

1904

- Ratification of the Panama Canal treaty
- July 1904- Flora Beard and possibly Aunt Louise Nichols travel to Europe for touring. Flora is 35 years old. Louise is about 47.
- Willard and Ellen and family are in the U.S. but leave again for China in December.
- Russo-Japanese War begins
- Willard is 39, Ellen- 36, Phebe- 9, Gould- 8, Geraldine- 6, Dorothy- 3



I believe this is left to right: Elbert Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, Geraldine, Gould, Dorothy (standing in the buggy), Phebe Kinney Beard, possibly Mary Jane Corbin Kinney in the back seat, and probably Emma Jane Kinney, and Myron Kinney in the back with the hat.

About Summer 1904

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written in Willard's handwriting on back of photo: "Picnic North Woodstock Aug 3, 1904"
 North Woodstock is the area near Putnam, CT where Ellen's family is from. This would be a Kinney family picnic. Phebe Kinney Beard is the first child from the left, then Dorothy, then Geraldine. Gould is the 6th children from the left, or the first from the right. Ellen is the woman standing on the left side of the photo. Her parents, Mary Jane Corbin Kinney and Myron Kinney are the two older people sitting (he has a white beard) wearing dark clothing. Ellen's brother, Elbert Kinney, is in the middle of the picture sitting on the ground with the children. The other people are unidentified.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **July 2, 1904** was written from a ship off New Foundland en route to Europe by Flora to the folks at home. She talks of the trip on the ship so far and of some of her fellow passengers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[July 2, 1904]

Dear folks at home:-

This is supposed to be July 2nd by the calendar but to us there is no such a thing as time. Each day has been in eventless stretch of blissful nothingness as far as mundane affairs are concerned but filled to the brim with the wonders of the boundless earth and sky. So far we have seen nothing but calmness and beauty in the waves of old ocean. The sunset last night was the most wonderful picture I ever saw. It dropped a great ball of gold into the waves and left its light on the clouds for hours after. So far we have just dreamed the hours away. The heat has been so oppressive that no one has felt like enduring the exertion needed to even think. We actually had a case of sunstroke in the steerage quarters. Today the wind is northeast and people seem more ambitious. The boat is so filled with people that the impression you would receive of us would be that we were an excursion party headed for

a day's pleasure. I can't tell you of the pleasure the sea has given me. If it were the whole of my trip I should feel repaid.

There are several people aboard who look quite interesting. There are more than a dozen ministers here and school teachers predominate everywhere. Prof. W.G Frost is on board and I am trying to get up courage to ask him if he was Will's professor in Oberlin. Several Harvard boys are having several larks on board, and we are all having a quiet good time. I have met Mrs. Peck and had a nice long talk with her while her son was away- sleeping, I guess. He seemed very tired the first day or two out but yesterday he came around for a nice long talk with me. His mother told me that they are to return on the same steamer that we do. I shall be glad for it is very pleasant to have a home face here. So far I have not felt a qualm of sea sickness but am not yet ready to brag for we have had nothing but the most auspicious weather. We are just entering the Fogs off New Foundland banks and the horn has begun its intermittent blasts- which I do not thoroughly enjoy. The roll of the boat is so gentle that it is a joy and altogether the voyage will be one I shall always be glad for- even if I get sea sick. Some of the people have looked so forlorn and uncomfortable! *[Remainder of the letter missing]*

*[This letter dated **July 5, 1904** was written from the Aurania steamship in the Atlantic Ocean by Flora. She tells more about the trip and gives advice to brother, Stanley on his sore fingernail. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



[July 5, 1904]

Royal Mail Steamship "Aurania"
The Cunard Steamship Company Limited

A week ago today we were leaving New York. It has been a week never to be forgotten! Not a moment of feeling sea sick, and each moment full of pleasure! The weather has been most beautiful and everything so novel that the days of *[have]* flown as never before. We have just eaten, slept, dreamed, walked, and talked the time away. Mr. Peck and his mother have made the voyage much pleasanter for me. It has been nice to talk with some one whom I have known. The members of our party are proving well worth knowing and I think we shall enjoy our summer together. More than half of us are of New England stock so you see I am with my own neighbors.

We have the Marconi system of telegraphy on board so that we hear occasionally from the business world. Yesterday the news of the Armenian atrocities were published as also the proposed release of Mrs. Maybrick *[In 1889, Florence Maybrick was sentenced to hang for the murder of her husband, James Maybrick, who was suspected to be Jack the Ripper. She was released from prison in 1904.]* We have sighted a ship nearly every day we have been out so when we see every one going to the side of the ship we go, too, for it is the event of the day and even Aunt Louise could go to the window to see who is passing without being any more curious than any one else.

Right here, I want to send a piece of advice to Stanley about his fingernail that had something wrong with it. One of our party had the same trouble in the winter, and it attacked one of her toes threatening to keep her home this summer. She went to a physician and he says it is the result of a run down condition. His series of boils has probably used up the strength more than he has been aware of. So please tell him to go to a doctor before he is further afflicted.

I shall be so glad to hear from you again. It seems an age now since I have heard from you. The moving of the baggage in the hold makes us begin to think that we are still in the world with you. Tomorrow we reach Queenstown and then this will go on its homeward way.

With all love to each and every one of you

I am

Yours sincerely-

Flora Beard

Atlantic Ocean

July 5, 1904

[This letter dated about July 10, 1904 was written from Great Britain by Flora to the folks at home. She describes her travels around Scotland. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About July 10, 1904]

Dear folks at home:-

We have been on land three days and a half but it seems weeks. The only thing that makes us realize the brevity of the time is the incessant ringing in my head and the motion of the boat which have not left me yet. We reached Liverpool at the appointed hour in spite of five days of fog. It rose an hour or two before we reached Queenstown and gave us a view of the Emerald Isle that I shall never forget. The sun had not yet set- at 8 P.M. There lay the green landscape with all the shades there are, and back of it the clouds in their cold greys. In front was the ocean- a mass of green and blue. It was a picture in cool colors for over an hour then the sun broke out in the warmest, most glorious orange, and lighted up the scene and left its glow over all until nearly 10 P.M. The next morning we were out of sight of land again, but soon old England began to loom in view- or rather the island of Anglesea. It was not long before we were moving up the Mersey between two pilot boats- and then came the exciting moments of landing. Customs-House examinations was a mere form. Evidently the officer didn't know I was a prohibitionists daughter for the only question he asked me was "Have you any spirits, tobacco, or cigarettes?" We were met by a railway official who had reserved adjoining compartments for us in the train and after lunch in the Railway Station we started for our six hour ride to Glasgow. It was full of interesting things to see. The hedges, the homes, the farmers at work, the tunnels which we dashed through the mountains, the valleys, the flowers, the stations- everything was so new to us that we sat with our eyes glued toward the passing pantry. Everywhere were signs of thought and care and economy. Each little cottage and railway station had its bed of flowers so carefully tended. I have not seen a single garden that could boast of a weed. The houses are as neat as hands can make them in spite of what smoke and dampness has done. We reached Glasgow at 8:30 P.M. and went directly to our hotel- a tag of which I enclose especially for papa- as it was my first night in a hotel. It is named "Temperance Hotel" on the outside of the building. At a little after 9 P.M. we sauntered out for a little walk and when we went in at 10 P.M. it was not yet dark. These long days are most useful for tourists. The next morning we went to see George's Square- where there are 19 monuments- there we took a train to go through the lake region. We rode for an hour then we took a small steamer through Loch Lomond. The scenery was most charming. I wish I could make you to see the long green, unwooded slopes of the mountains covered with heath of heather as they come down so grandly to the water. The clouds were enveloping the tops but ever changing and occasionally leaving a patch of blue to enrich the scene. Then the Scotch mist settled around us and for a time shut us out from our charming view. We went to Inversnaid and there took a coach for Stronachlachar on Loch Katrine. The Scotch mist still followed us but no one minded- it's a part of the trip. The bits of scenery and the larger view of the lake and its surrounding mts. fills one with thoughts such as Scott has told us. Loch Katrine was everything I had imagined. It seemed as if Ellen's Isle might today be the scene of Scott's poem. It is still covered with trees and lonely with it's isolation from any inhabitants. Our little steamer took us all around it and there are a number of places where we could easily have missed seeing Ellen's little boat. Opposite, the hill is wooded and quite precipitous, so that we could see how easily one could descend unseen until he arrived at the water's edge. Oh, it was so charming, so lovely, as full of pactic [?] fancy that one could not help but feel the beauty of the place. At the foot of the lake we took the coach again going as far as the Trosachs [Trossachs] hotel where we stopped for lunch. Then came the famous ride through the Trosachs- a wooded glen- a most beautiful place with the trees arching over our heads and with occasional glimpses of the mts. and the lake. We crossed the "Brig o'Turk" a most picturesque bridge arching over the little stream- then came a long drive over the hills to Callandar. The mists had quite rolled away and we had a wide view of the surrounding landscape. Everything was green but the water and that was as blue as it could be.

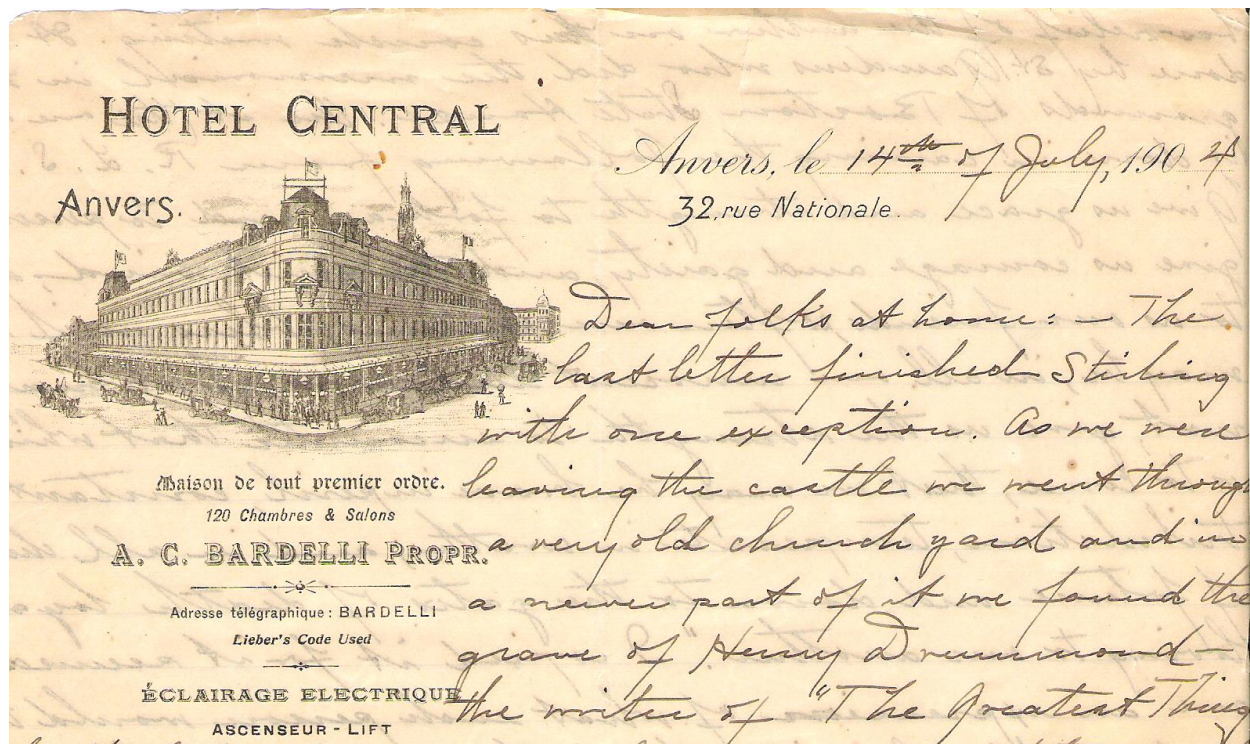
Ben Ledi and Ben Venue showed themselves in all their beauty and the Devil's Pudding-stone stood out sharply against the sky. At Callandar we took the train for Stirling, where we visited our first Castle. It is situated quite similarly to Edinburgh castle but seems older and more in ruins. We crossed the drawbridges over the moat- now dry-and then began our sight seeing. We went into a little dark cell when we could easily imagine some one had spent many days in confinement. There was but one way in and out and that was over a trap door which covered a deep hole as black as pitch. We tried in vain to see to the bottom. Then we saw the places where some of the Scotch nobility had lived and perhaps been killed. The views were wonderful in their breadth and distance. At the back of the castle, down a perpendicular rock was a beautiful level valley where games used to be played and tournaments were held. Queen Mary was not allowed to leave the castle so an opening was made through which she could watch proceedings in the plain below. The draft which came through it would have given a modern woman neuralgia. We had lunch at a hotel and then took a train for Edinburgh- reaching here, about 10 P.M. We were ready to retire and sleep soundly.

Please keep my letters, for I shall rely on them largely for my diary of events. To-morrow we go to Abbots pond and spend the night at Melrose. There I hope to tell you about Edinburgh and my day at Scotts home and burial place.

Phebe's and Elizabeth's letters were most welcome last night.

Love to all- F.B. Sunday P.M.

[This letter dated **July 14, 1904** was written on Hotel Central, Anvers (Belgium) stationary to the folks at home. She describes her tours around Scotland, but saves the stories of York and Antwerp for another letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Hotel Central
Anvers.

Anvers, le 14th of July, 1904

Dear folks at home:-

The last letter finished Stirling with one exception. As were leaving the castle we went through a very old church yard and in a newer part of it we found the grave of Henry Drummond- the writer of "The Greatest Thing in the World". Then we had lunch and after meandering about a while we took our train for Edinburgh. I have quite

fallen in love with Edinburgh. The city of itself is very beautiful and its historical associations are rich in numbers. We went to the castle first thing and it was a perfect delight to us that we could not go out once without seeing it. Its site is most commanding and the castle is full of interesting places. Here is the smallest chapel in the world, and right below it is a small burial ground for the pet dogs of the soldiers. Here I saw the Regalia of Scotland and the strong box in which it was formerly kept. On the way to the castle we passed a most beautiful monument to Scott- taller than any spire we have at home. We went into St. Gile's cathedral and saw the tablet which had just been put into the wall in honor of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a bas-relief of the author on his couch writing. It is done by St. Gaudens who did the memorial in the grounds of Boston State House. On it (the one here) is done in carving the following from R.L.S. - "Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere, give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind, spare to us our friends, soften our enemies; bless us if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors, if it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath; and in all changes of fortune and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another." I copied it for it secured to me an expression of what each person would like to do. After leaving the Cathedral we walked over the spot where the "Heart of Midlothian" was, and entered the Scottish Parliament. Here we saw forwards and back talking with one another as with their clients. We went down stairs and saw one of Scott's original manuscripts- most legibly written. He used best one side of the page reserving the other for corrections or changes. In the afternoon we went to the John Knox house and saw some interesting things in it which I think I will wait to tell you about. On the way we passed through a most interesting street- narrow and old- with openings called closes or wynds or courts. Here lived in centuries gone by some of the celebrated Scotch writers. The houses and stairways are all of stone so they are probably just as they were in days gone by. We passed on to the castle of Holy road the home of Queen Mary. Here we saw the room where she supped and where her husband Lord Dawley was murdered. The chapel is very much in ruins- the top being nearly all gone. It still shows much of its beauty. The Sunday I went to hear Hugh Black and heard a sermon which I hope I may never forget. We left Monday morning for Melrose. A carriage was waiting for us which took us directly to Abbotsford- Scott's home. On the way I had the delightful pleasure of hearing a skylark sing while it was flying high in the air. Scott's home is a most charming house, rather palace surrounded by gardens most wonderfully arranged. It is so hidden that one does not see it till ready to enter the door. It is full of most rare carvings, tapestries, and relics. They represent a lifetime of collecting and an immense sum of money. It is at present inhabited by his grand niece. We came back to Melrose and after dinner we spent the evening viewing the ruins of the abbey. It is one of the oldest abbeys in Scotland- if not the oldest. The architecture is most wonderful. No two of the large windows are alike, and the variety of carving is astonishing. It is so fine that in some places a straw can barely be put through. The window was made in the form of three crosses- another was the crown of thorns- another was made in hearts- another a rose window and many of designs arranged in threes to signify the trinity. The next morning (July 12.) we left for Durham. Here one had a reminder of home in the posters all about town for "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show." None of us went for we had only three hours in which to see the cathedral. I am so glad that it was the first one I had even seen for in many respects it is the most wonderful. We had a guide to show us its interesting points who was thoroughly in love with his work and who knew what he was talking about. Here St. Cuthbert was buried also the Venerable Bede the Father of English History. The pillars were one of the wonders. They were arranged in pairs and no two pairs alike. We saw the cells where refractory monks were kept- the inner one was dank enough to suit me for it was totally dark. I climbed to the top of the highest tower and saw for miles in every direction. It is so late that I think I shall have to learn the tale of York and Antwerp for the next time. Ruth's and Phebe's letters were here tonight to quiet me which was most welcome. Very lovingly - Flora.

[This letter dated **July 17, 1904** was written from Amsterdam by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about her travels in York and Antwerp. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Amsterdam, July 17, 1904.

Dear folks at home: - It is Sunday morning and as I cannot understand the language and am tired I am going to stay home and write to you. It is very warm this morning and has been for several days. We have been so tired that we have slept well each night in spite of the closeness of these hotels. The lack of the ventilation in the houses and cars here is quite shocking to the American demand for plenty of ventilation. The canals make the Dutch cities most picturesque but one does not enjoy a close view or the odor that comes from them. They seem to be used as sewers as well as a means of navigation, and how the people keep well from the diseases that such conditions would produce in America is more than I can tell. Well to go on from where I left off yesterday at York- We had perhaps the pleasantest place to stay in that we have yet come across. The ladies who keep it are ladies. Their house is well kept and full of pictures well chosen. They had the prettiest yard back of it- they call it a garden. Several years ago they were digging for a drain and unearthed a Roman sarcophagus with a skeleton in it. The skeleton was removed but the sarcophagus is still in the garden. York was once a Roman garrison and Botham was used as a burial place so that that part of the city is full of old Roman relics. We saw lots of them in the museum- among them a Roman lady's hair just as she had coiled it on her head with the pins still in it. It is a lovely brown. We took quite a walk along the walls which surround the city and were once the protection of it. They are now entirely a restoration of the old walls and are broken in several places by gateways. The next morning we attended service at the minster, and heard the English church litany, and the boy choir. Then we were taken around the church and saw some of its wonders. It is very long and the transepts wide. Here we saw some of the oldest and most wonderful stained glass in England. There was a great deal of ruby colored glass in it but it was especially remarkable because the sunlight in passing though it was still white as it touched the floor. In the chapter house was a modern window which through most expensive looked like a cheap thing by the side of those rare and wonderful old ones. In the south transept is the window known as the five sisters consisting of five very tall and narrow windows with most wonderful designs in them. In the east end is a still larger window each sash of which is over a yard square and made of a most intricate design. This window is 78 ft. tall by 33 ft wide so you can see that it is a wonder. I think we could set a dozen churches like Shelton in the minster and then not begin to fill it. The choir alone would hold as many people as Shelton church. The whole cathedral covers more than two acres of land, so you can imagine

that it looks huge. On our way from York to Harwich we passed Lincoln and Ely cathedrals. They looked like huge elephants among a flock of sheep- in comparing the size of them with the surrounding buildings. They are all the more wonderful when one stops to think that they were built so long ago, when there were fewer people and when there was much less money. They are full of the most wonderful carvings, pictures and windows- all of which the present day productions are as nothing when compared or placed beside them.

We reached the steamer at 10 P.M. and went straight to our rooms and immediately to sleep. When we awoke next morning we were winding slowly up the Scheldt to Antwerp. The land was very low and level and we could look in most every direction and see sails- apparently moving through the land- but really on canals. We passed by strong fortifications on each side of the river- for Antwerp is said to be the strongest fortified city in the world. (One gets used to hearing such superlative expressions, for each place claims to be the most wonderful in its own specialty.) We saw some of the land fortifications later which helped to verify the assertion for there were double moats and double embankments with swinging bridges over the moats and soldiers pacing back and forth. In Antwerp we went first to the cathedral. Here we saw the first Catholic worship. Service was going on as we entered so that we saw peasants and other people coming and going and worshipping. We heard the organ and choir and the priests intoning the service and everywhere was the odor of burning incense. These cathedrals are so large that only a small portion of them is used for actual church service, so that we could walk about as much as we wished and still disturb no one. Here we saw the celebrated paintings by Rubens- The Elevation of the Cross and The Descent from the Cross. The latter thrills one with its likeness to death. There is another of his pictures over one of the altars- Assumption- which is much more pleasing to contemplate even if it is not so renowned. Later we went to the church of St. Jacques and saw the tomb of Rubens with its altar piece painted by himself, a few years before he died. In the afternoon we went to the palace of Plantin the first printer in Antwerp and here we saw quantities of old Flemish oak done in beautiful panels and carvings, and with some finely designed old hinges. The rooms in which the work was done and the old printing presses were very interesting. Then we went to the art gallery where were some of the finest works of Rubens, Rembrandt, and several others of the Flemish artists. Here we saw some famous paintings by Massys- the artist blacksmith- who painted for the love of a woman. After dinner we walked out to see the old guild houses and while there we heard the chimes in the cathedral. The music is so silvery.

This letter has become so long that the ink in my pen long ago gave out so that I think I will begin with "The Hague" next time.

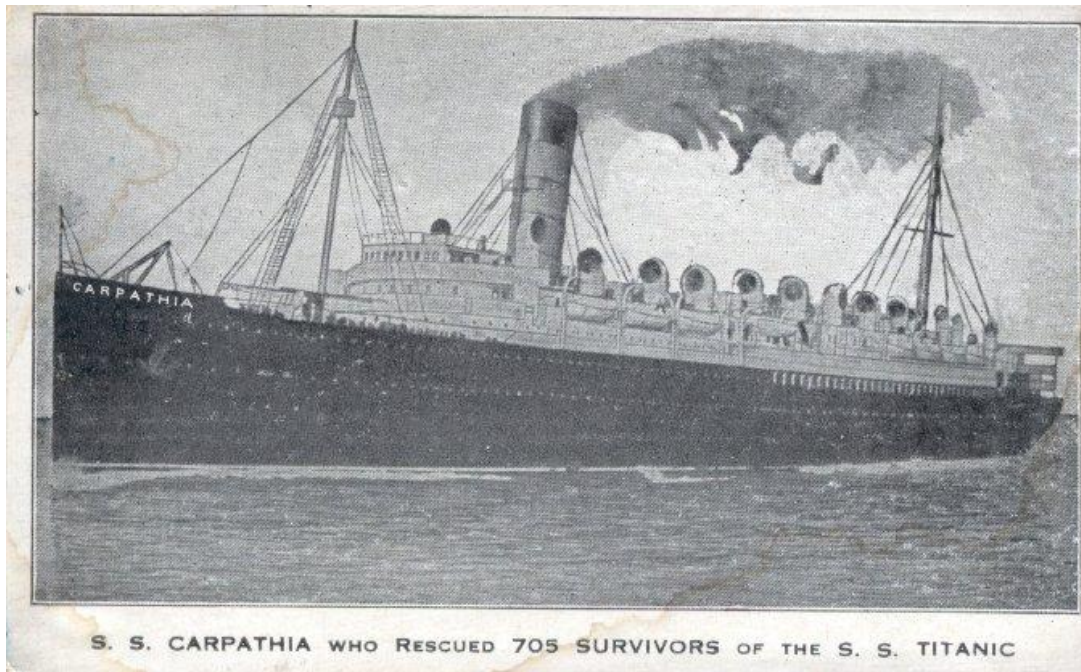
Am keeping unusually well so that I am enjoying every minute. With all love-

I am

Yours lovingly-

F. Beard.

[The ship's list for the Carpathia shows a Flora Beard traveling from Liverpool, England arriving in New York on September 1, 1904. This ship would go on to rescue survivors from the Titanic in 1914.]



S. S. CARPATHIA WHO RESCUED 705 SURVIVORS OF THE S. S. TITANIC

Goldman, Gary. "Great Ships". June 22, 2007 <www.greatships.net>.



Beards, Kinneys and Humes about August 1904

Back row L to R: Ellen Kinney Beard, Emma Kinney, Willard Beard, Myron Kinney and wife, Mary Jane Corbin Kinney holding baby Myron Kinney Hume, Elbert Kinney

Front row L to R: Donald Corbin Hume, Phebe Beard, Dorothy Beard, Geraldine Beard, Gould Beard, Etta Kinney Hume, Willis Hume

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **October 15, 1904** was written from Des Moines, Iowa by Willard to the folks at home. Willard reports on matters from the National Council meeting at Grinnell, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Congregational National Council and Associated Missionary Societies

DES MOINES, IOWA
OCTOBER 13 TO 20, 1904

DES MOINES, IOWA, *Oct. 15* 1904

The Congregational National Council and
Associated Missionary Societies
Des Moines, Iowa
October 13 to 20, 1904

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 15th 1904

Dear folks at Home:-

I am taking time to send you just a word to let you know that we are here and are having a good time. The meeting of the Board at Grinnell was fully attended with overflow meetings two evenings. \$1000 was raised at the meeting to send a son of Robert Hume to India, and \$6000 raised to start a new mission at Bihe' Africa- to be known as the Mrs. Sydney Strong mission, in honor of the wife of Rev. Sydney Strong D.D. of Chicago. He and his wife you will remember went to Africa on the Deputation of the Board over a year ago. Mrs. Strong died just a year ago on the return voyage. The telegram announcing the death came while the Board was in session at Manchester N.H. last year.

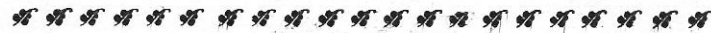
At Geneseo, Ill. we stopped at 8:25 p.m. last Sat. and came on to Grinnell by the 2:05 p.m. train Monday, arriving at 3:00 p.m. 700 came from there to Des Moines on the special train.

At the meeting of the National Council two matters of prime importance are up and are now beginning to make themselves felt. (1) The sphere of the work of the Moderator (2) The Federation of the Home Societies.

Last evening we had a meeting of the Hartford Alumni. Some 70 were present. Ellen and I got home at 1:00 a.m. today. We are a little the worse for wear today.

Our Love to you all
Will

I sent you an advance a day or so ago, and I have asked Elbert to send you an account of the Board Meeting.



Farewell Reception and Supper

**For Messrs. W. L. BEARD
and L. E. McLACHLIN**

**Scranton's Secretaries-Elect for Foo Chow, China, given
at the Young Men's Christian Association, Scranton,
Pennsylvania, Tuesday Evening, December Sixth,
Nineteen Hundred Four,
from seven to ten o'clock**



WILLARD L. BEARD

The two we send
to the six million
young men
in the Province
of Fuhkein,
China.



L. E. MCLACHLIN

. . . . M E N U

CELERY SOUP

OLIVES

PICKLES

ROAST LAMB

MASHED POTATOES

GREEN PEAS

ROLLS

ICE CREAM

ASSORTED CAKES

COFFEE

PROGRAM

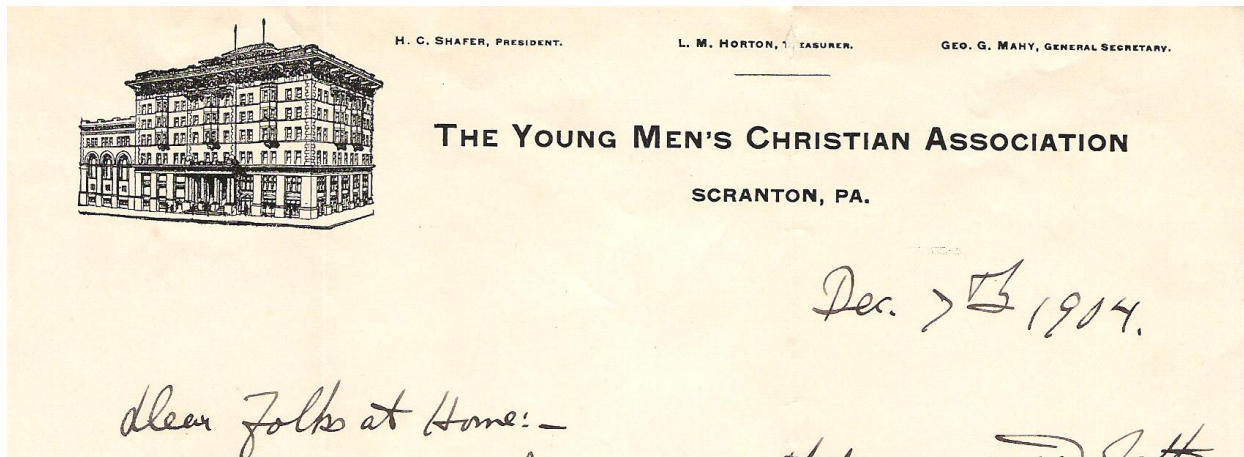
"Scranton's Opportunity" W. L. Beard

"Scranton's Response" L. E. McLachlin

"Scranton's Share" George G. Mahy

[Invitation from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **Dec. 7, 1904** was written from Scranton, PA by Willard to the folks at home. He is to speak at a Presbyterian church in Scranton, then he and Ellen will travel on to Cleveland, Oberlin, Chicago and then Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



The Young Men's Christian Association
Scranton, PA

Dec. 7th 1904.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I was sorry that we missed father and one of the girls at Oliver's last Thursday. But trains as well as time and tide wait for no man- unless he can catch them by the tail as I did the Scranton train that day at Jersey City.

Ellen and I had a delightful time here, as Ellen has already told you. But you must not envy the rich. We do not know what trouble is!

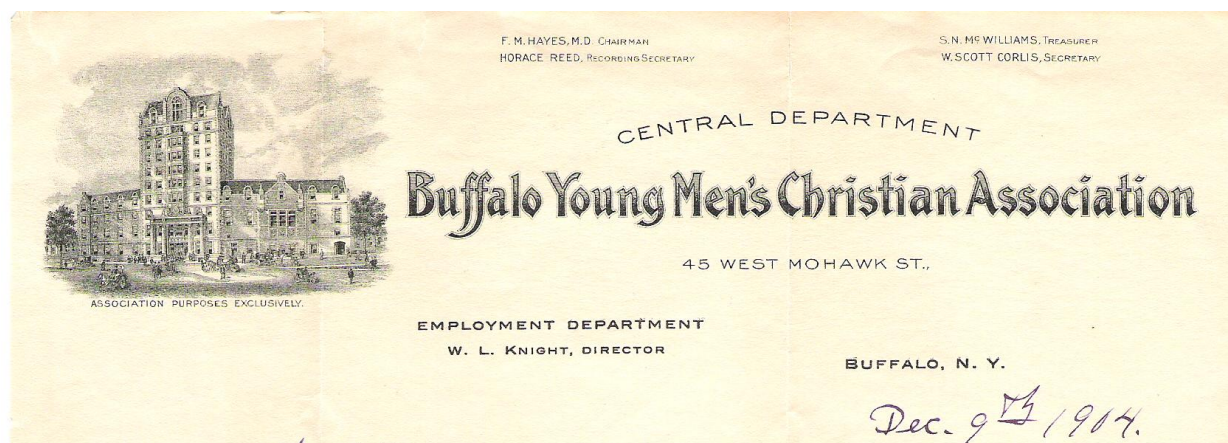
This evening I speak before the 1st Presb. Ch. prayer meeting at 7:45. At 11:10 I plan to take the train for Buffalo. Sat. p.m. go to Cleveland- and spend the Sunday with Goddard. Monday go on to Oberlin and stay till the next Monday, Dec. 19 or so then on to Chicago and Geneseo, Ill. for Christmas.

I am enclosing some of the fragments of the dinner last evening. If any of you are at Oliver's or he is up, or if James can get one to him I should like him to have one.

With lots of love to all,

Will

[This letter dated **Dec. 9, 1904** was written from Buffalo by Willard to the folks at home. He spoke at a Y.W.C.A. in Buffalo and will be leaving for Cleveland the next day. Ellen is back in Putnam, CT. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association

Dec. 9th 1904.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am dropping just a line to tell you that all is well. Sleigh bells are jingling merrily all day, all over Buffalo. It is not awful cold but a little biting. I am wondering how the little girls got along while at the Century Farm and how Ellen got along taking them back to Putnam and how she got along packing etc., etc. This evening I spoke to one of Y.W.C.A. here and at the close a Miss Dodge, a classmate of Mary's came up and spoke with me. As I began this young fellow about 20 from Canada came into the room- a fellow away from home in a big city full of temptation- he stopped and talked and prayed with him. I cannot write much for it is time to go bed.

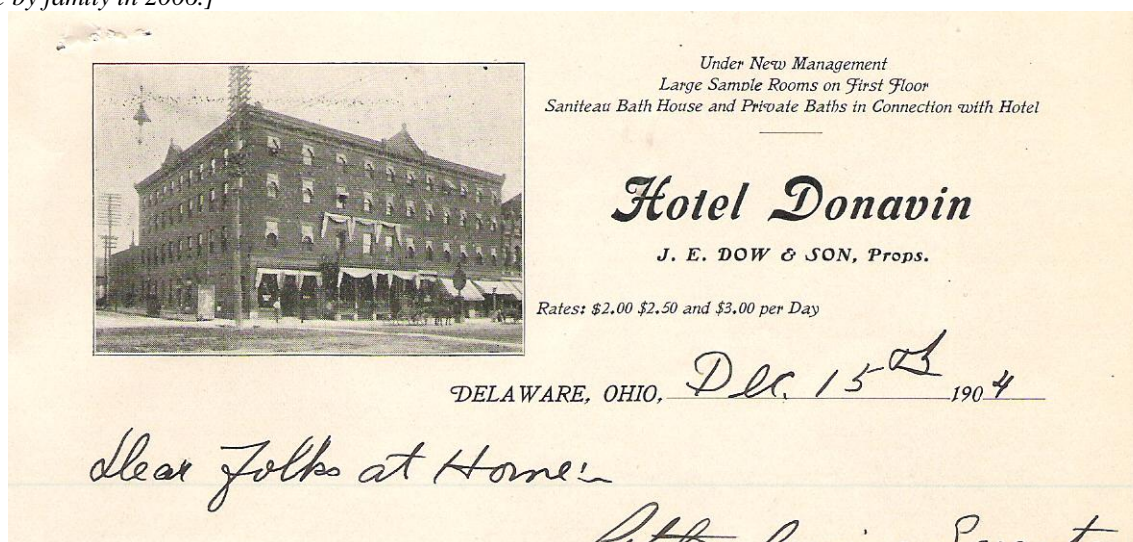
I hope mother is all right again

With Love to all

Will

I go to Cleveland tomorrow. Shall be in Oberlin, Ohio Dec. 15-19.

[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1904 was written from Delaware, Ohio by Willard to the folks at home. He has been doing some business in Buffalo, Cleveland, Oberlin and East Liverpool, OH. Ellen and the children will be meeting him back in Oberlin, where they will begin their trip west to California and then on to China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Hotel Donavin

Delaware, Ohio, Dec. 15th, 1904

Dear Folks at Home:-

After leaving Scranton I went to Buffalo on Thursday morning arriving before breakfast. Sleigh bells were jingling merrily then in Buffalo and nearly everything was on runners, while I was there – until Saturday afternoon. They worked me nearly all the time. Saturday afternoon I went over to Cleveland and to Mr. Goddard's. They were well except Mrs. Goddard and the boys had colds. On Sunday I spoke twice. Monday I attended a Bible Class held in a shop at the noon hour. About 50 men were present. Then I spoke to about thirty business men who were at lunch at the Y.M.C.A. I talked while they lunched and then I ate afterward. Monday afternoon I went over to Oberlin.

There I found Daisy, Winnie, George and Norman Hubbard. I arranged for Ellen and the children to stop when they came, and on Tuesday morning I started at 10:30 for a place called East Liverpool, in Ohio near the Penna. Line and just across the river from W. Virginia. There I spoke twice yesterday. This morning I took a 6:50 train and came here by way of Columbus. I had a wait of three hours there and visit the Y.M.C.A. of the Ohio State University.

Arriving here at 6 o'clock I looked up the Lacy boys from Foochow, China. You remember one of them. Henry, came home with us last year, - as far as New York.

I plan to get back to Oberlin Saturday, and meet Ellen and the children there. We plan to be in Geneseo, Ill. for Christmas. Say won't some of you send us just a word there, since I left home and have had one letter from Mary and a postet from Emma, only these. I am lingering for some news. Address Care of Mrs. Ann Paul, Geneseo, Ill. Start the letter Dec. 22nd. [Aunt Ann Paul is Ann Eliza Kinney, sister to Ellen's father, Myron Kinney. Ann married Robert Bruce Paul and had 3 children. Two died very young and one, Addie Paul, lived into old age on the family farm in Geneseo.]

This morning the ther. stood at zero in E. Liverpool. It is warmer here this evening.

Trusting you are all well

I am

Lovingly yours
Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 20, 1904 was written from Oberlin, OH by Willard to his mother. The family is in Oberlin, OH at the Tank Missionary Home, a stop on the way to San Francisco and then further west to Foochow, China where Willard will be working for the Y.M.C.A. They are visiting people along the way and will stop at his Aunt Ann Paul's also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oberlin Ohio 12/20-04

Dear Mother:-

Your letter to Ellen sent to Putnam was forwarded to Oberlin. It reached us here this morning. From what she says you ought to have kept the dollar.

Before I forget it our address until next Monday will be Geneseo, Ill. Care Mrs. Ann Paul. We should reach San Francisco Dec. 30th. Address Care of Y.M.C.A. there.

We have had a very pleasant time here in Oberlin. Miss F. K. Bement came over and has been here all the time we have been here. Mrs. Goddard came at noon yesterday and spent the afternoon. There are several missionaries of the Am. Board here. We have had very pleasant rooms and entertainment here at Tank Missionary Home [named after Mrs. C.L.A. Tank], for very reasonable prices.

This morning we all called on George Widder and his family- you may remember he and his wife were classmates of mine in Oberlin. Then we just stopped at Mrs. Prof. Chamberlain's. We take the 4 p.m. train this afternoon for Toledo. I expect G.A. Lawrence my roommate at Oberlin to meet us there for a visit while we wait for the next train. Then we go on to Chicago on a sleeper. Tomorrow we plan to do some buying there and take the 4:15 p.m. train for Aunt Ann Paul's arriving at 8:25. We plan to start from St. Louis Tuesday, Dec. 27th at 9:00 a.m.

Father asked about the interest on the note. I should like to start another account in the Derby Savings Bank with the interest.

With lots of Love from us all

Will

[The following was written on back of this letter written in pencil.]

My fountain pen is dry.

[This letter dated Dec. 27, 1904 was written from a train near Kansas City by Willard to the folks at home. The family is travelling on a train after a restful stop at Aunt Ann's in Geneseo, Ill. Their travel plans were complicated when a train they had planned on taking was not running anymore since the closing of the World's Fair which was held in St. Louis. Ellen has lost her voice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

5 p.m. Dec. 27- 1904.

Somewhere this side of Kansas
City, on the Mo. Pacific R.R.

Dear folks at Home:-

I wrote you while we were at Aunt Ann's in Geneseo. Those were four very profitable days to us as a family, for we were all very tired, and the quiet there was just the thing for tired people. The children drank so much milk that I think the pigs must have noticed it.

They have one steady old horse that the children got acquainted with Sat. and each of the three older ones had a good ride. Then again on Monday.

I spoke in the church there Sunday morning.

Yesterday just as we had got the trunks to the station it began to rain hard. This continued all day. We took the 6:15 p.m. train with the promise of a sleeper when we reached Peoria at 11:30. We changed at Rock Island all right, then the children all went to sleep. But they are brave little travelers and woke up all right at Peoria. But to my dismay I found there that the 11:30 train from Peoria to St. Louis was taken off the hour the gates of the World's Fair closed [1904 World's Fair, A Centennial Celebration of the Louisiana Purchase held in St. Louis, Missouri.]. I told the ticket agent that I must meet the 9:00 train at St. Louis for San Francisco. He said we could go by Chenoa and change again, arriving at St. L at 8:10 a.m. today. So we went to Chenoa, Ill. As we went out to take the train the conductor said every seat was taken and several were already standing. It was 2:30 a.m. I asked him if he had sleepers. He said upper berths, so we went to bed at 3:00 in the morning, and slept like bricks till 7:00. The train pulled into the union Station at St. L. at 8:20. This left 40 min. to present the order and have the

tickets made out; to get the sleepers; and to recheck the baggage. But I did it and had just three minutes to spare. Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin had the same experience. They are with us.

The weather was foggy and warm last night. About 10 o'clock today it grew colder and there is almost a blizzard on. Very little snow had fallen, but the wind is high and the cold intense. During the last hour there has been less wind and the sun had tried to look out of his window. We are in a parlor car that is booked to go right thro to San Francisco. So we plan to make these four seats our home till Friday night or Sat. morning.

The children are taking it as a matter of course- playing 'Lotto', Dominoes, flinch and Hide and Seek.

Wed. a.m.

Last night brot to us all a good sleep and rest. This morning dawned clear and we all saw the sun rise. We are now speeding over the Kansas prairies. Gang plows are rotting in the half plowed fields. Little huts and sheds for farms with a wind mill and a few horses, mules and cattle are scattered over the landscape. If the farmers and others in Conn. would live as do these they would have big bank accounts.

It is a beautiful day.

We are all well- except Ellen does not make much noise with her voice. Lovingly Will

[This is a small collection of notes stapled together dated Dec. 28, 1904 and Dec. 30. First, is a postcard postmarked Dec. 29, 1904, Pueblo, Colo – not a photo postcard- and addressed to O.G. Beard Shelton Conn written by Willard letting the family back home that they are doing well and the children are enjoying the sights. Second, a postcard a note written on paper cut 3" X 4" written by Willard telling of when they expect to reach San Francisco and third, a note written on pink paper cut 3" X 4" and written by Willard's eight year old son, Gould, to his Aunt Mary telling about New Years in San Francisco. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pueblo, Colo.
7:30 pm 12/28 1904

Thus far on our way safely and happily. I have sent a letter to Putnam which will reach you in time and you may keep. Yesterday and last night we had a good Kansas blizzard. It delayed us but no other discomfort. We are so late in here that we must lie over till midnight. This will make us nearly a day late to San Francisco- Saturday instead of Friday.

Today has been a beautiful day. The children enjoy watching the 1000s of cattle and horses and the prairie dogs. We all saw the sun rise this morning. I am writing this in the Yucca room in Pueblo.

All send love to all

Will.

Dec 30 - 9:30 a.m.

Dear folks at home:-

This morning we had to pull ourselves and the children out of bed to take a 7:15 breakfast in 20 min. But we "got there". I mailed a postcard at the station 650 miles E. of San Francisco. We started from Ogden at 3:00 this a.m.- so the breakman says, and for a change are on time. Yesterday the trainman tried to make us think we were to arrive at San Francisco at 7:00 Sat. evening. But these men on the Southern Pacific tell us that we will be in by 8:00 a.m. tomorrow- Sat.

The children are standing the journey well. Ellen's voice is still rather silent.

God has been very gracious to us.

With love to all fr. all

Will

[The following is written by eight year old Gould.]

Son Frclsco

Jan 50

My dear Aunt Mary We are in the hotel and our number is 2157 and Geraldine is asking me questions. There is a star the dining and today we felt near it – quake. Sunday we red about the crocodile and the leopard Saturday the streets were filled with people and the boy had horns and the men were selling flowers.

The waiters play with Dorothy. We are going to sail in 7 days

Phebe has a doll it is 22 inches long. The people of Frisco used thousand of horns and tons of confetti to celebrat Newyears. I will tel you about as ive were going along I so some cattle and some horses gallop. Phebe is playing school. And Dorothy is sleping. I will right one mor I guesse will close so good by Myron Gould Beard

*[This letter dated **Dec. 29, 1904** was written in Thistle, Utah by Phebe Kinney Beard, daughter of Willard and Ellen Beard, to her grandma. Phebe is nine years old at the time and tells of all the sights along the prairies and Rocky Mountains as they pass in their train. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Thistle Utah.
December 29, '04.

My dear grandma,

We have seen so many beautiful things that we do not see where you are. We have seen prairies and the little Prairie Dog's, and cattle and horses that are kept on the prairies all winter. Prairie Dog's are like little whitish gray squirrels and they live in little holes in the ground covered with earth and sometimes you see them siting on the top of their hole. We see cattle and horses grazing on the prairies and in some places they were grazing where the grass is covered with snow. We saw lots of cattle dead for the want of water. They have very little water there but once in a while we see a river or a stream on these graet prairies. After crossing the plains we woke the next morning in the Rocky Mountains. There were large rocks and snow caped mountains and rocks that were red and green and pink and white, brown rocks. We saw a rock that was just red and black. We are going to be in San Fracisco tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. We are now six hundred miles east of San Francisco. There is a man and a lady going to China with us whose name is Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. We have seen the American Desert that was something like the Arabian Desert. We had to get up at 7:15 this morning for our breakfast. We are all very well, but mamma cannot talk aloud sometimes.

When you have read this please send it to Aunt Phebe.

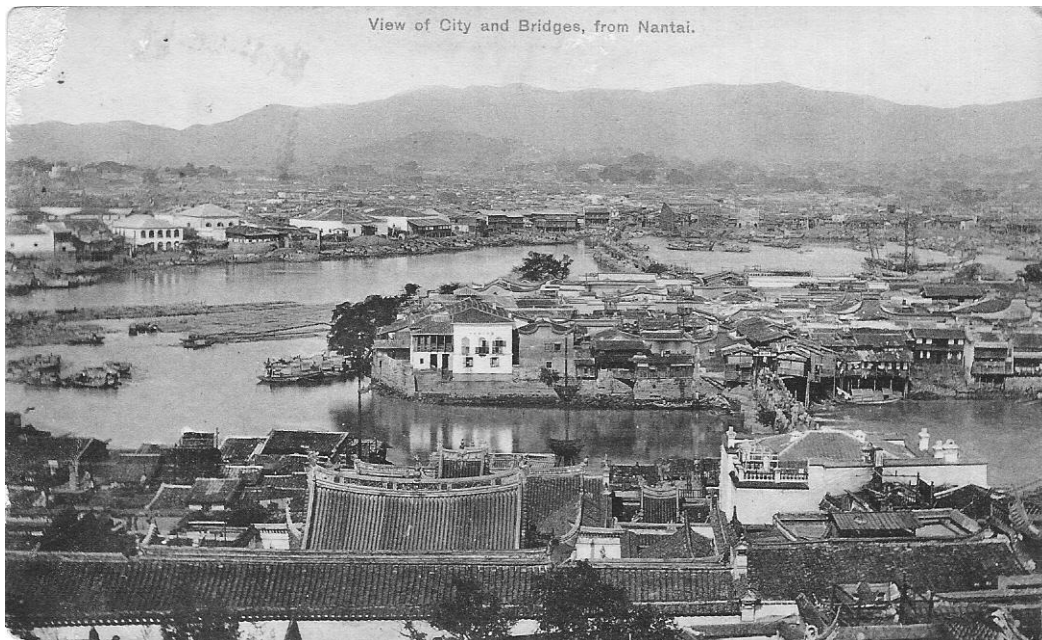
Give my love to all Phebe K.



Century Farm, Long Hill, Shelton, CT Probably between 1904-1910

L to R: Mrs. ? L. Beard [*maybe Nancy Maria Nichols Beard?*], Elizabeth Beard, Louise Nichols, Mary Beard, Ruth Beard, Stanley Beard [*Close up following page*]
[*Photo provided by family of Myron Gould Beard.*]

[*A family photo taken in 1911 shows renovations on the house that are not seen here. Also, Stanley (far right) was born in 1884 and appears to be about 20 years of age here.*]



Printed on front of postcard: "View of City [Foochow] and Bridges, from Nantai"

Written on back of postcard: "Don't this look good to you"

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

