

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON

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I.

He laid it unstained upon Liberty's shrine,
Where the old Continentals stood fast in the line,
Where oft through the rifts in the storm clouds of war
Shone out the proud flag of the stripe and the star.
Undaunted he waved it in vict'ry and rout
From Cambridge to Yorktown's immortal redoubt,
For it flashed in the beams of Columbia's sun—
The sword of America's one Washington.

II.

They slumber who followed where often it led,
And the tall grasses bend on the fields where they bled,
And the roses of summer time lovingly twine
Where the grim Continentals stood firm in the line.
They worshiped fair Freedom, they hated a crown;
In the flash of their muskets the redcoats went down,
And the eagle soared high o'er the fields that they won
When led by the sword of the great Washington.

III.

Let Princeton and Trenton their laurels entwine
With the roses that bloom by the fair Brandywine;
Let Valley Forge tell of its cold, biting air
And the sword and the man that were masterful there;
Not once did he falter, not once did he shrink,
Though often he stood on disaster's dread brink;
With God-given courage he fought till he won,
And Fame crowned the sword of our own Washington.

IV.

His banner waves proudly from mountain to sea,
O'er the home of the brave and the land of the free,
From the emerald crest of the northernmost pine
To the land where the golden orb'd oranges shine;
The blade that he drew in the struggle for right
Created a people resistless in might;
It is sheathed where he sleeps in the glare of the sun,
And Potomac sings peace to the one Washington.

V.

His drumbeats are silent; his cannon are still;
The old Continentals guard not the red hill;
The sword that they followed no longer leads on,
And the camps where they suffered forever are gone.
But the nation they left us is mighty and free
From the sands of the lakes to the shells of the sea,
And the banner of stars guards the fields that they won
And the ever bright blade of their chief, Washington.

VI.

For'er may it shine where he takes his last rest,
Where the river flows on to the ocean's vast breast,
In the land that he loved, in the shade of his home,
'Neath the emerald sheen and the star sprinkled dome,
He drew it for freedom, nor sheathed it until
There was peace in the valley and peace on the hill.
Then he knew that his God-given labor was done,
And sheathed was the sword of our own Washington.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

Jack London, the Novelist Whose Life Is Like a Novel



JACK LONDON is only twenty-eight years old, but has seen enough of life to fill out the ordinary span of three score and ten. He has been sailor, tramp, fisherman, miner, socialist, and sociologist, author and journalist. He has worked in California and tramped all over the United States and Canada, has caught seal in the seas off Siberia, has dug for gold in the Klondike, has been the lion of the hour as a novelist and is now witnessing the Russo-Japanese war as a correspondent.

AT the age of twenty-one the future author went over the Chilkoot pass with the first of the adventurers enticed to the Klondike by the gold excitement. Like most of the young men who were drawn thither by their imagination, he failed to strike gold, but he did strike a vein in his own nature that in years to come was to pan out much richer returns than even a fabulous pocket of yellow ore, for he stored up stuff for future stories, and he discovered he could write.

YEARS before becoming a Klondiker Jack London had been a long-shoreman and bay faring adventurer. Then at the age of seventeen he shipped as able seaman, going as far as Japan and pretty much all over the world. "I loved life in the open," he said, "and was always able to get a job shoveling coal, salorizing or doing manual labor of some sort." He still carries the marks of his seafaring life in the big thumb knuckles and the rolling gait of the sailor.

WHILE on one of his voyages this jack of all trades was a seal hunter on the Russian side of the Bering sea. He was an athletic youth and could knock seals on the nose for their pelts along with the best. He has also been a fisherman, part of the time in the salmon fisheries of the Pacific, where he acted for a time as a fish patrolman. Among the other adventures he played was one that was hazardous as well as exciting, that of oyster pirate.

THIS man who has charmed the world by his portrayal of elemental life was a tramp, literally a vagabond, and he glories in the fact. He roved pretty much all over America and was even an east ender in London. "Learning no trade," he says, "but drifting along from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. This optimism," he adds in a materialistic vein, "was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weakness."

MR. LONDON began writing at the age of twenty-three. Since then he has become familiar to all the reading world. His most famous short story is "The God of His Fathers," though his own favorite is "The League of the Old Men." His best known book is that masterpiece of animal stories, "The Call of the Wild." He is contributing the year's notable serial to one of the leading magazines for 1904. He is also said to be the author of the famous "Kempton-Wace Letters."

THE last chapter of this exciting career is the most sensational of all. Being sent to Japan recently as a war correspondent, Mr. London was found taking photographs of Japanese forts and was arrested for treason. At the instance of United States Minister Griscorn he was given an immediate trial before the military commission, and on proving that he had credentials from a New York paper he was released from the fortress at Simonoseki where he had been imprisoned.

Odd Folks of Korea, the Prospective Victims of War

KOREA, which for centuries was a bone of contention between China and Japan and in more recent years has been looked upon with covetous eyes by both Japan and Russia, is inhabited by a race that is the echo of a great people. Some thousands of years ago, no one knows exactly how many, the Gori—that is what the Koreans call themselves—were fighters who spread terror over the nearby countries. They had force and initiative in those ancient days, as improbable as that may seem to those who see them now. It is even said that they were the first to invent the phonetic alphabet. They were progressive then; but they recovered from the fever of doing things so long ago that there is no trace of it left.

The men for the most part are large and muscular, somewhat taller in feature than their Japanese or Chinese neighbors and having less of the oriental slant of the eye. The fact that they are strong is revealed both by their appearance and by the fact that the males of the lower classes can bear immense burdens upon their backs, making pack mules of themselves to the extent of 800 or 900 pounds. This sort of muscular endurance is passive, however, and the Korean is a passive animal. When it comes to activity he is not in evidence. He will work—this is a matter of dispute among students, but the majority seem to favor the opinion that he will work—when it is absolutely impossible to avoid it—that is, if he must do something in order to eat, he does just so much of the thing as enables him to secure the provender, and no more. For example, he will work in a sort of regretful way for one day, then on the few cents he has earned will subsist for two days of delicious idleness. When it is necessary to use a spade—and not a large spade at that—three men are required for the task, one to guide the handle and two to pull on the ends of

a rope that passes under the blade. Then so deliberate are they that the three accomplish in one day about as much as one ordinary laborer should accomplish in half the time.

The meaning of the word "Cho-sen,"

causing the morning to fall there before it reaches the lands farther west. But the fitness of the term "calm" is so patent that there should be no doubt concerning it. If there is any land on earth in which being calm is

physical exertion necessary to sustain life. As the men will not make this exertion, the women must. As a matter of fact, the wives of the Hermit Nation are slaves. The girl is betrothed by her father and in most cases

known as the wife of So-and-so, having no name of her own. She is never seen by any other man, always having her face completely covered when going abroad. For the most part, however, the women never venture upon

and they do not hesitate to leap over the low walls of the towns and snatch domestic animals or even human beings out of the streets.

A husband is perfectly justified, according to the Korean code, in killing a wife seen talking to another man. She belongs to her wedded lord literally and absolutely. The interdiction as to going out in the daytime does not apply to the women of the lower classes, for they must go abroad to labor. Their lot in life is much like that of the Italian peasant women, except that they do not have the same freedom. They bear burdens on their head in a similar manner, do work in the fields and become coarsened from absolute physical hardship in like fashion with their sisters of the Italian peninsula.

The Korean houses resemble low broad haystacks. They are built of mud and the roofs are thatched with straw. They are heated by fires under the floors, and these floors are made of slabs of stone something like our sidewalks. The partitions are of paper, which is of an exceeding toughness and thickness. Europeans and Americans can scarcely live in these huts, for they are not well ventilated and are often so hot that even a salamander would be cooked out.

The staple food is rice, meat being rare. The people are kept in a state of poverty, as nearly all the fruit of the little labor they do is taken from them by the nobles, who would lose caste if they were to perform any manual labor. There is little food kept ahead, and western visitors have experienced difficulty in getting enough to eat, even though they offered unusual prices for it, simply for the fact that no one had more than he needed for himself. The country is fertile, and almost the only industry is agriculture—rice, barley, millet, wheat, sorghum, beans, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, radishes, tobacco, cotton, apples, pears and small fruits being the staple crops.

The country is known to abound in mineral wealth, and the assertion has been made that Korea is a second Klondike in the amount of gold it con-

tains, yet so great is the inertia of the people that no effort is made in the direction of mining.

The clothes worn by the Koreans are made of cotton. The trousers, worn by both sexes, are wide and baggy and tied about the bottoms. In the winter they are padded.

There is a wide diversity in the headgear, which is usually made of a gauzy material. Some of the hats are umbrella-like in shape and shed the rain very effectively.

There is little or no religion in the Hermit Kingdom, though much superstition. Among the upper classes Confucianism is much in vogue. Buddhism at one time had a large foothold among the people and still exists in name, though the people seem to have little conception of its spirit or real teachings. There is a sort of devil worship that frequently is very childish. Thus the trolley cars introduced by American enterprise are regarded by the natives as "devil cars," and if any one is injured by them there is a riot, as was the case recently.

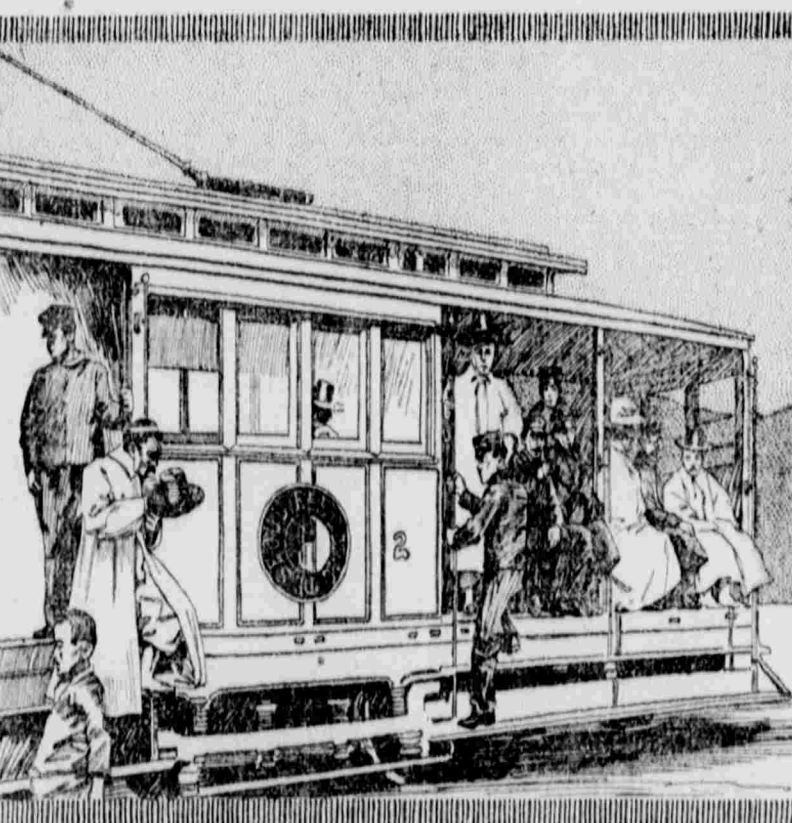
The soldiery of the country is largely a joke. In fact, the Korean, beyond an occasional uprising, when he is cruel enough, is very peaceable, putting up with almost any indignity rather than physically resist it. Thus a Japanese boy will kick and drive a large Korean man with impunity. There is some flat fighting among the natives at certain times of the year, but to carry on a real war is too much like work.

The recent enterprises set on foot in Korea by American and Japanese capital, such as the building of the one or two railroads out of Seoul and the trolley lines about that city, have aroused some little animation, but for the most part the activity that has taken hold of the Japs and is seen around the fringes of China has not awakened the age long slumber of Korea. Perhaps this war of which she is the theater and objective point will be the best thing that could happen to this people, for it may serve to stir them into something resembling life.

STEPHEN D. HALLEN.



A Korean Priest



American Trolley Car in Seoul



Korean Noble and Child

ITEMS OF EVERY KIND.

Negress private detectives are being employed by an agency in Georgia. The women are stated to be adepts in the work required of them, as they are intelligent, patient, trustworthy and as cunning as foxes. Besides, the individual shadowed cannot, as a rule, tell one negress from another. Lady detectives who are white can, it seems, be readily

"spotted" by the parties they are watching.

An American showman has made an offer of \$50,000 for the bed, bedding, furniture and other contents of the royal bedchamber just as they were on the night of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia. The government has decided to pur-

chase the whole of the articles and so prevent the possibility of any of them being acquired for show purposes.

Cape Town enjoys a certain distinction in respect to the height of its constables. The tallest is a giant six feet eight and one-half inches in height. There are five men ranging from six feet three inches to six feet four inches, three men between six feet two inches and six feet three inches, twelve men

from six feet one inch to six feet two inches and seventeen between six feet and six feet one inch.

It is one of the natural instincts of humanity to shirk taxation, but, strange to say, there is a church in Toronto that insists on being taxed. All churches in that city are legally exempt from civic taxation, but every year the congregation of the Jarvis Street Baptist church sends a check to the city treas-

urer. The amount paid during the past ten years aggregates nearly \$12,500.

One of the great advantages in selling goods to Mexico is that failures are almost unknown, as the merchants of Mexico are very conservative and extend their business only as far as their capital will permit. Fires and their results, which ruin thousands of business men annually in the United States, are of very rare occurrence there. Ma-

zatlan has not been afflicted with a fire for over thirty years.

Iowa, with an area of 55,000 square miles, contains over 3,300,000 head of cattle, while the six states of Montana, Wyoming, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Nevada, including the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, which, all combined, cover an area of 826,000 square miles, contain only 4,360,000 head.

In any large city in Germany a special

delivery card or stamp, costing less than 5 cents, will cause a message to be shot by tube anywhere in the city. A messenger will carry it from the point of reception to the receiver and will wait for an answer. Message and answer in Berlin take about two hours.

No fewer than 5,000 Porto Ricans have migrated to Yucatan within a year.