

My dear Saldou, -

I wonder if you received my letter with the two dollar bill in it. I was afraid maybe I ought not to send it that way, just loose in a letter, but thought I'd risk it. I wish you would let me know.

When you write will you tell me about the gold paint that is used for painting radiators and such things? I know you used it this summer. Do you know what the name of it is and what the price of it is? Is it used with water or what? Is it already mixed and will it save after it is opened or if it gets thick etc is there any thing to do for it?



I was very much interested  
in the last letter that I saw  
of yours. I am glad you are  
enjoying life at South. What  
do you do for your fun?  
I think you may be a help  
being with other boys for

you have high principles. <sup>It</sup>  
Probably they have too, but you have. <sup>mine</sup>  
It is such a pleasure to  
me to think how high-  
principled my brothers are.  
I often think of it.

Friday afternoon I  
went with a number others  
to visit the reformatory here  
where there are about fifteen  
hundred boys - I think that  
was the number. The build-  
ing is very large. There is  
an inside court. Out ~~s~~ all  
around it is the building



and the entrances to this are  
all iron and constantly  
locked and guarded, locked  
by two doors. The boys  
work in the morning, and  
in the afternoon, work at  
learning trades. Two days  
in the week they have  
school two hours before  
supper. They are busy every  
minute until after supper  
when they go right to their  
cells and are locked in. The  
cells are just big enough  
for a bed which is built  
in like a berth in a car  
and the only opening is a  
door way. This is closed  
by heavy iron grating  
as large around as a broom



handle. This door when closed is locked from outside with a heavy pad lock and there <sup>besides</sup> there is a very heavy iron arrangement which fastens all the cells in a certain line at once. Even if an individual door could be forced ~~open~~ <sup>unlocked</sup> by any means (which seems impossible) the door could not be open because of this second heavy iron apparatus which is also locked. The cells are not closed on the open side by any thing but the grating. The boys are never allowed to talk, never speak except on



holidays, not at their work  
at their meals, at their trials,  
not any where. However the  
officer says that they do do  
it some what. Every misde-  
meanor counts on behavior  
record. One can win his  
way out in thirteen months  
even if he is sentenced  
for twenty years, by  
good behavior. We saw  
the immense dining room  
and the supper was on the  
table. Every night, year  
in and year out, they  
have the same menu,  
and this is it - brown  
bread (no butter) and  
molasses. I believe by  
good behavior they some  
times get more, for a number



of the places had tin dishes  
with 3 raw prunes on them.  
They have also coffee. At  
each place was a tin plate  
and a stub knife. & a tin  
cup. I don't know what  
they get for the other meals.  
There is a small dining  
room where the best can  
get to where they have a  
little better stuff to eat &  
where there is the privilege  
of talking. The tables were  
bare wood, no cloth.

Just imagine that lonely  
life, never a word to  
any one or from any one.  
They have military drill  
and practice always with  
wooden guns. Most of  
the men are over twenty



one. We saw them file in  
to supper. They do have  
entertainments - men a  
month I think. One of  
them a year any way is  
"home-talent". Some of them  
men they say are very  
clever. The buildings are  
put up by the men -  
trades classes. They <sup>men</sup> all  
would look away if  
any one looked at them.

Well I'm afraid this is  
too long a letter, but I  
thought you might be  
interested in this - it was  
so very interesting to me.  
Maybe <sup>we</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>would</sup> be inter-  
ested in it. Will you

let them read it, please,  
if they want to? may  
be the others would like  
the letter sent on.

Very lovingly,

Your sister,

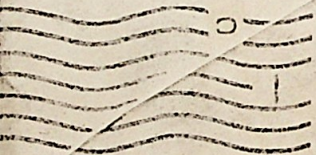
Edna Canton Belden.





Mr. Charles Elden Pelden,  
Lamb Cottage,  
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