

THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY IN WASHINGTON

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

DRAWINGS BY HIS COUSIN NOGI (IKE MORGAN)



Togo at Last Learns Who Owns Alaska

Wash. D. C.

To Editor Tribune, Who Do Not Believe in Conservation as Practised by the Trusts.

Dear Sir:

All this week-time me & Cousin Nogi has been trying to get into that Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. But nothing to do. All day long those Senators, Land-Officers and Cummings has been going in & outwards without noticing us, except to walk on our toes. It was very discouraged for us. How could we save America from that Land Thieves, if nobody would allow us inside to talk to Senator Nelson?

Finally, we saw a lonesome Statesman approaching. He had the sublime air of one who knew the Secrets of the Universe and had even had lunch with the directors of the N. Y. Central. I approached up to him.

"Please, Hon. Mr. we are Japanese schoolmates wishing to learn the disgusting truth about Alaska."

Hon. Statesman look at us with chilled appearance of an influenza.

"Are you crazy?" he require with ice. "We might be, if convenient to you," report me & Nogi.

"Then come inside with the rest of us," negotiate he, and next we knew we was setting in the middle of everybody looking like we could tell a scandal at any minute.

Question before this important investigation when we entered in was "Who Owns Alaska?" Nobody seemed sufficiently prepared to answer this important problem.

Hon. L. R. Glavis was setting in the prisoner's chair looking like a Insurgent being shot.

"Mr. Prisoner," say Hon. Senator Nelson with cross expression of an examiner. "Who are the present owner, or owners of Alaska?"

Hon. Glavis think thoughtfully for a slight time.

"Alaska," he say at last, "was purchased from Russia by the U. S. in 1867. Since then it has changed hands so rapidly that it has been hard to keep track. Originally it was sold for \$7,500,000. Every time it has changed hands it has been worth a little more."

"Real estate is always that way," suggest Senator Flint, with experienced eyebrows peculiar to Los Angeles.

"What are the principal products of this interesting Territory?" require Congressman McCall, not because he loves Murdock less, but because he loves Cannon more.

"Coal, wood and kindling," rejoined

Hon. Glavis. "Looking carefully along the map of Alaska the student will observe a long, dark row of smut. This is coal. There is sufficient coal in this deposit to blacken the Land Office for a thousand years. If properly burned it ought to keep America warm from now till Bryan quits running."

"It will scorch the present Administration very nicely for some time to come," suggest a military Insurgent from Wisconsin.

"Who, then, is your estimate to be the present owner of Alaska?" required Hon. Nelson.

"It belongs to the Cunningham family," berate Hon. Glavis. "But they are unable to use it until it is released by the courts. This is great hardship for them."

"Are you acquainted with the Green Group?" This from Hon. McCall.

"I am," narrate Hon. Glavis, "and I think they call themselves the Green Group for the purpose of appearing deceptive. No Green group would do what they done."

"When first did you see a Cunningham 'clop' away with the goods?" require Hon. Flint.

"It was on July 4, 1906," divest Hon. Glavis. "By early darkness I seen him leaving Alaska with a wagon load of coal. I was setting by the roadside reading Rex Beach at the time, so as to acquaint myself with Alaskan conditions. When he seen me this mysterious Man with the Wagon pulled his whiskers over his ears and sang a 'careless song'."

"How did you know that the wagon contained coal?" require Hon. Nelson.

"By its guilty expression," pop back Hon. Glavis. "So I holla loudly, 'Halt! Who goes there?' A Republican" respect him walking away gunshoofly.

"How far do you intend to go with such lawless operations?" I required peevily. "I can go as far as I like—it is a Presidential year," retort that Predatory Person, expatriating into the forest. I made up my mind that man was crooked."

"Did you ask his name?" This from Hon. Madison Insurgent.

"Why was it necessary?" By his cunning ways I could see he was a Cunningham."

"When you seen the horrid truth and reported same to Sec. Ballinger, what did he say back to you?"

"He say, 'Act quickly, but with quietness & tact.'"

"Did you act with quietness & tact?" ask that entire Committee.



"Scarcely a steam-boat departed for Seattle but what it carried with it a valuable portion of Alaska which had been sawed off by some Private Interest."

"I did," report Hon. Glavis. "I acted like a Roosevelt Policy."

"No wonder you was fired," dib Hon. Fletcher of Fla.

Loud scratching by all reporters present.

"Soon," continue on this Glavis boy, "things went from bad to more worse. Scarcely a steamboat departed for Seattle but what it carried with it a valuable portion of Alaska which had been sawed off by some Private Interest. The Cunninghams increased like a Mormon family. At last, maddened by the spectacle, I sent following wireless telegram to Hon. Taft:

"Shall I look on the destruction of Alaska with resignation?"

Glavis.

Answer came by quick reply:

"The resignation is yours. Hand it in. Taft."

"Did you not do wrongly to trusty shoot over the head of the Secretary of the Interior?" require Hon. McCall.

"Perhaps," connive Hon. Glavis with sad peev. "If I had shot lower I might have hit something."

"Why did you quit when fired?" deport Hon. Nelson.

"Nothing else seemed companionable with the dignity of my position," decry

Hon. Glavis with nearly sobbing. "I am a patient man, but one thing I cannot endure is insubordination on the part of my superiors."

So Hon. Glavis was permitted to rest his nerves while Hon. Committee adjourned outside for slight lunch and other drinks. When they arrived back I could observe by their worried ears that they had not yet settled the irritated question, "Who Owns Alaska?" Senator Dolliver, when led to the witness stand, supposed that nobody owned Alaska to-day, but that it was only a matter of time before it belonged to the Trusts like everything else. Hon. Giff

Pinchot Busy Conserving Gall and Wormwood

Pinchot, who was absent at a Y. M. C. A. lecturing on "The Conservation of Gall and Wormwood in Our National Forests" could not be present, so he wasn't.

Hon. Frank Hitchcock, General Post-officer, was next witness to chat about his crimes.

"Are you acquainted with the present Administration?"

"I have been connected with it in a business way," say Hon. Hitchcock.

"Are you in sympathy with Hon. Giff Pinchot?"

"Yes, in his place."

"Where is his place?"

"Tall timber."

"Are you a Conservationist?"

"I am a Conservative Conservationist."

"What kind is that?"

"A Conservative Conservationist is one that believes Conservation is a kind of sacred subject—too sacred to be shouted in public like in now being done. To me Conservation should be considered only on Sunday morning in the privacy of the home when the servants are out walking and the family has gone to church."

"What American resource should be most carefully conserved?"

"The Magazines. By increasing the postage rate from 1c to 5c a pound the P. O. Dept. hopes to make the magazines scarcer and thusly keep this valuable industry out of the hands of Lawless Individuals."

"Are you familiar with the geology of Alaska?"

"Sufficiently for my business. I know where all the most valuable Postoffice Appointments are deposited."

"Hon. Hitchcock, we have dragged you here to answer a very fragile question. Who owns Alaska—can you answer this difficult reply?"

"I can."

(Delicious excitement by all present.)

"Answer swiftly, Hon. Hitchcock—we are prepared for anything."

"Alaska belongs to the Republican Party. It was given to us in 1908 as a Campaign Contribution."

Thusly spoke Hon. Frank Hitchcock with voice full of calm biondness, while Senator Nelson acquiesced that meeting for the day. Handshakes everywhere, because so much had been done in one afternoon.

Hon. Clarence Mike Kelley, Insurgent Policeman who I met by sidewalk afterward, is quite discouraging about Hon. Glavis ever being Speaker in the House of Reps. He say, "Investigations don't change nothing—they only investigate."

When they get done you can tell the inside apart from the Outside, just same as ever."

"But them that are Out can butt inwards, can't they not?" I require to know.

"Yes, but them that are In do not care to butt outwards. It takes two to create a vacancy. Did you ever hear the jocular poem of Hon. Hen. Longfellow, Charlie Fairbanks's famous cousin?"

"I didn't never."

"It is sung as following:

"There was a young Insurge
And he had a mighty urge.
So he shouted and he fought and he jollied.
For when you are Out
You are very, very Out;
But when you are in you are SOLID!"

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO,
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HER PRIDE IS HUMBLED.

The society reporters have had times at every wedding, but it is believed the record in Atchison was made when the oldest daughter of Alexander John Appleton got married. She paraded the streets with the young man four years; walked past the store where he was employed twice a day for two years, and burned out two parlor stoves keeping him warm. When she was asked for an announcement of her engagement, she went right straight up in the air in a manner that would make Pauline evens. She wore a diamond ring, every one in town knew the young man had bought it, and that he still owed for it, but she denied an engagement until it was feared she would choke to death. One evening she and the young man and Daisey Mayme Appleton and another scared looking male appeared at church and pranced up and down the aisles. It looked like a rehearsal, and a reporter again approached for the announcement of the engagement. "We are measuring the aisles for a new church carpet," said the girl with the steady; "there is no engagement. We are not even thinking of getting married." The next day the oldest Appleton girl got married! But two years later she left her husband, and came home to live, bringing twins with her, and since then she has been so humble even the grocer's girl calls her by her first name—Atchison Globe.

THE SWEAR-OFF THAT STICKS.

"Have a cigar?"

"Nope."

"Have you decided that you would give up smoking?"

"Nope; it was my wife that did the deciding."—Houston Post.

THE INVENTIONS OF IRAD BIGLOW—BY HUGH PENDEXTER

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PHONOGRAPHIC TYPE

"I'm going to harness up," informed Irad Biglow's kinsman, now determined to be rid of the old man.

"All right, Edgar," meekly replied Irad, dissolutely fumbling with his beard. "Cousin Freeman will be expecting me."

While this was theoretically true, he could have added that his arrival would delectate sharp quonks with Irad as to where he could find more than a transient welcome.

"You'll have many a long evening to set and chat with him," maliciously reminded Edgar, who had grown peevish over his relative's repeatedly postponed departure. "I can see you two chinning away by the kitchen stove like two brothers. Heh, heh, he'll read to you."

Irad's aged eyes sparkled suddenly, and after posing long enough to control his voice, he gently corrected: "We'll read from the same book, you mean. He's mighty keen over the proposition."

"What proposition he you talking about?" asked Edgar, shortly, looking at his watch. "Freeman ain't no reader."

"I had reference to my—ahem!—to my phonographic type books," explained Irad, looking from the window at the tops of the distant hills. "It will revolutionize book making and all printing as you well know. Man has always been hampered by speech. You try to describe a beautiful sunset or a yoke of likely steers and you can only say: 'Handsome as a picture, meaning the scenery, or, 'Best I ever seen,' meaning the steers. It's so about anything you try to describe; you're long on



"The Words Begin to Make Harmonic Sounds."



THESE FRENCHMEN!

Most explaining the meaning of his golden wedding celebration to French guests—Yes, we have lived together now for fifty years.

Guest—Ah, charmant! Admirable! And now you marry her, eh?

—The Husbando.

thoughts and short on descriptions. So is every one. But when you open a book printed in my phonographic type it's all changed. The second the mental current from the eye strikes the printed page the words begin to make harmonic sounds and describe what you're reading about and—"

"Of all the sinners pure boah!" began Edgar, his eyes bulging.

"Not boah, but science," insisted Irad. "I sensitize the type, or, as Freeman say, mesmerize it so if you're reading about a battle you instantly hear the popping of guns and the boom of the cannon and the patter of retreating feet. It's a cross between psychological and phonic type, I guess."

"What in all git out do you mean?" cried Edgar.

"Just it's a phonic type, and you read the words you hear the soft drop, drop of the rain and the sweet swirl of



"You don't know when you're well off, madame, or you wouldn't want to accept this brat."



A BIT OF WELL MEANT ADVICE.

the spring wind and the cooing of birds, if the heroine is a sweet girl graduate, you'd hear them foreful words: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." We'd git \$9 per for school books now selling for 65 cents. After a magazine editor pays \$2 a word for a story he'd pay \$7 a word to sensitize the type. Say it was a story about a feller singing a merry song, besides reading the song, you'd hear it sung in a deep, rollicking voice. As to newspapers—no, we'll let that go till you drop over to Freeman's for a evening. Want me to help harness?"

"Wait a minute," mumbled Edgar, rubbing his right ear. "There's lots of money in it."

"Lots of money? Ho! ho!" cried Irad, hunting for a pencil. "Take 10 cents a line, flat rate, for mesmerizing the type in newspapers. We'd put it on with a brush so thin it wouldn't last more'n one reading. The royalties from newspapers alone would be \$1,000,000 for the first year. And that don't include advertising. Just think of it! 'Buy Big's Baked Beans,' reads a 'ad.' And it speaks, loud and clear-like at the same second. The minute you stop reading the type stops talking. Now if you're ready—"

"What's your rush?" demanded Edgar. "Ain't our food wholesome? The hox is lame and I'm glad of it, if it keeps you here till to-morrow. Now you can't budge to-day, and that's settled. How do you make this type act so?"

"All you do is to scratch a crease on each letter, using a diamond cutter and making a crease you can't see with the naked eye. Then you fill in the creases with my psycho-magnetic fluid, and when the type strikes paper it leave a trace of the phonic fluid, which one glance of the human eye will cause to evaporate into spoken words, strains of music and so forth. And there you be." And Irad smiled triumphantly.

"But—Great Scott! How long does it take to scratch all them angled type?" gasped Edgar.

"If a man's provided with a high grade diamond cutter, made to order, guaranteed a hundred proof, and providing the type is plastic by being treated in our specially constructed carbide-furnace, carrying a relay of three different kinds of gases, I figure a man ought to do one type a day—else he's a skunk and loafing on his job," said Irad. "It's that all!" whispered Edgar, his face purple with suppressed emotion. "Sure there ain't some billion-dollar, extra super-microscopic self-adjusting, diamond hitted pin wheel to be fetched in?"

"I swear! I did forget the diamond dust to be used in filing the diamond cutter after each type is scratched!" cried Irad. "Good joke on me, eh? We'd slap it on

with a low geared emery wheel!"

"I'll come over the first evening you ain't Freeman have a reading bee," grimly promised Edgar.

THRIFTY MAYME.

At last the boy has been found of some use to some one besides his mother and father. Daisey Mayme Appleton recently put every cracked piece of bric-a-brac in the house on the parlor piano and table, and invited a wealthy cousin to come and visit her, and to bring her seven-year-old son. The boy was given a bean bag and a rubber ball as welcoming gifts, and

encouraged to play in the house. In two days he had smashed everything smashable in the parlor and dining room, and the cousin, being generous, insisted upon paying for all the "damage."—Atchison Globe.



A WATER WASHING-TON.

"George, did you cut down my favorite anemone?"

"Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little sawfish."

—The Tatler.



ASKING FOR IT.

Teacher—Jimmie, correct this sentence: "Our teacher am in sight."

Jimmie—Our teacher am a sight!

—Comic Cuts.



A KILL JOY.

"We come near lynchin' the wrong man yistday," said Chapparral Charlie, "just as we wuz gittin' to swing him off, too."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Eastern tourist, "and then you discovered your mistake, eh? What luck?"

"Wuzn't it, though! The worst I ever hear tell of."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

MOVING WITH CAUTION.

Employer—You have an excellent chance to grow up with the business, young man, and make something of yourself. It's all up to you.

Boy—I'd like to do job all right, mister, but if you don't mind, I'd just as lief stay at de bottom. You see, sir, I'm just a little

leery about bein' one o' dem fellers "high up."—Boston Herald.

HE KNEW.

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history, "to his class—'now then, as to hens. A hen has the capacity of laying six hundred eggs and no more, and she finishes in just about five years. Now, what is to be done with her after that?"

"Cut off her head and sell her for a spring chicken," exclaimed a youngurchin whose father dealt in poultry.—Tit-Bits.

MR. BIGGINS'S BASKETS.

"Biggins must be a liberal provider," said the observant citizen. "He always takes two baskets to market with him. But I wonder why one basket is so large and the other so small?"

"'Is to carry the money to market and the small one is to bring the provisions back."—Washington Star.

UNPROFESSIONAL.

"You and your old friend Meandering Mike have separated," said the village constable.

"Yes," answered Plodding Pete. "He's a plagiarist. He got up early in de morning an' went down de road tellin' me best hard luck story."—Washington Star.

EXPANSION.

"So your wife is a suffragette?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Heekton. "Why does she want to vote?"

"I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."—Washington Star.

GOT HIS.

"I'll admit I was trying to get something for nothing."

"Well?"

"I got what I deserved."—Washington Herald.

DEFINED.

While—Pa, what are "Conversational powers?"

Pa—Oh, any of the South American republics.—Puck.



AN AWFUL MOMENT.

The Elephant—Great Scott! I'm going to sneeze.

—The Sketch.



A REVISED VERSION.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor son a bone;
But the cupboard was bare,
For the dog had been there,
That's why the grub had all gone.
—Illustrated Lita.