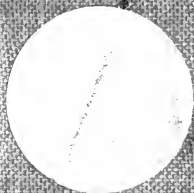
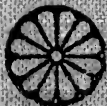


HASHIMURA TOGO

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HASHIMURA TOGO



*“You are not permitted to amuse cousins while working,” she snib.
“However, Nogi may remain if he help pass salad to Daughters
of Samantha.”*

HASHIMURA TOGO

DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

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ILLUSTRATED BY STROTHMANN

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FACING PAGE

By this warfare I broke considerable flies and other dishes 44 ✓

When I fetch forth raw steak and apple pie all require, “What the matter with Togo?” 60 ✓

“Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs? Nothing could be fresher than that,” depose Hon. Butcher 106 ✓

Introduction to Mrs. Public

DEAR SIR:—In reading this intellectual volume of words I hopes that Mrs. Public & Husband will realize what I am stabbing at. Science in kitchen, rugs, vacuum cleaners, babies etc is what I wish teach all homes. Can this be accomplish? Answer is, Yes!! For housekeeping can get to be a Science just like warfare and pulling teeth.

And in each of those letters scrambled together in this Book I show you how like a Scientist I behave; for Scientists learns big wisdom, does they not, by manufacturing wicked smells, explosions and unhappiness. I also learn knowledge of housekeepery that way, and if occasional folks expire dead from eating what I cook, they should not get irritable. Science has its victims as well as warfare.

Hon. Shakspeare, or some other great book-maker, say, "We learn by our mistakes." If such is case, then I have learned nearly everything that can be assimilated about Gen. Housework. I have followed considerable branches of this kitchen intelligence throughout U. S. America wherever I could find carfare. Therefore I have swept all this wreckage together in my brain and publicate them in this Book, which is sort of letter of recommendation to show how much I can accomplish when least required.

8 Introduction to Mrs. Public

Frequent Professors has asked that Question: Why Do Servint Girls Be Servints? I have discovered following reasons for it:

1—To accumulate \$4 weekly until wealthy.

2—To drink gin secretly in refined homes.

3—To learn politeness from being snubbed by Ladies.

4—To quit noisily.

Still more frequent Professors require: Why is Reason for High Costly Living? Answer is, Servints. If you ask any Lady in places from which I have quit you will soonly find out. One lady called me most expensive Servint in America because I cost her \$1302.33 for breakery of crockery in one week of labor. I were considerable proud of that record which are seldom equalled, even by Swedish.

What are purpose of this Book? To teach Ladies be more kind while abusing their help. With very apologetic thumbs I acknowledge that Hired Girls is not perfected like other modern machinery. Too many waitresses wait too long before obeying anybody. Too many nurses spoils the children. Too many cooks spoils the broth. Etc. Yet what could you expect for \$6 weekly? Not much. And you usually do not get it. This are very labentable state of affairs, and I am peculiar among Servint Girls because I never do less than expected of me. I usually do more. For instancelly, if Hon. Boss Lady expect me to break $\frac{1}{2}$ her dishes, I break all. If she expect me to burn up the roast, I burn down the house.

Introduction to Mrs. Public 9

Success in any line can be manufactured from such industry.

House-ladies should continuously remember that Servants are only human. Sometimes slightly less. Nor should persons feel peevish of temperament because Cooks only stay shortly when they call. Folks does not expect Doctors and Undertakers to stay longtime when they come to houses. No!! They got too much busy duties elsewhere to linger considerable with one customer, however much they enjoy it. Suchly it is with Cooks. They give so much time they can to each victim & pass onwards. Then why should they be followed with brickbats & regrets when they depart for station? There is no answer to this question.

During my promenades from jobs to jobs I have visited considerable kitchens. Some folks have promised to treat me like one of the family; this sound deliciously sweet until I see how that family behaves with itself. From such places I escape nearly lifeless. In my profession I resemble burglars—continually entering houses without welcome and seldom quitting without taking something with me. Sometimes I take valuable experience, sometimes injury of eye which are considerable precious for teach my soul how to set in his place and act low down.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO

HASHIMURA TOGO

I

Togo's Thursdays Out

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine who should be found in every employment bureau

DEAREST SIR:—While working in servant-girlish employment of Gen. Housework I have endured considerable cruelties with great durability. But when ladies insists to pour kindness upon me, then the worm twists from such brutality. For thus reason I am now entirely disjointed from job of working at home of Hon. Mrs. Heneretta Hoke & Husband, Nutt Center, N. J. I tell you this historical event.

When I employ this Mrs. Hoke to be boss, she say with Jane Addams expression, "Hon. Abe Lincoln freed niggero slaves sometime of yore; therefore Japanese servant must also be considered human."

"I do not expect such sweethearted treatment," I say for slight tear-drop.

"I am going to commence my beginning by being generous to you," she encroach. "You may take Thursday afternoons out."

"How far out can I take them?" are question for me.

“Plenty far,” she renounce, “but not so distant he will not get back in time for breakfast Fryday morning. I give you this Thursday p. m. from great philanthropy of soul, so you will be able to work harder when you get back.”

“What amusements are proper for servant on this bright holiday?” I ask to know.

“Sometimes one way, sometimes different,” she pronounce. “Walking, setting down, quarreling, flirtating, seeing emotion-picture show, obtaining drunkenness, getting married or arrested—all are good ways for servant on Thursday.”

I thank her from the stomach of my soul and fill my brain with joy-thoughts about that nice date of afternoon I should spend. It were Monday when she say this. Each day afterwards my gladness become pretty plenty when I think what light amusement it should be. I fill my mentality with plans for frivolity. Maybe I should go to hear Rev. Dr. Soyana lecture on Mr. Ibsen. Or perhapsly I might walk in Unnatural History Museum admiring skeletons. These light joys seem pretty happy—but O!—of suddenly I think something better. I should write my cousin Nogi for meet me in G. A. R. Cemetery where we could learn American language by reading biographies on monuments.

Thursday morning arrive up. Such beauty of day! Air was clear like alcohol, making blueness of sky which removed blueness from heart. I

never observed better day for servants to see cemeteries. At 11 a. m. I eloped to room for make slight brush to shoes & derby.

Lunch time arrive.

"Togo," report Hon. Mrs. Hoke, poking unprepared head into kitchen, "you will be unexpectedly detained at home this afternoon; so sorry. I shall give bridge-gamble for 48 friends this p. m. and 6 additional must remain for dinner-eat."

Door-slam was her next reply.

Mr. Editor, have you ever been retained in kitchen, manufacturing lemonade-drunk for ladies while Nature stand outside whistling for you? Amidst such sorrows your fingers shuffle their feet and your soul refuses. I attempt to bake cake while enjoying these pains; but you cannot make cake arise when your heart contains no yeast.

All through brightness of afternoon bridge-gamble continue while I poke forth chocolate. At lateness of 11.22 p. m. 6 additional persons depart off from dinner-eat. I go bed without congratulation.

Next morning Hon. Mrs. report to kitchen with shameface.

"So careless, I forgot Thursday!" she guggle.

"Could you not forget Monday or Wednesday next time?" I acknowledge.

"When Thursday comes again, remind me it is here," she snuggest while tucking her hairs.

So I again enslave myself with fidelity for 6½

complete days. This Thursday, I think so, me & Nogi should see that delicious cemetery while brightness of weather was there. Once more I write Nogi, "Come meet me at kitchen, so we sure find each other." He reply back, "Will do."

Next Thursday come up. More sunshininess of thermometer I never saw. On such days birds gets headaches from too much song. So I was prepare to elope away for slight vacation. By early date of breakfast I encroach up to Mrs. Boss and reply with butler voice, "Thursday have arrive!"

"So glad you remind me—so he has!" she goss. "If you had not speak I would forgot—Daughters of Samantha Stitching Society meet here this p. m. You must assist with salad-eat for 41."

"Are this not my outside day?" I repeat for slight peev of tone.

"Be less impertinent in your impudence," she snagger while walking.

I remain where was that afternoon. Yet my soul became so sogged he nearly dropped out. At 2 p. m. while I was chopping up detestable chicken for salad-feed, my Cousin Nogi make smiling knock-knock to kitchen door.

"When shall you get out?" he require with fashionable derby.

"I am hopelessly sentenced for life," I reply spirally. "Set down in chairs and enjoy my imprisonment."

Ring-door occur so I must lay aside my apron

Togo's Thursdays Out 15

and other sorrows while opening knob for assorted fat ladies. When I go back to kitchen and commence explaining indignation in Japanese to Cousin Nogi, then Mrs. Hoke poke her features in door.

"Who that?" she require hashly, making points to Nogi.

"My affectionate cousin Nogi," I corrode.

"You are not permitted to amuse cousins while working," she snib. "Howeverly, Nogi may remain if he help pass salad to Daughters of Samantha."

Loudly crash heard when Nogi was escaping through window.

Mr. Editor, Thursday Out are like any other form of love. If you never had it you never miss it. I had 2 Thursdays removed from me and was getting accustomed to do without.

When another Thursday arrive up all Nature look cross & aggravated. Extreme cyclones begin blowing away Kansas; trees threw down, huj. landslides of snow fell from heaven while wet rain also was there to make puddles amidst ice.

Hon. Mrs. Heneretta Hoke arrive in kitchen with her face filled up from the sunshine which was not in sky.

"Togo," she say so, making charity expression of mouth, "you have been earnestly faithful Japanese in bake, stew, and dish-wash."

"I confess it." This from me.

"Therefore I shall reward it," she sympathize while pointing to outdoors where nature were

feeling seasick while blowing down hen-shed.
“I give you your Thursday Out.”

“I bid you merry no thanks!” I say it. “If convenient, I shall take my outing inside where there is less pneumonia.”

“O!” she defy with steam voice. “You dish-obey my orders?”

“If convenient,” I snagger, “I prefer my picnic in my bedroom where there is only one leak.”

“Shall not do!” she howell. “Your lung require fresh air Thursday.”

“My lung feel plenty fresh already,” I insure.

“O boneless Japanese!” she retork. “Why should I be continuously thoughtful for your convenience? Why should I treat you gently like a horse when you stand there and kick my kindness back in my face?”

Bang door. She popp away.

When dishes was entirely washed off I retire upwards to my room with my mind full of vacation. This department where I slept was neat room for Japanese, but too small for Swedes. What should I do with this enclosed Thursday? Sleep, perhapsly, and enjoy a few nightmares by daylight? This seem too inappropriate. What then should I?

I set on bed opposite bursted portrait of Hon. Geo. W. Washington while watching drop-drip of rain falling into wash-bowl. Pretty soonly I uprose and lock door.

How should I be amused? Then, of suddenly, I think it. Music! That are considered most

fashionable indoor exercise for jaded fatigue. So I open up trunk and got out following implements:

1 Japanese banjo of whang-string variety.

5 complete cigars of Philippine factory.

1 music entitled "Jolly Widow Wedding March."

1 umbrella of American nationality.

I tie umbrella to bed, so keep off drop-drip. I arrange myself under this water-shed, light cigar in teeth, put banjo in knuckles, retain music on knee. Then I commence beginning. Japanese banjos, Mr. Editor, refuse to wear American tunes unless forced to do so; but by practical continuation of pick-pick on strings I can become quite Mozart. I spent 2½ hours at this musical sympathy, filling small room with more sounds than it could contain and almost becoming tuneful, when—O startle!—knock-knock rapped at door.

"Come inwards!" I holla.

"Can't do, and be pretty quick about it!" glub basso voice of Hon. Mr. Hoke, making rattles from locked knob. "Please unlock door so I can drag you out."

I oblige politely by unlatching that locker. Hon. Hoke rosh inward and stand sky-scraping over me like bulldogs scaring mice.

"Why you mean?" he thonder. "Why you so reptilian in depravity when kind Mrs. Wife are so angel-handed? Are she not entirely generous?"

“She are quite Carnegie, I pronounce humbly.

“Did she not give you my shoes last week?”

“She do. I am saving them to give to some tramp who like ventilated soles,” I oblate.

“What are more ungrateful than ingratitude?” he hoop. “And now this sweetish lady offer you Thursday which you refuse. Why so?”

I point out of window where weather was there shooting lightning into churches while thunder cursed with entreme bellus.

“I do not like this Thursday,” I renig. “It is damaged.”

“You shall be included among the wreckage!” he nash while compelling me downstair. And next I stood alonesome in the midst of Thursday which was quite drowned.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

II

Togo's Moving Day

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine, who are still there, I hopes,

DEAR SIR:—Kindly to please notice my detachment from employ of Hon. Mrs. & Mr. Anna G. Sulz, Cornstable, N. J. I shall tell you how they carelessly came to remove their home without including me among furniture.

One morning a. m. Hon. Mrs. arrive to kitchen and observe me singing Japanese opera amid dish-pans.

“Togo,” she say it, “date of Maytime will soonly arrive up. May Day are come when nervus prostration are enjoyed by all Homes which must travel for their health.”

“I should like learn this education,” I say it.

“You shall,” she pronounce. “Kindly to begin at oncely. Firstly you may rave through house tearing all pictures down and all carpets up. We must move on Wednesday before our lease stops doing so.”

“I shall obey with faithful mania,” are promus from me.

So I do so to any extent. I seek forth with tack hammer and am so earnest from labor that entire residence look quite cyclone. Too bad important cow portrait hanging over piano were crushed by falling on that mahogany music! Also sorry to observe so much jugs, china, and ancestors bursted by striking me while I worked! But what you expect? Home are like any other ship. It would not be wrecked if it would remain motionless.

But Hon. Mrs. Sulz would not agree to this wisdoms. When plaster cast of Mr. Dante, famous inferno, fell over and stroked me on forehead with his sharp nose, Hon. Mrs. make loudy ouch.

"Awful!" she yellup. "Why must everything break what strikes you?"

"I am grieved." This from me. "If that poet gentleman had less soft head it would not explode when striking mine."

"It were an artistic bust," she narrate while weeping.

"I notice this," I reprobate while sweeping up small plaster fraxures from that great poetry.—And so onwards.

When Hon. Sulz, important gentleman of Senator Penrose resemblance, retire homewards that night, he look round with anxious thumbs.

"I wish women could vote," he exaggerate, "because then they would get less time for house-keeping and home would be left comfortable once in a whiles."

Hon. Mrs. make pepper answer to this reply, but I were too busy dragging carpet downstairs by his ears.

At lastly morning of May date arrive. I awoke and called me early, wishing to think Tennyson poem, but could not do because rain ensued as usual and Italian-speaking shovels was digging gas-hole in street amidst intense odor of smell.

I hear noise of considerable "Whoa!" be-front of house. Look see! Three swollen wagons resembling circus was there while 3 drivers, assisted by enlarged Irish, spoke language to horses wearing overalls.

I rosh downwards to open door and all Moving Vanners rosh inwards intending to make jiu-jitsu with furniture.

"O please!" collapse Hon. Mrs. while them 6 Vanners looked cruelty at piano while unrolling their giant muscles. "O please be gentle with my home!"

"Mrs. Lady," say Hon. Boss Mover, making chawtobacco, "strong men are always kindest." With such dictation he embrace Hon. Piano with terrible Turkish elbows and knock off several legs by removing door-knob while brushing too close. Assisted by considerable Irish, Hon. Piano make crash-bang music by stumbling into Van.

"How could you treat music so carelully?" chock Hon. Mrs. ringing her hands.

"One cannot be a Sandow and a Paderewski at same moment," snuggest Hon. Boss Van-

ner while performing slides with bed furniture.

Pretty soonly all that Home was ejected outward into street. Ancestors, coal-scuttles, landscapes, dictionary, dust-pan, etc. all waltzed down stairway on top of that great muscle. When Hon. Vanner drop bureau which crack in 2 he say to Hon. Mrs. Sulcz, with chivalry expression, "I call you to witness; this goods is damaged." And so onwards.

Pretty soonly, when that Home were completely tied down in wagons, Hon. Mrs. arise upwards from her nervus prostration and say so to me, "Togo, can your brain do some intellect?"

"I shall be entirely brilliant, if brain is not," I promus.

"Well, if so," she snagger, "I wish you would ride on front wagon with Chief Housebreaker and tell his brainless mind the number of new house where it should go."

"Where shall it be?" I inquest.

"Remember this number exactly—125 North Orange Street. Can your memory assimilate it?"

"Doggishly!" I insure.

"Remember—125!!" she holla while Hon. Vanload chuckle off.

This job of bossing boss make me entirely enlarged in my sensations which feel like German army. To think of! Small-down Japanese like me setting there in frontwheel seat dictating or-

ders to gigantic Irish! This show how brains is more muscular than muscle.

Pretty soonly we arrive up to home entitled Number 125. O such landscape of expensive house! Front lawn extending on all sides, considerable pompus windows, goddesses in iron nightgowns standing near fountains, and front door of considerable brass resembling Senators. Joy inflamed my ears. How pleasure I feel to know that Hon. Mr. Sulz had increased his salary so much he could afford to move into house like a library.

While thinking this intelligence I stood forth and command all those enlarged Vanners like Napoleon moving into France. Firstly we go to front door of new home for open him so furniture get in. How strange! Hon. Key seem disabled to unlock it. Howeverly much we twist and fubble, it make no impression on that brassy opening.

"You have got wrong key," say Chief Mover. "But not be dishcouraged. I was once a burglar. Therefore I can deceive that lock into opening himself."

With talented thumbs and several pocket-knife he stroggled & ranched until—O suddenly!—Hon. Door click apart and there we stood in grandy hall resembling theaters.

But what I see there? Surprise! That home we entered were entirely filled with furniture of boastful appearance. Sofas, statues & gilty upholstery stood everywhere looking natural.

"Last family have been too sluggish to move out in time," glub Hon. Vanner. "Shall we throw out this proud furniture and wedge ours in?"

"Not sure," I renig dubfully. "So many sideboards & pianos might be too heavy to throw very far. Perhapsly they are new instalment furniture bought by Hon. Sulkz to fill up."

"Gentlemen with so much duplicate tables should lead double lives," grubble Hon. Boss Teamer. "Shall we move inwards?"

"With immediate quickness!" I signify, making Admiral Dewey eyebrows.

So all Moving Vanners do so with immediate strength. Sooner than before all that Sulkz home was walking into midst of grandeur which look quite snobbish to see so many plain chair & table piled up in midst of that Czar of Russia parlor. No room was for another piano, yet we pile him next. Dining-room were too much crowd for second table, yet we set 2 on top of each other. Same thing must be did with beds, stoves, and wash-tubs.

When all this jobs were completely finished, that house look like a judge after Republican banquets—entirely grand, yet too filled to feel comfortable.

However! When all those Vanners say "Gid-dap!" and drove away in Gen. Direction of more beer, I sat alonesome in house. 4 hours I await idly doing nothing. What had occurred to kill all Sulkz family that they do not come to reside in this new palace? I was confused. Night

time approach up. I could hear ghosts creaking under piano, so I lit \$10000 chandelier in dining-room and ate crackers while pretending I were King of Portugeese expecting revolution.

Silence was interrupted by noise. What was? I heard many footprints walking into house—and while it was too soon to hide, 2 realestaters, 6 police, Mrs. Sulkz, Mr. Sulkz, child & dog walk inwards.

“How you get in here?” howell Hon. Mrs. with voice.

“I move in,” I narrate calmly. “This are number you told.”

“It are right number but wrong house,” she snuggest. “I told you North Orange Street. This are South Orange Street.”

“Would that make some importance?” I ask out.

“Mentality of a mice!” she aggravate. “Do you not know difference between North and South?”

“There are no difference,” I explan with Abe Lincoln expression. “That were settled by civil war.”

But before I could complete finishing my talk, more civil war elapsed while Hon. Sulkz, police, real-estate, child & dog poke me through mixed furniture while I eloped away like an old-fashioned egg escaping from Dr. Ostler.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

III

Togo Runs a Furnace

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine who are cheaper than coal, because he warms many homes, price 15c.

DEAR SIR:—Most recent job of employment I was impeached from was home of Mrs. and Mr. J. W. Humburg, Pondsides, N.J. Perhapsly you can tell me why, because I am disabled to understand the customary habits of some households.

Just a few days of yore I apply there in extreme coldness of snow. This Hon. Mrs. Humburg, dark hairs lady of muscular expression, approach to kitchen and observe me.

“You are a cook?” she ask it.

“Yes are!” I say it.

“Then you will be expected to feed the furnace while doing so,” she negotiate harshly.

“Must I be an engineer because I am a hired girl?” I requesht.

“I guess supposedly,” renig Hon. Mrs., while leading me to inferno of down-cellar where I was introduced to Hon. Furnace. This iron animal, Mr. Editor, lives like a very homely hermit in middle of low darkness. He set there in nest

of ashes, with tin snakes growing from his forehead like zinc octopus. His teeth was full of blazes and he would of made a nice idol for Japanese to worship when feeling old-fashioned. I could not love his face which seem too hungry when open and too satisfied when closed.

"We never permit him to go out in winter," narrate Hon. Mrs.

"I shall watch see he do not escape," I promus with Wm. Jerome eyebrows.

Annexed to Hon. Furnace were a slight clock with one finger going around like taxicabs. "This are the steam gag," explan Hon. Mrs. "He are now pointing 23."

"Do that tell age of Hon. Furnace?" I require educationally.

"No, not!" she snagger. "That indikate the number lbs. steam in boiler. You must be careful about that. If Hon. Steam Gag jump above 25 lbs. that will mean Hon. Furnace have got too much steam on his brain and might blow up with Harry Thaw noise. When Hon. Steam Gag get too ambitious, Oh, cool Hon. Furnace with immediate quickness before explode up!"

"A Samurai janitor fears no steam!" I reject proudly, while folding my elbows over coal shovel.

Mr. Editor, I did not stoke long in this situation of work, but I make very pleasant impression of it. Although I enjoy thumb-scorch, ash-eye, and janitorial pain of spine, yet I commence to love Hon. Furnace for his characteristic. I

begin to dishcover he are like Hon. Beethoven, famus piano-player—he got red-hot soul inside his homely face. It were pleasant to watch him eat \$8 worth very hard coal and purr from sweet digestion. It are nice to be healthy. He seem to contain no meanness. When I close his mouth with shovel he forgive that impoliteness. He love to have me comb his ashes with poker.

Pretty soonly, while doing this, I begin to feel like engineers running *Lusitania*. I decorate my complexion with smudges and imagine how 1000 Newport passengers was on upstairs deck congratulating my intelligence. While thinking thusly I poke more coal into inflamed mouth of Hon. Furnace. Yet I keep my scientific eyesight on Hon. Steam Gag for see he did not over-jump 25 lbs., thusly causing mania to explode.

This engineerish work seem so heroic that I grew quite peev about merely house-maidenly work. Yet I was hired to do. So I perform them with disgust.

While I was upstairs doing bed-make exercise, Hon. Mrs. incroach with sharpness of face peculiar to swords.

“I am quite aquainted with Hon. Furnace,” I say for happy smiling.

“I notice it,” she degrade, “by the thumb-tracks you leave on bed-spread.”

“If you would burn white coal, maybe I would match your delicate home more nicely,” I suggest.

She reply by not doing so.

Hon. Furnace seem more depressed that afternoon p. m., so I sit beside him to shovel nourishment. Hon. Steam Gag say 14, which are very sick temperature. Hon. Furnace look dull-eye like fish, and more I coaled him the less he het. I feed him slight soap-box for light foods, and by 4:11 he smile more pleasanter and commence eating coal. At 5:12 Hon. Steam Gag awoke up to taxicab work.

Thusly I left him and go to kitchen for make food for rest of family. But my soul would not get into that kitchen work, Mr. Editor. It were similar to a janitor attempting to be a chef. It might be done, but can it? I almost nearly put shovelful of coal in apple-pie, I was thinking so hard about what would tempt appetite of furnaces.

Howeverly, I finished fashionable foods for that Humburg family to eat, to include considerable potatus and canned corn. Hon. Mrs. who went to Trenton for slight shop-buy, arrive back at 6:34 attached to her Husband. I observe that gentleman through door-hinge and notice his dishagreeable Wall Street appearance. He look entirely bear-market. First thing he do when approaching inside was to sneeze while walking to Hon. Radiator and touching him with diamond fingers.

“Huh!” This from him. “Have you employed Hon. Doc Cook for janitor?”

“Why so?” This from Hon. Mrs.

“Because he makes North Poles wherever he

goes," snig Hon. Mr. I could not assimilate this compliment which might be otherwise.

I brought in dinner-food on tray and set him to table. When Hon. Mr. took chair he looked to me with serious eyesight.

"That are nice-looking niggero boy you employ," he snuggest to Hon. Mrs.

"He are not niggero," she devolve. "He got that complexion from being attentive to furnace."

"Oh," he snagger. "If he would put more coal in Hon. Furnace and less on that face, perhapsly I should feel less iced."

I could not chide that denaturized man, yet I thought so.

After dinner-eat he approach to kitchen and say: "Togo," he say with doggish voice, "furnaces are made for heats. Otherwisely we would use ice-boxes, which is just as handsome. Any cook who cannot feed my furnace should be banished for cruelty."

"I understand this knowledge," I report chivalrously.

"Did you permit Hon. Furnace to go out!"

"Ah, no, not I did!" This I say. "I watch him entire day and give you my truthful insurance he did not leave that cellar."

"Tonight you must compel him to heat, no matter how desperado you act," he snarrel, departing off with bang-slam.

At hearing such adjectives, angry rages filled my hair with scorn. What is so ungrateful as

ingratitude? Nothing!! Had I not sat by sick-bed of Hon. Furnace, feeding him what stomach would hold? Yes! And yet this crude gentleman reproach my firemanship with coolness.

Nextly I become determined. I would compel that heater to a hotter thermometer if I cooked my soul doing so, I declare!

So I ascend down to cellar. Hon. Furnace was still there doing the same. I shook him with considerable peev, but he merely answered by winking his dull coals. Hon. Steam Gag say 18 and act like he was intending to faint away. I have read in novel-book about bravery of engineer who save his ship by burning it up for steam. I shall do similar!

I burst up kitchen table, which should burn nice because covered with happy grease. Hon. Furnace love such foods and eat him with loudly roar. Hon. Steam Gag jump forwards to 19. Afterwards I poke in oilcloth which blaze resembling July 4 and smell more so. At this sight Hon. Steam Gag leap onward to 21 and that cave where Furnace lived become quite sun-stroke. And when I fetch forth excelsior-shave quenched with kerosene, I never observed Hon. Furnace chew more satisfaction. Coal I added in hodd—when—Oh, look!!

Hon. Steam Gag had arrived at 27 and was pointing his reckless finger further up! This could not happen!!! I remember how Hon. Mrs. had cautiously warned me that Hon. Furnace would get steamed brain and explode from de-

mentia if Hon. Gag surpass 25 lbs. Yet there he was approaching 30 with mean taxi-click!

What should heroes do with such circumstances? I thought lightning. Too much fire make too much steam, too much steam make blow-off. Therefore fire must quit at oncely. With rapid coal-scuttle I make outrush to kitchen sink where I fill him with water and make back-rush to cellar. I open mouth of Hon. Furnace, and embracing my elbows, throw water with awful strength. What did that cruel furnace reply then?

WHOOSH!!!***

Out-jump of steam, cooked coal & atmosphere suppress me backwards with such rapidity that I hurricaned through 2 doors and 1 window, arriving in outside snow-bank on the seat of my stumach.

"What deed have you done now?" scam Hon. Mrs. from topside porch.

"Your furnace just discharged me," I flop back disgustly.

"I congratulate him," she narrate. Then she make earnest close-down to window, so there I sat surrounded by frost.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

IV

Togo and the "Weak-Enders"

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine, who know how to make home beautiful by staying there,

DEAR MR:—There are a vacant place to be obtained for bright Japanese Gen. Houseworker at home of Mrs. & Mr. Jeremia Spiggott, Flag Wave, Pa. That vacancy are where I am not now working. It surprise me. This are how it happen.

During breakfast-table last Fryday Hon. Mr. Spiggott look uply from Pittsburg news-reading and say with voice, "Mrs. and Mr. Wm. H. Axweilder shall be here tomorrow p. m. for slight weak-end visitation."

"They are both entirely unwelcome, I am sure," she snob.

"If we merely asked people we liked there would be no hospitality," he rake off. "We must enjoy Hon. Axweilder's company because of his great wealth. If we are sufficiently delightful to him maybe he will permit me to cheat him in business. You will love his conversational talk. For so dull a man he have a most penetrating mind."

“He *must* have to bore me so deep,” she snagger. “I like his wife less than equally.”

So that day she enslave me for hard house-work, so all shall be delightful for this disgusting visit. All day I do considerable proud bed-make with swollen quilts of mushy silk appearance. At lastly tomorrow p. m. arrive when Hon. Mrs. approach up to me and say with com-mutor language:

“Togo,” she say it, “at toot of 2.22 train Mrs. & Mr. Axweilder will arrive in custody of Hon. Husband. Kindly to hitch down Sarah, the horse, to fashionable bug-wagon and elope to depot with coachman expression.”

I go forthly to horse-garage where Hon. Sarah stood eating his oat. So I hitched it and made immediate race-course to depot where I stood proudly clutching harness with grand thumbs resembling Newport.

Toot-toot of 2.22! Three human personalities eloped forthly from Pullmanly train. One were Hon. Spiggott appearing full of courteous peev. Another was one enlarged gentleman of Republican expression. Another were a very stretched lady whose nose contained great snobbery amidst eyeglass.

“It are such pleasant change from our usual wealth to be trotting behind mild horseback instead of whizzing as usual in expensive otto-mobiles,” she snuggest sweetishly as we jogg off.

“We prefer this style of locomobile because

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of its health," growell Hon. Spiggott. Yet he attempt to appear hospital.

At hallway of home Hon. Mrs. Spiggott were enwaiting with face containing smiles. By the cordial of her behavior you would think she was glad. "I am so hilarious to see you including your delicious husband!" she holla with soprano. Kissing enjoyed.

"We shall have such unaccustomed pleasure in these simple surroundings!" notate Mrs. Axweilder.

Mrs. Spiggott replied by looking iced with her eyes.

"I am glad you have came on such an amiable day for a golluf game!" deplore Hon. Spiggott putting on sporty cap.

"Yes. It are going to rain," say Hon. Axweilder with slump voice.

"That will make it seem more Scottish," say Boss man cheerly.

"On what vacant lot have you room to play golluf in such a neighborhood?" require Hon. Ax while they depart off looking dangerous with clubs.

"This evening," Mrs. Spiggott explain to Mrs. Axweilder, "we are determined to give you dinner-party to include Mrs. & Mr. Washington Whack, very charmed people next door."

"Are they related to the Whacks of Tuxedo?" Mrs. Ax cut up.

"I are not acquainted with their geography," glub Mrs. Boss.

“Unless from Tuxedo they cannot live,” describe other lady.

Mrs. Spiggott reply by thinking unpleasantly.

“Would you not enjoy slight driveway around neighborhood for observe country and fresh air?” she require at lastly, as soonly as her voice ceased freezing.

“I am always fascinated to see how the other ½ lives,” Mrs. Axweilder shoot up.

So I again hitch down Sarah, the horse, and forthly we trotted. While we elope past sweet gardens & landscapes that visitor continue gawsping: “Quaint! How comfort people can be for small salaries!”

“Many persons surrounding here are top-high aristocrats!” snarrel Mrs. Spiggott.

“Undoubtlessly!” snuggest Mrs. Ax. “My Uncle Henry lives in country residence containing 800 rooms.”

“What are name of it—Sing Sing?” collapse Mrs. Madam with sweetly smiling.

Mrs. Axweilder listen without hearing.

At lastly we arrive up to Cemetery View. Country Club for slight tea-drunk. I await outside nursing Sarah, the horse, for considerable hour. At lastly both Mrs. Ladies approach outward with accompaniment of their husbands who smell quite highball. Both feminines look quite iced as we go homeward.

At lastly was dinner-time. I ceased off being coachman and became waitress, as usual.

“We only attemp small, cozy dinners in our

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excluded set," explain Hon. Mrs. while 6 persons took set-down to dinner.

"My dining-room contains 80 people, mostly nobility," report Mrs. Axweilder while eating soup.

Hon. Mr. Washington Whack, who set next by her, twist off his shirt-button from excitements. While doing so he explain how his family were similarly to Whacks of Tuxedo. Hon. Axweilder refuse to speak while feeding his indigestion. Hon. Spiggott steam up his merriment and tell college-bred tales about humor.

When all foods was finished all retreated to parlor room where bridge-gamble was enjoyed till late night. At 1.62 oclock Mrs. Axweilder call Mrs. Whack an Ace & Mrs. Whack reply peevly, "Renig!" full of scorns. All make go-home agreeing how enjoyment that evening was.

At 2.11 clocktime, while those Axweilders was glad go bed, Mrs. & Mr. Spiggott set alonesome in parlor room where I could hear.

"Why do you bring those buffalo kittens to rage around this neighborhood?" she ask it. "One day more and I shall poison their foods."

"They must get their fresh air somewheres," he reprieve.

"Why should they spoil ours?" she snagger.

"I admit it," he jar. "What could be more disgusting than Hon. Axweilder?"

"Hon. Mrs. Axweilder," say her. So they go bed thinking so.

Next morning were churchtime.

"We have engaged orchestra seats for you at church," repose Mrs. Madam. "It will be great treat."

"What denomino church is it?" require Hon. Axweilder.

"Methodist," say her.

"We never go Methodist," say him. "We are Osteopaths."

"Then you will be pleased to excuse us," back-fire Hon. Mrs. with smiling glum. "We dare not neglect religion for those we love."

So Hon. Spiggotts depart for church, walking together like chorus girls. Hon. Axweilders remain in parlor room reading pictures in comical supplement.

"Why you brought me to this disgustly place?" require she from him.

"I agree," he snatch back. "We should have more fun going to hospital."

When I hear this repartee I step forthly into room with helpmeet expression.

"Sweethearted Weak-Enders," I say so, "obtain your hats and baggages with immediate quickness and I will snuggle you away from here before they can catch you."

"What you mean by what you say?" they require.

"I observe how you suffer. Therefore I help escape." This I say.

"I should muchly admire to go," he croach,

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"yet cannot because Hon. Spiggotts would feel sad to lose us."

"Your sudden depart off would grieve them even less," I tell. "Last night they included you among buffaloes and mentioned poison while speaking of you.

"Oh!!" Both stand up on their stamping feet. They rosh upstairs for bag. They rosh downstairs with it. I go to animal garage for hitch down Sarah.

Pretty soonly church-bell chime forth while Mrs. & Mr. Spiggott return backwards from there. They observe their weak-end gasts on porch.

"What—must you carry yourselves away before Monday?" require Mrs. Spiggott for sorrow voice.

"Your poor but neat home is no place for zoological buffalos!" stroggle Hon. Mr. Ax.

"And poisonous food might be expensive from high price of drugs for economical persons," grubble Hon. Mrs. Ax.

"Who told you this & that?" narrate those Spiggotts shockly.

"Togo did!" say others.

"So thanks!" she say so for sweetness resembling flirtatious snakes. "Please continue your usefulness, Togo, by removing my happy company in time to catch the time-table."

Soonly I arrive up to porch-step accompanied by Sarah, the horse. When those Weak-Enders

and other baggage were loaded in, Hon. Mrs. Spiggott spoke furthermore.

"Togo," she pronounce, "when 1.11 train arrives up, hitch Sarah to the depot and continue traveling by rail with my dearie friends who can doubtlessly afford to hire you among their expensive servants."

So I spanked up Sarah with expression of one seeking employment where he is not needed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

V

Togo Swats the Fly

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine, noble editor who make fly-chasing delightful among national sports.

DEAR SIR:—Last Wednesday midnight p. m. were historical date when I bade sad kiss-a-by to employment from home of Mrs. K. W. Pumphrey, North Bourbon, Ky. This were too bad accident from my helplessness.

When I enter this sweethearted home Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey say me, "Togo," she relate, "I am most particular about flies."

"I am sure you must raise some delicious varieties of these live stock," I collapse for chivalry.

"O not to do!" she renig hashly. "I would sooner have a tiger in my home than a fly."

"A tiger might be more noisy," I negotiate.

"A tiger merely contains six claws in his feet," she snagger, "while a fly got 10,000 scratchers each containing 10,000,000 germs. From this you can estimate."

I attemp to do so until fatigued.

"From national science report arranged by

boss doctor of John Hopsmith University I learn considerable valuable diseases which come from flies. Asthma, miasma, phantasma, connection of the membranes, loss of memory, worms (hook, book & ring) hydrophobia, anglophobia, colic, bibliography, and jaw-lock. All these are brought to homes from footprints of this poisonous bird."

"They should not be permitted to fly," I abhor.

"It is not when they fly they are harmful. They do the damage when they land," she tell.

"In this they are similar to aeroplanes," I suggest.

"Perhapsly!" she combust. "At any rates, I give you instructions. Whenever you see a fly, track him to his hole and shoe him at once."

"Only horse-flies can be shoed," I determinate.

She could not assimilate this reply I said.

"Whenever I see flies," she say furthermore, "I shodder, not so much for self & husband as for dearie Baby Alexander, who are endanger."

"Expect me to fear nothing including flies," I narrate cruelly like a Samurai.

Mr. Editor, when housewifely lady got fears for something she got it even when it are not there. I once did kitchen labor for one lady who imagine tramps was somewhere all time. When grocer arrive with order expression, she holla, "Tramp!" till he say otherwise. She yall, "Tramp!" when welcoming book-agent peddle-

man come. One day gentleman in very tired-looking clothes arrive up to door. She screech, "Tramp!" and quench him with hose-water. "I am preacher," he yellup. "I thought you was tramp," she oblige. "At my salary I should be," he negotiate while walking awayward.

Thusly it were with Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey about flies. Each morning she examine fly-paper lovingly like mariners studying charts.

"How much flies we caught this a. m., Togo?" she ask it.

"Six," I say it. "Five house and one butter."

"Unloosen Hon. Butterfly," she dement. "We should not punish nature's lovely insex because of sins of others."

So I grabb that lovely insex and attemp remove him from his sticky toes. But when I done so he turn meanly and bit me on thumb with hot end of his poison tail.

"That butterfly are a wasp!" I lecture amid Japanese word curse.

"Wasps does little harm," she say sweetishly.

"What little they does can be noticed immediately," I snarrel.

And so onwards.

After 2½ days of continuous flymanship I become extremely skilful in murder. My ears became very bright by listening for flies. At distance of 66 ft. I could hear Hon. Fly walking up windows. Then was time for me. My eye-brows containing gunpowder expression peculiar

to Bwana Tumbo, I hide behind curtain-shade with cruel hand containing swat-stick. Hon. Fly approach, little imagining. Now and occasionally he stop and rubb his mittens together so they will be more ready to catch more diseases. Still I await. Of suddenly I arise uply, silently like eels drinking milk. And then. Swatts!!!

By this warfare I broke considerable flies and other dishes.

Hon. Pumphrey, husband, come home saying scorn about flies.

“What are so fatalistic about this bug all of a suddenly?” he ask it. “In childhood of youth I was affectionately acquainted with flies. While enjoying cradle-ride of infancy, flies was allowed to buzz round my head like angel whispers. And yet I live.”

“Man who talk like that never had any infancy,” snagger Hon. Mrs. with peev.

“If folks in this neighborhood could pay less attention to screen door and more to window-lock there would be less burglary,” he otter. “6 homes has been burglarized while everybody was busy snubbing flies.”

He remove one enlarged coltish revolver filled with bullets and lay him doggishly on table.

“O!!!” This from Hon. Mrs.

“While you are executing flies I shall mutilate burglars,” he narrate with militia voice. “And let us see who gets it first.”

“Kindly not to point him this way while doing



By this warfare I broke considerable flies and other dishes.

so," elocute Hon. Mrs. Madam looking calm but nervus.

Another weeks go by and I am very much embossed in my work. Once in occasionally Hon. Fly come walking into home on deceptive wings, yet I pursue. Sometime I make masher motion with broom & impale him flat against wall. Other time I allure him gently with towl so he flop to fly-paper where his footsteps becomes glue.

Once Hon. Fly alight downward on Baby Alexander nose, shaking his cruel feet, intending to leave 10,000 symptoms. Spank! I capitulate that insex by stroking Hon. Baby on head with apron. Yet he cry without thanks for my bravery.

At lastly that house were so scarce of flies you could not find him without advertising. All day, while not sweeping other rugs, I search back & forthly with cruel fly-spank. Yet never a buzz was there. Such was accomplishment of my great science.

Night of Wednesday approach up. When dinner-eat was accomplished and dish-wash ceremony done up, my Cousin Nogi arrive to kitchen for make conversation from Japanese politics while eating cake, kindness of Mrs. Pumphrey who didn't know it. Lateness of hour arrive. When time of 11.63 p. m. come, Nogi make sleepy go-home while I emerge to my bedroom expecting tomorrow, as usual.

I light gass. What was? Buzz! Ah, Hon.

Fly, where was it? I turn my eyesight behind window-curtain—and sure enough! There stood one entirely enlarged buzzer washing his front thumbs.

With sneekret expression I borrow slipper from myself and stole forth. Crouches. Of finally, when Hon. Fly seem to be looking at his nose, I lep. Bangs! Yet he was too soon. He flew uply, aeroplaned circular for moments, and then—when less expected—start to fly outward through door.

O!! This escape must not! Slightly down hallway were child-room where Hon. Baby Alexander layed enjoying innocent nightmares. That fly must not arrive there to sting him with medical diseases. If no hero was there to save him who must? I must!

Therefore I rosh forwards with slippershoe in my Samurai thumbs. With talented stroke of match I lit gass. O yes! There were Hon. Fly snuggling in air right over eyebrow of that infantile. I make talented swing to lash him with slipper, yet he were too collusive for me. Ere I could brush him dead he make slippery-wing motion & flew to window-curtain where he hide shyly like poets avoiding praise.

I should get him yet! I crouch downly, my slipper raised uply. But while I do so—O look! Who there?

Standing distinctually in doorway of child-room I observe Hon. Mr. Pumphrey standing like a cold ghost in pajamas. And in his right-

hand finger he held that enlarged coltish revolver.

"What is?" he whasper ghastly.

"I chase one in here!" I gollup. "He are now coily hiding behind curtain of window."

"Were he stealing my child?" gawsp him.

"Not yet but maybe," I narrate.

"Wait while I shoot," he narrate while making target movement.

"Ah not!" I holla. "Permit me to do so. I have killed several with slippers."

"How foolhardened is courage!" he stotter while I lep forwards. Swatts!! with dareless heel of slipper-shoe I collided Hon. Fly so certainly that he broke and fell amidst dead kicks. Prides filled my lungs. Joyly I reach downly, and pick Hon. Fly by fingers.

"I save your child without expense!" I naturalize. "Here is!"

"Here is what?" he require, peevly chewing his breath.

"Hon. Fly," I reject, like militia.

"You mean say you approach in here so stealthly at midnights for catch flies?" This from him with flashes.

"I say it!"

"Great Scotch! And I thought it was a burglar!" he say disappointly.

"So sorry I could not find one," I gosp.

Hon. Mrs. Pumphrey come in while she fainted away.

"Next time you come into my Baby's room don't do so!" she snarrel.

“Mrs. Madam,” I decry, “how can you talk so crosswise? You tell me how slaughter flies for their rattlesnakish crimes, yet you say scolds when I do so.”

“Midnight is not fly-time,” she narrate.

“Maybe you are enraged because it were not a burglar,” I snuggest. “Yet what is more horble to have in house than a fly?”

“A Japanese foolboy is!” corrode Hon. Mrs. & Mr. in together voice while dejecting me outside of screen door where I still remain, feeling quite dissolute.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

VI

Togo Sails for Bargains

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine who tell all American ladies what to wear, but neglect to explain where they can buy it.

DEAR SIR:—I am now entirely missed from West Dewberry, Mass, near Boston where it is. Reason for this are dissimilarity of intellect caused by Hon. Mrs. Violet Sweet, lovely lady with Harvard voice and bargain arrangement of soul. I show you how was:

Last Thusday in the early a. m. of forenoon this Hon. Mrs. Sweet was setting with Boston news-print reading it up.

“Oh!” This from her.

“What is?” I require chivalrously standing near respectful carpet-sweep.

“Great sales are sailing in all Dept Stores! With immediate quickness I must depart off and buy one.”

“Can you afford this extravagance? I ask to know.

“In buying bargains I never consider costs,” she dib with mustard voice.

She depart offwards up stairs. Pretty soonly

she return backwards wearing fashionable hobble of clothing.

"Togo," she say for gently smiling, "how you like take vacation to day?"

"This would be good healthy for me."

"I generously grant this rest to you," she acknowledge. "All I require you to do is to come Boston with me & carry whatever shopping I buy."

I am much obliged. So we depart off by railroad trolley while I carry suit-case, cloak, handbag & umbrella on my polite elbow. She set proudly in cars while I obtain rearward seat behind her. Pretty soonly Hon. Conductor encroach to her with carfare expression.

"I require transfers, if convenient," she commute.

"Not to do, Hon. Lady!" reproach Hon. Conductor. "We never give transfer on cars of green complexion."

"I shall report your backward talk," she snib.

Pretty soonly she make turn-around to me.

"Pass me hand-bag!" she say so. I donate that leather implement.

She open him up and seek inside with nervous expression of fingers.

"You lost it?" I ask to know.

"I cannot dishcover my golden vain-box where it is!" she holla, making more looks inside. Ecitement. "O here is!" she exclaim, bringing up one slight box resembling golden cake of soap. She open Hon. Suit-case, remove powder puff

and make slight smudge to nose with that delicious feather. Then she put him back in box, close box, imprison him in bag, close bag and hand him to me.

"Give me suit-case," she pronounce. I poke forth that valuable article. She open him by brass clasp.

"Where are my hand-bag?" she require for frights.

"Here is!" I renig. She open him up to see if Hon. Vain Box are still comfortable, then close him, drop him in Hon. Suit-case, and thrust him backwards to me.

Pretty soonly we make changecar at Porterhouse Junction. We make step-up into red-headed street-car what await there.

"Carfare!" holla Hon. Conductor with police expression.

"Give transfers to this gentleman!" she require from me where I sat back.

"Hon. Conductor neglect to give us that paper!" I negotiate. Her eyes was full of vinegar.

"How dares you talk repartee after losing transfers?" she denote. So she give ioc extravagant cash to Hon. Conductor.

Nextly we came to Boston. Hon. Mrs. Sweet make her feet very determined and at lastly we arrive to a swollen building containing glass windows full of wax ladies resembling Newport. Hon. Mrs. Boss say "Oh!" with raptures and emerge inside.

Mr. Editor, I never observed so many ladies walking circular as was inside that Hon. Dept Store. Wholesale quantities of female people was rushing elsewheres like Suffragettes who lost their general.

In the meanwhiles Hon. Mrs. Boss were some- wheres. I could not tell. For 26 complete minutes I make search-up while being knocked in both directions. At lastly I dishcover her by enlarged counter full of blue polka-dots containing label, "DRESS SILK 19c."

"Togo," she exclaim, "where are my money?"

"No got," I narrate. Her nose grew angry.

"Are you so unintellectual that you do not know my money is in my purse in my handbag in my suit-case?"

I give her Hon. Suit-case, feeling very sorry for my depravity.

Nextly we descend up elevator. On next floor I observed a warfare. Surrounding one enlarged sign pronouncing "Great Slaughter of Waists." Hon. Mrs. Sweet see this and holla, "O such happy bargain!" Then she make inrush while acting like a mob.

She attempt to remove one refined clothing away from a fatty lady whose hat was rye on her head.

"Where you come from to act so Indian?" require Hon. Mrs. Fattish.

"From West Dewberry, Mass., more better place than you!" snib Hon. Mrs. Boss.

"I shall teach you some manners," report Hon. Fattish making tug-jerk to waist.

I could not see that dear Mrs. Sweet thusly deposed upon, so I stand forth with upturned bundle.

"Stop off!" I holla to this wide woman. "How darest you be rude to a lady?"

Hon. Mrs. Boss and Hon. Mrs. Stout stand offward and look to me.

"Togo," ensnap Mrs. Violet Sweet, "when you are called on you shall be called."

So I withdrew backwards and permit her to finish that slaughter alone. Again she request me for handbag. I donate it to her.

"I shall keep it," she dib. "You are not safe with valuable accumulations."

So she give me one more swollen bundle for carry and proceed onwards.

"Where I shall find dish-pan, curling-iron and latest fiction-book bargain?" she require of Hon. Floorwalk.

"Three floor down-side take elevator," he compute. We do so and arrive there where numerous sell-ladies was there making society conversation and other crashes of hardware. Hon. Mrs. Sweet buy dish-pan, price 13½c. I carry this. She obtain pat toaster, bird-cage & complete written books of Hon. Rud Kipling. I hang those to myself.

"Where I find millinary hats?" she ask out to Hon. Sell lady.

"Top floor go upwards," she indicate.

We do so. I stand back at respectable distance holding Hon. Bundle-package with fatigued elbows resembling Santa Claus. Hon. Mrs. set befront of mirror-glass attempting to make herself look Vanderbilt for \$3.29 price. She try hat with roosters pointing upwards.

"You look very swelled for the price," say Hon. Sell Lady.

"Took it away!" commit Hon. Mrs. She try hat with roosters dropping downwards.

"So joyful appearance!" suppose Hon. Sell Lady.

"Remove it!" snib Hon. Mrs.

At lastly she choose hatwear with roosters surrounding it in circles. Hon. Sell Lady enwrap it in box resembling trunk and this are piled on top of me. Thusly we start homewards.

At doorway Hon. Mrs. say,

"Oh! I must buy a pin, price 3c!" She elope to counter and do so.

Mr. Editor do you realize to know how difficult a pin can be? For 41 complete minutes we await that important sticker, then Hon. Mrs. must change \$5 bill for remove 3c change out. At lastly when we arrive to trolley outside, Hon. Mrs. require,

"Togo, shopping are very outwearing work."

"I heard so," was loud report for me while restraining Hon. Hat Box where he slid on my ear.

At lastly we was in Porterhouse Junction set-

ting in depot awaiting change-car. Of suddenly
Hon. Mrs. holla,

“Oh!!!”

“What was?” This from me.

“I have lost Hon. Handbag. Elope back to
Dept Store with immediate quickness and re-
move it from pin-counter where is.”

I set down all them bundles in pile resem-
bling an Alp. Then I attach myself to Hon.
Trolley and ride back to where she say.

With Samurai elbows I sidle myself through
them broad ladies in Dept Store and arrive
up at pin-place. Oh Yes! There were that dear
Handbag laying loosely amidst pile of needles
signed “4c.” I pick him up and start offwards.

While I was debutting out of door with Hon.
Handbag on my proud wrist, one gentleman clasp
me by coat.

“You are a shop snatcher!” he acknowledged
glubly.

“I cannot assimilate your insult,” I renig.

“Where you obtain Hon. Bag?” he snuggle.

“He belong Hon. Mrs. Boss who is there!”
I snagger.

“Come long to penitentiary!” he gubble,
making dragging movements with my wrists.

“Hara kiri!” I yall, and before he could be
more abominable I give him jiu jitsu and knock
him over a bargain. Then I commence eloping
away with talented foot-steps.

“Stop Mr. Thief!” several human persons
holla, and nextly I knew I were a runaway with

Boston attempting to catch up. I am a very sly Japanese, Mr. Editor, and when I was sufficiently entangled amidst streets I redoubled on myself and escape away to other sections of Boston where crimes was not noticed. 2 complete hour of time I hid there amongst flats. Then I emerge forth and catch redheaded trolley so I should meet Hon. Mrs. at Porterhouse Junction.

"Why you not stay all day?" she require sarcastly.

"Should gladly do so, but Hon. Police prevent," I advocate.

"You got my handbag where was?"

"Yes, please!" I gave it forth to her. She look at it with disjointed eyes.

"Living sakes!!!" This from her. She enjoy deep gasp and faint off. By slight water-sip I revive her back.

"Damaged remnant of heathenish immigration!" she gollup, holding forth Hon. Bag. "Where you snatch this article of luggage?"

"Off from Hon. Pin-Counter," I say so.

"I never seen it before. It belong to someone else!"

Thusly revolving she fainted out again. So I left her to enjoy it by herself and sklunk away feeling entirely impossible.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

VII

Togo in Bachelor's Hall

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine, who must believe in shooin bachelors from neat homes with other flies and mice.

DEAR MR. SIR:—If you make inquiry for me at home of Hon. C. J. McGumm, Philadelphia, N. J., please do not go there, because needless to find me where I no longer am. I changed my mind from that job of employment for reason I say here.

Hon. Mrs. C. J. McGumm are blondface lady of considerable young years and very goodhouse-keeping mind. Her Hon. Husband (of similar name) are the only untidiness she cannot sweep off from carpet when attacking cleanliness.

“Why are you so rubbish, Hon. Darling?” she require each nightfall when he retreat home from office with tired business appearance. “When you are in house all furniture cease to act obedient like it should and everything become de-ranged apart. Door-knob then become hat-rack for your derby, your coat wanders to sofa and fall asleep, while shoes will be found under piano kicking mud.”

He act entirely sugar to her. He reply to her inquiries by kissing expression of mustache, and they talk dove-dove language, which explain everything by not doing so.

But at lastly explodes came.

"Must marriage always be a cyclone?" she require one morning a. m. when he threw newspaper in gas-log with negligée expression.

"Hon. Heartsweet!" he suggest, "I wish be comfortable in my own home."

"So ha!" Weeps enjoyed by her. "Then you do not love me some more!"

"Why is?" he repostulate. "Must I prove adoration by acting miserable around house?"

"You are becoming more detached from me each day, I notice," she lamentalize. "I can tell by your easy, smiling manner that you think of me too seldom. You break my house rules continuously. Instead of setting in hard, cheap chairs, you occupy wedding plush rocker, price 50\$, which should be used only by society when it calls; you make smoke-cigar whenever you feel smoky; all time you read prize-fight instead of talking love to me, and each meal you demand apple pie with insurgent expression."

"But I like apple pie," he suggest.

"Formerly you loved nothing but me," she snatch. "Now you forget you are married."

"Must I refuse to eat because married?" he snagger doggishly.

"So ha!" she dib for pain. "If that is where your thoughts are staying, then all must cease."

Farebye! Henceforthly you shall find me % Mother."

She arrange hat with traveling expression and make bang-out from door.

While she depart off Hon. McGumm stand by window-glass looking very Romeo. Sadness showed from his ears and chin. Then suddenly he resolve around, making humorous smiles resembling tickled hyenas.

"Ha, ha," he say so. "Tee Hee and Ho. She imagines to think home cannot be properly heated without a woman. She thinks shucks. Togo, we show her how. We shall now run this house man-style instead of lady-style. Bachelor Hall are only proper residence for male gentlemen."

"I am agreeable for this," I report fearlessly. "How should we begin changing the sex of this home?"

"Signs of refinement should be removed with immediate quickness," he devolve. "Remove ribbons & home-sweet-home portraits from wall and order 6 cases beer. In attic you shall find complete college-boy outfit of Indiana clubs, box-gloves, and love-me pictures. These shall be arranged in parlor to resemble saloon and other outdoor sports. Prepare for dinner-eat tonight 10 lbs. complete beefsteak & 9 apple pies, served with poker-chips and onions. To night at 7 p. m. I shall give annual banquet to members of Yamma Yamma Fraternity of which I was a joiner in days of manhood."

"I shall do so with all the crudeness of my nature," I alarm.

"Banzai & hurrah! We are free!" holla Hon. McGumm while he depart to office looking happy but lonesome.

Mr. Editor, you scarcely could imagine how I work to make that tender home look tough. Up in top-garret I find considerable Yale tools. One university row-paddle, 6 box-gloves, college pendulums with hurrah-rah signatures on it, portraits of class days, dogs, chorus-girls, and other prizefights all signed "To Darling Chas." Also several German-speaking beer-gobblers and one landscape representing Hon. Gaby des Lys at a horse-race.

I fetch these to downstairs.

From parlor-room I took considerable art, representing several mother-portraits, portrait of "Innocence" representing childhood playing romp, portraits of an Alp by Aunt Sapho Lutz and considerable photo of McGumm uncles enlarged from their ancestry. Also fire-screen containing gilt, and tidy-cloth embroidered with artistic yarn. Also red plush album and several framed-up mottos from Shakespeare, Elb Hubbard & Genesis.

I fetch these to upstairs.

With considerable talent resembling dry-goods draping windows, I derange decorations for that parlor-room. I pile beer-bottles to piano and fill jardenair with cigars. A rude house motto reporting "CAMELS ONLY DRINK ONCE



When I fetch forth raw steak and apple pie all require, "What the matter with Togo?"

IN 78 DAYS BUT ENJOY IT LONG TIME” I sat on mantelpiece where portrait of Hon. Ralph Woodrow Emerson once were. Hon. Punch Bag I roped from chandeleer, while landscapes representing actor-ladies, dogs and other glee clubs I disarranged esthetically where was. I set parlor table with food-plates and decorate him in central middle with box-gloves and college pendulum containing joy-cries. Poker-chips by each plate.

That room look considerable unmarried when I finish him.

At promptness of six o'clock I elope to kitchen and commence mingling steak with onions. At 6.22 I hear war-song resembling football, and, peaking fourth from kitchen, I observe Hon. C. J. McGumm bringing home a Varsity.

“You remember that dreary date of '99 when I bursted your collar-bone?” require one polar-bearish gentleman hugging Hon. McGumm till I heard him crack.

“Them were hilarious days,” commute Hon. Boss. “Let us give rah-rah.”

They do so, while plaster jar loose from spoken song.

When I fetch forth raw steak and apple pie, all require, “What the matter with Togo?”

“Nothing, no more than usual,” I snop for dignity. This seem to make them still more thirsty, so beer was sipped amidst Yamma Yamma congratulations. That ceremony were

done very quietly while tablecloth was burning from heated cigarette.

"There was nothing to equal bachelor enjoyment," explain Hon. C. J. McGumm while doing so.

"Nothing," report one Taft-shape athlete. "I announce my engagement to Miss Tessie Dewberry."

"We also shall marry in springtime," pronounce 2 others distinctually. Slight glum settle over all until basso quartet make song-sing entitled "Soldier's Farewell," which add more jolly.

"Let us play penny-aunty as in oldtime date," snuggest Hon. Boss. So they do so with considerable card.

Mr. Editor, I cannot understand this gambol. It are like golf, a game spoken in a foreign language.

Considerable pile-up of poker-chip was enjoyed while one man say "I see you!" yet look other way. They set for long lateness gossiping about Aunty amidst click-click noise. It seem very tame exercise, less cruel than footballing, but more expensive.

By one a. m. time my eyes got hypnotized from watching this straight-flushing amusement, so I retired my head on chair and slept away.

At 3 a. m. by clockwork, I awoke upwards with basso quartet retreating off with song-sing entitled "Good-night, Lady!" Yet I could not see her.

Togo in Bachelor's Hall 63

Next morning 8 a. m. Hon. Boss Man say he no care for breakfast in dining-room because it make him feel destitute. So he took egg and coffee in kitchen. He say he would be home indefinitely, so he depart off for office seeming entirely unmarried.

I took look at the appearance of that bachelor parlor. Considerable rumpage was observed there. Quite several cigars had remained where they dropped and 26 bottles stood by gas-log looking quite vacant. Portraits of dogs & glee-clubs hung on wall in unequal position, resembling sea-storm.

What must I do with this room? I think Hon. Boss had told me whether Bachelor Hall should ever be clean. Maybe not. It certainly look less ladylike than ever in this deranged condition. Perhapsly Hon. Boss should be entirely enraged if I attemp to broom & dust this compartment he had took so much pains to masculify.

So I set by table, lit slight cigar, and read pugilist paper while upturning my feet. As thusly I reclined I did not hear something coming in front door.

“O!!!**??”

I peek upward. There stood Hon. Mrs. looking less peaceful than hornets.

“Hashimura Togo, what species of brutal debutchery have you been doing in my absentee?” she snarrel.

“I no do!” I say so. “Hon. Husband do!”

“Do not add untruthfulness to your falsehood,” she snuggest snap-turtlefully.

“I have read in papers about the distrust-worthiness of Japanese servant-girls. But now I know. O!!! I leave my poordear Husband for you take care of. And thusly you neglect him. How he must suffer!”

She cover her hands with her face.

“I swear it, Mrs. High Boss, your Hon. Husband—”

“Do not swear before ladies,” she snib. “Now depart away while I faint.”

I do so feeling entirely decapitated.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

VIII

Togo at the Seashore

*To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine
who know how cook delicious varieties of sea-
shells.*

DEAR MR.:—Among the fresh air at Sand-
flea Beach, Conn., employed by Hon. Mrs.
& Mr. Liddbeater, I am no longer to be
found at that address. If some one could find
a seashore without an ocean attached to it I
should be more happily to remain.

Nikkamura Japanese Employment Agcy send
me there, where I arrive to smiling blue porch
setting alonesome amid winds. The internals
of that house resemble bleached almshouse, yet
Hon. Mrs. Liddbeater say she were fortunate to
obtain it in fashionable location price 200\$
monthly.

“While by seashore we love the tough sim-
plicity of life,” she snuggest with sweat-hearted
expression. “We must pay expensively for our
discomforts here, yet we are prideful to do
so.”

“This place resemble Coney Island, yet less
fashionable,” I report for compliment while ob-

serving girl-i-gig machinery on beach, candy, flirtatiousness and clams while Hon. Ocean bounce up suddenly making suds.

"It are splandid place to come for rest," she report. "Now kindly to fetch 8 trunks upstairs, split wood, lynch hammock on porch, and deliver 14 buckets water from artizan well 11 blocks up street. When this are finished lunching can be prepare for 10, rugs beat, and ice-cream friz for party to-night."

I thank her and feel sure I shall enjoy this vacation from work.

These Liddbeater family have got two (2) children of assorted sexes, age 17 & 18 respectfully. Eclair are girl name and Oliver his. Both wear very giggling clothes and love to be engaged. She got Stanhope Whifflebudd, deliciously matinée boy, for hers, while Hon. Oliver obtain sweetheart attention from Hon. Bluebell Vawk, youngly lady of extreme tango.

All those frivolled young persons take rest by not doing so. Each evening they must attend Prof. Pffuster's Waltzing Academy for more education in new Max Itch dance, which are all the enrage. Daytime they must enjoy tennis-play, walking, quarreling, and other excitements. Only time they remain quiet is when they go swimming, for this they can do by laying on beach under umbrellas.

But when Fryday night arrive up my vacation become considerably more entangled. From out from depot emerge Hon. Mr. Liddbeater with

tired business expression while reading Wall Street news from paper.

"Markets are decomposing rapidly while I am here," he suggest. "Unless I rest very laboriously I must go back to my unhealth."

"What shall we do to make you feel entirely idle?" require entire family together like chorus-girls.

"At 4.06 tomorrow a. m. high tide shall arise and codfish will be biting viciously," he say so. "Therefore we go fishing."

Groans by all.

"Maybe you prefer to enjoy your seasickness alone," renig Hon. Mrs. Madam with Pankhurst expression.

"Darling, I could not," he reprieve. "I am determined to share my pleasures with my family. Therefore we arise upward at 3.30 to be prompt with hooks."

That midnight was nigt for party where I friz ice-creams, served slight rabbits of Welsh birth, assisted chairs where tangos was jumping, play "Robt. E. Lee Polka" on pianola, and was otherwise considerable talented. By 2.26 I retire upwards to my box bedroom under cooked roof, where I remained outside my dreams till 3.31.

At 3.30 come tap-knock to door.

"What is it?" I require with startle.

"3.30!" holla Hon. Liddbeater voice out there. "Arise to go fish!"

"Do fish get up so early?" I ask to know.

"They bite best this hour," he explain.

"I should also bite!" I snarrel.

"I do not pay you to make injurious comments," he snudged while I hastily coat & pant myself for day labor.

All was there awaiting for breakfast with extreme appetite. When this devouring was finished Stanhope and Bluebell arrive up with flirtatious hats expected to attract fish.

"Togo," demand Hon. Liddbeater like Napoleon, "while we fish you shall go along and whittle bait. Also prepare lunching for 10 and be very impromptu about it."

I do so and we nextly go to shore where I must carry complete lunching including baby and umbarella. Pretty soonly we arrive to detestable whaleboat being kept by salted gentleman resembling damaged admiral.

"Will this boat hold 12?" require Hon. Boss Man.

"So easily!" corrode Hon. Navy. "It were built for six."

Therefore all was compressed in while we chug with gas-perfumery to central middle of ocean.

"I have feeling of slight squash," narrate Hon. Bluebell when we were five miles among rolls.

"I hold your hand for it," report Hon. Oliver, looking pale but poetic. He do not seem to accomplish much medicine by this. Hon. Bluebell become yet bluer.

All the ocean seem to tip up on one side as if it was going to spill into California. Some-

thing inside my interior stumack seem to speak of my dead ancestors. And look! Each stylish person of that cruise begin concealing their happiness by laying down on it. Groans. Yet Hon. Liddbeater continue to make happy cheek and smiling lip resembling Hon. Edw. Foy seeming comic.

At lastly he motion Hon. Salt Gentleman to choke his engine.

“This are the exact patch of waves where Thos Cod came to chew their cud,” he explained. “Therefore, Hon. Capt. stop boat. Togo, while all other fishermans lay dying, you shall cut baits attractive to fish.”

“If convenient, Mr. Sir,” I bereft, “I should prefer to join the other groans.”

“Continue to fish-hook or I discharge you!” he dib.

“If you would discharge me back to shore I would bless you in Japanese,” I gargle. Yet he horribly threw me clams, unhappy mammals which I must amputate with dull knife while spearing them with disgustly hooks.

Hon. Liddbeater lit pipe of very enraged smell. Groans by all.

“Nothing like pipe-smoke while fishing!” he say for smiles.

“I notice,” is feebly voice from me.

Pretty soon Hon. Boss make electric movement with wet string. He bite pipe more cruelly while halling in one enraged cod who mock him with angry mouth.

"A beautiful fish!" he yellup joyly. "All see it!"

All those sicknesses report "Um" with unhappy nose.

"Are he not beautiful fish?" he ask it to me.

"Perhapsly when younger," I disengage while holding my head on.

Of suddenly Hon. Mrs. Liddbeater arise upwards from pillows like a fried snake.

"For sake of your children," repeat her, "I ask you to cease making clams and people and Japs and fish miserable for selfish joy of your depravity. Put us somevheres where we can run away."

"Fishing cannot be accomplished by running away," he deploy with Samurai expression. "I never depart off until I have caught 14."

"O!!" yellup Eclair looping beside Stanhope and looking less engaged than usual. "Drowning would be painless after this."

"If you drowned I could save you," dictate Stanhope looking very pale Yale.

"Any shipwreck would be welcome," mone Oliver greenishly.

"Will nothing stop off your mulish fishing?" require Hon. Mrs. waking up from her death.

"Unless the boat sinks I shall stay remaining here until I catch 14," he growell.

That ocean now look entirely double to me and I could feel my courage rolling around inside my lung.

“If the boat sink I be much obliged!” gaggle all together like chorus-girls in hospital.

“I know how!” I holla with suddenness of intelligence. “By preparing to swim you shall snub those 14 codfish!”

Thusly exclaiming, I lept uply & grabb hammer where it layed sleeping beside lunch. With nimble ankles peculiar to heroes I jump to bung-plug in central middle of that boat. Whacks! Uply sprung plug quite corkishly and next came huj sprout of salt Atlantic approaching inside like giganterous fountain.

“Brainless species of mice!” reproach Hon. Mr. while attempting to brush out ocean with heel. Yet already Hon. Boat resemble bath-tub where all set in lake. Alarming wakefulness from seasickness was next to arrive and—before I could acknowledge—each person make flop-splash to water including me who was there amidst swimming while Hon. Boat turn over on his nose and float up-down.

I save Hon. Mrs. Liddbeater, lady of large tonnage but considerable floatage. Hon. Oliver save Hon. Bluebell. Hon. Liddbeater save himself. Hon. Eclair save Hon. Stanhope. Hon. Captain save Hon. Bottle. So everybody were quite comfortable, thank you, hooking their nails to stumack of that boat. But where was room for me? I continue onwards splashing doggishly.

“Why should it?” I holla with water-spouts. “I save you from sick-death and yet you will not support me on your floater.”

“Get off of!” snagger Hon. Mrs. giving me crude push with heel while I attempt to scutch.

“Did I not stop fish-catch?” I bubble frogfully.

“We can be sufficiently miserable without you!” narrate Hon. Oliver while making water-polo across my head.

“You are discharged!” howell Hon. Lidd-beater. “Report to my office in New York for your payment.”

I hear this ingratitude with extreme compression of soul. How difficult it are to be useful when not required to do so! Therefore I would snub them with my immediate departure.

Thinking thusly I struck offward in gen. direction of New York and when lastly seen I feel very free, although expecting to be drowned.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

IX

Togo Meets Hon. Clothes Line

To Editor Good Housekeeper, who help make civilisation with soap.

DEAR MR.:—Another place where I am no longer at is Rahway, N. J., working for Mrs. H. Griddle, cultured lady.

I tell you why I am removed.

This Mrs. Griddle to who I came determined to do Gen. Housework, have got considerable musical ambition inside her voice. She do all her housework at the piano. For continual hours each day she set there making soprano, compelling her voice to do following gymnasium:

AH
 yi yi
Hi yi yi ah!!!

More of this is to be continued. She say vocal culture require great endurance. She contain more of this noble quality than I can.

Washday arrive up to Griddle home by each Monday a. m. when Hon. Maggie Kelley ap-

proach to laundry prepared to drown all clothing in suds. This lady, who contains 6 feet complete muscle, is a scrubber of great talents. She say she was deprived of her husband several years of yore, because he beat her frequently. I should like to observe that athleetick gentleman.

A wash lady is something I prefer not to be, above all professions.

But last Monday it was arranged for me.

"Togo," dictate Mrs. H. Griddle, stopping her soprano sifficiently to speak, "you will kindly give ade to Hon. Maggie today in clothes wash ceremony."

"O thank you not to do so!" I declare with pathos.

"Why so?" she snagger with Mary Garden expression.

"This Hon. Maggie treat me without chivalry. How could I be assistant scrub beside her haughty actions?" I resolve.

"Either do so or deprive yourself of this job," she holla, departing off in high Key of C.

I find Hon. Maggie lady in laundry preparing to suds. Redness appear from her hair and arms while she look to me with cross expression peculiar to a eagle watching an angly-worm. Then she lift wash-boiler from stove showing energy like Sandow juggling automobiles.

"Jap," she reproach.

"Yes, Sir!" I pronounce.

"Was you sent here to look beautiful or to be helpful?" she ask out.

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"Not sure—Mrs. Boss did not instruct me which to be," I report.

"I will instruct you!" she growl like a lady menagerie. "Become busy as soonly as possible. You will find a clothes-ringer annexed to yonder tub. Attach yourself to the handle and ring the cloths earnestly until I tell you quit."

She point to one slight machinery resembling a hand organ with pianola rolls. I wind this instrument continuously. Nothing evolve.

"O Mrs. Madam, I cannot hear the bell!" I suggest.

"Which bell please?" she otter.

"You tell me to ring the clothes, not so?" I ask it.

"I despise you for your yellow mind!" she dib. "Clothes does not ring when you ring them!"

I could not assimilate the way she said it. She lift several drowned clothes from the tub and show me with considerable muscle how to squash them through those rollers. Clothes, however wet, can be sent through that machinery and emerge forth with great dignity like flat snakes. I turn crank handle continuously while Hon. Maggie make poke-in with wettish clothing. I enjoy great pain in my wrist and elbows, and when I commence to quit, this laundered female say "Faster" with bull dog expression.

Pretty soonly I lay down my hands and stop. Her mad eyebrows snub me.

"Hon. Mrs. Wash," I renig, "why should

you be more cross and peeved than other persons?"

"Togo," she say so, "my duties require it. Cleaning things is a job full of tragedy and other grouch. It would be unnatural to laugh while washing. Clothes is pleasanter to wear, but unpleasant to scrub. It is similar with everything. Dishes is joyful to eat from, but nobody admire them when hour of dishpan arrive. Nobody love Monday, because it is sacred to splash and suds, yet if Monday was abolished by Congress, there would be no beautiful society on Saturday night."

"Can't some variety of soap be invented with more poetry in it?" I require.

"It could," she dib, "but it would probably be useless to take the dirt out."

Hon. Mag fill tub with artistic color from blue bottle.

"While you are idle you can do something!" she holla suddenly like a steam whistle.

"How could I do something when idle?" this inquiry from me.

"You see that baskett of clothes?" She point forth to one baskett full of complete whiteness like a bushel of damp ghosts.

"I observe what is."

"Take them immediately for hang-out!" she otter with gloom.

"What should I hang them out from?" I require.

"Maybe you are not acquainted with clothes-

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line!" she say sarcastly while she led me forth to back yard where she introduce me to this useful rope. "If I knew I was to come to this place to be washing-instructor, I should demand teacher's salary," she pronounce glubly.

"That would be nice job for deserving widows," I say for politeness. Yet she seem less ladylike.

"To hang clothes," she instruct, "you must first lift them one at a time from the basket, grasping them by both ears—thusly." She show how. "You shake him twice, snap—snap!" She demonstrate this with considerable clothes-shake. "Then you buckle him to line with a clothespin on each ear." She fill her mouth with clothespins, and then she lift one tablecloth by his ears, shake him brutally with her pugilistic hands, and nail him to clothes-line like she said so.

"You got sufficient strength enough to do this?" she require snapply.

"Maybe-so, yes," I report.

"If not, I give you the prize!" she say, eloping to house without telling me which prize she meant.

I put all my intellectual mind on this clothes-hang job. It seem to be light, agreeable job for Japanese Schoolboy—simply to lift a clothes by his ears and glue him to rope with clothespins. But suddenly I was reminded. That Clothes-line was $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in highness, while I stood merely 5 feet in lowness. How should I get up there without flying machinery?

I observed a step-ladder sleeping quietly by kitchen window. It was a very diseased-looking furniture with lameness in one leg and several ribs fractured by too much exercise in open air, yet it was a step-ladder. I removed this piece of stairway to underneath clothesline where I put him. Then I poked six (6) clothespins in my mouth like wooden cigars. Then I took one pillow case from basket, shook him rudely by his ears and ascended upwards. Hon. Ladder wobble on his sore leg, yet I enjoy no fear, because I am a brave Japanese. With gestures of extreme courage I pin Hon. Pillow Case to that stretched string where he clung with beautiful purity peculiar to washing.

I began to love this clothes-hang performance. It seemed so nice and healthful to do housework outdoors amidst backyard scenery and gentle summer breeze. It was very superior pleasure for me, making up and down hops on that ladder with agility resembling birds.

So I continued onwards near my duty. With extreme earnestness I suspended following clothing where they hung lynched upon line:

1 tablecloths (slightly dragged on ground, yet quite pale).

9 towels (one of them dropped, but was nicely brushed afterwards).

3 sox.

4½pillow-case.

While standing tip-top on that ladder I was enabled to observe Nature. It are wonderful

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how tall a short Japanese feels while standing on a ladder! I could distinctly see over fence into next yard where Hon. Swede lady employed for cook by Mrs. J. C. Camel was making flirting conversation with Hon. Ice Man. I also observe Hon. Cat obtaining slight refreshment of cream-pitcher from window while that Swede was too interested. I stood in joyful trance holding wet sheet while biting clothes-pin like wooden sigars. It make such inexpensive enjoyment for cool summer day to stand on ladder beholding other folk's business!

In the midst of everything Hon. Swede Lady turn off suddenly and see Hon. Cat. She made rude "Shoo!" with voice, and Hon. Cat were so offended he fell from window in the midst of milk pitcher and extreme breakage. With immediate quickness he made rabid scoot for fence with tail enlarged like a comets. "I shall attach him for you!" I holla to Mrs. Swedish—but soonly as I did so—O calamity!!

I lean too forward and Hon. Ladder stub his toe and broke lame leg with loud scrash! Bereaved of my support I make wildly grabb for atmosphere, Hon. Clothesline was where I struck, so I clasp him with tense affection. And there I was, hanging among clothes, swinging my legs with motion peculiar to wet stockings. Hon. Maggie Kelley observe me in this dangled condition.

"Git downward!" she snuggest.

Before I could reproach back, Hon. Rope

burst and I was anticipated to ground so forcibly that I sat there wondering what. Entire clothes-line seemed to surround me with damp washing like a wounded sail. Hon. Maggie making hysteria, seize bottle of wash blue in her prize-fight hands and approach at me screaming war cries. With howell of great intensity she threw that sky-colored liquid to my head, covering my nose and eyebrows with splashes of brilliant art.

Next she rose to house and obtain broom. When I seen that female club, I lost my connection with that home. I lep forwards. I fled off. I swum over the fence with great skill and continued to elope elsewheres. Farebye to that job!

When nextly seen I was 2 miles Westward setting among woods attempting to rub wash-fluid from my forehead which was blue.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Togo Coaxes Down the Cost of Living

To Editor Good Housekeeping Magazine who desire to make high-life less costly.

DEAR MR.:—Please address all letters to Fineheimer Employment Bureau where I am looking for it, as usual. Sorrow for me. Sometimes I think I am like a shoot-gun, merely make to be fired.

When last seen I was employed at home of Mrs. Ethel McManus who reside with her husband, Mr. Ethel McManus at Honeyville-on-the Hudson. They are a very matrimonial couple of people. They were married only a short time of yore. Therefore they are living in midst of wedding presents which they are trying to use as furniture. How superflous!

“Togo,” say this lady to me, “I hire you because we are too poor to live without a servant.”

“How smart idea!” I report with chivalry.

“Yes,” she repartee. “I learn this wisdom from newspaper: ‘A good servant will save Hon. Housekeeper \$6 a week.’ Acting on this advice I hire you for \$5 a week, which make following arithmetic: $\$6 - \$5 = \$1$. Therefore I have cleaned up \$1 a week by transaction.”

"If you keep 20 servants at that rate you could save sufficient to keep automobiles," I pronounce joyfully.

"I have often thought of that," say this British lady. "But I think I shall begin gradually on 1 servant and see how much I save."

"I permit you to retain all you make off me," I suggest for generosity.

"Your duties," she utters, "is to keep high cost of living as low-down as possible. I expect you to buy food for our home, and to purchase it with such financial cuteness that everything will cost less than formerly. When Hon. Beefsteak cost 28c per lb. I expect you to chide him until he become more reasonable. Hon. Chicken must walk down from his 37c perch if he wish to join us at our table. Potatoes, string-bean, butter and salad must also act less haughty in their prices if they wish to associate with us on bill-of-fare. Could you manage this for our household?"

"Japanese are great diplomatists," I report. "I am willing to approach the problem with intense stinginess."

"The duties of a servant," repeat Mrs. McManus with expression of old-age peculiar to brides, "the duties of a servant is to come into more affectionate contact with butcher, baker and icer. Thus tradesmen might be coaxed into sharing with Housekeeper that profits which they now selfishly keep in their business. You will arrange this."

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"I am willing to promise anything," I collaborate.

"Each morning after dish-wash ceremony is over & Hon. Furnace is fed for the day, you must promenade with basket to market where High Cost of Living resides. It is useless for you to squander \$2 here & there in reckless provisions. I read in newspaper this morning how one delicious and nourishing lunch for 3 persons might be bought for 50c, including cost of gas to cook it with. I shall try it today. My Hon. Aunt Augusta are expected here at noon. I require you to make miraculous meal for her. Here is 50c. Take it and be economical."

"I could not be extravagant under those circumstances," I renig, compressing the ½ dollar to my pocket.

"Be as hasty as possible," she beseech when I depart.

"It should take no time to make 50c go a long ways," I encourage. "I shall saunter among markets making storekeepers jealous by my independent behavior. Then I shall promenade homewards and commence to cook."

I do so and this is what I done.

I spent 5c trolley fare and arrive to shop of Hon. Fritz Schultz, prominent butchery. I discover this wealthy meat-person standing befront of his store making sweet whistles.

"O Hon. Mr. Sir," I commence, "your soul feels very musical this morning."

"A butcher's soul is like his sausage," he con-

fab, "full of strange and wonderful surprises. Also I must feel slightly poetical because Spring have arrived to my store."

"Spring," I snagger.

"Ah, yes," he say off. "Beholt the signs of Spring in my window."

I notice several. One say: "SPRING LAMB! —Marked Up to 42c." Another say, "SPRING CHICKEN—Formerly 18c. Reduced to 27c."

"Why should meat behave so heavenly?" I reproach. "It is continually soaring beyond."

"The Trusts—they are greedy about making profits," he say, arranging his necktie, which was full of diamond pins. "The Trusts are to blame, as usual. What can I sell you this morning? I shall be willing to part from some delicious pork chops for twice that they are worth."

"At such a price pork should taste like venison," I suggested.

"Have you got any food for sale that is less ostentatious?" I acquit.

"Corn beef," he report. "That homely dish can be obtained for 22c per lb."

"I shall take 1 lb. please," I order.

"Umpossible!" he disorder. "My corn beef come only in 5 lb. patterns."

My soul drop back, completely flabbed.

"Ain't you got nothing that I can buy for 15c?" I gosp.

"How you insult me!" he gollup, wiping meat-axe with rage. So I depart off before chop occur.

Togo Coaxes Down Cost of Living 85

It was now 11:30 by clock-time and I had not yet obtained that 50c lunch. I spent 5c more trolley fare arriving at Nusbaum's Butchery. This leave me 40c with which to do so with.

"What you got for 15c which is sufficient to retain 3 persons, mostly ladies?" I ask from Hon. Nusbaum. He look to me with fatty eyebrows.

"I can give you 3 nice mutton bones for that price of money," he report.

"Can food be made from mutton bones?" I ask it.

"If properly prepared," he renig, "they are delicious. First they should be boiled for 4 days in extract of beef, then stuffed with chicken giblets, olives, muskrooms, raisons, and 12 fresh eggs chopped finely. The cost of this dish are as follows:

Bones	15c
Chicken giblets	1.50
Muskrooms75
Eggs65
Raisons20
<hr/>	
Total Extravagance	\$3.25 "

"You call this cheap dish?" I holla nervely.

"You would be surprised to see how cheap it tastes!" he suggest while I walk away from that conversation.

I stand with my 40c remainder on sidewalk and wonder what next. Ah! Vegetable lunch is

most delicate for invalids and full of economy. Therefore I shall go to place of Hon. Cyrus Goldthwaite, groceries and vegetables. I arrive there by trolley, which cost 10c because I lost my transfer. This subtract me down to 30c.

"What wish?" require Cyrus Goldthwaite, with spectacles.

"How much would 3 potatus cost?" I negotiate. I was sure those vegetable would be nourishing, because Irish eats them and remains quite warlike.

"They come in all sizes," suggest Hon. Goldthwaite.

"Give them to me about ladies' size," I suggest, because I knew they was for a ladies' lunch.

Hon. Goldthwaite hand forth 3 gentle-looking potatus.

"23c" he require.

"O, Hon. Groceries!" I abject. "Ladies cannot live on potatus alone. I got 30c with which to obtain lunch for 3. From this I must extract 5c for trolley home-trip. What bill-of-fare can I purchase for 25c remainder?"

"Sardines," he say, "are nourishing but they tastes lonesome without crackers. These rare fishes costs 20c per box and sifficient crackers to chaperone them would cost 7c. This would leave bonus of 3c for salt. Or if you would think it more delicate you might obtain $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese at 18c and 1 potatus at 7c."

"I am completely puzzled by this arithmetic," he said.

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"Maybe I should telephone to Mrs. McManus and find what is," I say so. So I do so.

"Hullo!"

"Yes."

"This is Togo."

"O!" Chillbite voice.

"I wish to ask, please, what you would prefer as nourishment? Would 2 potatus and one box crackers seem more sifficient than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese and 1 potatus?"

"For which meal, please?" she snib.

"For lunch, please," I expose.

"Togo!" holla blond voice from telephone, "as it is now 1:45 in P. M. and my guest has already went elsewheres in search for food, I can see no sensible ratio in your horseless remarks. How dare you show your face at my telephone under such conditions?"

"Be more calm to me," I besearch. "You sent me forth with 50c to save money from food. I done so. If your guest went away without lunch, she saved you that much. Which were very economical. When you substract 25c from my traveling expenses you will still have 25c for profits on the day. Thusly I save you from your luxuries."

"You are talking a vacuum," she strongle. "There is *one* luxury you shall save me from in future."

"Which luxury is that, please?" I deploy.

"You!" she snagger abruptly. Bang-up for telephone.

Hashimura Togo

Hon. Goldthwaite charge me 10c for that telephone. Which show that high price of talking is also increasing rapidly upward.

With my remaining wealth I advance hopefully forward towards Fineheimer Employment Bureau which I am always welcomed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Togo Becomes a Fire Hero

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine who saves more homes than insurance.

HON. DEAR SIR:—Another place where I am habitually absent can be found at home of Hon. Mrs. & Mr. Susan J. Fogg, Turnverein, Conn. I was burnt away from that place because of my heroism. I tell you how was:

This Mrs. Fogg lady reside with her husband and furniture in a residence, which are covered with extremely wooden decorations, which talented sculptors have cut out with saws. She say it is one Queen Annie house. Perhaps so it is. Maybe this Annie were empress of Coney Island to build such merry architecture.

Hon. Mrs. Boss are considerable proud of her house & what is inside. She got an elaborate number of plush picture-frames containing photos of Homer. Also she got cute jugs and pitchers walking over shelves & tables resembling decorated bugs doing so. Her dining room are full of cut-up glasswear to resemble swollen diamonds. Over mantel-peace are portrait-face

of Uncle Seth, famous hero, who was scared to death in Battle of Bully Run.

"Home," she say so to me on date she hired me for employment, "Home should be full of objects to resemble soul of sweet lady what keep it."

"What a romping soul you must have!" I exclaim for chivalry, while rubbing eyes to observe purple curtains and reddy carpets.

"My house is nearly all furnished with wedding presents, birthday tributes and auction bargains of happy days," she tell proudly. "I value them for dear associations."

"Dear associations seldom match in color," I narrate. She did not assimilate those words I said it.

"For instancely," she go onwards, "there is painted fire-shovel with snow-scenery from Grandpa's farm. I would not take considerable for that shovel."

"How much has you been offered?" I ask to know.

But she was thinking elsewheres.

"Togo," she otter with serious eyebrows, "there is not one drop of fire insurance on this house!"

My heart stand on end for this informations. "Then it would not pay to burn it!" I gosp.

"Daily and nightly," she agnosticcate, "I worry with brain for fear some spark or blazes might walk into my home and burn all my sweet art and dear menorandum to zero of ashes!"

Togo Becomes a Fire Hero 91

“I shall smother all arson with great cruelty,” are fire-chief promise I make.

So Hon. Mrs. Fogg donate to me one smallish volume of book entitled “First Ade to Fires.” This literature, which is bound in 4th of July color, tell me following information about fire when he gets loose :

“Chimbleys are most dangerous articles to have around a house because they gets clogged with soot, thusly causing inflammation of the roof which creates blazes and burns insurance. Total loss. Best way to put out a mad chimbley is to sprinkle salt down him until he quits.

“In case of houseafire, human folks must be saved before all other furniture, because they are most combustable. This can be did by throwing wet blanket over them and dragging them forth. Valuable heirlooms can be saved from burning house by taking them out.”

I read this instructions, Mr. Editor, and feel prepared for anything.

This Mrs. Fogg got one Irish cooklady name of Hilda Katz. Hon. Hilda are beautiful, except her face and figure, which are not. She enjoy very sorry romance, because of Hon. Wm., a hack-driver, who drove away with another fiancée and remain there. Consequent of this, Hon. Hilda weep & cook nearly all time.

“Togo,” she report to me, while making tears

and pies, "never promise to marry any gentleman in the livery-stable business."

"I shall avoid this peril firmly," I narrate.

"67 doz assorted love-letters this Wm. sent me. And what usefulness are they now?" Weeps by her.

"They might make a sad novel, if printed among pictures," I say so.

She peel onions with Romeo expression.

But I were too busy being a fire-detective to think of Wm. and his escape from love. Nearly each hour by clock-time Hon. Mrs. would come to me and talk underwriter language:

"You hear that smell of smoke?" she require.

"It smell like New Haven Railroad burning dividends six miles away," I say with syrup voice.

One day, my Cousin Nogi give me sweet-hearted gift of one valuable cigar, price 5c. cash-money. I nourish this dear tobacco very carefully in pocket and await till late night-hour when I could smoke him in my room & think of my ancestors. So I lock door, open window and do so. In midst of puffs I hear something.

Knock-knock! This noise by Hon. Door. I unlock lock and gaze outside to where Hon. Mrs. Fogg was there with kimono & pale eyebrows.

"Some odor is burning in this house!" she gollup.

"What perfume of smell do it resemble?" I ask it.

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"It resemble a fire among dry goods," she gubble.

"Be calmly quiet," I negotiate. "The smell you heard was merely only slight gift-cigar I smoke in honor of my Cousin Nogi."

"I would avoid such a cousin," she snib with nose. "Blow out gas and go to bed at oncely!"

I could hear her peevishness by her feet as they walked.

It were nice, balmish evening of summer weather when Mrs. and Mr. Chas Hassock, neighborly persons of quiet fashion, was there to play bridge-gamble amidst society clothing. Hon. Mr. Fogg, medium gentleman with tame whiskers, were also there acting like a husbandman.

Bridge-card resume for several hours while those 4 persons sat there calling each other "Trumps" and other American insults.

O suddenly!! what was that my nose smelled? Inflammatory smell of fire!!

With iced brain I recall what "First Ade to Fires" said about mad chimbleys, so I rosh silently to outside house to see how ours were behaving. O surely yes! Hon. Chimbley were shooting sparkles & pin-wheels from his enraged bricks!

What I do then? With immediate quickness, I rosh to dining-room and grab 2 salt-sellers in my courageous thumbs. Making my toes extremely swift, I clomb ladder to roof & scramble along shingles with care peculiar to Thos. Cats.

Then, by heroic movements of wrists, I pepper considerable salt straight into the face of that mad Chimbley. Yet he still continue on making Vesuvius out of himself.

What nextly must I do? I think of that fire-volume which say. "*Human folks must be saved before all other furniture.*"

So I scamper to bed-room, dragg forth one complete blanket & sough him in wet water of bath-tub. With these blanket held in my firm knuckles, I ascended downstairs to parlor where Hon. Mrs. Fogg set in her marcel hair and considerable expensive face-powder calling Mrs. Hassock a "Renig" in bridge-language.

With wetness of blanket, I stand behind Hon. Mrs. Fogg.

"What for?" she holla when she seen me. But before anything else could collapse, I wound wettish blanket round her head.

"Gog!" she report with strangely voice. Yet, before she could narrate more, I had drogged her forthly to fresh air.

"What is the meaning of this meanness?" require Hon. Fogg.

"Meaning of Fire!" I yellup. "Why do you stand there making speechless talks, when your home is sparking?"

At this oratory of words, everybody begin making hook-and-ladder movements. Hon. Fogg grabb bird-cage and pair of tongs. Hon. Mrs. save 3 plush albums. Hon. Hassock attempt to remove sideboard, but it were nailed to floor.

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Hon. Mrs. Hassock rosh down street breaking fire-alarms out of telephone poles.

But I were more Sandow in my strength. With Samurai knuckles, I grasp cabinet full of cut-up glasswear and roll him down front steps to lawn. Loud crashes! Thusly was valuable dishes saved from fire.

With deer-foot heels, I eloped upstairs to bedroom and begin pouring entire household out of window. Mattrass, pitchers, rugs, etc., fell like Niagara falling. When I threw forth family water-color landscape representing the face of Aunt Nerissa Hodges, it make boomerang fly-off and struck on head of Hon. Fogg which went through. Too bad.

I were just in the heroism of poking brass bedstead through pane of glass, when Mrs. and Mr. Fogg escorted by Mrs. and Mr. Hassock and Hon. Hilda Katz, cook-lady, suddenly encroach into room and seeze me.

“Platoon of brainless mind!” they all hiss like circular snakes. “Who inform you this house were blaze?”

“Did I not see Hon. Chimbley spitting rockets?” This from me.

“Sakes of shucks!” commute Hon. Hilda contemptibly. “That were not house-afire. That were merely me burning negligent love-letters in kitchen stove.”

Grones by all.

“So my house are not afire!” report Hon. Mrs. for disappoint.

“So sorry!” I regret. In distant midnight I could hear rural hose-carriage approaching with gongs. “Maybe there was no fire, but this were very useful practice. Also I was enabled to show you the iced quality of my intelligence. If there had been some fire, I should put it out!”

“You have put nearly everything else out,” sorrowfully Hon. Mrs., looking outside to moonlight where the entire interior of her home lay scrambled on the lawn.

Hon. Fogg gargle with his teeth.

“Since you are so talented at putting things out,” he suggest, “perhaps you can place yourself elsewhere with immediate rapidness.”

I oblige. When nextly observed, I were setting in R. R. Station awaiting for morning train and feeling quite roasted.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XII

Togo Makes Discoveries

*To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine,
whose mind thinks recipes.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—When Hon. Chris Columbus dishcovered America, he do so at his own risk. It are muchly the same with Gen. Housework—all persons must be entirely careful about what they find out, because they can't always do something with it. I know because I try.

My last former address was home of Hon. Mrs. J. B. Cluck, Canton, O. I am now employed there as an absentee. Mr. Editor, you and your magazine are blame for the miserable anecdote what happen to me there. I tell you, Mr. Editor Good Housekeeper, how was:

This Hon. Cluck lady suddenly approach up to me last Tues. a. m. & say with voice,

“Togo,” she say so, “I am delightful reader of Good Housekeeper Magazine.”

“You are one in several 1,000,000,” I snatch back, with expression of rapid circulation.

“In this wonderfully home-made periodical,” she divulge, “I are frequently suprised to read

one department name of 'Dishcoveries,' what tell considerable knowledge to ladies what require to make housework unexpected. This month 'Dishcoveries' give bright recipes on following subjects:

"How to make pincushions from potatoes.

"How to keep moths out of moth-bags.

"How to make babies cry by music."

I assimilate her words with eyebrows.

"It seem insulting to sell so much wisdom for 15c," I contuse.

"Recipes like this," decry Hon. Mrs., "are good ways to know. Every servant girl, whether male or female, should read those 'Dishcoveries' & attempt to do so also. New things can be thought of only by thinking of something new. Therefore, remember I expect you to make some useful 'Dish-covery' each week you are in this home."

With such language, she suddenly eloped away, leaving my hands in thoughtful dishwater.

Mr. Editor, it are easier to be Shakespeare than Edison. Hon. Shak. merely composed poetry, but Hon. Ed. has to compose inventions what actually go when expected to.

When Hon. Mrs. Cluck require me to think up some Dishcovery, I were completely flabbed to find what was. Nearly everything seemed to be already thought of to make home easier—hot water, ice man, gas, etc. Brooms was there to sweep with, foods to cook with, each thing for to do so. When I look around that home, all

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full of everything, I feel like North Pole after Hon. Doc Cook was there—nothing else left to dishcover.

That week my brain grew sidewise from too much originality. Yet no useful thought come up.

With frequent occasionality, Hon. Mrs. Cluck approach and dement,

“You find that Dishcovery yet, Togo?”

“Great explorers requires overtime to do so,” I relate.

No intellectual reply from her.

Wednesday pass, Thursday pass while Fryday & Saturday proceed in similar manner. At last it was Sunday.

This Sunday are devoted to stay-home amusement by Hon. Cluck, who are a bald-haired gentleman of medium oldness. He spend this vacation by setting in slippers and enjoying quarrels he is too busy to attend to other days. When these is finished, he reads comical supplements until fatigued by humor, when he spreads Hon. Happy Hooligan page over his bald hair and commences to snore. This program are enjoyed to any extent while Hon. Mrs. telephone her Mother to explain how sad her marriage was.

“Jas!” holla Hon. Mrs. to Hon. Mr., last Sunday while he was leaping from one nap to another, “Why should you save your snores for your Wife?”

“You comfort me so I cannot keep wakeful,” he smooth back.

“Do you snore while being comforted by a—stenographer?” she gollup so quickly.

He said nothing very well.

“Oh!!” This from her. “If I could dishcover some way for to keep you from going to sleep every time you sat in that chair, I should be submerged by much gratitude.”

I was standing in next room near keyhole trying not to listen when I axidentally hear her make this dialogue.

Zizz!! Intellectual flash arrive to brain: I should make one Dishcovery what would give Hon. Cluck happy-home wakefulness when setting in that chair. Banzai! I stogger backwards with Edison feeling of thumbs.

Next a. m. while Hon. Mrs. were absentee at Dept Store squandering money on hair-pins, I approach Hon. Chair where husband love to dream. With artistic hammer & nails, I attach Hon. Chair to rope in next room which were pulled by neat derangement of pulleys. He were a Mawruss Chair, full of pads and very fat, and I was proud to see the expression of calm comfort what he wear while setting there awaiting happy home-come of Hon. Mr. Cluck.

When Hon. Mrs. Cluck arrive back for dinner that evening, food were absent, for reason because I had been too busy with importance to think up such triful.

“Why you no cook for eat it?” she require with hawk voice.

“I have cooked something more grand than

merely stomach food," I suggest. "While you was absentee, I have been preparing something elegant for the brain to chew: I have made a Dishcovery!"

"O narrate it to me!" she collapse for vasty excitements.

"Not to do!" I holla. "Such thoughts must be delivered by express to editor of Good House-keeper Magazine."

She glub slightly, but I was firm.

"If you have time to spare from your scientific study, please prepare what hash there is in the house for food which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours late." She say it.

At 6:47 hour, Hon. Cluck return back in usual mood of joyless anticipation. He say several nouns expressing lateness of Japanese cookery, then he remove off coat, collar, neckbow & shoe-ware, expecting to put on house slippers and smoke-jacket and manufacture comfort.

"If Togo shall be till breakfast preparing dinner, I shall go to my Mawruss Chair and enjoy slight kitten nap," Hon. Mister glump.

"If you had more regular profiles, you would be a sleeping beauty," contuse Hon. Mrs.

"If this home was run right, it would not be run down!" combust him.

"If you was not a fungus, you might be a genius," detone her.

I were deliciously relieved to hear them talk that way, because I knew they would get so interested in unpleasantness that Hon. Cluck

would forget to go sleep in Mawruss Chair until after dinner was ate. And then I would have time to show my Dishcovery.

And so it was. While I prepare what hash I could find, Hon. Cluck spent time pacing backwards and reverse with expression peculiar to Admirals on July 4th. At lastly dinner set himself on table while Hon. Cluck devoured big dinner amidst usual steam-roller grumbel about my unhappy cooking.

"Can't you recall some sweet language to make marriage pleasant?" renag Mrs. Cluck.

"Marriage are only pleasant when he are asleep," he peruse, looking expectfully to Mawruss Chair.

When it come to pie time, I could already observe dormatory expression of lodging-house crowling over fatty face of Hon. Boss. Yawns by him. Stretches. At lastly, he arose upwards, lit cigar, rubbed his tired business eyes & started for library.

"I think one slight, little nap in Mawruss Chair will prepare me," he say so to Wife.

"Prepare you for what?" she dib back at Hon. Husband.

"For go to bed," he resnort. He make sluggardly walk toward Mawruss Chair.

Now I knew it were time for activity, if my Dishcovery would be useful. So I ran with silent speed of cats towards other room where end of rope was. Through library door, I could see Hon. Chair setting there with dimpled pads. I

grabb rope detached to pulleys what led to Hon. Chair. Next thing I could see Hon. Cluck back up towards Chair, stretch lovingly, and crouch his knees as if intending to set down. But he wasn't.

YANKS!!! With hero strength, I pull rope which cause Hon. Chair to sidle backwards on castor. Consequence of this was large. Hon. Cluck, suddenly dejected from his set down, fell on his collar button, arriving to carpet so hippo-ponderously that entire home were jarred loose.

"O darling Mr. Husband, are you gone?" require Mrs. Wife, lopping over him with heroine expression peculiar to Julia Marlowe.

"Can't you tell I am here by the noise?" he gubble. "What spirituous medium has come here to pull away my chair with unseen hands?"

"I do it!" I explode with great quickness suddenly emerging forth from curtains like prima-donna making first entrance when band play with great exuberance.

"*Why* you done it?" Both Hon. Mister and Hon. Mrs. spoke together like mad chorus girls.

"It was fault of you & Good Housekeeper Magazine!" I snuggest to her. "Did you not tell me every servant girl should make Dishcovery of something needed in the home?"

"Perhapsly I did," Hon. Mrs. rosp back with question-mark.

"Did you not tell Hon. Husband something must be did to keep him from sleeping in Maw-russ Chair after big dinner every day?"

"I said thusly."

“ Well! ” This from me. “ I have cooked up an Invention what will keep Hon. Sir from all snores. Reward me, please! ”

For immediate payment, Hon. Cluck arouse up with voice peculiar to zoology. He annexed me by the seat of my collar & left me outside where I stood long time.

Mr. Editor, if you wish this Dishcovery for your page it will be yours for the cheapness of dirt.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XIII

Togo's Thanksgiving

To Editor Good Housekeeper Magazine, who keep cheerful in spite of Holidays.

DEAR SIR:—While annual yearly date of Thangsgive approach up, I enjoy pain in connection with my memory. Americans act so peculiar when thankful that I am not insured what to do. For instancely, I tell you what collapsed to me last Thanksgiving Thursday:

I were employed for Gen. Cookery at domestic kitchen of Mrs. & Mr. Romeo Goober, East O'Rora, Ill.

"Togo," say Hon. Mrs., approaching up to me, "tomorrow shall be Thanksgiving Day."

"What are origin of this joy?" I ask to know.

"Pilgrim 4 Fathers first invented it," she report. "In historical time of 1492, Hon. Miles Standish were setting on Plymouth Rock. 'We have no foods,' decry Hon. Miles. 'I have no appetite,' suggest Hon. Jno. W. Alden, assistant Pilgrim. 'We should be thankful for that!' negotiate Hon. Miles, so Thankful Thursday were manufactured from that date."

“How you shall celebrate this patriotic festival?” I require.

“By eating it,” decrop Hon. Mrs. “The more we eat, the more patriotic we become. On that Thursday date America are thankful about all sorts of calamities, while families group themselves around turkey to express gratitude and cramberry sauce.”

“My heart stands upright to think of such cheerfulness!” I resort. “I shall rejoice tomorrow for to observe one American dinner where Kick & Peev are not invited.”

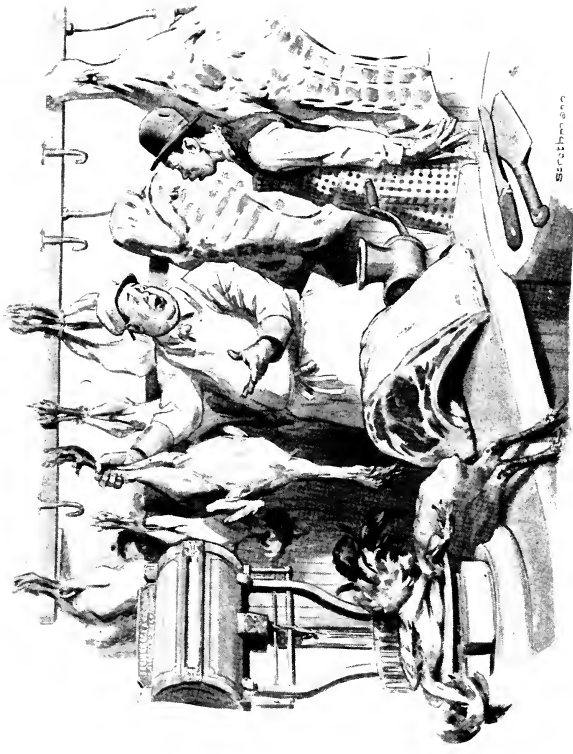
“Tomorrow we expects to celebrate as usual,” she report for sweetly smiling. There will be 8 to dinner, to include my fattish Uncle Seth who equal 3 more. All my relatives is most sneerful particular about foods. So now will you please elope immediately to market for buy one turkey-chicken of 26 lbs. complete tenderness, 4 qrts. cramberrys of delicious sourness, 6 bunches celery-weed, and sufficient punkens to construct $2\frac{1}{2}$ pies?”

I go. At Gouge Bros. Market where was I observe sign, “FAT TURKEY 35c.” To see this, I feel very humorous about that High Cost of Life.

“Such delicious cheapness of bird!” I negotiate to Hon. Butcher who was there. “At such rates, how much would 2 turkies cost?”

“\$22.80,” he report for immediate arithmetic.

“Do you not promise fat turkey for 35c?” I rake off.



Sturthman and Co.

“Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs? Nothing could be fresher than that,” depose Hon. Butcher.



"35c per lb.," he snagger financially.

"I should like one (1) lb., please!" This from me.

"We do not sell broken sections. You must purchase complete bird, price \$9.80." This from him.

"At such rates, folks can get rich by starving," I snagger.

No response from him. He go to ice-box and fetch forth one enlarged fowel without any clothing on.

"This are nice fresh turkey," he satisfy.

"How you know he fresh?" I snuggest.

"Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs.? Nothing could be more fresher than that," depose Hon. Butch. I buy.

He sell me expensive celery-bouquet, price 75c per cluster. It seem disrespectful to eat such valuation. Also precious cramberries, price \$1 for seldom quantities, added to \$2.50 worth pun-kens for pie. I promenade homewards, carrying this valuable butchery and hoping no burglar would see me.

While I was thusly stragglng along with bur-dened back, one assorted dog, name of Hon. Fido, snux up behind of turkey and made smiling sniff-nose.

"Shoo!" I report. Hon. Fido stood waggishly saying nothing, but looking at Hon. Turkey with flirting eye. I was joyful to observe this, because Hon. Shakespeare say, "Them what dogs loves must have many tender qualities."

Date of Thankful Thursday arrive up. By early a. m. of dawntime I arose up and commenced. All a. m. that assorted dog, Hon. Fido, set outside screen door. I permit him. I arrange Hon. Turkey to polite position and stuff his surprised interior with decorated crumbs. I satisfy him with salt & pepper.

About time of afternoon p. m., I could hear several thanksgivers scraping their footprints on rug. Their feet sounded quite hungry, yet I could not hear any words spoken more cheerful than Sunday. Hon. Turkey now send forth smiling smell of bakery, and I was glad to assist his importance.

Pretty soonly all take set-down to table.

"We got much to be thanksgiving for," report Hon. Goober with sharp knife. "Dinner is late as usual."

"Too bad weather are so full of dishagreeable qualities!" grubble Aunt Hannah with golden teeth.

"It were not thusly when I was a boy," report Uncle Seth with grone. "Please pass the celery."

He make smack-taste of this foods, then flop it back with snubbed expression.

"I have tasted no respectable celery since 1841!" he holla baffably.

All enjoy depression by this report.

Next course was oysters, served with considerable rawness. Cousin Fred'rck make jab to these shelled fish.

"Don't!" holla Aunt Eliz, making horror with her nose.

"Why should not?" require Cousin Fred'rck while he swallow up.

"You are so young and yet dead already!" ollicute Aunt Eliz. "Toe-main poison are sure to resume from this."

"Food contained less poison when I was a childhood," negotiate Uncle Seth.

"Bygone days has went!" extract Aunt Eliz with si & grone.

I go to kitchen for bring in delicious mulligan-tawny soup what I bought. While I were pouring this hot beveridge in plates, I notice slight smell of burn. It was Hon. Turkey in oven, becoming too feverish. So I took him out and put him by window where he be more comfortable.

I fetch soup in plates to all those thanksgivers.

"Canned!" they yellup together with voice of sad chorus girls, while thrusting away plates.

"Nothing is real any more!" narrate Uncle Seth with dyspepsia. "Even turkies is deceptive. When boyhood days elapsed, I can remember how we was accustomed, on Thanksgiving morning, to salute Hon. Turkey by chopping him in kneck with ax. We knew he was good to eat, because we seen how fresh he acted. But no more. Today, turkies lives like Eskimos—spending their old age on ice before meeting civilized persons. No respectable bird-dog would eat them."

I enjoy considerable alarm for this thanks-

giving speech. Then, courageous like a Samurai, I retreat to kitchen for fetch forth Hon. Turkey. Hope thrilled my wrists and elbows as I entered kitchen for escort that sublime turkey—but O!!! I stand gast. I look to window where I left that sacred bird. Such things could not! And it was. Empty pan stood there, seeming entirely vacuum. Hon. Turkey had flewed away!!

I rosh by window and look earnestly to back yard. Yes!! With thankful expression of tail, there stood Hon. Fido abducting Hon. Turkey across alley by wing.

“Come backwards!” I yellup. Hon. Fido show no impression from my talk. I lep through window $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet to outside. Quickly reassuring my legs, I retreat after that slyly doggish annimle, but he scromble up fence with hooked claws resembling cats. Too late for me! Turkey had escaped from my Bulgarian catch-up.

Mr. Editor, heroes is most brave when reporting failures. I do this considerably. So I drag together my soul and encroach toward dining-room, where I could hear those 8 thanksgivers complaining about everything. I walk in there carrying empty pan. Uncle Seth were just saying,

“Turkey are not what he used to be in 1868!”

“It are painful to look one in face!” report Aunt Eliz, while all agree.

“Banzai!” I holla, poking forth vacant dish. “Your digestion shall avoid this agony.”

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"What is?" all exclaim while leaping to their feetware.

"You should all be very thanksgiving," I suggest. "You have been rescued from considerable preserved poison by one patriotic dog what sacrifice himself by eloping with Hon. Turkey before he could be ate."

"Kill the dishonest mammal!" all gollup with thankless expression.

"Why you should want I kill dog for stealing turkey you do not require?" I ask with Teddy Roosevelt voice. "He should be gave medal of Pilgrim 4 Fathers for eating a bird you would not dare to bite."

"Then you mean we shall have no turkey?" snagger all.

"You shall be spared that calamity," I say off.

"How lonesome Thanksgive dinner seem without him!" mone Uncle Seth.

"How can we fill his vacant platter?" sobb Hon. Mrs. "I should be thankful for Hon. Turkey, however tough!"

Just while she say this—crashy!! Loud sound of approaching dog heard from kitchen window, and Hon. Fido with waggish tail trott into dining-room, carrying that enormalous bird in his careful teeth. He lay that absent fowel reverently at my feets.

"Hon. Fido do not care for this enlarged chicken, so he bring him back," I report.

"Dinner are now spoilt!" decry Hon. Mrs.

"How could you speak it?" I research.

“When turkey go, you say, ‘Dinner ruined!’ When he come back, you say, ‘Dinner spoilt!’ I am impossible to understand about American customs.

“You have Thanksgive dinner so you can set around making bewails. So foolish to do! Why you no choose this date for to kick out Misfortune?”

“I shall do so!” abrupt Hon. Goober, arising upwards. “First Misfortune to kick will be in your direction.”

Next he rejected me through window by force of Swedish jiu-jitsu. Hon. Fido arrive by next kick, and Hon. Turkey flew afterward, striking me on hair so earnestly he left me quite brainless.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XIV

Togo Seeks Tea and Finds Tango

*To Editor Good Housekeeping Magazine
who must realise the extreme difficulty of keep-
ing home dull,*

DEAR SIR:—I have leaped so continuously from jobs to jobs since you last heard from me that I am becoming a very talented bounder. The nearly last place to which I was attached rejected me away because of my extreme industry in sweeping carpets while company was there to sneeze. Boss Lady at that place was kind but brutal, so she give me following letter of recomment to quit with:

TO WHO THIS MAY SUPPLY:—

This introduces our Mr. Togo (retired). If you want to see what a housemaid he is, try him. He is capable of anything. Please treat him like I did.

MARY L. MONTFUSSER.

Next place where I took this note were home of Hon. Mrs. & Mr. Wm. Vanderbitt Jones, residing in very swollen location located near

Aspic Falls, N. J. That neighborhood was so formula that it make me feel quite English while approaching up to it. I was included into rear entrance amid buttlers, where Hon. Mrs. Vanderbitt Jones, crystalized lady of expensive beauty, arrive there and require, "You unstand how serve tea?"

"Tea are favorite drunk of Japan," I exaggerate pridefully. "It are served there with ceremony——"

"It are served here with tango," she snib stylishly. "Did you ever learn how?"

"Never yet," I nudge, "yet I can quickly learn to include that amid cream & sugar."

"How irritated!" she snib while making her fingers touch her fashionable hairs. "How-everly, since it is too late already, you must remain staying."

A English buttlar without any H in his words took me to long room and show me how pile up furniture and remove off all explosive glassware from table.

"Why you make so much removal?" I ask to know.

"When tea-drink begin they commence dance," he acknowledge.

"Tea never make persons dance in Japan," I snagger.

"It are only commencing to have that effect in America," he explain. "But in 1914 it are fashionable to have it go to feet when swallowed."

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I were chewing this education with my brain when confused varieties of Smart Setters arrive up with enlarged limousine hacks and make ha-ha handshake including Vernon Castle expression.

I notice great absence of that stiff-souled dignity peculiar to Japanese Ambassadors when thirsty for Oolong. Everybody acted like a divorce and some ladies appeared considerable Geisha.

Hon. Mrs. Vanderbilt Jones stand by rugs, with flirting expression and say, "Howdy, Freddy," whenever Newport clothing arrive up. Musical orchestra from behind palm-bushes commence play "O You Gabble Gabble Glide" and nobody could prevent misbehavior of feet. Considerable gentlemen then obtain seizure of considerable ladies and commence circulating with stride away expression of knees.

"If this is tea where is it?" I require from my soul. No answer as yet.

My eyes equaled Sherlock's in search of that beverage which should be there. I could not detect. No appearance of steepage, cup-saucer, sammyvar, or other tools for making that hot sip. Yet somewheres I could hear dice-box sound peculiar to small icebergs clattering together. O yes! I saw. Coyly concealing behind palm-bushes I observe considerable butler shaking up tea in silver jiggers to include ice.

Pretty soonly lady & gentleman arrive up full

of fatigues from so much slouchy-slouchy dance-step.

"We will take slight tea," they dement from Hon. Buttler.

"What variety, please?" he require servantly.

"Martini," snuggest those couple. Hon. Buttler pour. More pairs of persons emerge up. More shakes with ice. More gobbles. More dances.

Hon. Mrs. Vanderbitt Jones, formerly very clam-eye and Buckingham in her appearance of silk clothing, abruptly seize one smallish dance-gentleman and become more Geisha than all others collapsed together.

"It are tango who put the tease into tea," renounce one gentleman-boy twirking by with lady-girl.

"You are very Bernard Shaw today, Edgerley," she report back with eyes. "Of formerly it used to be deliciously difficult to compel men & husbands to come to tea. Now you cannot keep them away with weapons. Why is that swift change?"

"When the tea goes out the tango's in," he define, attempting to wear wit under his moustache.

It was very hard science to describe this tango-waltz when I saw it, Mr. Editor. It are similar to a minuet danced by eels. Angry elbows seem to be slipping around everywheres while each ladies and gentlemen seem to be walking side-wise without intending to go there. Such

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chuckly movements of ducking away from music amid bounces! Such clutch and jolt containing great poetry! I could not unstand how persons could do this American jiu-jitsu without injurious breakage of their personality. And yet no ambulance was called.

While I stood thusly composing thoughts, Hon. Buttler walk to me with side-face moustache similar to Hon. Chauncey Depew when not joking.

"While you are doing nothing you should not stand idly around," he dib.

"You wish me dance also?" I snuggest.

"I wish you to go to royal reception door downside and permit entrance to all calling guests." This he say with voice so expensive I feel entirely bankrupt.

So I go downside to reception door where I set long-time for lonesome company by the knob. Occasionately that music play so flirtatious that my feet misbehave. Pretty soonly came ring-ring to door. I admit. In come lengthwise gentleman with Woodrow Wilson expression and black-front necktie peculiar to clergy.

"What name, if any?" I ask to know. I made my voice show insults peculiar to fashion.

"I am Rev. Mr. Scornaway, of St. Lucre parish," he deliver. "I have came to tea as usual on Wednesday."

"This is no place for a clergy," I dictate warnfully. "You can save your reputation by taking it away with you."

“What do you mean by your meaning?” he snagger. “Do not Mrs. Vanderbitt Jones’s cards say Tea on Wednesday?”

“This are not the kind of Wednesday you think it is,” I abrupt.

“Poor benighted heathen!” he narrate. “Have I not been arriving here for tea for the last twenty (20) years since date when Hon. Cyrus J. Jones was President of National Distrust Co.? Have I not been here to talk church-work with elderly ladies while setting down amidst famus statesmen and talk on topics? Have I not met most greatest dignity in America within this house?”

“You will not meet them now,” I clabber, “or if so they will be doing something else.”

“Pleasantly permit me to pass inside,” he snarrel clergetically.

“O not to do!” I holla with Samurai knockles preventing his forthstepping. “If I relate what horror that tea is now doing you will not dare to go inside with your profession.”

“Tell me the entire!” he commit bravely.

“They are making tango!” I whasper with ears full of frights.

Hon. Rev. Mr. express great sternness in his jaws like a reformer fighting Indians.

“Let me get at them!” he growell.

“O joyful!” I acknowledge. “Then you are determined to stop it?”

“No!!” he gargle. “I am determined to dance it!!!”

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I collapse backwards to setty chair and permit him to advance to middle of music. For 13 1-8 minutes I remained stationary attempting to fan away my faint. Then considerable bashido filled my forehead and I leapt to my footwear. Upstairs to dance-hall parlor I go. There, surrounded by sidesteps, hand-clasps, whirligig promenades, eye-gaze, romp, Vienna tunes and acrobats I observed Hon. Rev. Mr. circulating in clutch with Mrs. Vanderbitt Jones. Determinely I advance to middle of and stand befront them.

“Hon. Mrs. Madam, if conveniently—” I commence to be interrupted.

“What is?” she require, continuing to circulate.

I am obliged to make delicious dance-motions so I can keep up, yet I pursue near her.

“If convenient I quit,” is reprove for me. I must now double three loops and whirl my arms bias to remain next.

“Why you don’t quit without application to me?” she ask it while 2-stepping.

“I wish tell you my feelings before departure,” I reject while gliding my feet onwards and twining my chest in stroggle to follow her closely. “I shall not be a servant in such a fidgetty home. I shock! What is becoming of America? Instead of sipping tea, as formerly, they dance it. Instead of enjoying sociability with brain they do it with feet. They act midnight at five o’clock. Preachers come to preach and stay to

prance. Therefore, I remove myself to some other jobs."

"Jeems!" Hon. Mrs. holla to Hon. Buttler, yet still continue fantango whirling, "here are Japanese schoolboy who should be discharged to music. Tango him down back steps."

Nextly I knew I were embraced by that tense Englishman without any H in his voice. While music burst up into runaway tune, Hon. Buttler show me tango so rapidly I did not know my ears from my knuckles. O such musical scuttle-step, back-walk, elbow-jounce, and twist-vine movement towards outside side of house! And there I suddenly arrived followed by orchestra-sound including kick.

So I 1-step away with bursted gracefulness peculiar to lame duck.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Are Turkey-Waltzing a Dance or a Convulsion?

To Editor N. Y. Newsprint, who must have many subscribers because he know that where there is Life there is Blood and where there is Blood there is Circulation (free joke)

DEAR MR.:—The Japanese Patriotic and Educational Suicide Club, of which I am correspondent Secretary last night give a waltzing cotillion and lemonade (25c for extra ladies who drunk it) at Rising Sun Banzai Association Hall. Considerable fashion of yellow complexion was there with Sadikichi's Brass Orchestra to play it whenever we danced it. Excitements.

Considerable Japanese schoolgirls was fetched there by that nationality and I was deliciously shocked to see how American they looked. They wore crippled skirts of considerable thinness and their shoulder blades seemed absolutely destitute. I fetch Miss Ruby Fujimoto, Japanese lady of aggravated beauty, with me for escort. When she removed off her opera-house cloak, I look at her with my expression all braided up.

"Ladies should be praised for their economy," I corrode while observing the cloth that was not there.

She curbed up with bridle expression.

"You no like the way my neck is cut?" she snagger, showing peevness by her soprano.

"Your neck is not cut," I narrate. "I know because I can see it all."

She seem less engaged to me than formerly and eloped away to make dance-step with J. Haro, Japanese photographer.

Hon. Sadakichi's Brass Orchestra make music resembling roof gardens.

At that moment of time I could observe how everybody was dancing. They seemed to be jouncing in couples, making crowd-up walk with occasional slouchy-slouchy motion while their eyes said "How-do!" with Romeo expression peculiar to Shakespeare.

"It are nice for youngly persons to be affectionate," I commute. "But when will dancing begin?"

"They are now Turkey-waltzing," depose Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, with Tuxedo eyebrows.

My cousin Nogi, who arrive there with Miss Alice Sago (divorced) approach to me and wish I should Turkey-waltz with her because he was lame from when she kicked him. I told him I was a Methodist heathen, therefore my feet was too religious to dance.

"Turk-waltzing are denatured dancing," ar-

range Miss Sago with alimony smiles. "Come, Mr. Togo, I show you how do it!" So I went and strogged.

Mr. Editor, while I made gymnastix with that charmed lady, I wished send you several editorials. What are this Turkey-Waltz, I ask to know? Were it invented by Turks at Adrianople while wrastling with the Vulgarian army? Did Turkish soldiers think up that peculiarostous step while rolling barrels of powder at Greece? Why should persons blame Turks with this style of trotting if they never did it? Mohammedans has got sifficient bad habits of their own without accusing them of some more!

This Miss Sago shove me here & elsewhere with neglectful expression peculiar to roustabouts. When music play "All Persons Are Doing Something" she attemp to dissociate my spine by wig-wagging my elbows.

"Make your ankles more diagonal!" she declare with sweetly schoolteacher face. I wish to ask her marry me, but wondered what might happen if I did. I make slight jiu jitsu to her wrist, but she got more stronger grippe while I jounce alternately like tables in earthquakes.

"My feet are filled with clumsies," I narrate baffably.

"That are very valuable in Turk-trotting," she say for sweetly smiling.

"So is?" I holla. "I always sipped folks must be graceful to make dance step."

“They ust to, but no more,” she expose. “All fashionable 400s today when dancing considers it great elegance to appear like drunken sailors wrestling with bears.”

I should have responded to her educational catalogue, but she was showing me new jag-step where I could elevate my knees to music while being choked.

“I will nextly show you how do the Jellyfish Crawl,” she pronounce with Tipsichore expression.

“If I learned any more dances I should become a Geisha, which are less proper,” I renig shyly while eloping away from her armful with talented dodges.

When I was hiding behind palum trees where she could not see me I watched considerable turkey-trottery, bunny-huggery, etc., with eyes full of science. Dignified home-made Japanese was making roof-garden loops with their legs in such a way their wife & children would feel siprised. Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, were doing sidewise catch-and-let-go dance with Miss Mamie Furaoki. After that actions I could not see how he ever could look a Y. M. C. A. in the face again. First they glid together with expression of happy crabs, then they made a twillup, two cross-legs & 3 bounces. This was followed by clutches.

“They are dancing Tango,” pronounce Sydney Katsu, Jr., who was floorwalking like a committee.

“What slum teaches persons dance like that?”
I abject doggishly.

“Sometimes Bowery, sometimes Fifth Avenue,” he report for tone of high-social.

“Do Fifth Avenue permit the Bowery to teach them depravity?” I require.

“Ah no!” ollicute Sydney. “Fifth Avenue are teaching the Bowery. Vices are like other kinds of furniture. Rich folks uses them first and only pass them on to poor folks when they are second hand. Thusly the slums are seldom safe.”

“After Tango is finished what new dance will explode in the Smarty Set?” are next question for me.

“Not sure,” Sydney say so with Harry Leer eyebrows. “Last week I hear how some high-style Newporters had gone to Africa for try dancing with some cannibles what knew some deliciously low down steps. But after the first dance they had to quit because they was ashamed.”

“Who was ashamed—the Newporters?”

“No, the cannibles,” notate Sydney Katsu, Jr., looking like he was prepared to be raided by police.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

When Will Lady-Fashions Get Ashamed of Themselves?

To Editor N. Y. Newsprint or whoever prints it

DEAR SIR:—Of lately I have been studying American style of fashions for ladies, so I shall know your civilization from both ends. It are a very hard science to chase and in doing so I annexed my acquaintance to Miss Alice Furaoki, to who I shall become engaged when divorced. This sweet-hearted Japanese schoolgirl dress so similar to American actresses you cannot tell her from white lady, except when you look at her.

Last Satday eve p. m., when I was accomplishing her down street for see emotion-picture show, price 10c, I felt very Vanderbiltish to walk so near to Newport dressmaking. My eye hooked itself to her clothing and remained there till—O sudden!—I observe what was. I blushed entirely yellow.

“Excuse, please, Hon. Miss Sweetheart,” I gollup. “Your dressmake has axidentally forgot to sew up the ankle of your skirt so I observe something deranged.”

“What derangement do you observe?” she require with Vassar eyebrows.

“Not sure,” I stotter. “It seems to resemble the biceps of your hosiery.”

“That biceps is situated where it usually is,” she otter clamly like an ice box.

“Should it be ashamed?” I ask shockly.

“It are style,” she decry, “and style are never ashamed. Togo, why should you stand there gasping like Queen Victoria seeing Paris? This garments I are wearing are called a gashed skirt and is now very favorite at Newport, and Jewport, on Fifth & Sixth Avenues. Queen Mary of London wore one (very slightly) while giving Ice Cream Social to Knights of the Garter. In Paris it were even more so, as usual. Two French countesses from Minneapolis appeared tired out in this costume at Long Chumps race-course and everybody was so asphyxiated by charm they forgot to lose their money.”

“Horses must feel very slow when racing against such style,” I report nervely. “I am alarmed to think to where fashions will jump to nextly.”

“More will soonly explode from Vienna where a gentleman-dressmake have invented a dress all of glass,” she narrate with smiling eyebrows. “It will be worn in beautiful green shades.”

“Green shades are necessary to pull down sometimes when you are living in glass clothing,” I say so for Elbert Hubbard smartness.

Miss Furaoki make no intellectual reply, so

we arrive inside emotion-picture show to see that noiseless opera. I think I shall marry her sooner than ever.

Mr. Editor, Hon. Anthony Comestop and other celebrated purities is continuously complaining because female ladies is becoming too much seen in public places. Women is becoming too brave and their skirts too shrinking. Hon. Comestop, who are not so strong as he were before he took up modesty as a business, fainted $2\frac{1}{2}$ times when he seen photos of Lady Bluff-Gorgon's latest style-simony entitled "Spring Twilight" and he have ordered entire U. S. Army to encamp at Custom House to stop it when she send over Fall-style walking-suit called "September Morn."

Considerable ministers, judges and boss policemen has been talking like angry uncles to ladies because of the increasing decrease of their clothing. I read in news-print last week how Hon. Judge Killjoy of Salem, Mass., wish to burn all witches under 27 years of age for bewitching gentlemen by the clothes they don't wear. Last week he order Hon. Police to grabb all ladies wearing dangerous skirts, but Hon. Police were too lazy to arrēst entire female population, so he brought Village Belle into court, because she looked most so.

Hon. Judge observe that lady's clingstone appearance and put on eye-spectacles, because must see careful.

"Mrs. Madam," he report legally like Hon.

Taft, "I are not astonished that there are such delicious quantities of Cubist artists in this generation. They are the only artists which can paint modern ladydress so it conceals them sufficiently."

"Do you not like what I got on?" she require.

"I do not object to such smallish matters," he negligee. "It is for the absent that I mourn."

"I are dressed in style," she dib feminately.

"You are dressed in very little else," he legalize. "I should die of shames if I should see my Wife promenading in street clad in such a lack."

"I do not blame you," she snagger snubbishly. "I once saw your Wife in bathing suit and can sympathize with you."

Hon. Judge feel considable contempt of court for this remark, yet he could not hang her, because her style had not killed anybody yet.

"Who is it buys the purchase of your wardrobe, such as is?" he ask to know.

"My husband," she pronounce.

"I shall arrest him for failure to provide," he renig hashly. So he lock up court in time to go codfish.

Mr. Editor, numerous reformers is making weep-voice because ladies is coming out in worse & worse. Yet I are less alarmed. Styles is like other forms of advertisement—they are made to create look-at, and when this stop, they stop also. Ladyfashions is always worse than formerly, yet never so bad as they was. If you think 1913 is hideolous, look at 1880; if you think that uglifer-

ous, observe 1870. Before the Uncivil War considerable preachers made considerable shock because ladies wore their lingeries next to their shoes. In reign of Gen. Arthur gentlemen enjoyed much sorrow because ladies wore their skirts in Psyche knots behind their backs. And now they create peev because ladies does not wear sifficiently enough anywheres.

At what periodical time of civilization have not mankind scolded ladykind for something she took on or put off? You would think from how they act that gentlemen must detest ladies for looking so homely. Yet suicide, divorce & population increases annually, which show that ladies can never dress too fashionable to be loved by someone.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XVII

The Drama of Sex

To Editor N. Y. Newsprint who knows how to go too far without arrivng there.

DEAREST SIR:—My Aunt Taki Kati, spinsterial suffragette from Kobe, Japan, arrived here of recently and say she should like see all the customs of America.

“What you wish see firstly?” I require for guide-bookish expression.

“Theater,” she say so.

“Had we not better begin with some other slum first?” I ask out. “There are some delicious gunmen in jail this week; Tammany Hall are still open to tourists and I could show you some splendid opium smokeries in Chinatown, price 25c.”

“Why should I not see theater first?” she require with Pankhurst eyebrows.

“Because so,” I report. “To enjoy theater you should a proach it gradually like any other bad habit. It are better to work up from mild to more strong. Otherwisely you might become ill without feeling intoxicated. Foreigners intending to see American theaters should first

take lessons in blonde-slavery, debutchery, gunmanliness and o. u. kiddery. Then they can see dramatic arts without blushing too much."

"My stumach has been strengthened by hunger strikes," say that suffraging Japanese. "Therefore I can stand considerable endurance."

"What variety play you wish observe?" I say it.

"Some simple domesticated drama," she indicate. So we went forthly for see what was.

Mr. Editor, when we approach Broadway that street seem about like usual. Breathing get more difficulty there all time, because so many new theaters arise there each night, making fresh air umpossible.

"I smell the odor of some smell," narrate my dear Aunt with chokes.

"There is several new Viennese plots in town," I say so.

While we walked we could see following flashing signs winking with wicked electricity:

COUNTESS NYMPHIA
BY SWINEBURG
OPENLY VICIOUS!!

Next sign report:

THE GIRL AND THE LIBERTINE
A HORRIBLE HIT!!

Next theater divulge:

SLIGHTLY SOILED
THE DRAMA OF DISEASE!!

Nearby electricity say:

THE WHITE SLAVE'S FROLIC
MODERN MUSICAL COMEDY
100 SHOCKING SONGS!!

My Aunt Taki Kati wish see this opera, because she admire Gilbert & Sullivan for their tunes. So we go Box Office and ask buy sit-down inside.

"We do not sell tickets," he reply peevly. "Ain't you got sufficient brains in your mind to go to speculator when buying tickets?"

We find Hon. Speculator by sidewalk looking quite commercial.

"10\$ each," he report with tickets.

"Why should your price be so immodest?" I snagger.

"This are an immodest play," he snudge. "Also we must charge extra for this performance because the author will be arrested after Act II."

I knew we could see just as much wickedness for less cash money, so we walk onwards. On side-up street we see sign which say:

THE LIMIT!
ABUNDANTLY WORST!!

At this play we obtain sitting-room price 3\$ each, which were deliciously cheap for so much sin. When we got inside there I obtain program, which was useless for my Aunt Taki, who do not understand American language, but can blush plenty in Japanese. Following words was on program:

Evil Characters Represented

J. W. Wineblower.....Vice-President
of Vice Trust
Mrs. Lillian Lorelei.....A Temptation
Venus.....A poor shop girl

There was many others on that program which I did not have time to see because Hon. Curtain go uply amidst Rector music. The scenery was red like it was blushing for itself. And there sat Hon. Mrs. Lorelei removing shoes while smoking opium. Pretty soonly one of her husbands encroach in and complain that Hon. Janitor has been putting too much water in his morphine this week. Knock-knock by door. Hon. Police arrive in and accept bribery. Amidst considerable talk about purity Hon. Miss Venus arrive in and say she cannot obtain sifficient vice for 4\$ weekly in department store where she work. Therefore she have come. I shall tell you the rest when I can whisper. . . .

Mr. Editor, when Act I were finished up my Aunt Taki Kati smell a bottle of Japanese salts for take the taste out of her nose. She say

that if America was like this Japan must annex it before it decayed. She say her oldmaidenhood were insulted by that sight and she was sure she must die dead from shocks.

"Maybe we better go outside for ventilated air," I snuggest.

"Ah no!" she otter. "Let me faint where I am. If I went out I might lose my seat."

But I feel otherwisely. I would rather drink my beer in some saloon where thoughts are more pure. So I elope outside, leaving Hon. Aunt to shock by herself. There was so many Presbyterian clergymans coming inward that I was nearly scrunshed in going outward. Yet I manage to get to lobbed door outside.

By Boxed Office I notice Hon. Moses Feldspar, the management, talking to Chief of Police and other press agents.

"You are less ashamed than formerly," I narrate hashly.

"Why should I feel ashamed of employing Truth among my actresses?" he snagger.

"I never saw Truth behave so careless!" I dib.

"She are most truthful when naked," he exclam.

"She are," I renig for scorns. "But when Hon. Stage Manager dress her in X ray skirt she appear entirely dishonest."

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XVIII

Grand Opera in English

To Editor N. Y. Newsprint who can be considerable comical without music,

DEAREST SIR:—Cousin Nogi report to me recently with Oscar Hammerstein eyebrows.

“Togo,” he say so, “cannot grand opera be equally grand when pronounced in English?”

“Frequent theaters is now doing so with help of talented soprano,” I say it.

“So glad to hear!” contuse my cousin. “Nextly they will be singing Salome in Japanese, which will be nice education for Japan who wish to be educated so quickly possible, yet like to know what they are talking about while doing so. Now they can’t do, thank you. Of recently famous sing-song play ‘Carmen’ were introduced in Yeddo. Considerable confusion enjoyed. When Hon. Bullfighter emerge forth from slaughterhouse yalling ‘Tor-ee-a-do-da!’ in elevator voice, all Japanese thinkers present imagine it was New York scenery describing Tammany Hall after election while Hon. Jno. P. Mitchel were congratulating himself on cruelty to tigers.”

"While grand opera is in English all persons can understand merely by ear," I nudge gladly.

"Will not German language lose its health if translated?" require Cousin Nogi.

"Perhapsly," I collapse. "American language have no beautiful words like 'lustspiel' and 'Sauerbraten.' Yet maybe they could use some baseball language so all could seem natural."

"At any rates," say Nogi, "it must be entirely enjoyous sensation to set in opera and know what they are talking."

"Let us go and try one," I snuggest with happy hat.

So we sonter forthly until we observe theater what say "Grand Opera—English Spoken here." We encroach to door where bull-board pronounce, "Opera Longrin by Hans Wagner, Famus Cyclist."

Annexed to door-entrance stood one stylish bell-boy who hold slight program in his thumbs.

"All words to opera 25c!" he pronounce distinctually.

"Why must we spent this $\frac{1}{4}$ \$ for words, please?" I ask to know.

"So understand what stage-singers say," report boy containing buttons.

"Do they not say it in English?" I negotiate peevly.

"Not sure," say Hon. Boy. "I have only been here a week."

We step inwards and observe opera going ahead amid considerable crashes. I heard

“Ouch!” while I set down, but was not sure whether it was orchestra or merely lady I stepped on.

Hon. Stage was filled with scenery, people & tragedy. I could not tell what that picture represent, but it were easy to see who was there. King Leopold of Belgium in antique bathrobe were surrounded by German Samurai on bright banks of Erie Canal where they go for fresh air while being cruel in music. Hon. King grumble some dishagreeable barytones to goldly-hair daughter who step forthly in rich nightgown & holla,

“O wat di spa!”

I turn to eye-glass gentleman next by me who were reading Book of Opera with piano-tuner expression.

“What she mean when she say, ‘O wat di spa!’” I reques.

“She say, ‘O what despair!’” he pronounce distinctually.

“What language was that, please?” This from me.

“English,” he whisper peevly.

“I am glad to make its acquaintance,” I argue slightly.

Pretty soonly, after considerable choir-noise, Hon. Orchestra get into dispute with brass horners. And look, see! Down wet transportation of Erie Canal come flotting one enormalously swollen duck and on him stands riding one hansom circus man in tin clothes. Excitements.

Hon. Tin Gentleman get off from that trained white chicken and throw hitching-rope around his stretched neck. Hon. Poultry bobb chin with peck-peck expression and steam away with promptness peculiar to commutation. Hon. Tin Hero wave muscles of fingers.

"Feh-wa! Feh-wa! Ma fayvu swa!" he warbule with sweet lung.

I turn to Hon. Eye-Glass next by me who still read Opera Book.

"What was he said it?" I require chivalrously.

"He say, 'Farewell; farewell, my faithful swan!'" he snub maddishly.

"Are he still talking English?" I narrate.

"Hush it!" he snarrel. "Between your noise and the orchestra I cannot hear the opera."

"If my absence will make this art easier for your mentality I shall cease to blockade," are sharp report I make while withdrawing Cousin Nogi outside the theater.

Although Nagasaki by birth, I am Glasgow in my soul, Mr. Editor. It pangs me to spend money without some come-back for what I pay.

So I enrush up to box-office with money-back expression.

"I require get at leastly 35c return rebate on these stubbed tickets," I say so to merely financial gentleman who was there.

"Why for?" dib Box Officer hashly.

"Because is!" I reject scornly. "I pay large wealth to hear English. What they sung was otherwise."

“That were English!” say Money Box.

“I could not understand it.” Say me.

“Nobody expect understood Grand Opera in any language,” he snagger. “Be reasonable like Sherman Law.”

“What are grand opera for, if not?” I ask to know.

“Several things. To give folks wrong impression of history and confuse them about love while admiring Smart Setters in diamond horse-shoe,” he define. “This has satisfied Art for 311 years—why should you require something else all of a sudden?”

“Then why would it not be just as good for Americans if sung in Chinese, Swedish or German?” I negotiate.

“Because of patriotism,” he define. “Every man prefer to be puzzled in his own language.”

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

XIX

A Lesson in Eugenics

To Editor N. Y. Newsprint, who will please be more careful about choosing his ancestors in the future,

DEAR SIR:—Last Wednesday night I got feeling of lonesome matrimony, so I put on Tuxedo slippers and necktie resembling Vogue. I was not sure which lady I intended for marry, but I go see Miss Tessie Matsuki because I could get there without carfare. This Matsuki lady live over store of her father, Hon. J. W. Matsuki, Japanese hay & grain. She got considerable Vassar intelligence and would make nice wife for librarian.

I found her by lamplight wearing goldly spectacles while reading enlarged volume entitle "Eugenic."

She felt my biceps while shaking hands & seem to examine my hair for criminal traits. I ask her would she like go see emotion picture show with my accompaniment. She say no. She prefer set stationary and talk about Future Race, I explan that I did not keep up pretty well with sporty events, but my Cousin Nogi were entirely

educated about racing & baseball. She give high-up laugh of culture.

"Future Race are not sporty event," she define. "It are Eugenic."

"I got no time to think foreign languages," I say so while admiring her sweethearted expression with Garden of Allah sensation. "I come here to ask some big importance. Would it be convenient to get married?"

"It would be no trouble however," she report for smiling.

"O then we shall!" I holla while attempting to hold her handclasp, but she snatch it to herself.

"If suitable I shall include you on waiting list," she suggest.

"I present you my heart," I renig for poetry.

"Condition of lung are more important," she renounce. "Let me hear your deep breathing." I do so. She listen. "Ah!! I suspected what I supposed! Your left pulmonia has slight anachronism. How dare you love me?"

"Permit me to tell about myself!" I yall like Romeo.

"Tell me about your grandfather, instead," she abrupt.

"I do not ask you marry my grandfather." This from me while enjoying slight agonies.

"In Eugenic," she report, "we are expected to marry entire family."

"This Eugene must come from Utah," I snib. "My grandfather would not permit such ille-

gality. He were married once, which were too many. Also he are dead. It are immoral to marry dead folks."

"What he die from?" she romp forth.

"Asthma of knees," I pronounce.

"So ha! Then you got diseases in family!"

"You expect my ancestors to die from being too healthy?" I ask to know. "Perhapsly Hon. Eugene who wrote that book will teach us how to do so."

"He expects to arrange everything," she compose proudly. "His speciality will be marriage. Youngly persons will be selected carefully like Luther Burbank choose best potatoes for crop."

"Will this Hon. Eugene make some new marriage ceremony?" I otter.

"That have been arrange also," she tell. "When 2 Eugeniuses wish get married following program will be enjoyed:

"Joy-bells will be jungled from tip-top of gymnasium where members of Board of Health will act as Ushers, admitting relatives after examining their tonsils. Talented vaudeville performers will play 'Weddlesohn's Mending March' on Indian clubs while Bride & Bridebroom, wearing Annit Kellerman bathing suits to show no deception had been concealed, will walk up aisle hand-in-hand with parents wearing rubber gloves. Bride must not blush, because that are sign of weak heart and Bridebroom must not seem nervus, because that indicate tendency to

allipeptic fits. After dumb-bell drill Rev. Preacher will step uply."

"What Rev. Preacher will do this ceremony?" I inquest.

"Not sure," she negotiate. "Perhaps Rev. Billy Sunday might do, because of muscular religion."

"What shall this marriage service say?" is next question for me.

"It say following dialog:

Rev. Mr.—, Do you love this woman?

Bridebroom—No.

Rev. Mr.—, Woman, you love this man?

Bride—No.

Rev. Mr.— Good. You have no inherited instinct. You swear there is no fits, insanity or general ability in family? (They swear.)

Then stick out tongues, please. That will do, thank you. I make you manandwife."

Miss Tessie Matsuki look to me reproachly when saying this.

"What happen pretty soonly after marriage?" I snuggest.

"Baby," she pronounce. "He are born perfect without a blamish or any other sign of humanity. He are gave perfectly balanced name like Sandow Socrates Shakespeare Scagg. In babyhood he are never kissed. In schoolday he are never spanked. In manhood he are never loved. And so he grow upward."

"What do he become, after so much exercise—a Congressman, perhapsly?"

"How could he? Congressmen are noted for imperfection."

"Then perhaps he would be novelist or playwright?"

"Ah never yet!" she snatched. "How could perfect Man be connected in trade with Jack London, Gus Thomas and other rough boys?"

"Yet there might be some jobs for him. He could be machinery engineer of prominent greatness."

"Not possibly!" she rejected. "Should we permit such model gentleman to build subways for political scandals?"

"But this Eugenics Baby must choose some activity of work. Shall he be too good for any profession when grown up?"

"Indeed will!" she holla. "He will be a Father."

"Father of what?" I require with alarmed teeth.

"Of children similar to himself."

"Miss Tessie Matsuki," I denominate punctually while choosing my hat from table, "excuse my escape. I wish for search out some young lady who will prove her unfitness to marry by falling in love. Please excuse!"

"Uncivilized brain!" she snarled. "Go forthly! Such depraved minds like yours drive tacks into the feet of Science when he try to progress. And yet the world do move, in spite of Tammany Hall."

“ Tammany Hall also move occasionally,” I
corrode with Fusion expression.

So I elope away full of low character.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Togo's Christmas Day in the Morning

To Editor Good Housekeep Magazine who realize how it must be more expensive to give than to receive.

DEAR MR. SIR:—Merry Xmas thoughts fill me with something else. My brain refuse to ring bells in connection with this annual jingling. Perhapsly it is because of following anecdote which happen to me:

At home of Mrs. & Mr. J. Poke, Rockpile, N. J., which is on the list of places where I am no longer there, I was employed in their midst. That family contained only two (2) complete children, but they were sifficiently plenty. By name they was Hester and Lester, aged 5 & 7 respectfully. These youngly persons, when healthy, was full of childly amusements including dish-break, runaway, knockabouts, and whittling pensils with Father's safety razor.

But by approach of Xmas time they suddenly became otherwise. I notice this because I seen it. They walk around with Y. M. C. A. expression of toes and seem too good to be happy.

"Oh childish children!" I require from them,

“why so you do so? Do you enjoy some sleeping sickness to make you thusly silent?”

“Hush it!” they depose. “Xmas are coming!”

“Are Xmas, then, such saddish event that you should await it without cheers?” I ask to know.

“Oh, not is!” they ollicute. “But, unless we behave very Sunday-school, Hon. St. Claus will not arrive with gifts of great cash valuation.”

I stand gast for this phenominal. So I go to Hon. Mrs. Poke and require from her, “Hon. Mrs. Madam,” I say so, “who are this Hon. St. Claus who seem so Carnegie in his gifts?”

“He resemble Hon. Doc Cook,” she snuggest, with slyly winking. “No such person ever was.”

“How so!” I snatch off for horrors. “Then I must inform Hon. Hester & Lester about this mistaken personality.”

“Not to do!” she snagger peevly.

“Why should not?” I ask to know, with eyebrows.

“Because thus,” she say it. “I told them about this Hon. St. Claus from my own voice.”

“How you could be so deceptive?” I terrify.

“I do this to make my children less sinful in their comportment,” she snuggest. “When they go around making gunman noises, I holla, ‘Stop before Hon. St Claus hear you and refuse to come!’ If they tell untruthful lies, I humiliate them by reproaching, ‘Hon St Claus will snub you for this untruthfulness!’”

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"Honesty are nice exercise for children to learn," I corrode.

She make pleasant face for reply.

"On Xmas night-before," she explan, "me & Hon. Mr. Poke set up slight candle-tree in dining-room. We cluster this foliage with ornaments to resemble circus, and by foot of it we place extended quantities of drums, guns, horns, cannons, velocipedes, baseballs and other tools with which home can be broke. In dawn-break of morning Hon. Dear Children come down and observe. 'Who sent it?' they require. 'Hon. St Claus bring it because you was truthful child,' we report. 'How he get in?' they ask to know. 'He slid down chimbley-pipe,' we say back deceptively. So merry Xmas is enjoyed by all."

"Are it not somewhat sinful to relate them fibbulous tale to tender child?" I negotiate.

"Ah, no!" she abstract. "If childhood should not believe in St Claus, then most happy times would relapse forever. Togo, you must do everything what possible to make them believe in this whisker-gentleman."

"I shall attempt to think up something deliciously deceptive," are smart answer I make.

As Xmas date approach up, Hon. Hester & Lester become more fidgettous in their psychology.

"This morning I dishcover 6 boxes labeled 'Smith's Toy Store' in basement of cellar," pronounce Hon. Lester. "What could be in it?"

"Coal is frequently packed in toy-boxes," I renounce.

"It look very deceptive to me," deploy infant Hester.

"At times I are discouraged about St Claus," narrate Hon. Lester.

"So sinful thought!" I holla.

"How could I believe in gentleman I never seen? Where is his photo? I suspect."

"Many distinguished persons is shy about photos," I abrupt.

"Perhapsly," aggravate Hon. Lester. "Yet other things I cannot understand with brain. Hon. Parents tell me how Hon. St Claus comes sliding down chimbley-pipe with gifts. I have awaited many nights to observe this downfall, yet he never come. Therefore he ain't."

"If you should seen him make in-shoot by chimbley-pipe, would you believe this whiskered fairy?" I ask it.

"Oh, surely yes!" response Hester & Lester together like chorus girls.

"Then on Xmas morning you shall observe him!" I abrogate with earnest expression of teeth.

On date previously before Xmas I go to town-village with weekly salary, price \$5, and purchase considerable wheel-cart, squeak-doll, jump-up-Jack, and other childish amusement. These I poke under overcoat and retreat home slyly like snails walking over upholstery.

When night time was there, Hon. Hester &

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Lester was cruelly sent to bedtime and locked asleep so they would not find out about Hon. St Claus. As soon as they make sleep, Mrs. & Mr. Poke command me for bring forth Xmas-tree. I make him grow from soap-box in dining-room. I assist intelligently hanging this foliage with tin fruit, including numerous candles standing on limbs to resemble candy fireworks. While Hon. Poke boss my enthusiasm, I fetch forth considerable heavy toy-boxes from basement of cellar. Back-broke feelings by me. Yet I continue this labors until mixed assortment of Xmas stood by tree with deceptive labels about Hon. St Claus.

At 1 o'clock hour a. m. Mrs. and Mr. retire bedward, exhausted from observing my work. But my dutiful labors had just commenced. I must prepare to show those childish children how Hon. Mr. Claus down-slide down chimbley-pipe.

All house was full of darkness. Frozen moonlight outside. With sneekret footsteps, like snakes swimming in oil, I approach to closet and fetch forth following articles of clothes:

- 1 minkish ottomobile coat
- 2 boots of rubberly exterior
- 1 cap from Eskimo leather
- ½ lb cotton resembling whisker.

I drop all them presents I bought inside one laundry-bag, place myself into those garments of clothes, then with detective toes I descend up through attric to where chimbley-pipe was on roof.

4 o'clock time now approach. Making affectionate hugs to Hon. Chimbley, I could tell it was Xmas by the feel of the thermometer. By peeking down Hon. Chimbley, I could see how it was sufficiently large hole to permit my Japanese smallness—yet I must compress myself to do so. I enjoyed considerable nervousness like heroes expecting to dive down Mt. Vesuvius.

Pretty soonly 6 a. m. was there and I was not yet froze completely hard. By listening down chimbley-pipe with telephone expression, I could hear childhood voices coming down-stairs saying "Oh!!" It were time for me to make some slide.

I pull ½lb cotton to my chin, snuggle Hon. Bag to back, and commence climbing into chimbley. What was? Distinctually I could smell slight smudj of smoke coming upwards! Yet it were too late. Already I was slipping, down-sliding slowly. Great chokes enjoyed. When nearly down I stuck up suddenly. More chokes.

"Oh, hellup, hellup!" I gollup.

"Who there?" demand Hon. Poke below-down.

"Hon. St Claus containing smoke!" I yellup.
"Make haste or else be quick!"

Some individual persons grabb me at toes. With intense drag I was pulled forth to fireplace where blazes was. My cottonly whisker become inflamed, and in desperado attempt I clash against Xmas-tree which tottle over amidst

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horble fire-alarms. Great holla by all. Then I am a hero, as usual. While all others make hook-and-ladder noise, I embrace Hon. Tree with elbows and reject him outwards through window. Of finally all was silent, except slight smell of smudj.

“What impossibility are you attempting to act like?” require Hon. Mrs. sarcastly.

“Hon. St Claus,” I report.

“Why you no entrance by door?” shreech Hon. Mr. with wounded knuckle.

“Doors is not respectable for Saints to come in by,” I devote.

“They are plenty for Japanese to go out by,” resnort him, escorting me outwards with brutal jam.

And when I was deploying away from there I hear Hester & Lester report in voice together:

“We have saw Hon. St Claus. We do not care to meet such a person!”

So I depart off feeling like an umpossibility.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

The Head of the House

*To Editor Good Housekeeping Magazine,
civilized personality who knows everything about
home except what goes on,*

DEAR SIR:—Last place from which I was rebounded were home of Mrs. & Mr. Annette Pratt, Curfew Glen, N. J. These individuals, though not peculiar from themselves, had home-names what distinkted them entirely. Hon. Mrs. Pratt was Mother Love, Hon. Mr. Pratt was Father Darling and Hon. Daughter Pratt was Mabel Dear. This Mabel Dear was half-past schoolgirl age. She enjoy such aggravated health that her mother make considerable worry for her.

“Why should not Mabel Dear help Togo make housework?” require Hon. Husband while seeing her idly resting.

“She must enjoy her headaches each morning during housekeep hours,” snuggest Mother Love. “It are fashionable to be illhealthy until noon.”

“Her illhealthiness do not keep her from tennis-play, night-set-up, tango & flirtating which she do considerable,” commute Hon. Him with grouches in his voice.

“Fortunately she can accomplish slight duties expected of any high-bread girl,” gollup Hon. Mrs.

“When I was boy my mother knew nothing about Vermin Castle dance, yet she could make doughnut, quilt, soap, beds and many other delicious home cooking,” he glub.

“Father Darling,” yellup Mabel Dear from her sofa where she layed with her fatigue, “Mother Love says I can have new Harper’s Bazar dress for Judkins-Perkins wedding festival ball.”

“I am too busy going to my office!” he snarrel while departing with door.

This Mabel Dear are Miss Lady of such great importantness that it give me great sorrow of brain to think she was born to merely New Jersey condition of real estate. When Hon. Father pass off she tell this sadness to her mother.

“Mother Love,” she say so, “it create considerable humility in my prides for see Togo open doors with soapsuds thumbs when Hon. Percy Twill, whose home contain several butlers, arrive here for flirtation and observe our poverty.”

“Mabel Dear I sympathize to you for our downslide in world. Since marriage to Father Darling I have expected very little. Before marriage my home was entirely surrounded by footmen.”

“Why you no brought 3 or 4 of those here?” are bright question for me.

“Eavesdropper! Return to kitchen duty!” they holla together like chorus girls. Yet I heard more from other keyholes.

“How I go to Judkins-Perkins dance with only one dress?” I hear Mabel Dear ask it.

“Are not one dress sifficient for one dance?” I require silently from myself while refraining my voice.

“I cannot tell what Father Darling does with all his money,” dement Hon. Mrs. “He receive \$240. per monthly yet we enjoy less luxury than the rich. Perhapsly he are gambling in stocks.”

“Result of his selfishness I are the worst dressed girl in the Curfew Glen Smart Set,” corods Hon. Mabel amidst sobs.

“If you had married Father Dar'ing you would realize why ladies goes on hungry strikes,” snib Hon. Mrs.

And so onwards.

When Hon. Pratt retreat homewards at night he usually carry complete bookkeeper library under his arm so he can spent tired evening finding who stole that 22c from firm of Obediah Pennypicker & Co. by which he is owned. Considerable hours each evening he set to table with eyeglasses and commonpeople expression on his face while he read that arithmetic. Pretty soonly income Hon. Mrs. & Hon. Miss dishguised in pinksilk Marlborough clothing and intending to go outwards.

“Such stylish!” report Hon. Father looking at.

"This are not stylish," renig Hon. Mabel Dear while spatting her Newport hairs. "This dress are made from remnant bargains. It are next to nothing."

"It seem so at the neck," ollicute he humoristically. "Girl wears but little here below but wears that little long. To what social Durbar are you going to?"

"The My Cream Tango Tipsickery Circle," negotiate Hon. Miss. "O Father Darling, why you no go long? If oncely you did you might make less cruel talking."

"Maybe I shall," report Hon. Pa laying down bookkeep volume.

"Father Darling!" hissy Hon. Mrs. "What you thinking of to say that? You could not go society as is. The necktie you wear insults our pride of family."

"I go where I pleases." This from him with glares.

"Why so independence?" She say it.

"Are I not head of this house?" he require.

"Yes, Father Darling," she file off. "Therefore it is your duty to stay home and look over \$90. groceries bill."

She poke forth Hon. Bill and leave husbandly man to his sorry.

Hon. Mr. Pratt work lonesomely till 9.44 clocktime. Then he fold away books and go to emotion picture show. At 11.11 clocktime he come backwards smoking intense cigar. I was setting on front porch enjoying beauty of moon-

shin amidst Japanese poetry. He observe me there and donate 1 cigar price 5c while he sat down next beside me with chumness of college boy.

"Togo," he say it at lastly while we make twin puffs, "are I head of this house or are not I?"

"Are indeed!" I say kindly because thankful for cigar.

"Then why should I be battered continuously?" This from him.

"Heads are always punched," I define.

"I are breadwinner without being allowed to keep winnings, I are—."

"You are an American father," thusly I report. "You should learn to be a Japanese father."

"How you do it?" he ask with eggerness.

"Japanese father are steam-roller Czar. Wife are sipposed to approach him with frightened elbows, daughter must be sipposed to ask for favors and not get it. All parties, presents, etc. are given by him. All servants must attend his selfishness while neglecting females around house."

"I shall move to Japan!" he cheer up.

"You needs not," I snuggest. "I shall be your Japanese slave and teach you how be Japanese father. Tomorrow a. m. you can commence ordering your home around like a floor-walker. Continually remember inferiorness of everybody but yourself and feel as sacred as

possible. Heads shall be chopped for impertinence to you."

"I shall enjoy that!" he stotter with smiling teeth.

At that moments carriage approach upward through moonlit and Wife & Daughter make getout.

"You up, Father Darling?" require Hon. Mrs. with shock tone. "I can smell beer in your breathing. Man of your aged respectability should not be boistering at night amidst low-living friendship."

She make dragoon expression to me while halling Father away.

Next morning while it was breakfast Father Darling sat looking very Cæsar where breakfast was not cooked while I go through with tray containing grape-orange, omelit, lady-toast and slight tea for Hon. Mabel Dear who enjoyed headache as usual.

"Lay that tray on table befront of me!" holla Hon. Mr. with commander voice.

"Father Darling!" yellup Hon. Mrs. who was there, "what you intend do with Mabel Dear's headache food?"

"Eat it!" he snarrel while I laid Hon. Tray befront of him with complete courtesy of Japanese bows.

"Are it customary for you to be taking comforts in this house from others?" Eagles spoke in her tone.

"It are not," he negotiate with egg spoon, "yet it shall be from now onwards."

"Am I to be dishobeyed in home?" she require shilly.

"Why not?" he ask to know ("Togo, bring one jar mammalade and considerable more coffee.) Yes, Mother Love, I have caught commuter train for 43½ years without breakfast. Now I am turning over a new sheet. Hereafterly I shall be Political Boss of my household. Not only shall I be considered 1st in serving comfort, but my servants shall be my complete slavers, similar like they are in Japan. Are this not so, Togo?"

"Ah yes, exalted-up Sire!" I worship while bending my base stumach.

"Huh!" snuggest Hon. Mrs. with Huerta expression. "Togo, go immediately upwards to Mabel Dear's room and deliver complete breakfast to door."

"Togo," depose Hon. Mr. looking clamly cruel, "go immediately upward to Mabel Dear's room and make knock-knock to door. When Mabel Dear answer say so, 'Your Rev. Father demand you get upward at oncely and help wash-dish and other healthful exercise.'"

I go. I do so. When Mabel Dear hear knock-knock she poke forth girlish cap and decry, "What for, imported heathenish?"

"Your Royal & Exalted Up Hon. Father require you make immediate get up for wash dish and be natural like ancestors," I commit.

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She shreech. Slam door. Downstairs I could hear similar warcry while sounds of smelling salts, hysteria etc. could be heard from dining room.

Eloping to window I could observe Hon. Mr. evaporating down path in depot direction.

"Togo!" voice of Mrs. from down there.

I make no correspondence to her tone.

"Togo, will you come downward or shall you be thrown?"

Still I conceal my words. Ring-ring by telephone could be distinctually heard.

"Togo," she say more plaintiffly, "there is command here by telephone from your Royal Lordmaster Sir Exalted Pratt."

"I go downward and obey," is meakness from me.

I emerge down there and put that electricity to my ear.

"Hello!"

"Yes. This are Boss Pratt. Togo, I have reconsidered my life on way to depot. I am very respectful to your Oriental uncivilization and know what you snuggest can be accomplished 10,000 miles distant from New Jersey. Howeverley, I are expected to return to New Jersey every night, so difference must be."

"In Japan you would never make such weekness resembling mice," I ollicute distinctually.

"Undoubtlessly. And since you are so crazed about Japan, maybe you should return there and

teach Domestic Science where it shall be understood."

"Then you mean say I am discharged?"

"Like a gun!" he snibber while hanging telephone.

So I arrive to backdoor and obtain immediate farewell feeling that Man is superior to Woman, but that Woman are on Jobs more frequently all day.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.







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