

Athens

Sep 2, 1897.

My Darling Bertha: Your  
message came this evening  
with its usual inspiration  
and finds me weary with  
toil, to say nothing of  
sour fingers. The boys  
commenced work on the  
dwelling (of which I spoke)  
Wed. morning and I  
began at noon. We will  
finish the foundation by  
Sat. morning and then we  
will have a lay off for  
frials etc. C. W. is figuring  
on another job, so it looks  
rather favorable for laying  
a few bricks. I put my  
white suit on and went

to work as happy as a  
king. Everybody who knew  
where I had been had a  
pleasant smile for me.

We had a nice rain last  
night, but we worked all day  
today. I scarcely know what  
to pay about school next wk.

I had quite a talk  
with Uncle this evening  
in which I revealed our  
plans and asked him  
concerning the use of his  
money. He said he was  
perfectly satisfied with  
present arrangements  
and does not care to  
invest his money otherwise.

This of course is quite  
a step toward school.

I may go out home Sat  
and will then see about other

arrangements. If I can  
arrange plans perhaps I  
may start to school next  
wk and let the brick work  
go, however bad I may need  
it. Our dumb man (who  
asked if I studied "theory" says  
he's drunk till this summer  
has been \$4 per day. He  
says "it will kill him  
pretty soon and he doesn't care  
if it does". He says "he will  
commit suicide".

Everything else goes as  
usual. L. P. thinks he got  
a little dose of poison of  
some kind at supper  
Mon. evening.

It seems rather dry to be  
writing after such talks as  
we have had together, but I  
hope not many letters will  
be required this fall.

You surely are busy, but  
you must not get too busy.  
I ate two dishes of onion  
last evening for supper. I  
may as well get used to them  
one time as another!

So far, it looks favorable  
for my coming to you, but  
I cannot be definite at all  
but will let you know as  
quickly as possible. Of  
course I still love you and  
am homesick to see you now.  
I will write again soon.  
So please excuse this short note.  
Yours true, and devoted son,  
J. McKim.