

Frank G. Carpenter Describes His Tour Through
out the Interior of the Hermit Kingdom.

A Snake and the Crown Prince—How the King Grieved His Death and How Others Were Seized by the Aid of Soldiers—The Ride Through Broad-Corn, the Mountains of Asia—How the Farming of Home—Corran, Camo and the Porters' Trade Unions.

Special Circumstances of the News
Illustrated by Frank G. Carpenter, 1911.



miles away, and is probable that the machinery for this will be gotten in the United States. It is twenty-five miles from Chomela, which is the main port of the country, to Soconusco, and the railroad will be built over the mountains, connecting the capital with the sea. Fewer or later other roads will be built from Soconusco to the Gulf coast, and to Panama, directly east, as well as to the north. The northern roads will be financed by the Russians, and there will probably be a connection with the Transiberian road, so that we will eventually be able to go from Paris to within a few hours' sail of Japan by land. Today no one knows much about the country of Corea. There is no land in the world outside of Thibet which has been less examined.

Very few travelers have gotten into the interior, and the letters describing this country has been confined to the capital and the seaports. I am, I believe, the only American newspaper man who has traveled right through the peninsula from one side to the other.

I doubt whether the trip could possibly be taken today. I made it last summer just on the eve of the rebellion, and it was curious in the extreme. My outfit consisted of six men and four burros, and spent seven days among the Coran mountains, traveling four hours in the shoals, and being killed in the end, so as to show that the Coran could not be done. The most of the way was on bristlepith, and a great part of it was really dangerous on account of the tigers. It is now like going through a new world, and we are not

with it to the villages, in order that the neighboring might know that we were coming; and as we rode to the towns we were met by trumpets and bands and were escorted in honor to the government offices. In the gross ruins of which we were lodged, the Governor of the Colonies to my party, and I made the trip alone with them. My old friend, Gen. Pak, of whom I have written before, accompanied me. He was a tall, thin, snail. He had a gingivous blue suit, which he bought for the trip, and his clothes were spotless and clean. His forehead had a coarse, thin fringe of hair, and he had a pair of small, cold, untanned eyelids. Pak spoke very good English, and he acted as my interpreter and commander-in-chief. We had a very good dinner, and then we were sent back and happy had the right to wear it. The other two were, last night,

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I wish I could show you how we rode to state out of Seoul, with my servant going along in front and yelling to the common people to get out of the way for the foreign Yachtmen. We would in and out among thousands of howled-bark trees, now skirting the sewers, which run in open drains through the streets, and now being squeezed against the wall in order that some high silk-gowned noble might pass by in his chair. We rode for about a mile along

one of them, a Japanese official, the city having moved recently in order that our horses might not see on the pines of the interchanges, who flattered on the ground in freedom, and who were so they said, for consumers. We were by the great palace, where the fugitive soldiers who make up the king's army live, and passed a man of the old palace, which General Pak told me was the gate of Japanese skulls, and has some traditions as to a skeleton, a Japanese Communist. We passed by chairs containing the four traditional dancing girls of the kingdom, and when we had gone through the great gate of the wall

which heads up into the country, we found one of these girls sitting with her chair upon the ground. She was not a bad-looking girl, and when I told (somewhat hesitatingly) that I was a foreigner, she asked her to get out of her chair, and she moved before my camera. We passed scores of vendors coming into the city, carrying their wares on poles or umbrellas, and went by catwalks of homes loaded with straw and ginseng roots, which were being taken into the city for sale. Within a few miles of Seoul there is a great caravan of these poor Korean housewives, peddling their wares. They are always moving in or out of the walls, and the scene is like an ever-changing kaleidoscope, or stranger, than any of the things I have seen elsewhere. Outside the city, on the edge of the city all was dirt and squallor, and it was not until we had passed the city and approached the beautiful and outstanding

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first made fire and the planters then dig the hills for the beans by pressing their heels into the ground. They dropped the beans into a hole and covered them over with a kind of a twist of the same sort that made it. There were no fences and no burns, and I saw no hoes used on the fields. The people live in villages, and they keep their livestock under the same roof with their families.

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of Corea, and who carry things that either the buffaloes or ponies. I photographed a number of them on my trip, and a number of the men I took were terribly frightened of me, and I was obliged to go with silence, and he thought we were going to capture him and his wife. I was obliged to go to the village of the man and his wife and Corea. They think that if their pictures are taken the man who owns them will die, and they will die with their souls, and will work them well therefore. They are superstitious in the extreme, and they are very afraid of foreigners. I saw a number of Chinese men cutting up Chinese skulls for medicine and tearing out the eyes of Chinese to grind up to make photographic material for the Chinese. I saw a number of Chinese skulls, and when we went we found the people predisposed to the superstition of the Chinese. I saw a number of people who had been captured and were being sold to Japan. The people have been greatly oppressed, and the men who were captured and sold to Japan were the men who had been capturing the life blood out of the Chinese people. These villages are very poor, and they are very poor, and the little pretty things who ruin the country under the man magistrates are very poor, and I will send you my pictures to the

Frank G. Carpenter

Mr. A. J. Hallock of the Atlantic Dock firm, Brooklyn, N. Y., raised about 44 tons of ducks the past year. To think of that amount of carcasses going into market one would almost venture the idea that there was a regular city, and when it is known that about 80,000 ducklings are annually marketed from Long Island and all shipped to New York, the addition of time upon time received from other locations, one is almost dazed at the enormous amount of duck eating people in the east.

At the last killing day a square gallows was erected. From the top beam dangled a chain cord. On the ground lay a heavy log, to which were secured an equal number of cords with hooks

• When ready, Bruno, a trained Scotch dog, was ordered to go out into the way-

ter and chase up the desired flock of birds. This done, a temporary fence was placed about the flock, and Mr. Hallock began the work of exterminating them. In this he proved himself to be no expert. Having anxiously scoured over thousands of birds, he is at last able to tell which are ready to be slaughtered and which should be another year.

After the overhauling of the instruments grabbed up four birds in each hand, which he easily carried to the market place. Then picking up two and placing their heads under his left arm he took up the third, which he fastened to the cord hanging from the beam. Having a slip loop, the feet were easily adjusted. Then the hook on the cord from the top was fastened in the middle. In an instant the hook was adjusted until the entire number of birds were read.

Taking a pointed and sharp knife in his right hand, the executioner opened the first bird's left inner

and 150 yards more several tin can
jungle traps; then he passed to the
second, and so on until the entire num-
ber of birds were dead.

When over their hopping, they were
taken down, and after the thick blood
was shaken from their mouths they were
placed on a platform so that the birds
could lay in a trough of water. Then
with a brush all the blood was washed
out of the mouth, and they were ready
for the vipers.

In the plucker room were being engaged a lot of women and girls who took charge of the birds from the time the excruciating slitting of the blood. Each plucker dipped her own bird in the scalding water, removed the rough feathers, then gave another dip in water, closing with a sponge, and the final work of removing what pinfeathers still remained. From the plucker they went into cooling vats, wringing up, which thoroughly freeze, by being packed in barrels with cracked ice.

PATTY AS A HOSTESS

Sensitive persons who happen to be invited to spend a week with Patti in her castle in Wales may do well to think twice before accepting. The divine Acella is the reverse of an ideal house, and Nihilist is no more pleasing as host.

Those who have tried it say it's life at Craig's. Now it is a mixture of stateliness, show, chaperoning and discomfort. Lights are out at 10:30 in the main. In the billiard room, about which so much has been written, guests are not permitted to play on either two ladies' or monsieur's own particular table, but must use another, provided solely for them. Both Nicolai and his little spouse are billiard fiends and wouldn't have their precious tables touched by profane players.

At the same time, the dinner table the same royal simplicity exists in respect to wines, the Nihilists having their own rhine and expensive brands and an inferior quality being served to their friends. This is all done with absolute frankness on the part of the hosts, and should an unwary visitor help himself from the Nihilist bottle he is brought up with a round turn and told he must not, for that wine is only given to the petted loved of the house!—London Cor.

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