

The Korea Magazine

Editorial Board:

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Because of the recent vacation period it is thought best to omit from this number of the MAGAZINE the article in the series on the schools in Seoul. It will appear in the June issue.

. . .

J. H. Morris has made an enviable record as Agent of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services. The Company should appreciate the business he has secured for them, and assist him to get hold of a due proportion of the traveling public. Abnormal freight rates have had their effect on increasing automobile prices, but a market is found for machines as fast as the freight space on incoming steamers will permit their arrival in Korea. An initial shipment of one hundred dozen hats manufactured in Seoul of Korean materials will soon compete in the New York market with the celebrated Panama variety.

. . .

Attention is called to the removal of the offices of W. W. Taylor and Company to the large brick building opposite the main gate to the Palace. Here there is ample room to care for their growing import and export business; space to exhibit their Korean brass-bound chests and curios, and transact business as Agents of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, together with a general office and private office and consulting rooms. Out-of-town visitors will be welcomed, and a convenient desk and writing facilities are always at hand, while the telephone will save many otherwise necessary steps.

. . .

The time for the excursion to Songdo has been definitely fixed for Saturday, June 8. No better place can be found for acquiring information about some of the celebrated characters of a former Korean dynasty. With the party will be those who can furnish authoritative information. While any one will be cordially welcomed on that day, whether or not previous notice has been given, yet it is desirable that where it is convenient for you so to do, names be sent to the KOREA MAGAZINE as soon as possible, that better arrangements may be effected. The party will leave South Gate Station at 9:50 A. M., reach Songdo at 11:35; have a picnic luncheon; spend the afternoon in visiting historical monuments and mausoleums; and leave Songdo at 5:44 P. M. arriving at Seoul at 7:25. Please remember the date, Saturday, June 8, and send your name as one planning to go.



SCENES ALONG THE CHOSEN RAILWAYS

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 Taiku Station | 2 Goods for Export, Fusan Pier | 3 Express Train at Fusan Pier |
| 4 Ginseng Plantation, Songdo | 5 Market Day, Taiku | 6 Fusan Railway Pier |
| 7 Coal Mine Entrance, Pyeng Yang | 8 Fish Market | 9 Water Fall, Fusan |
| | 10 Old Wiju | |



SCENES ALONG THE CHOSEN RAILWAYS

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--|--------------------|
| 1 "Ayu" Fishing | 2 Fusan Railway Station | 3 Korean Feast Day |
| 4 Front View, Fusan Pier | 5 South Gate Street, Seoul Severance Medical College | |
| 6 Salt Fields, Chinnampo | 7 Buddhist Images, Suwon | 8 Chinnampo |
| | 9 Great Iron Basin, Konan Line | |

The Korea Magazine

MAY, 1918

Editorial Notes.

IT will be well for you to turn to "Chats With Readers" on back of Table of Contents, and learn there about the completed plans for the historical excursion to Songdo.

SUPPLEMENTING the article on the Railways of Korea, it is appropriate to state here that to relieve the freight congestion the authorities are constructing twenty-seven additional locomotives and three hundred and sixty freight cars. Provision must also be made for additional passenger coaches on the main line and some of the important branch lines.

RAILWAYS OF KOREA

Korea has been thought of by many as being hopelessly behind the times, and so much in the rear of the procession that generations must come and go before the old lethargy could be shaken off.

A ride on the splendid luxuriously equipped South Manchuria express train from Fusan to Mukden will convince any traveler that in the matter of railways Korea belongs to the twentieth century, and is right in the forefront of progress.

It was from the old Korean government that James R. Morse, an American citizen, secured a concession in 1896 to build a railway line from Chemulpo to Seoul. While the line was still under construction a Japanese syndicate represented by Baron Shibusawa purchased the concession and the rights connected with it from Mr. Morse in 1897.

The syndicate became the Seoul-Chemulpo Railway Company in May, 1899, and in September of that year 20 miles of the line was opened for traffic. For some months after that passengers from Seoul traveled to Yongsan by electric car, crossed the Han river on a sampan, then crossed the sands in two-man open push-cars, finally reaching Yong-dong-po, where a train might be found waiting to start for Chemulpo.

In July, 1900, after the completion of a splendid iron bridge across the Han, the line was extended to West Gate Station, Seoul, twenty-five miles of railway then being completed.

SEOUL-FUSAN RAILWAY

The Seoul-Fusan Railway Company commenced construction work in August, 1901, on the line from Fusan to Seoul, a distance of 267 miles, and the line was opened to traffic in January, 1905.

During the Japan-Russia War the Temporary Railway Department of the Army built the line from Seoul through to the northern border of Korea, but general traffic was not undertaken until 1908.

After the Japanese government decided to nationalize the railways in Japan in 1906, the Imperial Government of Japan first purchased the Seoul-Fusan and Seoul-Chemulpo lines, and later in the same year the Seoul-Wiju line and the Masan lines were all transferred to the Railway Bureau of the Residency General. In October, 1910, all the lines were transferred to the jurisdiction of the Government-General of Chosen, and in 1917 to the South Manchuria Railway Company.

The construction work of the main line was carried through so hurriedly that later it was found necessary to do a large amount of reconstruction work, shortening the line, building permanent bridges, and ballasting the road-bed.

With the completion of the Yalu River bridge and the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden Line the railways in Korea

became a very important link in the communication system between Europe and Asia, by way of the South Manchuria and Chinese Eastern Railways.

STANDARD GAUGE.

From the beginning the railways in Korea have been standard-gauge, with the cars broad and comfortable, end entrances. This standard-gauge has made possible the gradual great improvement in the class of engines and cars purchased, and now the 12-wheel, 120-ton locomotives, and first-class compartment sleeping cars are in continual use on the main lines.

Sleeping cars for both first and second class passengers are on the night express trains, and well-appointed dining cars, under the direct management of the Company, are found on all through trains. Meals may be obtained at very reasonable prices, either table de hote or a la carte, while courteous waiters anticipate your every need. Writing tables are provided in the dining cars.

While the needs of local traffic are provided for, special attention has been given to caring for through passengers, and no expense is spared in equipping trains that will compare favorably with the best appointed train service in any part of the world. Many are the commendations heard from those long accustomed to travel in Europe and America, and the wonder is expressed that such service can be found in the Far East.

On the through trains all cars have electric lights, and in summer electric fans, while in winter they are made comfortable by steam radiators. The trains to Wonsan are now being electrically equipped.

HOTELS.

Besides the dining cars, the Company conducts good hotels at Fusan and Shingishu, where guests receive the best of care; while in Seoul the Chosen Hotel, in the heart of the city, owned by the Company, is declared to be the most luxurious hotel in the East. It has been built and equipped at a cost of nearly a million yen. The hotel is five-storied, fire-proof,

with electric elevators, public and private dining rooms, parlors, library, music room, etc., and is the pride of the entire country. Situated within the grounds containing the Temple of Heaven, tourists have an opportunity to study oriental art and architecture without inconvenience. At the South Gate station a refreshment room is open at all hours.

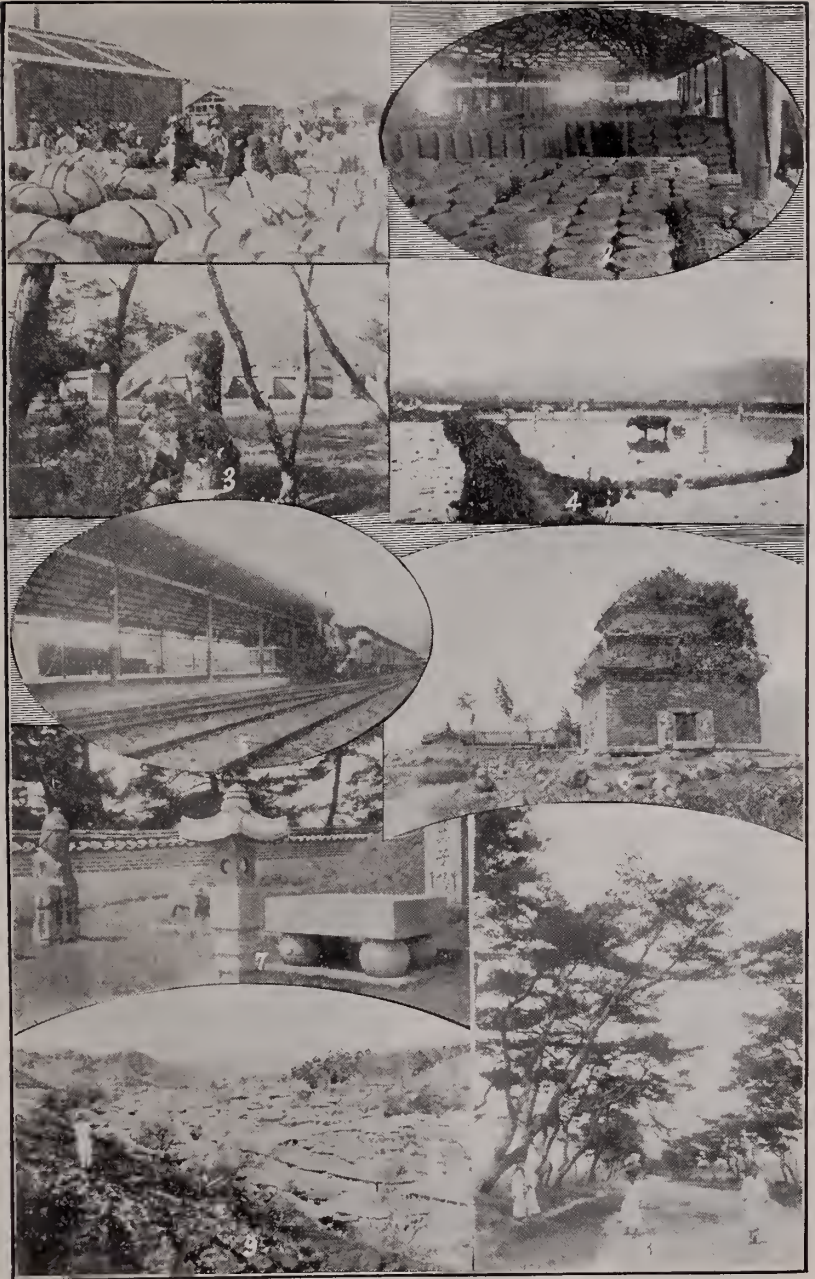
At the foot of the Diamond Mountain the Railway Company has erected a chalet, for the entertainment of guests, and the same care is given tourists from the first of June until the end of October as they would receive at the best summer resorts in other countries. Great pains is being taken to call the attention of the traveling public to this Diamond Mountain country, which is considered one of the finest summer resorts to be found anywhere in the world. It is becoming world-famous.

DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

The Diamond Mountains may be conveniently reached by taking the Seoul-Wonsan line to Wonsan, and then a six-hour steamer ride along the coast brings one to within a short distance of the hotel. This year beginning the first of June an automobile service will also take passengers from Wonsan to the hotel, at the outer Diamond Mountain; and an additional automobile service is being established from Kozan, between the mountains and Wonsan, which will take passengers to a hotel just now being built in the inner Diamond Mountains, the latter service commencing the first of July.

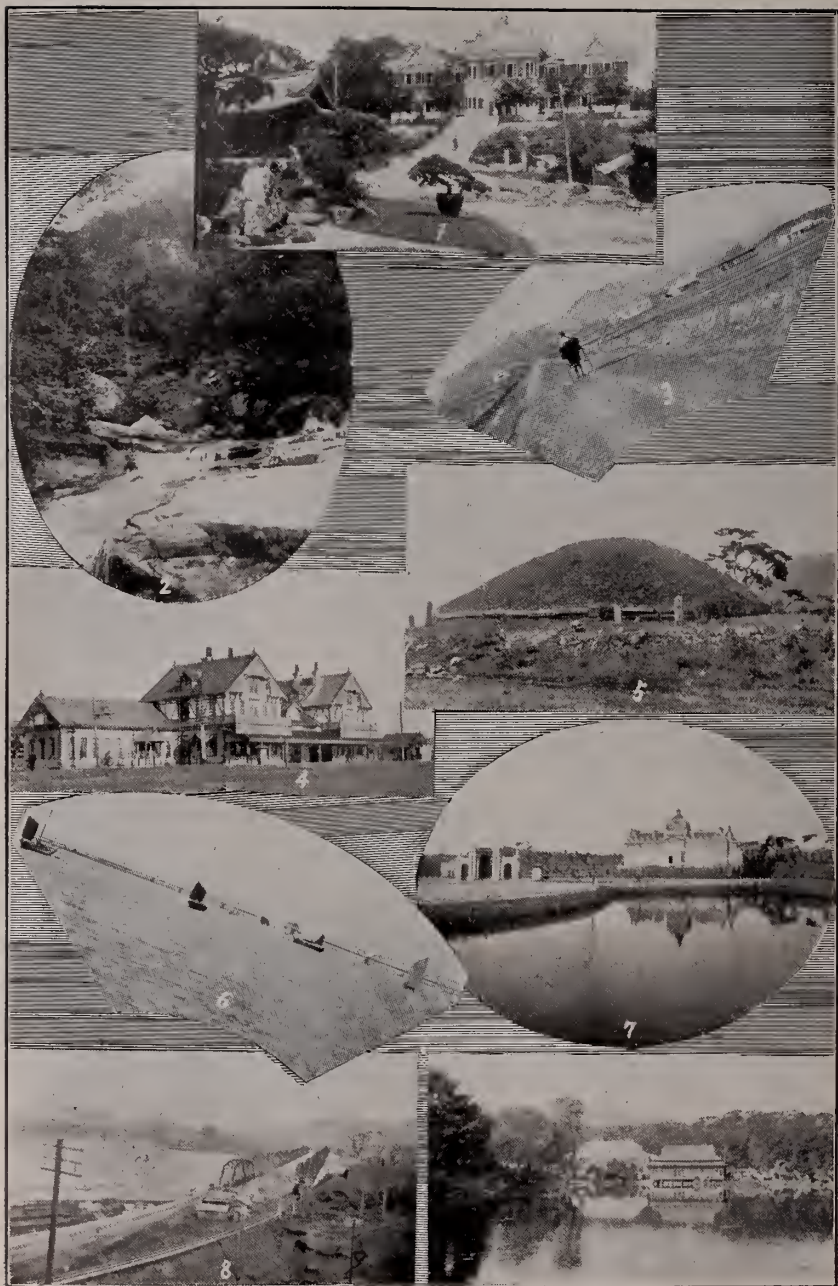
WONSAN BEACH

Missionaries in Korea have established at Wonsan Beach, only a short distance from the city of Wonsan, a summer resort for rest, recreation and study. Summer Language Study Classes are held, Mission Meetings, Bible Conferences, etc., while there is one of the best bathing beaches to be found anywhere, and facilities for volley ball, baseball, tennis and golf. The Beach House is being erected this season to care for those not owning cottages, and reservations have already been made for guests from China, Japan and Korea.



SCENES ALONG THE CHOSŌN RAILWAYS

- | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Cotton for Export, Mokpo | 2 Bean Cakes and Rice, for Export | 3 Queen's Tomb |
| 4 Plowing Rice Fields | 5 Steamer and Train at Fusan Pier | |
| 6 Ruin of Five-storied Pagoda of Ancient Dynasty | 7 Kija's Tomb, Pyeng Yang | |
| 8 Avenue of Pines, near Suwon | 9 Tetsugen | |



SCENES ALONG THE CHOSEN RAILWAYS

- 1 Prince Yi Household, Museum, Seoul 2 In Diamond Mountains
 3 Hot Springs, Taiden 4 Ryusan Station 5 Royal Tomb 6 Yalu Bridge
 7 Governor-General Official Residence 8 Railway Bridge, Han River
 9 East Palace, Seoul

A GREAT DEVELOPER

A country blessed with up-to-date railways is bound to advance. At first the Korean people were very curious, and flocked to the right-of-way to get a first view of the "steam horses," but now they have learned the value of the railway, and find a much better market for all they can produce, and they can sell for cash, whereas formerly they could only barter with one another. It is difficult for the Railway Company to keep up with the demand for increased facilities for transporting goods and passengers. At almost every station great piles of farm products are awaiting shipment, with every train loaded to the limit; and all passenger trains, even on the branch lines, are crowded. Rice, beans, tobacco, coal, and iron ore, are the principal items of freight, but lumber and wood are hauled in considerable quantities.

EMPLOYEES

From the beginning Koreans have been employed, first very largely in the construction of the main line and branch lines, and later in the maintenance department, construction offices, and workshops. From the last available report, out of a total of 9,404 officers and employees, there were 3,162 Koreans, and 7 Chinese, together with 5,635 Japanese.

In the matter of wages, European and American railway people may well wonder how such efficient service can be obtained for such relatively small sums. But the work is done, and done well; and the train service is of the best. Compared with older roads, the Chosen Railways have made good both in the matter of service and cost. There have been very few accidents, and trains are seldom other than on time.

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The employees are members of and contribute to a Relief Association, to which the Government also makes a grant of 2 per cent of the wages of the two classes of employees who are

members. This association provides relief in times of sickness, accident, and old age; and dependents are cared for when the bread-winner can no longer provide for them.

There are more than 8,000 members of this Association, while in the last year more than 2,000 have benefitted by its funds.

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Practically 1,100 miles of standard-gauge railway are now in successful operation in Korea, the through line extending from Fusan to Antung, with main branches from Taiden to Mokpo, Seoul to Wonsan, Seoul to Chemulpo, and Pyeng Yang to Chinnampo; and smaller branches from Sanroshin to Masan, Riri to Kunsan, Kosu to Kenjiho, and Pyeng Yang to Jido, the coal fields. The line from Wonsan is gradually being extended north, and recently there has been completed on this extension the longest tunnel in Korea.

There are also several short lines of light railway, one being in the far north-east corner of the peninsula, where in due time it will be incorporated with the main line.

No other single factor has done so much for the material development of Korea and its people as the railways, providing unlimited markets for products, creating demands for better roads and better methods of farming and carrying on business, and giving ever-widening glimpses of the broad world beyond the borders.

A later article will give further details of work already accomplished or contemplated.

THE KI-SAING (DANCING-GIRL.)

One of the noticeable features of Korean life is the dancing-girl, or *ki-saing*. You see her on the tram-car, dressed in all her fluff and feathers, coloured like a bird in pink and green, and, I forget whether she has touches of red in her gear or not. However, she appears seemingly in all the

colours of the rainbow, with ermine-tipped edges, a picture for the eye to see, not often pretty from a Western point of view, but striking. She rides about in the best *ricsha* with up-to-date pneumatic tires, and holds her head up like a queen.

It might seem to a foreign passer that a woman who not only sells her gift of song, and her grace of foot to dance, but her body as well, ought to hide her head, or be seen only lurking about hidden corners, or dodging here and there in the twilight as do our castaways at home.

But not so the *ki-saing*. She is as blithe a bird as ever hopped, with not a shadow lying across her little old conscience, happy in the rôle she is called upon to play, and feeling that she is a very necessary and important part of what the East calls Society.

If we reckon up her ancestry according to the books and records on hand, she is a thousand years old, and probably, as far as society is concerned, comes down from some of the best classes of the day in which her fathers lived.

Mr. An Chung-bok, a strict old Confucianist, who spent some of his best strength in attacking Christianity, and who died in 1791, says in his book, *Sung-ho Sa-sul*,

"The official *ki-saing* comes originally from the basket-maker class, called in Korean *yang-soo-chuk* (willow-water yard-measure).

"When Koryu conquered Paik-je in 918 A. D., one group of people absolutely refused submission and so lost their family records and their standing in the state, and betook themselves to the hills, where they wandered about as gypsies, hunting, and making wicker baskets.

"Later in their history a certain Yi Chi-yung took one of their number, whose name was *Cha-oon Sun*, Red Cloud Fairy, as his concubine. Thus they became known to the outer world. After that date if their women were pretty and won the favour of the official in charge of the district where their wanderings took them, these were dressed in silk, taught music and dancing and called *ki-saing*, or singing-girls."

This class to which she belongs, namely the basket-makers, was evidently, like the "wild" Irish, "agin" the government for all time, for we find them in 1217, or three hundred years after their defection, charged with aiding and abetting the Kitan Tartars in an attack upon Korea. The basket-makers petitioned the king against this suspicion and made considerable noise about it.

Korea, until recently, classed basket-makers with executioners, butchers, acrobats, witches and shoemakers and marked them the lowest in the land.

Thus the dancing-girl took her origin.

Mr. An goes on to say that the habit of cultivating the dancing-girl increased and grew till she was found in every county in the state. She became the musician not only on official occasions, but at private entertainments as well. He adds, "The impure language, and foul acts that attended her way put one's eyes and ears to shame."

In 1430 there was a discussion in state circles as to how do away with her, when Hu Choo, a minister of great note, and a severe and correct man in his own life, remarked, "Such women must be had for officials who go to far distant out-stations and cannot take their wives with them, otherwise decent women will run great danger," and so the custom was maintained.

We read that in the year 1519 an edict was promulgated doing away with the *ki-saing*, but the force of public sentiment was too strong against it and it failed to carry.

Yoo Hyung-un, a noted scholar who died in 1673, writing in the *Pan-ge Soo-rok*, says, "The *ki-saing* is an instrument to teach men evil ways. The *Book of Ceremony* reads, 'Officials should never speak of women.' A word even regarding them was not allowed, much less their near approach.

"In ancient times in the Court, in the Temple of Heaven, at the Ancestral Shrines, in all places of the state, whether teaching, dressing, eating, feasting or entertaining, men did everything in accord with the laws of God, but later these

laws fell into disuse and society gave itself up to unlawful pleasure. Laws, regulations, and even punishments were not sufficient to keep back the flood of evil.

"Men's passions rise at sight and hearing, therefore the ancients ordered the greatest care in what one saw and heard, so that the eyes should not behold a sight that tempted, nor the ears hear a sound that suggested wrong. Unchaste women were to be put far away. Now, however, officials rear and breed a race of low women that they can use in the entertainment of their guests. They dress and adorn them and have them await the stranger who comes. They serve to give him drink and sing him songs, so as to arouse his passion. Because of these the heart is taken captive and the victim drowns as in water, while state affairs go by the board and the customs and habits of the day degenerate. Resolutions toward better purposes in life are undermined and true service is gone forever.

"A man who can associate with *ki-saing* and yet never yield himself to them is a rare individual. Few men can do so. If there were no singing-girls, it would be possible for many a man to live a life of virtue who otherwise falls. Anyone overcome by passion to the extent of taking forcible possession of another man's wife or daughter is a low criminal and his case falls outside the realm of ordinary discussion.

"Laws and ordinances are intended to conserve good form and keep right the heart, but for the sake of the lowest of the land to prepare these creatures of evil is only another way of encouraging vice. Is it right? As well prepare goods for a thief to steal, in order to meet the evil bent of his thievish nature, as to legalize the dancing-girl.

"*Ki-saing*, too, are human beings. If those above them never teach them morals, but rather encourage them to sin, what hope is there for them? Are such laws and customs just?

"When Confucius saw dancing-girls being used by the king of No, he resigned office and left."

All down through history we find Koreans out fighting this evil, honest men whose names would honour any state,

but they were crushed under the rough feet of the ruling classes one of whose greediest aims and ambitions was to possess the dancing-girl.

She has survived all these years of a long millennium and still moves about the capital undaunted as though her case was above reproach.

Yi Kyoo-bo writes of her seven hundred years ago,

"Have you not heard that the glance of her eye is a sharpened blade, that her eye-brows are a double-faced headsmen's axe, that her red cheeks are a deadly potion, and that her soft flesh is a hidden demon that demands the soul? With her axe she strikes, with her blade she thrusts, with her hidden wiles she seeks my life and endeavours to bring me to sorrow and shame. Is she not a danger? Among all my deadly enemies can anything equal her? Therefore is she called 'a thief,' 'a robber.' A robber means death to me, how dare I make friends with him? So I say, Put her far away. To the eye she is a delightful invitation, while in reality she is a fearful evil.

"There is no doubt that the beauty of the dancing-girl is something that can overturn the world. Her fascinations surpass in the fierceness of their intent even the tiger and the leopard. The love of such as she is the cause of all jealousy and strife. Once caught by her, a man's name is gone, and his good reputation tarnished forever. Kings and princes, ministers and men of state who have overturned thrones and wrought ruin have done it at her bidding. She has blinded their eyes and beclouded their understanding. By her they have begotten disaster and woe, and dynasties have toppled to their ruin."

THE LAW OF RETRIBUTION.

Note:—It seems to the writer that Koreans could teach Sir Oliver Lodge and his company many things in regard to the spirit world, that are beyond what they have discovered, in interest, in dignity and in definite purpose. In the following story such would appear to be the case. Korean spirit appearances have thought back of them, that put mere

table-rappings, liftings and such useless antics to shame. Please read the following, which is a translation from the *Keui-moon chong-wha*.

There was a certain scholar who threw down his pen in disgust and decided to take to the bow and become an archer. Daily outside the city at Mo-wha Kwan he practised and trained his hand.

Once, in the evening, on his return home, he saw a woman's closed chair passing with a very pretty maid-servant following it. With his bow over his shoulder, and his arrows through his belt he sauntered along, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind.

As the wind blew and swung aside the curtain, he saw inside the chair an attractive face of a woman dressed in mourner's white. Seeing her comely features, the scholar wondered who she was and where she had come from. So he followed on, till finally the chair passed in through the West Gate and turned in the direction of South Mountain, where it entered a well-to-do home.

He walked back and forth for some time before the door, thinking over the woman he had seen, till the shades of evening began to fall, and then he turned into an inn near by and had his meal.

Later in the night, with his bow still over his shoulder, and his arrows through his belt, he walked round the house to make a closer inspection, but found no possible gate of entrance. However, there was a little hill against which the rear wall abutted. This he climbed, and looked over, and beheld a flower garden inside with fruit trees. There were bamboos as well, and places here and there where one could easily hide.

In the light of the moon he scaled this wall, and went softly on till he came to the rear of the house. In two rooms, one to the east, and one to the west, there were lights burning. He went quietly up to the window of the east room and peeked in, and there he saw an old woman leaning on an arm-rest, while the young woman, whom he had seen in the chair, was reading to her from a story-book. Her voice was very sweet and low.

The scholar kept perfectly still and watched, till a little later the old woman said, "You've been on a journey to-day, you'll be tired, go to your room now and sleep."

The young woman bade her good-night and retired to the room on the west side. Following her on the outside, the scholar slipped over to this room, and watched through the chink.

She called her servant and said, "You'll be tired after your journey to-day, go home now to your mother, have a good rest and come tomorrow morning early."

The servant left, while she herself arose and closed the upper windows, the scholar meanwhile, watching. He said to himself, "She seems to sleep alone, I must endeavour to make my way in," and he held his very breath with his eye close to the chink.

She opened the wardrobe box, took out quilts and made her bed. Then she had a smoke under the lamplight as though she was waiting for someone. The archer wondered what this could mean, when suddenly he heard the sound of footsteps from the bamboo grove. Startled, he stepped within the shadows and hid, and from there he saw a close shaven Buddhist priest come out of the darkness, go straight to the window and rap.

At once the shutter opened and he went in, the scholar again resuming his place of watch by the chink. He saw the priest take the young woman in his arms and indulge in all kinds of familiarity.

She then took down a bottle and offered him drink. He accepted, and as he did so asked her, "When you went to the grave to-day did you feel sorry?" She laughed as she replied, "I have you, what cause have I for sorrow? Why should I feel tearful over a grave with nothing in it?"

While the archer watched this proceeding his former mind departed from him like a morning cloud, and fierce anger burned in his soul. He strung his bow, drew full the arrow, and let fly through the paper window. It struck the priest square on the head and drove through to his chin.

The woman, in a terrible fright, gazed speechless, and then wildly excited rolled the body in a quilt, and dragged it by main force up the stairway to a room above.

After he had taken careful note of all that she had done, the archer scaled the wall and took his departure. Already it was past midnight.

He returned home, and in his sleep he had a dream in which a young *litteratus* of 18 or so, dressed in a green robe, came to him and bowed saying, "I have come to thank you for taking vengeance on my enemy."

The scholar asked, "Who are you, pray? What enemy have you, and how have I taken vengeance? Why do you thank me?"

He bowed and made reply, "I am the son of such and such a Minister, and in my studies went to one of the neighbouring monasteries where I read the Classics. When there I used to send a priest to my home on errands, and so he often went and came. It seems that my unfaithful wife looked with favour upon him so that they met at times unknown to me.

"One day on the way to see my parents, when he was with me, we were crossing the hills. Suddenly he stopped, kicked and killed me and left my body in a crevice of the rock where it still lies. I died most unjustly, and yet no one came to be my avenger, till last night your shaft drove through his head and killed the criminal who did me wrong. The woman is my wife. Thank you beyond words for this vengeance you have taken; but I have still one favour to ask. Go to my father, please, and tell him where my body lies, and have him give it burial. If you do this I shall be forever grateful?"

Thus having spoken he disappeared.

The scholar awoke and it was a dream. He wondered over what had taken place, and so went next day to this house and sent in his card. The old Minister arose to invite him in.

The scholar asked, "How many sons have you?"

The Minister, tears flowing from his eyes, answered, "A most unfortunate old man am I. I had no children till after 50 years of age when a son was born to me; a jewel in my hand he was. I had him married and sent to a monastery in

the mountains to study, but on his way home he was killed by a tiger and devoured, and we are just now completing his time of mourning."

The scholar said, "I have a question on my mind concerning this matter. Will you not come with me please till I show you where his body lies?"

The Minister gave a great start of terror, and inquired, "How do you know?"

The reply was, "Let's go and see."

A horse was made ready, and the old man went along till they reached the monastery, where he dismounted. Together they went some distance up the hill to the rear, where were rocks. Here was a cave with the mouth closed by stones and earth. They had the servant remove these and looking inside found the dead body of the son, his face fair still, unmarred by death, just as when he lived.

The old man on seeing it fainted away and only after some time did he revive. He then looked at the scholar and said, "How did you know this? You must have killed him."

The scholar laughed and made reply, "Had I done such an evil deed, is it likely that I would have informed you? Let's take the body away, get it ready for burial, and then, when you have returned home, ask your daughter-in-law about it. There is something in the upper story of your house that bears on this matter. Let us make haste."

The old Minister had the body taken to the temple, and after due preparation for burial he returned. At once he went to the daughter-in-law's room and said, "My palace robe is upstairs in the box. I want to get it out. Unlock the door for me."

The daughter-in-law in a state of unspeakable fear, replied, "I'll get it, I'll get it. You needn't go up, I'll get it." A look of death was on her face.

At this the Minister's suspicions were suddenly aroused. He unlocked the door and went in to where a fearful odour met him. Behind a box was something wrapped in a quilt. He dragged it out and here was the body of a fat young priest with an arrow shaft through his head.

He shouted, "What is this?" A face of ashy gray colour was the woman's only reply. He then called her father and brother, told them all that had happened, and finally drove her off the place. A moment later her own father struck her through with a knife and killed her.

The body of the son was taken and buried on the hill with his ancestors.

Again the scholar had a dream when once more the young *literatorus* came and said, "I shall never be able to repay the kindness you have done me. There is one matter, however, in which I may be able to render you assistance and show my gratitude. The time for government examination, you know, is near at hand. The subject to be given is something that I have already written on, and so I can repeat it to you. Listen now and catch every word, for if you attend carefully and write it down you will indeed win the first place."

He then recited a poem of twenty verses, the subject of which was *Ch'oo-poong hoi-sim-maing* (Amid the Autumn Winds my Repentant Heart Awakes).

The scholar repeated it over and over in his dream, and after awaking wrote it down. A few days later he entered the lists of the *kwago* (examination) when, sure enough, this very subject was given. Inspired by the thought he wrote the poem as revealed in the dream, and passed it in.

In this poem was the verse,

Ch'oo-poong sap-he suk-keui
An autumn wind at eventide,
Ok-oo whak-i chaing-yung
A marble hall both high and wide.

Now instead of writing *ch'oo* for *autumn* he had written *keum*, or *metal* as that word is sometimes used as a synonym.

The examiner was the noted Kim Ch'ook-chun (Kyoo-jin). When he saw the poem he said, "Well done, done by the gods, surely. The spirits must be playing some trick upon us by these verses." When he came to the line however where *keum* was written instead of *ch'oo* he laughed and said, "Not the gods after all, but some man's superior gift." He marked the writer as the winner of the much coveted prize.

Some one standing by asked the examiner how he drew a distinction between what was by the gods, and what by man.

He replied, "The spirits hate *keum* or *metal*. No spirit would ever use the metaphor 'metal wind' for 'autumn wind.'

When the results were announced the archer was the honor man, crowned with the laurels of the day. If you look up the *Kook-jo Pang-mok* you will find the winner's name marked there, though I have not yet made search for it myself.

THE KOREAN LANGUAGE.

"HAND"

The development of language and the formation of words have followed along the well-beaten pathway of human effort, until they have grown into similar expressions on this side of the wide world and on that.

To take up the little word *hand*, as an example, this useful member with its five fingers that serves for every daily occupation, we find that in many of its metaphorical meanings it has grown to be what it is with us at home.

We say 'good hand' and the Korean says **선슈** 'good hand' as well.

전문으로하는씨문에선슈가되었소

He is a professional and so is a good hand.

그사람은총에선슈요

That man is a good hand at the gun, (a good shot.)

선슈경주에일등상을타소

He is a number one good runner, who won first prize.

For 'poor hand' the Korean says, **하슈** 'poor hand.'

그사람은무엇에던지하슈요

He is a poor hand at everything.

손서루른사람은하슈라하고손늑은사람은선슈라하오

We call an unpractised person a poor hand, and a skilled person a good hand.

A 'master-hand' would be **일슈** or 'first hand.'

When a Korean wishes to express the idea that two are equal he says 덕슈 or 'equal hands' as,

덕슈씨리하여봄세다

Let us try it with those equally matched.

We say 'skill of hand' and he says 슈교 'hand skill'

슈교업노사름은시계긋흔거슬곳치지못하겟소

A man who has no skill of hand cannot repair anything like a watch.

The words 슈단 and 슈격 are in frequent use, but they mean skill in general sense and do not admit of a literal translation. The word 슈기 which might be literally translated 'manuscript,' is really 'note of hand,' also rendered by the form 슈형.

One very common word now used in Korea is 슈술 'hand-magic.' What do you suppose 'hand-magic' could be? Surgery! Well expressed is it not?

As for verbs in which 'hand' occurs we have 착슈

이일에누가몬저착슈하엿소

Who was the first to put his hand to this work?

While the Korean word 실슈 is literally 'slip of hand' it means a slip or mistake of any kind as,

그날말흔쎄에실슈하엿소

When I was speaking that day I made a slip.

박슈 is a word that has more recently come into the language in the wake of the foreign idea to 'applaud' by clapping the hands.

박슈하지마시오

Don't clap your hands, please.

The skilful way in which the Far East puts together characters to make the required word is very remarkable. Ideas expressed by a long English word, or by a German word that would climb to the top of the hill and back and yet not get through, is touched off by the man in the East with two or three characters most deftly. Take for example *ears, eyes, nose and mouth*, the Korean says 이목구비; *hands and feet* he reads 슈족; *to wave the hands and dance* 슈무족도. How very simple!

J. S. GALE.

THE STUDY OF JAPANESE—III.

A PAGE OF INDISPENSABLE PHRASES.

O hayō gozaimasu. (Honorably early is.) Good morning.

O hairi nasai. (Honorably come in please do.) Please come in.

Yoku irasshaimashita. (Well deigned to come.) I am glad to see you.

O kake kudasai. (Honorably sit please.) Please be seated.

Komban wa. (This evening as to.) Good evening.

Konnichi wa. (Today as to.) Good day. (Not good bye.)

Hajimete o me ni kakarimashita. (For the first time honorable eyes on have hung.) This is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you.

Mata o me ni kakarimasu. (Again honorable eyes on will hang.) I will see you again.

Ikura desu ka? (How much is?) What is the price?

Dochira ye irasshaimasu ka? (Whither toward going? Where are you going?)

Gomen nasai. (Pardon please do.) Please pardon me.

Arigatō gozaimasu. (Precious is.) Thank you.

Shitsurei itashimashita. (Discourtesy have done.) I have been very rude.

Dō itashimashite. (How doing.) Don't mention it.

Shikata ga nai. (Way of doing there is not.) There is no help for it.

Yoi o tenki de gozaimasu. (Good honorable weather is.) It is fine weather.

Warui o tenki desu. (Bad honorable weather is.) It is bad weather.

O samū gozaimasu. (Honorably cold is.) It is cold.

O atsū gozaimasu. (Honorably hot is.) It is hot.

O jama itashimashita. (Honorable hindrance I have done.) I am sorry to have troubled you.

O ki no doku desu. (Honorable spirit's poison is.) I am sorry for you.

O saki ni gomen nasai. (Honorable before in excuse.) Please excuse me for going before.

Nan-ji desu ka? What o'clock is it?

Hisashiburi de gozaimasu ne. (After a long time it is indeed.) I have not seen you for a long time.

O kawari ga gozaimasen ka? (Honorable change is there not?) I hope you are well and prosperous.

Sayō nara. Go kigen yō. (If it is so. Honorable state of health well.)

Goodbye, take care of yourself.

F. H. SMITH.

WONSAN BEACH SUMMER LANGUAGE SCHOOL

KOREAN LANGUAGE COURSE I					
First Grade			Second Grade		
Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers	Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers
Sentences	2	Cooper	Sentences	2	Cooper
Easy translation selection Bible	2	Scott	Translation Bible	2	Scott
Household Expressions	1	Cooper	Household Expressions	1	Cooper

KOREAN LANGUAGE COURSE II					
First Grade			Second Grade		
Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers	Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers
Methods Sentences	2	Becker	Stories	2	Stokes
Grammar	2	Stokes	Mixed Script	2	Deming
Recitation of stories	1	Becker	Korean Customs	1	Deming

KOREAN LANGUAGE COURSE III					
First Grade			Second Grade		
Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers	Subjects	Hrs. per Week	Teachers
Theological terms	1	Deming	Theological terms	1	Deming
Medical terms	1	Grierson	Medical terms	1	Grierson
Mixed Script	1	Stokes	Mixed Script	1	Stokes
School terms	1	Becker	School terms	1	Becker
Stories	1	Grierson	Stories and Korean Customs	1	Deming

INFORMATION

1. Enrollment fees ₩2.00 per student.
2. Course I is for those desiring an easy course which does not require much preparation or time. Course II is the regular course for those who are preparing for Mission Examinations. Course III is an advanced course for graduates of the Mission courses.
3. On every Saturday there will be a combined class at which the students will demonstrate their powers in the Language, and special subjects will be discussed.
4. Certificates will be given to all who complete any course.
5. Each hour of study or class work will require one or two hours' preparation with a native teacher.
6. Any who desire to take up Course III should do some preliminary reading. During the year the committee suggests the following:—
 - (a) Theological World.
 - (b) Ma Il Shinpo.
 - (c) Gospel of John in mixed script.
 - (d) Some simple stories in the vernacular.
7. The school will be held from *July 8th to August 5th, 1918.*

COURSE IV STUDY OF THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE					
First Grade			Second Grade		
Subjects	Hours	Teachers	Subjects	Hours	Teachers
Memorized Sentences	$\frac{1}{2}$ (2 days)	Stokes	Memorized Sentences	$\frac{1}{2}$ (2 days)	Stokes
Drill on Pronunciation	$\frac{1}{2}$ (2 days)	Ichijima	Drill on Pronunciation	$\frac{1}{2}$ (2 days)	Ichijima
Reader Vol. I Japanese Script	2	Ichijima	Reader Vol. II, III	3	Ichijima
Grammar Lange 1-10	3	Becker Ichijima	Grammar Lange 10-20	2	Becker Ichijima

The above course of study in the Japanese Language presumes that the student has not had much opportunity to study this language, and would not satisfy any who have made it a special study for several years. We hope to plan a third year course as soon as there are candidates.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the *April* Number.)

XX.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

He had met with insult and yet there was an interesting side to it, which he greatly enjoyed. He slept at Osoo post-house, crossed Hard Stone Hill, there rested his tired legs on a rock under a pine tree, where he nodded off to sleep for a little and had a dream. In it he saw a beautiful woman fallen in the long grass, that was on fire. She rolled and tossed in helplessness, and then called "Commissioner Yee won't you help me?" He rushed into the fire in great excitement, took her in his arms and carried her safe outside, and then with a start awoke to find that it was a passing dream. But his heart was disturbed by it, and he hurried along on his way, till he reached Namwon, saying to himself, "Is poor imprisoned Choonyang dead, or is she alive? Does she think of me and break her heart? If she knew I were coming she'd dance to meet me, and laugh to greet me, but she does not know, and all is yet uncertain."

He saw once more the old sights that he had lived among and known, "The hills are the same hills; the streams are the

same streams, and the green trees line the same pleasant pathways that I journeyed over years ago. I see again the mountain city of Choryong. Is it you, too, Fairy Monastery, that I behold? And are you well Moonlight Pavilion? I am so glad, old Magpie Bridge!"

He climbed up once more into the pavilion, and looked down toward Choonyang's house. The gate-quarters were leaning sideways and there was nothing left worth seeing.

"It's not quite three years since I left Namwon, why does the place look so deserted?"

He went here and there slowly, stepping softly, and at last reached Choonyang's house that nestled among the trees. The whitened wall at the front and to the rear was broken down in places, and wild grass grew upon the terrace tops. There were few traces of people anywhere. The hungry dog before the twig gate did not know him, and so barked snarlingly. But the trees under the windows were the same green bamboos and ever verdant pines. Soon the day would fall, and the moon would rise over the eastern hills. His heart was full of crowding thoughts, while the calling of the birds filled him with intense sadness. He heard a low moaning sound toward which he looked here and there among the evergreens, where they grew thickest together, and just where he could dimly distinguish, there was seen Choonyang's mother before a little shrine built to the Seven Stars (Big Dipper). She had brought a basin of holy water and was burning incense and bowing, as she prayed, "Oh thou spirit of Heaven and Earth, thou spirit of the Stars, thou Saviour Buddha, and thou five hundred Nahan, thou Dragon King of the Seas, thou kings of the Eight Regions of the Dead, thou Lord of the city before whom I pray, Please send Dream-Dragon Yee of Hanyang (Seoul) as governor, or as Commissioner, so that my child may be saved from death and prison. Thou Spirit of the Heaven and Earth, be moved by my prayer and save her!"

She prayed for a time, and then half fainting away, said, "My child Choonyang, thou precious twig, thou priceless leaf, I brought thee up without help of father or husband, why have we come to such a pass as this? Is it on account of the

miserable mother from whom you are born, whose sins of past existences have to be atoned for, that you die? My child, my child, alas! alas!"

She cried so bitterly that Dream-Dragon was almost overcome. He drew a long sigh and went step by step quietly to the gate, and there coughed a loud cough.

"Come here-e-e!" he called (their way of knocking).

When he had so sung out two or three times, Choonyang's mother stopped her crying.

"Hyangtanee!" said she, "go and see who is calling at the gate." Hyangtanee went step by step, wiping her tearful face with her frock.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It is I."

"I? Who is I?" asked she again.

"Don't you know me?" inquired the voice.

Hyangtanee looked carefully and then shouted for joy "Oh, who is this?"

She threw her arms about Dream-Dragon, and cried for delight, while Choonyang's mother gave a great start of surprise, and came bounding out.

"Who is it that is beating this child?"

But Hyangtanee replied, "Madame, the Master has come from Seoul."

Choonyang's mother, like a person struggling for life in deep water gave a plunge of amazement saying, "Oh, my! Oh! my!" She flung her arms about his neck. "Who is this?" said she, "Who is this? Can it be he? be he? God has heard. The Buddha has been moved. Did you fall from heaven or come forth from the ground, or ride in on the winds? Do you look just the same as you did? Let me see you, come in quickly, come, come."

She drew him by the hand and when they were seated in the room, she hastened out of the door once more calling, "Hyangtanee, make a fire in the next room; call Disorder's mother and tell her to prepare a meal; call Hook-prong also, and get him to buy some meat at the *yamen*, and you, yourself catch a chicken and make ready."

After she had given these orders, and returned to the room, she took her son-in-law by the hand and looked him well over. General stupefaction added to her already beclouded vision, and a dim uncertain light, rendered him difficult to see, so she got up, opened the wall-box, took out a candle case, and had four or five of them trimmed and lit in the room, till the place was illuminated like the sun. She sat down opposite and inspected Dream-Dragon through her filmy eyes, and truly his face was as the gods, but his clothes were dirty and ragged, and of the appearance of desperate poverty. Suddenly her vitals grew cold within her and everything went black before her eyes. As if she had been struck, she gave a scream.

"What do you propose by this appearance, and what's the meaning of it?"

"Listen mother to what I say," was his answer. "I worked at my books diligently, and yet for the thousand I read I got nothing. I failed at exams. The promotion that I had hoped for has faded away, and the means is cut off for my advancement in life. What can one do against the eternal fates? Since I am so disgraced, I have decided to go here and there and beg my living, and give the village dogs something to snap at. Naturally in my plight I thought of my relations, that they would help me out, and I specially thought of you, mother. I have overcome all feelings of shame, and with that my old love for you has returned, so that I have longed to see you every day and every hour. I have no clothes or baggage to bother with, and so I came lightly and easily, and have been a month, or so, on the way, stopping in this guest room and that, wanting to see you all the time, you understand, and here I am. Like frost on top of a fall of snow, I am surprised to find Choonyang's plight, which adds to my misery. My throat is dry trying to spell out the meaning of these things, and I am ashamed and don't wish to see her."

The mother hearing this, gave a bound into mid-air and fell prone.

"She is dead, she is dead. We are both dead, mother and

child," screamed she. "Ya! Is God as mean as this? He has no love. The spirit of the Stars too, and the Buddha, and the five hundred Nahan, and all the rest are good for nothing. Hyangtanee! Go into the rear garden and destroy that shrine that I built there, clean it all out. I have built a good-for-nothing altar and worn my hands thin in prayer. Oh my poor child, how pitiful thou art! My child, my child, of twice eight sunny summers, my precious child, doomed to die, away from all the joys of life. You were unblessed in your mother and are to die thus hopelessly. How can I bear to see you, I shall die myself first."

Her throat grew hoarse, and her heart beat a wild rattle. She raged about deciding to take her own life, till Dream-Dragon was really anxious about her, and put his arms round her saying, "Look here mother, calm yourself, please."

"Let me go," said she, "I hate the sight of you. Get away from me, you thief. Taking advantage of your social standing you came like a robber to my home. You tramp from Seoul! Since I see what you look like I wonder that you have escaped arrest. You will surely be taken yet."

Dream-Dragon replied, "I say, mother, don't talk like this. I know my appearance is against me, and that I make no show outwardly, and yet who can tell how it may turn out. Although the heaven fall, there will be some manner of escape I reckon; and though the mulberry fields become blue sea we'll overcome it in some way or other. Don't cry, please calm yourself."

"What way out, pray?" demanded the mother. "Become an *Osa* (Commissioner), or a *Kamsa* (Governor) and you might; but there is no *Osa* or *Kamsa* for the like of you, nothing but a *kaiksa* (a dead beggar), I imagine."

"Never mind," was the reply, "any kind of *sa* at all would improve matters. I am hungry, give me a spoonful or two of rice will you."

"I have no rice," was the emphatic reply.

Hyangtanee came in crying to say, "Mistress don't take on so, please. If the young mistress should know of this she would throw her life away. What is the use of adding dis-

truss and misery to our troubles? It will do no good. Please calm yourself. It's not late yet so rest a little, and then we'll go and see the young mistress."

Hyangtanee went out and hastily prepared the meal, brought it into Dream-Dragon, who knelt down before it and ordered a glass of wine.

"Please, Young Master, dine liberally," said she.

"Sure," was the reply, "I'll devour every bit."

Dream-Dragon, though a Royal Commissioner, had already been insulted by his mother-in-law, and looked at with the wildest of contempt, so to make himself, if possible, more hateful than ever, he pulled the table greedily up toward him, and ate every scrap of side-dish there was, drank a great bowl of water on top of it, and called,

"Hyangtanee!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring any cold rice that you have laid by will you!"

The mother's soul was furious. "Look at the greedy parasite. He's full up now to distension. Really he has become a 'rice-bug,' and when he's old he'll die a beggar."

He sent away the table and filled his pipe, while the water clock struck "*Dang, dang.*"

Hyangtanee lit the dragon-lantern and said, "The water-clock has struck the hour, let's go now and see the young mistress."

XXI.

THE PRISONER

Hyangtanee took the lantern and led the way for the mother, while the son-in-law followed behind, and they wended their desolate procession to the prison. It had come on to blow and to rain, while the wind moaned "*oo-roo, oo-roo,*" and gusts sent the showers scattering here and there. The thunder roared "*wa-roo, wa-roo,*" and the lightning flashed. The spirits of the dead wailed and cried from the prison enclosure "*too-run, too-run.*" There were ghosts of those who had died under the paddle; of those who had died under the bastinado, those who had died in the torture-chair, those who

had died by rods, those who had been hanged dangling from the beams. In pairs and trios they whistled and whined,

“*Whee-whee, ho-ho, ay-eh, ay-eh.*”

The lightning flashed and the rain scurried by; the wind whirled and tossed; and the loose paper on the doors flapped and sang. The gates rattled, and the drip from the eave went “*dook-dook.*” The distant crow of the cock was heard from the neighbouring village while Choonyang lay helpless and desolate.

“How hard and cold seems my Young Master. We said farewell and he seems to have forgotten me. Not even in my dreams does he come any more. Bring him to me, oh ye dreams! Let me meet him. In my twice eight summers what sins have I committed that I should be an orphaned spirit shut up here within the prison? Even though you are not moved by me, think kindly of my white haired mother. When shall I see my husband?”

So she lay upon the unyielding pillow and slept, and in her troubled dreams the Young Master came and sat silently beside her. Looking carefully at him she saw a golden crown upon his head, and a girdle of honour about his waist, while his appearance was like the gods. So awe-inspiring was his presence, that she was amazed and took him reverently by the hand, and then with a sudden start she awoke and he was gone. But the *cangue* remained fastened about her neck, and the husband whom she loved and wept for, and whom she had met for just the moment, had not waited long enough to have her tell him anything. She wept to think of this, when at that moment her mother arrived outside the gate.

“Choonyang!” she called, “Are you there?”

When she heard the voice she gave a start, “Who is it calling me?” asked she. “Is it the shades of Soboo and Hawyoo who dwelt near the Key Mountains and the Yong River? Is it the Four Ancients of Shang-san seeking me? Is it Paikee and Sookjay, who dug weeds on the Soyaw Mountains who seek me? Is it the Seven Righteous Men of the Bamboo Forest, who left the glories of the Chin Kingdom to seek me? Are you Paik Mangho who went to Turkestan to seek the

married lovers of the Milky Way, and was taken prisoner who comes asking that I go with him? Are you Paik Nakchon who loved music and the wine cup who comes seeking me? 'Tis only the wind and the rain, nobody seeks for me, but who is it that called?"

"Call louder," said the son-in-law.

"Don't you make a row here," retorted the Mother-in-law, "If the Governor were to hear of it you would lose your liberty and your bones would be properly broken up."

Then Dream-Dragon gave a great yell,

"Choonyang!"

When thus called Choonyang gave a start,

"Who are you?" she asked.

"It is I," replied the mother.

"Is it you, mother? How did you come?"

"I just came."

"Why have you come? Is there any news from Seoul? Has some one come to take me? Who did you say had come?"

"It's turned out fine," said the mother, "just as you would wish, never saw the like, would delight your soul, beautiful, pitiful, wretched, a nice beggar indeed has come."

"But who has come, mother?"

"Your beloved, your long thought of Yee Sobang, Worm Sobang, has come."

Choonyang on hearing this replied, "He whom I saw for a moment in my dream shall I actually see alive?"

She gathered her dark tresses about her neck, and turned the heavy *cangue* about and about to get rest from it. "Oh, my back, my knees!" said she. Having turned the *cangue* she stooped down, and came on all fours toward the door.

"Where is my husband? If you are here please let me hear you speak?"

The mother clipped despairingly with her tongue.

"Look at that, she is crazy, poor thing."

But Choonyang said in reply, "Even though he's in misfortune he's my husband. High officialdom and nobility I have no desire for. I want no high pay. Why talk of good or bad

about the one my mother chose for me? Why treat so unkindly him who has come so far to see me?"

The mother thus rendered speechless, looked on while the son drew near.

"Choonyang," said he, "You've had a hard time, and it's not your fault; a thousand things have contributed toward it."

"Put your hand in through the chink of the door, please, and help me up," said she.

The son in his haste pushed forward his hand to reach her but they were still too far apart and could not touch.

"Stoop down here, mother," said he.

"You wretch, why ask me to stoop down?"

"I wanted to rest my foot on you, so as to be able to reach in my hands to Choonyang."

"Contemptible creature, more contemptible than ever," was the only reply.

Choonyang with great difficulty reached forward her hand and trembled as she rose.

"Where have you been so long?" she asked. "Have you been to see the pure waters of the Sosang; or did you go to visit Soboo, who washed his ears to rinse away the hateful word of favor; or have you been lost in some butterfly dream with a new love? You have not loved me, you have not loved me."

Dream-Dragon with her hand in his laughed at times, and cried at times.

"God has had pity," said she, "and I have not died but lived. Who would have thought that we would ever meet? Have you married again?"

"Married again? What do you mean? I haven't even managed to make a decent way. I, when I left you, went up to Seoul, and, absorbed so deeply in you, failed in my studies, and my father sent me off so that I have gone about in the guest-rooms of my friends, getting a little here and there to eat, not hearing anything of you but wanting to see you so. I have walked the thousand *lee*; but you have had it harder even than I. The world is all confused and my heart is distressed so that I shall die."

Choonyang replied, "Mother, please hear me. When the day is light, in the room where we two were united, make a fire, spread out the mattress smoothly and attractively. From the three storey chest in the room opposite, take some of the rolls of cloth, and make inner and outer clothes for the Young Master. Get a good hat and headband that fit him. The extras you will find in the tortoise shell box. Get the thousand *yang* from deputy Song, that I left with him, and use it as is necessary. See that he is well cared for with good things to eat, and also see to yourself, my mother dear. If, when I am away you are in a state of fever and anxiety, how it will disturb my husband who has come so far. He knows your disposition, but if you treat him with contempt, not only will I be a disobedient daughter to you, but it will hasten my death. Please help me."

The mother heard this and was silent, but under her breath she spoke resentful remonstrances, "The beggarly creature has taken these fits now!"

"Are you there Hyangtanee!" asked Choonyang.

"Yes!" answered Hyangtanee.

"Will you see to Master's sleeping and eating. His being well cared for and comfortable rests with you. See to his meals with every attention. If required get medicine from Yee Cho-boo outside the East Gate, and serve him just as though I were with him. You know my mind and I know yours so why should I tell you?"

"My husband!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"They say that to-morrow there is to be a birthday feast, and that at the end of the feast I am to be taken and killed, and that the keeper of the prison has orders to make many rods and bastinados. Please do not leave me, keep just outside the prison or just before the yamen and wait. When the order comes to bring me out, help me with the *cangue*, and when they have killed me and cast me aside, let no one else put hands upon me but just you. Come in quickly and take my body and carry me home, and after putting me to rest call out for my spirit. Take the coat that I have worn in prison,

and that has been wet with my tears and shake it toward heaven and say, 'In this east land of Chosen, east Chulla, in the county of Namwon, in the town of the Descent of the Fairies, whose birth year was *Imja*, Song Choonyang, *Pok, Pok, Pok!*' tossing it up on top of the house. Make no special shroud for me, but take something from what I have already made, and dress me in it. Do not put me in a coffin but let my young Master take me in his arms and go to some quiet resting place, dig deeply and wrap me in your own great coat, bury me and put a stone in front of my grave with this inscription, 'This is the grave of Choonyang who died to save her honour.' Write it in large characters so that it can be seen and read, and I'll not mind then even though you say that it is the grave of your dead concubine.

"My poor mother, who will care for her when I am dead and turned to dust. She has been so distressed and like to die. If she dies unsheltered and uncared for, she will be at the mercy of crows and kites. Who will drive them off, alas! alas!" and the tears flowed from her eyes and wet all her worn and trampled skirts.

She asked "My husband!"

"What is it?"

"If I had attended my Master, and we had grown old together, I might have asked a favour of him, but to have never served him at all, and to die so pitifully, what could I dare to ask? But still I must, and it is about my mother. By your good will, which is broad and deep as the river, please take my mother under your care, as tenderly as you would me, and when you come to meet me in the Yellow Shades, I'll reward you with the 'tied grass.' All we have failed of in this life we will make up in the world to come and never part again. I could talk forever to thee, but the day dawns, so I speak only this one wish. But you will be wearied, go quickly, sleep and rest."

"Yes!" said he, "Don't be anxious. I'll wait for the day to dawn and then I'll know how it goes as to death or life. Let us think only of meeting again."

(To be Continued).

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the *April* Number.)

CHAPTER XXV.

MARTHA HEARS GOOD NEWS

It was Martha's tender solicitude that finally brought peace to the heart of the grief-stricken friend Mary. Martha alone knew of the Christian burial rites; it did not seem out of place to see her stand with tear-stained cheeks before the little bier and hear her gentle voice pronounce the awe-inspiring words which commit the dead to the ground till time shall be no more. For the first time in the North Country during the history of man, childhood was dignified and honored with a religious burial rite; the people talked of it wonderingly and pronounced it good.

While Martha's heart burned with desire to hear news from the South, she refrained from making enquiry till the solemn duties were over. The burial was at sunrise to harmonize with the ideas and customs observed through so many generations. At the close Martha walked with Mary and Annie in the company of women down the mountain side to the town. At Mary's door, Martha's hand held the latch and she smiled down on Mary as the sympathetic townswomen trounded by with their kindly farewell to suffering Mary. Each one in passing raised her eyes from the face of Mary to the one filled with self-effacing goodness above her. They thought of the dead babe, the suffering mother, and Martha's face, and said it was all good. Martha opened the door. Mary and Annie entered. She led Mary to a warm place on the floor and seated her beneath a paper-covered window where the sun blazed through the frost-smitten air upon its white surface.

The light glowed down upon Mary and she turned her drawn face to its rays, as will a flower long immersed in darkness, and a far away look came into her pain-filled eyes.

Martha and Annie retired in silence to the opposite side of the small room. Mary was again traveling through the frost with the silent burden on her back, again longing for the nestling head and touch of the baby hands. Her unseeing eyes traveled from the window across the room to the face of Martha and rested there as if held by a sense of mutual concern until intelligent comprehension crept into her eyes and her lips formed the word, "Martha"; the latter crossed the floor on hands and knees and Mary whispered "He believes." Martha took Mary silently in her arms while a great joy burst upon her soul.

Not many days thereafter the south wind swept the hill free from snow and soon the life of early spring stirred and fingered its way over plain and mountain, and the world thrilled with the miracle of a resurrected year.

Each day Martha arose with the twilight and hastened down into the fiord up which her husband must come to reach the town. As the days passed and he did not arrive the buoyancy faded from her and she drooped as a frost bitten plant. Her lips smiled back at all who spoke to her but her eyes did not smile, they grew larger and a heavy ring encircled them. Her voice was gentle; but her lips were sealed as to the gnawing cankerous fear of her heart. She doubted not that her husband had flung himself into the bitter cold of that night with a frenzied desire to reach her and make right all the wrong. His delay whispered of a tragedy beneath the blistering cold of that star-lit night, where the drifting snow lightly trod upon that she loved, covered it over and left it in silence, a silence unbroken by the south winds and the stirring life of spring. In the ingenuousness of the Asiatic mind, many discussed, in the presence of Martha, the tale of Annie and Mary concerning the attempt of Mr. Cho to reach their mountain village, and plainly declared that in their judgment he was dead and there was no use thinking of the matter longer. If dead, then it was the proper thing for Martha to get another husband, and the sooner it was done the better would it be for her father's clan. They even told her of men who might be willing to accept of her. To all this Martha made no reply.

She made her daily trips to the head of the fiord and remained scanning the south till weary, or duties compelled her return. The people were perplexed at such silence and conduct. Till tales were repeated of ancient constancy of wife for her dead husband, then they spoke of Martha with awe. "Would she indeed join him in the yellow valley?" they asked.

For weeks Martha had revolved in her mind a plan. She did not want to believe her husband was dead. Perhaps he had returned to his home for funds. Did not Annie say he appeared destitute? Was it not her duty to hasten to him, for as long as he lived was she amenable to any other on earth for her acts? She knew her brother and relatives would under no consideration consent to her return alone. The Clan had been scandalized in her coming, there must be no second act of that character.

She made close enquiry of the road leading to Rocky Ridge where was the home of Pastor Kim. Once there the matter would be easily settled. She could learn the necessary facts, and from that point she could forward news to her husband and await his coming.

She discovered that she must travel back upon the road she came for at least five days, and then turn southward eight more to reach the home of Mr. Kim. The baby had grown much since she came to her ancestral home and she would be heavy, so heavy at the end of a day's travel! When Martha thought of the danger of traveling alone among strangers she was appalled, and through many a night stared up into the darkness weighing her responsibility to the authority of her brother, who she knew would not hesitate to punish her into submission to his wishes, and the real peril of the road: against her duty to husband and baby and the call of her aching heart. Finally she went to stupid Annie and poured out her soul. "While Annie would never read though she studied a hundred years she never erred in questions of right or wrong," said Martha.

Martha found her friend sitting on the floor of her home industrially rattling the ironing sticks, with a Bible, pencil, and white tablet placed at her side, her eyes shifting from the

garment she was beating into glossy whiteness to the word, "Jesus," she had laboriously written all over her tablet. Martha entered the room so quietly Annie did not notice her till the former unobtrusively took her seat on the opposite side of the ironing block and picked up two ironing sticks. Annie would have sprung to her feet in protest, but Martha reached for the hand that held the clubs and pulled Annie to the floor and with lips quivering with a smile struck the ironing block a tentative blow; her friend laughed and accepted the invitation and immediately the swift falling clubs were merrily challenging the neighborhood to their morning labor. One garment followed another in rapid succession till the task was over. With the intuition of a child of Asia, Annie sensed a crisis in the affairs of her friend, and her eyes frequently shot a glance of inquiry into the other's sad face. When the ironing clubs pealed out their last long roll and throb, Martha knew Annie understood, and she quickly told her struggle over the problem of her future.

Annie picked up her tablet and for a long time seemed bent on reading and re-reading the one word she had so many times written. She then went to the door and swung it open and looked up on the mountain side where her husband and neighbors were struggling to wrest a living from its grudging soil. She stood in silence a long time while a passionate song of a sky lark poured from above over the town and filled the hut. Annie finally turned into the room and went to the wall where was fixed a cupboard projecting outward over the kitchen fire place. For some time her hand moved about in the darkness with uncertainty as if their owner was waging a warfare of debate. Presently she drew from the dark a small bag of coin and crossing the room hastily, she placed it on the ironing block opposite which Martha still sat watching the curious movements of her friend. Then Martha placed her head down on the block and wept long.

"It is mine," said Annie, "and I can give it to whom I will. My father was a miner," she explained, "and he hoarded a bit of gold dust. Soon after he died my mother died also and this is mine. My husband has always respected my

ownership. Not long ago, feeling that the recent silver coinage would be less easily lost, he turned the dust into coin and brought it back to me. Take it. Are we not Christians? I know you will return it some day if you can, if you can not, that also will be well."

An hour later Martha passed through the gate leading through the corn stalk fence which surrounded Annie's home. She paused a moment to listen to the voice of stupid Annie singing a Christian song to the only tune she knew, one of her own invention that fitted every kind of hymn. "Better than real music," she said, "just like good Annie."

A week later, on the fifteenth day of the fourth moon, while the brilliant moonlight poured upon mountain and valley, two women might have been seen skirting the outer fringe of the village on their way to the head of the mountain fiord. Annie insisted upon accompanying Martha to the main road five miles away. They finally knelt at the forks of the road and gazed into each other's eyes while they lifted their hearts to Him who cares for the helpless.

"Oh, my Father," said Martha, "this seems right and good for the sake of husband and baby; Annie thinks it good; keep me from evil hands, my Father." "Amen," said Annie.

Shortly afterwards Martha with her baby tied to her back disappeared down the road beneath the shadows of the willows.

It was nearly noon before inquiries were made for Martha in her old mountain home, but her absence excited little concern till her brother and fellow laborers came in from the field at night. The town was then in commotion. Every Christian home was visited in the search. Mary and Annie visited Martha's home and Mary was in tears, but stupid Annie said nothing. The Christians and many others turned out to assist their townsman search the country for his lost sister. The next day they extended their search to the forks of the road at the foot of the fiord and later a hundred *li* southward. Enquiry from travelers coming from long distances gave no information of a lost woman.

"What," said a pedestrian, "searching for a lost woman?"

and are you fools enough to think you could find a lost widow? Pretty, eh?" They understood what he meant and many had already discussed the probability of her seizure as a wife for some one living at a distance who had learned of Martha's charms. Martha's brother stormed about the village, neglecting his fields, furious at the insult offered him and his clan. He made a long journey to the magistrate and petitioned redress.

"Only a widow?" the magistrate asked.

"But she was my sister," declared the man, "and my name has been insulted. I demand satisfaction, sir."

"Did you look into all the village wells? I have noticed that young pretty widows have a habit of throwing themselves into wells, and over mountain cliffs," the magistrate drawled. "You are sure you have looked carefully? Do you not think it would appear better for the dignity of your clan and better for the peace of your town to assume there was an accident, that she fell from a cliff, and the wolves did the rest, or something of that sort? Of course, now that you have brought to my notice the facts concerning your loss, I shall order my runners to keep their eyes open on all their business trips in my territory. Usually in such cases the captor is willing to make a large settlement in cash for the woman if she turns out a good house-keeper. You are possessed of some property I take it, and if the man who stole your sister is some poor vagabond, a little consideration on your part may help towards his punishment. You understand, of course, that we usually assume that widows are much better off married to who ever may be willing to accept of them. Still, as I said, I may be able to do something for the dignity of your clan provided we are able to find the widow."

The petitioner began to wish he had not attempted to consult the law, and hastened from the Magistracy as soon as he could politely withdraw. He returned home and announced that his sister was either dead or stolen and carried beyond his power or the power of the Magistrate to recover her, and the fatalistic East dismissed the matter as beyond remedy. The question lingered long in the mind of the Christian com-

munity with much sorrow and regret. Stupid Annie alone made no reference to Martha and continued with cheerful industry to write the one word she knew whenever opportunity afforded.

In the meantime Martha was traveling nights and hiding daytimes among the graves that surround ancient cemeteries which adorned the hillsides above all the villages she passed. On the third day the food Annie had prepared for her gave out, so she traveled during the day and bought food at the inns. She was regarded with so much interest that she retired to the hillside during the midafternoon and arose with the darkness and traveled all night. Thereafter she traveled occasionally at night to discourage search by people she passed on the road. Late on the sixth night of her journey she crept into the women's quarters of a certain inn and asked for shelter and food.

She and the baby were examined in the usual critical curiosity by the wife of the inn-keeper. Martha announced that she was a Christian and was going to meet her husband. Her hostess shook her head disapprovingly.

"You Christians," she said, "run strange chances, your audacity is amazing. Have you organized, as have the Peddler's Guild, to mete out swift revenge upon any one who harms your number? How dare you, madam, thus travel the road alone; or are the Christian men so degenerate that they are oblivious as to what happens to their wives?"

Martha was too weary to answer these oft-repeated questions but enquired regarding the road that lead to Rocky Ridge. As she had expected, her road turned from this point southward. Her supper over, she and her baby were soon fast asleep.

Before daylight Martha was awakened by the bustling about of the inn-keeper's wife as she prepared the morning meal for her many guests. Martha sat up and prepared to leave immediately after her meal of millet.

"The biggest one you ever saw," confided her hostess.

"Biggest what?" asked Martha.

"Biggest man," she replied. "Came here, he says, to carry

away a sick man. It would be a hard day for you did you fall into his hands, so take my word and beware. If he takes the road south you go north for your life, that is the best advice I can give you. See," she added, "peep through the hole in the paper door. He is there in the yard now."

Martha placed her eye to the opening in the door covering and what she saw set her teeth to chattering with fear. The colossal form of Bali stalked about the yard with impatient step, waiting for his morning meal. The inn-keeper's wife had stepped out into the kitchen and did not see Martha's agitation. When she returned Martha was sitting on the floor, her face as white as the jacket she wore.

"Sick?" asked her hostess.

"Not ill," replied Martha with her ear close to the outer door endeavoring to catch the words of Bali who was conversing with another person who had been hid from her view by an ugly mud chimney. "I was listening," she continued in a whisper, "to the words of the giant. I thought he said he was hunting for some one. Do you think Madam, while you laid out their meal and arranged their tables you could find out the nature of their journey? Perhaps you could learn their profession. At least learn the direction they will take, for of a truth I wish not to journey their way."

"Sure I will," replied the hostess, "ask them straight if necessary."

A half hour later she reappeared. "Found out all about them," she said. "What I could not catch by eaves-dropping I found out by asking. Not one giant, two of them, large enough to be brothers, but they don't look alike. Both going north, so you need have no fear. They are on their way to a town called Pine Tree Knob, hunting for a runaway woman. She belongs to neither one, but for some reason they want her. I didn't listen for any thing more. Have listened to those tales so often I know in advance what they are."

"What?" Martha asked and waited with parted white lips, "what is it you know?"

"And you don't know, you innocent thing? Had you known, then would you not have taken the road alone to tempt

such creatures as they. Do you not know that men are created to tear and rend the weak and helpless? What would you silly butterfly do under his mighty grasp. He would roar with delight, while he pulled off your gaudy wings. Blessed is the woman who most speedily grows old and ugly, for all this is woman's lot. Ah," she added with a tone of disapproval, "don't look so frightened. Did I not say he traveled north? Unless you, indeed, seek him he will not find you, he has other game."

Martha remained in the inn long after her hostess declared the giants had disappeared over the mountain road to the north, then she left in great haste and fairly ran from the town, and many curious eyes followed her down the street. As she sped out into the narrow valley she paused and looked back at the town and up at the distant mountain. On the divide three men were standing, and one of them, a tall figure, was shading his eyes and gazing in her direction. At the sight weakness overcame her and she sat down by the way trembling with fear. Her staggering step seemed to satisfy the watcher, for he presently turned with his companions and disappeared over the pass.

The night Mr. Cho bade good night to his friends at the inn and returned to the roof that had so long sheltered him, he passed the figure of a woman who was carrying a babe on her back and fled almost into the gutter in the effort to avoid him. At other times he had invariably followed young mothers with their babies till he had peered into their faces. The practise had frequently caused stern rebuke from some male member of the community. Now for the first time on the long journey, because of the gladness of his heart, he passed her by, the pause and mechanical stare he gave her added speed to her feet, and he absently watched her enter the yard of the inn in quest of the woman's quarters. The late moon was slowly climbing the distant mountain and the long rays of light were fingering their way over the ridge and down upon the silent village, but the deep shadows of the forest still covered the town and Mr. Cho failed to recognize his lost wife and child. On the morrow he would travel to the north where, according to the information of that cold night so long

ago and confirmed by Pastor Kim, lived the one he sought. Further, he would have with him two dauntless friends, one of whom had for many years been a hunter of men, under whose keen eyes every foot print had a meaning. If Martha still lived he would soon find her, and then how good it is to live the life of a Christian!

On the following day, under the spur of Mr. Cho's voice, the chair bearers covered in one day twice the distance made by Martha during the same period. How strong were his companions. It was a tonic to look into their faces, and what a world of good news they had to tell. Mr. Cho's property was safe, and he had not cared whether it were safe or not. The devil on the salt-marsh was preaching and all his sermons were on "heaven." His ugly face and puffing, rumbling roar, before he opened his lips to speak, frightened his listeners into silence, but when he spoke he talked of gentle things. Bali rehearsed the activities of the hermit with infectious delight. It was evident that the hermit was the most admired man of Bali's acquaintance. "Not afraid of men, devils or the magistrates," Bali said.

Bali related how after becoming a Christian he had presented himself to the Magistrate to receive in his person punishment for evil deeds where he was unable otherwise to make restitution, but in spite of all that he could say the Magistrate believed it was a ruse to involve him in more trouble. The only result was many presents and many protests of personal regard. He had gone to the Governor who had more knowledge of the way of Christians and he had finally promised to examine carefully into Bali's history and would surely punish not only to the satisfaction of Bali but also the full satisfaction of all magistrates and good citizens who had been wronged by the robber chief. This had occurred not long before Bali left, as it had required a world of labor to meet the demand of his conscience as well as his personal freedom to do so. Caution on the part of the Governor had caused delay in making Bali's arrest. This remarkable robber carried so much power and now it was possible he was associated with the foreigner and had become more formidable

than ever. Time would tell, and the East is patient. Bali knew that the time was near when the deadly hand of unrestrained officialdom would be laid upon his person. He smiled as he talked of the day when he would be led forth from the governor's prison. Then there would be a flash of steel in the sunlight,—and the end.

"I can see," he mused, "that He is a God of justice as well as of mercy. I carry with me the work of His blessed mercy. Coward would I be and deserving of my own utmost contempt, and, I think, of His also, did I for a moment shrink from His justice." "Think not that it makes me sad," said he on one occasion, reviewing the matter with Mr. Cho. "To be sad would mean complaint, to complain would be the whimper of a coward, no, no, I rejoice with exceeding great joy," and he laughed a great deep-chested laugh, the laugh of a conqueror capable of thrilling the world with his power. Pastor Kim's face glowed in response and Mr. Cho slid from his chair and ran to Bali's side forgetful that he had been an invalid. The giant picked up the smaller man and placed him back in the chair half playfully, half gravely.

On the second day Bali picked up news that deepened the gravity of his face. He learned that a Christian woman in the town of Pine Tree Knob had recently been spirited away.

He said nothing to his companions and on the last day of their journey he left before daylight and by noon was in the village of their destination six hours ahead of his fellow travelers. Announcing himself a Christian, he had immediate access to all the facts they knew concerning Martha. His enquiries were sharp, almost imperious. He visited Mr. Yang the brother of Martha and pushed his enquiries with dauntless energy till he seemed to dominate the town. Learning that Martha had last been seen with Annie, it was not long before he had all the facts concerning her flight and destination.

Three miles out from the town he met his companions, and walking by the side of Mr. Cho rehearsed all he had learned. Mr. Cho lay back in his chair white and weak. When he arrived he was carried to the ancestral home of Martha. Annie

immediately sought him out and told him all she knew of Martha's flight. The story was not without comfort. That night half of the village gathered in the great open yard of their host, and Mr. Cho told the story of his conversion, Martha's faith and fortitude, and his own long eventful wanderings to find her. It was a long story, and many were sobbing when he closed, and Martha's brother announced to the gathered throng that he was going to serve Martha's God.

The next day the three men were hastening southward to overtake Martha. Mr. Kim was glad the road led him to his own home, while Bali, the ex-robber, was speeding with a light heart to face the king of all terrors.

Six days after leaving the village where Martha's path had crossed that of her husband they re-entered the village for the night. The coolies refused to travel faster and it was only by a promise of great pay that they were induced to proceed the next day. The inn-keeper's wife was voluble with many descriptions of Martha's appearance and all that she had said, how she had seen Bali and had raced down the street in fear.

Fear of harm to his wife put urgency into the voice of Mr. Cho as he urged his chair-coolies ahead the next day. He promised them rewards so large, each man strove as greed will make men strive.

"Good," said Mr. Cho at the end of the second day. "Two hundred and seventy li. To-morrow night we will overtake her," and he laughed. "Yesterday a man met her on the road and she was still safe. One more day," and he laughed again.

Over-speeding was too much for the coolies and the next day noon they refused to move from the inn. Money would not stir them, and no woman in the land was of sufficient value to have them do so. That afternoon Mr. Cho trudged at the side of his friends, surprised that he was not without endurance.

(To be Concluded).

FIFTY YEARS ON THE PACIFIC.

FRED J. HALTON.

(On the 12th of April the Pacific Mail, pioneer of American shipping on the Pacific, celebrated the 70th anniversary of its founding. The following article first appeared in "The Paradise of the Pacific," published in Honolulu.)

As fascinating as the stories of the buccaneers who preyed upon the Spanish galleons in the Pacific and South Atlantic waters in the sixteenth century; as romantic as the tales of Columbus, Drake and Magellan, reads the history of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which as early as 1848 was engaged in coast trade, carrying passengers and freight from Panama to California in the early gold-rush days.

The golden jubilee of the trans-Pacific traffic occurred in January, 1917, but the event was allowed to pass unnoticed in the stress of events connected with the great world war.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was incorporated in New York on April 12, 1848, with a capital of \$500,000.00. Congress had passed an act authorizing the opening of a new mail route between New York and Portland, Oregon, with San Francisco as a port of call. By the act a subsidy of \$200,000 per annum was to be paid with the intention of perpetuating the American Flag on the waters of the Pacific.

Incidentally that policy was abandoned many years ago and the American merchant marine had declined with this peculiar policy until in the year 1915 there were but six vessels in foreign service flying the American Flag.

The vessels used in the early days were side-wheelers, hardly larger than the ferryboats of San Francisco bay today. They carried beam engines and were built entirely of wood. The first steamers were the Golden City, Montana, Colorado, and Constitution. The last-named figured prominently in the Civil War, having been chartered by the government as a transport, and having on occasions carried as many as 5,000 troops and their necessary equipment.

The Constitution was considered a remarkable vessel in her day. She was one of the first steamers built with two funnels.

Drawing about twenty feet of water she could attain a speed of fifteen knots per hour. She ended her days in San Francisco in 1864 by burning. The remainder of these vessels were bought by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, forming the nucleus of its present fleet of 102 vessels, of 480,000 tons gross. It is interesting to surmise what might have been the position of the American mercantile marine at the outbreak of the war if our government had aided shipping by subsidies and subventions as did the Japanese government.

In the year 1861 the Pacific Mail Company bought the so-called "Vanderbilt Line" operating from New York to Aspinwall on the Isthmus of

Panama. The steamers on this run were the North Star, Northern Light, Ariel, Ocean Queen, Quaker City, Champion and two new ships, the New York and Costa Rica.

The Pacific Mail Company in their service between New York and San Francisco enjoyed many years of great prosperity but with the completion of the first trans-continental railway it was presumed that the bulk of the passenger traffic would naturally move over the shorter overland route. So in 1866 there arose the incentive which engaged the thought of all transportation men concerning the carrying of passengers and freight from China and Japan across the Pacific and thence overland to New York. Again Congress was appealed to and asked to bear its share of establishing a new transoceanic route covered by ships carrying the Stars and Stripes. Congress responded with a subsidy of \$500,000 awarded to the Pacific Mail Company for carrying the mails from San Francisco to Hongkong. And thus was inaugurated the service that gave the Port of Honolulu its first impetus as a shipping center.

The steamer Colorado, a side-wheeler of 3,000 tons, one of the largest and finest of the Pacific Mail fleet at that time, was elected as the pioneer of this new enterprise and on January 1st, 1867, under command of Captain W. H. Bradley, steamed through the Golden Gate on her momentous first voyage.

As the first steamer to make such a trip the route to be taken and the conditions that possibly might be encountered were thoroughly studied. Captain Bradley was a man quite familiar with the trans-Pacific service so far as applied to sailing ships and was not without steamship experience, as he had served on some of the company's steamers on the Panama run.

The Colorado had a fair freight including 1,000 barrels of flour, \$500,000 in specie for Hongkong and \$21,700 for Japan. That cargo of flour seems rather insignificant now as compared with consignments of 10,000 to 12,000 barrels subsequently carried by steamers of the same line. She also had a fair passenger list.

A detour was made to Honolulu, as the Captain deemed it wiser to replenish his bunkers rather than to essay the long voyage to Yokohama. At any rate the call at Honolulu had not been planned when the ship left San Francisco. Thus were the first tourists regaled with a sight that would never leave their memory—the sight of these sun-kissed, palm-girt isles subsequently described by Mark Twain as the “loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.”

Naturally the arrival of this steamer created much excitement in Honolulu and she was the object of much curiosity on the part of the natives. The arrival of the first Pacific Mail liner in Yokohama and Hongkong stirred up the commercial circles of those ports due to the fact that she carried European dispatches of fully twelve days later dates than those received by the English and French lines.

The Colorado arrived at San Francisco on March 20, having made the round trip in seventy-eight days, including all detentions.

The Colorado was followed on February 1st by the Great Republic and each month thereafter by the old China, Japan and America.

It was in 1868 that what is known as the "branch line" was started from Yokohama to Shanghai via the Inland Sea of Japan. Some of the ships on the Atlantic were sent around the Cape of Good Hope. Together with some new steamers, the Costa Rica, Ariel, Oregonian and Golden Age, comprised this fleet and was the first line of steamers to navigate the Inland Sea. At that time there were no lighthouses buoys or other signals to mark the danger points and it indeed goes to the credit of those old sea-masters that the feat was accomplished with such regularity and with so few accidents.

In the meantime an extension was taking place on the San Francisco-Panama run and the steamers Acapulco, Colon, Guatemala, City of Panama, Colima and Granada replaced the older ships while the Alaska and Arizona came from the Atlantic and enhanced the number of vessels on the Pacific. The former went on the San Francisco-Hongkong run and the latter on the Panama run.

When the run to the Orient was first started the ships made many precarious voyages by reason of the fact that owing to storms, they would run out of fuel and fresh water. On occasion they were known to burn their cargoes for fuel.

In order to provide against such calamity, a brig was despatched in 1869 from Pennsylvania with a load of Pocahontas coal for Midway Island. At that time the island was uninhabited, though now it is used as a cable relay station. Some of that same coal was used by the Pacific Mail steamers when chased out of their courses by the Russian Vladivostok fleet during the Russo-Japanese war. Up to that time it had been forgotten, for better boats soon replaced those vessels, and better time was made.

Though tea and silk have always been two of the most important items of freight, in the very early days, before the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed, when the old paddle wheels plowed the great sea troughs, Chinese coolies made up the chief "cargo." As many as 2,500 were brought to this country on a trip and fortunes were made for the Company in this traffic.

In the year 1871 the fortnightly service was inaugurated and in 1874 the screw-propelled steamers City of Peking and City of Tokyo were placed on the China run. These were followed by the three "Cities"—San Francisco, Sydney and New York—in 1875, when the line was established to Australia. This marked another era in trans-Pacific traffic and gradually the old wooden side-wheelers were displaced.

Even the new ships were not large enough to make much of a showing against the great typhoons which very often shook the very founda-

tions of the universe along the China-Japan coast. In 1874 the Alaska was blown up high and dry at Aberdeen on the Island of Hongkong. An American named Williams finally got her afloat after engineers from Europe had failed. One year later she was burned off Amoy on the coast of China.

That year was a disastrous one for the Pacific Mail as two steamers were burned, the American in Yokohama and the Japan on the China coast.

The next year other screw steamers were added to the fleet, including the Rio de Janeiro, Para, Columbia and Peru. The Rio de Janeiro struck a rock at the entrance to the Golden Gate, San Francisco, in 1901 when, under Captain Ward's orders, Pilot Loe Jordan was attempting to guide her through a dense fog that overhung the harbor. The vessel sank, taking with it several hundred passengers and members of the crew, and its hull, containing thousands of dollars of valuable property, was never located.

The China of 10,000 tons displacement was built in 1890 and became the most popular steamer in the service, and then followed the Korea and Siberia of 18,000 tons displacement. The Korea left San Francisco on August 30th, 1902, and on December 27th of the same year the Siberia was sent across on the long run.

Two years later came the Mongolia and Manchuria, each 27,000 tons displacement, the former sailing on her initial voyage from San Francisco Saturday, May 7, 1904, and the latter on Tuesday, August 25, 1904.

It is regrettable that in 1915 the then management of the Pacific Mail deliberately threw away the best prospects of the company since its incorporation by disposing of all the trans-Pacific fleet and the consequent abandonment to a foreign flag of the cream of the trans-Pacific business. The alleged reason for this act was the restrictions placed on American shipping by the La Follette Seaman's Act.

The American-built steamers Korea and Siberia were sold to a Japanese company and now fly the Japanese flag. The China was sold to a company newly formed with Chinese capital and operated by Chinese, while the Mongolia and Manchuria were sold to the Atlantic Transport Company of New York and were transferred to the Atlantic Ocean.

Were it not for the far-sightedness of a San Francisco man, John H. Rosseter, the American Flag would have disappeared from the foreign trade of the Pacific completely. Out of the wreck of the old Pacific Mail Steamship Company he organized the present company and by the purchase of three ships built in Holland, re-commenced the service of the Pacific Mail across the Pacific in 1916 with the steamers Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela of 14,000 tons displacement each. In the year 1917 was inaugurated the San Francisco-Calcutta service with the steamers Santa Cruz, 12,000 tons, and Clousa, 15,000 tons, and the writer hopes to live to see the day when the American Flag will be seen constantly in every port on the great Pacific ocean.

A few words as to the personnel of the company: This includes the names of many famous men. The first President was Captain Allan McLean. He was succeeded in 1872 by W. B. Stockwell of sewing machine fame, followed in about a year by Rufus Hatch, during whose administration the screw steamers of the "City" class were built and commissioned. Jay Gould succeeded Hatch and it was he who negotiated the building of the China. He was succeeded by W. P. Clyde and then followed R. P. Schwerin, who was vice-president and general manager of the company from 1893 to the disruption of the company in 1915. The man of large vision who organized the new Pacific Mail Company was John H. Rosseter; he was elected vice-president and general manager of the company in 1916, and we trust that his dreams of American supremacy on the Pacific will be realized.

