

# INTERVIEWS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

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Drawings by his Cousin NOGI (IRE MORGAN)  
TOGO'S 3 foot Reference Shelf



## Emperor William Gives Togo A Message for President Taft

Berlin, near Germany.  
To Editor Tribune, who got an appetite for intelligent food, yet 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 delicate 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 militias, opera singing, joke-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. Even in their beers they seem to understand each other. In that dear Papal land, when sweethearts persons are walking together by moon-gleam, they make love-conversation by saying "Ich Libbey Ditch." And when next 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 see how everybody was preparing to go to war with England. Generals, Admirals and other Policemen was setting around Ratskillers telling each other how to do it. Beer enjoyed between all conversations.

"What is more greater than our Navy?" require one Admiral surrounded by his schooners.

"Nothing but our Army," report one General with famous Milwaukee salutes.

"Our Navy is twice as great as anything you can imagine," snuggest Admiral.

"I cannot follow you," say General, "I am already three drinks behind."

So Hon. Band play some more and everybody order another Hock for himself and one for the Kaiser.

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," I petrify nobly, agreeable wag-tails from O-Fido.

So we seek forth to search up this



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

Hohenzollern, the only living Emperor who ever dared imitate Theodore Roosevelt to his face.

This great Ruler poke up his mustache and look to me with unwelcome expression.

"Gotterdammerung!" 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 reply, we are schoolboys from Japan." We debate our necks together so he could chop up when required.

"From Japan?" he snagger Germanically. "I can see by your complexions that you are Yaps."

We seem very grateful for this kindness.

"We 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 inhabited."

"Are your Royal Uppes Interested by America?" I require soapfully.

"I love all parts of America," say Wm., "especially Brazil. That splendid little State should be congratulated on its wonderful output of gold, ivory, nuts and ostrich quills. Its people also should be

congratulated on their election of that stanch Republican and careful patriot, Senator Hale, to Congress."

"Brazil produces many hard nuts," I obligate humbly, "but it never grew Senator Hale."

Emp. Wm. glour peevily at me like he wished to hit me with his mailed fist. "Where else in America could a great man be born except in Brazil?" he dearrange.

"It are superstitiously supposed that Senator Hale were acquired by Massachusetts for Tariff purposes," I manipulate. "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."

"There is one other Great American that I do muchly admire," rake off Wm. forgetfully, "but his name skips me at this moment."

"Maybe it is Hon. Geo. Washington or Hon. Thos. Jefferson," snuggest Nogi. "I have heard of them also," report him, "but they are too dead to interest me. 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., smilshly. "How is that sweet old man?"

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

"I hope he lives forever," rattle that Crowned Boss. "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 Germany 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?" detest Emperor.

"He has discovered how to strangle hookworms with coal oil," I snuggle.

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

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

The Emp. of Germany pause and give marcel wave to his mustache. Military prides swish past him, cannons bump salutes and the Royal Carlsbad Dis-mounted Irregulars come looding by with guns on edge respectfully. Hon. Kaiser Wm. look neglectfully to this.

"Them American millionaires," he say, "are what my cousin Theodore von Roosevelt would call 'a Corker.' They

## ODD "EXAM" REPLIES

### UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OF STUDENTS.

#### Mental Contortions of Some Applicants for Regents' Certificates Are Startling.

There are two points of view regarding the Regents' examinations in the schools of New York State. They are those of the student and the examiner. With what anxiety does the student take his seat on the morning of the day of examination preparatory to the struggle with the questions which are soon to be laid before him, and with what mingled feelings of hope and fear does he look forward to the announcement of his fate?

The examiner at Albany who passes upon the students' work has no such sentiments. Reading answers to the same questions day after day, and marking the papers of unknown students, living, possibly, hundreds of miles away, is a lessening task indeed. Occasionally a solution or amusing answer catches the eye and serves to lighten the labor and bring a smile to the lips as he or she reads wearily down the sheet. It is like an oasis in a desert of words, an indication that the pages have a connection with human experience. By contrast these dreams of humanity appeal to the examiner and he is tempted to record them for his future delectation. Here are a few gathered from the multitudinous papers which passed through the hands of the examiners the last summer. Evidently the phenomena of the natural world are stumbling blocks to not a few.

"Q: What benefits are there?" was answered by one student in this way: "If it were not for the fish in the lakes the water would often overflow and destroy forests, for the fish drink a great deal of water."

Possibly the youth has succeeded where scientists have failed in solving the mystery of the passage of the Red Sea, the fish drinking bravely as the Hebrews approached, and returning the water to its former place when Pharaoh and his cohorts appeared in pursuit.

"Franklin proved that lightning was electricity, produced by rubbing a cat's hair on the back backward," wrote one youth. History, mythology and politics also trip the feet of the plover in the fields of knowledge.

"Name men of Massachusetts and tell for what noted?" was one question.

"Mr. Salem Whitescraft, Governor of Massachusetts," was a reply.

"Describe the character of Paris as conceived by Homer?"

"Paris's great hobby was women, and he was worthless in anything."

"What is the President's oath?"

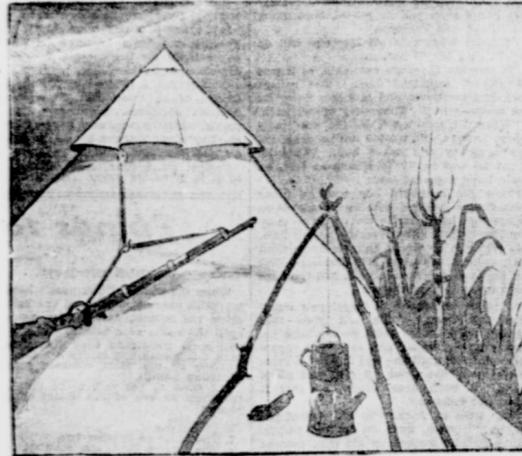
"Swears that this country shall come before God." Another answer was: "The President takes the poke of office."

The answers to the question, "Describe the spoils system," were various. One wrote: "The spoils system was a system or place where all spoiled things or waste was kept and the plan of appointment which has largely replaced this was the Board of Health."

A second answer was: "After a while the Republican party became known as the Free Spoil Party," while a third wrote: "The public system that has replaced the spoils system is by letting the people choose the cabinet officers."

The brief reply of another was: "The victim belong the potato."

It was a boy who demonstrated the superiority of his sex by writing, "Because



CHRISTMAS EVE. The Festive One—Mrs' extraordinary! That's the third lot o' twins I've seen go past to-night! —The Throne and Country.



The conveniences of modern life, according to one youth, are "Fireless telegraphy, stylish dressing, sporting life, incubator."

The student who was confronted with the request to "mention a place or an object of interest to travellers in Greece" apparently was lost in the mists of antiquity when he wrote: "Greece for sceneries of olden times like consellium and other things made by Turks and romans in early times in Constantinople."

Translations, particularly of Miomatio phrases, are pitfalls, if one may judge from the results.

One requirement was the translation of the Latin sentence, "Mertalin deunt violari vulvere divom." ("It is fitting to inflict a mortal wound upon the gods.") Translated it read in one case, "It is fitting to sprinkle mortoline in the wounds of the gods."

"Unter vier Augen," a German phrase meaning "Face to face, in private," was translated by one high school hopeful as "Four-eyed, wears glasses," while another concluded that "Er hat auf seine eigene Hand" ("He builds at his own risk, or expense, of his own accord") was to be translated, "He cultivates in his finger nails (does not wash his hands)."

AN EXPLODED THEORY.  
"Do you believe there is anything in mental suggestion?"  
"Not a thing."  
"Don't you think it is possible if one person keeps his mind steadily fixed on a certain thing which he wishes another to do that the other will be influenced so that he will eventually do it?"  
"No, I don't believe in the theory at all. I've been wishing for a week that you'd pay me what you owe me without making it necessary for me to ask you for it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.  
Lady Goldberg—Well, general, what were you and your charming daughter saying about my portrait?  
Gallant General (who prides himself on his tremendous tact)—My dear lady, I make it an invariable rule on these occasions never to remark on any portrait. There is too great a chance of the original being within earshot.—Punch.

HOW TO KNOW THE TWINS.  
The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts. The resemblance is ac-



ONE MORE DISAPPOINTMENT. "Poor old Myer is dead, I see. He led a life full of disappointments." "How glad he would have been to see his name in print." —Pittsburg Statesman.

the truth when he told a woman she was the only one he ever kissed?  
He—Well, I don't believe Adam lied about it to Eve.—Tit-Bits.

THE WISH.  
"I want some more chicken," said a little girl at dinner.  
"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," rejoined her mother. "You can't have any more now, but here is a wishbone that you may pull with me. Whoever gets the longer end will have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it! What is your wish?"  
"Some more chicken," said the child.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T.  
"Pa."  
"Yes."  
"Why do they say he swears like a trooper, or he swears like a pirate?"  
"Why don't they use something more up to date?"  
"What, for instance?"  
"Why don't they say, 'he swears like an automobile fixer?'" —Boston Herald.

SPELLBOUND.  
"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.  
"I'm spellbound," replied the typist.  
"Has my eloquence such an effect?"  
"Yes, sir, I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell."—Washington Star.



A CARELESS MAN. Father—Why have you quarrelled with Harry? Daughter—Because he proposed to me last night. Father—Well, there was no harm in that, was there? Daughter—But I had accepted him the night before. —Wittgenstein.