

## Letters of a Japanese School Boy

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

Illustrations by Ralph Barton.

### WHAT IS ETIQUETTE?

To Editor of The Advertiser, Coleridge Printer, whose head is fat with rich ideas.

Dear Sir:—  
Because I am in North America to obtain college education in dishwashing, sweeping and Gen. Housework, I wish know everything possible and often impossible. I have learned all to know about Baseball, Divorce, Murders, Tariff and other public evils, but sometimes I meet ideas which make my brain curl up so it does not seem to fit my head. I ask to know. Yet there is no answer, for instance.

What is Etiquette?  
My Cousin Nogi, who are learning poetry-writing by mail from the University of Marion, Ohio, say there is no such object as Etiquette. If there was, he require, how could Col. Harvey remain so long in the Court of St. Jas? To prove what he say he



stands a handsome front page, stands a portrait of a dinner.

The following hand-written dog-

King Tut  
has a jollified Nogi  
ill Egypt voted dry.  
Then he hired a room  
in a stylish town  
And started to mummify.

He was satisfied  
With the way he dined  
For a million years or more  
Till the British Museum  
Broke into his dream  
With an axe on his big front door.

They hired a man  
With a moving van  
And never said "Excuse"  
They were kind of curt  
When they took his shirt  
& his throne & his pants & his shoes.

They took his chair  
And his kitchenware  
The whole of his bedroom set.  
It was all so quaint!  
But yet it aint  
What I call Etiquette.

My Cousin Nogi come to see me  
Wednesday morning a.m. he  
said this Japanese Sonnet, which  
I should admire, but I knew it was  
just another excuse to borrow my cigar  
again. I ask him how it was that  
everyone remain so unpollite yet keep  
studying Etiquette books all time.  
"How can they help being rude?"  
he enager. "So much study of Et-  
quette give them no time for mere  
kindness."  
And so forth to suit yourself and  
your printer.  
Yesterday, Mr. Editor, my life col-  
lapsed with great vigour, and I shall  
tell you about this in my study of  
Stiquette.  
Mrs. C. W. Bottle, for who I was

then working, approach to Hon. Kitchen where she find me bathing the dishes. From the enraged expression of her eyebrows I knew she was thinking Etiquette.

"Togo," she whoop out, "your manners are gorilla in the extreme. Unless you patch your ways you must leave me and make place for an insane Finnish cook which I am thinking of."

"O sweethearted Mrs. Madam!" I object, "what could I do to all my behavior?"

"You should learn Etiquette," she say that.

I faint away slightly before my next questionaire.

"What is Etiquette?" I ask to know.

A Variety of Science.

"Sometimes one thing, sometimes something else," she dictate school-ishly. "Etiquette are a variety of Science which teach persons where to put their feet, hands, faces, hats, & etc when meeting with ladies, senators and others of weaker sex than what they are at that time. It give you lessons in standing up, laying down, expressing your legs."

"I have read the Daly 1/2 Doz by Hon. Walt Camp," I corode. "Is that the I. D. you are shooting at?"

"NO. (Multiply this by 1000000)" she amputate. "Hon. Camp merely teach you how to get a backache at home without instruction. Hon. Et-quette are something valuable which you can carry in your pocket to make you welcome at houses of refinement."

"Ah! Then it is Gin," I narrate.

"Wrong beyond reckoning!" she de- cry. "Etiquette are more difficult to obtain than Gin or any other form of prohibition. To get Gin you must probably know a policeman. But Et-quette do not grow in the leg of boots."

I stand ghost for that phenomenal.

"I have a Etiquette Recipe Book," she say for sweetly smiling. "By reading these recipes carefully even the most uncouthless clodd can learn how to enter wealthy residences with- out attracting attention."

Nice to know.

"That would be nice to know, if I was Burglar," I negotiate. "Slip- posing I was entering home of 1st NII. Bank. At instant when I reach- ed out to snatch diamond neckless from burro drawer Hon. Mrs. Banker would income dressed in her lace nightg. Then I would know how to meet her."

"I could not stand such a shock in your conversation," she tell off. "How could an Etiquette meet Mrs. Banker in her robe do nightg?"

"Ah. But I would quickly cover her with my revolver," I rearg.

"You are talking garbage," she snarrel. "Therefore I shall show you my Etiquette Recipe Book."

Pretty soon she come back with a Book which weigh more than "Outlines of Hystericks" but less than "How to Play Getting Well" by Dr. Coc of France.

"This Book," she romp, "are en- titled 'Ten Thousand Easy Blunders a Day.'"

"With so much work in Hon. Kit- chin," I incorporate, "I could not have time to make so many."

"I have faith in your ability," she says. "Take this little volum & study well. This p. m. at 4 Society will meet at my home for tea-drunk. You will serve that beverage to all, and I shall expect you to know suf- ficient Etiquette to carry you through from 1st to last."

Easy Blunders.

Ten Thousand Easy Blunders a Day. I set that book on my lapp & by weight it resembled making love to the German Indemnity. I turn to handsome front page where there stands a portrait of a Dinner. One (1) Society Lady is using a hairpin to pick the musrooms out of her soup while

her Husband (if married) is combing his mustash with a slice of toast.

"What is Wrong With This Pic- ture?" require Hon. Editor who wrote the Book.

I assume that portrait and ask to know. What is? Maybe it was drawn with a fountain pen. Otherwise it was too good to be truthful. That Lady had very sweet eyebrows and I admire her for the patient smiling which she showed while her husband arranged his mustache with toast. How many women would endure that without shriek and toss of table-ware? And yet her husband was equilly kind. He remained sweet- heartedly looking pleasant and talked about his nuralgia while Hon. Wife ate musrooms her own way. Were that not picture of happy home? I ask to know.

Therefore I set turning pages with my skillful thumbs. From time to time I find what is wrong. Every- thing. It was like reading the Life of Trotsky by Lenin. Persons should not enter a room in front of a Lady even if she is leading in a crocodile. If you are a President and the train gets wrecked you should shake hands with the Fireman but not with the Engineer, except in Presidential Years, when you must shake hands with everybody. Who would think that?

Then I commence turning pages with wetter & wetter thumbs, be-

cause time was soonly to arrive when Society would come to Mrs. Bottle's expecting tea. At lastly I come to where I was looking for:

"HOW TO ENTER A ROOM."

"If it is in the Afternoon it will all depend on what Sex you are if you are a female decide rapidly, then knock to front door. If you are a Lady keep your hat stuck to your hair as usual. Do not denude yourself of any clothing. Look careless and enter by walking. Pretend to be pleased."

"But if you are a Gentleman arrange it so that you can be told from a Lady at first glimpse. Enter a room with plo- tures of Jno. Drew in your mind. Wear your Hat in one hand, your cane in another. Take care to borra a cane with a hook in it so it can be attached to something when trouble comes."

"Let shake Hands with the Lady who rents or owns the house. After this you may shake hands with Grandmother, if alive, to show rever- ence for wrinkles to people. Nextly you are permitted to set down beside Lady of Wealth & Fashion. If you are disabled to think of anything, as usual, say the following canned dia- logue:

QUESTION—How jaw do?  
ANSWER—How jaw do?

QUESTION—Is your Father still suffering?

ANSWER—I have no Father.

QUESTION—Accidents will hap- pen. And how is your Grandmother, Aunt or Ailing Sister, as the case may be?

ANSWER—Don't you read the newspapers?

There I dive through society, knocking it down in my speed. How husband and 13 pianna-movers arrive on the scenery and act quite strong. Crashes! That was I. Break- age of window-pains followed by fur- niture smoot the spot where I arrive on lawn with 5 cracked elbows & col- lision of the spine while awaiting am- bulance gong with memories of how

Etiquette look pretty estranged, by golly, when standing wrong side up."

WALLACE IRWIN, author of the letters of "A Japanese Schoolboy," whom Mark Twain charac- terized as the funniest and "lovablest" creation that has been added to literature for a long time.

QUESTION—Will you have a cup of tea or (optional)

a—Cocoa  
b—Milk  
c—Gooseberry wine?"

I read this intelligence with op- pressed elbows, not missing plenty. Then come most important knowl- edge of all:

"HOW TO SHAKE HANDS"

"1—Select the Hand you wish to shake."

"2—in preparation put your Hat anywhere except on your Head."

"3—When you see the Hand ap- proaching stop it by strong sezure between thumb & 2nd joint."

"4—Push away, jerk up, drop, 5 times is too much."

"5—Talk about something else."

Mr. Editor, I might of got to New- port by reading this Book, but at that instant Hon. Mrs. C. W. Bottle in- croach into Kitchen with very mad hair.

"Will you serve tea or elsewhere?" she derive.

"I shall do it most etiquettishly," I veldrome. She slandor. I only await 4th glimpse at How to Enter a Room. Then I obtain my derby & cane.

Mr. Editor, have you ever seen an emotion picture showing Paris re- ceiving Gen. Hindenburg? If so you will know how it looked when I entered Parlor with my brain containing what I had read from that Etiquette. All society was there in clumps, mak- ing words.

Was I downhearted? Not yet. With Hat in my intense right hand and Cane in my respectable left I sonter through the door. I could observe Hon. Mrs. Bottle in central circle, surrounded by her Grandmothers. What did Etiquette say about that? I must go after that Lady and pick out her hand. Therefore I dive through Society, knocking it down in my speed.

"Hissy!" She Bark.

There was Mrs. Bottle. Setting Hat on one of my fearless feet I hold out all my fingers to her.

"What to do?" she ask peevly.

"I am on time for T. like you re- quire," is bright word I sent back.

"Hissy!" she bark. "What in Saml. Hiss is the translation of your be- havior?"

"Etiquette," I narrate while holding her cross hand. "I have learned How to Enter a Room."

All Society turn at me with hoot- ing looks.

"So ha!" she growl like a snake. "And perhaps you have studied How to Leave Same?"

"I did not got that far" I dib, but that was useless.

Hon. Husband & 13 pianna-movers arrive on the scenery and act quite strong. Crashes! That was I. Break- age of window-pains followed by fur- niture smoot the spot where I arrive on lawn with 5 cracked elbows & col- lision of the spine while awaiting am- bulance gong with memories of how



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### WOODSTOCK MERCHANTS FIX WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY

Woodstock, April 13.—At a meeting of the business and professional men of the city today, it was decided that all stores and offices will be closed on Wednesday afternoon during the months of June, July, August and September. In former years May was included.

### 200 REBELS ARE KILLED IN TRIPOLI FIGHTING

Special Cable to The Advertiser. Benghazi, Tripoli, April 13.—Two hundred rebels were killed in one day of fighting between Italian troops and hill tribes near here. The Italian gar- rison swooped down on an armed camp at Gardasi on April 11 and killed forty, according to word reaching here. The fleeing rebels were pur- sued to Antlia where they were re- forced and made a desperate stand. Armored cars, however, routed them from their stronghold and they were moved down by rapid-fire guns.

### NINE AEROPLANES CRASH.

Madrid, April 13.—A Cadiz mes- sage received here today states that nine aeroplanes in the Sevilla air service had crashed, owing to bad weather, between Fachana and Tarifa, near the Straits of Gibraltar. The message gave no details.

### An Opportunity for Cultural Study

School teachers, extramural, regular and special students are invited to come for six weeks' Summer School, which opens July 2nd. General B. A. and Honor B. A. courses are offered. English, Mathematics, History, Philosophy, Languages and Natural Sciences—20 courses in all. Special course in Geology, including Geography and Physiography required by Depart- mental regulations. Low fees. Apply E.P.R. NEVILLE, Ph.D., Registrar, London, Ont.



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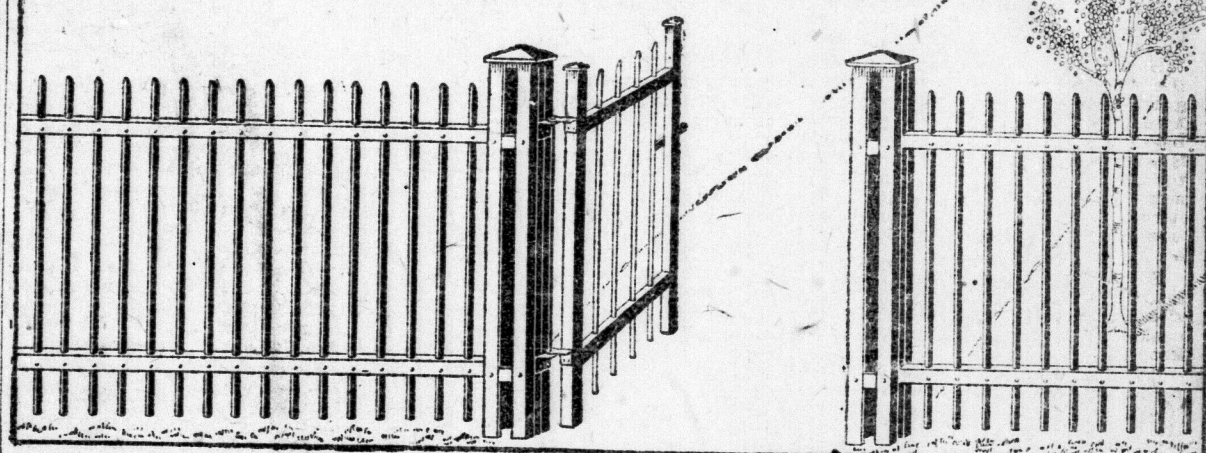
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