Letters of a Japanese School Boy

BY WALLACE IRWIN. Illustrations by Ralph Barton.

Editor of The Advertiser who print so much news on Saturday that I am still reading on Wedsdy night.

Dearest Sir:-In recent report from City of Mex I read how in that sunstruck land there will soonly be no more builfighting. Baseballing will take the place of that meat-spearing sport. I hope this report are an Idol Roomer. Mr. Editor, and that you will do all pussible to make them keep on with their national Bull War which is much more kinder than Baseballing.

I know because I found out. At the home of Mrs and Mr Quackmire I are now domesticated I have yellow. turned the Kitchin into a Thinking Studio I can now settle all problembs like Life. Death & Insurance while giving onions their luncheon stew. So yestday who came there but Hon. F. X. Galligher, French laundry, to purify clothes.

"Will you be at Baseballing in Park this p.m.?" he ask it. "Get good seat to help destroy Empire who is rot-

"So ha!" I exclaim with Emma Goldman eyebrows. "Then the Revolution has came at lastly!"

"O surely, Mike!" he negotiate clamly. "There are always at leastly one (1) Revolution every game. Empires rise & fall at the whimm of Gt. Pub. German Empires, Irish Empires. Swedish Empires. It are all the samely. Few of them last longer han Strrrrrrike Tuh. Then they are broke into fraxions with popp bottles amidst red republick war-cries which order them to hell or wherever Empires live after death."

"How horrud!" I snagger. "Yet some persons says that Bull Fights are brutal because they are too Span-Will not this Baseballing be

stopped by Police?" "Not unless it rains," ollicute Hon. Galligher. "And Old I shall be there with pleasure. It will be a great loss to the Laundry Bizness to have me absent this p.m. Hon. boss went very mad when hear I am going to Game And yet I knew how to fixx him." "How did you fixx him?" I ask to

Killed Grandma

"I killed Grandmother again," negotiate with evewink:

At those iced words my heart fell down. How could he stood there, his soul all dirty around the cuffs re sembling laundray bagg he held. "But are you not afraid of Law?"

narrate nervely. "Who is?" he report. And let m recommend something, Togo. You should not miss this Game today Have you not also a Grandmother, sweetheart or wife, respectively, who could be butched?"

"Fortunately I am quite alonesom in the world" I tell it. "Dearie Grandmother passed off in 1898 from eating raw pumpkin seeds. My wife will not Jas O'Connel for 75,000\$. Also Hon. marry me and all my sweethearts Jno Bentley who was bought from have soured. Therefore, I can remain Baltimore for 65,000\$" home without any blood on my

"Too sorry for you!" say Hon. Galligher pittily. "It will be great Game. white slavery are being practiced be-Last time I saw them play 2 men died fore our very chins! Were not the on 3rd Bass before Hon. Pitcher was Civil War fought between North blown up. After that everybody hit America and South America to free him until he went entirely to pieces. poor Uncle Tom?" Good time enjoyed by all. Very clas-

Mr. Editor, I have never heard such pogrom gossip outside Mer Rough, the book," I reject. "Yet I are under La. Rage consumed my wrists and the umpression that he was batted elbows and I should have poked that cansiderable by Hon. Simon Legree. bruttal Laundry outside door had I Yet he went to heaven very satisnot feared to stir him.

"Ves indeedly." he denominate. "Baseballing have never been so Bush League," pronounce Hon. Galcivilized like it is today. Look at ligher,

I attemp to do so. "And regard Chicago, Philadelphia, again.

Boston & St. Louis." No Time For Tut. I turn my head geographically.

"Yes indeedly! The batty season of halls have now arrived. From now onward Hon. America will have no time for Forin Affairs like hunting coal miners in Germany or digging for Hon. Tut K. Amen, dried King of Egypt. From now onwards criminals must wait to be hung because all Judges will be away in p.m. watching their favorite Sox."

"Will there be no Judges to do something?" I require, turning bright

"Only one," he renig. "Hon, K Mountain Landis. This Hon. Mountain are a very heated volcano when he gets erupted. He has made terror holy. Since his arrival players are afraid to be kissed for fear this Mountain will slide down on them because they are taking things not included in contrac."

"Are he also a murderer?" I ask

"He are a lyncher," negotiate Hon Galligher with Kleagle expression "He has hung up more baseballers than there are scoreboards to count them on.'

"Well," I report, "maybe it would be good thing to have a Judge for so much unlawfulness. Maybe less Empires will be broken in his presence." "Quite to contrary," suggests Hon. Galligher. "Hon. Landis are a killer negotiate Hon. Galligher. "But l similar to all mountaineers. Last year there was considerable fright office."

to know, expecting to be dishgusted

"Bush League are place where goo players go when they die. Every year there are great death rate among players from getting bones in their head. Others commence to rot and must be removed. There was once talk about taking Child Ruth away to that happy resting place," he explain baffably.

"Poor little Ruth!" I holls, "What was matter with her?" Poor Child!

"She was overworked," narrate Hon. Galligher. "In winter she was fighting with giants and in summer knocking swarms of flies all over Texas. No wonder she nearly wore herself down."

"Tell me nothing more!" I dib. tossing stewed hardwear in my rages. Why should people call Baseballing pleasure game of innocence? And you stand here telling me about murderous lynchings, strikes, revolutions, murder of grandmother, white slavery & child labor lawlessness! How can America ever become smooth & gentile with such a Ntl. Game? I ask o know. There is no answer." "Are you throwing a bull, pe

hapsly?" he ask it. "I are not," I corrode. "And yet ! should prefer a Mexican bull-battle to that socall Sport you tell me. I ask you to leave me now. I cannot be found in Kitchin with so much

crime.' "I sorrow for your cut feelings, must hurry off to some newspaper



"I have turned the kitchen into a thinking Studio."

for fear he would kill the entire! game."

Hon. Galligher breathe like Romeo and say more:

Buying Men. "But such was not so. Game were never greater than now. Observe those piles of wealth now being expended to buy men one place and sell them back again. Hon. White Sox will refuse to put Hon. Willie Kamm up at auction for less than 100,000\$ Think that! And observe how Hon. San Francisco sold Hon.

"Those poor men!" 'And yet they call America free section of earth while

"What were his batting average?"

require Hon. Laundry. "I do not remember that part of factory, by golly."

"I do not know that part of the

"To report some murder, perhaps-

y?" I require. The Dope Doctor. "Not so much. But I must get some dope from Hon. Sporting Edi-

"Dope? ?" I holla.

"Dope," he rejoint. "Are it pussible!" I snagger, "that persons can go shopping for oplum in offices of Baseball Reporter? Ah! And Oh also! Now I have found where Drug Ring resides. Baseballing have galloped away with every morai dishcovered by Mr. Sumner. America are too far gone to be pumped up again. Can anybody be safe from insanity?

"Not after talking to you." deploy Hon. Galligher while walking off with impure clothes in baskit. I feel deliciously decomposed

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly, Hashimura Togo. (Copyright, 1923, U. S. and Great ritain by North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Canadian Pacific Changes in Train
Service Schedules Effective
May 13, 1923.

Effective with general changes of
time, Sunday, May 13, the only
change in so far as London is concerned, will be train 22, from Chicago and Detroit now arriving at

ago and Detroit, now arriving at at 7.30 p.m., will arrive in London daily at 7.30 p.m., leave at 7.40 p.m., and arrive in Toronto at 10.40 p.m., and



me emoothe and gentile with such a Ntl. Game? I ask to know.

From the Death Cell' The Story of a Man Who Won a Figh

BY JOHN W. KANE

Who Won a Fight Against Big Odds

Kane Hears the Shots Which End the Life of a Fellow-Prisoner and Plans Escape.

SYNOPSIS.

In a western state, Kane, a youth, keep their minds off the matter." kills two carmen in a holdup. He begins his struggle for regeneration by confessing. He wants to make people understand-that the killing, "They've got our interests at heart, though done in a robbery, was un- eh?" premeditated, and in a way was done And then my neighbor of Murderin self-defence. At length he writes ers' Row proceeded with the telling his confession. He is returned from of something that carried us. figura state prison to the county jail. A atively, far away from our circum prisoner in the adjoining cell is scribed and trying situation. visited by his wife. With her is Violet Grey, a girl of means, who is sible, as I found out later, for our struck by the thought that Curly good fortune in getting to remain has better stuff in him than his condition indicates. She plans an escape, but it miscarries. Kane is conricted of murder and sentenced to be hanged or shot on June 24, 1904. In Murderers' Row, in the penitentiary, for Frank Flowers to be executed. by my cell. he watches the guard maintained over a fellow prisoner, who is about to be executed.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

When I awoke the wall lights had een turned off, and the grayish light that came struggling through the narrow-barred windows looking out upon that inner court told me that was between daybreak and sunup. Muffled sounds, coming from somewhere in the building-perhaps on the far side of the broad cell-block-indicated that the time-serving conflicts were already up.

In the corridor below, the silent watchful figure was sitting as when saw him last. He was not, in any circumstances, supposed to look away from the man inside.

Dutch Charley was moving about made a slight noise, in order that he might know that I was awake. "Well, are you there yet, John?" he asked cheerfully. "I just wonder if poor old Frank is still hangin'

around down there." "His carcase must be there," I replied, "because that fellow with the dropped work and went noiselessly to orass buttoms seems to be watching

Charley laughed louder at that. talk like they do out on the range. John. That 'carcase' sounds like referrin' to a dead steer or something."

"Well, I've roped and branded explained. "Have you ever run cattle any?"

"Have I?" His voice indicated a new interest. "Well, you just ask country about that. And if you're in ex-puncher, why, I hope that we can get to exercise together-and spin a few yarns about such things. We Swap Cowboy Tales.

"I'd be glad if we might," I told Charley, and then inquired whether he or I should ask the guard about he matter.

"Leave it to me," was his brief re-

That same morning Dutch and were permitted to take our hour's

walk together. That was the hour, except several half-hour periods at the county jail, that I had spent since my arrest. Dutch Charley was 33 years old, had been practically all over the world as a sailor, and the last six years prior to his trouble he had been a miner, stagedriver, cowpuncher and cattle-ruster-the last meaning, in plain ordinary English, a person who steals cattle. And he was no faker either. Just as a real soldier knows the truth about soldiering when he hears it, so does an all-around man of the rough-travel and rough-style living know the truth about that kind of

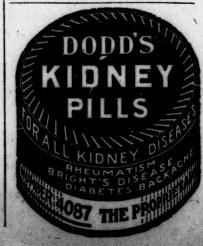
I was thinking, at one point in a certain narrative of his, how unusually interesting it would be in print, when Charley lowered his voice and broke off quickly.

"Don't look up, John," he said to me, "but listen and you'll hear something the guard is tellin' the front office over the phone.'

I did glance upward quickly, then down at the ground again. I had seen the officer on duty in that little tower near us standing at a telephone.

"Yes," we heard him say, "they seem to be getting along fine. Dutch is spinning some yarns and the other fellow appears to be a good listener." "Hear that?" Charley whispered to me quickly. "What they don't know about they think is a lie-they're all

"All right-yes-yes, I'll do that," we heard the guard add in what he imagined was too low a tone for us to hear. "Yes-yes, that's right," he



went on laughingly; "it will help to

Then Comes Friday. "Hear that, John?" Dutch questioned, without even glancing at me.

Charley's story-telling was respon outside for a full half hour more on both that and the following day.

The third day after my arrival at the "safe place" pending execution, Charley had explained that all prisduring the execution, and when Friday morning came I tried to get myself in a frame of mind that would make it easier on me to remain in about it either way." the close confinement until the after-

The happenings of that Friday morning! Will I-could I-even if I live to be a hundred years old, ever forget about it all? Perhaps, however, all cross-sections of human life and activities are worth recording. Moreover, this is a narrative of what prison life means to a man; therefore I shall set forth carefully here what happened in connection with the execution of Frank Flowers.

On that Friday morning the timesentence convicts had gone to the shop and other places about their work. A little before 10 o'clock. however, the large gong in the tower over the dining-room tapped four times; then the smaller gongs in each cell house and the one on the centre post of the shops. The prisoners their cells.

The Death Warrant. After the slamming of doors the

"Carcase-did you call it? You silence was that of midnight. For prompt reply-"the sooner it's ove five minutes it was as still as a with, the better it suits me." tomb. The first sound was that of The next moment I saw Flowers many feet upon the cement walk that step from the cell and with the led from the front of the walled in- others come walking along the corriew maveries in days gone by," I grounds back of them. Out in front his arm, but Flowers pulled loose.

confined, another walk extended said. "I'm not goin' to faint." around on the south side of the building. I could tell that some of the maybe the close confinement had his laughing inquiry. approaching footfalls were turning made you weak." that way, while others were coming straight on and up the steps leading

into that house. Soon there was a up, Flowers called out: "Well, so around Flowers' arms and legs. rattling of keys, locks and sliding long, Charley-I'll see you on the evers, and through the end gate of other side!" that corridor below me came eight men. I counted them as they passed. knew five of them. They were the warden, deputy warden, prison phycician, chief criminal deputy sheriff of that county, and a Catholic priest. Without a word they stopped in

ront of the death-cell. "Here, Frank," the warden address ed Flowers, "is Father Ragan. A friend of yours insisted upon his coming up to see you; and if you wish to talk with him, you may do so

alone for a few minutes." "I never sent for him." Flowers voice was clear. "And I have nothing

to say to him." A moment later the priest and the which day was Friday, was the day | deputy warden came walking back

I heard the deputy sheriff's voice oners would be kept in their cells He was reading something. It was the death warrant. "I suppose it's all right," said "I don't care anything

"As Fine as Silk."

Then the prison physician: "Frank. you don't look either pale or flushed How do you feel about it, anyway?" "As fine as silk," Flowers assured drink of whiskey I'll come back and haunt you!

turned, telephoned that the whiskey be sent in. A guard from the front of the prison brought it. From the bits of conversation I knew Flowers had pronounced it good.

"About what time is it now?" heard him ask. "It's just one minute after 10 by my watch." answered the doctor, And then came some brief conversation between three or four, with comparisons of time. Their talk told that they were at a high nervous tension.

but were trying to appear otherwise. "Well, Frank," said the chief deputy sheriff, after a moment of silence, "if you're ready, we are." "I'm ready right now," was the

"All right, Frank, but I thought

"Not a bit of it." And then, near-

"Good-bye, Frank!" answered later. No one replied. Charley. "Go through with it like a man!

"I'll See You Over There!" "You bet!"

By that time he was in front of my cell. There also he looked up-"Good luck, Kane," he spoke in

ome, I'll see you, too." "Good-bye!" I responded.

A moment later they were passing cross the outer corridor and down men present were working rapidly. the steps to the yard.

From there on all that Charley and to wait for the sound of the rifles. Soon after that day, however, I began to think of the possibility of

ome day writing this, and therefore I found out from several differen sources all that happened after the

Along the south side of that cell ouse they marched in an easterly direction. When near the corner of whole back yard could be seen, the procession stopped. The deputy sheriff took from his pocket a black cloth him. "But if you don't get me a and started to tie it over the condemned man's eyes.

"Wait a minute," said Flowers, without the slightest tremble in his voice. "I'd like to see how it looks where the shootin' is to take place." "Under the law we have to blindfold you, Frank," the deputy told

"All right, then, but let me look at the sun once"-which he did. "Now you can do your blindfoldin'."

The cloth was tied on and the march taken up again. Just around the corner northward some twentyodd persons were waiting. As the group with the blindfolded man between two of them approached, the crowd departed and Flowers was led through an opening in a roped-off oblong area and to a rough lumber improvised chair at one end.

"Ready-Take Aim!"

The chair faced west, and to look closure to the cell houses and the dor. One of the officers took hold of not look through that doorway, be- Master University, will preach on the cause suspended across it and reach- occasion, and James Edmondson of and near that house in which I was "You don't have to hold me," he ing almost to the top was a curtain Toronto will assist the choir.

of coarse heavy material. In that curtain at a distance of about two feet from one another were five round holes about three inches in diameter.

Few, if any, were then looking toward the curtained doorway. All eyes eyes were turned toward that man! with the black cloth over his eyes. "Turn this way, Frank-now sit down," one of those leading Flowers spoke to him.

"Are there many watchin' it?" came

"Not many-about thirty, maybe." answered one of the officers, as he ing Dutch Charley's cell and looking and others began to adjust straps "No chance to get away now." the

> man in the chair remarked a moment The doctor stepped forward then and pinned a circular piece of white

paper over the region of Flowers' "Have you anything you'd like to say, Frank," asked the chief deputy. "Not a thing," was the clear and

even answer. "Let 'er go, when slightly lower tone. "And if you you're ready." Then the chief deputy looked toward that curtain across the doorway. The pencils of the newspaper-

"Ready!" the deputy called out. The muzzles of five rifles came slowand other prisoners could do was ly through those holes. "Take aim!" And the muzzles became almost stationary for three seconds. "Fire!"

"This Man Is Dead.

Almost as one rifle those five spoke The form in the chair gave a jerk death procession passed out of our slightly upward, the head drooped pallor rapidly settled on the lips and over that portion of the face and neck below the bandage. The prison the long building, around which the physician and another attending physician stepped forward and each took hold of a wrist with rapidly weakening pulse. For almost a minute there was silence. The reporters' pencils were still.

> "Gentlemen." said the prison physician, "this man is dead." The sound of those rifles had reached me also. I had a pair of soft-soled shoes, and after that volley I arose and began to walk noise lessly back and forth in my cell. And: mentally I swore a solemn oath to

> myself that, in the event all legal ef-

fort failed and I believed all hope in

that direction was lost, rather than

to go to that chair I would take any desperate chance whatsoever. (DUTCH CHARLEY REPRIEVED: CHAPTER HXX. MONDAY.) (Copyright, 1923, in U. S. and Canada, reat Britain and South America, by

the North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

Special to The Advertiser Petrolea, May 11 .- The local Bapn that direction one would see a low tist Church will hold its 51st anniverbuilding with a broad doorway 35 feet sary on May 27 and 28. Dr. W. D. distant from the chair. One might McCummon, ex-chancellor of Mc-



AN ONTARIO TOWN NEEDS YOUR HELP

After struggling valiantly to fight a devastating epidemic of TYPHOID FEVER which has swept its homes, the little town of Cochrane finds itself no longer able to bear the burden of its sick.

One-Fourth of its Citizens are Stricken

The sufferers are in need of nursing—the convalescents in need of food. The municipality can no longer support the emergency hospital of eighty beds and staff of twenty nurses. You, her neighbors are appealed to by

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