

But we will forget that these huts are only pictures in our minds and enter one of them. You hit your head against the door-top. Never mind. You forget the bump when you get a good breath of the air inside. You have to learn to stoop when you enter a Korean doorway. Mud walls, mud ceilings, mud floor, crawling insects, and an atmosphere of smoke. Under the floor a hot fire is built. You of course sleep and sit on the floor. And a Korean would feel very remiss in

of no consequence whatever. That does not mean, however, that you are going to enjoy your smoke and mud in seclusion, for Mr. Gale tells us that wherever there is a chink or a crevice an eye peers through it at you. The only way to be alone is to put your light out and go to bed.

Indeed, Koreans do not limit their curiosity to merely peering through the wall. They come boldly into the room, squat on the floor, and proceed to question you frankly:



SOUTH GATE, SEOUL, KOREA'S CAPITAL.

hospitality if he had not had such a fire built under that same floor as would almost bake you in bed, be it summer or winter. The hot floor is at first very trying to the foreigner, but in time one is said to grow to like it.

Such as his hut is, the Korean is ever ready to yield it up for the convenience of travellers. You may take possession of his rooms at any time; you may even turn him out on the street and he will treat it as a matter

What is your family name? Where do you live? Have you come in peace? Are your parents alive? How old are you? Have you a son? What is your salary? What have you in your satchel?

For no one thinks of keeping secrets in Korea. Where are you going? What's your business? Whom is your letter from? These are common and perfectly proper questions. When a letter arrives it is quite the usual thing to see a whole group craning