

Frank G. Carpenter In the Philippines

Next week The Bee will begin the publication of a series of letters from the Philippines and the far east by Frank G. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter has already left San Francisco for Japan. He will stop there a few days and will then push rapidly on for the Philippines, where he will remain for the greater part of the year, traveling from island to island and giving graphic descriptions of the country, its resources, the people, both savage and civilized, their curious customs and all about them.

Mr. Carpenter has long been noted for his fairness as a correspondent. He believes in telling the truth and his letters will describe things just as he finds them without political bias in favor of any policy and party.

His trip is made solely for information and he will spare neither expense nor trouble to get at the truth. He goes armed with credentials from the secretaries of war and navy and letters from the secretary of state and General Miles, the commander of the army, which will give him every facility

decided to throw up his engagements and make a trip around the world.

In his trip he was accompanied by his wife. He left San Francisco for Japan, went thence to China and the Chinese Wall, and then south to Siam, Burmah, India, Egypt, Turkey and Europe. The journey consumed over a year and during it Mr. Carpenter wrote letters to his combination of American newspapers, and a series of articles for the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He had many remarkable experiences, seeing the sultan of Turkey, having an audience with the king of Corea, a long interview with Prince Li Hung Chang at Tientsin and newspaper chats with the khedive of Egypt and the king of Greece in their royal palaces at Cairo and Athens.

Some Famous Trips.

Shortly after his return to the United States Mr. Carpenter went to Mexico to interview President Diaz and later on to Europe, where he interviewed Prince Otto von Bismarck and other notables. He was in Russia during the famine, traveling 3,000



FRANK G. CARPENTER HOLDING UP A BRICK AT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA TO SHOW ITS SIZE.

in the above countries, inspecting the armies, the gun works and getting material which was of immense value to his papers in the Chinese-Japanese war, which broke out during his absence. While in Japan he had an interview with Count Ito, the premier and adviser of the mikado, in which he predicted that the war would take place. From this time until his recent journey of a year around and about South America Mr. Carpenter's travels have been confined to the United States, with the exception of a little trip to Puerto Rico, which was made during the last summer.

His Present Journey.

His present journey includes the Philippine Islands, Japan, China, Java, Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii. It will describe these countries as they are today, picturing them with pen and camera as they actually are in the year 1900.

The letters will begin about the first Sunday in February and will run regularly every Sunday, without the correspondent should be held up by the savages of the Philippines, for one year. Outside of the news value of the letters is their instructive and educational value. Frank G. Carpenter paints things so you can see them. His letters of travel, in addition to their vital interest, are wonderfully instructive. His Geographical Readers on Asia, North America and South America are already among the standard text-books of the public schools. In fact no one who wishes to have the latest and best information upon the out-of-the-way lands of the Pacific, and especially the Philippines, both for himself and his children, can afford to miss these letters.

The illustrations of this article are made from photographs from Mr. Carpenter's collection of foreign views made especially for his work in different parts of the world.

Effect of Ashes

Detroit Journal: "The ashes," sighed the man, "of my fondest hopes!"

Then he smiled in a sweetly resigned way. "Perhaps they will make the way to success a bit less slippery for those who follow me!" he said.

This sounded so much like Concord philosophy that the man then and there resolved to write a book.



FRANK G. CARPENTER IN HIS BOLIVIAN MASK ON TOP OF THE ANDES, 1898.

Plum Creek Massacre

WHITING, Ia., Jan. 14.—To the Editor of The Sunday Illustrated Bee: In your issue of this date I see an article on the Plum creek massacre of the Fletcher outfit of Sidney, Ia., written by George M. Thomas of Nebraska City. On one point he is misinformed. Of the two women who escaped death at the time, neither committed suicide, but one of them, crazed by seeing her husband shot down by her side, and her little boy brained while she held him by the hand, either could not or would not mount a pony to go on with them. After punishing her severely to no purpose, a volley of twenty arrows ended her misery, and the villains went on.

Often the papers review the facts during the last twenty years, but one of the most remarkable episodes of that massacre seems to have been forgotten. A girl baby, from a year to a year and a half old, by some means wholly unknown, escaped. The next day troops were sent from Fort Kearney to try to punish the Indians, and it happened that one Jake Fletcher was among those soldiers. He was also a relative of the Fletchers in the murdered outfit, and of the captive Nan Fletcher, now Nan Stevens, who was ransomed and returned to her friends and who now lives near Jefferson, Ia. While digging a trench to bury the dead, Jake Fletcher discovered a child a half mile up the trail and went for the child, which was nearly famished for want of food and drink, and when refreshed said her name was Hattie. When taken among the dead and asked which was papa, she went and touched one of the corpses, so swollen, bloody and blackened that her accuracy was doubted. Tried from several standpoints she went to the same corpse. On examination a pocketbook was found with no money in it, but a note running to a merchant at Sidney, Ia., recently cancelled and made originally by William Smith. A diary in the pocket bore on the flyleaf the name Will Smith, Sidney, Ia., and in it was evidence that Will Smith had worked for a year or more for Judge Bosbykill in Fremont county, Iowa. Years of correspondence with many parties who knew Will Smith fall utterly to show who Will Smith's relatives are, or where they live, or where he came from originally, and I write this now with the hope that it may catch the eye of some party who can and will enlighten me in the matter.

When the dead had been buried the soldiers started back to the fort, taking the little girl with them. On their way they met a long train of emigrants bound to Helena, Mont. A woman in the train became interested in the child and learning that there were no women at the fort, offered to take her to Helena and place her where she could be carefully cared for. She took her and placed her with an Irish woman at Helena, who promised volubly that she "would rise her tenderly and very dacent," but she soon began to beat the child brutally on the slightest provocation. One day a miner saw the woman administering a large dose of "tinderness" to the little waif and offered to buy the child at \$10 cash, and was told to pass over his money and "take the devil's own brat." The girl was placed in a family where she received fairly good treatment until she was a beautiful woman of 19, when she married a man from south-

western Oregon whose father was killed by the Rogue River Indians when the son was about 10 years old. The tribe was soon in open warfare against the whites and many a brave lay down and quit the fight, induced to that course by lead from that boy's rifle. He knew the Indians well, their habits, language and haunts, and he soon became invaluable as a scout and a most implacable foe of the Indian seeking blood. He never laid his Winchester aside till the last one had sought peace or the happy hunting grounds. His last scrap with Indians was in Montana. While at Helena he met the waif of the Plum creek massacre and what more natural than that he should marry her. They are living happily in his old home in the Rogue river valley, blessed with five interesting children, but often a seriousness overtakes the mother and when asked the cause, it is ever the same: "Oh, I do wish I knew one of my relatives, for I am so tired of wondering who I really am." Can any of your readers write me what she wishes to know? Very respectfully,

J. H. MORRIS.

Reflections of a Bachelor

New York Press: Probably the first thing Adam said after he saw Eve was that he wished he had his rib back again.

If a man believed a girl when she claimed she didn't like to be kissed he would always have his own opinions about her.

When a woman isn't worrying for fear she may have more children she is generally worrying for fear she may some time have less than she has now.

If a man looks sad and preoccupied for about six months after his wife dies all the women will say he "fairly worshipped the ground she walked on."

When a man has a white dab on his shoulder he can always say it's chalk off a billiard cue, but when a girl smells of brillianine she can only deny it.



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FRANK G. CARPENTER AND HIS COREAN SERVANT, GENERAL PAK, 1894.

that Uncle Sam's officers can furnish, and in addition to this a letter of credit big enough to pay for the outside expeditions and trips to the interior which he hopes to make.

Frank G. Carpenter is well known to our readers as a traveler and reliable correspondent. He has trotted the globe to a greater extent perhaps than any writer of today. Born in Ohio about forty years ago, the son of a lawyer and banker of John Sherman's town of Mansfield, after graduating from college he began his newspaper career as a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader at Columbus. He was acting as such in 1880 during the Garfield campaign, during which he traveled widely over the country reporting and interviewing. He overworked, however, and at about the time of the election found himself down with typhoid fever.

First Venture Abroad.

Always sickly and weak, his illness was such that he saw it would be at least a year before he could resume his newspaper work and he decided to use the time in foreign travel. He went alone to Europe and traveled for about a year there, drifting about the continent and the British Isles and making his way across the Mediterranean to Egypt and up the Nile.

He was too weak, however, during this time to write much, although he walked over the Alps on foot, bucked the tiger at Monte Carlo and climbed the great pyramid of Ghizeh.

When he returned he was sent to Washington by the Cleveland Leader as a correspondent. His letters from the national capital at once attracted wide attention. They were copied in all the papers of the country and continued to be so until Mr. Carpenter began to write for the American Press association and there protected his letters by copyright.

In the meantime his income from his writings had steadily risen. He was doing some magazine work, writing editorial page gossip for the New York World and his letters for the American Press, when he de-