

# LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY

Shopping for Buckeyes.

By WALLACE IRWIN.

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TO Editor The Seattle Times who must notice how both Stocks and Stockings are being rolled downwards this summer.

Dearest sir:  
Hon. J. Pierpont Toyo, Japanese flight pulmotor, approach up to me last Satdy p. m. afternoon while I was going to a museum. I think I am getting deliciously famus, otherwise why should important man like Hon. Toyo take time to shed his hat with smiles at the very sight of my foot-steps?

Yes, he did that and bent his swell stummick reverently with apoech!

"Hashimura Togo, it is nono other! Handshake me! Are it not pretty estranged, by golly, that I went 4th this morning expecting to make somebody rich, and here you are? Congratulations!"

"I take my thanks and throw it back at your highness," are sweet smiling thought from me. "But O Dear Sir do not ask me to get rich any more! On July 12 I spend 4\$ trying to help Hon. Jazz Willard get off his own elbows in the 8th round. After that I remain satisfied with my gentle poverty."

"I too have abandoned punching-fighting game," narrate Hon. Toyo. "This Fatomato Numbo, Japanese whole-weight who I was pulmoting, are so powerful that he cannot lose a fight. This become monotonous. Therefore I took up a profession where I can lose occasionally and benefat my fellow man."

"What are you now, if anything?" I ask to know.

"I are a Bucket Shopper," expunge this J. P. Toyo.

"What species of hardware are you saying?" I negotiate.

"You have merely to see my offices," he develop, "and you would know. It are a kozy little denn where a few friends can meet quietly and get rich without annoying the police. We attempt to give finance that sweetish home touch. No vulgarity. We shunn such noisy roudy place like Stock Exchange where persons are always shouting & tearing paper. Yes indeedly! And this Hon. Stock Exchange are so jalus of us that they behave very cat every time we are mentioned."

"Of what are they jalus?" I suppose.

"Of our honesty," amplify Hon. Toyo. "Whenever they think of us they turn green, sometimes blue. While those feerse money-fish of Stock Exchange are taking cash from widows & poppers, never promising more than 83% prophet on any investment. what are we doing in pure home influence of Hon. Bucket? We are behaving like Hon. Abe Lincoln and other friends of slavery. With no thought of ourselves, axept to lunch accosionally, we shovel money out of holes and give it to the poor. Sometimes we give them more than we have got. What could be more enobled?"

"You represent complete Purity!" I yell with love.

"Indeedly we do," he snail. "For we clean up everything we touch."

"O tell me 19 more facts about yourself!" I holla.

"Time are short," he renig, "and we have so much to tell that Hon. Grand Jury could listen forever. Howeverly, I wish you to tell me something simply—for we only deal with simple soles—do you wish to get rich so quick that you have not time to find what you got?"

"How passionately I wish it!" This from me.

"Do you wish to be put on to such a very good thing that you could tell it to the Marine Corps without fear of trembling?"

"O, take me to where it is!" I de-range, and so he did.

Mr. Editor, did you ever walk 6 or 8 blocks with a Great Man? Maybe some time you can find one who will let you, so you can feel how I did while promenading with Hon. J. Pierpont Toyo. At First Corner persons yell, "Here he come!" at Second corner they holla, "There he go!"

Pretty soonly this Hon. Toyo get so tired from excitement that he say-so, "Let us go down an alley & avoid the Publick Gaz."

"You should not go anywhere, Your Highness, without police ascort," I suggest.

"That will come soonly," he revamp with Kaiser expression.

Nextly we knew we was befront a sweet, white skyscape with enlarged goldy sign:

TOYO & SAGO  
MONEY MANUFACTURERS.

We was elevated up to 66th floor, and there such a scene of honesty I never saw! Pure young men was marking numbers on blackboards to show Gen. Publick that figures cannot lie. One gentlemen was making millions with chalk. It resemble Liberty Loan.

"This are the place," explan Hon. Toyo, "Where wealth can be made without using any brains."

"Too bad," I si & grone, "That I did not learn the address several years ago."

"It are never too late to learn something," manipulate Hon. Toyo with charity eyebrows. "Now step inside, if convenient, and meet Mr. Swindell who spend his life helping people."

Inside office he took me with looped arm. On wall was hansom portrait of Rebecca at the Well, showing respectful lady with bucket.

"Mr. Swindell, meet Mr. Togo," exclaim Hon. Toyo.

"What, another one so early?" carouse Hon. Swindell, bursting my knuckle with his honest shake.

"Well, Mr. Togo, what can we sell you the quickest?"

"What varieties have you?" I ask to know.

"You are just on time," he say fortunately. "Some persons were born with a handful of aces. For one (1) hour more we are selling Lightning Bug Illumination Commons. The chance are now. Opportunity comes but once—"

"You should not tell them that," narrate Hon. Toyo, "or they may not come back again."

"Do not interrupt," dib Hon. Swindell. "Opportunity come but once per hour. This Lightning Bug Illumination are our bargain for Satdy p. m."

"What could I do with so much insex?" I ask to know.

"I tell you," Hon. Swindell clabber on. "This Lightning Bug Illumination cannot lose because it do not cost anything to manufacture. In the state of N. J. alone there are sifficient lightning bugs which, if separated from the mosquitos, would furnish free electric light to Chicago, Omaha, Salt Lick City & all points West. Gen. Electric Co. must quit after our bug-catching plants are in full operation. Could anything sound simpler than that?"

"Are you selling them by the bug?" I require.

"Practickly," he commit. "Stocks are now down to 23 1-7. I will now outline to your our prophet-shearing plan. How much money you got?"

"We only think in terms of 10000," he dib. "But great jokes from little acrons grow."

"Are this stock going up?" I re-ques.

"Speedily. In 2 hours it will go up entirely. Now I tell you what do. You have friends. Be generous with them. Permit them to cumbine with you in this gt. prophet-shearing plan. From who could you borra?"

"From Cousin Nogi, perhapsly," I dictate. "Possibly also from Arthur Kickahajama and Sydney Katsu, Jr., who is reckless when drunk."

"Goody!" smiled Hon. Swindell.

"And have you not a few widows in your block?"

"I could think of 2 or 6," I decompose.

"Then seek for them. You remember what Hon. Bible say about widow's mite? It are always a good thing. And could you not find a few cripples, orphans & invalids what needs to be helped with their money? We specializè on such. But hurry, please. If persons remained slow and thoughtful we would not be where we are today."

"Where are you today?" Are next question for me.

But Hon. Toyo shuv me to door with kissing smile while telling me to get back with 500\$ and stop working after that.

Mr. Editor, did you ever try to raze 500\$ in 25 minutes? It has not been done. All widows & orphans I meet say they had already been bucket-shopping and had not much. My Cousin Nogi loned me 21\$ of Confederate origin. And by sale of pant & hat I amassed 9\$ for myself. Yet I must hop rapidly back to Toyo & Sago to get my wealth in before it was taken out.

Clasping much bills so that they would not sneak away through hole in my pocket I eloped speedly to Hon. Bucket Store and was just jumping to front door when I look see.

O! Something unhealty!

2\$ Police Forces was walking out, carrying away the entire bucket which had been kicked, by golly! One enlarged Sergeant had Toyo under one arm, Swindell under another and Sago tucked in his belt. Could that be beaten? Inside Hon. Shop I could find nobody but Dist. Attorneys. To one of those I upspoke with hash voice.

"Tell me, if convenient, are this not a free country?"

"I am afraid so," he report with Chas. B. Hughes expression.

"Then why must good man suffer for attempt to help Hon. Poor while so much wickedness goes around closing morgadjes?"

"Are you one of these Poor being helped?" require Hon. Dist. Atty. with lawyer voice.

"Yes, surely are!" I rampage. "I have brought my cash here because it are only place I know where it will swell up and act just like Rockefeller."

"Hi, Andy!" Hon. Dist. Atty. pulled his finger toward one enlarged officer with a badge. "You had better take this one also."

That huj man approach up and lift me with his rude hand so that I could not help being arrested.

"O shux!" I holla. "How you dare do this? I are innocent."

"You are too innocent," he snare. "Therefore come with me."

"Are you a Police Commissioner?" I ask to know.

"No," he revamp. "I are an Insanly Commissioner."

Hoping you are the same  
Yours truly  
HASHIMURA TOGO.

## Oaks and Angels Even Up on Day's Contests

LOS ANGELES, Saturday, July 28.—Two hotly contested games were played here yesterday, the Angels taking the first, 4 to 3, while the Oaks copped the second, 4 to 2, in twelve innings. The scores:

Oakland	ABHOA	Los Angeles	ABHOA
Massey, 2b	4 2 2 2	Smith, 3b	5 2 0 4
Cooper, cf	4 0 1 0	Krug, 2b	3 1 7 4
Cather, 3b	3 1 1 1	Twmbly, rf	4 2 0 0
Lafyet, lb	4 0 8 3	Griggs, lf	3 1 12 1
Arlett, lf	4 1 3 0	Carroll, cf	1 0 0 0
Brubkr, ss	2 2 3 4	McCabe, lf	4 2 0 0
Read, c	2 1 2 1	McAly, ss	4 0 4 3
Johnson, rf	3 0 2 0	Byler, c	3 1 4 2
Colwell, p	2 1 2 1	Crandall, p	3 0 0 2
*Knight	1 1 0 0		
Wells, p	0 0 0 0		
Totals	27 24 12	Totals	30 27 17

\*Batted for Colwell in ninth.  
Score by innings:

Oakland	1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—3
Hits	1 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 0—9
Los Angeles	1 0 1 0 0 2 0 *—2
Hits	2 2 1 0 0 1 3 0—9

Summary: Runs—Oakland 3 (Massey 2, Arlett); Los Angeles 4 (Smith, Krug, Twmbly, Griggs). Errors—Krug, Byler, Crandall. Charge defeat to Colwell. Runs responsible for—Colwell 4, Crandall 2. Struck out—Colwell 2, Crandall 3. Bage on balls—Colwell 4, Wells 1. Stolen base—Byler. Two-base hits—Smith, Cather, Arlett, Krug, Griggs. Sacrifice hits—Krug, Carroll, Cooper 2, Cather, Read, Brubaker.

Second Game.

Oakland	ABHOA	Los Angeles	ABHOA
Massey, 2b	5 1 5 3	Smith, 3b	4 1 2 5
Cooper, cf	4 1 4 0	Krug, 2b	5 1 7 4
Cather, 3b	5 2 9 2	Twmbly, rf	5 1 3 1
Arlett, lf	6 1 4 0	Griggs, lf	5 1 10 0
Knight, lb	5 2 15 0	Carroll, cf	4 1 4 0
Brubkr, ss	4 2 1 6	McCabe, lf	5 2 1 0
Eaker, c	3 1 1 1	McAly, ss	4 2 1 3
Johnson, rf	5 1 6 0	Baldwin, c	5 0 6 1
Murchio, p	5 1 0 0	Lyons, p	2 0 0 1
Mails, p	0 0 0 0	*Golvin	1 0 0 0
		Thomas, p	1 0 0 1
		Lindamor	1 0 0 0
		Rego	1 0 0 0
Totals	42 12 36 15	Totals	43 27 35 16

\*Batted for Lyons in eighth.  
†Batted for Thomas in twelfth.  
‡Batted for Carroll in twelfth.  
§Knight out in sixth, hit by batted ball.  
Score by innings:

Oakland	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—4
Hits	0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 1—12
Los Angeles	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2
Hits	1 0 0 0 1 0 2 1 3 1 0 0—9

Summary: Runs—Oakland 4 (Massey, Cooper 2, Knight); Los Angeles 2 (Carroll, McCabe). Errors—Massey, Griggs, McAly, Baldwin. Credit victory to Murchio. Charge defeat to Thomas. Runs responsible for—Lyons 2, Thomas none, Murchio 2. Struck out—Lyons 3, Thomas 2, Mails 1. Bases on balls—Murchio 3, Thomas 3, Mails 1. Stolen base—Cooper. Three-base hit—McCabe. Two-base hits—Knight, Arlett, Krug.

## Polo Grounds, Sept. 14, For Dempsey-Firpo

NEW YORK, Saturday, July 28.—Champion Jack Dempsey will meet Luis Angel Firpo of Argentina in a fifteen-round fight to a decision for the world's heavyweight championship at the Polo Grounds on Friday, September 14. Promoter Tex Rickard announced today.

The prices will range from \$3 to \$25, the lowest on record for a heavyweight championship bout, and half that of the Dempsey-Carpentier tickets. A crowd of 80,000 is expected after Rickard completes construction of new stands around the ringside.

## THE GUMPS

