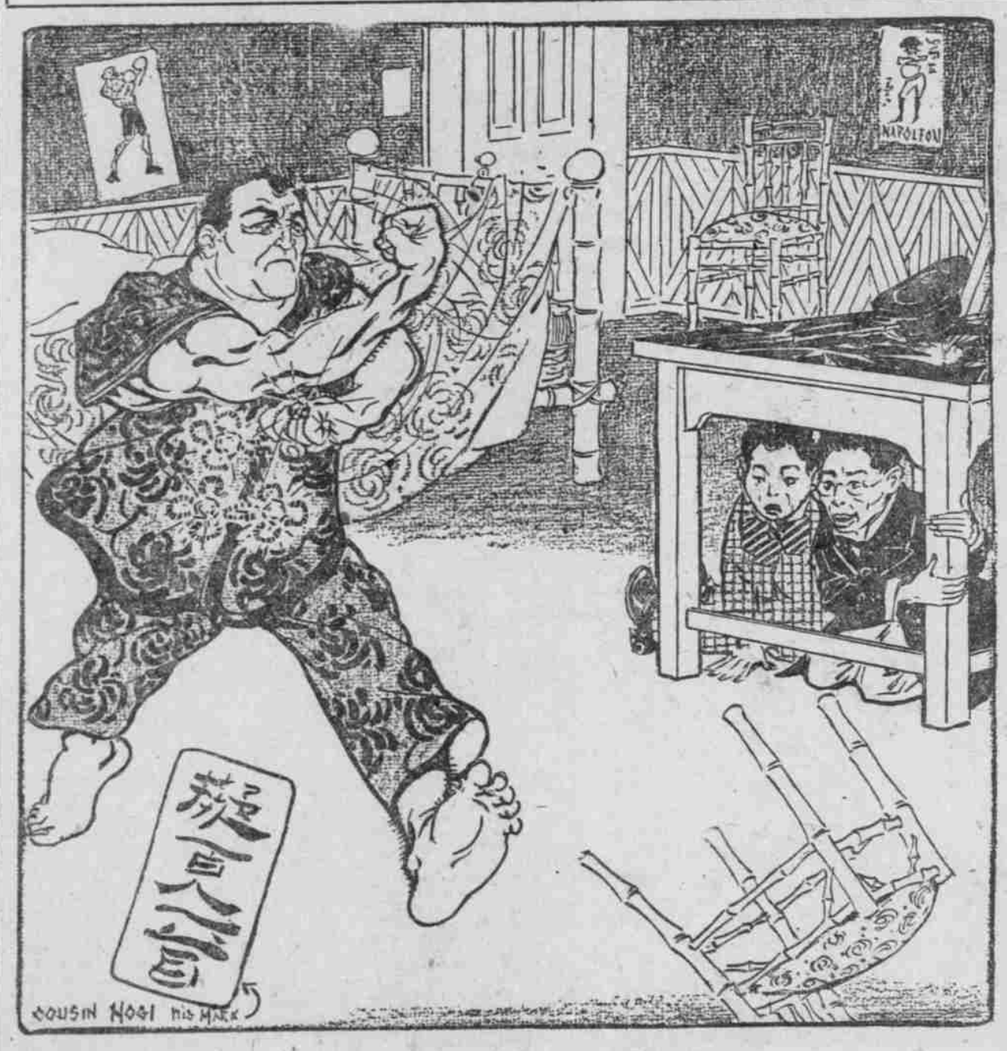
INTERVIEWS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO
(WALLACE IRWIN)

Drawings by his Cousin Nogi
(IKE MORGAN)

TOGO'S 5 foot Reference Shelf

Hon. Jos. Jeff, Famous Punch, Is Interviewed in His Mrs. May Antoinette Apartments in the Hotel St. Stifle



To Editor Oregonian who must wish to see the North Pole, the Tariff & other disagreeable Fights settled in 20 rounds.

STEAMED Mr. Sir:

In Hotel St. Stifle, N. Y., where Hon. Jas Jeffs' famous punch, were residing in compartments after get-back from Europe, I go there with my Cousin Nogi for obtain slight interview.

This are very grand Hotel. Good taste, statuary, wealth, gilty picture-frames, plush & bellboys everywheres.

"Where are Hon. Jas Jeffs, please?" I require to Hon. Clerk.

"In royal bridal sweet, formerly occupied by Prince of Wales, Consul the Monk & other noble foreigners," report he with cross expression fashionable among Hotel Clerks.

"Wish see him, please." This from me.

"Nearly everybody does," says Hon. Clerk. "What name, if any?"

"Hashimura Togo and Cousin Nogi, Japanese jiu jitsu fighters," I report deceptively, giving Nogi a nuj so he should not speak truth.

Hon. Clerk make jerk to telefone & decry:

"That you, Hon. Jeff? Yes, please! Hashimura Togo & Cousin Nogi, Japanese jiu jitsu fighters, is here to show you how."

"Shall be glad to try them," say large Voice by telefone.

So me & Nogi arrive up by elevator. I am filled with happy banzai, but Nogi enjoy slight nervousness of knees & elbows, like he wish go home.

Hon. Bellboy show us to large bedroom which looked deliciously historical like Mrs. Mary Antonette got her head chopped there. Everything surrounded with goldly furniture agrevated by pink plush. Portraits of Hon. A. Aug. Heinz, Hon. Napoleon, Hon. Bob Fitz and other great knockouts was attached to walls. Evidences of wealth & un-refinement found everywheres.

On farthest end of this room in a magniferous gold bed, formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth of London, lay the Champion punch-fighter of the world, reading a play to Hon. David Belasco, who sat reverently near. Hon. Jeffs were richly but simply dressed in green pajamas with diamond buttons.

Although I had never seen either Hon. Belasco or Hon. Jeff before, I could tell them apart by looking at them.

Hon. Jeff was reading a play to Hon. Belasco. By soft & happy expression on face of that famous Pugger I was sure he must of wrote that Play himself. Pretty soonly he finish Act 6 and say with voice:

"That would be the greatest hit of my life."

"Your life has been full of great Hits," say Hon. Dave. "Yet I am doubtful about this Play. It have no Plot."

"You could put this in for me," snuggest Hon. Jeff optimatically.

"It have no good Characters in it," depose Hon. Belasco.

"That could be fixed by hiring some good actors," report that punch-man with smiles surrounding his fighting face.

"But it are full of wrong grammar & whote on both sides of the page," derange the Manager-man. "Also it has a deliciously dull spot in it."

"Can't that dull spot be erased by any brite stenographer?" require the Hon. Champeen calmly.

"It could, if it was smaller," say Hon. Dave with Aunty Trust expression, "but this is the largest dull spot I ever seen. It begins with Act One and quits only when the play does."

"Could not such spots be removed with gasolene?" say Jeff.

"Yes—if you set fire to the gasolene," rake out Dave.

"Before this conversation," say Jeff with knock-out expression of mouth, "I had hopes to quit the brutal game of punch-fighting & obtain my money in some more light, ladylike way. But now this hope have went. If my play is footless, hairless and covered with a dull spot, what would I do with it?" Slight weeps from him.

"Cheer uply!" corrode Hon. Belask putting on his cane & hat, "Playwriters is seldom discouridged. When their plays is bad they puts some songs into it and sells it for a musical Comedy."

So Hon. Belasco part off & leave Hon. Jeff wrapped in Thought and a silk blanket.

Pretty soonly he look round & see me and Nogi setting together lonesomely on pink chairs.

"So ha!" he exclam. "You are the Japanese jiu jitsu fighters! Would you like to fight me now, or could you wait till later?"

"We have leisure to wait," say Cousin Nogi with pale ears.

"Would you not draw some color-lines at us?" I ask with thankful feelings because of my Oriental parents.

"Ah, no!" reciprocate Jeff rolling up sleeves to elbows where muscles was wound all around it like peevish snakes, "I am careless about different shades of prize-fighters. Indians, Australians, zulus—I am willing to pound them all to slumber if brought to me in sufficiently good condition. For money I am even willing to give knock-away punch to Chinese & Japanese."

I thank him for this chivalry to my race."

"Have you ever met Japanese & Chinese Champeens?" I otter.

"Never yet," he snagger. "But frequently I have met fighters with yellow streaks."

I make note of this phenomenal.

'Are you intending to have a hitting match with Hon. Jon Jonson (colored) despite his Nigger qualities?" This from me.

"It is all down in black & white," he pronounce.

"Hon. Burns say 'A man's a man for ah that?'" I report for smart quotation.

"Burns!" Say Hon. Jeff. "You mean Jim Burns that Canadian lemon what went to Australia for fight Jack Johnson? I wouldn't pay no tention to what he says. What have become of classic reverence for bruise & slug, that folks should go around quoting Burns like they thought he was a smart man? It was not thus in my Day."

"What was your Day, please?" This from Nogi.

"My Day," say Hon. Jeff with dog-fight expression of nose and teeth, "My Day was when I slapped an Oblivion Poultice on the lunch-box of Hon Bob Fits till Australia dipped the rag and the Spotted Kangaroo hopped to Slumberland and kicked the daisies while the bell tolled ten."

I could not assimilate them words he said it. It sound like poetry in some foreign language. "Maybe he is speaking German," say Nogi with whispers.

Hon. Jeff now arose up in his pajamas & lifted up his elbows in attitude of a Slug wishing to do so. Me and Nogi got respectfully under a table.

"It was like thusly," resume on that great Jolter, "Round after round the Freckled Skeleton from the Antripodes had laid his mittens all over me. This were very irritating."

"I should hit a man for doing that," say Nogi with peev.

"I tempt to do so; but I was up in the air," he aviate. "I could not land. I flew around in circles and whenever I threw a hook to that Prince of Blacksmiths, I found I was a mile over his head. I was disgusted of myself."

"Why should you be?" I say for admiration. "Hon. Wilburd Wright never done so well."

Hon. Jeff scrowel at me doggishly for interference. Then he resum on.

"Hon. Fits was a delusive old mammal. When I tried to bore a hole in Him he slid under my arm. Whenever I felt for him he wasn't there."

"Where was he, please?" require Nogi.

"He was slipping around the ring like a Eel on a hot griddle."

"I should like to see this Hon. Fits. He must be wonderful man, say me & Nogi in unicorn.

"After some time spent in this amusement," say Jeff, "I seen that this Fits man were enjoying great fatigues. His breath arrived in long pants. His right wing was covered with bumps and his left lost its cunning way of hitting me in the eye. This were nice time for me!"

"What you do then?" require Nogi battively.

"Six times I punched his meal-ticket," he report.

"How much a gentleman must know to be a pugglist?" says Nogi with respects.

"Nothing arrived now but the finish," continue this giant Knocker. "I drove one delicious stem-wind into the center of his dagram, which caused the Pride of the Kangaroos to shrink up like a sponge. With a nornus gawsp he collapsed to floor. Hon. Gong stroked one-two-three—it were sad to see that Grandy Old Man of 1000 battles thusly fading into zero. How I wish I could help him in some way!"

"Didn't you do nothing to help him?" I require.

"Of sure I did!" snuggest Jeff. "I stretched him out with a Hushabye in the jaw. He lay still. It was all over but the banzai."

"Was he dead?" I require hopefully.

"He was not dead but sleepy," snuggest Hon. Jeff crolling back into bed and filing his fingers daintishly with a manicure saw.

"One more answer I should like to require," I derange, as soonly as I could think what it was. "Do you regard punch-fighting to be a brutal thing for people?"

"Too seldom it is," report him. "Many pugglistick encounters is like golluf—merely, gently stimulating exercises among two gentlemen what are either too old or too lazy for hard work. Look at that recent meet between Hon. Jon Johnson (colored) and hon. Jack Drexel O'Brien of Philadelphia. What was it?"

Me and Nogi are disabled to answer.

"It were a pretty, harmless sight, like little school-girls of similar tastes but opposite complexions playing 'Beans Porridge Hot' on the village lawn. Nice old ladies might gaz at such pastimes for days & days, and never have a single nerve knocked ajar."

"Do you regard football to be a more coarse & brutal game than prize-fighting?" is next question for me.

"There ain't no comparison!" dib Jeff. "For years my brain has became so tuned to the higher & sweeter uses of prize-fighting that my soul caughs and flutters whenever I think of feetball. How can more or less educated College Boys be so rude to each other?

"Only last November, Dr. Chas. W. Eliot of Harvard telephoned me wouldn't I please come & set with him and Senator Hale at the annual Yale-Harvard game! But I answered backwards, 'No, Charley, much as I admire you as a man and a sport, I can't be seen with you at a feetball game. You're too boystrous on such occashions. Also my heart's weak and I'm afraid I might swoon off to see them scenes of gore & carnage.'

"I think Charley never forguv me for this. But what could I do? Dr. Eliot am only a private citizen; but when a fella gets mixed into Public Life like I am he can't be careless like he used to."

"Will Hon. Eliot be present at your 4th-coming kunckle-fight with Hon. Jon Johnson (colored)?"

"I askt him, but he refused," confuse this hitting man. "Ain't it strange how narrow & prejudiced them Colledge Profs gets?"

While he was thusly talking a French valet, a German barber, a Swedish masseuse, a Irish trainer & 2 or 3 laborers arrive in door to tell Hon. Jeff he must get up. Slight complaint from him. They approach nervously & pull him out of bed.

"Is there some impudent questions you Jap ladds wish enquire before I retire to next room to be scrubbed down by trainers & assistants?" he say it.

"Please, exhulted & high-up Pounder," I snuggle, "when you was in Paris, what you thought of them French puggle-fighters you seen there?"

"Them Frenchmans," report Hon. Jeff, "is a curious species of 4-paw prizefighters. They wear their boxing-gloves on their feet as well as their hands. This are a deliciously cunning habit. When American pugglists fights them Frenchers the results is very confused. It are awful puzzling to be picked in the nose just as you are beginning to get Scientifick."

"Would not this French boxing be nice fight for Americans to do?" I require.

"Nix it would not!" ollicute Jeff. "There is too much kicking among prizefighters already."

So he retire into next room where there are sound of splash, splatter, rubb & groans of trainers being knocked around.

Nogi say he got one more Question he should like to enquire, so we set lonesomely on pink chairs awaiting for Hon. Jeff to arrive out again.

Preety soonly this great Champeen approach back. He are now all brilliantly tired out in a frockaway coat, silk-pipe hat, egg-colored gloves, pink vest & all sorts of sox & necktie to match.

"Well, farebye, Jap boys," he explodes, squeezing our hands off with kindness, "I must depart off for lunch with Gov. Hughes & make slight lectures by Y. M. C. A. Any breef question you wish ask beforehands?"

"Please, if convenient," say Nogi stepping forwards, "would you illustrate to me, as kindly as possible, what stroke you intend to deliver to Hon. Jon Jonson (colored) to stop him doing so?"

"Of sure I will," say Hon. Jeff smilefully. "Stand slightly back, please. Now throw up both elbows like a angry crab."

"Will it make me hurt?" require Nogi standing in this positions.

"It are nearly always painless," commute Jeff. "Now get ready to see what!"

Of suddenly Hon. Jeff give poor Nogi slight shove to rib. It do not seem a harsh or strong stroke, yet it send my Cousin skating to corner on the back of his brains. Hon. Jeff depart off with comick expression of one who sees jokes.

I rush to corner where poor Nogi is laying. His face is so full of happy trance I hate to wake him. But I must. So I fan his wrists and hose his eyes with water. Pretty soonly he set up with dazzled expression.

"How you feel?" I require.

"My health is well, but my mind is full of comets," he report. So I took him home in handsome cab feeling too grogged & buzzy to have no sensible opinion about nothing.

Hoping you are the same
Yours truly
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON TRUE GENIUSES.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"WELL," said the Hotel Clerk, "I see Barrie got his divorce without a struggle."

"Not Mike Barry, him that's a foreman in the Dock Department, I'm hoping," said the House Detective. "I know him well, an' his wife, too, an'—"

"By no means," said the Hotel Clerk. "This Barrie doesn't work by the day; he works by the job. He's the exclusive owner of a divine afflatus as big as a war balloon."

"A divine wot?" asked the House Detective.

"A divine afflatus," said the Hotel Clerk. "'Tis something that every great writer owns. It's the same to a poet as a pair of legs to a letter-carrier. And Barrie's is a peach. When he takes it out of the garage and begins to inflate it, a stranger in the neighborhood would think there was a dirigible about to go up. You see, Barrie is a genius by trade, which is another way of saying that his marriage didn't turn out right. It's a common failing with geniuses. At dashing off poetry for the masses they're immense, but their own little dreams of domestic bliss so often refuse to jell properly. I guess maybe they're kept so busy providing romance for the trade that they forget to keep any in the house for home consumption.

"But nevertheless and notwithstanding, when Barrie filed his papers there was a great to-do in the English literary set of which he's one of the champion layers. He's an Englishman from Scotland, the same as Kitchener is an Englishman from Ireland and William Waldorf Astor is an Englishman from America, both nations concurring. England's full of that sort of Englishmen. Well, when Barrie filed the papers, naming a young gentleman in the commercial line as the special staff co-respondent on the spot, all the other London literatusses were greatly excited. They got up a round robin, signed by nearly every man who writes English plays for Charles Frohman to produce in New York, calling on the public press not to harrow up the feelings of a great artistic nature by printing anything about the distressful case."

"Did they do it?" asked the House Detective.

"Well, not in what you'd call a spontaneous manner," said the Hotel Clerk. "To the alert editorial minds of the British press a request like that was a good deal like staking out a black-maned Nubian lion, 16 hands high, and then requesting Colonel Gwana Tumbo not to plug him. When Barrie went out to take the air there were so many enterprising pressmen trailing along trying to ask him questions of a highly personal nature that he looked like a grand jury. When he hurried back home and locked himself in, there were gentlemen journalists sliding down the chimney and lady journalists disguised as servant maids, applying at the back door for a job, with good references from Lord Northcliffe and Sir Alfred Pierson. They found special writers under the bed at night, and London correspondents for American papers cuddled up in the bureau drawers with the clean shirts of the distinguished plaintiff, in the morning. Every day before breakfast the housemaid used to sweep a whole clutter of free-lances out of the areaway. One tall, slender reporter in a damp raincoat was discovered, leaning up against the hatrack in the front hall, with a bone handle clasped between his teeth, trying to pass for a wet umbrella. At least that's what I hear.

"If Barrie had been the German war scare or a corner-stone laying by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the English papers couldn't have been more generous than they were. They actually gave him the headlines that they were saving up for the next United States railroad disaster.

"And when he came into the court to get his decree, do you think for a moment that those mighty Archimedian levers which move the world to indignation, sometimes, overlooked the bet? If you do, you're wrong. No sir-ree. There wasn't a single one of the great English journals but spread the hint that while the eminent man of letters declined to be interviewed on so delicate a subject, still there were most excellent reasons for believing that at a not far distant date he would lead to the hymeneal register (English for our word altar, Larry) that same young gifted protege of his whose great dramatic powers were first recognized by the way she wore a pair of pink pajamas in a musical show. And we are sure it is the wish of all our readers as well as all other loyal Britons that they may be married and live happily forever after, or for a few weeks, anyhow. For fuller particulars of the lamentable proceedings before the Justice, see next page, second, third and fourth columns. Or words to that general effect."

"Well, wot did them round-robin guys expect?" said the House Detective. "Ain't a noospaper got a right to print all the facts about a divorce soot?"

"It has," said the Hotel Clerk, "and it does. With the utmost pleasure. But the point I'm trying to make is that the mother country is not treating genius with the proper deference and respect any more. Now with us, praise heavens, it's different. We give genius its proper due, whether it's expressed in writing an epic poem or carrying a close election.

"T'would be an awful thing if we didn't give a genius any more consideration than we give to a man who believes in hair cuts. You go to almost any dinner party for true Bohemians or others opposed to working for their living these days, and you'll be apt to find there a dreamy-orbed party with an Elbert Hubbard necktie and his hair all down his back like one of the Sutherland sisters getting ready for bed, and probably he'll be bathing his noble brow in the salad dressing or doing a little intensified agriculture on his finger nails with an oyster fork. But it wouldn't be right to say anything about it. If he was an ordinary guy, well and good—give him the hook. But if he's a true genius who can write poetry that nobody, not even Richard Watson Gilder can understand, or something of the sort, you want to overlook his little peculiarities, especially if you should happen to be the host; because, as I say, they're evidences of real genius and if you rebuffed him he'd go away and probably never again break bread and shed dandruff at your board.

"If you're a bookmaker or a bookkeeper or a porch climber or a window dresser or any ordinary guy like you and me, such as go to make up the run of humanity, you can't skip your baths or overlook changing your collar about once in so long or fail to patronize the barber or refuse to pay your bills without eventually getting seriously talked about. But with a genius it's different. There're only three classes of grown men in this country that can wear the long-flowing locks and get away with it. One class is composed of Colonel W. S. Buffalo Bill. And one class is composed of those fur-bearing patriots that swore they'd never cut it off until Bryan was elected President, and as a result are going around tangled up in the underbrush, with every prospect of furnishing their own immortelles when they die; and the third class is geniuses, and they're the biggest and most important of all. We should accept it as one of the eccentricities of genius when one of them takes to wearing his evening clothes in the morning and no clothes at all in the evening; or any little quaint personal peculiarity like that. For don't genius and insanity walk hand in hand, as the scientists say, and when they quit holding hands and go to the mat in a clinch, isn't it nearly always insanity that lands on top?

"And that's why I have no sympathy with the persons who get married to geniuses and then bleat about it afterwards. Look at what they thought they were getting. And look at what they do get! I'm speaking now of male geniuses, you understand. I never saw but two lady geniuses in my life, and from the looks of them I'd say that the female kind is not greatly addicted to matrimony. One was about the size of the Statue of Liberty and had large common-sense feet like a Broadway cop, and she was a sculptress. The other one painted masterpieces and she wore those thick convex glasses that look like the bottoms of two whisky tumblers, and as well as I could judge she was growing a brown vandyke. She already had a nice mustache and some extra special fuzz to start her. But with male geniuses it's different. They seem to be great hands for marrying and giving in marriage.

"The average girl has very decided ideas of the man she thinks she's going to marry. When she's going on 18 and is just beginning to put her hair up she figures it out that the only party who need apply must be a tall dark-eyed hero with a hidden past and great sorrowful orbs and ebon curls floating athwart his marble grow, and he must know how to thrum a guitar dreamily and sing Spanish love songs to her, and if he can lean in a graceful attitude against a broken column and talk that Phillips Oppenheim stuff, so much the better. But after awhile experience teaches her that the brow which is marble in front is mighty apt to be marble or some other hard substance all the way through, and with chuck steak up to 22 cents, Spanish love songs butter no parsnips. So the chances are she hooks up with a good, steady provider in the wholesale hay and feed line, who's wearing his figure at half-mast and has two double chins in front and one behind, and while this fleshy party hasn't any love songs in stock, he is there with a monthly cash balance, and that's very gratifying to contemplate during a hard Winter. Still, every now and then one of them marries a true genius who soars into the realms of art and poesy, except three times a day when he comes down to eat. And pretty soon he has a temperamental outburst and she has a black eye. Or maybe it's only an affinity that he has. But in either event she gets the shiner.

"If a plain bricklayer gets frizzed up and goes home and tenders his lady wife a chaste greeting by feinting with the left and then crossing the right to the point of the jaw, somebody in the next flat runs out for the cops, and the next morning the judge tells him he's a brutal beast, and he gets 30 days on the Island to teach him that when a party gets corned like a brisket he mustn't try to double as the live steers also. But if a genius hands his life's companion a brisk casual wallop or two, and she makes a roar, everybody says it serves her right for not keeping her soul attuned to the deeper cravings of his nature. She should have a higher, nobler conception of the sphere in which a genius moves, than to go gurgling for help out of the front window any minute he feels a mood coming over him and wants to choke her a few minutes. Hasn't she got a genius, one of the elect of nature, to live with, and shouldn't that be enough to satisfy any woman? Thank goodness the rest of us know how to appreciate geniuses in this country, even if their wives don't."

"Wot do geniuses want with wives anyway?" asked the House Detective.

"Many of them have no other visible means of support," said the Hotel Clerk.

THE TRUE GENIUS AT DINNER

Ogden Armour, Financier

Continued From Page Four.

of the Armours at the close of his college life. He began with them in Kansas City in a lowly position; step by step he made his way up to the treasurership of the company, and here, coming directly under the eye of J. Ogden Armour, got such an opportunity to make good as seldom comes to any man.

He was installed as treasurer almost as perfunctorily as Mr. Harriman made selection of some of his lieutenants. Mr. Armour showed him the treasurer's office. "I want you to sit at that desk," he said. Later on, when Mr. Armour announced to his treasurer that he was to be chosen a director of the Continental National Bank of Chicago—"the Armour bank"—Mr. McRobert's reply consisted of two words: "All right." Still later on, when Mr. McRoberts knew that he was picked to be "the Armour representative" in the National City Bank of New York, he showed another side of his character when he traveled down to Missouri to talk over the proffered offer with his father.

If ever a captain of industry, or any other man, deserved the description of "jolly good fellow" it's due this same Samuel McRoberts, as New York has been finding out since he landed there. He is full of laughter, anecdotes of famous men with whom he has been associated, genial, easy to meet and to know. Chicago says that he gets his recreation by telling and listening to good stories; New York is beginning to believe it, for, even though he has been there only a short time, a common question asked in the city's clubs where its financiers and men of affairs congregate is, "Say, have you heard McRoberts' latest good one?"

Of the late E. H. Harriman Mr. McRoberts was an ardent admirer, he having splendid chances to study the man whenever they two and Mr. Armour met to talk over the Chicago freight tunnel project. When a friend of the writer asked Mr. McRoberts to give his estimate of Mr. Harriman, the summing up was in one short sentence: "The most useful man that has ever lived."

It is said by some of those who are close to the Armour plans that, as vice-president of the National City Bank, Mr. McRoberts will take a prominent part in directing the Armour financial operations in the Argentine Republic, where ultimately the Armour investments will involve hundreds of millions of dollars, that the Armour packing-houses of our great Middle West may be kept in beef.

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Turning of the Worm.

It used to be not long ago
That men would tell their wives,
"I've got to go to lodge tonight
When eight o'clock arrives."
"All right, my dear, but hurry home."
The trusting dear would say,
And like as not the husband came—
About the break of day.

Times brings a change in everything
No longer hubbies dodge
The truth, and make a night of it
By deftly pleading "lodge,"
For wifey, too, has gotten wise
And she no longer frets,
She also has a lodge or two
Thanks to the suffragettes.

—St. Louis Star.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the 19th century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.