

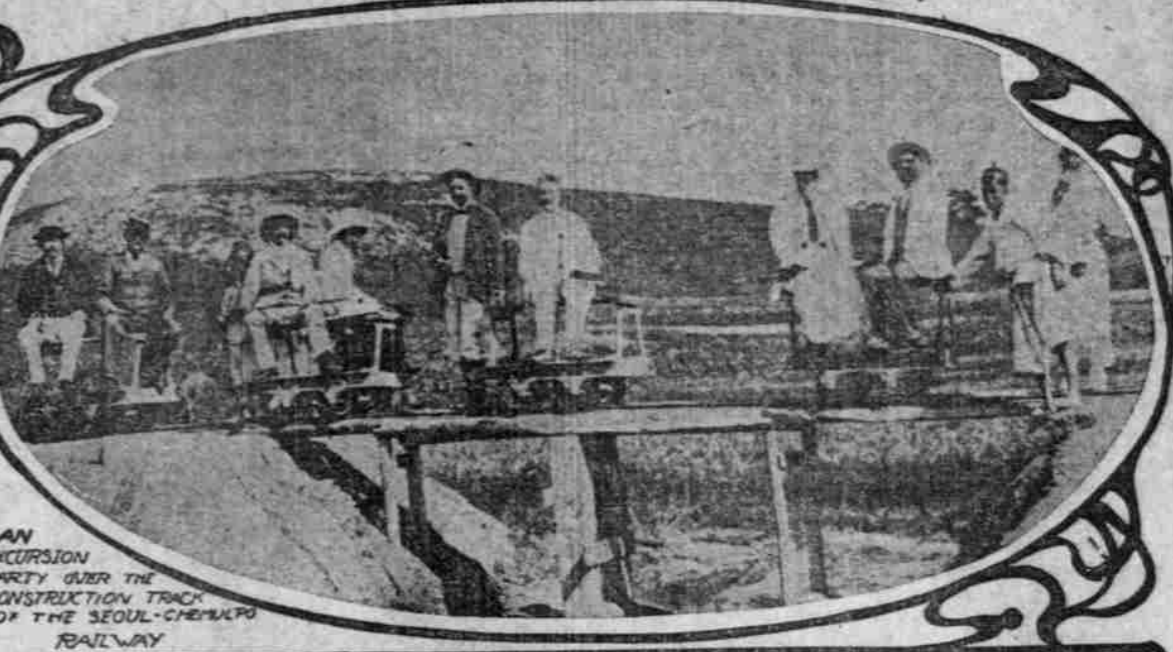
STORY OF AMERICA'S BIG LEAD IN COREA

BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT, FORMERLY EDITOR OF COREAN INDEPENDENT



THE GREAT BRIDGE THAT AMERICANS BUILT ACROSS THE RIVER HAN.

A CUT ON THE SEUL-CHUMPO RAILWAY, BUILT BY AMERICANS.



AN EXCURSION PARTY OVER THE CONSTRUCTION TRACK OF THE SEUL-CHUMPO RAILWAY.



A TROLLEY CAR OF THE AMERICAN LINE STANDING BEFORE THE MAIN GATE OF SEUL.

EXCURSION PARTY AT AN ENGINEER'S CAMP SEUL-CHUMPO RAILWAY.

COREA is the only foreign country in which Americans have taken the leading part in its commercial exploitation; and it was purely by accident that Americans began to play the important role in the development of the hermit kingdom that she has played during the past generation.

It was just 30 years ago, after the emote of 1884, that an American medical missionary, Dr. Horace Allen, was called upon to perform a serious operation on the mangled body of Prince Min Yung Ik, a Korean nobleman. The operation was successful and attracted the attention of the Korean Emperor, who immediately appointed Dr. Allen King's physician.

The American missionaries other than medical were also achieving the besting of their successes. At the same time, in order to found a school for the training of Korean noblemen's sons for government and diplomatic positions, the Korean government sent to America, asking for three teachers to found a government school or Royal College. Thus, in the space of a few years, Americans took the lead in Korea in missionary, medical and educational lines. They were looked upon as friends by the natives, and were loved; they were not meddling in politics; not asking for coalitions, stations or open ports. They came to do good, and they did good and nothing else.

First Foothold.
The first chapter of modern Korean history ended with the outbreak of the Japan-China War. Korea had nominally belonged to China up to this time; though the Catholic missionaries had been in Korea almost since the beginning of the Plymouth Rock, France had sought no political power in the government. The Royal Hospital had been founded through Dr. Allen's influence. At the close of the war, Korea became free from outsiders, and stood for her own robber prince. Being free, Korea had the right to grant foreign concessions. Various parties sought these vigorously, but unsuccessfully; for in almost every instance there seemed to be an ulterior political motive in view. Horace Allen had now become American Ambassador to Korea, and it was plain that America's wholesome introduction to Korea through missionary, physician and educator was to lead to commercial success which would also be unrivaled.

In a short time James H. Morse, of the American Trustee Company, secured two concessions from the Korean government, one for opening gold mines in the mountains in the north of Korea, and another for building the first railway in the country, from the seaport of Chemulpo to the capital, Seoul, 27 miles inland. The mining concession was leased to Leigh Hunt; a plant costing \$250,000 is now in operation. J. S. East, of New York, being one of the best-known interested parties. The contract for building the railway was given to the American & Orient Construction Company formed by Messrs. Colburn and James, of Denver and Chattanooga, respectively. In the building of the road W. C. Carley was first engineer-in-charge; H. R. Eastwick, auditor, and S. F. Phillips, superintendent-in-charge.

A Wonderful Bridge.
The principle feat in the construction of the road was throwing an eight-span bridge across the great river Han, three miles from Seoul. This bridge, 1600 feet long, was sent across the Atlantic in pieces on a special vessel. It made the Koreans open their eyes to see a three-masted schooner come lumbering safely into the half-charted Korean port under the firm hand of a Yankee skipper; but their wonder became amazement when the strange pieces of iron fit bore as cars were carried 35 miles inland and swung safely above the mad tides of the chief river of Korea. The total length of the bridge is 2400 feet. Including approaches. Upon completion a Japanese company secured the road.

This road had its terminus without the West Gate of Seoul. American enterprise now put on foot an electric railway run-

ning from the railway terminus into Seoul through the city and out to the tomb of the murdered Empress Min, three miles east of the city, and a mecca for Koreans. The Seoul Electric Company was organized; it comprised Koreans only, with the Governor of the city as president. The franchise came from the Department of Public Works. The company was capitalized at \$30,000; one-half of this sum was immediately paid to the same construction company which had built the Seoul-Chemulpo Railway.

Numerous Accidents.
The motormen have been Japanese, and the conductors Koreans. Of course, a number of accidents have happened; at one of these a car was derailed, and the company's plant was endangered. The Koreans are a very stately race of men; they move slowly, and have no wit in avoiding accidents—and the trolley-car the world over is no respecter of dignity. The commonest surgical operation in Korea, the medical missionaries say, is to pull a two or three-foot pipestem out of the back of a Korean's neck; by accident, in wheeling around corners, or by falling down when intoxicated, these pipestems are jammed downwards, or backwards, or inwards.

Other more marvelous objections have been raised to these "make-themself-go machines," so named by the people who call the bicycle the "man-make-himself-go machine." The people affirm that a recent drought had been caused by the electric wires which are strung across Seoul, in all six miles in length. They declared that the wires cut off the influence of heaven. Others are not satisfied whether the blame should be given the wires or

the location of the power house of the electric plant; it was found on examination of the records that the house stood on a sacred spot and desecrated it. The power house remains, however, on the hallowed spot.

Missionary Work.
During these years of commercial exploitation the American missionaries have not been backward; the Presbyterian mission in the north number 700 converts, and the Methodist missions in the center of the little kingdom count over 500. The Methodists have paid special attention to publishing; their first plant, the Trilingual Press, having played an important part in the opening of Korea. The Roman Catholic number 40,000 converts; they entered Korea two centuries ago, when the Jesuits were leading the way into the heart of the American continent. The Koreans have "practically given up Buddhism and Confucianism," according to Minister Allen.

A few American trading houses have sprung up; the Standard Oil Company does a large business in Korea, but the future of American trade, of course, depends, like everything else, upon the political turn which things may take in the future in the land of the Morning Calm. Seventy per cent of the trade of Korea is with England; Japan and Russia have a little on the east and north.

Thanks to the wisdom of her representative in Korea, America has maintained her place with dignity and success. As Mr. Allen has modestly stated, "Today Americans are found to be in possession of rights and privileges of great material value, obtained by peaceful means from the good will of the people."

Amid all the excitement of various uprisings, of the Japan-China war and of the surprising days of 1898, American interests have not lost ground. On one occasion, at least, the Korean Emperor sought to come to the American Legation for protection at a time when several foreign ambassadors would have done anything to have obtained his majesty's person; but he was kindly but firmly refused the necessary permission. Nothing would have been gained to America's best

interests by having the possession of the King, and a thousand dangers would have been run. The Emperor leads a haunted life, sleeping in day time, when all the world's awake, and holding his Cabinet meetings and doing all his business by night. He has deserted his old palace in the native portion of the city, and lives in a straw-thatched barn of a building in a frog pond in the foreign quarter—within reach of the Legations in case of trouble.

From any point of view, America must be greatly interested in and connected with the future of Korea. Twice as many Americans can talk the Korean language

as any other nationality of foreigners in Korea; America has led in disseminating political knowledge. Dr. Philip Jaisohn, a naturalized American of Korean parentage, and adviser to the Cabinet, founded the first English paper in Korea, the native editions of which circulated widely and played an important part in the early work of the Independence Club. When filled with fears of assassination, just after the murder of his Queen, the Emperor of Korea put not a mouthful of food to his lips that was not prepared by the hands of an American missionary and taken secretly to the palace. On the occasion of a riot on Thanksgiving day night, 1898, three Americans lay in the ante-rooms of the King's bedchamber at the palace with cocked revolvers and other weapons in their hands, ready to beat back the mob if it came.

There is something splendid in the mere fact that America has taken no advantage of the "middle track" that she has secured in Korea to gain political power. Her refusal to take such advantage has given her almost the power that others have desired; and it would be a small surprise to the well-informed in Far Eastern politics if Americans should possess an influence in storm-tossed Korea which, irrespective of the outcome of the war between Russia and Japan, should, for one thing, put a serious prohibition on Russian advance in that direction. It would be interesting if American influence in Korea should be the real power that Russia should find in Korea when she raps at the door again.

Note.—Indeed, there is a treaty, in force since 1882, between Korea and the United States, a clause of which reads as follows: "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert its good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing their friendly feelings."—Editor. (Copyright, 1904, by Arthur B. Hulbert.)

COMMENDATION FOR ANDY CARNEGIE

"SI" COMPARES HIM WITH THE CREATOR AND WISHES HIM WELL IN REFORM EFFORTS.

ANDY CARNEGIE has announced that Andrew Carnegie intends making of Dunfermline, Scotland, a model city, a sort of municipal Utopia, which implies that Mr. Carnegie will attempt what omnipotence, up to the present time, has utterly failed to accomplish. There's no telling how many centuries of diabolical failure the Almighty might have spared if he had served his time as one of our "Great Captains of Industry" before going into the creation business. A glance at the map of Scotland doesn't throw much light on the subject. Dunfermline appears commonplace enough as a little black dot in County Fife; an inland town with five little narrow-looking, irregular railroad lines radiating from it, resembling very much the wire spokes of a badly demoralized child's wagon-wheel in September. How Dunfermline is to be divested of the national bag-pipe and other discordant and distracting features is not for us to know. The town is near enough to the River Firth so that American visitors chanced into desecrification by the sinuous strains of "The Campbell's Aye Comair" may quietly slip down by rail to a place where the tide ebbs and flows twice in 24 hours there to drown their sorrow in eternal sleep beneath the oaky bosom of the river where even the music of the highland bagpipe can never percolate. But as the cheerful liar said when he realized that he unnecessarily uttered the truth, we have "disgraced" "Dunfermline" has a sort of labor-saving sound, as if it might be an American advertisement of some health food, or laundry soap, or porcelain enamel dressing, or complexion wash, or possibly a specific for blotches, spots, pimples, freckles and warts.

Dunfermline will be made a model city if millions in money directed by a philanthropic impulse can accomplish it. Can it be done? Can an ideal society, even within a limited area, precede the de-

ment have been painfully slow and debilitating. The brood of bog that can outrun a nigger hasn't yet been produced. Much was expected from the revision of the Presbyterian creed, but while undoubtedly the list of the saved has been considerably augmented, we can't help noticing that the bottom of the little berry-boxes go right on creepin' up. I don't see as the millennium is any nearer than it was ten years ago.

It is as difficult to buy nursery trees true to name or sugar that don't smell like an ancient sea beach as it was before church union or international arbitration was first contemplated. Maybe money'll do it. We'll see. Nobody knows what the Lord might have accomplished with the miles of the world's poor if he could have handled more of it. It was diverted to pay salaries and choir and things till what he saw of it was really not worth mentioning, and so wonder men and women have needed bread within hearing distance of the cheerful and pleasantly modulated voice of the man who preaches. Dunfermline won't be the worst of Scotland's municipalities with millions devoted to its moral and social development. SI.

If We Could Know.
If we could know,
Which of us, darling, would be first to go,
Which would be first to breast the swelling tide,
And step alone upon the other side.
If it were you?
Should I walk softly, keeping death in view?
Should I love you, love you more or less,
Or should I grieve you, darling, any less—
If it were I?
If it were you,
Should I improve the moments slipping by?
Should I more closely stare God's great plan,
Be filled with sweeter charity to man—
If it were I?
If we could know,
We cannot, darling, and 'tis better so.
I should forget, just as I do today,
And walk along the same old stumbling way—
If I could know.
I would not know,
Which of us, darling, will be first to go,
Only with the space may not be long
Between the parting and the greeting song;
But when, or where, or how we're called to go,
I would not know.
—Julia Harris May.

PROPOSALS WENT POP-POP-POPPING

TEN GIRLS AND TWENTY MEN SELECT LIFE PARTNERS AT ONE WEDDING

NEW YORK Times.
MICHAEL J. COLUMBO, Mayor of Worth street, and Miss Nora Ferrando, belle of Little Italy, and daughter of Bunker Ferrando, were married last night. There was never anything in New York like the reception which followed the ceremony. The reception took place in Lyric's Lyceum, at 224 Center street.

Aside from the fact that there were 30 Mayors present, representing the constitencies of as many notable sections of New York, the feature of the affair was a whirlwind of wedding proposals among the guests, at least 30 young men suddenly popping the question to their fair companions, and at least ten young women proposing marriage to the young men with whom they danced, and who accepted, with tears of joy, then and setting the dates for at least 30 more marriages.

Folks may talk about their leap-year parties, but there's never a leap-year party that caused such an outburst of "Will-you-be-mine's" as that brought on by the Columbus wedding. And there probably was not a person at the wedding who proposed in words similar to those used by another person present. For instance, one young man turned to his woman companion and said:
"Cassabona, why not we marry?" And Cassabona answered, "I will if you will, but when shall it be?" Whereupon the young man said, "And time," and the girl remarked, "Let us make it next Sunday week. That's two weeks from today."
In another instance a young woman said:
"Joe, we have been keeping company for four months. When are we going to be married?" And Joe answered, "Any time'll suit me." Then the girl said, "Fix it for the first week in February," and Joe said he would see where he could hire an East Side hall for some night in the week selected.
Then Joe told his friend Minnetti, who was talking to a young woman named Rosa, and Rosa said: "Oh, yes, it is

TWO VILLAGES.

Above the river on the hill,
Leth a village, white and still,
While all around the forest trees
Shiver and whineer with the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of the street.
Beside the river, "neath the hill,
Another village, white and still,
Dere I see, on a cloudy night,
The twinkling stars of household bright,
Figs that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl from the river's shore,
But in the road no grasses grow,
No wheels that hasten to and fro.
In that village, upon the hill,
Nether a sound of snuff or mill;
Houses thatched with grass or dowers
Broom and fide with changing hours;
Doves that curl from the river's shore,
Closing entrance to hall or sleep;
Silent at rest, they lie in sleep,
Never again to rouse or creep;
Never to dream, to mourn, or sigh;
Done is their task here, quiet they lie.
In that village, "neath the hill,
In that village, is stary and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to that other village there,
And waiting, sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to rest from this world of strife,
Through the hedemere to be with wife
May to that praper this answer fall,
"Patience, that village shall hold you all."
—Rose Terry Cooke.

There are thousands of bicycles being sold this season through the Southern States, where the bicycle craze has struck the negroes, and the wheel has almost been abandoned by the