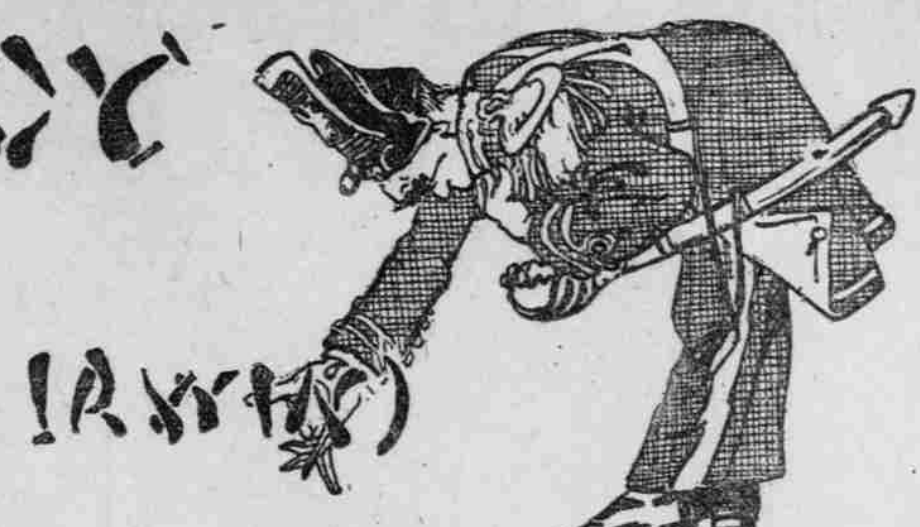




JAPANESE SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD

BY NASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRVING)
DRAWINGS BY HIS COUSIN NOGI.
(IKE MORGAN)



Confidential Chatter With Hon. Nick, Zar of Russia

St. Petersburg.
To Editor Oregonian, talented printer who are very close about all Kings and other crushers.

W HEN I approached into St. Petersburg by train I was accompanied by Cousin Nogi, my dog O-Fido and the rest of my baggage. By looking from window of car we could see 1000 complete soldiers clumped together on R. R. platform with Sandy Claus appearance. Intelligent Jewish merchants could be seen running back & forth with push-carts filled with bombs labelled, "Try One—the Doz. To Day Only." Nearby we could behold a collection of boots walking around with whippers on top of them. We knew them at once by their photos—they were the pressed Peasantry of Russia.

Cousin Nogi observe this human audience while he was making off-off from train, and he was very proud.

"I am so glad the Militia is here to meet us!" he says coyly.

But O-Fido make nerve-signals with tail, like he wished to remain in America where he was acquainted with the Police.

We slope down the platform trembling in every knuckle. A militia-looking personality resembling Gen. Kuropatkin approach up with sword & require, "Hashimuroff Togoski!"

I recognize myself.

"Vodka nux wodka!" repeat this warfare person with insulted manner.

"Vodka is deliciously injurious for the price," I report, attempting to say soothing compliments to the Russian people. That General make sneeze of deep disgust.

All them soldiers look gloomily to us with eyes like they seen our mistake in coming to Russia.

"Pushkin!" cry that Commander with voice. And the entire cluster of soldiers make shrill to us with advanced bayonets. Me and Nogi and O-Fido do waver-cry about insult to Port Arthur & Soenly we are engaged in considerable flint-jitsu mingled with international banzais and loud bums.

But it was a vain struggle for us. When next we looked we was squelched fast to platform with entire Russian Army setting on our necks. Only our shoes was removed off to see how much revolution they contained. A Custom House policeman rush up with dutiful expression peculiar to look into our eyes when greeting the Lusitania. He make inroads to my satchel-valise & shake away all my trousers endeavoring to get some tariff out of it. After this ceremony we was stuck hastily together again and me & Nogi & O-Fido with iron wrist-cut on our sleeves was chain-ganged off to St. Peter & St. Paul's jail where we was stuck together to read but a copy of the "Outlook" translated into Russian and all African correspondence snatched off for fear it might teach the Russian people to shoot straight.

"Shall we remain thusly forever till Death do us midwife? If so, how shall we ever chatter with the Zar for all U. S. newspapers?" anubia Nogi with weep.

Howells from O-Fido.

"Like all other Despots, Hon. Zar is a sweet & kindly man after office-hours."

I combust confidentially. "Therefore I shall write him a note full of soft tears. So I pull off my cuff & on this I wrote following saddy thought:

"Dear Zar—2 Japanese Schoolboys & Dog are all American subjects locked damnly away for nothing, which they didn't do & should wish to talk Newspaper Correspondence with you, which we are here to ask. Please, can't we?"

"Yours truly—

"H. Togo, H. Nogi & O-Fido."

By next early morn, while O-Fido was this lionessedly & friendly in O-Ho!

Nogi was borrowing a Siberian Railway Timetable from a Anarchist in the next apartment, of suddenly an Imperial Janitor of the Guard, brightly trimmed with feathers, arrived up & poke following envelope into our excited cages:

"Room 26 Imperial Palace

"Dear Togo—

"Excuse me not to be among others to welcome you at Union Depot yesterday. Make yourself comfortable as possible. Can't you come & have free lunch with me to day? Dress informally in any Admiral's uniform you happen to have around. Bring your Cousin Nogi and the other dog."

"Yours truly—

"Nick."

Cordial feelings of international courtesy enjoyed by all when we read this, Nogi were too anxious, as usual. He attempt to slope to Winter Palace without his coat & hat; but I detach him from this rudeness, because it is customary to be polite to Kings, however you disagree with them in the newspapers.

At 12:30 exact clock-time we was unchained. A moujik (Russian name for Pullman Porter) massaged our feet with a Swiss Admiral who was dead. It might have been a good fit, but it wasn't. The pants which was very sweetly embroidered, was so tall they clothed me completely and must be planned around my neck to avoid drop-off. You could make them cooler by turning them up."

suggest Nogi. I do so and they fold around my knees with appearance of rubber boots. However, I look very militia in this disguise.

By outside sidewalk we was met with a golden sleigh driven by a gilt coachman. Great enthusiasm everywhere while we pass by. Folks that seen us thought we was Princess or visiting Aldermen of high rank. While we was booting down Nevski Prospekt we was shot 6 times by Socialists Democrats. Which show how aristocratic we must have looked.

Soon we arrive to Winter Palace. This architectural look like any other City Hall only more expensive and less corrupt. We penetrated up steps to a hallway of Waldorf appearances. Dukes & herons seen in the hallway. From we was set down in a back parlor full of art treasures which Hon. Pierpont Morgan has not yet took away. We set down leisurely till begin to get quite monstrous, except O-Fido, who sniffle around royal plush ornaments expecting it might contain rats.

"If this is the Zar's hall, get at as Hon. Phil P. Knocks. I shall not wait."

I report peevily. But nearly immediately a Flunkinik Person entered & becked us on hands to move hastily together.

Next room we entered was shaped like a tank, composed solidly of hardware on all sides. Rivets, bolts and sheet-iron seen everywhere. Tables &



UNDER THE TABLE I COULD DISTINCTLY SEE A GENTLEMAN WITH SWEET TAFFY WHISKERS WHO PEEKED SLYLY OUT AT US.

chairs were made entirely of steel & screwed to floor. Asbestos carpets lying right & left. Crossedby Cossack gunners, veterans of the Japanese war, stood by each corner with galling runs which they seemed prepared to shoot with their usual inaccuracy. Over Hon. Door was a hansom Russian sign which appeared to say,

"God should defend our popular Zar. But we're taking no chances—so here we are!"

In the midst of the room set one table, and by this table set I chair, on this table set I knife & fork & spoon & plate & cup & saucer.

"How could we be invited to lunch

when dishes is set so singly?" require Nogi with chewing expression of Hon. Horse Fletcher.

"Hosh it!" I snub reverently, because under the table I can distinctly see a Gentleman with a crown & sweet taffy whiskers who peeked slyly out at us. By his meek & scared expression we knowed at once he must be that talented Tyrant and desperate Despot, the Zar of Russia.

With slow caution he creep out from this coy hiding and arose up before us. Me and Nogi stood bowing our bases stomachs reverently. O-Fido stood wagging his base tail in a similar manner. That extremely high-horse

Nick stepped forwards and clasped our hands with his entire soul. Nothing could be more Democratic, unless it was a Republican candidate before election.

"Do not fall on your face and clasp my boots," he applied. "Because I am a King, should I always be having my shine spoiled by human fingers?"

Mc & Nogi & O-Fido was disabled to reply.

"Do you speak Russian?" he nextly required in U. S. language.

"Ah, no, extremely Top Boss," I negotiate. "We do not speak Russian, but we are able to listen to it with great patience."

"I am so happy you do not speak it," he says jolly. "I never learned it myself. Few Kings understand the disgusting language of their sacred Fatherlands. It is hard enough to be Emperor of Russia without entangling my tongue in syllables too expensive for one of my English parentage."

Hon. Zar sat down to lunch at his cast-iron table. Where should we set?" require me & Nogi in unison.

"You are permitted to stand by my chair," suggest Nick. "When I get a extra large helping, I shall pass you slight nibbles of this."

I am obliged to give Nogi a mean punch to stop him from fainting off.

"Please, Mr. Rumanoff," I commence interview. "We 3 reporters come all way from Chicago to make a interview with you which will be read by all the Human Population of America."

"I do not care for Human Populations," deposit Nick, looking naphin in his collar. "I am principally interested in Zar."

"We have deliciously few Zars in America," I suggest. (O-Fido shake his tail waggishly when he hear this, like he should wish to choke with smiles.)

"How is Senator Aldrich?" require Nick.

"Loved and suspected by all," I report. "Whenever America needs anything, that great statesman sees it first & picksles it for the Pluto Cats. He are revered everywhere as the happy idol of the Unpopular Majority."

The Boss of Rumanoff think thoughtfully.

"With such an One," he dictate finally, "I should be able to run Russia on soft springs. Oftenly I have thought of this. As I said to Cousin Victor, while I pressed his fine Italian hand, Emmanuel, I says, 'The Tyrant Trust has got much Divine Right and Infernal Nonsense. What we need is a good Business Manager.' Nick, say Vic, I have oftenly considered that some law, what use? I have applied at Washington times & times, only to find that all the Talent was engaged several years ahead by the local market."

"Were it not a fine demonstration of International Peace & Friendship when you & Hon. Vic. Emmanuel met together in Pelagria, Italy?" is next question for me.

"Suburbly splendid!" require the great Despotter. "For days & days before our arrival together the loyal soldiery mowed down the grass & trees & peasants along the R. R. track and chased off whatever dynamites was hiding there; for weeks & weeks the happy Pinkertons, disguised as dainty flower girls, thronged gaily among the freight yards with firearms tastefully concealed among baskets of pretty flowers. What could be more sprightly than the shouts of the 10,000 Cossacks, deputy Sheriffs and special policemen who met our Harveyized, bump-proof trains, scuffling and snoring automobiles, and so on our way to Pelagria Castle, the International Government Spies' Band following on motor-cycles and playing patriotic tunes and the deafening cheers of our loyal subjects and other Anarchists on their way to jail? What could be a more encouraging reception to one in the King Business?"

"Nothing but a Revolution," I report chivalrously.

At that reply we shattered a Duke in a Head Walter's uniform closed up with a couple of soup firmly closed up in a airtight bottle. He sat this down with saucers on the table before of the Zar. After this followed a Polish Soldier, who approached up & examined that nourishment with microscopes. After they was satisfied, Hon. Walter pour out

Hon. Soup to Hon. Zar and gave the bottle to me & Nogi and O-Fido.

"Why should you act so? Dr. Wiley about your Food?" I request.

"I am always particular to know that no Dangerous Political Opinions has got into my stomach," negotiate him with spoon.

"What is advantage of being a Zar?" is fresh question from me.

"A Zar can club down the Common Pedestrians at the slightest peevy," he narrate.

"In America any Traffic Policeman can do that," I repeat.

"So many folks can do what they please in America—O Liberty, how free you are!" say Nick, reverently peering his fork to his highest eye.

"Do you never long to be a plumber or a undertaker or some other humble merchant, to be free & equal and loved by all who met you?" I request.

"Why should I?" reproach Zar with naphin. "Why should these happy merchants be happier than me? Am I not also loved by all who meet me? I am if folks don't love me, they are not permitted to meet me. Few ordinary Plumbers, however prosperous, can afford a Standing Army to protect them from criticism. If folks don't love a Plumber they can approach his studio and say with voice, 'Hon. Sir, you are a grasping speculator of shell-fish. But as person what desire to call me a shellfish has got to go to Siberia to say it.'"

"But is not Zar frequently poisoned by Anarchy food?" I require.

"No more often than Plumbers is poisoned by banjoate of soda," say Nick in a Wiley manner.

"Banzais are frequently shot by their loving subjects," I narrate.

"Not so often as Plumbers is shot by barkeeps," compose he.

"Then you mean tell me that you got so little ambition that you are humbly contented with being a Zar?" I cry off.

"I can think of no other job I would rather be," say him. "Zar is as happy as a King. A Diplomat is hired to read the mean things said about me in papers. A Prime Minister arranges my thoughts, & a Diet arranges my bath. My direction is run by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. When I think about how protected I am, I should sing and dance through my cozy bomb-proof home as joyful as a kindergarten."

"And do you sing & dance thusly?"

"No sorry to report," say Zar with slight tear-drops. "I do not. Whenever I become kittenish I must stop & think of 500,000,000 enemies awaiting around corner to juggle me up."

"But why should you have bilious frite from enemies what can't get at you? Enemies to a King is like Mike-robbed to Private Persons. A man can be a King & have his Science stands around to guard him from such Bugs."

Hon. Nick, Zar of Russia, arise up & throw off tableware excitedly.

"Hashimuroff, Togoski, how little you understand Kings and other sickness!" he decorep. "When Mike-robbed chew you, you do not know it and are therefore not killed. But a King is like a Sterilized, who sleeps with nightmares and jumps hooling from his dreams at the lightest footfall of a typhoid germ."

So he shake his crown as a signal that he should be shoved away from his presence. And me & Nogi & O-Fido make back to our room, kind our ankles on nearly all furniture, we pass until we feel quite decomposed.

Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

NASHIMURA TOGO.

(Copyright, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.)

THE HOTEL CLERK ON OUR FRIEND THE HOOKWORM.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

"WELL," said the Hotel Clerk of the Hotel to a theekie, "I see the big match is all framed up."

"Meanin' Jeff and the Big Smoke, I s'pose," said the House Detective.

"No, no," said the Hotel Clerk. "The real battle—Young Kid Rockefeller versus Eastling Hookworm. Didn't you read about it? The forfeit has been posted and everything. It ought to be one grand scrap, too. Larry, take it from me, it ought. They're both great fighters, but in a close mixup it looks to me like Uncle John ought to have a shade the best of it. Hitting in clinches always was his favorite way. But the hookworm is there with the wallop, too. From what I've heard about him, he's never lost a battle yet."

"Only it does seem to me the Old Master is starting war on his own class when he puts up a million for a decision battle. If the hookworm doesn't come under the head of protected industries, I don't know what does. He's a vested right if ever I met one. It seems to me he's entitled to as much protection from his Wall Street friends as a private re-bate or a set of sugar trust scales. But apparently Rockefeller doesn't agree with me and he's going after him blood raw. He doesn't appear to think any more of the hookworm than he does of Judge Keneaw Mountain. Landis and he's going down to Atlanta next week to make the side bets. Well, I have no preference myself. May the best man win."

"Got started all this here talk about the hookworms, anyway?" asked the House Detective. "One day I didn't know no more about a hookworm's habits than I did about Julius Caesar's, and then all of a sudden the paper was full of him and his cute doin's."

"Quite so," said the Hotel Clerk. "That was the way it went. I myself had the idea that the human system was already so full of germs that the S. R. O. sign was out. I did give the hookworm a thought. He was working his side of the street and I was working mine. Between us there was no business competition whatever. In such cases my motto has always been live and let live. But I picked up a magazine one day and found it crowded with full-page pictures of what I took at first to be tired spaghetti chopped up fine. But the text informed me that it was a correct and realistic portrait of a hookworm, taken from life. Then I picked up a newspaper and instead of the usual supply of crime and three-minute divorces and other interesting topics I found a long signed article, telling what this hookworm was

doing to discourage feverish activity among our old or Southern families. I went to a theater expecting to find the regular musical comedy menu for the tired business man—soup, ham and broiler—and a stout comelia lined up in front of a showgirl chorus of ex-Amazons, suffering from spear carrier's hip, and sang a dainty little ditty entitled "Baiting My Hook With a Hookworm Way Down by Sandy Hook," amid tremendous applause. And finally here came John D. Esquire with his challenge for a finish fight, winner to take all.

"But it's a question in my mind whether his friends down South want the hookworm disposed of from their midst; by a rank outsider from the North. From what I can learn, intimate association with Erer Hookworm and his interesting household is productive of a most soothing languor. The owner of one of these pleasant little domestic pets doesn't care whether school keeps or not. He's as restless as a court policeman. All he craves is the shady side of the house, a couple of hound pups for company and a little bait of hoe cake. A S. R. O. sign three times a day. Sometimes he won't even drink coffee for breakfast, because it's liable to keep him awake all morning. Just give his wife all the washing she can do and let his kids have steady places on the night shift in a cotton mill and he's too happy for words. His greatest physical exertion is voting the Democratic ticket once a year. But just picture what'll happen to his peace of mind and deprives him of his private zoo. 'My poor man,' says the interfering stranger, 'you have been freed of your affliction. You are no longer a slave. Go forth and seek employment.' But the hookworm won't agree with him. He'll resent being filled with a sudden and uncomfortable restlessness that'll start him out hustling for a job. With him slavery and work are synonymous, and if anything work is the more synonymous of the two."

"Well, anyway, these here philanthropists do a lot for the poor people."

"They do, indeed," said the Hotel Clerk. "A lot for them and a whole lot more to them. For example, now, while Kind Old Gray Uncle John D. is planning to drive the hookworm from his happy home and deprive him and his family of the little comforts and kickshaws tq which him and his family have been accustomed, one of his side line companies is engaged in jacking up the price of milk in New York to a point where the children of the poor won't be going themselves to excess on that dangerous fluid. It's a grand system of philanthropy by means of which he doesn't lose any real money. Somebody said once, a few years back,



"MY POOR MAN," SAYS THE INTERFERING STRANGER, "YOU ARE ARE NO LONGER A SLAVE."

that a philanthropist was a party who persuaded you to give your own money to somebody that didn't want it. But our new school of philanthropists have that scheme whittled to a splinter. The

two dollars they hand back to you makes nineteen times as much noise as the twenty they take away from you. The two spot sounds like a minstrel band marching down Main street, and the twenty moves off as silently as a trained nurse with her shoes off pouring soothing syrup into a malarious spoon.

"As for this hookworm proposition, it seems to me after reading up on the symptoms that it's a grave mistake to think that the trouble confined to any one section of our land. The figure it out we've all got it. The doctors who have been out with their little button hooks, catching hookworms and interviewing them for the papers, all agree that the disease is characterized by a brief spell of intense nervous excitement followed by a long period of excessive laziness. If that's true, and far be it from me to deny it, you can see right away that it's a national complaint and we're all victims. You're one and I'm another."

"Er instance now, a young Congressman starts to Washington perfectly convinced that when he gets there he's going to stalk down the aisle of the House and hand Uncle Joe Cannon a line of talk that will make that venerable but practical statesman swallow his cigar so suddenly he'll have heart-burn all the way down. He's so worked up by the warmth of his virtuous resolves that he throws off heat waves like an asphalt street in the middle of July. That's the first stage of the complaint. The hookworm has him and he doesn't know it. At the end of a couple of weeks he's observed approaching the presence on his waitcoat, with his nose in the dust, begging humbly for the tailend place on the committee in accordance with the Government service with the express purpose of driving the money-lenders out of the temple of his fathers. But the hookworm is already knowing at his vitale. Pretty soon he's quitting office and taking a fifty thousand dollar retainer from a few large corporations to represent them in a legal capacity, with particular attention paid to State Legislatures and the election of United States Senators. Owing no doubt to the ravages of the hookworm, other changes have taken place in him. He now has the eye of a paving block and the chin of an eagle, which hasn't any chin to speak of, as you may have noticed yourself if you've done some trailing around in the company of eagles."

"Taking us as a whole, we're all in the same fix as these two. Some morning we're seized with the preliminary

symptoms, and we get all stirred up over some public outrage and run around cutting figures 8's, and clamoring for legislation and Lynch law and the heart's blood of a few scoundrels. In about 45 hours or so, the reaction has set in and we're all dosing off in the hammock, and if some infernal busybody of a professional reformer comes around wailing us up with foolish demands for drastic measures, we say, 'dog, dog, dog!'"

"Be the said it may," said the House Detective, sagely. "It looks to me like the hookworm is going to find himself in a pur the same way John D. and his million dollars out after him."

"I know a place where he'd find the competition even harder," said the Hotel Clerk.

"Where'd that be?" asked the House Detective.

"Trying to make a living inside of a Standard Oil director," said the Hotel Clerk.

A Shiftless Business Man.

When a business man is shiftless, and doesn't get along, we have noticed that he often tries to lay the blame for failure on railroad rates.

Little Eyes of Brown.

Tell me, Little Eyes of Brown, where it is you wander down when the twilight pins the stars in where you are at repose. Do you ramble where the gleam of the moonlight shines on the winds among the sylvan nooks, joining other gurgling brooks? It is where the robins' song in Echoes clear the whole day long as you lead me down at play. Through the blossomed gates of Day, Tell me, little sweetheart fair, Where it is you journey there?

Little Eyes of Brown, When the shades of night drop down, And the twilight pins the stars in their places, near heav'n's bars, What about the dreams that flow when to slumberland you go? Tell me, dear, the rare delights of the child-world's wonder, Or that mystic world afar, Where the gnomes and elf-men are, Let your rosy hair gleam mine. With a love as all-divine, And I'll follow gladly on, Till the sunset greets the dawn.

Little Eyes of Brown, I kneel At you while again, to feel Just the clasp of your wee hand, Through the child-world's Wonderland, Lead me, sweet, until my eyes Greet the glory-flooded skies, And I am a child once more, Gazing through the Dreamland door.