



JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY ABROAD

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE) WITH DRAWINGS by his cousin NOGI. (IKE MORGAN)



Hashimura Togo Collodes With Emp. Wm. and Explode Replies

Berlin, near Germany. To Editor Oregonian: You got a appetite for Intelligence. Food, you do not realize how nourishing brains can be when they are prepared the German way.

Dear Sir—

I CAN write the U. S. Language so fluently that readers often assimilate all my words. I can also say delicious syllables in Japanese. But I must arrive to Germany, thank you, before I understand how difficult it is to say-so when you can't.

I reverse them Hon. Germans because they are remarkable in every direction. "They go around living, marrying, marching with military, opera-singing, job-talking and increasing childhood. And every word of this is done in the German language. Yet they seem to have plenty of leisure for whatever else arrives. When in their hours they seem to understand each other. In that dear Papaland, when sweethearts persons are walking together by meadows, they make love-conversations by saying "Ich Libbey Ditch." And when next seen they are engaged. This show how Love cannot be smashed by any Dictionary, however thick.

When me and Nogi & O-Fido arrived to Berlin we could hear everybody was preparing to go to war with England. Generals, Admirals and other Policemen was setting around Ratskillers telling each other how to bear on-peace between all conversations.

"What is more greater than our Navy?" replied one Admiral surrounded by his schoolers.

"Nothing but our Army," report one General with famous Milwaukee salutes. "Our Navy is twice as great as anything you can imagine," suggested Admiral.

"I cannot follow you," say General. "I am already three drinks behind." Even the Hon. Band play some more and everybody order another Heck for himself and one for the Kaiser, who is always willing to shoot when loaded.

When me and Nogi & O-Fido see this warlike preparation, we enjoy Peace Congress feeling like Hon. Carnegie.

"Nogi," I say to my dear Cousin, "Somebody should see Emp Wm. and tease him to be gentle with England before it is too late."

"Who would be good persons for this delicacy?" require Nogi with safe expression like a Central Bank.

"If nobody else shall, then you and me & O-Fido must do it nobly. Agreeable was-tail from O-Fido.

So we seek forth to reach up this Emperor. We clope to Royal Palace, where we was not allowed to enter.

"Is Hon. Emperor inside?" we ask you.

"He have just stepped out in his ottomane," say Hon. Halcyon White. Frank Hitchcock expression of ironical smile. "Where is find him, please?" I abduct.

"Wherever there is a Parade he is sure to be hanging around," I approximate this boy giving slum-up to door.

So we accompany our footsteps to Templehof Field where military entertainment is most oftenly seen marching around. The parade ground was entirely covered with National Guard Encampments mingled with

Schutzenbunds and Artillery. Everywhere the eye could reach was from-bona music, uniforms and flags covered with glory. A long tin line of heroes was galloping with angry swords. Such splendid advancing! Such gallant retreating! Backward and forward they stood with German bonnets. When I see so much gunpowder I feel very sore like a Friendly Power.

In the distant way-off me & Nogi could see a German in a brass helmet clumped between 12 and 13 army officers.

"That must be Emp," say Nogi. We gaze reverently in that direction for moments, but just when we was most comfortable the entire German Army come collapsing over hill. There was nothing to his hobnob and our courage. Yelps from O-Fido. Straight we stamped them firm horse-riders. When they were feet away, they stopped up and got out their guns. "Ready Amos, Reizen!" holla Hon. Capt. And before we could hear it a volley like Mt. Vesuvius sending his steam-pipes bursted across our heads. Me and Nogi stand still expecting we would not be seen, but O-Fido become entirely hydrophobia by the noise. With yells & squeaks like a Suffragette Lecture that dogie mammal start scattering across Templehof Field in the straight direction of Emperor Wm.

Our excitable cousin, O-Fido start me and Nogi hoping to save Hon. Kaiser from death from dog-bites. After us ran the entire German army with war-guns. But me and Nogi was too Marathon to be caught. Nearer and more closer we come to O-Fido. In another moment we should snatch him. When lo! Somebody grabbed the poor cuman with short ktek—and when next we looked we was standing within 3-4 yards of Wm Hohenzollern, the only living Emperor who ever dared imitate Theodore Roosevelt to his face.

This great ruler poke up his moustache and look to me with unwelcome expression.

"Gottedammerung!" report his King, I could distinctly count his Rough Rider teeth while he spoke. "Where in Pilsen did you come from?"

"Please Mr. King, if convenient to me, we are schoolboys from Japan."

"We debate our necks together so he could chop up when required."

"From Japan!" he snigger German-ly. "I can see by your complexion that you are Yaps."

"We seem very grateful for this kindness."

"You are merely cross-cut Japanese," say Nogi like a goat. "We have been living on the Island of America so long that we feel quite inhibited."

"I am superlatively interested in America," I require soulfully.

"I love all parts of America," say Wm, especially Brazil. That splendid little Senator Hale was acquired by Massachusetts for tariff purposes. "But if your Royal Majesty wish him to be born in South America, it can be easily arranged by many insurgent Republicans, who would be glad to have him as far away as possible."

"Nastily," say Hon. Kaiser taking out a cigar and chopping off the end with his sword, "nastily you will be talking me that Wm H. Taft is not King of the United States."



WHEN ME AND NOGI & O-FIDO SEE THIS WARLIKE PREPARATION WE ENJOY PEACE CONFERENCE FEELING LIKE HON. CARNEGIE.

"Where else in America could a great man be born, except in Brazil?" he derange.

"I do not care for such patriots, if they are Republicans, then I am something else. But the gentleman I am attempting to remember is so different from Washington or Jefferson that you would recognize him at once."

"Perhaps you mean Hon. John D. Rockefeller?" I depose.

"It is exactly him I mean," holla Wm amiably. "How is that sweet old man?"

"Still solid, but slightly dissolved," I snigger.

"I hope he lives forever," rattle that Crowned Bore. "He has been more philanthropical to Germany than anything I can mention. He has sold kerosene to the German people several cents cheaper per gal than he would give it to the United States if he would visit Ger-

many I should make him a Count. He is every inch a Man from the sole of his toes to the crown of his wig."

"He is not only a Man, he is a Scientist," I suppose.

"What great Science has he done?" delect Emperor.

"He has discovered how to strangle bookworms with coal-oil," I gangle.

"What is it a Hookworm?" say Wm, with slight German grammar.

"A Hookworm," I define, "is a species of sly snake what reverses itself."

"How like the Supreme Court he must look!" holla Hon. Kaiser. "No wonder Count Rockefeller wishes to smother this bug with kerosene."

"The Hon. of Germany pause and give moral wave to his minister. Military parades swish past him, cannon burp salutes and the Royal Carlebad Div-mounted irregulars come booming by with guns on edge respectfully. Hon. Kaiser Wm look negligently to this.

"Then American millionaires," he say, "they are the crown of the world. Hon. Roosevelt would call 'a Coker.' They are wonderful vermifuges. Hon. Carnegie no sooner give \$1,000,000 to poison bookworms than Hon. Rockefeller get jealous and give similar amount to poison hookworms."

Me and Nogi see symptoms of a silly thought, these remark. So we laugh worshipfully.

"I admire your German wit for its cheapness and lasting qualities," I say with chivalry.

"At times I am called the Royal Cut Up," commute Wm shyly. "I am not afraid of the witless joke that ever wagged. That is the difference between me and my Uncle Ed of London. Uncle cannot tell a Joke from an international snarl. When in the midst of a dinner, I told him with humorous sly glances that I expected to have the greatest Navy in the world, poor old Uncle took me madly and got scared. As a consequence, England have got a Naval Policy of two new battleships a day and a torpedo-boat every fifteen minutes. The Admiralty and the House of Lords is sick 'abed with budgets. I am nearly tickled hysterical with innocent amusement to think about all this excitement. I am sorry, I oftenly wonder where my sense of humor will lead me next."

"Maybe it will lead you to Liverpool with \$10,000 German-speaking foreigners," I snigger.

"There are some jokes," say Hon. Kaiser, "that you cannot carry too far to please me. And that would be one of them."

Emp Wm look less conversational. In the distance we could see Hon. Zepplin's airship approaching for to land. His Royal Magistrate up for a joyful ride.

"Have you got any slight Presidential Message you would like me to fetch from you to Hon. Taft?" I negotiate.

"Tell Hon. Taft," say Wm with self-appointed manner, "tell him not to blame me for the German people. I am the Constitution. Tell him the best way to make trouble in to seek Peace. Tell him to resign. When I am a general, the truth does not always perch on those who can bite the best lawyers. Tell him the Emperor of Germany gets his advice from the North American Indian people. The truth is usually less fortunate."

Hon. Zepplin air-ship now lower down and elevate Emp Wm by rop-ladder. "I am a general," say Wm, "and I wish to be played by 72 German bands. Hon. Taft ship more imperiously away, leaving me

and Nogi & O-Fido looking basely up wards like 2 cockroaches in a earthquake. Hoping you are the same."

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.
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Not the Usual Romance.

Museical Recorder.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them.

He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the civilities necessary in such a case, and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. His letter is: "I am a working girl, it is true, but I make a good living, and I do not care to support a husband, as I would have to do if I married some silly noble who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my card got in that pair of overalls, and that when I can find it I will be some fellow that can afford something better than a 4-cent pair of breeches."

The Cane-Bottomed Chair.

W. M. Thackeray.

In steeled old slippers that toast at the And a ragged old jacket perfumed with dyes. Away from the world and its toils and its cares. I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure. But the fire there is bright, and the air is rather pure. And the view, hold on a sun-shiny day Is grand—through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks With worthless old knickknacks, and silly old books. And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends—Cracked, hairline, from brockers, cheap keepsakes (from friends).

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest There's one that I love and cherish the best. For the finest of couches that's padded with hair, I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair!

"Is a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten soul. With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet. But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there, I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair!

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such a thrill must have passed through your withered old arms! I look on thee, my dear, and I wish in despair— I wish thy feet turned to a cane-bottomed chair!

It was but a moment she sat in this place—She'd a scart on her neck, and a smile on her face. And she sat there, and sad bloom'd in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since. Like the stone of a saint, or the throne of a prince. And I pray my patroness sweet I declare, The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone. In the silence of night, as I sit here alone— I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair— My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair! She comes from the past and revisits my room. She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom. So smiling, so tender, so fresh and so fair. See! she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

NINETEEN-TEN HAS MY BEST WISHES; ALSO MY SYMPATHIES" SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK BY IRVIN S. COBB.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"WELL," said the House Detective of the N. C. & St. L. road, "old Nineteen-Ten's about all in."

"Just about," said the Hotel Clerk. "Nineteen-Nine, in his writing, came down to one thin stack of alabaster chips and nothing better in sight than a pair of young and timorous trays. He's all crippled up with rheumatism and spavined in both legs. His mind is so bad that he can't remember a name. I'd like to call him and next Friday night he's due to cash in and quit. There's a cocky young chap named Nineteen-Ten waiting to take his place. He's got the hand. And so, as the poet says, ring out the old, ring in the new—two rings for towels and three for the wine clerk—and order a fresh round of ironical smiles and let joy be as unconfin'd as possible. Only, when I look back on Nineteen-Nine I get as full of reminiscences as a State soldier's horse."

"It's been a long, foolish year, ain't it?" said the House Detective.

"It has, indeed," said the Hotel Clerk. "I recall only a few things, my longest and none that were foolish. Many things happened that I didn't expect and some of the things that I confidently expected haven't happened yet. Let's see now, there was January to start with. As I recall we had quite some winter weather in January and even the poorest family could afford all the ice they wanted. Many of our leading families went to Palm Beach, where everybody has his palm out for a tip; hence the name. I saw my way clear, however, to remain right on here; so old quite a number of others, yourself included. When I come to think of it, I'm sure that, in the air, we've quite a few waters left in this climate."

"February is not prominent in my memory except for one thing. A close friend in the racehorse business borrowed fifty from me, for ten days, and gave me an I. O. U. written in pencil, which I faithfully were next to my chest until the middle of August, when I had to throw it away because the design was threatening to set in on me and give me lead poisoning. In passing, I'd like to suggest that ten day I. O. U.'s ought to be done in indelible ink on metal plates, for then they could be carried for months or even years without danger to the system. I throw out this little idea for what it's worth."

"In March we inaugurated our present President, but the weather was so bad in Washington that he couldn't do much. He hasn't done much since. Roosevelt went to Africa into the favorite haunts of other roaring wild animals and proceeded to wipe out the competition. About the middle of the month Army Circles were greatly shocked. I don't exactly remember what shocked them, but it's customary for army circles to be greatly shocked about once every three months,

and a shock was due. Toward the end of the month a prominent brakeman of the N. C. & St. L. road, while eating an oyster stew in the Little Short Order Ball, was killed by a train. The train was a pure white pearl which he sold to a Memphis Jeweler for \$175, thus netting the fortunate passenger \$15 above the cost of the stew, which was 20 cents. All the papers had interesting pieces about this.

"April lasted thirty days and was not especially conspicuous in any way. Just one of those regular Aprils, as you might say. But in May I find by reference to my notes made that nine weddings took place in New York society and the same number of society divorces suits were filed, thus showing how Nature takes care of the great natural law of supply and demand. Thomas W. Lawson wrote a piece for the papers. His Republic was mentioned in the article in type that would have been larger, perhaps, except that the paper was only eight columns wide. Considerable progress and several sweet tuncerats were experienced in airship flights and the ex-Sultan of Turkey had his supply of wives cut down to six and became practically a widower."

"We come now to June. I spent most of June deciding, I remember, where I'd go in July. I didn't go anywhere in July. I think it was about the 10th of June or maybe the 11th that I read a special dispatch from Huntsville, Ala., stating that the wife of a presiding officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, named the Rev. Mr. Jordan, took a drink in the dark out of a wet weather spring two years before and after suffering intensely for many months had just been found to contain four of those little green Summer lizards, all alive and doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. I also think there was a war that broke out somewhere about that time and one of the reigning monarchs of Europe got killed. I don't remember the name of that war, but I have only a vague recollection of those matters because my mind was mostly interested in the dispatch from Huntsville. Part of the time I was sympathizing with the lady and part of the time with the lizards."

"As for June passed and July, and in August Dr. Cook came home by way of Denmark. In fact, if he hadn't come by way of Denmark I hardly think he would have been here at all. First 'twas his native guides that were going to prove it, but later on he retired to a sanitarium and when he came back he had burst into tears so that you might say he's practically been depending for support on the firm of Morse Bros.—Eggs and Lard."

"September opened with Labor day, closely followed by Commander Peary. A noisy week, Larry, if you remember,



YOUNG MR. NINETEEN-TEN WILL BE ALONG DRESSED, THE WAY NEW YEAR IS ALWAYS DRESSED.

poor mist of fancy had been dissipated he found himself hooked up in the holy bonds of wedlock to a large square-toed bride, born in Sweden, with an estate worth \$100,000. The bride was a picture of Custer's last rally. This was carried in full in the papers under the head of "Romantic Union of a Western Millionaire." Most of the wedding was with new plays, followed by frosts.

"That'll do for September.

"In October, Moth Ball Moon, as the North American Indians name the month, we suffered from an acute revival of the ancient Greek school of classic dancing. There's not much I can say for the ancient Greeks as dancers, except that they had the courage of their convictions. They feared neither chibbians in the winter nor poison ivy in the summer. A distinguished foreigner, a violinist, a pianist, a vocal and hand-operators, also honored us with their presence. I heard one of them, a Russian violinist it was, at an orgy called a recital. You've heard the expression, Larry, 'as fit as a fiddle.' Well, I know now which fiddle it was that had the fit. I was there when it had it. An abdominal operation was performed on it by this here Russian and its screams certainly were pitiful to hear."

"Early in November Tammany started to win the election and Minister Crane started to China. Minister Crane made the better showing of the two—all that happened to him was having his head knocked off with a club. Solid Ivory, as the saying is. Thanksgiving day came on the same date that it was predicted to be. The United States Government requested the Standard Oil Company to kindly dissolve, as a special favor, some day when it had nothing particular to do. Strains of low-declivity lawyers by John D. Archbold. November was a poor month for trading in stocks on margin, being similar in this respect to ten or 11 other months of the past year. But it was a swell month for large financial movements involving the use of large sums of ready cash. In this head I recall particularly the dedication of the New Theater, the opening of the bids for the Moving-Jeffries-Pictures-Johnson and the marriage of two local heiresses to foreign noblemen. I don't believe in all the history of the world that so many men of great wealth ever slept under one roof as on the opening night at the New Theater, when the management presented the sprightly play of Anthony and Cleopatra just as The Bard wrote it along toward I. M. You could tell a Founder at a glance—he looked so founded. 'Twas a great night for wealth and art, Larry. Art ran

second. A brutal Southern lynching took place in the North, due to an unintentional mistake, as was pointed out at the time by the Chicago Tribune.

"And that's about all for December. So far December hasn't brought us much except Christmas and the opening of Congress and a Presidential message. In 1909 words, long some of them being words of three or more syllables, but not otherwise very exciting message, the average depth ranging from an inch and a half to two inches. Oh, yes, December has brought us something else, too—Poet Watson, of England."

"The Poet with the Serpents Tongue," said the House Detective, "getting slightly twisted."

"No, the Poet with the Garbage Contract," said the Hotel Clerk. "The poet with the same idea of repaying hospitality that a cholera microbe has. Sometimes I think I wish we could have pulled through this month with him, but I guess maybe that's because I cannot understand the mental attitude of true genius. I cannot fathom the workings of his mind and I don't believe anybody on this side of the Big Water would care to try unless it was a sanitary inspector and then only in the strict performance of his duty."

"Anyhow, all this talk lands us bang up against young Mr. Nineteen-Ten, who'll be along at the end of the week dressed in the way New Year always come dressed in, a stomach bandage with floating ends and a winning expression of contentment. With that contentment I've often thought that instead of encouraging other persons to turn over a new leaf it'd be the modest thing to suggest over one's own self and get behind it. But, be that as it may, he's almost due, and while he has my best wishes, he also has my sincerest sympathies. It looks to me like the poor kid's in for some rough coasting. Think of dropping any young and naturally inexperienced creature down in the midst of the suffragette movements and the joy riders and Broadway cops and Broadway waiters and show girls and sure thing gents and octopit and the rest of the things that go to make up our hurried civilization. I don't believe if a 'pose you'll be makin' a lot of good resolutions next Saturday morning," said the House Detective.

"I will," said the Hotel Clerk. "I shall make the same good resolutions I always make at New Year." I've given them my custom in the past and found them invariably satisfactory. Why, some of these good resolutions, Larry, last me almost a week!"

Toward the 15th a well-to-do bachelor in answer to an advertisement printed in a matrimonial paper by a lady de-scribing herself as being young, un-cumbered and wealthy, and before the