

those who are in cannot get out, and those who are outside cannot get in.

The greatest care is taken of the keys to these gates. The locks close with a spring and the keys are kept in the king's palace except at the time they are used at the gates. The locks themselves are guarded all day at the palace and are only brought to the gates a short time before closing the city. I wish I could show you one of these locks. Each gate has two of them and they are each as heavy as a ten-year-old boy. It is all that one man can do to carry them from one part of the city to the other, and when I tried to lift one I found my back strained. They are of massive iron. They are made in the shape of a box and are two feet wide and at least a foot thick. They lock with a spring much like that of a padlock, and it takes a hammer to put them together.

When I lifted the lock the gatekeeper with horror warned me to let it alone. He pointed to my neck and drew his finger rapidly around his own in order to let me know that I was in danger of loosing my head. I still held it and he rushed toward me as though he would seize it from my hand. As he came up I dropped it on the stones. It clattered and I stooped over and tried to raise it again. As I did so, I stood it on end and the rod of iron which was partially thrust into the iron box rested on the ground. The Korean gatekeeper's face became ashy. He grabbed the lock from me, and as he did so I could see the reason for his fear. The rod on which the lock rested on the ground formed the means of locking it, and had I pushed down upon it the spring would have caught. He would have been unable to lock the gate that night without going to the palace to get the key and might have lost his head for his carelessness. My interpreter showed me the trouble and he told me that the king would surely punish the man if he knew that the lock had been out of his possession. I then went to the gate and looked at the clumsy fastening into which this lock went. The bar which I have spoken of was as big as an old-fashioned poker and the lock joined chains made of links of wrought iron which were as big around as the biceps of a blacksmith, the rings being as thick as your thumb.

It was just after this that the hour for closing the gates of the city approached. I waited and watched. First two men came from the gate house and sang out in Korean the words that the gates were closing and the time was short. Their voices were as shrill as those of an iman of a Mohammedan mosque when he calls out the hour of prayer from the minarets, and they held on to their final tones for the space of twelve seconds by my watch. As they cried there was a grand rush for the gates. Hundreds of men in black hats and white gowns ran ghost-like through the darkness. Bare-headed coolies dragged great bullocks with packs on their backs through the doors and porters by the scores, loaded down with all sorts of wares, came stumbling along. There were coolies bearing closed boxes, in which were their mistresses. There were officials on horseback and nobles on foot, all pushing and scrambling, to get in before the gates closed. As I watched the

big bell pealed out its knell, and the two men grasped the great doors and pulled them together with a bang. It took the strength of both to move each one of them, and the gates locked with a spring. The key, which remains with the king over-night, is not brought back from the palace till the morning. It is a massive bar of iron, and it takes a sledge hammer to drive it into the lock. Similar locks are on the gates to the wall which incloses the palace of the king, and on each of the eight gates of the city.

Inside this great wall, within this setting of mountains, lies the city of Seoul. It is a town bigger than Cincinnati, Cleveland, Louisville, Washington, Buffalo, or Detroit. It contains more than three hundred thousand people, and it has scarcely a house that is more than one story high. It is a city of wide streets and narrow, winding alleys. It is a city of thatched huts and tiled one-story buildings. On one side of it are the palaces of the king. They cover an area as large as that of a thousand-acre farm, and they are massive one-story buildings surrounded by great walls and laid out with all the regularity of a city. As you stand on the walls of Seoul and look over this medley of buildings, your first impression is that you are in the midst of a vast hay field, interspersed, here and there, with tiled barns, and the three biggest streets that cut through these myriad haystacks look like a road through the fields. You note the shape of the thatched houses. They are all formed like horseshoes with the heel of the shoe resting on the street. The roofs are tied on with strings, and the thatch has grown old, and under the soft light of the setting sun it assumes the rich color of brown plush, and there is a velvety softness to the whole. As you look closer, you see that the city is divided up into streets, and that these narrow and widen and twist and turn, without regularity or order. One part of the city is made almost entirely of tiled buildings. These are the homes of the swells, and over there not far from the gate above one such building you see on the top of a staff the American flag. That is the establishment of our legation to Korea, and the cozy little compounds about it are the residences of the missionaries and of the other foreigners who reside in Seoul.

Come down now and take a walk with me through the city. There are no pavements on the streets and you look in vain for gas lamps or the signs of an electric light. This city of three hundred thousand people is entirely without sanitary arrangements. There is not a water closet in it and the sewage flows along in open drains through the streets and you have to be careful of your steps. There are no water works, except the Korean water carrier, who, with a pole across his back, takes up the whole sidewalk as he carries two buckets of water along with him through the streets. The clouds are left to do the sprinkling of the highways, save where here and there a householder takes a dipper and ladles out the sewer fluid to lay the dust. All the slops of each house run into the ditches along the sidewalk and the smell comes up in solid chunks so thick that it could be almost cut into slices and packed away for use as a patent fertilizer. Mixed

with the smell is the smoke. This comes out of chimneys about two feet above the ground, which jut out from the walls of the houses into the streets. Fit a stovepipe into your house at right angles with the floor of the porch and you have the average Korean chimney. At certain hours of the morning and evening each of these chimneys vomits forth the smoke of the straw which the people use for the fires of their cooking and the air becomes blue. The doors to the houses along the street are more like those of a stable or barn than the entrances to residences. They are very rude and in the bottom of each is cut a hole for the dog. Such doors as are open give no insight to the homes of the people, and I was in Seoul for some time before I knew that these doors facing the street were merely the entrance gates to large compounds or yards in which were very comfortable buildings. I thought that the nobles lived in these thatched huts. They are in reality only the quarters of the servants, and the homes of the better classes contain many rooms and are in some cases almost as well fitted for comfort as those of our own. These houses along the streets have no windows to speak of. There are under the roof little openings about a foot square. These are filled with lattice and backed with paper. They permit the light to come in, but you cannot see through them. Here and there I noted a little eyehole of glass as big around as a red cent, pasted onto the paper, and as I go through the streets I find now and then a liquid black ball surrounded by the cream-colored buttonhole which forms the eyelids of a Korean maiden, looking out.

I am human enough to want to study the women of every country I visit. I found this very hard in Seoul. The girls on the streets wear shawls wrapped around their heads, and only an eye peeps out through the folds. In India and Egypt the women are secluded, but when they go on the streets, if their faces are covered, they think they are modest enough.

The fair girls of Cairo care not that their dresses are open at the neck, if the black veil hangs over their cheeks, and the maidens of Hindoostan trot along with bare legs, while they pull thin white cotton gowns around their eyes, priding themselves upon their bracelet covered arms and the anklets, which reach half-way to their knees. These Korean girls are mere bundles of clothes. Their feet in their wadded stockings look as fat as those of an elephant, and their skirts and their drawers hang in great folds. I happened to rub against one as I passed her on the streets of the city. She looked angrily at me out of the tail of her eye, and fled like a deer.

As she ran I noted a gorgeous man clad in a red dress and a little hat of white straw, which sat on the top of his head, looking at me. He had a fan in his hand, and he glowered fiercely at me. I asked Gen. Pak who he was, and he told me he was a servant of the palace, and that he did not know but that he was related to the girl whom I had insulted by touching her. We looked at each other for some time, and he jabbered at Pak in Korean. He was dressed more gorgeously than Solomon