The Korea Magazine

Editorial Board:

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Vol. I July, 1917 No. 7

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PRINTED BY Y. M.C.A. PRESS, SEOUL, CHOSEN

The Subscription Price of The Korea Magazine is Four Yen or Two Dollars a year, postpaid, to any part of the world. Remittances may be sent by Draft, Money Order, or Personal Check

Address: THE KOREA MAGAZINE

SEOUL, KOREA

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The Korea Magazine

July, 1917

Editorial Notes.

AN excess of good material this month crowds out our Chats with Readers and other matter which will have to await its turn.

THE recent excellent rains all over Korea will for the present avert the threatened loss of crops, and help our farmers do their part in providing food for both peaceful and warring nations.

KOREA’S FILIAL PIETY

Are Koreans likely to lose that devotion to parents that characterized them in the olden days, or will they hold to it in spite of change, though perhaps expressing it in a different way? This is a question. It was one of the tenets of their faith, this filial piety, the most binding of all the Cardinal Relationships.

Their way of expressing it in the past was peculiar, indeed, and it cost a man something to be a filial son, as one can readily see who reads through their history. In one group of devoted children mentioned in the Yo-ji Seung-nam in connection with Seoul, I find that out of eighteen, five of them took a sharp knife and cut flesh from the lower limb with which to feed the revered father or mother doomed to die, with result that they lived and flourished; five cut off one joint of third finger and used the drops of blood as an elixir of life with marvellous results; three made pictures of the deceased, hung them up and bowed daily for years before them, offering food and saying prayers; two fasted and mourned

through all the desolate three years of sackcloth and ashes; two built huts by the grave side, cut themselves off from the world of the living and devoted themselves to the dead; one closed his lips to all passers and wept tears of blood we are told.

In this Encyclopoedia, the compilation of which was begun in 1478 A. D. we find after a description of each county seat mention made of the faithful children of the district, and the “nameless” third fingers that come under the knife too many to record. The third finger is the one that always suffers, it being supposed to be a supernumerary digit, not of much use as compared with the thumb the “mother” finger or the first one the “rice” finger, etc.

Many examples of ancient filial piety are found in the stories of the Five Relationships one of the holy books recognized as a part of Korea’s sacred literature. Here is one: “There lived in Su-won in the kingdom of Koryo (eight hundred years ago) a lad called Noo-back-ee, whose father was a scribe in the official yamen. This father it seems went out hunting in the hills one day, when he was caught and devoured· by a tiger. Noo-back-ee was then but fifteen years of age. Though so young he would go forth, like a knight errant and pay off scores with the horrible beast, but his mother forbade him. He replied, however, saying ‘l must go and square up accounts with the enemy of my father’s ghost,’ so taking his axe on his shoulder he caught up with the foot-tracks of the tiger, and followed him to his den. There the huge monster with full stomach was curled up to sleep. Noo-back-ee rushed in upon him shouting ‘You killed my father and I shall eat your flesh for it.’

The tiger with tail switching, crouched low to spring, but a fearful blow from the axe cut through his body, and the bones and flesh of his father were gathered back into a receptacle and taken away for burial, while the carcass of the beast he buried under the running waters of the river. He entombed his father on the west side of Hong-pop Mountain and built his hut by the side of his grave. There he dreamed a dream one night when his father’s ghost came and sang to him saying:

‘You have cleared away the thorns,

From the shrine of the faithful son;

Such sobbings of true devotion,

Such faithful tears my eyes behold.

Daily you bear forth on your back,

To round up this grave of mine;

While I lived you were my faithful boy,

And now that I am dead you watch beside me,

Who dares say that filial devotion has ceased to be on earth?’

And so he disappeared. When the days of mourning were ended he unearthed the tiger’s remains and ate of the “flesh.”

But this leads up to a modern example of an unforgetful son of Chosen. Dressed in perfect accord with the Western ideas was this young man to whom I call your attention. Caught in the whirl of a great city with a thousand and one delights to woo him away from thoughts of his old father who existed in a forgotten corner of the country. To forget is easy where no common ground of sympathy remains, but this young man forgot not.

Once, recently, the writer had a chance to view at closer quarters the routine of his fast moving hours and it ran thus. He awoke, washed and dressed, spent some time in morning devotions, then he took from his desk a sheet of letter paper and marked it “261”and wrote below something like this.

“Long has distance closed my lips from greetings of the night and salutations of the morning. I bow in deepest longing over this. In profound reverence I ask concerning my honorable father; His health, His peace, His prosperity. In all my thoughts He is ever present, and so I, a child, make my low obeisance thus enquiring. Graciously condescend to read this letter ‘

“What does “261” mean?” I ask.

“It means that this is the two hundred and sixty-first day since I left my father, and consequently the two hundred and sixty-first letter that I have written him.”

“Do you write daily?”

“Why of course, God forbid that I should forget my father.

As my devotions are remembered and my duty to God, so my duty to him who cared for me when 1 was a child and helpless must be remembered too.”

He is one modern young Korean who has a wide influence over other young men, and a high standing in his own place in society.

KOREA—FATHER AND SON

Edmund Gosse, Librarian of the House of Lords, England, wrote a book some years ago called “Father and Son” in which he shows how widely two generations of the West may be divided in heart and sympathy, but the race misadjustment dividing father and son that we see in Korea to-day, is surely even more startling. “Chip of the old block” and such expressions have fallen out untrue, for in these two generations that sit side by side we see the times of Abraham yoked fast to the 20th century A. D. A glance at the mental conditions will show that this is not merely a theoretical view but literally true. The father with his face toward the golden ages of the past, talks of Yo and Soon (2300 B. C.) who antedate Abraham. To him the heroes that ushered in the Choo Kingdom of China, slightly behind Abraham, but far away B. c. are living realities. Kings Moon and Moo and the Prophet Choo-kong (1122

B. C.) who can equal them? What they said he repeats; their lofty ideals he would make his own; their knowledge of, and communion with God he regards with reverent awe.

The son knows nothing about these persons; who they were he could not begin to answer·. More than that he does not wish to know. Such mildewed ideas as they represent he regards as the inheritance of a decadent race, and so puts them far away. He thinks in terms of George Washington, Gladstone and General Nogi, and looks toward the future with forward glance. He used to be afraid when in the presence of his father, whom he regarded as the Greeks did their mountain divinities; but to-day he consigns this pater to a quiet corner where he sits hermit-like and alone to ruminate on the ages so long gone by.

The father is a scholar of the old school and reads the Classics, yes sings them. From the opening lines of the Thousand Characters to the profound pages of the Book of Changes, he has learned them by heart, Mencius, Confucius, the Book of History, the Book of Poetry, with the records of Choo, Han, and Song. What is there that he does not know in the way of old Chinese history? Night and day as a boy he went through the grind that to-day makes him master of these pieces of Literature, difficult as the hieroglyph. Yes, he reads them. Get him once started, and he will unravel a complex page, giving place and name for everything. As he talks troops or Chinese heroes come stepping out of the mists, and wonderful they are. The battles they fought live again; and noble women too, appear, immortalized in his memory.

While this is going on the son thumbs over the newspaper, picking out with some difficulty telegrams relating to the war in Europe, hopeless when he comes to a piece of composition with ten characters in a line, but handling two, or perhaps even three. Can he read what his father sings as a sweet song? Never. No more idea has he of it than had the Young Britons made captive, of what S.P.Q. R. meant, carved on the walls of Rome.

There is a great volume of Korean literature that has come down during a period of a thousand years beginning with Korea’s Chaucer, Choi Chi-wun, and ending with men like Viscount Kim Yong-sik. Of these books the son knows nothing nor can he ever hope to read them.

In the old days an incentive was given to the study of Chinese writing by the honours of the kwa-go or official examination, by the social standing that it gave, by a distinction, that meant a starry crown for all time to come. To win the place of honour the, children of the literati would study from dawn till dark, day in and out, and never know a weary hour. This condition has ceased to be. Now, as in Western countries, the bell rings at fixed hours, classes assemble and they repeat their lessons in Korean and Japanese, and recite arithmetic, geography and universal history. What time is there

left for them to remember that Kwan-Oo saved the kingdom of Han, or that Che-kal Yang was a greater general than Napoleon.

The writer foresees, not many years hence, a day coming when the literature of this land will be a closed and sealed book, except to a few persons of exceptional and rare attainment. As the old man who now sits lonely in the shadows says his farewell and withdraws into the eternal quiet, he will carry away with him one of the most interesting varieties of literary achievement that the world has ever seen.

The son knowing nothing of these things will doubtless become au up-to-date man, who reads the papers, reads modern books and writes a letter in the colloquial with as much skill and neatness as any one could wish, but his father’s world will have receded from him thousands of years.

In religious matters too, they sit at the antipodes The father, deeply imbued with the spirit of Confucius, has read and studied the Classics, till the ordinary sacrifices of the East are as habitual to him as the breath he draws. Rice and dainties to the gods are the order of the day. He does not smile or think it strange, and performs the services with entire seriousness of soul. The son has no appreciation of it, but thinks it arrant nonsense. He has only that religion that appears in modern life, namely no-religion. He lives, eats and sleeps in a world that has lost the knowledge of God. He has not become introduced to any other religion and that of his father has passed beyond recall. Confucianism that hangs on a knowledge of Chinese will depart as the Classics cease to be studied.

In dress and ceremony too, they differ. The father still wears the horsehair hat that marked him a gentleman in days gone by, the son wears a collar, cuffs and tie.

In public assemblies it used to be the father who sat in the chair, sitting as only lords sit. With loud reverberating voice he would read the coming generation a lecture that it accepted with down cast maiden looks. He would use toward then such language as Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon used toward Zedekiah whom he roasted in the fire, and, when, all

was over sail out with a train of attendants that would have done honour to King Darius. Today the young man is in the chair and a very good chairman he makes. He talks in short polite sentences, but with such combinations of the character, and such new expressions as the father never thought of in his wildest dreams.

Thus they live, these two, of the same race but of ages widely sundered the son regarding the father as a decided ‘back­number,’ and the father regarding the son as a representative of modern wisdom that he can never hope to even glimpse afar off. On the wheel of fate the tables have turned. Quarter of a century ago this son could not sit in the father’s presence. He might be seventy years of age but to his father of eighty-five be was the merest child to be ordered and commanded at his pleasure. He’ went no where, said nothing without permission, married quietly whom his father gave him, and renounced self entirely on the alter of parental sacrifice. Today the father views this same son with a wan and submissive expression, barely speaking above a whisper, sitting alone under his hermit thatch and passively waiting till the sun goes down.

Was there ever such a phenomenon seen before as this father and son?

KOREA’S NOTED WOMEN V.

SU-WANG MO (西王母)

“Su-wang Mo, Su-wang Mo!” is one of the names passed from lip to lip in Korea, for all know it and repeat it, as though the owner had, within the memory of man, lived a life in the heart of the peninsula.

“Who is Su-wang Mo?” I ask.

Kim says she is a fairy. “When did she live?”

“In the days of King Choo-mok, and also Han Moo-je.”

I look these up in my handbook and find that Choo-mok reigned from 1001 to 946 B. C; and Han Moo-je from 140 to 86 B. C. Amazed at the contradiction of time I ask, “These two

lived nearly a thousand years apart, how could Su-wang Mo meet and talk over such a vast eternity?”

“But she is a fairy,” said Kim, “and can never grow old or die.” The angel Gabriel has no greater claim to endless youth with us than has Su-wang Mo whose name means Western Queen Mother.

The word West had long had a mystic meaning in East Asia. Buddhism came from the west, and many other influences as well. The Queen Mother resides in the heaven that finds its place in the heights of the Kol-yoon hills of Tibet, off toward the west.

She has a place there by the Lake of Gems where she rules over her troops of genii. She shares with them the peaches of the fairy, and date fruits of celestial light. Those who eat of them live forever.

No lack is there in this wonderful world of hers that has become the heaven, not only of the Taoist, but of Buddhist and Confucianist as well. With longing their eyes, turn their gaze lo the west where the Queen Mother is supposed to dwell.

It is said that Han Moo-je gave his soul to the worship of Su-wang Mo, and that she, moved by it, riding on the’ clouds, came down and paid him a visit in his palace at Si-an-fu. Greater than the Queen of Sheba, she brought with her the fruits of immortality that she placed before the king.

A frivolous courtier, by name, Tong Pang-sak-i, filched one of these and ate it. The emperor had him arrested and was about to behead him, when Tong said, “These peaches mean three thousand years of life, if you behead me you will not only end my days, but will render null and void the immortal fruits of the fairy.”

On hearing this the king let him go and Tong lives to-day in the mind of the Korean, side by side with the Western Queen Mother.

Her way of despatching messages was by her “azure pigeons that sped off in all directions to the palaces of kings.

A great divinity of Taoism, she is linked up also with the longing eyes of Confucianist and Buddhist, who would, equally

well, like to share her beautiful home, where people are always happy; where they never die; where delightful fruits are given in abundance, and where strains of sweet music fill the air.

Su-wang Mo has provided for Korea as for the rest of the Far East that lovely paradise that the soul longs for.

Here is a reference, such as Korean literature abounds in, taken from the Koo-Oon Mong or Cloud Dream written by Kim Manchoong about 1680 A. D.

The hero meets whom he thinks to be a genuine fairy, and she, in that guise, says to him, “If I were to tell you of the past, only sorrow would result from it. I am one of the waiting maids of the Western Queen Mother· and your lordship is an officer of the Red Palace of God. Once when God

prepared a banquet in honour of the Queen Mother, and there were many officers of the genii present, your lordship thoughtlessly singled me out, and tossed me some fruit of the fairies in a playfu1 way. For this you were severely punished and driven through transmigration into this world of woe. I fortunately was more lightly dealt with, and simply sent into exile, so here I am．Since my lord has found his place among men, and has been blinded by the dust of mortality he has forgotten all about his past existence, but my exile is nearly over and I am to return again to the Lake of Gems. Before going, however, I wanted just once to see you and renew the love of the past; so I asked for an extension of my term, knowing that you would come. I have waited long however.”

STUDENT OF THE ORIENT,

KOREAN LITERATURE I

HOW TO APPROACH IT

If anyone desires to make a study of Korean Literature he must work through the medium of the Chinese character. The fact that there is little or no literature written in the Eunmun makes it necessary in the first place; and in the

second, Eunmun books that exist, are all heavily charged with Chinese words and combinations, so that they are if anything more difficult than the pure Chinese itself.

To work through the Chinese character, does not necessarily mean that one should be a Chinese scholar. It is the humble opinion of the writer that there are but few real Chinese scholars among the foreigners of the East, and yet much work is done by many of these through the medium of Chinese. To be able to read the ideograph with its combinations, and to construe, are not the most difficult matters of attainment. It is the understanding of the endless references to Chinese history and mythology that is impossible for a foreigner to become master of, unless he begins study, as does the Oriental, with childhood and continues it on into middle life. It need not therefore discourage any student of the East to think that he is not a Chinese scholar, for if he has a knowledge of the colloquial, and bends his energies to the attainment of whatever is possible in the way of Chinese, he can, with the aid of a good pundit get at the thought that underlies Korean literature. As pertains to so many other aspects of Oriental life, he must see through the teacher’s eyes, and read by the aid and assistance of the teacher’s brain.

To attempt, therefore, anything like an examination of Korean literature the student requires at his elbow a scholar of the old school. A modern literary graduate knows little or nothing about the classic books which his fathers have written. As little are they a part of his life as they are of the foreigner’s,

All Korean literature, if we except Buddhist books, are written in what is called Chinese wenli, or Confucian classic style, and only a thoroughly versed man of the old school can make anything of them.

The first question then would be: Have you such a man available? Remember that the kwago (Official examination) was given up in 1894, that is 23 years ago, and that the great incentive to the study of the character ceased to act from that date. There are those who have become scholars since, but they are so few and far between that it is very unlikely that

the foreigner will ever meet them. Supposing then that the man sought for had just arrived at the threshold of knowledge when the kwago ceased to be, he must have been at least 23 years of age at that time. The two twenty threes make forty six. Remember then that there will be little chance of finding a good scholar less that forty-six-years of age, Many can read and shuffle along in a way that looks quite skillful to the untrained Western eye, but they will not be scholars. When you seek a literary assistant make forty-five years the minimum of your choice.

A good scholar, such as the land brought forth in abundance in the old days; can read any page you open, always excepting Buddhist literature, which belongs to another world or thought, and requires its own special study and preparation. Whether it be a monument by the roadside, or a musty book printed before the days of Chaucer, he will read through its mysteries as deftly as a good player awakens to life the harp-strings of the piano , telling you all the stories and revealing a world of interest born of old China, that surely must appeal to any intelligent Occidental.

With such a scholar, and they are to be found still among the first Christians, the student is prepared to undertake something in the way of investigating Korean literature.

The writer would say that this is written for the benefit of those who like this kind of recreation. To many, investigation of this sort would prove an insuperable bore. Let not such a person bother his head with it but try something else more congenial. To those, however, who like to wander through the mental vistas of Asia and see what strange and mysterious forms people them, it will be no bore but a dream of wonderful delight.

However, it takes time and patience, and for any substantial attainment some regular hour must be set apart each day. The writer has found that an hour in the morning before breakfast reads many pages in the course of the year. To others an hour in the evening would be much better. Suit your own whim as to time, but some time regularly employed is an absolute necessity to even moderate attainment. Some

bent in that direction in the first place; a good Korean scholar to aid in the second place; and a set hour of the day in the third place, will supply the means for your reading what Korea has written in days gone by.

In paper II the writer proposes to say something about *Why Read Korean Literature*?

THE WORSHIP OF CONFUCIUS.

Confucius lived from 556 to 479 B. C. and so was a contemporary of Sakamoni of India, Daniel the Jew, and Themistocles, Pythagoras and Phidias of Greece. So far off are his times, and yet he was the last, not the first, of the Confucian Sages, and gave his name to a system that had been in existence for many centuries before his day.

Apart from the Palaces, certainly the most interesting group of buildings in Seoul is his temple, that stands within the north-east angle of the city, beyond the Zoological Gardens, in a silent retreat, that offers a suitable accompaniment to the far-off and highly revered name of the Master.

This site, chosen when the city was founded, had its first temple erected on it in 1398, but it was burned down in 1400. It was rebuilt in 1407, and stood till the war of 1592, when it was burned again in the sack of the city. The present building erected in 1601, has thus stood for something over 300 years.

One hundred years before the building of the present temple, in 1501, a scholar named Yoon T’ak graduated, and we are told that he planted the two ginko trees that stand in the main courtyard. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, a service is performed to the memory of the Master under the beneficent shadow of these trees, and this year, on February 24th, it was the writer’s privilege to see it.

Near the trees, a few yards from the main gateway, on the right side of the court, a stone was set up in 1407 with an inscription on it by Pyun Ke-ryang, one of the greatest of Korea’s literati. This stone was destroyed in the war of 1592, and a new one was set up in 1626, with the former inscription

restored and a later note by Yi Chung-koo inscribed on the back. (Yi Chung-koo was born in the same year as Shakespeare, though he outlived him by 19 years).

Pyun Ke-ryang says, “When our king first set up his capital, his desire was to exalt the place of worship and religion. The thought that came to him, to do honour· to Virtue and Truth, came to him from God. He saw that this was the source of his future happiness, and something most necessary to insure his high office continuing for all time to come, it meant enlightenment for the hearts of men, and long life to the state.”

Yi Chung-koo writes, “Since the death of Confucius the whole world has with one accord done him honour, saying that there is no sage like him, and no master his equal. In the National Hall as well as the village shrine the tablet of Confucius stands al the head, while his disciples are ranged on each side of him. From the Emperor down all faces, turned toward the north, bow before this altar, acknowledging him to be the Master. Such worship as this was never received by even Oo, Tang, Moon or Moo. We cannot but trust the word of the record that says, ‘Since people became a nation no one was ever born so great as Confucius.’”

These two statements give a fair idea as to how Koreans regard the great Sage.

In the Temple, at the north side of the Main Hall or Myung Ryoon Tang (明倫堂) stands the tablet of the Master. He is never represented by an image, by the way, but only by a tablet. It is inscribed “All perfect, most holy, King of Literature.” Immediately at his side are the tablets of his four great disciples, An-ja, Cheung-ja, Cha-sa and Maing-ja, while extending out like wings are 16 others, of his lesser disciples.

Many dishes of fruit, beans, raw meat, etc., (everything uncooked) were placed in order before the tablets while the doors of the temple were thrown open for the service to begin.

The service is said to be of very ancient origin. In the whirlwinds of change that have overtaken China she has lost much of the old forms that did honour to the Master, so that

Korea, to-day, offers the best example there is of this very ancient rite.

Two large frames hung with musical instruments stood, one on each corner of the temple platform to east and west. Some of the instruments were of stone, some of wood, some of metal, all of them unlike anything of the kind ever seen before. Two similar frames stood behind the assembled company on each side of the main entrance, hung, likewise, with these instruments of music.

Just in front, on the right hand in the courtyard, stood the laver at which the President of the ceremony and his assistants washed their hands. On the left side was stationed the musical band of civil rites, 64 men in all, who wore fez shaped caps and red gauze gowns. Each held a wooden disc in one hand and a mallet in the other. At set times, they would swing round, one half of them to the right and one half to the left to represent the *yang* and the *yin*, giving a clap with the hammer just as they completed the circle. Round they would go and clap would go the hammer, round once more and again the place would echo with the interesting impact of wood on wood. Then the other bands would take up their part, and metal would resound as well as stone and clattering bamboo.

The Director of ceremonies stood on the terrace to call out the parts, while the President of the College and his assistants were seated in the courtyard in a row, and in a line that ran at right angles to the main hall.

The President, now, dressed in the fullest ceremonial form, slowly and with dignified step approached, washed his hands at the laver and dried them on a roll of linen that was kept constantly turning before him. He then ascended the dais and knelt before the tablet of Confucius. The band struck up the Myung-an or Tune of Bright Peace, and the 64 dancers swung about and danced the Yool-moo.

Offerings were now made of incense sticks and rolls of cloth, both to the Master and to his disciples, during all of which time the music continued to play.

The President then retired and this closed the first part of the service.

In the second part he again ascended the dais, knell before the tablet, and poured out the first libation·, while the music struck up and the dancers danced. He receded three steps and knelt again, when the music ceased and the reader offered the prayer. After this the President made further offerings before the tablets of the disciples and then retired.

The chief assistant then approached, washed his hands, dried them, ascended, and offered a second glass before the Master and then before his disciples just as his chief had done, the music accompanying.

A third and final offering was also made by a second assistant who then retired.

Once more the President went forward and knelt before the tablet. The reader passed him the glass of spirit and he tasted of it, he also gave him some of the flesh which he passed to his assistant who took it and carried it away. The President then offered incense after which all the special guests were invited to come forward and make their congratulatory offerings as well. Then again all present made their obeisance. To the west of the main hall was a place prepared for the burning of the cloth goods that had been offered. The President went forward and took charge of this part of the ceremony. A fire was lighted, and, in great clouds of flame and smoke, the rolls of cloth disappeared. This too was done with the accompaniment of music, which marked the close of this ancient and most interesting ceremony.

SPECTATOR.

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Translations of the sentences given in the April Number have been received from S. C. They are correct except for the use of the accusative case in sentences 1 and 2 when the nominative should have been used. A glance at this will show S. C. where the error lies.

Congratulations on the correct use of han and hatun.

MODERN WORDS AND THE KOREAN LANGUAGE

The Korean language though one of the oldest languages of the East is still in the process of making. It therefore follows that the student of the Korean language who desires to speak accurately and modernly must keep apace of this making process. For centuries the Korean language lay dormant influenced only by the Chinese Classics. Just a little more than ten years ago the student of Korean was face to face with the study of a language which had been handed down from the centuries of history. True, a few Chinese dictionaries of modern terms were extant ten years ago, but only by the merest chance was one found in the possession of a Korean. Even though such dictionaries existed their influence upon ‘the development of the language was very slight. This has been proven often by the foreigner who in dire distress for an adequate vehicle to convey some new thought or spiritual idea has rushed to one of these dictionaries and finding some hieroglyphics along side the English of the desired thought has leaped for joy, thinking his language difficulties forever at an end. A competent Chinese scholar pressed into service, translated the sound of said hieroglyphics into the phonetics used to express ordinary Korean thought. Said process completed, the foreigner sallied forth disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium by constant vocal utterances which beat unintelligibly upon the ear drums of long suffering listeners, who in turn wondered why this foreigner persisted in mixing English words and Korean endings. That which had .not as yet entered into the consciousness of the listener as a concept could not be recognized even though translated into correct Korean sounds. But conditions prevailing ten years ago in Korea are ancient history today. No longer is one confronted with the language of a thousand years ago. On the contrary a growing, expansive force is pushing thought and expression out into new fields. This force is modern learning with its vast stores of research, experience, facts and scientific data. This has been brought about in the

first place by the establishment of schools which have brought the consequent necessity of finding new modes of expressing the ideas found in modern learning. In the second place this is brought about by the influence of the literature and language of Japan.

To the one who would speak this difficult tongue with the hope of being fairly well understood as well as being able to understand a fair amount of what is being said by the “new learning man,”—and their numbers are daily increasing—must study with diligence and persistence the new words and thoughts that are constantly being constructed upon the old skeleton of a language learned years ago.

Herewith are appended some of the new words and phrases which are coming into use as the days go by. Read, study and inwardly digest is the exhortation of a humble student of Korean.

1. 經濟上困難 2. 理想的人物 3. 靑年界影響

경졔상곤난 리상젹인물 청년계엉향

4. 法律上對照 5. 一時的事業 6. 人類界模範

법률상대됴 일시젹사업 인류계모범

7. 處理上不便 8. 政治的觀念 9. 實業界注意

쳐리상불편 졍치젹관념 실업계쥬의

10. 學術上進就 11. 心理的作用 12. 道德上問題

학술상진취 리적작용 도덕상문데

13. 可及的範圍 14. 學問上理論 15. 實際的經驗

가급젹범위 학문샹리론 실졔젹경험

The following sentences illustrate the use of the above

phrases :

1. 구라파젼쟝으로말암아경졔상곤난이만소

2. 리샹뎍인물이되랴면학문을잘닥가야되오

3. 신식에쳥녀계에엉향밋칠것이젹지안소

4. 법률샹으로대됴 본즉형사요

5. 그러**** 일은일시뎍업에지나지못오

6. 인류계에모범이될만오

7 . 편지를얼는회답지안임으로쳐리상불편이만소

8. 졍치뎍관념이업사은관쟝이될수업소

9. 이실업계에셔쥬의요

10. 십년동안된력를삷혀보면학술샹진된것이만소

11. 심리뎍쟉용으로병이낫지달니병난것이안이오

12. 그것은도덕샹문데로만말여야되오

13. 학은학교규측을가급뎍범위안에셔잘직힐것이오

14. 학문샹리론만가지고안되오

15. 실졔뎍경험이잇서야되오

The editor of this department will be glad to receive translations of the above sentences. The best translations will be published in a following number of the Magazine.

HONG PONG JOO (洪鳳周)

Recently a little book with some of the leaves missing came into possession of the writer, the poetry of Hong Kan, a famous literati of Koryu,, who graduated in l266 and died in 1304. He was one of the great literary lights of his day and yet that is not the most interesting fact about the book. A stamp or owner’s mark on the first page reads “The seal of Hong Pong-joo, Whi-se, of P’oong-san.” Now Hong Pong-joo, a descendant of the 18th generation of the famous poet, was the friend and faithful attendant of Bishop Berneux, who died a martyr in 1866. The bishop and the priests who accompanied him were beheaded at Sai-nam-T’o on the sandy banks of the Han River; while Hong died just outside the Little West Gate where the roads cross, a short step to the east of the Standard Oil Offices.

A record of the official trial of the martyrs I find in a little book called *Pyung-in Kook-an* (The case of 1866). Hong’s part I quote as follows:

“*The court ask*s, ‘For many years you have had to do with bringing foreigners into this country, and giving them shelter. This you have evidently done with a willing heart; tell us the truth about it.

*Reply*: “In the year *eul-myo* (1855) under the direction of Father Yi, I went to Whang-hai and took boat to Ch’o-to, where I found a Chinese junk owned by a certain Shin Tuk-

sung. Aboard this I made my way to Shang-hai and went to the cathedral where I delivered the letter of Father Yi to Bishop Su Ryoo-sa. I then undertook to pilot the way for Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux) and we set out together, so that in the second moon of the year pyung-jin (1856) we landed at Chang-yun (Sorai Beach?) and finally came to Seoul where he took up his residence in the home of Yi Koon­sim.

*Question*: For what reason did you cross the distant sea and bring this man?

*Reply*: In order that I might learn the Christian religion from him while he learned the Korean language from me.

*Question*: Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux) lived in the home of Yi Koon-sim, how comes it that he was arrested in your house?

*Reply*: After the death of Yi Koon-sim I bought his house and lived there were I was taught and where I also helped teach.

Four other foreigners came last year, but who brought them, or where they now live I do not definitely know.

*Question*: ‘You, along with Nam Chong-sam, have made false statements and set rumors going that have greatly disturbed the people, such lies as were never told before. What Purpose had you in mind in regard to this matter? Speak the truth now and let us know.

*Reply*: ‘On meeting with Nam Chong-sam one evening in the 12th moon of last year I talked with him about the likelihood of an invasion by the Russians, and told him what I had heard from the lips of Bishop Berneux. Though a treaty should be made with Russia this was not 1ikely to be the end of our anxiety. A treaty with France we felt would relieve us of that pressure. Chong-sam spoke of it to this one and that, till it became a source of talk and excitement.

*Question* : ‘You have made a journey of thousands of li, breaking the law of your land in crossing the frontier without a Permit; you have talked also with Nam Chong-sam about your anxieties concerning Russia which you say arose from what you heard from Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux). You

built on this to create fear and consternation. You are the one who set Chong-sam telling these outrageous stories, and you are also the one who gave shelter to the foreigners.’

*Reply* : ‘Hearing the news from the north I was naturally anxious lest trouble break out, so we talked of it, Chong-sam and I. The Russians I know are a people full of lustful greed, an extremely fierce and awful people. I was thinking how that evil might be warded off and our country kept safe.

*Question*: You taking to a false religion; your giving shelter to the foreigner; your disturbing the country by lies and groundless rumours have all come to light. Let the investigation be closed.

*Reply*. ‘My sins, first and last, I have no words with which to explain away, I give my assent.’

*Sentence*: “Your crimes are: Those left over of the pernicious multitude of the year *sin-yoo* (1801) have kept this evil going through all this time, and you, deceived by the obnoxious belief, and making yourself one with this alien .race, with a letter fro m the priest Yi hidden in your bosom, went across the sea to the distant limits of China and brought here the foreigner, Chang Kyung-il (Bishop Berneux), lived with him in one and the same, house, and finally became the master of the house yourself. Day and night it has been your pleasure to read and study these wicked books along with the wicked crowd who had been gathered together through your secret agency. Your part might be likened to the drawing of the bow of this evil propaganda. You have been host for this unclean company. The fears about what Russia would do, and the desire to have a treaty made with France was due to your conversation with Chang Kyung-il and so all came from you. The one who sent Chong-sam out to launch his groundless rumours and cause the people anxiety was you. It was a desire on your part to barter away the country that led you to fan these flames. In view of these offences though you were carved up it would be a light punishment indeed. How can you excape the consequences of your treachery, your secret dealings with the stranger, your lack of loyalty to the state, and your acceptance of a heretical faith. You are condemned.’”

Dallet in his *Histoire de L’Eglise de Coree* says that Hong was taken out on March 8th to meet his fate. He was beheaded and his body left for fifteen days in the fields near by, while his head was hung from a post that was planted in the middle of the street.

We honour him as one of the martyrs who died in the hope of better days for Korea. The fact-that he was a descendant of the great poet, that he owned this little book that I hold, and put his stamp upon it, tells of his having been a man of refined tastes and gentle life.

The first poem in the book is entitled :

*A Ride in the Early Morning*

“The colours of the morning gild the sky

The babbling brook runs on its limpid way.

Across the light I look .a thousand Ii,

And see old China from the mists arise.

A bridge of stone connects me with yon bank

And to the south a wide pavilion stands;

I hold my staff of office in the hand,

And gaze upon the autumn tinted hills.”

TOBACCO IN CURRENT KOREAN STORIES

W. CARL RUFUS

The interesting article ‘Tobacco in Korea” in the June number of the Korea Magazine, called to mind the following. current Korean stories on that subject. As they are undoubtedly of Korean origin, they may be of interest to your readers.

THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO

Long, long ago there lived a beautiful dancing-girl in the Province of Kyung Sang, the most famous singer of her day. Her face was as pretty as a rose, her form was charming, and her movements were models of grace. She also possessed a very kind and loving spirit, so she longed to be married and to have a home and family of her own. However, no young man could be found who was worthy of her superior charms and ability. So when she was not engaged in entertaining,

she lived alone in her room for several years and continued to study and to meditate.

Sometimes in the silent hours her heart would almost fail with the fear that she might spend her years and the longing of her life remain unsatisfied. Still her hope was bright and beautiful. As the time passed she continued to ask her­self, “How can I fulfil my heart’s desire?” Finally she became inspired with the thought: “I must be the whole world’s lover. If I can not realise my own desires, I will give myself for the enjoyment of others.”

Afterward she became ill and believing that the end was near made her last request to her mother. “When I die please let me lie on the bosom of yonder hill.” Then she bade the world a fond farewell.

Her mother sincerely mourned her death and faithfully carried out her last desire, caring for her grave through the summer months. In the autumn one day when she visited her daughter’s tomb she found a wonderful plant. “Oh, this is my daughter’s spirit,” she said to herself, “I must love it as I did her.” So she cut off some of the leaves of the plant and took them home.

She called the people of the village and said: “I found a miraculous plant on my daughter’s tomb. Do you know what it is?”

They replied: “We do not know what it is. Oh, it is wonderful! Surely it is a miracle!”

They tried to eat some of it and to make a drink of it; but it was not good to their taste. Then they put some of the leaves in the fire and the odor was very fragrant. So they called it ·tobacco.

Many people love tobacco and carry it in their bosom; so the desire of the singer was fulfilled.

THE TOBACCO HABIT

Chang You, a brilliant student, having completed his studies in a Buddhist monastery, went up to Seoul and took the examination. On account of his ability and wisdom he received the highest standing among a thousand candidates. In a

short time he obtained an official position. No one could compare with him in wisdom and etiquette.

When he was twenty years of age he married the beautiful, talented daughter of Minister Min and they had a happy family. This marriage was considered very extraordinary, for he began life as a farmer’s son. After several years, when he became prime minister, he promulgated a new law among the people: “Henceforth no one in this country shall use tobacco.”

His wife was very much grieved when this law was announced, for she was a smoker and could not break the habit. On day she asked her husband: “Why did you forbid the people to smoke, tho they do many other things that are worse?”

Chang replied : “If a young man uses tobacco it injures his opportunity for advancement. It is the enemy of our country. We must try to stop the habit.” So he would not give her permission to smoke.

She was so fond of tobacco that she preferred to smoke it rather than to eat food. After a few months of grieving she became very ill and called her sons to bid them farewell... “My sons,” she said, “I am about to die. Remember my dying words and fulfil my last request.”

Her sons broke into sobs and clasping her hands they moaned : “Oh what shall we do! We can not endure this sorrow. Oh, this bitter world!”

Then she continued : “After I die you will find a green plant growing on my grave. Take the seeds when they are ripe and divide them among the people as a remembrance of me. Altho my flesh shall decay and turn to water and my bones shall decay and turn to yellow earth, yet my spirit shall find a lasting dwelling place. So do not be anxious for me. Serve your father faithfully, as 1 have done.” After giving this message she passed away.

The sons were faithful t o their mother and remembered her request. After a few months they went to her grave and

found a miraculous plant growing there as she had prophesied. It was a superior plant for smoking. They took the wonderful

leaves and gave some to their father. They also scattered the seeds thruout the kingdom. Minister Chang truly mourned in his heart for his faithful wife, and became very much perplexed by this extraordinary occurrence.

So his wife is numbered among the women of Korea, whose last words are worthy to be remembered, and to be considered rare and wonderful. Thus it is with all who have a supreme desire in life.

SOME POST OFFICE REGULATIONS

DEPOSITS IN POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

The amount of deposit a person can make in a post office savings bank is limited as follows:-

1. Minimum amount, · 10 yen.

2. Maximum amount, 1000 yen.

When the total amount of a deposit exceeds one thousand yen, the depositor will be notified to that effect He will then be required to apply for a partial repayment of the deposit or else for its investment in bonds, within 30 days following the day on which the notice was served him. If no notice is taken of this by the depositor, the Director General of Savings Banks will invest on his account a certain amount of his deposit in Government bonds, with a view to bringing the deposit within the maximum amount allowed, and will keep the bond in custody.

The following deposits are, however, allowed to exceed the maximum amount :--

1. Those made by public bodies, churches, temples, colleges, schools and juridical persons or other bodies not having in view any commercial profit.

2. Those made on joint account of a party (Kyodo Chokin).

3. Those made by industrial or agricultural associations.

For one person, no more than a single postal deposit book is allowed. If a person happens to hold two or more deposit

books, interest will only be paid on the amount entered in the first book (when the date of the one deposit book coincides with that of one or more other books, interest will only be allowed on the largest amount entered in any of these). But as an exception, the following depositors are allowed to possess two or more deposit books, in case savings are made for different purposes:-

1. Public bodies, churches, temples, colleges, schools and juridical persons or other bodies not having in view any commercial profit.

2. Deposits under contract (Kayak Chokin).

3. Fixed deposits (Sueoki Chokin).

4. Deposits on a joint account (Kyodo Chokin).

When a depositor makes neither further deposit nor withdrawal, nor hands in his deposit book for entry of interest or for examination during a period of ten years, he will be instructed to send in his book to’ the Director General of Postal Savings Banks for examination or entry of interest or for disposal of the amount deposited. He must comply with this request within 60 days following the day of such notice; but should he do nothing within the above period, the deposit, together with any bonds; should there be any, kept in custody, will be appropriated by the State Treasury..

INTERNATIONAL MAIL MATTERS

PACKING

International mail matter must be securely packed in such a manner as shall ensure its transit over land and sea without injury to the contents or danger to other mail matter, and in such a way as shall prevent the emission of any bad odour, Whatever the nature of the contents may be.

Articles with declared value and postal parcels must be carefully packed in accordance with the following instructions : -

1. Letters with declared value must be enclosed in an envelope fastened by means of seals in fine wax each bearing a private mark, and affixed in sufficient number—at least five—

to secure all the folds of the envelope. The use of envelopes with coloured borders is forbidden.

2. Boxes with declared value must consist of wooden or metal boxes strong enough to withstand external pressure and tied round crosswise with strong string, unknotted and having the two ends held together under a seal in fine wax bearing a private mark. The boxes must, moreover, be sealed on four sides with identical seals. The top and bottom must be covered with white paper bearing the name and address of the addressee, the amount of the value declared. etc.

3. Postal parcels must be packed in a manner adequate to their transmission to a distance, and to the protection of their contents from any loss or damage, .and they must be sealed in fine wax with impression of one and the same private mark.

American parcels must not be sealed by means of wax, lead, etc., but must he put up in paper packets, in bags closed by means of sewing, or in boxes with lids screwed or nailed on, or otherwise fastened, so as to admit of their contents being easily examined. Parcels destined for Russia or those sent through that country as an intermediary, must always be packed in wooden or metal boxes or in linen bags instead of in paper or cardboard.

PRINTED MATTER

Articles treated as Printed Matter are newspapers, periodical publications, books, pamphlets, sheets of music, visiting cards, photographs, pictures and drawings, announcements, and, in general, all impressions or copies upon paper, parchment or card-board obtained by means of some mechanical process. Printed matter may be placed in a wrapper or in unclosed envelopes, or may be packed in some such other way as not to conceal the contents. All printed matter in the form of a card may, however, be forwarded without being packed.

The following are permissible :-

1. The addition，in manuscript, on printed visiting cards and also on Christmas and New Year Cards (including pictorial postcards) of good wishes, congratulations

and other formulas of courtesy, expressed in five words at most, or by means of conventional abbreviations.

2. The insertion in printed matter of the date of despatch, the name, or commercial designation and address of the sender.

3. The writing of such words as “presented to,” etc. in books, on sheets of music, newspapers, photographs and engravings, as also the enclosing of invoices with those things to which they refer.

4. The written insertion in cards of invitation and notices of meetings of the name of the person invited, and the date, and place of meeting.

5. The written insertion in advices of the departure and arrival of ships of the dates of such departure and arrivals as well as the name of the ships.

Post cards must be sent unenclosed, that is to say, without wrapper or envelope. Not only Universal Postal Union Cards, single or with reply paid, but inland post cards issued by the Government, as well as private post cards made in conformity with the stipulations of Article 16 of the Detailed Regulations for the execution of the Universal Postal Convention, may be used for international service. When intended for foreign countries other than China, the inland post card will be treated as a short paid post card, unless additional stamps to the value of 21 sen, be placed thereon.

Postage stamps for prepayment may be affixed to any part of the face or the back, but it is preferable that they should be placed on the upper ·right hand corner of the face of the card. On international post cards, whether pictorial or not, the left hand half of the face may be utilised by the sender, whether for correspondence or for a picture. In almost the same way as inland private port cards, international post cards may bear on the whole of the back and on the left hand half of the face, illustrations or photographs on very thin paper, provided that these adhere completely to the card. No post card may be sent in an envelope even of thin paper, with a hole through which a postage stamp could be cancelled.

LETTERS AND BOXES WITH DECLARED VALUE

Letters with declared value may contain paper currency, bills, cheques, or other negotiable instruments, and boxes with declared value may contain articles of gold or silver, precious stones, jewellery and other valuable articles of small size.

The amount of the value declared must be expressed in francs and centimes and must be written in both words and figures without erasure or correction, e. g.:-

Three hundred and fifty francs and ten centimes (Fr. 350.10).

Any fraudulent declaration of value greater than the real value of the contents is prohibited. In the event of a fraudulent declaration of this nature being made, the sender loses all right to compensation for the loss or damage of the article.

Boxes with declared value, which may be liable to a Customs examination in the country of their destination, should be accompanied by Customs declarations, to be furnished at the time of posting.

The limits of weight and dimensions of articles with declared value and the maximum amount of value declared as well as the rates of postage and fees are as follows :―

1. Letters. Weight and dimensions not limited.

2. Boxes. Limit of weight: 1 kilogramme. Limit of dimensions : 30 centimetres in length; 10 centimetres in breadth or in depth.

3. Maximum amount of value declared. 10,000 francs per article. 3,000 francs, 1,500 francs or 1,250 francs for certain British Colonies.

4. Rates of postage and fees:

a) Postage on letters with declared value:

The same as that on registered letters, that is, the ordinary postage on letters, plus registration fee of 10 sen.

b) Postage on boxes with declared value:

Varies according to the countries of destination.

c) Insurance fee equally applicable to letters and boxes. 10 sen per 300 francs declared or fractions thereof.

BLAZING THE TRAIL

BALI

(Continued from the June number.)

“Some of my men wanted to put the magistrate under the paddle too, but I did not want him to leave the place for he could never recover from so great a humiliation and I had use for him. Before the matter was settled he crawled to me and I spurned him with my foot, then told him this was but a hint of what lay in store for him. It was also a delicate hint, I said, of the fact that he had neglected his social duties. I told him with great pains where· I lived and that he would find me at home on a certain date and I would expect to see his card in the hand of a trusted servant who should come riding on a white horse. I expected to receive a card of liberal size, blood red, but I did not want to see his cowardly face, as his under lip hung down too low. I would expect a suitable present to accompany his card, something that would represent the measure of his love for me. I need not say that it all came to hand in good time not only once but more times than was for the good of the magistrate’s income. What did I do with the money? I have to live, you know, and my men have to live, and then too, many who had been distressed became my friends when little sums came back to them, and the magistrate was sorry to see them my friends.”

A neighbor entered the inn and the conversation of the three men changed. “What,” said the neighbor, “playing without stakes? How mild you have become! Why Bali, you must have reached your dotage! playing like a maiden.”

“Stakes,” said Bali, reflectively, ‘“why, this is a maidenly game.” As they continued the game, a tense quietness settled over the players．At last Won-taki threw the dice with great deliberation, the three held their breath, then the young man lifted the box and threw back his head with a long ringing laugh. He flung himself into a corner of the room in a paroxism

of mirth, while Bali looked at him with an expression of quizzical interest. The visitor mystified at these actions recalled to mind the old character of the gamblers and hastened out.

“Say, youngster,” said Bali, “twenty two did you say you were? What will you do with the thing, the hag, a widow with a brat?”

“I heard that she was young and pretty,” said Won-taki, controlling himself and looking up sharply into the face of the older man.

“Did you?” replied the other with a lazy drawl, “do you think that husbands allow young and pretty wives loose on the streets? Poor lad, she is yours, and it is well. After all,” he added with a yawn and stretched himself out as if he had not the slightest interest in the affair, “it is no wonder that men get tired of such old shrews and turn them off,” be continued meditatively, “but pshaw, you can stand it for a while and then― “

“Then what?” said Won-taki.

“Why, sell her or shoot her,” was the reply.

“You wanted her yourself;” Won-taki said half angrily. “Yes,” was the reply, “I would have accepted her if she had fallen to my lot. There is an appetite in capturing game for one’s self whether it is a hare, or a woman,” and he again stretched himself on the mat as if for sleep .

“What are you doing there,” cried Won-taki, angrily, “are you not going to help me get her?”

“Why, yes, lad,” Bali replied lazily, “of course you will have to treat our crowd. It will take, say twenty men, and it will cost something. When you are ready just say the word and I will send around and have our set together.”

“How much will that be,” he asked, struggling to keep the dismay out of his voice.

“Don’t know,” said Bali, carelessly. “It will be according to the amount the crowd will demand, modified by the amount of grit and endurance you may have.”

“Come now,” said Won-taki, with a burst of anger, “I see through your game; you know I have no money, and you

want the woman. You couldn’t win with skill: Now you bully me out of my rights. Come, now, you want her, do you? You want the old shrew, the old hag, the old thing with the brat; You do, do you? How much will you give?”

Kochili burst into a laugh, and Bali turned an amused face to the boy. “Give you, lad? Why, that is fair. Let me see. Suppose I say the first pickings at our next raid.”

“First pickings,” the boy replied with contempt, “first pickings with the second and third and many more, may mean no more than a handful of brassware. Five hundred *yang* for the maiden and her baby,” said the boy with decision.

Bali’s eyes sparkled with interest. He liked his young companion in roguery. He sat up and plunged into the most delightful of all Asiatic pastimes. From 500 *yang* the price gradually fell like the barometer in cold weather. The companions knew that nothing was ever denied Bali when he had set his heart upon it, and when he named 150 *yang* and the first right to the pickings from their next forage, the lad knew that further concession was useless. He grumbled a good deal, but was secretly greatly pleased over the results of the dice.

“When will you call the twenty men?” asked Won-taki. “Twenty?” Bali repeated reflectively, “twenty—perhaps that will be a little more than necessary, since I have had time to think of it—Perhaps we three will be enough.”

Bali looked at his companions gravely and ordered Won­taki to hunt up a rope.

CHAPTER XI

MARTHA’S FLIGHT

Martha, feeling secure in the house of her new friend, had laid down early in the evening in the utmost exhaustion, and was soon lost in profound slumber. The moon had just climbed over the cliff back of the village, and was pouring a flood of light into the narrow valley and lit up the street and tiny room of the sleeper as though insistent that all the world

was in peace. Slumber had chased fear from Martha’s face and. the babe at her side smiled in her sleep—her world was at rest.

A hundred yards down the deserted street, three dark figures emerged from an alley-way and moved rapidly toward the house. A pestiferous dog set up a howl and was instantly joined by a chorus that ranged down the whole length of the street, and out to the farthest hut of the town, making a pandemonium of noise that awoke the town to listen. Wise people remained well behind closed doors, but others more curious than discreet, peered out till Bali’s gigantic figure sent them panic stricken inside. “ Bali on a foray.” they said, “but none or our business; a generous fellow for whom any of us would fight, but with strange ideas of the rights of property ownership.”

At the sound of tile dogs Martha sprang to her feet with every sense alert. The air seemed to palpitate with peril. She stood with her eyes fixed vacantly upon the moon-lit wall opposite her, her ears straining for approaching sounds. Presently a shuffling of sandals came faintly through the mud walls, then at a bound she seized her babe and bound it to her back, and stepped into her sandals.

As quickly as she had moved, her enemies were as quick; already a rough hand was shaking the front door and her keen ear caught the sounds of persons on both sides of the house clambering over the wall to get in the rear. A feeling of faintness made her giddy; it was but for an instant, self­ control returned, and, with steady hand, she swiftly undid the fastenings of the door and slipped noiselessly into the yard. As she closed the door she heard the door from the adjoining room open and her host’s hoarse whisper gave wings to her feet

“Into the gutter ·and under the fence!” was what she heard.

There was an instant tugging of the door on the inside and Martha knew it had been fastened to cover up her trail. With the speed of a fawn she skirted the sides of the yard where the shadows hung deepest, and reaching a point nearly

opposite the house her foot slipped into a ditch, and she fell into a heap at the bottom. For an instant she lay half stunned, then without rising she crawled lengthwise of the ditch till she had passed under the fence and found herself directly beneath a pile of cane that had once been used for a fence, but was now piled on the bank of the ditch to be burned. She paused to listen at the execrations of one of her pursuers who had been entangled in a pile of rubbish; it assured her that she was not discovered. She lay still a moment hushing the baby who had set up a whimper at the shock from the fall. It took but a moment to pull a mass of the old fence rubbish down upon her. The cane was well worn and short and would hardly cover the length of her body so that lying on her back she gazed through them, up into the brilliant moon light, while her breathing and each fretful movement of the child caused the stalks to move with frightful distinctness. Directly, two of Martha’s pursuers met on the opposite sides of the ditch. The robber chief had placed men at different points to cut off any possible chance for escape and he had committed the task of seizure to another while he himself stood guard. Martha peering through the cane could distinctly see their faces. One was young, lithe, and quick of movement: the other towered above her, huge in the moon­light.

Not a word was spoken till a third approached the larger man and announced that the woman had fled. At the information the giant turned upon the speaker with a fierce imprecation. “Speak,” said he. “Where?”

The younger man who had stood on the opp0sile side of the ditch leaped lightly across, and joined the others.

“We have searched the house through and she is not there,” was the reply.

“The back door?”

“It was locked.”

“What excuses had the family?”

“The man was confused and frightened out of his wits, but the woman brazenly said that the stranger had slept in a certain room but had left without informing any one, and they

did not know where she had gone. They showed me the room and it did not appear to have been occupied.”

At that moment Martha’s baby whimpered and the three men faced the ditch, while the youngest sprang into it shouting: “Here she is.” He ran a few steps toward the bundle of cane and nearly stumbled over a sow with her family of pigs. They scampered squealing from beneath his feet while the mother followed with a loud angry “honk, honk.”

“Fool,” said the giant., “don’t you know the difference between the voice of a woman and the grunt of a hog?”

“Well, it was you who threw the dice to so little purpose, sure, you should have had the pig sty.”

“Peace,” the giant exclaimed, and added sternly, “call the gang and search every house in town. He who misses a shadow will suffer, You hear, Bali says it, go! I will search this house myself,” he added, “fool I was to commit it to others.”

They turned their backs on the ditch and walked to the cane fence. Bali tore it apart scorning to return by way of the wall over which he had climbed with so much difficulty. He walked to the door, out of which Martha had escaped, and shook it furiously demanding entrance. The door swung open and two men entered, then Martha heard it closed. She lay shaking as though with an ague, and was tortured with her long cramped position. She prayed that she might be able to lie still and the baby would go to sleep and not cry. How long it seemed.

At last a voice whispered somewhere above her “Martha! Oh, Martha!” she listened and it was repeated.

“Here,” she called faintly, and stirred beneath the cane stalks. The moon had cast the shadow of the fence across her face.

“Quick,” called the voice of her late hostess, “beyond this ditch is a high bank, follow’ it where it runs to the left till you come to the road. It will be some distance beyond the town, then turn to the right and flee for your life, go! it is thirty li to the river, hasten! No—stay, a bit of paper may help you.”

Martha had stood out boldly in the shadows while talking but now crouched low in the ditch listening to the patter of her friend’s feet as she ran toward the house. She waited with bated breath to the barking of the dogs through the town. Now their· voices rose and fell; now grew quiet: and now again rose into a tumult. She knew that the robber chief was doing his work well. Presently a hand was stretched through the fence, it held a note. “A boat leaves northward at daylight. My brother is a Christian. This note will help you. Go! Bali the robber chief is at your heels. God and your nimble feet alone will save you. Peace be with you. Hasten!”

Martha hesitated. “Go! go!” cried her friend, “each moment is filled with peril, my house also, go! and God be with you.”

A shuffle of feet approaching the house gave force to the command, and Martha bending low sped rapidly along the ditch till the abrupt drop of the field hid her from view and the high bluff led her northward, then, faithful to her directions, she turned sharply to the right and found her feet in the broad road leading toward the river. She paused a moment to listen and to hush her baby, and then ran with all speed till she gasped for the want of breath; again she paused and listened `then moderated her pace. As she journeyed the moon light cast strange shadows across the path, filling her with fear. At times she would pause where the shadows were darkest, fearing to proceed. Once she made a circuit into a field, to pass around a dark object by the wayside and found when she stood on the opposite side that it was a stump : thus she lost much precious time.

Soon she passed through a hamlet, and breathed freely when she found that no one was moving. Dogs plunged into the street, but they frightened her not, they seemed like companions and she would have welcomed the most pestiferous and noisy to journey with her. The crowing of the early cock filled her with panic. “Thirty li,” she repeated, “and the boat leaves at daylight,” and she fled on. When the moon sank far down into the west it filled the hollows with

deep shadows into which she stumbled, sometimes falling while the baby sleeping on her back would be flung about and awakened by the sudden shock.

She grew weary, so weary, her legs would scarcely carry her. When the moon sunk quite out of sight she sat down for a moment’s rest, but when she tried to rise it was nearly impossible; after that she dared not repeat the experiment of taking a rest.

How long the darkness seemed! Finally the east grew gray, then long streaks of light crept out from the horizon; and banks of light slowly piled up in the sky. Martha turned her eyes from the heavens to the rough road. She argued to herself that the river ought not to be far distant. She had traveled an hour before the first cock crew, then it must have been more than two hours since. She was sure she had traveled thirty li, but the road seemed to stretch on with no promise of an end. When the sun arose she ran on to an elevation in great anticipation, but when she climbed to the top of the road which had. degenerated into a path, it led out to another rise with no sign of a river. An hour later, she found herself on a high bank overlooking a great ‘alkali plain covered with long stretches of mud and slime, with here and there an elevation of a few feet covered with coarse swamp grass. In the middle of the plain was a dark line. And Martha recognised it as the river for which she was searching. Then she knew that she had lost her way and the path she had followed had led her far toward the sea where no boats could possibly be moored.

“O, what shall I do?” she cried swinging her baby forward upon her hip and gazing into her small blinking eyes, “we have wandered from our way, and the boat has already left. O what shall we do?” “It is a leopard’s skin,” she again murmured to the baby, looking across the salt marsh which was spotted here and there with tufts of wiry grass and at a dark line which ran through the center westward “A leopard it is and will devour us. Shall we do it baby? Shall we wade across to the river and watch for a passing boat? Think you, baby, we shall be devoured?” At a long distance to the right

she caught a glimpse of the sheet of open water. “The sea,” she murmured in dismay.

Lying between her and the dark line indicating the river were curiously shaped buildings. They were oval, and appeared not unlike the bowl of a pipe turned upside down. They were much larger than an ordinary house. The roofs were covered with straw. The one nearest sent a column of smoke straight skyward. Long she stood gazing at the curious building, and its appearance fascinated her. There out on the marsh was loneliness and seeming security; to hide in a lonely hut, or, to take a boat drifting out to the great sea where man could not follow—how good it would be!

In the distance, a huge load of brush wood was being carried across the plain toward the smoking building. Beneath it somewhere was a man but so huge was the load that it seemed a thing of life moving of its own accord. Martha watched it approach one of the strange buildings.

“Brush-loads do not have legs, do they baby,” she said looking into the baby’s eyes again as though trying to find an answer to a question that filled her mind. “Shall we do it, baby, shall we do it?”

As she looked again over the plain, a shadow shot out on the marsh and Martha looked up and saw a threatened tragedy enacted in midair. A pigeon was fleeing from the talons of a falcon; she darted this way and that with a frightened cry, then shot out over the salt marsh. Beyond, in the distance, was a wooded hill and at the top a great tree. Towards it the pigeon turned her flight, zigzagging this way and then that, always just beyond the talons of her enemy. Across the salt marsh it flew, over the distant houses up into the hill. Martha watched with bated breath till the pigeon took refuge in the thicket surrounding the lonely tree. Martha gazed long till the falcon having circled around and around till weary, darted off in search of other prey. Then she lifted the baby again to her back and turned her face to the lonely building in the salt marsh down near the sea. “He who clothes the lilies and cares for the birds will care for me,” she murmured.

The building that Martha approached through the saline

mud flats was of unusual size. It arose out of the mud mound like a huge bee hive. The walls of mud were covered with thatch.

When she left the high land it seemed that the sea was a long way off, but she was soon surprised to discover how close it really was at hand. Then it occurred to her that the tide was hastening in. The fact quickened her pace. How rapidly it approached and seemed bent on the purpose of cutting her path ahead of her. She slipped on the slimy ooze and then her feet would sink into the sticky mass half way over her sandals. At every step scores of crabs scurried from her, sliding sidewise over the slimy surface, they were here, there, everywhere mocking, jeering. How quickly the water rose! the building was many rods away when a long thin arm of the rising tide reached out into the recesses of the plain and curled up at her feet. She stepped lightly over it, but ahead another arm was stretching out and fingering its way rapidly around a turf of wire grass. Behind these advancing forces seemed to be the whole sea, pressing forward upon the great plain. Martha ran. She reached a higher ridge which extended direct to the salt kiln. It was only an elevation of two feet and would also soon be covered. One of her sandals stuck in the ooze at the top of the ridge, but Martha did not dare to replace it. On she ran and the sandal left was a tell tale mark to any one who cared to follow. On the distant bank she had so lately left stood a man looking out across the marsh and the sight put speed to Martha’s feet.

CHAPTER XII

IN DEFENCE OF A WOMAN

If Martha had known the character of the occupant of the salt kiln she would have turned her steps from the oncoming tide and fled as if death had been at her heels. As she approached the kiln the desolate waste and the forbidding appearance of the thatched building caused her to pause and look back regretfully upon her path. The tide was fast closing over it and little rivulets curled around a knoll here, and

lapped over an elevation there, now rushing along a narrow depression as though bent on some furious errand; then pausing for breath; again gathering its forces, pushed forward, insistent, relentless. To return was impossible, and her eyes sought the distant green bank and what she saw sent her in panic toward the salt kiln. A tall man stood in the path she had left, shading his eyes with his hand, gazing in her direction.

She thought of her tell-tale sandal half covered with water, and praying for the hastening of the tide to cover it from sight she fled into the building.

The inside of the salt kiln was, if possible, more forbidding than the outside. The walls were of mud and loose stone, the roof was covered with straw, and the rafters were exposed to view. The rafters were so crooked that they often seemed to double on themselves, twisting this way and that as if they had battled with vines and creeping things of the forest, till, becoming so crooked that when placed on the roof they seemed to run twice the necessary distance in traveling from the ridge to the wall and were beaten and disfigured beyond nature’s recognition. The rafters rested on a projection of the wall at the top, thus lifting where the steam from a furiously boiling vat, and the uncontrolled smoke from the furnace found their way into the open. Within the building, at one side, was partitioned off a room which was begrimed with soot. In the center of the building, facing the door, was built a massive furnace covered with a huge iron pan, which was filled with salt water after having the water saturated with the salt of the plain.

Before the furnace stood the strangest of all strange creatures, a man with a face so distorted and ugly that he did not seem to be a man.

On the outside of the gate of Martha’s old home was a drawing of many colors by a renowned artist from the capital. It represented the artist’s conception of the demon who watched the home against the intrusions of other less powerful spirits. The horrid aspect of the creature met the approval of the townspeople, as the most hideous of anything before

imagined by human genius. “Worse than anything we have ever seen at the wayside shrine,” said the people, and the artist was satisfied; and the home had felt secure till Martha had become a Christian, then it was feared that the bogie had lost his power. Martha had always passed the picture with a shudder and now there stood this being before her. His face was a combination of strangely distorted features, as distorted as were the rafters over his head.

The man’s forehead was low and broad filled with many wrinkles which were twisted into small knots as if their owner had meditated on some diabolical scheme and surprised his thoughts with an impulse to leer or grimace at his intended victim. The eyes slanted toward the nose and seemed to bulge from his face, while his cheekbones rose up agressively before them. His nose was flat and broad. His mouth stretched direct across his face. His protruding teeth hung on either side like boars tusks and easily separating his heavy lips. The broad chin shot out still farther giving the whole face the impression of sloping from the forehead to the point of his chin. His lips had the habit, when their owner was meditating, of puckering forward as though on the point of whistling, then taking panic, hastily recoiling on the teeth in profane denial that they ever contemplated a whistle or a smile. At such moments the lips flattened out on the teeth giving the face the expression of some wild beast showing his tusks in a snarl.

The man’s dress was limited to a pair of white cotton trousers tied at the waist, the legs of which were rolled to his body. His skin was black from exposure to the sun and heat of the furnace, while blotches of furnace-black covered his face. and chest, through which perspiration formed muddy courses downward. His arms were unusually long and massive. At first sight he seemed to stoop, but the illusion was from the muscles that piled up on his shoulders and back in great masses. His legs and arms were knotted and gnarled like the oak of the mountain side where he cut the wood for his furnace. His hand was huge beyond belief.

When Martha ran into the door her fright carried her

beyond the entrance. The strange man was bending over the fire, and at this moment he lifted a pine branch on the end of a large wooden fork and slowly forced it into the door of his furnace. Martha thought him a counterpart of the fiend administering torture to lost souls. As she paused filled with a new terror, the strange man stooped low over the fire. Having suddenly passed from the bright light, her eyes could scarcely penetrate the gloom caused by the smoke, steam, and deep shadows of the room. Out of the furnace door the flames licked hungrily past the stooping man, towards her. Above the furnace the huge pan boiled and roared like the romping of a thousand demons. To flee was impossible as the tide had made her a prisoner and she stood spellbound at the strange scene. Her eyes traveled over the stooping figure down the front of the arch where, in the cold masonry, was fixed a tiny mirror, from it the searching eyes of the strange creature gazed out at her. She felt giddy with fear, and struggled to gather her forces for flight. The wild man anticipated her movements and stepped suddenly between her and the door. Martha sank to the ground, her terrified gaze fixed upon the face of the apparition. All the superstitious stories of her heathen life and the lessons of future punishment she had learned from her catechism flashed into her mind. It seemed as if the painted thing on her husband’s gate had preceded her to this dismal place to torment her.

“Mercy!” she gasped, “kind, good devil, mercy for the baby’s sake, have mercy! “ She clasped her hands and raised them to him imploringly, “Good, kind devil,” she repeated, “have mercy on the baby and me.” At the word “devil” a scowl darkened the face of the man which increased Martha’s terror. She spread out the palms of her hands and rubbed them together appealingly, the while lips moved, but her voice refused her. “I fled here for refuge,” she said at last, “I am as innocent of wrong as this babe. We are fleeing from violence, shame, death. Dear, kind, sir. have you a refuge here for baby and me?” She waited, but receiving no answer continued, “Only a few hours till the tide goes down sir, then we will away and trouble you no more.”

The baby slipped from Martha’s back, toddled towards the furnace, gazed for a moment at the fire, then struck her tiny hands together in glee. She looked up at the man’s ugly face, then with feet far apart like a sailor bracing against the roll of a boat waddled to where stood the elfish creature, tugged at the wooden fork he held in his hand, then pointing toward the fire, laughed again.

“Madam,” he said, glancing at the child, “fear me not, I harm not helpless babies and women.” He spoke as one not in the habit of using his voice. His words were preceded by a rumbling deep in his chest. “No, fear me not,” he repeated. “You called me devil. At first it angered me. I perceive you did it innocently. I would that you had done tauntingly like many others; for if innocence calls me such names, surely my appearance must justify it.” He turned to look at his fire as if the helpless woman and her petition were matters that had passed his attention. “Yet,” he finally added with his face in the firelight, “the mirror tells me the same thing, yes the voice of innocence and the bit of glass are alike ruthless.” Directly he again turned to the woman without .a smile on his ugly face. “I may be the devil on the outside,” he said, “but I may prove to you that I am not on the inside. What can I do for you? Some may tell you my name is “devil” but it is not a name of my parents’ choosing.”

Martha was overwhelmed with shame and implored forgiveness. She told him how that she was passing through the village of Tangmal and had fled from a band of men. “Bali,” she said, “I think Bali is the man who is following me.”

The strange man listened with an imperturbable face to the tale, apparently having no interest in it, but at the word Bali, he stepped to the open door and shading his eyes looked long and earnestly across the salt marsh. He gave no hint of what he saw but he added fuel to the furnace till the flame roared fiercely beneath the pan and eagerly licked the mouth of the furnace. Martha watched his movements with a sense of returning fear. His eyes were red from the heat and when he turned them toward her they seemed like coals from the fire.

Presently he carried a huge bundle of pine boughs across the building and leaned them against the wall in easy range of his long fork. From the bundle to. the mouth of the furnace he scattered the broken boughs, He then motioned to Martha. She understood and picking up the baby, she bound it across her hip, and seated herself behind the pine boughs. He again returned to his furnace and fed it with the pine, as if no other thought than the care of his furnace had ever crossed his darkened mind. Martha gazed through the branches at him and again alarm filled her with what she knew not. “Perhaps,” she thought, “it is the hideous face at the furnace; perhaps it is the coming evil from which I am trying to hide.”

Presently the door was darkened by a huge figure. Martha instinctively recognized it as one of her pursuers. The man at the fire was still at his work, but he had stooped low and Martha could see that his eyes were fixed steadily upon the small mirror. As he looked, his lips stretched across his protruding teeth, showing his tusks, giving him a look half human, half animal, and altogether diabolical.

“Ho, here, stranger!” called the new comer, staring into the shadows, “Are you the man they call devil? Here I have been wading waist deep to get to your den. What, no welcome? I have been slipping and sliding over your cursed salt marsh for ten Ii. Why, good sir, hearing of your fame, I could do no less than make you a call when I come into your territory.—Even the devil, it seems to me, should have the privilege of the common courtesies from his neighbors. I, therefore, determined to call upon his satanic majesty though it does mean the ruin of my white suit and the ruffling of my unusually sweet temper. What, friend , no welcome?”

The man addressed straightened slowly and faced his visitor. He breathed several times with a hoarse rumbling and answered with great deliberation. “Your ignorance, sir, of the classics and common politeness makes your welcome scant. ‘He who enters your home with a curse let his curse return to him.’ Such. sir, say the sages and you may take your curses with you, and if the tide choke them in your throat happier will the doors be which you might otherwise darken.”

“Indeed,” replied Bali, “what have we here? the devil teaching the classics to be sure,” and he flung his head back with a laugh at the dark scowling face of the hermit. “Come now,” continued Bali, “I came not to quarrel with the imp of darkness, I am simply here to look for a lost sandal. No, don’t look at my feet, I am looking for one more delicate than I wear. Sandals, you know, if you have ever had any experience with them, which I much doubt unless there are love affairs in hell, have a peculiar way of walking off when least expected, delicate ones I mean, ones made of hemp, ones of several colors, like this one, for instance,” he added, pulling from his flowing sleeve Martha’s sandal for inspection. “As I tracked its mate here to this place I thought perhaps your eyes might have caught sight of it. These useful organs of yours stand out from your head far enough to get sight of any such flitting bits of hemp.”

The hermit snatched the sandal from Bali’s hand, “Ha-a­ a!” said he with a long rasping sound, “Where did you get my wife’s sandal? That belongs to her. What business have you following up my wife and picking up her sandal?” and he glared at the handsome face of his visitor while his breath escaped as steam from an exhaust pipe.· “However,” he added, “if you thought to restore to me my lost property and make the trip over this slippery cursed mud to my humble home to restore it, I will forgive you, but see that you do it not again.” He glared again at Bali and turning, placed the sandal on the masonry of the furnace, then he bent over his fire as if he had dismissed both the matter of the sandal and the caller.

“Not so fast, old man, young man, devil, whatever you call yourself; were it not said that your father lived in the neighborhood during the memory of this generation I should say that you were a thousand years old. The pile of muscles on your back proclaim you not so old; though, it seems to me, your memory is failing, for if I have been rightly informed the beautiful creature you called your wife has many years since refused the company of so sweet a being as yourself, and one night, slipped the cable with the out-going tide. If my eye-sight has not failed me I saw the mate to this slipper

crossing these flats some two hours since, too substantial, it seems to me, to be the ghost of your fair companion. The slipper is the mate to the one you so rudely snatched from my hand and I want it. I am not in the habit of allowing people to treat me rudely, but whatever human beings might not do with impunity I might excuse in such an irresponsible creature as the devil, on the promise of future good behavior and the restoration of my property. Honest now, did the wife to the devil ever wear anything finer than a straw sandal? By a little jogging of your ancient memory, you may recall that she never wore anything quite so fine as this object of your ill temper.”

The hermit arose slowly as if the muscles on his back were a heavy burden; he turned a deepening scowl upon Bali and looked at him a moment as if gathering his thoughts from the inmost part of his being.

“You?” he said at last, “you claim a right to this bit of hemp and to its mate? To ruin an oppressive magistrate or run to earth some noble game who has the power of self defence might have a redeeming feature in the eyes of a man whose profession is crime, but to track the helpless babe and its mother,-ha-a-a! the devil disgraces himself by talking to a thing like that. Such conceived villainy comes not from the yellow pit, but only from the foulness of your loathsome heart. My wife wear straw sandals? this dainty bit of hemp and also its mate are mine,—age follows youth, the white swan its black brother, gray hairs the raven locks, the fiend beneath your smooth skin will rage and waste you away, but the dainty foot that treads that sandal will never move at your bidding.” The words of the hermit were delivered with indescribable scorn and hate.

“Ho! Ho! “ exclaimed Bali, changing his tactics, and pretending to be highly amused. “A great welcome you give a stranger. Come now let us not quarrel. You know where this maiden is, and I can prove to you that she is mine by right. strange how her smooth tongue could deceive a rugged chap like you, but that is the way of the world. If my railer has lacked a bit in politeness, why, we are both men who deal

with the rugged things, let that pass. The world says that your ugly face covers an honest heart, and I know you will give me what is honestly mine. Bali, the prince of the road, asks not of others what is his by right, but to atone for seeming rudeness he will ask of the salt-plain-hermit the return of this chattel. Ah, man! a real woman would die in this hole and you could not keep her. Hunt a woman to earth like a hare? Why man you never visited the home of Bali. I would restore the poor deluded creature to comfort and luxury.”

“Welcome? welcome?” interrupted the hermit, “No man ever entered my den so welcome as you are. Welcome? why, the hermit has longed to see you for the last three years, he has thought of you night and day, dreamed of you, sacrificed to the spirits, whenever he has been fool enough to sacrifice to anything that he might meet you. Welcome? Why, fool, I would not let you go for anything. I will entertain you here as long as you live.” The strange creature lifted his chin higher and laughed with a voiceless gurgle but did not take his blood shot eyes from the face of the robber for an instant.

“As long as you live,” he repeated, “nor will that burden me; your appetite will be faulty, a pigeon will eat more, and so warm will you be that your flesh will sizzle,” again he laughed.

The robber though a brave man felt his flesh chill under the hermit’s steady gaze and gibes. “Crazy,” he muttered. He knew that to excite him more would be perilous, but being a powerful man trained in all the tricks of the wrestler, never having suffered defeat, the ultimate issue of a combat he feared not. But Bali knew that he had never before met such an antagonist.

At that moment, Martha’s baby set up a cry and both men swung about in the direction of the pile of pine boughs. At a bound Bali had reached them and flung them aside. “Ah,” he laughed bending over the shrinking woman, “it takes a nimble foot to escape Bali.”

The next instant a pair of long arms seized him by the waist, lifted him in air and flung him as a bundle of pine boughs to the opposite wall. Bali came down with force and

the wall saved him from measuring his length on the floor. The violent shock took his breath but he was instantly on his feet, and eyed the other man in astonishment, but the ready wit of the road came to his aid.

(To be Continued).

ODDS AND ENDS

THE KOREAN WOMAN’S SORROW

In the days of King Se-jong (1419-1450 A. D. ) a military officer named An Kwi-sun had a wife who was the daughter of Ch’oi Ch’i-oon. Their home was in Moon-kyung, Ka-eun County, Kyung-sang Province. This· wife, when a little girl, learned the Classics from her father, the Books of Poetry and History; and after marriage she served her husband’s parents with a perfect heart, so that all the people of the village loved and praised her.

Suddenly her husband fell ill and died, and in her grief she wrote the following :-

“Two phoenix birds were we,

In flight, on wing together,

When summoned unexpectedly,

He left in windy weather.

Through grief and tears, beneath the spell,

I call, and ask of God to tell

How far he’s gone, and also where

I’d find the answer to my prayer.

So wide the sky, no voice can fill,

Yet sorrow’s sea is wider still.”

THE FACE

(Written about 1200 A. D.)

“When the heart has done a deed of shame, you show it in your countenance by the red bloom of blush and the tiny drops of sweat. The eyes are dropped down low, or glance aside in fear because the heart has done a dishonest act.

You high-born lords I give you good words of counsel: Let what you do be true, for then the heart is bold and free and the face is fresh to shine.”

THE BACK

(1200 A. D.)

“If you are always stiff and straight and have never learned the action of the bow, you will assuredly taste the dislike of other men, and often sharp displeasure; but if you are quick to bow you will drive off hosts of evil. The best blessings of man bring on your soft and supple bending.”

(Note:- This is wholesome counsel from the great literary master Yi Kyoo-bo that the modem foreigner may well heed. A truly courteous manner which is after all but another way of expressing the bending of the bow, will win the Far East where all the blunt-honesties in the world will entirely fail.)

BOOK REVIEW

*The Legend of Lai-chow*. The author of this dainty book is Miss Annie B. Gay Gaston, and she had in mind constantly the needs of a multitude of sick and poor around Lai-chow as she deftly wove the story of the sacrifice of his own life by Druyieh that his city might be saved. And now others in more peaceful garb are giving themselves for this same city, and her people are being rescued and ministered to at the hospital and in numberless kindly ways. Several beautiful colored pictures by a Chinese artist are inserted, and the book has been so well received that it has already been necessary to print a second edition. Edward Evans & Sons, Shanghai, are Agents in the East for *The Legend of Lai-chow*, which may be obtained for $1.25 Mexican. It will make an excellent present. All Profits go to the· hospital at Lai-chow.

THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

The Methods, Work, and Growth of

this Wonderful Institution.

In this magazine will be found an advertisement of the International Correspondence Schools. This institution has been progressively carrying on its work in the Orient for a number of years，and in order that our readers may have an understanding of the purposes and achievements of these schools we have requested them to supply us with information. The article follows and is very interesting.

THE WORK OF THE I. C. S. IS THREEFOLD:

1. Teaching employed persons the science of their occupations.

2. Preparing dissatisfied people for congenial and better­paying positions.

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The I. C. S. Student is not required to leave home nor his work. He studies in spare time when convenient. The Schools are never closed. The student can move about from place to place without interference with his lessons. He prepares several times as much written work as class-room students and consequently receives severa1 times as much helpful criticism. He studies in private; he does all the reciting himself and receives the individual attention of his instructors．

THE GROWTH OF THE I. C.S.

The I. C. S. introduced, in 1891, the I. C.S. method of teaching by mail with special home-study textbooks and a system of correction of students’ work. Many years of successful teaching show that this system supplies the great educational need of the world; it carries practical knowledge to the thousands who cannot leave home nor give up work to better their education.

At the end of 1891 there were 115 students.

At the end of 1900 there were 251,310 students. At the end of 1909 there were 1,267,000 students.

At the end of 1916 there were almost 2,000,000 students representing every occupation in the realm of industry and every country on the globe. 219 railroads and 202 industrial companies including many of the largest of the world have entered into arrangements with the L C. S. for the instruction of their employees. This is one of the greatest distinctions ever conferred on any educational institution and the continuance of these arrangements is conclusive evidence of the practical results produced.

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At the time this article is written 317 residence educational institutions (I. C. S. Textbooks are not sold to other correspondence schools) including government, military and naval training schools and the foremost universities and colleges of the United States, are using I. C.S. pamphlet textbooks to some extent in class-room work. This is certainly an excellent endorsement of I. C. S. Textbooks.

More money has been invested in the preparation of these books than on any other textbooks ever published. Before a single page was printed, $98,000 gold was expended in gathering, writing and compiling the work contained in the Architectural Course alone-$88,000 on the Civil Engineering

Course, and Agricultural Courses thus far prepared have cost more than $100,000 gold.

THE I. C. S. ARE NOT SELLING BOOKS

They are selling instruction. You can buy a whole library of books and yet never understand the theory of your trade or profession. To study efficiently it is necessary to be able to judge what is worth learning—it is also essential that your studies be systematically planned to lead you forward by natural and carefully graded steps.

The I. C. S. have been teaching successfully for over twenty-five years. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to concede that they are better able to plan a course of studies than is the ordinary person?

While the price of any I. C. S. Course includes a complete set of textbooks, the point strongly emphasized is that I. C.S. expert instructors spare no effort or expense, in connection with the careful correction of examinations, to give each student the helpful, individual assistance he requires in order to gain complete mastery of the difficult subjects of his Course.

DOES I. C. S. TRAINING PAY?

In a recent investigation of 27,000 typical I. C.S. Students two were found with annual incomes of $50,000 gold, six with $25,000 or better, twenty with $10,000 or better, 413 with $5,000 or more, 2,451 with $2,500 or more and 14,990 with at least $1,500 gold a year. At the time they enrolled the big majority of these students were engaged in unskilled occupations.

Every month more than 400 J. C. S. Students write to the Schools telling of advancements in positions and salaries. These are voluntary reports and when it is considered that it requires deep appreciation to inspire a person to write a voluntary letter of endorsement, it will be realized that there are hundreds more every month who benefit by I. C. S. Training and never take the trouble to report it. The history of I. C. S. Students is a history of success.

THE I. C. S. IN THE ORIENT

Since the establishment of the CHINA AGENCY, I. C. S. in Shanghai more than ten years ago, thousands of persons in

Korea, Japan, and China have enrolled and achieved equally satisfactory results in their studies as students in the United States. That these students who have pursued their studies with any degree of self-interest have been returned full value for the small amounts invested is amply proved by the hundreds of enthusiastic letters received by the China Agency telling of increased earnings.

The I.C. S. Student body in China has steadily grown larger from year to year. The enrollment thus far in 1917, in spite of abnormal conditions, “far exceeds that of the same period of any previous year. The fact that the greater number of new students enroll through recommendations of old I. C. S. Students is additional evidence that the I. C. S. gains and retains the good will of its students.

TERMS OF ENROLMENT

Payment for Courses may be made in full at the time of enrolment or on the monthly instalment plan. The price of’ a Course includes a complete set of textbooks and thorough, individual instruction. The I. C. S. do not offer free scholarships nor do they sell instruction by the lesson. I. C. S. Courses are sold complete, as a straight-out business proposition.

There is only one institution known as the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS. They have no connection whatever with any other institution advertising correspondence instruction and using a similar name.

The International Correspondence Schools make the unqualified statement that they have· invested more money in the preparation of their Courses, are spending more each year in revising and keeping their textbooks up-to-date with the latest practices in science applied ,to industry, and have graduated and qualified more students for responsible positions than all other correspondence schools combined.

They unconditionally guarantee that any student who is able to read and write English and who does his part faithfully will learn and gain far-reaching benefits by their method.

They give as references I. C. S. Students in all parts of the world.