

# “THE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY”

## Hashimura Togo Taking Up the Immigration Question Decides “What Is a Foreigner?”

By HASHIMURA TOGO.  
(WALLACE IRWIN.)

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To Editor Times who are as noble  
as usual, etc.

DEAR MR. SIR:—My Uncle Nichi arrive to me this morning with Pat McCarren expression of angry statesmanship.

“Trouble of America,” he say, “are too many Foreigners continually migrating into here.”

So he show me following slight scrap ripped from newspaper-print:

LITTLE AMERICAN LOST.

NEW YORK, July 12.—Andrew McFadden Gumowsky, a small Scottish child, age 5½ years, were found wandering in the park by Policeman All Ben Yusuf and Detective Sergeant Schnipperfritz. When took before Judge Clarence Ponzetti the tiny prisoner was asked what nationality he suspected he was, and he replied in French with a German accent that his Grandfather knew best. Krako Alcibiades, a Greek candy merchant, identified the prisoner as a child belonging to his grand-daughter, Mrs. Gumowsky (nee McFadden,) who are better known as President of the Armenian Ladies' Aid Society. Prisoner dismissed with careful promise not to do so no more.

As soon as I had finished assimilating this news with my mind Uncle Nichi say-on with sad eyebrows:

“Are it not saddy to see this kingdom, after being started so well by Hon. George Washington & Gen. U. S. Grant, departing off to the Doggles by such route? Great flux of Foreign Immigration are doing so to America. No sooner have America cuddled down to her Fate

with firm-tooth resolve to amalgamate herself into one odd nationality, than another boat-load full of Huns, Zuts, Basharks & other races with names sounding like they had been collected at Mombasa arrive here determined to kick off yoke of oppression & start peanut-business in the Land of the free and the home of the Slav. I am filled with angry rages to think of. When I go out for take-walk with my American derby and clean kimono, why should I be crowd' off sidewalk by Finns & Poles standing around expecting to vote?”

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“Are not Poles appropriate for votes?” are question I require. No intelligence responded by Nichi.

“To see them give me exclusive feeling of elbows,” resum Uncle Nichi. “Must America be entirely full of Aliens? Why should not Hon. Wm. Loeb, or some other gentleman of New England ancestry, stand at port of N. Y. and knock off them foreigners when they arrive? What are that big iron Goddess of Liberty doing in port of N. Y. holding up piano lamp so strangers can see-how get in? Gatling-gun for chase them off would be more appropriate way to welcome Foreigners to America.”

“Uncle Nichi,” I say for scorn, “you are talking garbage. Are you not a Foreigner yourself?”

“How you insult me!” say Uncle Nichi. “Have I not been in America over six months?”

“Why are you decided to join Aunty Immigration Leg?” I require.

“Because-so,” say Uncle with dignity of true Samurai, “America should be for us Americans and not for all rift-rafts. Would it not be more better to lock up America for a slight hundred years so that people could get acquainted and guess what nationality their children are?”

“Would you exclude of all foreigners, if permitted?” I suggest with shockly tones.

“Not entirely,” expose my Jay ancestor. “But I should be much more cross & stricted about them than now is. Besides criminals of crooked records, lunatics & other poets, I should get up new list of Undesirable Aliens which should be shot off from this shore-side. Following foreigners should be anchored off shore by quarantine:

- 1st Class—British Lady Novelists.
  - a—Mrs. Humpley Ward variety who come to America to find a novel about a Perfect English Gentleman what was kind to an American girl & marry her for her money—did she appreciate it? Ah, no! She was naturally brutal.
  - b—Mrs. Ellen R. McGlyn variety who

nearly refuse to take American money because it are so Middle Class.

2d Class—Italian opera singers, painters, cooks & bootblacks.

a—Kind what fail to get rich and go home sobbing that America are vacant in Art.

b—Kind what go home with \$100,000 declaring that America are a beautiful place only equalled by a few suburbs around ancient Greece.

3d Class—Foreign Political Reformers.
 

- a—Kind what thinks Americans is all Grafters because they reads the Uplifted Magazines.
- b—Kind what meets the real Grafters & borrows money from them.
- c—Kind what tries to, but can't.

4th Class—Kind what wants to be polite about America but can't think of nothing nice to say. So they report, “American ladies is very remarkable,” and depart back to Europe.

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MR. EDITOR, I sent this above skejule to Hon. Philander P. Knocks, Washington, but I have got no thanks for come-back. Maybe he are the wrong statesman to relieve it; or maybe them Immigration suggestions was foolish because of Uncle Nichi's raw intelligence. Undoubtedly my dearie Unc are too peeved about them Foreigners. If they did not come to America, who would? Also, America must have some laboring done, mustn't it? And who shall build subway & scoop railway banks, if not Italy-mans and Finn-mans? America-mans is too fashionable to do this low-down drudginess. They must do broke business in Wall Street or attend to Trusts & politics. So must we snip scorn to Hon. Dago Foreigner who, by dent of hard labors doing pick-shovel work by day and Black Handing by night, amass up a fortune and retire off? Answer is No!

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Some other good reason why Foreigners is best-good for America is this: a perfect Nation should be like a perfect Soup—mixture of healthy vegetables gathered from everywhere; beef from England, potatoes from Ireland, cabbages from Germany, slight garlic from Italy, pepper from Spain, salt from Sweden & Jews from everywhere. Only vegetable what should be excluded from Hon. National Soup is beets, which are less nourishing.

What-say Hon. Ben Franklin about Immigrations? He-say, “Too many crooks spoil the broth.” Therefore Hon. Unc Sam shall be very careful to permit only high-class criminals to arrive here by boat. But how to tell a criminal from any other Italian? This are hard question for all Inspectors, because Criminals are like inventors of airships—very shy & modest when talking about themselves. If you

approach up to a Criminal and require “Are you a Criminal?” he will merely blush & change the subject.

One simple way to tell a Criminal are to look him in the eyes & see what you find there. If he are perfectly straight-fronted & honest by expression, that are a sure sign he have escaped from Cicily after murdering his Hon. Grandmother with a saw so he could inherit her life-insurance. But if Hon. Immigrant wear a sneekret & lynch-dog expression of very cute cruelty, this are a pretty sure simptom that he are a honest man wishing to join his sweeteharts & wives in N. Y.

Another way to tell a Criminal are to turn him loose in America. If he are caught doing a crime, he are a criminal; if not, he are either an honest man or a careful one.

Sydney Katsu, Jr., who studied mollycuddling at Harvard, say-so it are very intelligent to compare a Nation full of Foreigners to a rich Soup; but some Soup are deliciously abominable because it get too much Garlick in it. Also, say Sydney, human races is like Zoological Birds, they got to be mixed with some discreteness or horble rumpage must result.

So he told me following historickal fairy-story about antique Japan:

In date about 5,000 before the Mormon conquest of England there reside in Yeddo a Emperor name O-Jingo who was not only a king, but also a god, which were a great help in his business. Now, when this Emperor had finished off civilizing all the entire world (excepting of China, which was late, as usual) he go back to his Royal Farm & begin raising poultry to show how smart he was. He were not satisfied to raise merely plain Ducks, thank you! Ah surely No! He must have Luther Burbank varieties of surprised fowels.

Firstly he go to work for breed a Eagle & a Hen. Them Eggs hatch open and—alive sakes! what a cross-looking chicken was there born!! Hon. Emp. O-Jingo were dee-light to see this birdie, what grewed up to be a fighting Plymouth Rock what could lay six eggs in the morning & fly around killing hawks in the afternoon. So O-Jingo he get ambitious and married a Duck with a Ostrich. Result of this union were a quacking ostrich what loved aquatick sports & could kick down fences to escape when attacked by his enemies. And when Hon. O-Jingo behold this result he laugh “So-ha!” to think how smart he was. “By this criss-crossing of varieties soonly I shall have the beasts of the air and the birds of the field mingled to one



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conjamarite whole,” he report with eye-wink of a careless Scientist.

But one night when he go to Hon. Roost for feed his herd of poultry he observed that Hon. Eagle-Hen and Hon. Ostrich-Duck had eloped away together somewheres to get married. So this great Emperor he jump onto a horseback & he explore for one entire year for find where them valuable Zoology had escaped to. Finally one day he arrive to dense jingly-wood where he hear sounds of kicking & shreaching. O joys! it were the Ostrich-Duck in song! He approach softly through scrubbery—and what-see? Them two Birdies, during absence, had raised a complete family of 20 children who had inherited all the disagreeable qualities of their surprised ancestors. They had inherited the light-mindedness of the ostrich, the mad disposition of the eagle, the deceptiveness of the duck, and the hysteria of the hen. Them young Birds was six-feet tall with dominick speckles, hooked beaks and soft, gentle eyes like a duck. When they see their Proprie-

tor they hid their heads in a hole with a loud cackle, then with horble quacking sound they roshed at Hon. O-Jingo and ate him to death after kicking him to pieces.

So the loving people of Japan built a nice tomb on that spot where following inscription can be looked at to-day, price 10c.: This Bldg is constructed To the Memory of O-Jingo,

Because nothing Else was left of him.

He mixed Breeds To see what he Got

And when he Got It He wisht he Hadn't Did.

MR. EDITOR, with imaginary eye-glasses I can see 2 Indian Chiefs a-standing on cliffs near Plymouth, Mass., date 1642. In away-off a English-speaking ferry-boat labeled Mayflower are approaching.

“Ah, Big Face,” say 1st Indian, “let us kill them Undesirable Alines before they spoil Boston.”

“How useless!” report 2d Indian, “There is plenty more where they came from.”

“This are the first of a Great Excursion,” say 1st Indian. “When they are sufficiently numerous they will take all good polittickal jobs away from poor Americans, they will seize our railroads and build boarding-houses all over the Catskills. And when the Allen Races are running America what will the poor Red Man get out of it?”

“The Carlyle Indian School, I suppose,” corrode Hon. Big Face and track away into the unpalatable forest.

Hoping-you are the same, Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

P. S.—Some wild Scientists is saying that America-mans & Japanese-mans would look very nice mixed 1/2 together. Do not chew this remark seriously, Mr. Editor. There are fools in every language. Whiskey are a pretty fine distillery when took separate. Beer are a quite delicious brewery when drank apart. Then why make pour-together & spoil 2 good beverages? I require no answer. H. T.



“Hon. Emp. O-Jingo were Deelight to See this Birdie, what grew up to be a Fighting Plymouth Rock.”