. And almost the first stop they made was Tokio, where there's a college with the barbarous name of Kelo, the 'e' being silent as in Moe Levy. So they took on the Kelitors for a match.

"This is going to be just like getting soft pine lumber from home," said the Wisconsin boys. "Why, these heathens don't even know the right name to call an umpire and when they try to coach I'll sound like a person with a cleft palate singing Eeny, meeny, miny mo. Their eyes are set right for foul tips, maybe, but where'll they be when we begin to knock all the icing off of old Phil Yama with our long files. The score ought to be about forty-love in our favor." But would you believe it, Larry, and I know you won't, when the ninth inning was over, those varnished little Japs, that didn't have enough face to cover their front teeth, and wore their eyes on a 20 per cent grade, actually had the game all tucked away in their respective kimonoes and the American visitors were on their way back to the steamer in a brown study, wondering to themselves whether the quaint native operation known as Harry Carey was preferable to coming back to Madison, Wis., and facing the folks.

"Was almost enough to start another race war in California.

And to come home home, take our own Indians. Forty years ago the noble Red Man was chiefly used by us to furnish our young West Point graduates with suitable target practice. The only time he ever got as good as an even break was when some inspired artist painted a picture of 'Custer's Last Rally' for a harvester company. But I'd just like to call your attention to the present state of baseball in this country in its intimate relation to Mister Injun.

"At this very moment, Larry, the sacred shoes of the sainted Buck Ewing are being completely filled by a light rearing refugee from a California reanovator, who has a higher average at batting than his grandfather ever had at scalping. Out in Cleveland there's another catcher who's doing the stunts that King Mike Kelly once performed, the main difference being that he's red all the time while Kelly had comparatively arid intervals when he was faded out to

a nice bright magenta. A big chief named Bender pitches curves for Philadelphia that cause many a hated paleface to turn still paler, and here only the other day the Giants gobbled up a spry fielder who's playing hooky from the Onelda Tribe and belongs to the well known Bull family, of which other noted members have been Ole, Durham, John and the late Biting. When a young buck out in the Rosebud agency begins to feel an inherited longing for the white man's blood these times, he doesn't put on a feather bristle and a coat of hearth paint and take the warpath. No sir; he comes to Carlisle and joins the football team and gets enough white blood to satisfy all the cravings of his savage nature in the very first game with Princeton. He gets a bucket of it, fresh and warm, and if he has any kind of luck, a few teeth and ears and one thing and another to go along with it. You can go out any Fall almost and see a bright bay youth, 18 hands high with black mane and white stockings, and a brisk high school gait, snatching up a brawny scion of a first family of Virginia and slugging him down so hard on what would be his crupper if he was a horse, that it bounces his hair out by the roots.

"And the Indian is breaking into Congress, too, and demanding his little percentage out of the tariff just the same as if he'd been born and raised in the Nelson A. Aldrich household. What do you know about that? There's one there from Oklahoma and another regular from Kansas, not to mention a whole troupe of volunteer Congressional Indians led by John Sharp Williams and Olla James.

"A couple of Brooklyn gentlemen grow tired of the scenery of their native place, and for a change they take a little jaunt to the North Pole. Do they take any Anglo-Saxons named Rolly or Schwartzstein with them? They do not. One of them takes a pair of saddle-colored Esquimo genes, with rugged names that match their faces. And who does the other take? He takes a member in good standing of the A. M. E. Church, with a complexion like a new coalscove. I refer to Matt Hanson, Esq., the first man of his race that ever voluntarily traveled out of the watermelon and fried chicken belt."

"Speakin' of the Pole, I see the scientists are all split up over the row between the Dock and the Commander," said the House Detective. "It looks like there ain't no two of 'em that can agree on anything."

"That proves they're true scientists," said the Hotel Clerk.

INTERVIEWS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO
(WALLACE IRWIN)
Drawings by His Cousin Nogi
(IKE MORGAN)
TOGO'S 3 foot Reference Shelf

BY HASHIMURA TOGO.
Wallace Irwin.
To Editor Oregonian, or whoever is there containing this high job.

Dear Sir:

FIRST glimpse I obtained of Hon. John D. Rockefeller was on the broad piazza of his homely residence at Tafttown, N. Y., where that great snazzy Gentleman was doing a cake-dance before 6 coddish golf-boys to show how a Successful man must have cheerful legs. Them golf-boys was setting in line like a Sunday class drinking lemonade of delicious sourness.

When he seen me he made a smile. Hon. Rockefeller's smile are like his hair: it do not hurt him to take it off. Yet without it he would seem naked and ashamed. How can he sleep at night when Hon. Barber have removed it for slight shampoo? I require no answer.

"What Charity Organization do you represent?" he require squeezing my hand like it was a rival pipe-line. I was surprised to see him let it go.

"I am not a Charity," I corrode. "I am a Japanese reporter."

"I don't care for Yellow Journalists," he dit, permitting his smile to slip slightly downwards. "And yet I admire your nerve."

"Ah, Mr. Sir!" I explode reverently. "How I nourish such a delicious compliment from you!"

"Neglect to thank me," revoke Hon. John, "because I am most happy when presenting souvenirs. Some irresponsible Scrawlers for the Jalus Press says that I am a Awful Rich man. This, of course,

is exaggerated. And yet I confess it. I have massed up a untidy sum, thanks for my own efforts and the careless co-operation of the American people. Has the temporary mortgage on a few hundred millions made my soul any less useful for religious purposes?"

"I am helpless to reply."

"Answer is, No!" he say with enthusiasm. "I shall always be fond & sympathetic to the down-jammed classes. I too have been poor. I too have been a humble toiler in the bonnyard. If my youth was a large take-in, my old age shall be a great give-away. If I ever become really Wealthy—and who knows what?—then I shall not do as others does and button up my heart against the yolk of Want & Misery. Ah, not so! I shall always be as generous as the poorest bricklayer in Westchester County."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," I suggest.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," report Hon. Rock. "And yet it is impossible to run a great Modern Industry on one Altruistic principles."

While we was thusly chattering one of them coddish golf-boys approach up with glass & Oliver Twist expression.

"Kindly, please, Mr. Sir John," he manipulate, "could me & Willie Smith obtain one additional quench of that lemonade?"

"If you do not curb such thirst you will become merely a curb broker," reproach Hon. John with kind eyebrows. So he queue lemon-pitcher to glasses of them Lads and make another entry in Hon. Cash Book.

"Great difficulty about giving away cash & groceries," resume he. "Is that it make extra work at the end of the month. When Archy Bald (he's my bookkeeper) look over Ledger he must see that item 'Expenses etc.' What do that extra etc represent? he will endure suspiciously. 'Lemons,' I report shyly. 'What you doing with lemons?' he will require, 'have you been forming another Independent Oil Co in Texas?' With such a pinch-wad Manager I fear I shall never go bankrupt in my old age."

Sad smiles for him.

"What lessons was you teaching these coddish golf-boys when I arrived up?" I require for change-off.

"These boys is members of my Little Strugglers Club," he renounce. "We meets here every Wednesday when it rains & slight chat-talks is enjoyed from me. To-day our topic is 'Success in Life.'"

"How you teach them such wise maxims, please?" I request.

"I shall show you," collapse Hon. Rockefeller sweetly turning to that row of Children. "Boys," he pronounce, "what nice qualities of brain must we cultivate to be Successful?"

"Justice, honesty, fairness, obedience, generosity & a disposition to pull up them what is tucked under us," report those Boys phonographically.

"What wicked faults must we brush off our souls before we can be Successful?" he negotiate.

"Selfish thoughts, sly triz, deceptive rebates, dumb directors, high tariff & low company," they decay parrotually. I stand beswitched for surprise.

"O answer me candidly, Hon. Rockefeller," I deploy. "How could you treat them Children so deceptively? Nobody could learn to be a successful Financier by such lessons you are teaching them!"

"I am not teaching them to be Financiers," wis-wag that Rockefeller man, "I am teaching them to be Caddies."

I make note of this phenomenal.

While thusly we was saying it a young person of Kipling appearance made walk-out to porch & said with voice,

"Excuse, please, Hon. Sir. On page 113

Hashimura Togo Deploys Hon. John D. Rockefeller's Opinions of Idea M. Tarbell, Standard Oil, and Other Troublous Subjects



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you have said 'vast public benefit' exactly 48 times. Cannot this be changed off to some more simple & foolish phrase?"

"Of surely it can!" report Hon. John. "Change it to 'Standard Oil.' If it is the same thing, what's the difference?"

No reply from this Kipling boy who retreat off.

"That," say John with chumbly voice, "is my Author."

"How can you afford to keep one?" I interview.

"Since I became a Literary Man," he suggest, "everything has been did to perfect the plant. I made some mistakes in my last work. We all make mistakes. It is human. I am nearly so. That book 'Feuisted Romanicnesses of Men & Events' would of been better written. Archy Bald tells me, if it had been did by a Author."

"Many critics says that your Book was a Reply that didn't answer no questions," I reproach.

"Ain't that the best kind of reply?" nudge that great Oller. "I have used it satisfactorily in the Kipling for 20 years. I don't see why Literature is so hard to please."

"What will be your next work of fiction?" I ask it.

"It will be a historical novel layed all over New Jersey. It will be called 'To Have and To Keep.'"

"But have not Miss Idea M. Tarbell been there already?" I rake out with voice full of licks.

"Kindly not to say that name in Tafttown," sub Hon. Rockefeller with tears splashing down his smile. "Mention anyone else. Mention Senator Aldrich, mention Judge Mt. Landish; but if you reverse my gray wig, do not recall the lady that wrote the 'Mystery of the Slandered Oil.' Why did she poke them mean statistics at me? Are it possible that folks can be so wicked? When they want to write books, why do they go around collecting inflammation from persons what feel peeved at Standard Oil? Why don't they go round to 26 Broadway where no breath of scandal have ever been uttered against John D. Rockefeller, poet, patriot & man. Arrive around there any Winter afternoon & listen to Our Archy Bald talk about Standard Oil. Not any of them dull & sordid business details like Miss Idea M. put into her book; but a lovely Prose Poem like the flowers of fancy tickled by the hot air of Spring. Such are the inspiration what comes to them that believe in the Higher or Oily Life. The sweet voice of song-birds everywhere like up & kick the dark Pessimism Thought into the nimbo where it belongs."

"I observe you are a member of the Optimism Club," I suggest.

"Way should I not so?" he require. "Sinc' I am Majority Stockholder in the Earth, why should I not rejoice to see it improved. Scientists is butting forwards every day. Airships going up—good! They are burning a bi-produce of Kerosene. North Poles seen everywhere by several travelers wandering beyond Albany—fine! This makes another place to be warmed up by our patent oil heaters Progress & Slandered Oil: both beautiful maidens of similar flavor. We raise the Standard, you pay the price. Why do people worry so much about Life when it is so simple?"

"Before leaving your loneliness," I collapse, "please to tell me one disgusting inquiry I am nervous to know. In all your uplifted history of Oil didn't you never take advantage of a gentler & feebler Trust what was already too weak to stand on its own derricks?"

Hon. Rockefeller lock up his lips like a National Bank.

"Never yet," he report, "have these busy fingers been found in such dubious Finance. If anything wrong was did, I didn't do it. However, I am constantly employing Senators, Steep-rampers & Corporation Lawyers who are wild & illegal by nature. Some of them are cute little Mischief. If I should awake up some morning & find that my wild boys had stolen Indiana & forgot to put it back, what could I do except feel sorry?"

"Senator Beverage intend to pass a law so that Mischiefus Managers cannot pick

up a State every time they feel jolish," I incoch.

"Can this be true?" require Hon. Rock with nose pale from alarm. "Ah, well, how should a great educator care about sordid Politics? My days is passed in building universities & teaching morals to the young of America. I am as serene & contented as Taft & twice as intelligent a golfer."

"Do you raise some live-stock on this neat farm?" I require with get-away expression.

"Some slight bits," he remind. "I are now importing a carload of fine specimens from England."

"Horses?" I suggest.

"No, preachers," he deploy. "So I leave him fanning himself thoughtfully with his hair. Hoping you are the same."

YOUR TRULY
HASHIMURA TOGO.
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"Sentenced."

New York Times.

"What ye up fer?" Squire says he. "Squire says he's a look at me! Squire says he's a look at me! Squire says he's a look at me!"

"Stand up closer!" Squire says he. "Line hands tight, an' look at me! Squire Wilkins, what's yer plea?"

"Speak up louder," Squire says he. "Life imprisonment 'il be Sentenced passed on both o' ye."

"At hard labor!" Squire says he. "Jail 'il be the prisoners be Held swaitin' shivers!"

"An' ten dollars," Squire says he. "Per the court that sentenced ye. Next offender! Who'll it be?"



"Kindly Not to Say That Name in Tafttown."



"Never Yet Have These Busy Fingers Been Found in Such Dubious Finance."