

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

How the Correspondents Fared When They Got Away from Tokio

PING YANG REACHED AFTER MUCH TOIL

Oscar King Davis Writes of His Experience with Soldiers, Sailors and Sannans and the Coraean Rain Storm.

(Copyright by New York Herald Co., 1904.)

PING YANG, Corea, April 14.—(From a Staff Correspondent of the New York Herald—Special to the Bee.)—I said in Chinampo that I would go to Ping Yang, and here I am, but saying nothing at all about going back. It was a fine thing to go from Chinampo to Ping Yang, because Ping Yang is on the way to Anju, and beyond Anju somewhere is that elusive front that we have been after so long.

When they told us at headquarters in Chinampo that we were to go to Ping Yang at once there was some gnashing of teeth because the steamer was not yet arrived and it had our horses and baggage. One can go to the front without food, that is easy and has often been done. But it is not too feasible to go without horses when the walking is bad and the front is 200 miles ahead of you.

Then it began to rain. It is no news, but nevertheless a heavy rain, and it was a rain that was not to be trifled with. Some rain and some drizzle. This rained. The many stars heaven that had hung over us became a huge impenetrable black pall that lowered threateningly just overhead.

Darkness that was like the haven of no hope settled upon the streets of the settlement punctuated at long intervals by the feeble gleam of a lantern animated by a single candle, whose fitfully sputtering rays flickered across dreary deserted streets and along blank, hopeless walls. Under foot there was nothing but water and mud, a thin, slippery, treacherous mud that lay on the surface of the clay made add lay paved streets, waiting whom it might catch by the unwary heel and sprawl at full length.

Overhead nothing but rain, driving, cold and needle sharp, the sort of rain that when you are not actuated by some great purpose or high resolve, penetrates your marrow as it does your clothes and makes your soul shiver in its case.

The word from the steamship agent was that we must be on board before 10 o'clock. The ship was to start at 11 o'clock. It was but a five hour run to the river to Ping Yang and we should be in easily for a 7 o'clock breakfast. There were letters and arrangements to be made with the steamer agent for bringing over the horses, so that it was after 5 when we were ready to begin sending the baggage down to the pier to go aboard the ship.

These were impressed and then went down with the first load to see that it was safely delivered at the pier, and I stayed behind to see that the next was leaving. When it had gone I trailed along, leaving my interpreter to see that the last of the You remember the old story of the cat that climbed two feet out of the well every day and slipped back three feet every night. Walking through the slimy streets of the Chinampo settlement was somewhat like that.

The Japanese, or somebody else, have graded up some of the streets in the center, and in that rain the slopes of the sides were as easy to descend as ever the broad way to the bottomless pit can be, if not as alluring. Splashing, sprawling, and now and then saying things, I slipped and slid down the long clay road to the pier, past the long lines of guns beside the road, and the piles of war stores covered with tarpaulins and guarded by silent, statueque sentries, who, I am sure, stood muffled in their great coats watching me and saying over to themselves in glee as they viewed my performance.

The rain rained, and the goose winketh, little, in the glistening way the goose thinketh. On the pier was commotion. Mac was raging up and down, stamping his feet and waving his arms, and occasionally lifting up his hat and shouting from the night and boomed back from the far hills the cabalistic word: "Sampan!"

A Sampan at Last. It was the call to arms, but there were none to respond. Ranged along the railing of the pier there were several lanterns, which, upon investigation, I found to be supported by Japanese of different sizes, ages and conditions of life. All, however, seemed to be actuated by the same motive, a fervent desire to see that the impetuous palatial river boat Keiho Maru. Now and then one of them tried his luck at calling a sampan. High and low, angry and gentle, rough and sharp, through all the range the calls went, and to each the answer was the same—the hoarse gurgle of the river as it swept down under the impetuous palatial river boat.

I came up to Mac as he was leaning over the rail and waving one hand energetically back and forth, and I perceived that it held a 10-yen note. He was no longer shouting "Sampan!" The nature of his call had changed. Instead of an imperious demand there was entreaty and appeal in his voice, coupled with promise. He waved the money again and shouted: "Ju yen! Ju yen!"

Then when there was no response to that amazing offer he raised his own bid two yen and roared out: "Ju yen!"

Twelve yen for a sampan to a ship! It was unheard of. Some of the Japanese waiting along the rail shook their heads in a way that plainly indicated their opinion that this foreigner came to the conclusion that it was a joke or a trap. No sane man would make such an offer. It was useless to answer it. They ducked back into their four-by-five cabins and silence again enveloped them. But it did not matter now. One had heard and he was all that was needed to get the price, so that there could have been some satisfaction in refusing some of them. Some of the Japanese waiting for the sampans that did not come spoke to the interpreter in terms that implied the offer of such a price, saying that it prejudiced their chance of getting a boat.

HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE. The Sweetser-Pembrook Stock

On Sale Tuesday We Were in on the Ground Floor

This was the largest purchase of merchandise that ever arrived in Omaha.

Wash Goods, Linens, White Goods and Domestic

100,000 yards of the finest wash goods that was made to sell this summer at 25c, 89c and 49c, all will go at one price. 10c

100,000 yards of the cream of all the American mills, that was made to sell at 15c, 19c and 25c, will go on this sale at 7c

200,000 yards that was made to sell at 10c, 12c, 15c and 19c yard, will go at 5c

10c dress gingham, at 3c

6c dress prints, at 2c

50,000 yards of short lengths and mill ends, worth up to 25c yard, will go at 2c

1,000 Other Bargains in Wash Goods.

From Sweetser-Pembrook Stock

Another immense shipment just received and will go on sale Tuesday morning, May 31st, at almost unreasonably low prices. Fully three weeks previous to the auction sale and while this firm was striving to unload, we secured from their representative many thousand yards Silks, Wash Goods, Linens, Domestic, etc., at our own price. The first shipment has been here for some days past and a great part of it has been reduced to the remnant stage.

The second shipment, larger and if anything better than the first, is now here and must be disposed of in short order. Watch Our Ads. Our Prices Will Move the Goods.

New Shipment Silks from Sweetser-Pembrook Co. On Special Sale Tuesday for First Time. Cyclone of Silk Bargains.

The Biggest and Best Lot of Silks We Ever Offered on Special Sale. 50 pieces Plain and Changeable Taffetas, extra heavy, worth \$1-100 pieces Fancy Silks, suitable for shirt waist suits, all the fashionable styles and colors, worth up to \$1.25-10 pieces Elegant Pongee Silk, in natural color—all in one lot 69c Tuesday at

Superb collection of Silks in 100 different kinds and colors—all from Sweetser, Pembrook & Co., and worth two and three times sale price. 49c

Yard wide Black Wash Silk on sale for 49c

Yard wide Black Taffeta Silk, worth \$1.75, on sale 85c

27-inch wide Black Taffeta Silk, worth 85c, on sale 55c

Yard wide Colored Wash Silk for kimonas on sale 59c

Fine Wash Fabrics Flannel Dept. From the Great Liquidation Sale

45-inch Silk Embroidered Dress Swiss—wholesale at 37c yard—in this sale—yard 18c

32-inch Fancy Embroidered Dress Swiss—wholesale price 25c—in this sale—yard 11c

Fancy White Silk Mull, satin striped—wholesale at 52c yard—in this sale—yard 25c

Fancy Mercerized White Waistings—wholesale up to 57c yard—in this sale—yard 23c

Greatest Bargains in Shirt Waist Suitings Ever Heard of.

HAYDEN BROS.

HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE.

THE GREAT SWEETSER-PEMBROOK

Linens and Domestic Stock on Sale.

62-in. Half Bleached Table Linen, guaranteed pure linen, regular 65c value, at, yard. 49c

Turkey red table damask, in all the latest colors and designs, regular 40c value, at, yard. 22c

Bleached Napkins, 3 size and pure linen, sold regular at \$2, on sale Tuesday only, at, dozen. 1.39

Bleached Muslin, 36 in. wide, soft finish, regular 9c value, on sale Tuesday only, at, yard. 7c

Ready-to-use Pillow Cases, made from the New York Mills cotton, 45x36 in. These are sold everywhere at 20c, on sale, at, each. 14c

12 Yards of English Long Cloth for \$1.08

Don't fail to see our large stock of White Goods, consisting of India Linon, Madras open work and lace stripes.

Various Kinds of Machine Guns. The first machine gun of any note was the Gatling. The original Gatling had ten barrels placed in a circle, with a breech mechanism so arranged that by turning a crank these barrels were successively fired.

The Hotchkiss was a similar gun, having a similar arrangement of barrels, but a totally different form of mechanism. The Hotchkiss system, however, was used for a larger type of ammunition than the Gatling, the French mitrailleuse had thirty barrels. They were all loaded at the same time and all fired simultaneously.

More frequent than headlands and perpendicular sea fronts are the sea slopes, often bald and tame, and then the perfection of all that is picturesque and rough. In the interior the blue hills and stony ridges that wind up from among them to the sea have a summerlike and pleasant air.

One finds himself peeping these regions and dotting their hills, valleys and wild shores with human habitations, but a second thought and a mournful one it is, tells that no men toll in the fields away there, no women keep the home of their children play by the brooks or shout

about the country schoolhouse, no bees come home to the hive, no crows caw from the farmhouse chimney, no orchard blooms, no bleating sheep flock the mountain side with whiteness, and no heifer lows in the twilight.

There is nobody there, there never was but a miserable and scattered few, and there never will be. It is a great and terrible wilderness, thousands of miles in extent and lonesome to the very wild animals and birds. Left to the still visitation of the light from the sun, moon and stars and the auroral fire, it is only fit to look upon and then be given over to its primal and agonizing desolation.

But we got here. It was midnight, and the "American Christmas" had long given up. Only the faithful cook had waited, and as we sat down to a piping hot supper we took stock of ourselves and laughed. We had kept our high resolve. We were in Ping Yang. But no man can tempt us to undertake the trip back.

As for Ping Yang itself, if you take the native cities of Canton, Shanghai and Tien Tsin and mix them up in a bunch with some of the most odorous sections of Peking, you approach something of the smell of it. Beyond smell there is nothing but a flock of mud hives roofed with thatch and hundreds of grey Coraean. No wonder the "American Christmas" lives on the highest hill. OSCAR KING DAVID.

REGION A VAST SOLITUDE. Labrador said to be the most desolate spot on top of the Crust.

The coast of Labrador is the edge of a vast solitude of rocky hills, split and bisected by the frosts and beaten by the waves of the Atlantic for unknown ages. A grand headland, yellow, brown and black with some of the most odorous sections of Peking, you approach something of the smell of it.

Now we crossed the stream to try to tow up on the other bank, and in crossing lost an invaluable 600 yards. Near the other bank the clumsy sampan grounded, and it was evident that there was not sufficient water to float it close enough to the shore to permit towing; the line was too short.

"Well," said Mac, "you go on to town and I will stay here and watch the boat. Meet me at the landing when the tide serves."

So up the three miles that are longer than any five I ever walked before I trudged through the mud and the rain, and through the streets, through which run the open sewers of the city, to headquarters. There was a red roofed house on a hill which had been plainly visible all the walk, and there, as our Japanese guide who walked up with me, said, lived an American "Christmas."

From headquarters I sought this "Christmas" and found him indeed a helpful friend, for he knew the man who had been sent across country to meet me, with an outfit of ponies and supplies, so that once Mac and the baggage were up we could go on at once. At headquarters they had told us that we could go as soon as we liked and they would give us the road passes at once.

I found the man with the pack train that I had left the boat, and there it still was, having been unable to get a foot ahead. Half an hour later the baggage was all packed and we were setting out for town again. The pack coolies, who had lived in Ping Yang all their lives vowed that they knew a short cut, and in our extremity we took it, forgetting of the truth of the old saw about the long way round being the shortest way across. Through rice fields and mud flats, horse swamps and ditches, where ponies fell and smacked their heads, up hill and down dale, into the black, eternal night they led us with no more idea of where they were going than if they had been in an alrheap float to the moon. Hour after hour we struggled on. Our American exhausted his fluent stock of Coraean vernacular. He cracked the long whip he carried. He used language that would have justified a government mule driver, and the only re-

Pitchblend costs eight dollars a ton. The Radium particles in it are worth eight million dollars a pound. Why? Because pure Radium works wonders that nothing else will work. "FORCE" costs more than the run of breakfast foods because of the pains I take to make it pure. But it's worth the difference.

HOW TO FIND OUT. Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

Elimino PURIFIES THE BLOOD Woman's Powers, Charms and Beauty. ELIMINO CURES RUMATISM. Call or phone TODAY for one bottle of Elimino and see how MUCH BETTER it makes you feel. Delivered Free. For sale by SCHEFFER'S CUT PRICE DRUG STORE, 14th and Chicago Sts., Omaha, Phone 787 and N. 24th and N. 28th, South Omaha, Phone No. 1, 5th Ave. and Main St., Council Bluffs, Phone 282.