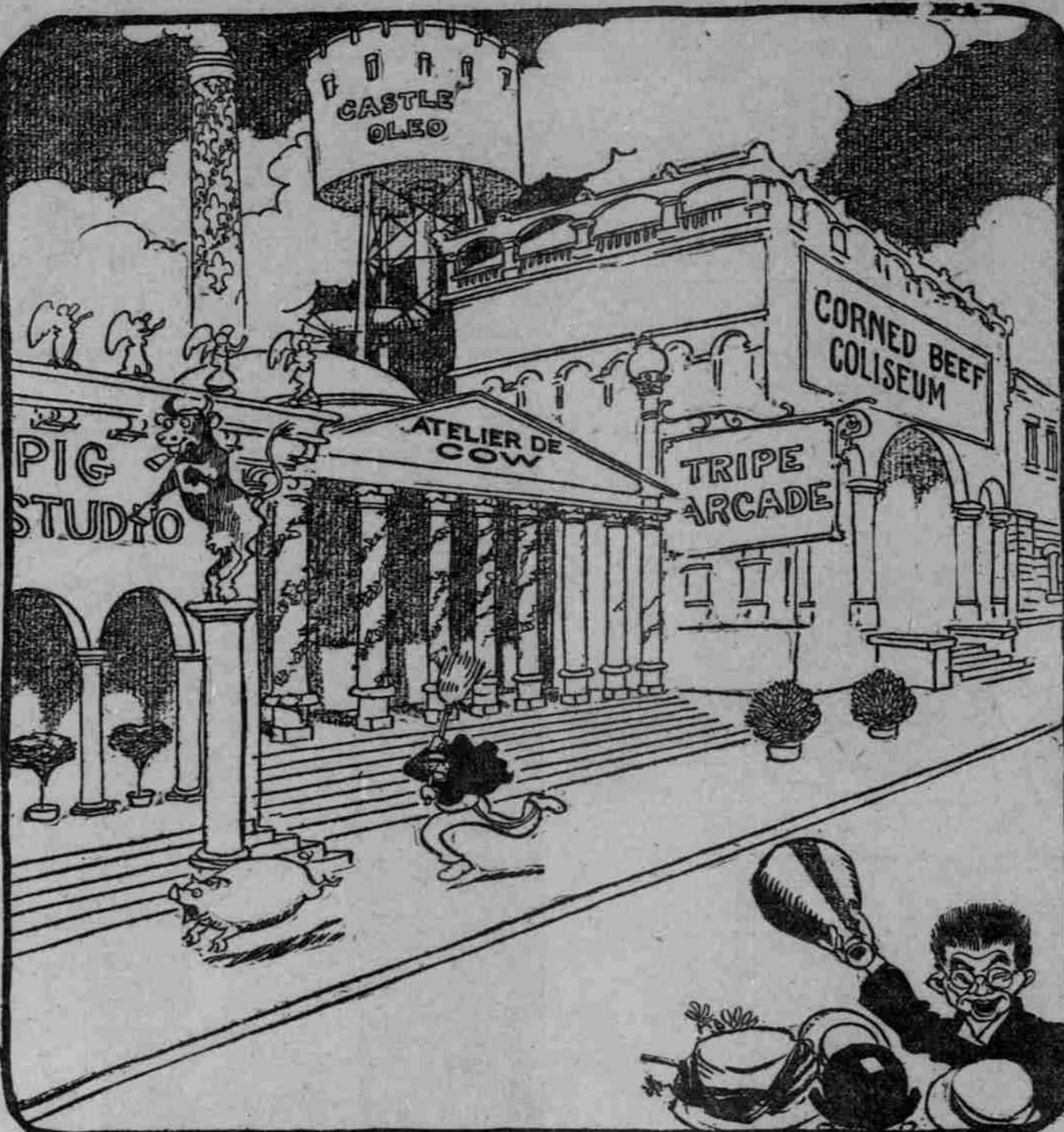




TOGO TOURS (SEEING AMERICA FIRST!) Personally conducted by HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)



SEEING THE STOCKYARDS



COULD THIS BE THE STOCKYARDS? IT WAS.

No sooner were these words shot off than behold! We were within sight of Packingtown, that famous municipality which has done so much to put the City of Living on a higher plane. And we were surprised by its appearance. Instead of low & delirious structures splattered with the grease of drying mammals, we beheld a lengthwise line of palaces decorated with smilax and climbing roses. Could this be the Stockyards? It was!

"Ladies & suffragettes," I say through my megaphone, "to your right is the Stockyards or Packingtown, as it is called by many of our novelists. Kindly to observe the Mary Ann architecture of the place with

Italian gardens and hand-painted smokestacks. Kindly to observe over the front gate the coat of arms of the Pig Trust with their motto: *IN SWINO VERITAS*. Could you imagine that only things like money and lard are made in such a place?"

Hon. Mayor of Packingtown met us at the gate and, after a brief speech of 29 minutes, presented us with the Golden Can-Opener of the City. Thanks by us.

"You are admitted," say him, "to everywhere—except where it is marked No Admittance. If all Muckrakers would keep away from such signs our Frankfurters would never have got such a black eye as they now enjoy."

We are open to visitors on Wednesday, when I assure you, you will never see anything which will bring a blush to the cheek of a pig. More than by us. The Ladies of the party were given bouquets of violets and we were led into the Skinning and Boiling Department.

This department is in a broad, deep room like the parlor of a cathedral. It is decorated in blue and gold after a design by John La Farge. The floor is tiled with green and purple mosaics with pictures from the Legend of King Arthur called, "Two Little Pigs Went to Market." Utained glass windows are seen everywhere, and palm-trees are clumped on all sides to give a Vander-

bilt appearance. All this magnificent & home-like interior is intended to give to the pig-killing industry that home-like touch which it so often lacks.

I lift my megaphone for Roosevelt lecture-talk.

"These beautiful surroundings," I holla, "are supposed to make tender thoughts. Tender pork is the result. When a pig is killed at a tender architecture & forget that he is in such a low & sordid business. He can mix Art with Lard and learn that ignorance can be cured as well as Hain. No pig can die in this delicious atmosphere without feeling that even Lard can be refined."

Nextly, we went to the Consorial Department. Here all Pigs are carefully shaved by experienced barbers, after which they are given an electric massage. Then they are led out to soft music and quietly choked to death with lavender water. The disarranging act is made very attractive and is less painful than dentistry or other disgusting tortures.

Nextly, Hon Pig is shot down the chute from the Execution Chamber to the Boiling Vat. While this goes on, Hon Orchestra play "Who Dat Said Chicken in Dis Crowd?" and other funeral anthems. This Boiling Vat Orchestra is hired by great expense and is full of German Aristocracy. Hon Walt Domrosch leads them when he is not doing something else.

"Gentlemen & tourists," I say for further speech, "this place gives the Hog advantages which he never could enjoy at home. It is a greater Education Factory than lots of colleges, because it takes in raw material and turns it out as finished that you cannot guess what it was when it went in. Where else can a Swine enter and come out as soap, chewing-gum, currant jelly and headache powder? Are not these Pigs a benefit to Education? They are! Their skins cover the footballs and the editions de luxe which make American colleges the loudest in the world. Thusly does the Trust exercise the highest duty of citizenship—to make Pigs happy."

While this talk was expiring a tall, pale Rev. looking person approach us. By his soft eyes and cunning ways I knew he was the President of the Pig Trust.

"O! Mr. Sir," to him I say, "so many persons have been foolishly inquiring about High Cost of Living—will you not talk to these rubbering necks in your delective way?"

"Dee-deh!" say he with Elba voice. So to my Tourists he report.

"It has been said by some lemonish newspapers that the Cost of Living is becoming higher with each increase of prices. This is as false as it is truthless. Because a pound of beef which cost 12c in 1909 costs 22c today. That is a sign that it is more expensive than it was? Ah no! it is merely idle talk. As a matter of fact food is cheaper this year than ever before—it only costs more, that is all. This shows how the Public can be deceived by mere outside appearances."

"Trouble is that the People of America are becoming too extravagant. They require Grand Opera and Portierhouse when they should get along with Hensburg Steak and Moving Picture Shows. You cannot walk through the alums but what you are dazzled by the odor of Sirloin steaks. Poverty persons should get satisfied with cheaper cuts."

"What is a cheaper cut?" require a Lady Muckraker.

"A cheaper cut is the inexpensive frame-work of an animal, like his hoofs and horns. These parts are now being made into shoe-buttons. With a little patience and imagination the working classes could learn to boil up these shoe-buttons so they would make delicious soup."

"Have you some recipes for such a soup?" require one broadside Lady with Mrs. Roarer voice.

"O surely yes!" snuggest him with sweetly smiling. "Following is it: Shoe Buttons Soup—Select three dozen large, ripe shoe-buttons; remove



ALL PIGS ARE CAREFULLY SHAVED BY EXPERIENCED BARBERS.

the cores and soak in lime juice for six hours. Strain through a mosquito bar until they show a tendency to freeze. Add butter. Whip. Then take the shells of two eggs, 1/2 gal. oil of pineapples and the covers of four medium-sized baking-powder cans. Boil rapidly for eight hours, add nutmeg and serve in finger-bowls with birdseed scattered lightly over the top. You will be surprised when you taste it."

While Hon Pig President was speaking, several completely silk ladies approached inside and took chairs in rows like a theater.

"Excuse me, please-to!" say Hon. Pres. This is Wednesday when the Pig and Purty Branch of the Ethical Culture Society comes here for tea-drunk and conversation on uplift subjects."

So he departed off to make shake-hand with them Ethical Ladies. One lady read a paper about "Comparative Ethics of Robt. Browning and Jas. Jeffries" in the middle of considerable refined applause. After which Hon. Ambrose McClosky, famous baby-talk poet, who studied patios under Jas. Whitcomb Riley, arose upwards and read following pure food poem:

"When Grandpa falls and breaks his leg
We list his mokest fun;
Ma screams and Pa sez: 'Ist like that,
Go fetch the Doctor—run!'
And when the Doctor comes, Pa sez,
A-feelin' awful good."

"He don't need no medi-sin."
"Cause Grandpa's leg is wood!"
So we depart away without inspecting the Beef Department where cows are still surprised by being shot in the head with an ax.
Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.—
Mr. Editor, kindly to please insert following advertisement among other Patent Medicines & charge to what I owe you:

SEE AMERICA!
Get On the Waggon
with Togo!
Short & Ugly Facts
about this Long &
Beautiful Country.

Next Week
"Seeing the Jef-Johnson
Prize Fight!"
Can You Afford to Miss
this Great Artistic and
Literary Event?

Answer is, NO!!

Copyright, 1910, by the Associated Literary Press.

"SOME LIVE TALKS WITH DEAD ONES" BY IRVING S. COBB

"ON THE whole, I'm really quite glad I'm dead," said the late Sitting Bull, making room for me alongside him in the garden swing in front of his present residence. Perhaps I should add that Sitting Bull is still a chieftain just as he was in life, only now he commands a spirit tribe on a mental reservation. At the same time, none of these cheap, two-family tepees or model tenements wicklups will do for him. He resides in a style befitting his rank in a commodious bungalow-style tepee, with running water and state heat.

"I feel better this way—being dead, I mean," went on the old warrior, as he lit a meerschaum peace pipe with a genuine amber stem. "I'm very comfortably located over here; much more so than I was back in the old days when our Great White Steppethair at Washington was urging me to step lively in our march toward the setting sun, and running in those who hesitated for loitering on private property that had been their property up to a few minutes before. Only here, the other day, I saw a picture of my last surviving widow, and that helped to reconcile me also. I have the rest of the set here with me, but she still lingers. She has fleshened up greatly since I left her. When I knew her, she was a true Sioux. Now I guess she's what you might call a Suet. When she smiles I imagine she looks something like one of those old-fashioned, red brick Colonial open fireplaces in the face."

"But Mrs. Amanda Sitting Bull, relict, is not the only reason why I'm glad that I'm residing on this side. The Red Man no longer cuts the figure he once did. I was reading here just the other day about an uprising of the Utes out West somewhere. At least, the dispatch called them Utes. They might just as well have been Unitarians, from the way they carried on. But be that as it may, they quarreled with the agent, or the presiding elder, or somebody, and so they left their reservation, or their diocese, or whatever it happened to be, and took a war path. Only it wasn't a regular war path. Only it wasn't a regular war. They thought they'd been brewing war medicine, but it was probably only chocolate fudge in a trading-stamp chafing dish. Well, anyhow, they went forth and committed many depredations, such as making faces at the unprotected settlers out on the frontiers of South Main Street Extended, and switching the signs in front of the barber shop and the harness store. I understand that one d'aredevil even went so far as to write something naughty on the grammar school fence."

"But it didn't last long enough for

the Government to order out the troops and then order them back, as is the custom. Not a single war correspondent of an Eastern newspaper got a chance to go forth amid scenes of danger and expose himself, and you know how easy it is for a war correspondent to expose himself if you give him an opening. Nothing of the sort happened at all. But a Constable went out and he overtook the marauding savages and pulled back his vest and gave them a flash at a large German silver disk pinned to his left suspender to prove to them that he was a regular Constable, and not a phony. And then he surrounded the warlike band and told them they were under arrest for giving a Wild West parade without a permit. Or maybe it was for celebrating Halloween several months too early. Anyway, he pointed out that it was a very serious offense and so, in the face of superior numbers, they surrendered and turned around and were marched back home again, where light refreshments were served and a pleasant time was had by all. After which the late members of the raiding party resumed their customary avocation of sitting in the shade at the station and selling clubfooted moccasins to Eastern tourists with blue beads on them.

"And that," continued Sitting Bull, "was what they called an outbreak. I've seen worse ones during an epidemic of the liver. The day of the rampaging Red ended when his white brother backed him into a pair of pants. From the moment when the Indian was induced to incase his noble but slightly bowed limbs into the habiliments of the white man, the stuff was off. He quit being a warrior and became a hired hand. Scapling became practical. An obsolete function except at curate ticket offices, and the historic corn dance of my people was only seen when somebody inadvertently stepped on the foot of a noble brave who'd got in the habit of wearing pointed-toed leather shoes while singing first tenor with the Carlisle Glee and Mandolin Club."

"Had those Utes gone forth appaared like their fathers before them, in a turkey-tail fan and a coat of hearth varnish and the back hair of a stranger, there might have been some hope for them to make a showing. But not in overalls and two-dollar derbies, like a troupe of scene shifters on a strike. I'd as soon expect trouble from a passel of walking delegates of the Hop Pickers Union. No Indian could be expected to cut up and carry on with a

Sitting Bull Explains Why He's So Glad He's Dead



reinforced seat between him and his native soil and his stalwart frame hampered by a set of Farmer's Favorite Brand of fifty-cent suspenders. Back in my day things were different in South Dakota. But now the Sioux has been succeeded by the Suer and the mellow plunk of the absolute dace-

with alimony, is heard where once resounded the shrill war cry and the downward gurgle of the fire water. "So I feel that I'm better off here in the Happy Hunting and Picnic Grounds. With my old-fashioned ideas, I know I'd be getting into trouble almost constantly with the police force. If I were

back yonder, unless Bill Cody's bunch should go on a strike some day for the right to enjoy five o'clock tea following the afternoon performance and wear snappy clothes for varisty men when off duty, I don't think there'd ever be another real Indian uprising on this continent. The Indian has

adopted the white man's ideas as to costume and mode of life, and the result is that he's merely lost his picturesque and acquired a lot of expensive diseases that he cannot enjoy properly, not having the income. The white man, on the other hand, along with our land, our curio trade and our other teeth, has swiped most of our institutions and improved on them to a point where the original owners would hardly know them."

"As to how?" I asked.

"To a great many things," said Sitting Bull. "As to adorning, for example. Consider the primitiveness of the lady Indian's idea of personal decoration and then ponder on the advancements that have been made by her paleface sister, using the same material, practically. When the Indian applauds a troupe for the festival feast of the boiled dog, the same being the prototype of Coney Island's Chihuahua or hairless frankfurter, she knew no more than to merely cross her countenance with a few streaks of paint. She knew nothing of rouge for the ear tips, and pencils for the eyebrows, and the shellac effect in face enamel which gives so many of your females the color effect of a new Studebaker wagon when they're out in their full regalia. As for head dresses, the female members of my family were satisfied with merely shoving a few feathers into the topknot. What did they know of a stuffed whooping crane, with a parrot's head and a peafowl's tail, and the wings of a seagull affixed to a top dressing of nine pounds of excess hair by means of 11 nine-inch hatpins all with heads on 'em like targets in a shooting gallery?"

"The limited imagination of the squaw made her content with a bone teething ring in her nose which, after she got used to it, wasn't much real bother or much pain except, of course, in the influenza season. She never dreamed of the superior efforts to be attained along the line of suffering and disfigurement by skirts tied in tight around the ankles and collars to saw the ears off and corns nine inches too tight and Christmas tree ornaments for the ear lobes. These things were beyond her wildest fancy. She didn't have the benefit of a superior civilization to teach her how to cripple herself up thoroughly, either. She went along top in like a muscovy duck, little recking that some day her white sister would learn a way of walking with the body leaning over so far that the last half would be practically running as a second section."

"And while your womanhood have thus far excelled the best that our's could ever

do in the way of disfiguring and hurting themselves, you've always been raising a generation of young persons who put it all over us old bucks in the business of torturing other people. I refer particularly to your West Point hating stunts and your college secret society initiations. I often think that when it came to making a captive excessively uncomfortable during his last hours, what a lot Geronimo and Spotted Tail and the rest of us might have learned from the degree work of almost any up-to-date high school 'frat.' I can't recall anything we ever did in this line that would compare to tying the candidate to a railroad track and letting through freights run over him for five or six hours, as has been tried, I believe, with great success by the high-spirited youth of an Ohio university, or feeding a sickly girl boiled eagle worms garnished with laundry soap and pyrographing Greek letters on her with acids."

"We burned our customers at the stakes and had gauntlet-running contests for them and organized other comparatively mild field day sports and exercises for their benefit. But to set up these alongside of some of the things that have been thought up by the bright ruling spirits of your large institutions of learning would be like trying to compare the Last Ravings of John McCulloch on a phonograph with a dead and dumb man, on the morning after a hard night, trying to hicough on his fingers."

"And that's no Bull con, either." Observing with pain that the aged chieftain had acquired slang habit, I then came away.

A "Baby" 101 Years Old.

Indianapolis News.
"If you have any doubt as to the healthfulness of Bulgaria and the sturdiness of its people, look at this picture. This message was inscribed on a picture postcard received a few days ago from Favelesko, a little village in that country. The picture shows a peasant woman, standing at a rustic hedge springing flax by the most ancient method, with the fiber held over her shoulder by a forked branch. Behind the woman stands a stout man of more than average height, wearing a full gray beard. Under the picture is the legend: 'Baba Vasilka, 128 years old, and her baby boy, Todor, who is now 201 years old. They have always lived in Favelesko.'"

Russian Empire's Forests.
London Telegraph.
About 2,300,000 square miles of the Russian Empire is covered by forests, of which the government owns about 66 per cent.