



THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY IN WASHINGTON

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

DRAWINGS BY HIS COUSIN NOGI (IKE MORGAN)



Togo Seeks Harmony, and Finds It Exploding

To Editor Tribune, who knows how like Wagner a Brass Band can sound when efficiently irritated.

Dear Sir—Some few weeks ago Hon. Taft made signals for more Harmony in the Republican Party. This show the dangerous courage of that Great Peacemaker. Since then all Politicians has been snuggling their brains together and talking Grand Opera. "Harmony must be created at all costs," report each Senator standing around committee rooms and brushing his hair backwards like a Music Master. A hot discussing soon arises from this and then there is fight. What say Hon. Shakespeare, great book-maker, about Harmony? He say as follows:

"Music be the soul of Love. Why do I oftenly make us so durnly mad to hear it?"

Everywhere is symptoms of the intense peev enjoyed by all. Each morning in the snow along the Patomack River bloody foot-prints is seen walking around. The Police are puzzled, as usual. Who done it? Has Jo-Uncle Cannon, with deceptive smiles, been leading young Western Congressmen to the woods and there cracked them to death with a Speaker's gavel, thus reducing the Insurgent vote? Who knows? I don't.

Folks walking in narrow alleyways should carry an umbrella, because mysterious brick-bats is continually being dropped from high buildings onto the heads of passing Progressives from Peoria.

Ambulances is galloping back & forth both day & night filled with bandages and armbands. You can scarcely hear a pistol shot anywhere but what you are nervous for fear another Harmony Meeting is being held between the Stand Still and the Jump Up ends of the Grand Old Party.

Everybody wants Harmony, but they cannot agree how to do so. Some folks thinks that Trombones is made to tot full of sweet air; others believes that musical Instruments is useful to club folks over the head with. Both are good ways to know.

Much suffering is now being enjoyed by numerous Office Holders who are no longer doing that job. On the cold & slippery sidewalks of Washington there is a long broad-line of raggedly men who hang around with frozen tear-drops depending from their eye-winks. These are ex-employees of Interior Dept., Land Office, etc., who, in their primes, was whisking through the madish whirl of Washington Society on salaries arranging from \$18 to \$22 weekly.

At a very blizzard corner annex the Treasury Bldg I seen a pathetic Gentleman shivering inside the fattened remainders of his mink-skin overcoat. In

his right-hand mitten he was holding a tin cup with the following inscription:

I AM BLIND I DARED TO BELIEVE IN PINCHOT.

You are useless to imagine the wretchedness of the scenery, Mr. Editor, which me & Nogi pass by at nearly every panorama. Nearly every Department Door we meet in our morning walks is bursted open with a yell, and another Violent Conservativist is seen shooting outward on the end of some bootware, while a Voice from inside yell hoarsely, "You, too, have been writing letters to Senator Dolliver!"

Befront of Interior Dept Office a Large & mobbish crowd has been standing around all day with their hats off looking willing to work. In their middlemost they bore a sign marked distinctively, "PURE REPUBLICAN OFFICE-SEEKERS LEAGUE." Even while we watched we could see 6 Assistant Foresters, 2 Land Office Experts and a Magazine Writer being carried out of the Tradesman's Entrance in a state of complete bruise. "Banzai!" yell them Office Seekers outside. "If this keep up we shall all get work!"

Washington is in a state of nervous suspenders. A lynching may be enjoyed any minute. To-day scarcely a load of coal dares to show itself in public, for fear some Progressive Wings might seize it, charged with being stole from Alaska by the Cummingsheims. Any honest load of coal would turn pale at such a charge.

The National Capital has a very militia aspect. The Dansville Canoneers in blue uniforms of blue jean, are marching up & down armed with lawn mowers. They got strick instruction to cut down Representatives Morse, Murdock, Nelson, Norris, Parsons, Pickett and Poindexter just as they stand, in alphabetical order.

And yet, in despite of all this trajedy, giddy Washington Society continue to act very glad. Every foreign ambassador who can afford to hire a hack is seen hurrying from bathroom to bathroom attired in his uniform of rich tinfoil. Some of the most exclusive Mansions are being run at full speed, and Senator Lodge is dancing with that accustomed grace which has long won him the veneration of his Massachusetts constituents.

In society column of news prints I notice following chatter: "Hon. G. Pinchot, of Biltmore, has been in our midst, but is no longer doing so. Com again, Giff!"

"The Inhabitants of Elba are to be congratulated on the long stay of our genial townsman, Hon. T. Roosevelt. His absence has been noticed here for a long time."

"Hon. Wm. H. Taft, prominent in local circles as manager of the White House



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and a all-round good fellow, has been entertaining forty-nine Governors. After enjoying a free ride in the Congressional Omnibus all went home praising the enterprising spirit of Our City. The Governor of Wisconsin when asked 'How do you like Washington?' replied, 'Capital! Don't forget us boys!'

Many minds of prominence has been asking the Question: "How can we tell a Regular from an Insurgent?" Answer is: By looking at them. With immediate quickness you can recognize Senator Dewey as a Regular. He got regular features and his jokes date back to the Administration of President Arthur.

"I do not understand that Rule which permit a fighter to gudge him in the eye while biting off his ear with the left hand. That is not warfare. It is cannibalism."

"Herb," say Hon. Ham with dubful expression, "there is one thing about them new Rules which seem unquivehicle to me."

"Who mentioned Hon. Cannon?" require Hon. Parsons with peev. "Was you not gossiping about new Rules to choke him with?" I utter. "O!" revamp Hon. Fish coolly. "We was not dis-cussing Congress. We was talking about the Jeff-Johnson fight."

So they departed off with the fashionable elbows peculiar to statesmen who are not Insurgents expect when voting on the Merits of the Question.

Sydney Katsu, Jr., now holds a important position in Diplomatic Circles. He is Janitor for the Japanese Embassy. This makes him so high-up in importance that he is allowed to look wide while dis-cussing Questions he knows nothing about. This privilege was formerly extended to no one lower than an Assistant Secretary.

Sydney feels very superstitious about that Special Message poked from the President to Congress. He say it is just as shocking as a Roosevelt Message, although nobody seems to realize it. When a Roosevelt Message emerged forth it bursted from the White House like a mad dog, dripping foam and barking at the Special Interests as it passed. But a Taft Message leaves the White House with its gloves on like a lawyer. It comes out quietly smoking a cigar and

roll to see if they still got a Majority—that is sure sign they are Insurgents. In front of the British Embassy this a. m. I met a sight which was very discouraged. Hon. Ham Fish, Society-Insurgent from N. Y., was talking in conversation with Hon. Herb Parsons, Tammany Tiger killer from the Umpire State. Earnest eye-winks for them. With excited heels I ran-hid behind a lamp-pole for see what was.

"Herb," say Hon. Ham with dubful expression, "there is one thing about them new Rules which seem unquivehicle to me."

"What should it be?" require Hon. Herb, looking slightly insurgical. "I do not understand that Rule which permit a fighter to gudge him in the eye while biting off his ear with the left hand. That is not warfare. It is cannibalism."

"Yet it is a good Rule," depose Hon. Herb. "It will permit him to bleed to death before he feels near to such brutal chatter, so I rosh forwards with horrified hair."

"O Hon. Statesmen!" I snagger. "Why you use such dogrish Rules against Hon. Cannon. With all his faults, should you not remember he is your Uncle?"

Learns How to Tell Good from Bad Trusts

reading jokes from the Congressional Record. It stops to get a shine and shake hands with Senator Aldrich; and when it walks into the Senate Chamber it looks so happy and conservative you hardly notice it in the midst of so many Prosperous Bankers. And yet who knows what bitter thoughts against the Trusts that Message is holding in its gentle heart?

"Was Hon. Taft Special Message impudent to the Trusts?" me & Nogi ask from Sydney.

"It was very sauce to the Trusts," ollu-cute Sydney. "He-say, 'Trusts are like Mikerobes and other Fairies—they are bad kinds and good kinds. All Doctors agree that we should be kind to good Mikerobes, because they tickle our nervus system with hind legs, thus making digestion harmless. But bad Mikerobes—sakes of mercy!—how we should punish them! Bad and good Trusts is similar like snakes. Bad Trusts should be lynched like snakes. But before doing so, we should catch him and make sure that he is not a good Trust after all.'"

"How can folks tell them two kinds of Bugs apart?" require me & Nogi in uniform. "When Attorney Gen. Pillswortham goes forthly to pursue these Trusts in their nimble jumps from State to State, how shall he know which to pet and which to punish? Will they be plainly marked 'Good Trust' and 'Bad Trust' so no disgusting mistakes will be made?"

"That will be deliciously difficult," illuminates Sydney Katsu, Jr. So he tell us following decayed legend of Antique Japan, which make his meaning transparent.

About 112 years before the Anarchists came over to Patterson, N. J., there resided in Japan a Emperor name of Wassu-Marra-Yu who was such a surprised combination of Hon. Taft and Hon. Roosevelt that you could expect anything of him.

About this period of oldness there arrived to Japan a horble scourage of Mule-Dragnons, which was a combination of them two domestic animals, the Mule and the Dragon. They was a complete peak. Each day about lunch time they would arrive in flocks with that cheezy expression peculiar to Boarding Houses. They went galloping & boobling through the farm fields, and what hay they didn't eat up they set afire with their breath, which was very injurious to insurance.

So all the strawseed farmers of Japan stood upright on their souls. "Kindly deliver us away from this Nuisance!" they yell to Hon. Emperor, who heard their plaintif Voice and appointed a Inter-State Commerce Commission to go see them Mule-Dragnons and require why they should not be killed or else more house-broken.

After them Inter-Staters was gone 6 months they arrived back to Hon. Emperor and report. "Them Mule Dragnons is divided into two kinds, called respectfully Maximums and Minimums. Them Maximums is deliciously wicked and should be killed away. But the Minimums is so extravagantly harmless that it would be mean to slew them."

"But how to tell a Bad one from a Good one?" require Hon. Wassu-Marra-Yu, who was fond of animals. "There is but only one way," report Hon. Commerce Comm. "The Conscientious Hunter before shooting should examine the left hind toe of the Dragnon-Mule. If the intelligent mammal stand still he is a Good one. But if he kick you to the south he is a Bad one."

"This sound so simple it seem deceptive," say Hon. Emp. So he took down his bang-gun, and hooking his arm over the back he went in seek of sport.

First person he met was a tremendous Dragon-Mule who stood by the road grazing on a Farmer he had just killed. Emperor Wassu-Marra smooth out his courage, approached that brutal beast and cordially raised up his behlindmost leg. When-O shock!—that Dragnon-Mule released out his rear biceps as klicked that Emp of Japan so accurately he was participated on the back of his brain. And when he survived he was found completely dead. So this tidy inscription was fastened on his tomb:

Them who fool With a Dragnon-Mule Had better follow the following Rule: Cut off the head Of that Quadruped And examine his Character after he's dead.

All well here but Cousin Nogi who is not. Hoping you are the same Yours Truly

HASHIMURA TOGO, (Copyright, 1910, by the Associated Literary Press.)

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Little Jane had been learning about gems and other scientific things at school, and the fact that kissing was regarded by medical men as a dangerous pastime had been impressed upon her young mind.

"Papa," she said in her grave fashion, nodding at him across the table, "wasn't you afraid to kiss mamma when you were first engaged?"

"Oh, no," replied papa blithely, "mamma was quite good looking then."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A FALSE ALARM.

Rita (looking at photo)—Oh, yes, he's handsome enough, but he's an awful bouncer. Stella—What did he do? Rita—Didn't I tell you? He made an awful fuss with me one season, and then asked me if I thought the dad would object to him as a son-in-law. I said no, I thought not, and he went away and posed to my sister.—Illustrated Bits.

THE CROSSROADS CONGRESS

By JIM NASIUM

I SEES 'n' their papers that this feller Cook hadn't never de-scov'ered their dad-burned North Pole at all," said the blacksmith, borrowing tobacco from the squire. "Leastwise, these 'ere scientists over 'n' Coppinghagen sez so."

"What gets me 'bout this hull North Pole bizness," put in the squire, "is how in tarnation them these scientists know a doo-dah about it. Scientists hev always claimed that their de-scov'ry of 'er North Pole was important ter science, an' that observations tuk at 'er top of 'er world would add a lot to their scien-tific knowledge of 'er human race. Yit when a feller comes back home with his whiskers full of icicles an' claims that he he de-scov'ered 'er North Pole ter scientists sez that his observations has ter agree with their ideas of 'er conditions up at 'er pole or else he ain't never been ther at all. If them these scientists know all along what 'er conditions at 'er North Pole air, what in 'er name of 'er Jesushey kin their de-scov'ery of 'er North Pole add ter scien-tific knowledge 'bout 'er world a feller, an' what in tarnation's 'er use de-scov'erin' 'er dad-burned pole at all?"

"By crickets!" That's right," said the school teacher. "They don't give a de-scov'ery of 'er North Pole no chance at all. If he don't give nothin' new ter science he ain't did nothin' with slucks, an' if he does give something new ter science he ain't did nothin' follow, only invent a glitterin' falsehood. If they leave it ter science, a polar explorer is gonna wind up either their de-scov'ery of a lot o' observations what hev already been de-scov'ered right here to hum, or a liar an' a faker. There ain't no gittin' round that."

"Well," said the postmaster, "this fellow Cook might hev made some mistakes in makin' his observations, 'twar only natural. If he hed ter use a artificial horizon, an' I've noticed these 'ere artificial horizons set up on nights when I'd be comin' hum late from 'er tavern, an' tell yuh fellers yuh can't bank on 'em much. Yuh kin never tell just where they be. Sometimes, arter a feller hev bean lookin' through 'er glasses a lot, 'er artificial horizons 'll git



EQUALITY.

"pinner (who is doing a little canvassing)—But now my good fellow, you don't mean to say that you would go away with the—upper classes altogether, what?"

"Yes," put in the deacon, "an' I think he made a tarnation bad break 'n' sayin' that arter he had abandoned his sleds he didn't hev nothin' ter eat but putrid seal, yet he talks 'bout the sundogs he seed. Now, if he was in such a tarnation bad fix that he hed ter eat putrid seal, why in 'er name of 'er Jesushey didn't he kill one of 'em them sundogs an' eat it, by heck. Don't take no scientist ter see through a fake story like thet. I don't know what kind of a dog a sundog air, but yuh betcher boots thet 't'd beat rotten seal meat for a spread."

"an' when a feller wants ter hire a good de-scov'ery ter do a leadin' job, he'll find that they've gone out of bizness, an' he'll hev ter pitch in an' do it hisself."

"Yes, by gum, explerin' ain't 'er bizness it used to be," said the squire. "Gettin' so roush-hanged worked out that a feller can't make a livin' at it no more now."

"Yes, sir, if a man has a son what don't look as if he'd ever grow ter be a full-sized man an' ain't big enough ter be visible to 'er naked eye aroun' 'er harvest field, he don't wantter git to klickin' 'cause 'er Lord ain't sent him sumthin' what kin be 'er sum help to 'er family an' kin keep from 'er bein' tramped on 'round 'er house 'n' 'er grown-up folks. Thet's just 'er time when 'er wise man what has been watchin' 'er trend of 'er times 'll start ter layin' out a racecourse in his madder an' git ter lettin' that little shinin' of an offspring of 'er his'n stay hum from school ter ride 'er colts, while 'er bigger boys hev ter farm to do their



ON THE WRONG BACK.

Charitable Lady—I gave your father the money to buy you a coat last week; I see you're not wearing it.

gerin' an' handle 'er chores. That ain't no use'n wastin' time sendin' a boy ter school what ain't big enough ter keep from gittin' drowned in a fountain pen b'fore he's farmed ter use it properly. Ther

fond parent what wants his son ter make 'er most of 'er opportunities 'll keep him to hum an' eddycate him for a hoss jockey, an' when 'er big, strappin', husky members of 'er family air gittin' a dollar a day an' 'ard ter swingin' a cradle in 'er harvest fields or figgerin' up 'er deposits in 'er village bank, 'er leetle runt what air built like a half-starved katydid 'll be pullin' down a hun-dred thousand dollars a year an' buyin' country estates in furrin lands."

"Been a public eddycator myself," put in the school teacher, "it de-velops upon me ter de-fend 'er principles of eddy-cation an' take exceptions to 'er remarks. While 'er assertions 'bout this 'ere Danny May-her might be kee-rect, yer can't deny that eddycation is the cornerstone on which civilization rests, an' thet 'er air 'er eddycation possessed of 'er rest of 'er world what makes this hoss jockey's alrinn's possible."

"Mebbe ye air right," replied the editor, "but most on us would a durned sight rather be 'er uneddycated outsider what air makin' 'er money, air don't wantter say nuthin' agin 'er institution of larnin' what 'er air presidin' over; 'er air doin' a good service at 'er crossroads 'er in eddycatin' 'er children so's they won't sit skun when they hauls 'er grain ter market. But I bean readin' 'er city paper a whal'n' lot, an' I see 'er thet down to 'er cities 'er boys what air makin' 'er big money air 'er ones what ain't ever been bothered 'n' enough eddycator ter make 'er forehead bulge out in front like 'er bay-windy on 'er top story. 'er becomin' runs what ain't big enough ter 'er home-run hitter in 'er big leagues air gittin' a hundred thousand dollars a year fer ridin' race horses, an' 'er bigger fellers what played hokey from school an' stayed out



EXCELLENT REASON.

"I'll work no more for that man Dolan."

his lower back teeth into his eyebrow, air makin' more money an' gittin' more experience in 'er newspapers than all thet Congressmen an' college professors from 'er States c'mbined. I see that a big Dutchman by 'er name of Hans Wagner, what can't write his name so that you had'n't apt ter git it mixed with 'er laundry ticket, hev signed a contract that 'll git him ten thousand dollars for a few months' fun nex' summer, an' Mike Donlin, who pro'bly can't pass 'er examination fur 'er B class at 'er Pole County Academy, is gittin' three thousand dollars a week just fur showin' hisself on the vandoverly stage fur ten minutes ev'ry night. Battlin', 'er Cobby, Danny May-her, Fred Tarral, an' them fellers what ain't never wore out many slat pencils air makin' 'er playmates what was 'er prize winnin' scholars at 'er town school look wus'n a sheriff's sale as money makers. Ther boys what went ter Bucknell College, 'th Christy Mathyson, ur 'er Columby, 'th Eddie Collins hain't never bean heard ur since 'cause they put in 'er school days acquirin' a lot o' useless knowledge 'td o' practisin' 'ther 'er curv air 'ittin' in 'er pinches. Ther outar book 'ar'nin' figgers nowadays in 'er money market."

By Jerushy, 'er thet's right," said the blacksmith. "Speakin' in this fellor Cook what we was just talkin' 'erout, he didn't hev enough eddycator ter write a kee-rect set of observations fur 'er scientists ter peek at, but he hed a idea what wus with a hundred thousand dollars ter him all right, by heck."

BRIDGET'S EXPLANATION.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, m'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinkin' if you were ter find 'em, whos'er 'er fingerbread is, likely they were ter be in 'er hands, air dustin' off books in 'er law office or thumpin' a typewriter on 'er daily papers fur fifteen dollars a week an' no appetite."

"Yes, sir, from 'er way thing air goin' down to 'er cities, it seems to me es though 'er fond parent what wants ter map out a successful car-reer fur his boys an' git 'em a loan'n' around 'er hall of fame 'd do a mighty sight better ter put in a gymnasium in 'er hay mow an' lay out a baseball diamond in 'er cow pasture an' keep 'er kids hum from school ter practice uppercuts an' 'er own 'er waller or curve ball 'er nex' county, than he would ter hev 'em cavin' in 'er chests an' bulgin' out their forehead 'ar'nin' how ter find 'er hypotenus of a triangle. A bulge on 'er biceps air 'ittin' ter be with a durned sight more'n a bulge on 'er forehead, an' a good battin' eye brings in a whal'n' lot more wealth an' fame than a knowledge box full of eddycator."

"I sees 'n' 'er papers that these fellers, Jim Jeffries an' Jack Johnson, what ain't never knode nuthin' but how ter wallor a feller on 'er jaw so hard that it teley-scopes 'er roof of 'is mouth an' sinks



CAN-DID.

Old Gent—No, my lad, I don't want to buy a dog. What's he good for?

The Lad—Why, look at the tail he's got for tying a can to!



GROWING EVERY MINUTE.

—The Cleveland Leader.