





of kind... I do jobs for me  
been in several times & I do jobs for me  
in his quiet, shy way. He makes me think  
every minute of they Lockett. He is  
about his age and built just like  
him only his teeth are all there, &  
think and he is not as grey. He is just  
as shy as they but one of the best read  
men here. The other night burglars  
got into one of the houses where a  
missionary woman was alone and  
at 3 o'clock all the phones rang for  
Mr. Mr. — You see we have a party  
phone and all of them ring for all  
the calls. I asked Mr. Mr. if he was the  
man to call on when the burglars came.  
He said I was to call on him for  
anything I needed but he hoped it  
wouldn't be burglars. I am having  
this house cleaned from top to bottom.  
That means all the walls brushed,  
all the windows washed and the great  
wooden beams in the ceiling rubbed  
with oil and the whole place made  
at least duetless. There are as  
bout eight rooms on this bungalow  
order — wandering around in a  
delightful manner — besides a  
store room and refrigerator  
room, a small bath-tub room  
to which hot and cold water is  
carried. We have running water  
in the kitchen and a grand big range  
that burns coal and wood. They get  
lots of coal in Korea. They take the fine  
siftings of coal and mix it with  
just enough clay to make it stick  
together and roll it into balls about  
as big as croquet balls or press it  
into bricks and let them dry and  
burn it in stoves and fire places. I  
saw lots of it in Japan. It wouldn't  
be a bad idea to try it at home. It is  
a saving. There is a built-in china closet  
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oh, how I do need about 6 yards of  
nice, white point-de-spirit (?) like  
I used there, to cover those doors!  
This is intended for a hint. I don't  
mind one bit hinting for the little  
needs we have out here to give  
our homes a touch of real home. It is  
impossible to get some things here  
and anything in the way of American  
make is terribly high priced ~~and~~.  
Oh, you so soon get tired of foreign  
things. Every one tries to get American  
things, - hence my veiled hints.  
And another thing, dear, whenever  
you want to send along a pound  
of good candy or coffee, or a can  
of chipped beef, don't hesitate  
about it because of the parcel's post  
it'll come all safe. I have heard  
nothing of my goods yet, though  
I am assured I'll have a big freight  
bill about October. This funny little  
carpenter who is building a corner  
seat for me after a picture I drew  
on the floor, with Mr. Blair's help,  
sits on his folded legs as he works.  
He has such funny little tools tied  
together with hemp cord. He carries  
his hammer in the back of his belt  
and holds things with his toes as he  
works. He has a horrible cough and  
is frail looking. Dr. Wells says about  
90% of them have consumption - and  
no wonder! They built a bamboo or  
cane fence to separate our grounds  
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and holds things with his toes as he works. He has a horrible cough. He is frail looking. Dr. Wells says about 90% of them have consumption - and no wonder! They built a bamboo or cane fence to separate our grounds from the new dormitory grounds as there will be workmen there all the time now and big ox-carts driven in and we want to be secluded from it-all. The fence is about 7ft. high. They put a heavy board between two trees about 3ft. high and in three places along the board they had hemp ropes. They laid the long cane on the board then wound the rope back and forth, just as you would weave it and made a beautiful, strong fence which they set up between posts, tying it to the posts with the rope. I have seen the scaffolding to great high buildings all tied together with ropes. All the harness is rope. It is used everywhere and yet there are no manufactories to make it. Anyone can gather up the straw and twist a rope while you wait." Everything is made that way, by the little by individuals in the homes. In some villages they are noted for making the brass bowls and other brass ware, other places they weave the coarse and fine linen cloth. There is a good deal of cotton grown here and some wheat, lots of millet and buckwheat and oceans of rice. The rice straw is used everywhere - it thatches all the houses and has many uses. It is funny to see the thousands of 5 gal. standard oil tins that are used here. They used to raise the castor oil plant and press the oil out for their little lights and they do it - yet in the country, but most houses use coal oil lamps and buy coal oil in these 5 gal. tins. They use them swung on the ends of a pole



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use them swung on the ends of a pole  
to carry water; they make all sorts  
of cooking things out of them and  
house hold articles, such as dust  
pans. They even roof their houses  
with the pounded out strips, if  
indeed the whole house is not  
made of them and old tin cans. Tin  
cans are understood to be the perquisite  
of servants. You never see a  
can heap here. Everybody American  
uses canned goods "from home". I  
haven't had a taste of other than con-  
densed milk and canned butter  
since I came and you know how  
I hate canned milk. - But that was  
a part of the bargain. They have the  
poorest coffee here I ever drank -  
that's why I mention coffee - a good  
35¢ brand. No one in our school is  
allowed to drink coffee but me!

I have had dear letters from the  
parents of the children who are  
coming and one boy and a girl wrote  
me a little letter each. Wasn't  
it sweet? Dr. Moffett and Miss Fish  
are not here yet. I hope they come  
soon. I expect to come over here  
to live regularly about the first  
of Sept. They all make me go so  
slowly and are always watching  
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Two of the young girls of the station came over and spent the afternoon yesterday and put some books away for me and did a lot of little jobs. My, the letters I write seem to get long so quickly. It keeps me busy writing these days.

Our home here will be sweet. I want it to be a home place, as so many seem to look to it as a sort of center. We have a lovely piano and when I get my furniture and fix the curtains and all we will have a sweet home. You do write me so promptly, dear, sweet boy. You must feel and realize my prayers for you for I pray constantly for you and I know that God is faithful. I have read right on through Mark and Luke and will go right on. I hope Eugie is doing the same. Please ask him for me. You do not know how I love it - and how often and often I feel so near to you as I read these words with you.

God bless you with every blessing. I must wear



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God bless you with every blessing.  
I am feeling stronger but have to be  
so careful. They told me I must wear  
a cholera belt!

With deepest love -  
Mother.