

1914

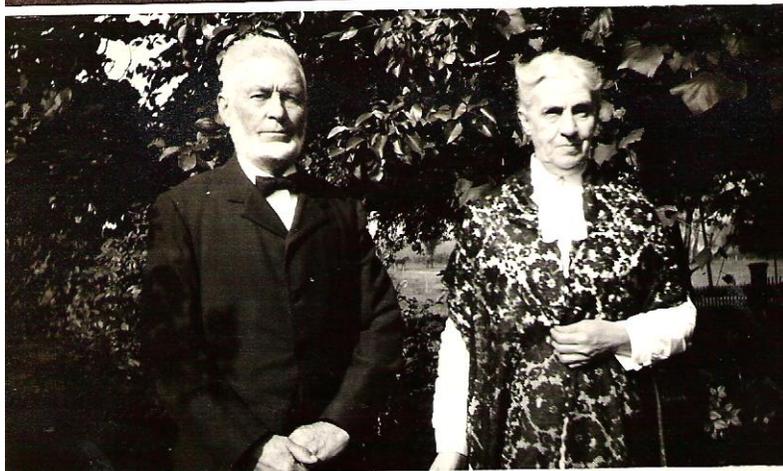
- August -Flora and Mary Beard travel to China to teach in the Peking area. Flora is 45 years old and Mary is 32.
- Rise of Japanese power in China (through 1918)
- WWI begins
- Panama Canal opens
- Ernest Shackleton begins his Antarctic expedition and does not return until 1917.
- Willard is living in Foochow, China while Ellen and the children remain in the U.S. and live in Putnam, CT
- Willard is 49 years old, Ellen- 46, Phebe- 19, Gould- 18, Geraldine- 16, Dorothy- 13, Marjorie- 8, Kathleen- 6.

1864-1914
Mr. + Mrs. Oliver G. Beard,
married Jan. 20, 1864,
receive congratulations at their home,
Century Farm, Shelton.
Thursday, Jan. 1, 1914.
From two to five and seven to nine p. m.
Please omit gifts.

50th Wedding Anniversary invitation for Oliver Gould and Nancy Maria Beard.
[From the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]



Golden wedding - 1914.



Oliver Gould Beard and Nancy Maria Nichols 50th Wedding anniversary 1914
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **March 15, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 8 year old daughter, Marjorie. He tells about a Chinese family that lost their 2 daughters to a sudden illness and how Mr. and Mrs. Christian has to be quarantined in Willard's house because of it. He will have a Mrs. and Miss Pitcher as boarders in his mountain house this summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

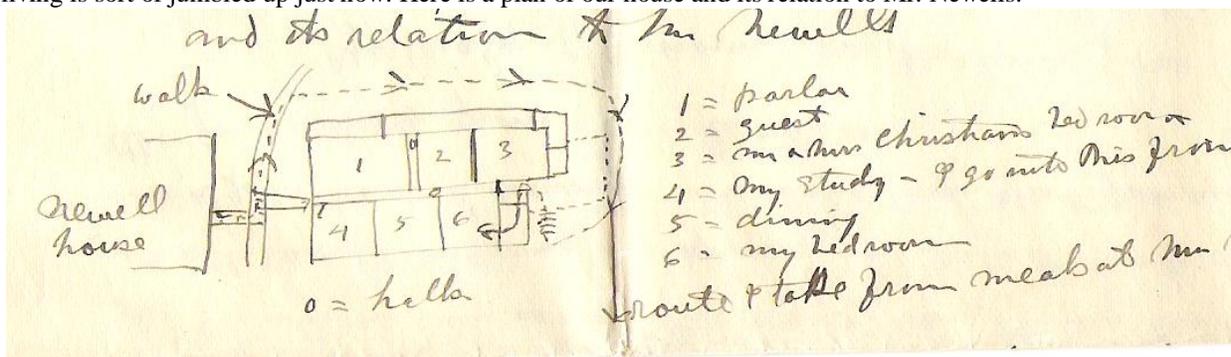
Foochow, China March 15th 1914.

Dear- to whom shall I address this- nothing came from Putnam this last week-let me see whose turn it is to have the letter according to my correspondence register.- it's Marjorie's turn so here it goes.

Dear Marjorie:-

Last week I wrote Gould that March came in very lamb-like. But this last week she took off her lambs wool cloak and put on a water-proof lion's hide, and turned all the water off on to us and gave us a flood all over the plain between here and Kuliang, and sent the thermometer down from 75-54 as it is now in my study. As I write my fingers ache and I have on my heaviest winter clothes throughout. Yesterday I was shivering cold all day.

This past week has been rather interesting. Mama will remember Ding Kai Ceng the Chinese teacher in Foochow College who has taught English for a long time. He married Pastor Ciong Ging Beng's daughter. They had one boy and four girls. Last week his wife's brother came home from the P.O. in Canton and left on Tuesday for Tientsin. Mr. Ding and his whole family went over to Au Iong Die and spent several days with Pastor Ciong and then Mr. Ding went down to the steamer with his brother-in-law on Tuesday. He brought his family into the city on Wed. a.m. His oldest child is the boy= Teddy, 15 years old. The next is a girl 12 years old. The youngest was 2 years old. The oldest girl was ill at Au Iong Die. The Pastor called a Chinese doctor and she appeared better. But when they reached home she became worse, and they brought her to the Hospital. The doctors here did not know what the illness was nor what to do. We do not take in anything but men, and the doctors urged the father to take her to Dr. Shire's= English Woman's Hospital only 15 min. from here. They took her home and she died before they started for the other Hospital. The Dr.'s were afraid of the plague. I went to the house Wed. p.m. for the funeral service. On Thursday morning Dr. Cooper was asked to see the baby 2 yrs. old. He urged them to take it immediately to Dr. Shire, which they did. I was talking with Dwight about 8:30 p.m. when a note came from Dr. Shire saying that the child was dead and the parents were at the Hospital and wanted me to come immediately for a service, and I went. When the parents went to the Hospital at Dr. Shire's request to be with the child, they had no one to leave the other three children with. Mr. and Mrs. Christian brought them right into our house. I knew of it first at the supper table that evening. The next morning when the mothers of foreign children found it out there was indignation, and to add to the strained situation, all three of those children began to act in much the same way as the two others had acted. The amah or house woman left in a hurry and Mr. and Mrs. C. got the children out and into a Chinese house as soon as possible, and Dr. shut Mr. and Mrs. C. into this house. Fortunately I had not been near the children and was considered all right. But Dr. and Mrs. Cooper and I take meals at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's. My living is sort of jumbled up just now. Here is a plan of our house and its relation to Mr. Newell's.



The Christians can use all the house except my two rooms, and I do not go into the house at all except into my two rooms. We do not look for any trouble now. But on Friday there was a good deal of anxiety. Dr. Cooper says if all goes well till Tues. night he will take off the quarantine from the Christians.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hodous gave Mr. Goddard an At Home which proved a very pleasant affair- there was a good crowd out notwithstanding the C.M.S. men had an important meeting that kept all the men away. Dwight is helping Mr. Hubbard balance the books of the mission.

I have agreed to take Mrs. and Miss Pitcher to board in my mountain house this summer. Mr. Pitcher says he will sleep on the veranda if he comes up. I am afraid he will find it breezy and if it rains he will need a rubber blanket over him.

We are building a new school building to hold 100 boys in the Higher and Lower Primary. Mr. Newell has charge of this. [*According to a publication titled the Peking Presbyterian Mission 1917, "Unlike American schools, those in China divide what are called the grammar grades into Lower and Higher Primary schools, the first including the first four years, and the latter the remaining three years." Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Every day I ask God both in the morning and in the evening to take of you all specially to keep you all loving and kind to each other and to others. I ask Him to make our home in Putnam such a sweet pleasant place that it shall make the whole city better. I ask Him to bless dear Mama most abundantly and to make each of you children so thoughtful and helpful to her that she can't help writing all the time. Please Marjorie kiss her just now for Papa.
Your Loving Father

Willard L. Beard

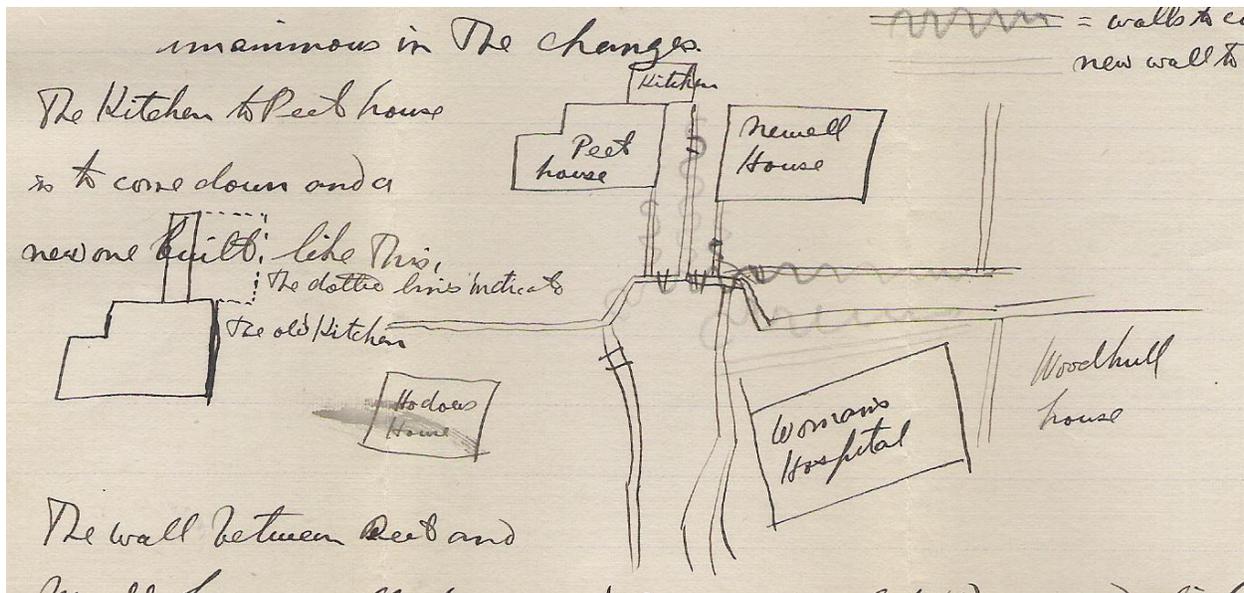


Written on back of photo by Willard: "City Compound My house at left, Newell at rt. Old Womans Hospital at foreground rt." About 1914

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

[*From a letter by Willard dated March 17, 1913:*

"We are making great changes in the city compound. I'll try to draw a picture of the compound as you and the others may remember it indicating the changes we are making. I called a meeting of all the members of the station a week ago tonight and we talked the matter over and were unanimous in the changes."]



What is labeled as the "Peet house" in this sketch appears to be Willard's house in 1914.



Written on back of photo "Our house 1st to right"
 This appears to be the same house as that shown in the previous photo.
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated **March 29, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 5 ½ year old daughter, Kathleen. Willard sends a hug and kiss through his letter for Ellen's birthday. He is purchasing linens and silverware for his house on the mountain. Mr. Goddard is in Foochow working on the plans for the new city church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

March 29th 1914

Dear Kathleen:-

It is getting to be a bother to me to look up each week to see whose turn it is to receive a letter. I had to go back three weeks in my register to find the last letter from Putnam. It came from Gould March 8. But I have sent one to him since then and one to Dorothy and one to Marjorie, and I believe it is your turn to day. Do you know how old dear Mama is today? And I wonder if Gould really gave her a good loving hug and kiss for me on her birthday. It will be so long before this reaches that you all will have forgotten. But never mind as soon as you read this to here // just put the letter down and go and put your arms around Mama's neck and give her a good hug and your very sweetest kiss and tell her [it] is from Papa way over in China. Here is the kiss * a great big one.

I wonder what you are all doing these March days in Putnam. And I wonder if you were able to keep warm and to keep the water pipes from freezing and bursting in the cold weather the papers and letters are telling about. This last week has been very rainy and cold. Last Sunday and Monday were very warm but Tuesday got cold and wet, was so dark and cold that we had fires in the stoves and lamps lit by five o'clock. Yesterday was a little warmer and today has been a perfectly lovely Spring day- just on purpose to help enjoy Mama's birthday.

Last Friday I taught my class at the Union Normal School at 2:00 p.m. and as there was a committee meeting of the Fukien Evangelistic Campaign at the YMCA in the evening I took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Munson, and in the afternoon I called on Mr. Main. Mrs. Main and Florence are still in Shanghai. Florence took the last treatment that morning and they will be home on the next steamer. I am getting my things for housekeeping on Kuliang this Summer.- I bought 1 doz. soup spoons and four large spoons one day and have bought of Orrin four table cloths, three 2 ½ yds., and one three yds. and 1 doz. napkins. I have picked out knives and forks and tea spoons. I can see Mama prick up her ears as you read this. I wonder how I'll come out- I mean with the house keeping. I'm planning to take up two school boys to do the coolie work, - if they will go.

This last week I had another order for tea from Miss Preston of Brooklyn. I am sending her 30 boxes. She will be sending Mama \$5.25 for 21 boxes and then \$2.25 again for the extra I am sending. I wonder if Mama every received from her some money about Christmas time- and how much.

Mr. Goddard is still here and is hard at work on the plans for the new city church. If all our hopes are realized we shall have a very useful church, and it is a very great help to me that he is here to draw the plans.

You and Marjorie must be growing fast, if I can judge from the picture taken at Grandpa Beards at New Years. Aunt Mary sent it and I can see that you are larger than when I left a year ago last Sept. As you grow big do you grow good? That is the most important question, for the good is better than to be big. In what grades are you and Marjorie? Your school will be closed before I receive the reply to this letter and Gould will be on the Century Farm mowing with the new spar. Aunt Ruth wrote that Grandpa peddled with both in the blizzard and they trotted thru the drifts all right. May God keep you all well and good. Very Lovingly your Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated April 5, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 18 ½ year old daughter, Phebe. Willard tells of seeing the moving picture, "Nero" at the YMCA. He felt it was a good movie but it was depressing because of Nero's treatment of people. He relates a story of April Fool's jokes gone bad. Peking has decided to make Confucianism the state religion. His sister, Mary writes that she may come to China to work with sister, Flora next year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
April 5th 1914

Dear Phebe:-

All the others have had a letter since you. There is nothing for me to answer as the last letter came March 8th from Gould. I talk with God about you all by name each night and morning and I trust him to keep you all. I pray specially that He will help Gould in Latin and the rest of you in any specially difficult studies.

The past week has been full and interesting. Tuesday evening the Y.M.C.A. had Quo Vadis in moving pictures 6:00-8:30. I attended and went from there to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Munson. The pictures were good. I am glad I saw them but I should not go again for the purpose of seeing the pictures myself. There was something so horrible and depressing about the gluttonous reveling of Nero and his court- something so revolting about the torture of the Christians and the unhuman pleasure in Nero and the people! It was true the pictures helped me to realize the depth to which man can fall when he gives reign to his passion in any line- or to his natural desires in any line.

On Wed. I attended the Monthly Concert of Prayer at Mrs. Macs- Mr. Munson led and spoke of the Evangelistic Campaign for this province in the Fall. I got frivolous that day for an old man the father of a nineteen

year old young lady. In the morning before breakfast I sewed down the cutlery to the table cloth and tied some of the chairs. In the evening Dr. Cooper, Mr. Christian and I came home from Monthly Concert before the ladies Mrs. Christian and Mrs. Cooper. We did not arrive till 6:45 and there was no sign of supper on the table. We asked the table boy and he said with a smile "Mrs. Christian said there would not be supper." We waited till 7:00 and decided the ladies were trying to April fool us. Going into the kitchen we found the supper on the stove, and proceeded to help ourselves in this way. The dish containing peas, rice, etc. in the little tin cans – you remember how they boil these here – I put into my bath tub. Under the baker we found a meat tie and potatoes. These with a pitcher of milk and all the bread in the house we took and started for the Hospital to have our supper. As we passed under Dr. Cooper's house, we heard footsteps and voices above and so waited a moment- for they could see us from the veranda- even if it was dark, as we went down to the Hospital. Then we changed our course and went over to Mr. Neff's. There we three ate our supper. Coming back home we found the ladies here with little tables set on the back veranda and lanterns hung for light- but no supper. We thought they were staying away late for a joke and that we had turned the joke on them- but the only joke in their minds was to have a veranda supper,- and Mrs. Christian felt badly cut up over it and we all felt sad until a nights sleep took all the gloom away.

Tuesday morning Ling Hok Ngie passed away at 7 a.m. Mama will remember that soon after we reached Foochow in 1894, we attended some exercise in Foochow College-class day I think and one of the students kept all the Chinese roaring with laughter- we asked Dr. C.C. Baldwin who sat next to us to explain the joke and he said, "I do not know what they are talking about." And we thought if after 40 or 50 years he could not understand, what could we hope to do? Well this bright lad was Ling Hok Ngie. He graduated from College, then from the Sem'y and preached till a year ago when consumption made him too weak. He was a devoted, earnest, consecrated man- full of ideas and fertile in plans and with no selfishness. Thursday afternoon over 200 attended the funeral over S. Side.

Friday my usual duties of that day- teach Ethics 8:30-9:30, lead chapel 10-10:30, prepare Pol. Econ. 10:30-11:30 and teach it 11:30-12. At 1:00 start for S. Side to teach Union Normal 2:05-2:50. Then I went as fast as possible to the East Gate tartar church to examine candidates for church membership, and in the evening attended the College YMCA meeting. This makes a very full day. Saturday afternoon was occupied wholly with a meeting of the Board of Directors of the union Medical College.

Wed. and Thurs. were very warm. Yesterday and today I have had a fire in my stove all the time I have been in my room- burned more wood than on any other two days this Winter. I shall look for reports in your letters of extreme cold weather and snow and blizzards. I hope you were able to keep warm, and that the pipes did not burst to cause damage. Mr. Goddard says Mrs. Goddard writes that her pipes burst and flooded parts of the house.

From various letters I judge people are wondering at home if we are troubled with the mandate from Peking making Confucianism the state religion. Not in the least as far as I can see. During the past year there have been changes along two lines that are radical and very noticeable. 1st A year ago the enforcement of law was very lax. Now it is rigid. There is order here now and one realizes that the government rules. 2nd. The government schools are running on a very low scale. Some are practically without teachers or students- some are closed. But business seems good. When I came in Nov. 1912 a foreign building caused us to ask who was building. Now they are so numerous that we have stopped asking. And many shops are being repaired and much paint is being used. These are the best sign of prosperity.

Last night after 9:30 I washed out three woolen union suits. I'm going to shiver now rather than wear them again for I do not want to wash them again this Winter. Last night I had all my blankets on the bed and kept just comfortable warm.

I wonder if you have the Congregationalist to read. Prof Steiner of Grinnell, Iowa has his autobiography in it as a serial this year and it is very interesting and instructional.

Aunt Mary writes that she may come to Peking with Aunt Flora next Fall.

I had a very nice motherly letter from Mrs. Whitney asking me if I had sat down to count the details of keeping house on Kuliang, - had I considered that these "out of port" people had high ideas of style and that a young lady was among my boarders and would "attract" company-and did I have table linen enough etc. etc. It's nice to be looked after-when your wife and daughters are not around to care for you.

Kiss Mama for me and hug her. Miss Pierson of Brooklyn has sent for 18 boxes more of tea 45 in all. The money to be sent to Mama. Last week I asked you to buy me a cheap bathing suit and send by mail starting it as soon after May 15 as possible. If you have not yet sent it put in a pair of tubular shoe strings,-good ones please.

With all of Fathers love to his big girls and little girls and to his son. Willard L. Beard

[This typewritten letter dated April 6, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He uses the typewriter and comments on his bad handwriting. Willard guarantees that Mary can find a position to work in Foochow if not in Peking with Flora. Mr. Goddard is keeping busy with church plan, speaking, planning the missionary compound entrance and buying jade. He comments on the current political situation in China with Yuan Shi Kai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China April, 6th. 1914.

Dear Mother:-

It is an experiment using the typewriter to write you. Some people say it is not good form to write your own folks on the machine, but when ones handwriting is as bad as mine I have often wondered if my own folks did not sometimes say mentally, if not audible, "I do wish he would use a typewriter so we would not wear out our eyes trying to read his letters." It really makes no difference to me which way I write. When I first began on this new machine, the key board was different from my other and it was pretty slow and tedious but now it goes all right - - when I strike the right letters.

The weather man has got very much mixed up this last week. Wednesday and Thursday the ther. stood above 70 degrees and white suits came out on some of the new comers. Saturday and yesterday the ther. in my study registered 54 degrees and with a fire it rose only to 58 degrees. I sleep under all my blankets and am just nice and comfortable. Mr. Hodous and Dwight Goddard went off into the country Friday for three days. Saturday night they were cold and thought they had all the bedding they had with them, the next morning on putting the bedding into the baskets to go to the next place they found the coolie in making the bed had put some of the blankets under them instead of over them. Mr. Newell also went off Friday without an overcoat and came back yesterday with chattering teeth. But we shall soon be warm enough.

On last Tuesday evening the Y.M.C.A. showed Quo Vadis with moving pictures, to foreigners only. Tickets \$1.00. I attended. Of course it was intensely interesting. But I would not care to see it again just for myself. The subhuman revelry in Nero's court, the demoniacal pleasure of the court and crowds at the sight of human blood and torture were made vivid, but I doubt it very much of this is beneficial or helpful in the development of the best Christian character.

Yesterday I taught three different classes in Sunday School or Bible study, preached and conducted Communion and received seven into the church at East Gate. And finished the day by attending the C.E. meeting. That's pretty near dissipating.

Mary quite startled me in her last letter by saying that she was considering coming to China in the fall with Flora. She did not know at that time whether it would go thru. If the way is not opened and she wants to come to Foochow just tell her to write Dr. C.S. Patton of Boston and I can guarantee that the American Board will find money to send her to Foochow this Fall. Guarantee is a pretty strong word, I mean from anything that I know now.

Tell Father that the "Vindicator" is reaching me regularly, two numbers have come.

Dwight Goddard is still here and will stay another month at least and I am saving a room in my mountain cottage for him to use all summer. He is busy at various things such as drawing plans for a new church which we hope to erect this year, and making plans for a new entrance to the compound here, preaching and giving addresses on various occasions, and buying jade. We laugh at him for this. Mr. Boyce who has been teaching in the government schools is a crank on jade and Goddard goes with him to buy. Neither of them buy anything extravagant so all can have fun out of it.

I am surmising that the reports of the political situation in China have caused you some cogitations. You are asking, "Is Yuan Shi Kai planning to make himself Emperor? Where is the Republic of China? Does the recent action regarding Confucianism sound the death knell to religious liberty? What is the effect in general of the seemingly retrogressive action of the government?"

No one knows whether Yuan is planning to become Emperor or not, but practically all agree that he is now doing the only thing to be done if a stable government is to be maintained. Let me give two instances as examples of what is going on all over the country. Two Foochow men were in Peking, uncle and nephew. The nephew was murdered. Suspicion pointed to the uncle. He was a powerful man, shrewd and a friend of the President. Nothing was proved but the man is still confined, he is safe now and cannot if he wished to, hinder the chief man of the land. Again, some two months ago the governor of Fukien was asked to render his accounts and left for the north. In his

place is a relative of the President. And he is governing the people here. A year ago thieves and thugs seemed to fear no one. I have not heard of a theft for over a month. As I go about the city there is an atmosphere of order that agreement with the seeming free hand given to White Wolf in his depredations. Whether the President does not realize the gravity of that situation or he is not yet prepared to overcome him I do not know.

But after considering all sides of the situation the consensus of opinion is that the President is doing the right thing for the country in the present crisis. He may be planning to become Emperor, or he may be planning to first bring order in the country and then gradually give more responsibility to the people. He is playing a very wise game. For he has always before him two courses, so he will never be caught in a corner.

Personally China seems to me to be following the most natural course. The Revolutions revoluted too far. It was going at too great a rate of speed to keep up. The change in names of things and offices etc. will ever destroy. That something you may call by different names. The people have seen a vision. They have had a taste of freedom. They have found that there is more than one way of doing things. Now under these conditions they act differently than Americans would act. For instance two years ago there were five thousand or more students in the government schools in Foochow. Today there may be five hundred. The daily papers would find abundant "copy" in the U.S. at such a time. But it scarcely causes a ripple here. There is perfect confidence that the matter will right itself "tomorrow." And it will.

Well this is a long letter for me. Please be perfectly frank and tell me if you would prefer me to use pen and ink.

I wonder if you received a letter sometime about January in which I asked for some sweet corn and tomato seeds. There is no harm done but if it did not reach you I must begin to keep a better tab on my letters.

Lovingly yours.

Will

*[This letter dated **May 3, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 19 year old daughter, Phebe. He gives a little advice about school. He attended the 10th Anniversary of the Anti Opium League for the Fukien Province. Supposedly the province is free of opium. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China May 3rd 1914.

Dear Phebe:-

Your good letter dated March 8th came Friday evening May 1st. It is very interesting to hear you talk about "the children" as if you were not one of them- I suppose you mean Marjorie and Kathleen. They used to be "the babies". Life while one is in school must be and should be narrow in a sense, - that is a part of the price of an education. Many a boy could not endure the confinement necessary to get his education and many a girl has chosen society instead of the grind and has thus lost an education. My school days- while in High School were very much narrower than yours. I practically lived between my home and the High School in Derby- never a game of any kind and Saturdays work all day. Sunday brought church and Sunday School. In college there is more of the social life. But there it is, with those who make good, duty= study first, and with me lots of work. I hope you children will have less. I am glad to learn from both you and Gould that work is going so nicely in the Putnam High this year. How I would enjoy looking in on you all as you study in the evening, - even Marjorie and Kathleen study. My only fear for you is that you will begin studying to late and will sit up too late. It shall be easier when you get to Oberlin- where you will have to go to bed at ten p.m. What's this about \$5.00 a month allowance- it's all news to me.

How did that Quinebaug Valley championship come out? All these things are good in their place. One of the great benefits of our education is to enable one to keep the proper balance. A basket ball game has its place just as a suffrage lecture or a prayermeeting, or study or music. Any one of these carried to excess is wrong. And I always felt that if one is perfectly honest with himself he has the guide within himself that lets him know when he is giving too much time to any one. I should feel like urging you to attend a ball game and urging Gould to attend a suffrage lecture and to put more enthusiasm into study. I need here to spur myself to more play and physical exercise. I want to add that the good in a ball game comes to the players not to the expectation. I had to smile at your comments on Mama's venture at the basket ball game. I hope she was not seriously contaminated. I should have enjoyed seeing Mr. Hathaway. It would be better than a soda mint tablet.

Latin seems to be the sticker for you and Gould I wonder why. I did not find it particularly hard. In my first year in high school I had it as one of my three studies and without knowing it I stood the highest of 80 students in the four High School classes. To day has been a perfect day- just like a cool day in June. I wore a vest and Prince Albert to preach in this a.m. with entire comfort. Three joined the church here. I certainly want to hear how the debate comes out on the suffrage question.

I cannot express the strength that comes to me as I remember all those in the home land that are praying for me. There are seven in Putnam who I know pray every day, and sometimes responsibilities are so heavy that I could not hear them if I did not know I was not alone,- that God hears the prayers of my loved ones.

I wish you would write more about your Bible reading. Are you following any course or are you just doing original work. I have always preferred Matthew, Luke and John to Mark for devotional reading. But for the background of Jesus' life and works I like Mark, and then take the other three to fill in. Mark is generally briefer. Is it so nice to have a letter to answer that I may have spent too much time in just remarking on the things of special interest in your letter- I'm saving Gould's till next week.

Last Friday I attended the tenth Anniversary of the Anti Opium League of Fukien. The English Commissioner has just finished his tour of the Province and has said that Fukien was rid of opium. So this tenth anniversary is to be the last. I was asked to speak and Mr. Goddard also spoke. Then what do you suppose three women spoke, - right up on the platform before men and all. They did well too. Yesterday I attended the meeting of the Comm. on the Panama Exposition Exhibit.

How I should enjoy being able to stop the "aching or tickling or itching" of your arms. Think of a man who has had a wife and five daughters to hug him- having to live two or three or four years with no one to hug him. It does me lots of good tho to read in your letters that you would like to do so.

With lots of love to each- a hug and lots of kisses to each. I am your very loving father - who brings each of you twice every day to God for his care.

Willard L. Beard.

I'll try to send in the next letter your birthday check. I wonder why you say nothing about Marjorie and Dorothy. Inaung asks after mama frequently. One day he gave me 10 cents to send a letter to her, - said it was hard for him to write- she has his affection (?) all right. Should I be jealous? Mr. Cio Lik Daik is back in Foochow.

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 19 year old daughter, Phebe. Willard will have 5 women boarders in his Kuliang mountain house this summer. He will be meeting with contractors for the building of the new church. He encourages Phebe to write Tank Home in Oberlin for admission in Sept. 1915. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
for
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China June 7th 1914.

Dear Phebe:-

I do not need to look at my correspondence register this week to find to whom I should write for your good letter of April 9th with its supplement of April 28th came yesterday and so I have a letter to answer.

We have had two very hot days- and just now some one of those sudden terrific showers that you will all remember used to come in Foochow. I thought of you children and the way Mama and I used to dress you up to go out in the showers and the fun you used to have. Do you remember one time on the mountain after you had been out and Gould had been rubbed down and was sitting in a chair with his foot in a wash bowl slopping the water over the floor. He said "mama what makes it rain so hard, does God sit up in Heaven and go slop, slop, slop with His feet?"

As the end of the term draws near duties multiply- if this is possible. Last week we were reviewing all the week and this continuing this week then one week and three days of examinations and the boys go home. But on the 19th I promised to begin a nine hours course in Political Economy with about 65 pastors and preachers in the Summer School of Theol'y. In the mean time my boarding house on the mountain is supposed to start up June 20th. Boarders Mrs. and Miss Pitcher and Miss ___ from Amoy and Miss Billing and Miss Vander Linden from Foochow. Won't I be in for a gay time?

I see by the last Flatbush Calendar that Mama was in Flatbush Church last month. I hope she had a pleasant time- did the people much good and that she stopped at Mt. Vernon and saw Mr. and Mrs. Ide "Mother" Bean and Uncle Raymond and Aunt Mollie and DOROTHY and all the rest. I wonder also if she took time to run up to Century Farm or stopped any where in New York- probably shopped if she did. One of the last mails brought a good letter from Mr. Reed of Flatbush, and the last mail brought from Mr. Wittler of Brookfield, Conn. "The Inside of the Cup" [by Winston Churchill]. It is strange but I have been wishing I could get this book and was thinking of trying to borrow it to read this Summer. When the mail came and I saw a book was in it, as I was unwrapping it, the thought came to me that looks just the size of The Inside of the Cup- which it proved to be.

The contractors will be in this week with their figures on the new church and that will take a huge amount of time.

To morrow evening we are to have a social for all the former students of the College who have been here 4 or more years and have good characters. 114 promise to come. These with College course students, teachers, foreigners etc will make about 190. There is to be a feast- a Reflectroscope etc.

Aunt Ruth sent me Gould's letter to her so I have a word from him also. This week- I should have added to the last paragraph that the heavy shower this afternoon makes the Chinese apprehensive for tomorrow evening's weather. We had hoped to eat and have all our sleeping etc on the lawn.

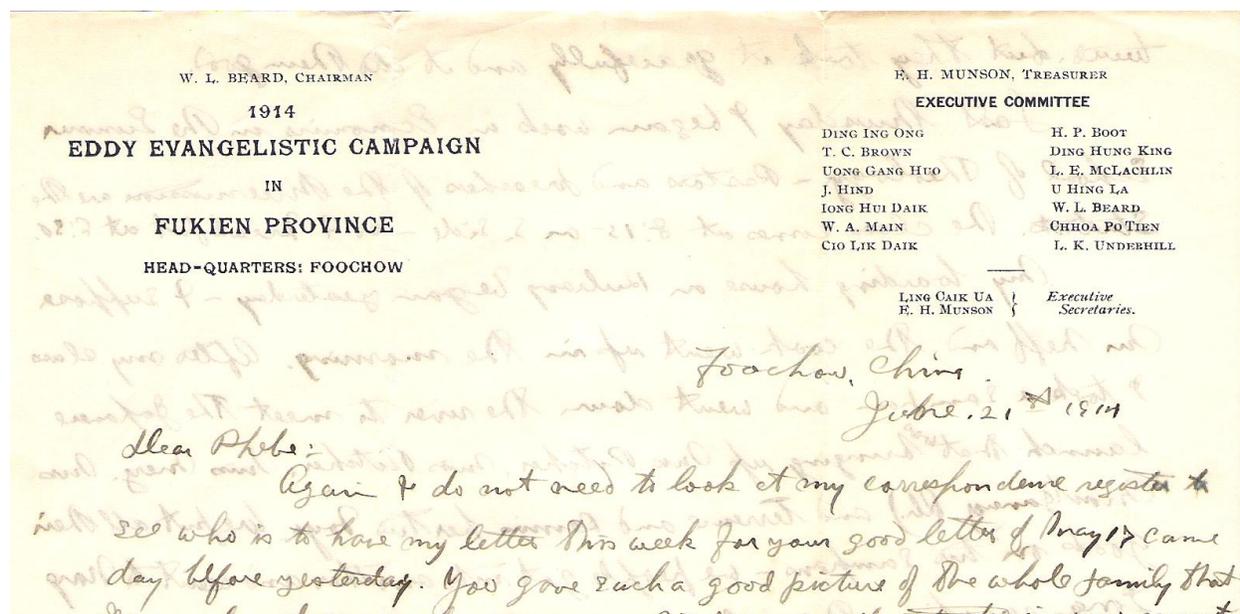
Your accounts of the debates are very interesting, and I need not add that it gratifies a father on the other side of the world to know that his children are able thus to deport themselves well. At the ages of either of you I could not have done anything at all in a debate. I wonder if you have written to Tank Home, Oberlin asking for admission Sept. 1915. Do not put it off too late for I am afraid it is full all the time and late comers sometimes do not get in.

People are getting the Kuliang fever. Mr. Newell and Mr. Hodous plan to go this week. Mrs. Stick of Amoy comes up this week and then there will be a steady stream.

I did not know Kathleen had whooping cough till your letter said she was well and going to school. I now remember in that first letter she wrote there was a sentence that I with difficulty made out to be "I have the hoop-cough." But no one else wrote of it and I wondered at it a little. But it could not have been severe.

May God keep each of you healthy in body and mind and spirit, - tender and sweet and loving in the home. Then I know you will be tender and sweet and loving outside the home and always. I took your "huge hug" in imagination and thank you for it and send one from a 180 lb. father to you and all rest. Lovingly Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated **June 21, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 19 year old daughter Phebe. He discusses debate, being prepared and accepting defeat. He is pleased that she will be attending Oberlin and expects Kathleen and Marjorie to look alike when he sees them again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



W.L. Beard, Chairman
Eddy Evangelistic Campaign
In
Fukien Province
Head-Quarters: Foochow

Foochow, China
June, 21st 1914

Dear Phebe:-

Again I do not need to look at my correspondence register to see who is to have my letter this week for your good letter of May 17 came day before yesterday. You gave such a good picture of the whole family that I can almost see each individual. And I was greatly interested in your account of the debate. When you wrote me a few weeks ago that it was to come off and that you and Gould were on opposite sides I said to myself- well the Beards are bound to be on the winning side anyway, and one of them must lose. I never considered myself a great debater. But in all my debates the winning was the least of my anxieties. There is something within one that tells one whether he has done good honest work on the debate and whether he has done himself justice. This judge within one's own breast is a higher judge than the judges appointed by the debaters or others to decide who wins. My best effort at debating was during my sophomore year in Oberlin. The question was something about Brutus in Julius Caesar. I had as good a paper as any of the four. But I forgot twice and had to refer to my notes. This lost the debate. But I had the inward conviction that I had done good honest work. I also knew that I had not taken the rest that I needed and when the time came I could not do myself justice. One of the principle factors in success of this kind= in any mental effort is to be able to keep yourself in good physical condition, so that you can command all your powers.

You hinted at one of the most valuable returns for the work put into a debate i.e. Debating teaches one how to take defeat. This is one of the great benefits of athletics. I told the College boys last spring when they were defeating all other teams at basketball that it would be a very dangerous thing for them always to win. At last they were beaten twice, but they took it gracefully and it did them good.

Last Thursday I began work in Economics in the Summer School of Theology- pastors and preachers of the three missions are the students. The class comes at 8:15 on S. Side – so I breakfast at 6:30.

My boarding house on Kuliang began yesterday- I suppose. Mr. Neff and the cook went up in the morning. After my class I took a sampan and went down the river to meet the Japanese launch that was bringing up Mrs. Pitcher, Miss Pitcher, Miss Merz, Miss Montgomery (Dr.) and Terrence and Dennis her two boys. We put all there goods on two sampans- we people got into another and went to Nong Iong, reaching there about noon. The load carriers were there and started off at once. But we waited till three p.m. for the chair men. I saw them safely to the foot of the mountain and then came home reaching here at 6:30.

Last night Mrs. Christian gave a farewell dinner to Mr. Topping and Mr. Gold. Mr. Topping leaves tomorrow, via Suez on a German Lloyd. We hope he will come back in three years as an ordained missionary to our mission. The teachers and students like him very much. They are planning to see him off with the band tomorrow and his classes want to go to the Anchorage with him.

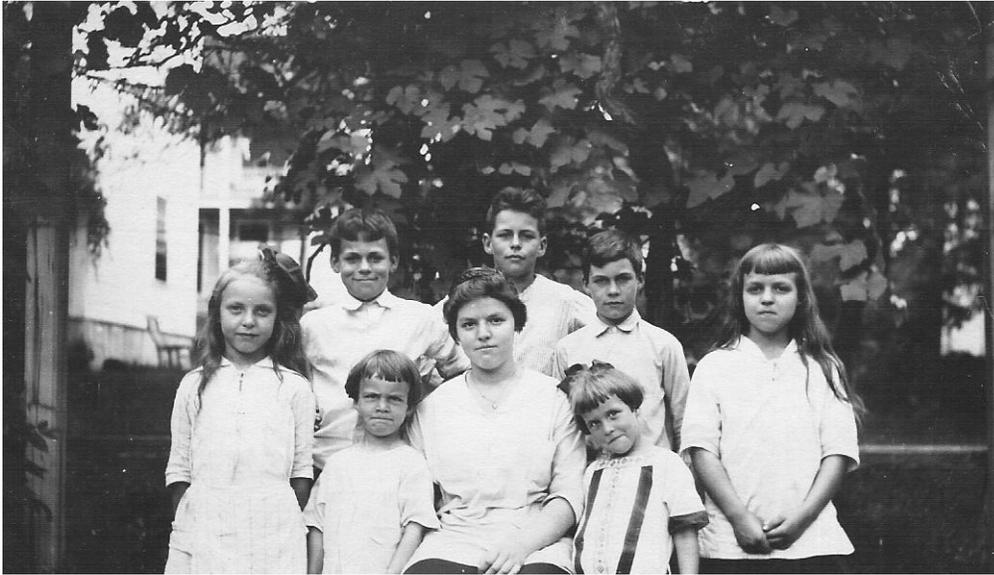
College closes next Thursday. But I am held here till June 30th by the Summer Sch. of Theol.

I am pleased to hear of your decision to go to Oberlin. Kathleen and Marjorie will be twins when I see them again- wearing the same dresses- dressed alike?? It also gives me great pleasure to hear that Dorothy is going to unite with the church. I have been asking God for this.

I have copied into my vest pocket diary all the heights of you children and find that I have 28' 5 1/8" of children.

I trust Gould got the best of Latin. It is 10:35 p.m. so good night with lots of love to all from a very loving father Willard L. Beard

In an interview with Kathleen by Jana L. Jackson in the year 2000, she said that her family lived in Putnam, CT when not in China. She remembered visiting Century Farm on the Housatonic River in Shelton, CT and playing "farmerette" in the hay with sister, Monnie (Marjorie). One time, when the dinner bell rang, Kathleen decided to take a quick way down from the hayloft and slid down a rope. She got a rope burn on her hands. Sister, Monnie, was more careful. The farm was a dairy farm and they grew "timothy grass" to feed the cows.



Beard and Hume cousins in about 1914. Dorothy is seated in the middle with the fraternal Hume twins (born in 1911), Harry Stewart Hume and Millicent Louise Hume on either side of her. Starting from the left is Kathleen, then, in the back, Myron Kinney Hume, Donald Corbin Hume, Willis Fulton Hume and Marjorie.

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

[This letter dated Aug. 2, 1914 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his brother, Ben. Flora and Mary should be on their way to San Francisco and then on to Honolulu and China. Two men from the Rockefeller Foundation are in Foochow and Kuliang to see where they can help financially in the medical field. Willard hopes for \$100,000 for the Union Medical College. Plague and cholera are in Foochow again. Willard would like to travel to Shanghai to greet Flora and Mary but he is too busy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China
Aug 2nd 1914

Dear Ben:-

As this is your birthday the home letter from me goes in your name this week. Please send it down to Century Farm as soon as you have read it. I do not know what Phebe M. will say for it is her turn to get this letter. A good one came from her yesterday written just before the Fourth of July. But she'll see this in due time and it will tell her that I do not forget that tomorrow will be her birthday. You must be about 44 today. Phebe 42 tomorrow. Elizabeth 40 Aug. 11th, Kathleen will be 6 by Aug 10, and Geraldine 15 Aug. 25th- quite a month for Beard birthdays.

I think of Flora and Mary as on their way to San Francisco as I have already heard that. The Mongolia was delayed and would start the 8th instead of the 4th- That will insure my postal reaching them at Honolulu.

This past week we have entertained two men commissioners of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Peabody on the staff of Harvard Medical School and Mr. Greene American Consul Gen'l at Hankau. They reached Foochow Tuesday afternoon and came immediately to Kuliang- On Wed. I met them about 9:30 a.m. and was with them until noon. At 2:30 p.m. they met in conference all the Doctors on Kuliang- some 15. After questioning these Doctors for one hour and a half on the need of a medical education for Chinese, and the method of education etc this meeting adjourned. I was present by virtue of being on the Board of Management of the Union Medical College. Then after a little tea the B'd of Management met the two men for a more detailed conference on the work and needs of the Medical College. These men are looking over all China to make recommendations to the Rockefeller Foundation as to the best way in which to spend \$100,000,000.00 in China in Medical and philanthropic work. Poor old Rockefeller! He had a lot of fun- such as it was making his millions and now he does not know what to do with them and has to hire men to get rid of them. But just the same I'll help him as much as possible. I gave these men three days of hard work- was with them Wed. in conference all day. Thursday a.m. was up at 5 a.m. and off for Foochow with them. We stopped at the Panama Exposition exhibit in Foochow City half an hour. 70,000 people had

visited this up to last Wed. night. Then I showed them the English Mission hospitals and the Union Medical College and our own hospital gave them lunch and helped them buy curios and I hope they will recommend to the Foundation to give us \$100,000. for the Union Medical College.

The weather for two weeks has been superb- it is making amends for the bad winds and rains of June and the first two weeks of July. These storms destroyed about half the rice crop and have seriously injured the potatoes. They quite upset the schedules of steamer on the coast.

Plague and cholera are all about but now what is called serious. There are signs that some of the Foochow people are realizing that beating gongs and holding idol processions do not stop plague. The signs are good and in time measures will be taken to stop these ravages. Rats are worth 2 cents a head now.

This week is very full of Conventions, Conferences, Committee meetings and other things. I hope the crowds will leave the mountain about Sept. 1 and that I can remain ten days and have a little rest. I see but very little prospect of getting up to Shanghai to see Flora and Mary. It would at best be a very short "see" with a lot of time and money spent and I hope to have them with me next Summer all Summer.

Well be good to yourself and your wife and children- and other people. I'd pull out a gray hair from my head if you'd drop me a line once in a while yourself. Dr. Wells got my letter all right- Send this down to Mother sometime.

With Love to Abbie, Wells, Daniel and Edith and yourself. Will.

[This letter dated about Aug. 9, 1914 was written from the steamer S.S. Mongolia in the Pacific Ocean by Mary to Phebe and Stanley. She and Flora are on their way to China via San Francisco and she tells about their stay there and visiting Leolyn and her new husband, Dr. Morgan. She talks a little about the people and activities aboard ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

[about Aug. 9, 1914]

Dear Phebe and Stanley,

Phebe's letters and several others addressed by her but not written by her were on our steamer awaiting us. The corset lace I have not yet used but shall find it useful. Thanks for the news also the letter from Mrs. Buchner.

I sent a card to let you know we were off. Leolyn 1st, Leolyn 2nd and Dr. Morgan [*Leolyn 1st is the widow of James Beard, brother of Willard, Flora and Mary who died in 1906. Leolyn 2nd is their daughter. Dr. Morgan is Leolyn's second husband. Dr. Morgan is Rev. Dr. Morgan and was the former pastor of the Unitarian church in Derby, CT.*] all saw us onto the boat and stayed until 12:30. Miss Steele was with Gwendolyn and she had a sore throat that morning so they felt a little anxious to get home. [*Gwendolyn is the daughter of Leolyn 1st and William Morgan. She was born about 1913.*]

We arrived in Berkeley just on time and had the train stopped so we would get off at Berkeley. Dr. M and L had gone over to 16th Street Oakland to wait for us. We had our ebolutions [*ablutions- cleansing*] all over before they got home.

We started early Thursday and did San Francisco and on Friday we had our heads washed and our nails manicured in the morning, and in the afternoon we did the University. Leolyn was a little shy the first morning but if wore off before breakfast was over. I gave her several kisses that night for various people. She said "Wait for I'll have to wash them right off." Then, "Oh, never mind, they'd have to be washed off in the morning anyway." When we got in Friday evening she took me to her "secret place," which is a corner of the attic in which she plays. There we made a park and a hotel out of blocks, etc. We did not finish before the call to dinner came and she mourned because I had no time to help in the morning. She begged us to stay and not go away off for so many years.

So far I have lived above board- eaten 5 or 9 meals a day- and stayed on deck. There are two Foochow families on board- the Fords and Bankhardts, both Methodists.-Already we are making the acquaintance of some future Peking friends and they seem very pleasant.

We have seen two ships so far, one a British Union Saturday afternoon and the other a passenger steamer today. It was too far away to identify the flag. One school of porpoises and any quantity of flying fish have shared our deep with us.

Every morning I have had a swim in the tank before dressing and I hope to continue as long as it is so warm. The men get warmed up by a base ball game on deck. That is fun for spectators as well as players.

I started the contents of the accompanying package for work when invited out. Either I worked too slowly or I was not invited enough! Anyway it is done now. Hope it will prove useful.

With love from Mary and Flora

*[This letter dated **early August 1914** was written from the S. S. Mongolia nearing Honolulu, Hawaii by Mary to the ones at home. She and sister, Flora are on their way to China. She talks about visiting with Leolyn in Berkeley, CA and life on board ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

Mon. A.M. [Early August 1914]

Dear Ones at home,

Nearly two days gone and we have both attended every meal. Flora makes nothing of it. I ate and fled for deck the first day. On deck I was all right. No after meal enures[?].

To go back- We reached Leolyns on time by making up 1 hr 45 min. the last night out. Some of the passengers said we must have gone 100 miles an hour. One man (who is on ship board too) said he was frightened and called the porter who assured him all was well. The last day was hot but we got delightfully cool on the ferry coming from Port Center. We had the train stopped at Berkeley so as to get out to Leolyn's sooner. She and Mr. M. had gone to Oakland 16th Street Station to meet us. Miss Steele let us in and we had time to wash and fix our hair before they got back. We did not see the children that night.

Wed. A.M. Leolyn's first sentence was, "Have you seen my baby sister?" [*Gwendolyn*] It took nearly all day to wear off the newness of the renewed acquaintance. She was her old self by the second morning. I was taken to the "secret place" the second night to help build a park and hotel. Neither were completed for lack of time. Impulsive as ever she started to cry when we packed to leave but her interest in crossing the bay and in seeing the ship helped to pacify her. As Miss Steele had a headache and sore throat that morning, they were in a hurry to get back to let her go home, so they left us about 12.30.

We had service on Sunday conducted by a young Episcopal rector. He also conducts the baseball of an afternoon and helps to liven any group he enters. The Mr. Franz of whom Dr. Barton wrote is proving a most popular youth and quite a leader. He enters into all the sports and is quite a favorite with the ladies, as well as the men.

Mrs. Kathleen Crane was Y.W.C.A. secretary at college my freshman year and is just as jolly, sincere and whole hearted as ever.

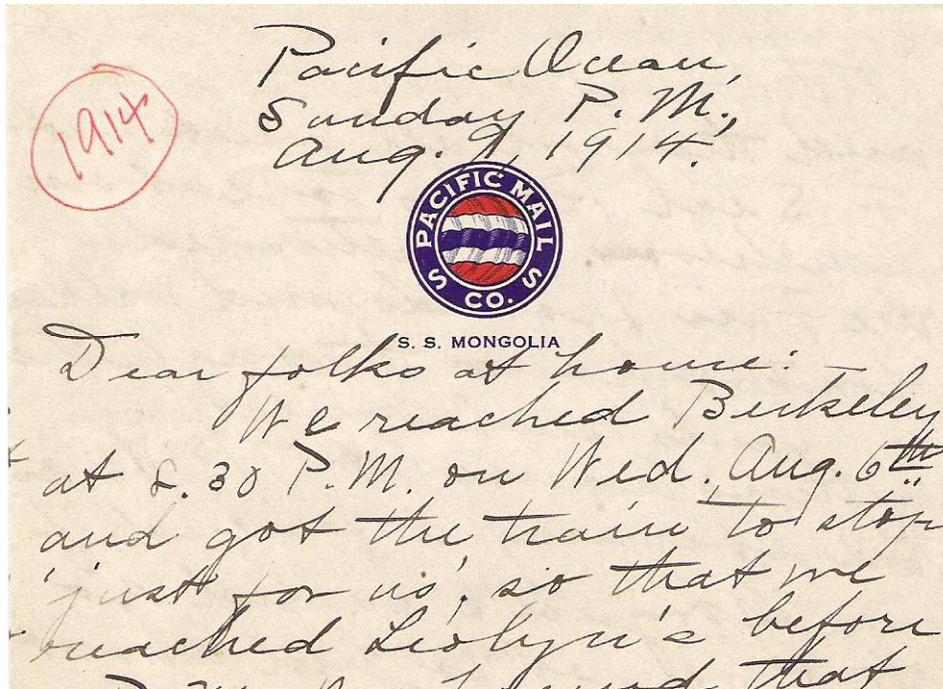
Thurs. P.M.

Mrs. Chisholm Brown, husband and son, Chisholm aged 16 months and I are the best of friends. We take a walk together nearly every day.

The Fords and Bankhardts are here bound for Foochow. I shall have plenty of messengers by whom to send my sheets to Willard. Tomorrow we are in Honolulu. Unless I break my hand in the night, I arrive there without disaster. The men entertain us with baseball in the afternoons. The swimming is interesting also. I bathe before breakfast. This morning I was very select, the only spectators were the captain and 1st Officer. I must go on deck and hunt for my sweetheart Chisholm as we have not had our stroll today. We turn our watches about 26 minutes a day so I have about lost count of New York time.

Ruth's special delivery arrived. It had lots of letters. They were good to read. With much love, Mary.

*[This letter dated **Aug. 9, 1914** was written from the S.S. Mongolia steamer in the Pacific Ocean by Flora to the folks at home. She and sister, Mary are on their way to China. She tells about their stay in San Francisco and about the people and activities on board ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



Pacific Ocean
Sunday P.M.
Aug. 9, 1914

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

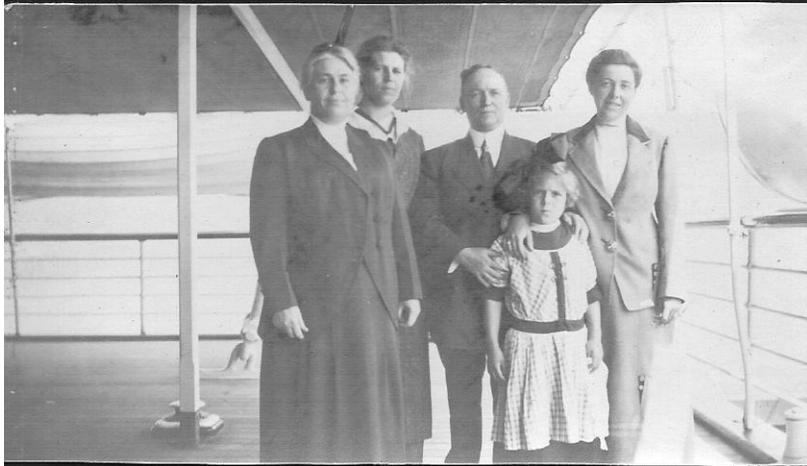
Dear folks at home:

We reached Berkeley at 8:30 P.M. on Wed., Aug. 6th and got the train to stop 'just for us', so that we reached Leolyn's before 9 P.M. We found that she and Dr. Morgan had gone to Oakland to save us from going over to San Francisco before we returned to Berkeley. I got a little bit freshened up before they returned. After an hour's visit we retired and slept like bricks. In the morning Dr. Morgan, Leolyn and we went to San Francisco where Mary and I did what shopping we had to do, attended to our tickets, and then we all went out to Seal Rocks to eat our luncheon. We returned by the Fair Grounds and walked for two hours through the grounds and building, getting home at 7 P.M. In the evening a friend of Dr. Morgan's called so that we got to bed about 10 P.M. On Friday we got our money changed to gold and each of us had a shampoo- for our hair felt as a chicken looks after it has been wallowing in the dust. After lunch we walked through the grounds and buildings of Berkeley University, and then we had a trolley ride out to the end of the line where we had a great view of the neighboring country and the bay. After dinner another friend of Dr. Morgan's came- both calls were not expected- so that it was late again when we retired.

L to R: Flora, Leolyn 2nd, and Mary on the "Mongolia" prior to leaving San Francisco.
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Off at San Francisco



L to R: Flora, Mary, Dr. Morgan, Leolyn 2nd and Leolyn 1st on the "Mongolia" before Flora and Mary leave San Francisco for China. 1914.

On Saturday we went straight to the steamer, - this time little Leolyn was with us. They stayed until orders 'to land' were given. I met several Foochow and Peking friends who were seeing off their friends. The Fords, Bankhardts, and Browns (Mrs. Emma Mea Chisholm Brown whom Ruth knows) are on board, also Ray Gardner and the Mr. Franz that we were told of. Between the Standard Oil Co. and Missions, the boat is owned for the war has scared the tourists from round-the-world tours. There are a number of fine young men going out for the Standard Oil. Two of them have traveled with us from Chicago.

Mary is proving a very good sailor. She has not missed a meal yet and seems to find the life on board ship is interesting. There are several children on board who are quite attractive and she is one of those who are attracted by them.

The day has been rather quiet- as it is Sunday. We attended service led by a young Episcopal clergyman, this morning. There was a little shuffle-board played on deck and one couple tangoed a little. Otherwise people walked or read. (More later) Flora.

Thursday A.M.

So far weather and seas have been perfect and every one is on deck. We have a baseball game each day which is very exciting. Yesterday it was between the 'Hams' and 'Bacon', to-day it is to be between 'Soda water' and

'Seltzer.' There is a great deal of noise and fun and perspiration about it, and between the actors and audience all get the needed exercise. We've met our first steamer this A.M.- since we saw the 'Rainbow' just out of San Francisco harbor, the day we left port. The sea has been as calm as the proverbial mill pond, so every one has been well. There is a daily newspaper published on board, containing the wireless news, but we have not subscribed since it is 10 cents per copy. Two extras have been published so times must be prosperous with them.

Fri. A.M.- We're waiting for inspection so that we can go on land.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 9, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. Willard finds he has to help the ladies on Kuliang with various tasks and repairs. Tennis is active on the mountain. He wonders if the war will affect travel for Flora and Mary. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang
Foochow China
Aug 9- 1914

Dear Ruth:-

Your good letter of July 5 enclosing a page from Gould came last night. It's 10:30 p.m. but I wanted to get this letter started tonight. Now I'll go to bed and finish it later.

Mon. a.m.

You would be interested to see how my time is occupied here on the mountain. I sometimes wonder if it is the best way, and then go on doing all the same. This morning for instance. Before we were finished with breakfast men came to fix Miss Billing's sedan chair. Well she knows simply that the thing is broken and unusable and says she has no idea what it should cost to repair so I go out and help. Before this is finished Mrs. Worley whose husband died here in June came for help. She wants to sell her mountain cottage. A Chinese with money offers her \$500 more than any foreigner has yet offered. What shall she do? All her missionary neighbors will deplore the near presence of Chinese here. They will pack the house full, and laws of hygiene will be ignored and salt fish and sour greens etc. etc. will be in evidence day and night. But will- should she pay (lose) \$500 for the sake of her neighbors wishes. I told her to let it be known what she had been offered and if any foreigner wished to buy at that price sell, but if not she had a perfect right to sell to Chinese.-Now comes Miss Funk [*Grace A.*] of our mission with a leaky roof- Will I see about getting it fixed. This afternoon a committee meeting of the Evangelistic Campaign Comm at 2:30 - at 5:00 entertains a group of missionary's children with stories. I wish Phebe M. were here. I'd get out of this job. Then tomorrow take the chair at the Educational Committee meeting- a provincial organization and do the same on Wed. - and write home - to two homes each week- and I manage to get to Foochow one day each week and thus far I have spent the night there. Last Thurs. I went down in the morning- Friday morning I rose at 3, started for Kuliang at 4- had to wait 15 min. for the city gate to be opened and reached my Kuliang cottage a little after 7- before the family were all up. I was bathed and dressed ready to eat breakfast with them. Thus far all goes nicely in the family. Sat. evening for the first time we had our family together as we originally planned= Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Pitcher of Amoy, Miss Vander Linden and Miss Carling of Amoy, Miss Billing of Foochow and the "Hostess", Miss Billing has been absent two weeks for an operation.

Tennis is on with all sorts of tournaments,- a most interesting men's doubles Sat. afternoon. The Champion of Foochow with the Champion of Canton vs. two good men of Foochow. The champions won with two duce sets. Do you understand what that means? These three weeks are the height of the season. Now over 400 country children. I forgot that Mrs. Worley wished her business kept secret. So don't tell. Just here I had to leave to act as chairman of the Annual Meeting of Tennis Club.

I wonder if the war will effect the sailing of the girls. I think of them as having sailed Sat. the 8th- if all went as planned, I would like some one to tell me whether or not I shall go to Shanghai to see them. It will be no easy thing to arrange to get off just at that time- with a house full of boarders. What is one to think of the war? And yet after studying history it is not so strange. With all the talk and Conferences on Peace we have almost refused to think of the possibility of war. Ideal conditions are seldom reached over such smooth roads and it looks to me as if the nations would learn from this war valuable lessons concerning peace. Germany is certainly getting experience. There is a daily meeting for prayer over the situation. The Banks refuse to buy any more gold drafts on New York or London. I hope this will soon be changed, for if we can not get any money from the U.S. or Eng. we'll soon use up our credits. I cannot believe however that God will allow this strife to be long continued. The people who- like

Paul and others of his time-thought-think-- the world is soon coming to an end, are pointing to the war and the wars about the Balkans and the Mesien? Mix up and their quoting Scripture. - Well I shall keep on trying to help men know God and realize the best of themselves. - No one yet has been able to set the day for the end of the world and I do not know the good of it if they could. I prefer to be found at work.

I hope the weather cleared up and gave Father a chance to get hay. 20 cents a qt. for strawberries makes one glad he is in China- unless he is the man who is selling.

I think I sent you the receipt for the interest all right. I endorsed it on the note. You would enjoy sitting on my veranda of a morning. I have neng-bah =guests and curios of all descriptions are displayed for sale. It costs nothing to look at them. Lacquer, brass, bronze, carved wood, porcelain, embroidery- Mandarin coats- beads- jade, peacock feather-egret plumes and I do not know what not. It is almost an education just to look at the things- if one has self control enough not to buy- or is fortunate enough not to have any money to buy with.

I am glad to learn from your letter that Father is all right. I had heard nothing and simply took no news for good news. The school in Sang Gaing goes on nicely. There are 24 pupils this year in the day school and some 50 come in for Sunday School. Two boys from the Theological College go there for Sunday School. Dr. Lathrop is very thoughtful to send me frequent postals from different parts of Europe. One came Sat. evening. I think it's a great thing if you can send two of your girls to Northfield each year. It will be an education for them-broader than merely missionary. I hope you will go yourself sometime- and take Elizabeth.

With Lots of Love to all

Will

Your cherry was tantalizing-haven't come so near getting me since I left home 1912.

[This letter dated August 9, 1914 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. A conference on evangelism has been held that week on Kuliang, but he finds that it is not as popular as it was 15 years ago. He attended a meeting to discuss raising money for the Tai Bing Gai church. Tennis tournaments are running on Kuliang among the missionaries. Willard feels Germany is acting strangely and is concerned with the struggle in Europe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

W. L. Beard, Chairman
1914
Eddy Evangelistic Campaign
In
Fukien Province
Head-quarters: Foochow

Kuliang,
Foochow, China.
August 9th 1914

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

Your good long letter of June 30th came last evening. It was the first word I had received from Putnam since July 4th. Gould had written me from Shelton and another line came from him last night enclosed in Aunt Ruth's letter. I have not heard much about how each of you children came out in your marks this past term. I was somewhat concerned about Gould's Latin, but as nothing has been said about it I conclude he passed.

We have held a most interesting Conference on Evangelism here this past week. The Kuliang Convention is not at all the all-absorbing attraction that it used to be fifteen years ago. This past week the Convention occupied one hour five days= 9:15 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. Then from 10:30 – 12:00 came the Conf. on Evang'm Bishop Price C.M.S. was to have led, but illness prevented and I was asked to act in his place. The "findings" of this Conference will be printed in the "Register" so I'll not take time and spare to speak of the here.

On Monday morning I went to Foochow and happened to strike a very comfortable day and a very comfortable night. At 5 p.m. some 30 members of Tai Bing Ga met to consider the raising of about \$5000 to supplement the money from home to build the new church, parish house, parsonage and chapel. The contractors want \$17000.00 for the whole and there are \$13000 in hand. We had a nice little meeting with three or four addresses and then a feast-which they all enjoyed, ten subscription books were passed around and it was suggested that if anyone had to spend money in chair hire to see friends to get subscriptions, that they should charge it up to the committee. Old mother Ding was there and enjoyed it as much as any one. It was rather hot that night. But I arose at 3 a.m. Friday morning and was off a little after 4 for Kuliang, - had to wait 15 min at the East Gate for them

to open it, but I reached my mountain cottage before they were up and I had time to bathe and dress and sit down to breakfast with the family- and I got to the church in time for most of the Convention meeting and then I acted as Chairman of the Conference on Evangelism at 10:30. This is the height of the Kuliang season. Tennis tournaments began yesterday. Two new lights appear on the courts this year. Mr. Munson of the Y.M.C.A. is in the first class. This year the players drew for partners. The other new man is Mr. Knipp of Canton Christian College-He and Dr. Montgomery played against Mr. Munson and Mr. Ridler. Mr. Knipp is the champion in singles in Canton. It looked as if Munson and Ridler would beat- first set 6-5 in favor of Montgomery and Knipp. They lost the second set and the third set was 7-5 in their favor-the interest of a large crowd was as intense as I ever saw it. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney are daily interested spectators.

Miss Billing came back to our house yesterday-she has been away two weeks. For the first time we have our planned -for family.-Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Pitcher, Misses Carling, Vander Linden and Billing and the "Hostess." The large family makes the cook happy. Our food alone costs about \$100. per month and there are many other expenses. Miss Pitcher has eight kindergarteners in Miss Jewells cottage, and she is also teaching drawing. Helen Smith is one of her drawing pupils.

Your account of the \$5 allowance plan is most interesting. How do you suppose the Chinese plan in order to make \$5.00 feed and clothe a whole family?

Telegrams come fast about the situation in Europe. It is hard for me to believe that God will permit a long struggle here. Germany is acting strangely, and at this time it looks as if she would pay very dearly for her rash act in starting this broil. Just now we seem to be in the most fearful country on the globe. May God bless and keep you all- and enable you each to add a little daily to the true character which each of you is building for eternity- Your loving Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Aug. 24, 1914 was written from the S.S. Mongolia near Yokohama, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. Most of the trip has been calm but there was some seasickness during a storm. While on the steamer they saw a notice on the bulletin board telling of Japan declaring war on Germany. They had a nice stay in Honolulu. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Aug. 24, 1914.]

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

Dear folks at home:-

To-morrow we land in Yokohama. Our trip from Honolulu has been most calm and monotonous until yesterday. We ran through a storm which rumbled up the sea most beautifully. Mary and I spent some time watching the waves break over the bow and sweep the front deck. Some of the passengers got drenched. The sea was so rough that it broke up the service planned at 10:30 A.M., so we had no Sunday observance. There were no games either. Several had to go to their berths. Mary tried to help out at the children's table but had to flee and finally had to part with some of her own dinner later.



Written in album: "Sunday August 23, 1914 Mongolia - The Breaking Waves Dashed High"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday I managed to sprain my right ankle so badly that I had to have an ice bag to get rid of the ache and fever. It is much better now and I expect to do the usual sight-seeing on land to-morrow. We expect to go up to Tokio, see some of its temples and parks, and call at our Ambassador's office to get the necessary passes for seeing the palaces in Kyoto. About an hour ago notice was posted on the bulletin board that Japan has declared war on Germany. I don't know how much this will interfere with our fun and progress in our journey. There are several Germans on board and they are trying to take the humorous speeches from the passengers with good grace. The Japanese on board are jubilant. Every one is questioning about what is to happen, but they finally figure it out that no one will want to molest the Americans. We shall write you again before we leave Japan for I think the first possible steamer that we can get leaves Sept. 2nd. I rather expect some communications from China at some of these Japanese ports. Dr. Tallman, I think is planning to go the way we have thought to go, so we may accompany her.

We had a fine day on land in Honolulu. We took the drive out to the Pali (precipice and to Punch Bowl, an old extinct crater), then went to the aquarium and did some shopping. While waiting for a car Mary met one of her Monticello girls who was on her way (with her father and mother) to Manilla. There were five steamers spending the day in Honolulu that day, so trade must have been good. It was rather cloudy so that we missed the brilliant coloring in the water. We managed to see the beauties of vegetation, and afterwards engaged many of its fruits on board ship. We had pineapple day when we had that fruit served in every possible way at the three meals. We have had papaya and alligator pears also, though I do not believe many people care for them.

I've made my waist since I embarked – got the lace to trim it at Honolulu. Am going to wear it on land to-morrow. It is made low necked and with short sleeves for hot weather. We are all sitting here on deck dressed in the thinnest materials and wishing we had thinner. The people in the swimming tank say the water is warm. It is pumped in from the ocean. Mary has been in swimming several times.

It is time to go below to dress for dinner so with love-

Good bye-

Flora Beard.

Pacific Ocean,
Aug. 24, 1914.

[This letter dated Aug. 24, 1914 was written from the S.S. Mongolia steamer near Hawaii by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their visit to Honolulu and the aquarium there. She talks about life on the steamer and just a little seasickness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

SS Pacific Mail Co.
S.S. Mongolia

[Aug 24, 1914.]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora has probably written all the news but I will add some of my impressions. At Honolulu we [*unreadable word*] a ride and visited the Poli. The view of the sea opens up very suddenly and is very beautiful and extensive. The fields laid off in squares in the foreground, the beach and the sea. The descent is almost perpendicular and about 2000 feet high. It stormed and the wind blew but the driver said the rail along the side was to cling to when the wind was too strong to stand against and we did not need to use it. In the drive down we caught charming glimpses of Honolulu and the harbor. We saw several banyan trees and the famous straight avenue of royal palms also several avenues not so straight. We got out and went through the royal cemetery where the Kamehameha's etc. were buried. The mausoleum was very beautiful so were some of the tombs. The Punch Bowl is an old crater and we drove over the rim into the crater and around to the farther side where there is a beautiful view of the city, the Waikiki beach, Diamond Head and the harbor. The trees and shrubs were very interesting; red and yellow seemed to be the predominating colors, though there were a fun bright blues.

The aquarium was lots of fun. The little black, white and yellow fish had a wonderful white plumed tail. I tried to snap him. The Devil fish performed his best. He changed all colors and navigated in every way he could. The Congor Eel showed tendencies to bite had not a plate glass intervened. The sky blue fish, the yellow fish, the fish striped like a comet, the flat fish colored like the sands, the tubular fish and numerous others were all there.

We went shopping and I got my photograph books just as reasonably as at home. I also got goods for a shirt waist, white crepe with a blue figure in it. Flora calls it spotted.

The days on board have a great sameness but never prove boresome. There are six meals to eat, plenty of babies to play with, a swim every afternoon or morning, shuffleboard, quails, a men's or ladies baseball game and walking. I have mounted about 150 pictures, written a dozen or more letters and twice as many cards and read three

books so far. Chisholm Brown is a darling. Mrs. Brown asked me to send her regards when I wrote. The Ford baby (Foochow people) is another dear. There are a score of others but these are my favorites. We have a benefit concert by our Philipino band this evening. This is the second and last time that they are permitted to take a collection. Not one in sight escapes their notice. It is getting rough once more. Yesterday I felt it and one meal went both ways but that is the only one so far. I want to crow before I get on the little Japanese boat. Why? Guess!!

With lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "Hotel"

[This is probably Mary in front of their hotel in Honolulu. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 26, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. They have had four minor typhoons from July 1-16. Prices on foreign merchandise is high because of the war. Many Foochow tea merchants are stuck with their inventory. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Aug 26- 1914

Dear Folks at Home:-

I am in Foochow to night and its very comfortable. I have been most fortunate every time I have been down from the mountain to spend the night in having a nice cool tune. The weather has been very hot here from all reports but last night it began to rain and this morning as I came down from the mountain I wore a rain coat all the time that I rode and it has been very nice here all day. Rice and potato fields were getting very dry and this rain will help them some.

People are beginning to leave the mountain. By Sept 7th it will be quiet enough so one can get some rest. We have had a delightful season. From July -1-16- we had four typhoons but not very severe. Since then we have had one half day of rain and one shower. Tennis and picnics have had full swing. I have had little of both- my recreation has been committee meetings.

Will you tell Carl Dektor to send me by mail a pair of his "special" shoes. They are marked- if I read correctly 41148475/39. Then on the inside of the right shoes is sewed a tag reading "Carl Dektor's

Extra Special
\$4.00 - Shoe"

Please tell him to put in a pair of rubbers to fit the shoes and an extra pair of laces. I think he will know the shoe all right. -Blucher's- vice'prdt with padded sole. I have already bought three pairs of this kind of him- worn out and

throw away 1 pair, have another pair almost ready to discard and have another pair good yet. Please take the money to pay Dektor from my next interest.

Tomorrow I am to perform a wedding ceremony for the head Chinese doctor of our Hospital. He has done the business of getting engaged and preparing for the wedding in about three weeks. He wants all the foreigners to attend and they are all away still at the shore or the mountain.

The war is making itself felt in various ways here. Prices of all commodities that come from abroad are soaring and such articles as cloth that is also made here are so influenced by the foreign market that they are running up. Rice is also trying to feel war prices, - for we import rice from the British possessions to the South and they are holding on to their food now. War news is scarce. I expect both England and Germany are strict in their censorship. A month ago \$.41 gold was worth \$1.00 in silver. Now it takes \$54 to buy \$1.00 in silver and you cannot buy a draft on New York. The tea merchants here are caught with their store houses full of tea and the home offices will not advance money. The merchants have promised the Chinese the money at a fixed date. One man will borrow \$80,000 to make good his promise and he has no prospect of getting rid of his tea. One man has his room full of tea that was intended for the German market. What a Hell war is!! I can't help praying that God will make this one so bloody and terrific that men will stop plowing to war and devote themselves to peace.

I think of Flora and Mary as nearing Yokohama now and I keep wondering if I shall go to Shanghai to meet them. It is 9:30 p.m. I was up to attend a musical last night at Ruth Beach Wards and got to bed at 11:30- up at 6:30 this a.m. and have worked steadily all day so I'll say good night and turn in.

At Kuliang, Sat. 29, - I married the couple on Thurs. and came up the mt. in the p.m. and found letters from Mother. Ruth and Ellen and Geraldine. I was glad to hear that all were well. I learned from these also that Flora and Mary were going via Korea- I shall look for a letter from them from Yokohama.

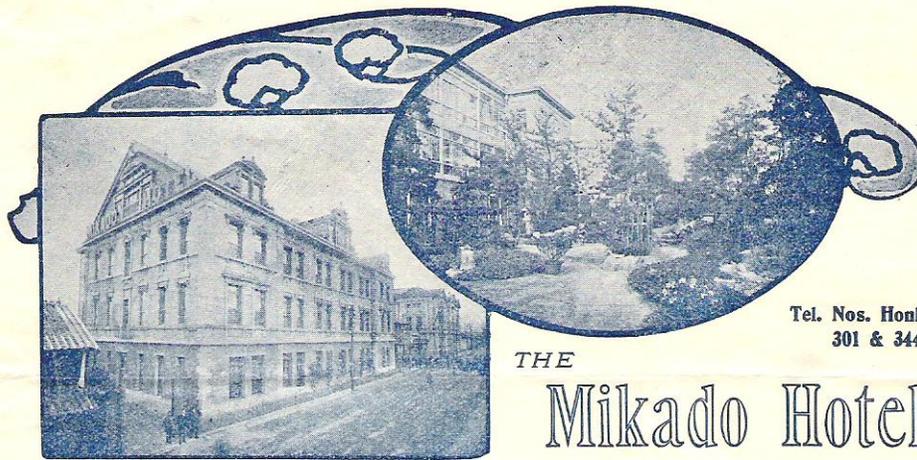
Exchange has gotten about normal again. 44 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents in gold buys \$1.00 silver and tea is moving.

My family is now reduced to five. Tell Gould I am proud of his letter- Oh no, he'll be in Putnam before this gets to you.

With Love and pleasant thoughts of you all.

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 28, 1914 was written from Kobe, Japan by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary just arrived there and are headed next for Shanghai after a quick visit to Kyoto. She talks about the continual observation of a German officer on board ship by the Japanese while in Yokohama. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



T. GOTO, Proprietor.

Kobe, *Aug. 28* 1914

Dear folks at home! - We arrived in Kobe last evening. We got on to land about 4:45 P.M. and it took from

The Mikado Hotel.
Kobe, Aug. 28, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

We arrived in Kobe last evening. We got on to land about 4:45 P.M. and it took from then to 7 P.M. to get our baggage landed and through the customs, so that we could go to our hotel. It was hot and close but we had comfortable rooms and slept well. This morning we have been out and secured passage on the Japanese S.S. Takeshiwa of the N.Y.K. line. It is one of the largest 2665 tonnage. It sails Sept. 2nd and reaches Tientsin Sept. 6th. Yesterday, about two dozen seikhs came in and occupied a lot of the benches. They were a part of that ship load which Canada refused to land. They have gotten this far back and there is some difficulty about their passage further so they are getting free 'keeps' while waiting. They certainly looked contented. Evidently, they were having some fun at our expense, but it did not trouble us. So far our journey has been without any anxiety but with much to conjecture about how the rest of our journeys are to be accomplished. This A.M. when we went to get our transshipping done we found all the Shanghai passengers successfully rebooking themselves. There is only the uncertainty of getting berth room as this is the time when people are returning from the summer resorts here to China.



Written in album: "Goodby Mongolia Kobe Aug. 27, 1914"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Did we tell you that we traveled across the Pacific with two Connecticut men-Mr. Wood from Somerville, and Capt. Averill (from Woodbury) and his family? They were very good ship friends.

This afternoon we are going up to Kyoto to stay until our ship sails- or rather until the night before for we have to be here to see about getting our trunks on to the ship. As it takes full two hours to come back from Kyoto and our steamer sails at 10 A.M. we can't very well do it from Kyoto in the morning of the 2nd. While in Kyoto we shall try to find Ruth's S.S. class gifts and send them at once on the way home. She should be receive them within two weeks after this. To-day the Manchuria sails from here so you will probably get all our Japan mail together. The Manchuria has been delayed by quarantine in Nagasaki.-The most interesting excitements that the war has given us on board has been the Japanese supervisor of a young German officer on his way to the German cession in China. A Japanese officer was on the Mongolia during its entire stay in Yokohama, and never let this officer get out of his sight once. He was searched and all his stateroom. This morning he came into the S.S. Co.'s office so evidently he is free to get on board and also feels safe to travel in a Japanese ship. All the Germans were anxious about further travel for them but evidently there is no trouble.- I wonder just how much you people are worrying about us, and I wish I could assure you at this moment how unnecessary it is, for we are getting on all right.

We shall be interested to hear of Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop's experiences when you hear about them, for I imagine they will have some to tell.- We are getting odors from the kitchen and I with I could say that they are appetizing. We have pretty good food though.

Lovingly, Flora Beard.

[This letter dated August 28, 1914 was written from Kobe, Japan by Mary to the folks at home. She describes her room in the hotel and tells about her trips to Kamakura and Tokyo. She mentioned the Japanese socks or stockings like mittens with the space between the big toe and the next to allow for sandals. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Mikado Hotel.
Kobe, August 28 1914

Dear Folks at Home.

I am sitting on my own private porch to my room, overlooking the garden. The garden contains Japanese pine trees, fan palms, one rubber plant and three or four other varieties which I do not know. The English Sparrow help to show that this is the same old world. Just beneath my window is a curious old well under a quaint arbor. There are several bronze figures, a fountain and something that looks like a sundial- and another like a place for worship. Privacy is an unknown term apparently. Our rooms all open by big doors onto a common porch. The porch is divided off by slat doors unprovided with keys. There are six of us from the Mongolia in a room. Eight others were here last night but left at 7:00 by train for Korea. There was considerable excitement about getting steamers across to China but everyone seems to be getting accommodations. Some are having to transfer here instead of going on to Nagasaki.

The Manchuria was held up at Nagasaki in quarantine so is here today and leaves tonight. The extreme courtesy of these Jap boys is interesting. Each gives a low bow every time we pass.

I had my first jinricksha ride in Yokohama. Miss Crane said she had to smile to see me sit on the edge of the seat. I had the feeling that I should not move but have gotten more so I feel quite at home.



Written in album: "In our rickshaws at Miss Sowter's"
[Flora and Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We went to Kamakura and saw the Daihatsu temple and famous statue of Buddha. We went into the Buddha and saw the shrines. From there the coolies took us to the Hotel where we had afternoon tea in lieu of a supper. In the evening we took a rickshaw ride around town. We went through the Benton Dorie one of the shopping streets. The stores were closed but the boys opened them for us so we could see the goods. We did not even price much as we prefer to wait and shop in Kyoto. We also rode through Theater Street where are the cheap shops, moving pictures (all foreign in films) tea houses, and crowds. It was like the foreign quarter of New York a settling mass of humanity. On Wednesday we got an early start and went to Tokyo. We went out to Shiba Park and visited the shrine and tomb of the 6th Shogun. In the temple we had to wear "cover-ups" over our shoes. The carvings were wonderful; some bronze, some in wood and some in stone. Birds, lotus flowers and leaves stood out sometimes, a foot or more. We climbed the 86 steps to Atago Park climbed four short flights,- more in the tower and got a fine view of the city and park and harbor. We were about to walk up to the entrance of the first bridge over the mote surrounding the Royal Palace. In returning to the station we passed shops. The ones for foreign trade are not so unusual as those for native trade. Every thing is open front on the streets and many of the streets are extremely narrow. The sewers which border the narrowest street are not always pleasant to the nose. We bought some native fruit which is a pear but looks much like a large russet apple. It is hard, quite tasteless but very juicy.

A man has been cutting the grass in the garden with a pair of long handled shears. Now he is sweeping up the grass with a broom made of twigs, similar to those father's men make.

At Yokohama we had to wait over an hour for the Japanese doctors to let us through quarantine. There was a scare of chicken pox in the Chinese steerage. At Kobe we were passed without even counting the cabin passengers, but the crew had to come on deck.

On the steamer we got our money changed 2 yen for 1 dollar. Here we have to give 50 7/8 cents for one yen. Of \$90 we got \$176.90 yen. At the bank they said it was the war that put up the value.

How would you like to wear stockings like mittens with a big toe separate? Every one does here so as to be able to hold the shoes on. The clothes are varied from none at all on young children, or full oriental to full occidental the mixtures are funny. Western hats are much in vogue for children and aprons seem very popular.

We are going to Kyoto this afternoon and return Tuesday evening so as to be ready to sail at 10:00 or Wednesday morning.

The short sprinklers are of two kinds; one is a boy plus a pail of water and a dipper. The other is a cart something like candy cars one occasionally sees at home about 4 ft. long, two or 2 ½ wide and 2 high. It's pulled by

a coolie and sprinkles a strip about five feet wide. Yesterday I saw a very heavy bulky lead marked gas engine pulled by about 20 coolies. They had bars across the chest and over the arm and pushed against them.

I am getting the money straight now. We had to give 50 7/8 gold for 1 yen instead of 50 as on the steamer.

With love to all

Mary Beard.

[This letter dated Sept. 2, 1914 was written from Kobe, Japan by Mary to the folks. She tells about her visit to Kyoto, Japan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Mikado Hotel.

Kobe, Sept. 2, 1914

Dear Folks,

We went up to Kyoto as planned and went out to Miss Sowter's to stay. She has one lady staying there all the time and a friend from the Manchuria came for that first night so we were asked to take a room together. We kept the room so our expenses were 3 yen each a day (\$1.50). Here in Kobe it was 5 yen.

The Brown's came up on Saturday and we visited the East and West Hangwani's and the Daibutsu in the morning. We went to Miss Sowters for lunch and then to the hotel. In the afternoon we rode to the Palace grounds but the buildings are all closed for repairs and our passes had not arrived so we visited the China shops. We saw them make Satsuma, Cloisonné, and Damascene ware. I will write about the provinces when I have more time. Now we must pack to be off for the steamer. I am all ready but Flora still is unpacked. On Sunday we wrote a few letters, rested and called on Flora's friend Miss Denton at the University. We met Dr. Harrader the president. On Monday we dropped. We got our travelling at a wholesale place and Ruth's card case at a shop on Theater Street. We looked at fans but could get only paper ones for the price. [Unreadable word] one [unreadable word] card case as we could get is all in the money. There will be a few sen over when postage is paid. We'll see.

The war has not affected us so far except that my camera is forbidden so I am getting no pictures.

Off to breakfast-

With love

Mary and F.



Nishi Hongwanji, Kyoto.

寺願本西都京

Nishi Hongwanji, Kyoto (Main Temple and headquarters for Buddhists in Japan and the world.)

[Postcard in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter dated Sept. 5, 1914 was written from the Nippon Dusen Kaisha near Tientsin, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have been to Kobe and Moji. While in Moji they anchored near a Japanese war vessel and were able to watch the drill on board. They saw a torpedo boat following them, but it was harmless. Other than that, she sees little signs of war. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nippon Dusen Kaisha

Sept. 5, 1914

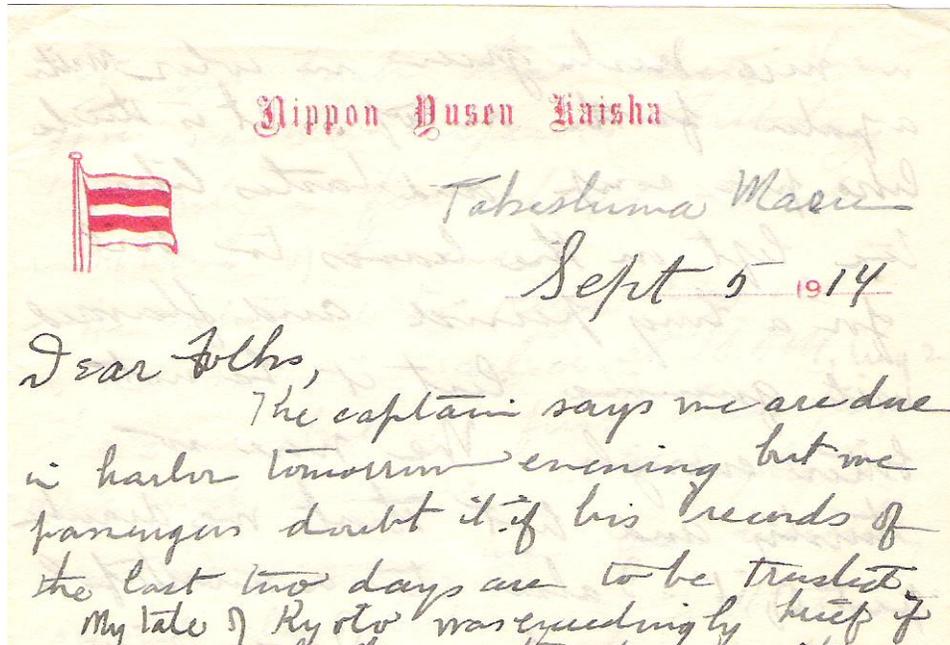
Dear folks at home:-

Since Mary's letter from Kobe life has run along very uneventful lines. The hotel boy got our six pieces (or rather seven for me bought enough in Kyoto to make another parcel) out onto the steamer so that we had nothing to do but to get on to the steamer ourselves. It would be very hard for us to do this as the baggage has to be taken out by sampan by the passenger to the steamer which lies some distance out from the wharf. We started quite promptly at 10 A.M. and had a perfectly smooth sea through the Inland Sea. The islands make it very beautiful for we have to be continually turning and there are so many of them that we seem to be land locked most of the time. The weather was so warm that we stayed on deck until late enjoying the scenery in the beautiful moon light. I awoke in a dripping perspiration, so I put on my Kimono took my bed and went out on to the deck and slept the rest of the night in one of the long chairs. This is one of the trips when we do not have to pay for a steamer chair. We reached Moji about 9 A.M. the next day and stayed in port until 3 P.M. There is so little of interest to be seen in Moji or Shimoniseki (opposite) that we did not go ashore. Several Japanese came on board, eyed our one German passenger, and asked some of the American men (whose names were suspiciously German) where they were born, what they were doing here in the Orient and why they had been in Japan. It so happens that they men they asked are teachers in the Indemnity School in Peking the head master of which has so spoken of the Japanese that he dares not go to Japan. After the first conversation on board our steamer, the Japanese man came back with two more Japanese men and went through with the same conversations again. Just what they wanted to do with the information we did not know- perhaps it was just their native curiosity. While we were in Moji we were anchored near enough to a Japanese war vessel to watch the drill on board. One of the Japanese men informed us there were 500 soldiers on it. They must have been rather crowded below decks for there were never more than sixty men at drill on deck. Just before we started a torpedo boat glided out the same way we were going. Later in the day we met one which our passengers thought might have been the same one. Yesterday we were nearly the whole day among the island at the southern end of Corea [*Korea*]. The scenery was beautiful and the moonlight superb on the quiet sea. We had a bit of excitement (to some of the passengers) when it was discovered just in the late twilight that we were being followed by a torpedo boat. It was evidently one of the Japanese fleet looking out for traffic in these seas. Very soon it turned about evidently satisfied that we were harmless. This morning we are out of sight of land again. In about an hour we met five squall steamers and since we saluted none of them they must have belonged to other lines than this, which must mean that traffic is still open. The passengers on board think we have passed much nearer to Corea than usual, probably to avoid the German port in China, where the Japanese are landing. For such a serious situation we have seen very few signs of war. We have heard nothing about the progress of the war since we left Kobe, since we have no wireless on board. We are to arrive in Tientsin to-morrow, but the passengers think it may be too late to leave the steamer. We have to leave this steamer out side the bar since the water is too shallow for the boat to get over. We may be taken in to land by a launch and then go by train from Taku to Tientsin.

Will write you next from our destination which should be in a few days from now.

Lovingly- Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Sept. 5, 1914 was written from the Nippon Dusen Kaisha between Japan and China by Mary to the folks. She describes her visit to a temple in Kyoto and talks about ship life. She finds the Japanese suspicious of cameras so doesn't carry it sightseeing. They reached China and expect to meet their school board in Peking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Nippon Dusen Kaisha

Takeshima Maru

Sept 5 1914

Dear Folks,

The captain says we are due in harbor tomorrow evening but we passengers doubt it if his records of the last two days are to be trusted.

My tale of Kyoto was exceedingly brief if I recollect. The Chion-in temple we visited one afternoon. There we went through the apartments. All were lined with paintings and each room was done in a subject; there were two snow rooms, a swallow room, a stork room, a pine room, a cherry blossom room, a wisteria room. The kinkabyi rooms were not so numerous but the gardens were very beautiful. We went in the Gold Temple and fed the carp as prescribed, then we climbed to the tea house. They gave us ceremonial tea which is a most sickening concoction. It is a nice Irish green in color with a paler froth on top. It is thick like pea soup and tasted like tea left on the leaves to boil for a long period and flavored with quinine lest it be not bitter enough. We were so thirsty and hot that we drank part of it. I also ate a mouthful of the rice cake. I was sick in the night and laid it to the tea.

We took the train to Lake Biwa. Mrs. Sowter wrote out the terms we were to use to tell rickshaw men or conductors where to take us. The view of the Lake from Maderia is beautiful. We could see the start of the canal which supplies Kyoto with water. As it was a holiday no boats were running on the canal so we could not come back that way. The 31st was the Emperor's birthday but only a few shops closed in honor of the event.

We returned to Kobe Aug 1st as our steamer sailed at 10 A.M., Aug 2. There are but 17 first class passengers and two are not English. Two American men are travelling second class but having first class meals sent downstairs. We have a Doctor and wife with a 7 month old baby. She is homely but as dear as can be. The wife of the business manager for the A.B.C.F.M. at Tientsin is here with her four sons. Two are young men, one a perspective pupil of ours and the other only five. Another couple have two baby boys under three. A German and a Japanese finish the list. The two men below are teachers in the Indemnity School at Peking and quite interesting. I played deck gold, ring toss and gazed last evening at the moon with Mr. Bruce. The islands and the moon were very very beautiful. He went in to play 500 with the other men and I went to bath with Flora and Mrs. Shoemaker. We retired about 9:30. This morning the moon woke me and I stayed awake to see it sink into the water. Alas a hazy horizon swallowed it before the water had a chance. Then I ordered toast and tea and took another nap. As we do not breakfast until 8:30, there is time for quite a nap after 6:00.

This morning there was a fire drill. All of the crew rushed to the upper deck and swung one of the life boats out then the recall blew and it was over.



Written in album: "Firedrill on the Mongolia- Lowering the boats"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Such wonderful placid waters as we are having. The motion of this little boat is not much more than that of the big one. The Inland Sea is wonderful. The islands are legion and no two alike in size or shape. We passed one in the evening which evidently was inhabited clear to the peak as it was most beautifully illuminated. Electric lights seem to be much used here in the east. We have met them everywhere so far. A torpedo boat preceded us from Moji and we met it returning the next afternoon. When it was nearly dark we saw it again steaming up behind us but it soon turned back. Whence it came no one knew but the islands were so thick it could easily dodge between them.

Sunday A.M. - This morning I awoke with the rain coming in on me. We were rolling a little but the sea did not look rough. The wind has subsided and the rain is over. We have several swallows and grasshoppers to show us it has existed. The swallow just flew within a few inches of my hand. I have just picked up three moths. This looks like land ahead sometime soon.

We sent Ruth's card case from Kobe- 8 in number. All told they cost 2 yen and 7 sen including postage. The individual cases varied in price from 29 sen to 412 sen. I couldn't tell when we got home which cost the most. We are 13 sen or ½ cents you debtor.

Our cabins on here are very tiny. The arrangement is most peculiar. The upper berth is delightful being right under the port holes. The lower berth is below it and very low. Air is an unknown quantity down there. We have twisted the mattress so Flora has her head out on the couch and her feet under the berth. She slept in the upper on the Mongolia but could not get into it here as the bars are too small to use to pull one up.

I wrote the Literary Digest to send my copy to Tungchow and if extra postage was necessary to send the bill to father. I do not anticipate the same form as shown by the Geographic.

Last night we had beautiful sunset and I exposed one film to it. It is the first picture I have taken since leaving the Mongolia and the Japanese are very suspicious of cameras. I did not even carry it sightseeing for fear lest I lose it.

Aug. 8- We reached the bar at 6:00 Sunday evening, but our boat was too big to go over the bar so we had to be taken off in a tender. We were to take the train at Taian but were too late. We left Taian at 9:00 P.M. to come up in the launch and arrived at the Bund at 1:30 A.M. It was two nights after full moon so a glorious night. Our only seats were canvas stools without backs. The views were glorious- we could see the mud [?] villages, the huge piles of government salt, etc. It was interesting to see sampans rock in our wake. The men were on hand to keep them from going over. Mr. Guinness, the agent for looking after missionaries, met us down the river and helped us get our baggage off. He took the trunks to his go-down but we went out to Mrs. Gordon's. It was 3:00 when we got there so we had a time waking them. Mr. G. followed us out lest we get lost so you see we were well looked after. Yesterday we saw our trunks off by freight and to day we go to Peking for the first meeting of our school board.

Write me

Mary

*[This letter dated **Sept. 10, 1914** was written from Tungchou, Peking, China by Mary to the folks at home. She and Flora arrived safely in Peking and met with their school board and looked over plans for a new school building. They were glad to unpack and wash everything after their trip. They visited the girl's boarding school and gave a description of it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Peking, China
Thursday Sept 10 [1914]

Dear folks at Home,

Dr. Ingram posted a letter for us in Peking so you know we arrived there safely. Miss Crane, Mr. Corbett and Mrs. Stelle met us at the train. Miss Crane took an extra rickshaw and piloted our boys to Mrs. Stelle's home, while Mrs. S. took us to the Methodist compound for our first school committee meeting. We were the first to arrive but soon the others came. Mr. Corbett is President and Mr. Galt is secretary. There are three other men and two ladies. Two of the committee had been to look at locations for the school in Peking this winter. They reported that two seemed available and votes were cast for 1st and 2nd choice. We saw the plans for the building and they are quite complete. As most of the children are in Peking this winter, as those in Tungchou are old enough with two exceptions, to go to Peking to board and two new babies arrive here this winter, we are to be located in Peking. Where we live we are not certain, either with Mrs. Stelle or Mrs. Burgess. The foundation of the building is nearly complete and we have visited it twice. It is to be a four story building. In the basement are two dining rooms, kitchen, store room, furnace room, boys and girls dressing rooms and toilets. On the first floor are a hall and four rooms. The second floor is nearly like the first. The third has four rooms with slanting ceilings and dormer windows. The building stands in a large open space and faces the semicircle of seven homes in the compound. It faces north but the rooms planned for assembly and main class rooms at the start are south and east. The building is larger than our present need but of course we hope there is a future.



Written in album: "First view of our school Sept. 16, 1914"
 [Flora at far right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had a most cordial reception here in Tungchou. Of course we had two husbands in our party and their wives were at the station with a number of small children. Miss Leavens with whom we were to stay was there also and on the way up we met the older children, so before reaching the compound we had met all of the people here. Our trunks fortunately came on the train with us so they were delivered at once. As this is a temporary stopping place we are not unroping our big trunks. Miss Leavens boy is doing our much needed laundry work. It seemed good to empty my trunk of soiled garments. The last time I was all clean was in Berkeley.



Written in album: "Yours truly [Mary] on Miss Leaven's steps"
 [Photo from collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We unpacked the first morning and took a nap after lunch. About four Mable Galt came over to escort us around the compound. We are six homes in a curved row with the College buildings at the east end. Ours is the house farthest west. The church is inside the city wall while we are just outside. We have only a wire fence to separate us from the wicked world; but that wicked world is at some little distance. (A donkey just brayed and I

heard the first one after retiring the first evening.) There is lots of space here for athletic fields and three good tennis courts all ready laid out.

Yesterday we washed gloves and silk stockings and did some mending in the morning. In the afternoon we rested an hour then went over to Mr. Galt's for a committee meeting. We went over the plans of the building very carefully then visited the building. We made a few changes of a minor sort.

Today we matched silks to the ties we got in Kyoto and started to make tassels. We shall have a Chinese woman make the others from our samples. I have partially cut out the Philippine waist I brought along, and shall give it to a Chinese woman to sew up.

We are seriously considering taking a few lessons in Chinese to help in the managing of servants in the future. Already I can say yes, no, good, and count to five.

We finished making out our accounts today and find it cost \$179.64 to get us here besides the tickets we had sent us from Chicago to Kobe.

When we go to bed we hear frequent shots in the direction of the city and a few from the country. Miss Leavens says they are fired at thieves which are especially numerous now as it is harvest time.

Saturday Sept 12. - Yesterday I had a nice hot bath. Alas, I fear I have rolled over in a tub for the last time for awhile at least. It was hot, pleasant and cleansing, nevertheless.

Yesterday afternoon we walked over to the boarding school for girls of which Miss Leavens was charge. The grounds are surrounded by a wall. One building is for school purposes only. The dining room has square tables and benches about six inches wide to sit on. The benches are quite high and I doubt if the children can touch their feet at all if they really sit.

We went into some of the girls rooms. They are almost 12 feet square. One half of the room is the kahn (my spelling as it really is shuan) where four girls sleep with feet under the window and heads in the center of the room. The bedding was folded and piled in one corner. The bed was covered with two very thin grass mats, over brick. In cold weather the beds are warmed by fires under the brick. Outside the building were the openings from which the fires are fed.

We are trying to find out our Chinese name and whether we can take the same one Will has or not. The only character Flora has here is the seal one which differs from the written one and there is some difficulty about getting it recognized.

Mr. and Mrs. Frame (Alice Brown) were here for breakfast this morning, having arrived from Pei Tai Ho (Be-da-ho is the pronunciation) on the early train. We expect them for luncheon also. Pei Tai Ho is the summer resort for North China foreigners. By tonight it is expected that the compound will be filled. Each day so far has brought one or two so we did not have to meet them all at once.

We look each day for a home letter as it is already two weeks since we left the steamer at Kobe. It seems longer because of the much we have seen.

Mr. Corbett read a letter written in English by a Chinese for us last evening. He ended by saying "I will talk to you about it until we meet."

With lots of love
Mary.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1914 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary arrived safely in Tungchou and are ready to begin work. Until their new school is finished they will teach in Peking. They are not much affected by the war. Some missionaries who vacationed in Europe have to come back to China via the U.S. so will be delayed about a month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Sept 12, 1914 from Flora]

Dear folks at home:-

We arrived in Tungchou safely and are feeling quite rested and are looking forward to really getting to work. It will probably take two weeks more to get our building ready for us in Peking, so we shall be out here in this delightful country air while we wait. Our permanent building is up to the ground floor in its process of erection and we have been over the plans with the building committee and suggested some changes which should not make expenses more and still give us more conveniences.

We dined last evening with Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. Mr. Corbett is the chairman of our trustees. They are acquainted with Orange, N.J., and are very delightful young people. They have three little children from 8 yrs. down, so are personally interested in the school problem. This year we shall have only a day school but being in

Peking, I think we shall have an opportunity of interesting the business and legation families and so have a better number for next year's boarding school. I think it is going to be fine for us for we can use our spare time sight seeing and there is so much to see. Also we shall be able to have a taste of the social life in the Chinese capital. I am glad that the real school is to be out here for it is most ideal. There is a campus here of more than 10 acres, which is at present producing several crops of alfalfa for the dairy. There are walks both in and out of the compound, and tennis courts and possibilities for other athletics here. The dairy is owned and supervised by the mission so we are sure of good pure milk. There is an artesian well so we do not have to boil the water. They put up ice in the winter so we can have ice boxes and ice cream, and the gardens are full of the most delectable vegetables. So you see there are so many favorable conditions that we must be very contented. It seems as though prospects could not be more promising for our school.

I am sending for two magazines which I meant to have subscribed for before I left home but am able to save \$.40 by taking them together which may pay the extra postage on one of them. I did not know how much the two would be- with the foreign postage so have told the "School Arts Magazine" to send the bill to you. The other to be included in the "Primary Education." The club price is \$2.85. I imagine the extra may be a dollar.

I am wondering how the war is affecting you at home and how Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop got home. We have felt absolutely no effects from it here- nor on our way. The Mission buyer has taken the precaution to get extra supplies so that if ships are taken off the people may still have provisions. The war has struck the German missionaries very hard- they had to be helped by contributions from the other missionaries; and the English missionaries have been asked to stop all building; but so far the Americans are not hampered. Several of the people who went from here to spend the summer in Europe have had to return via U.S. and so are to be about a month late in arriving.

We are to be out here for about two weeks and then we go back to Peking. We are to board either with Mrs. Stelle or Mrs. Burgess (nei Stella Fischer of Karuiaz, Japan). It is not yet decided which, and I do not care.

We have decided to do a bit of language study so is to be able to take care of ourselves and already we know about a dozen words. Next week we will begin with a teacher. I think just to get the tones- there are only four up here.

Will write more later, for we want to get this letter started home to-day.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Peking
Sept. 12, 1914.

[This letter dated Sept. 19, 1914 was written on a sampan on the Min River near Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. A typhoon hit the area and a window was blown in on Willard's Foochow house. After wading through water on the plain, Willard found his women boarders on Kuliang safe but a little scared. There was much damage elsewhere. Willard heard through one of Flora and Mary's fellow passengers on the Mongolia that they plan to spend next summer with Willard on Kuliang. He tells of a little unconscious Chinese boy who came to consciousness after a prayer was said. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

On the Min just above Pagoda Anchorage

Sampan No. 103. Captain Lo Cu = Rat

Foochow- China 4:45 p.m. Sept. 19th 1914

Dear Elizabeth:-

Your good letter came yesterday. It was most welcome for this Summer most of my home correspondents have been treating me as I treat them and letters have not been numerous. I'm afraid I've not written home since the last typhoon-(if I have, please forgive the repetition) A week ago last Sunday, Sept. 6th I was in Foochow to conduct communion and receive five to membership. The wind had been strong all day. About 8:30 p.m. it grew stronger. I had finished my Putnam letter and was reading a few minutes, planning to write my Shelton letter, when the electricity suddenly went out. I knew then that the storm was serious. The north window had blown in and water seemed to be dripping from the whole ceiling. The wind blew out my light. There chanced to be one old wickless lantern in the house. I fortunately found a wick and some oil and with this old lantern went into the study. The wind had blown leaves and dirt thru the blind slats, across the room and had stuck them on the opposite wall. All books not in cases or protected were wet, so I at once removed them all, and with Mrs. Christian's table leaves braced the

window shut. Other windows continually blew in and I was kept busy for an hour, until the house seemed fairly secure. It is an old house and things are not strong. I watched till midnight. Every gust sent tiles off the roof of my study. But at midnight the wind was much quieter and the tiles had stopped flying. I went to bed and slept till 7 a.m. The rain had then ceased and after breakfast of a dish of Wheatcane[?] with no salt or sugar and only a little condensed milk. I looked over the buildings to see what damage had been done. It was slight, the new school building, blown down in July, and rebuilt was not scratched. The roof over my study was the most seriously injured. I then went out to Ponasang and found little damage. From there I started for Kuliang wondering how I would find things there. Half way across the plain I came to water too deep for my coolies to carry me and I took off shoes and stockings and waded for over two hours in water from six inches to sixteen deep, reaching my mountain cottage at 2:30- hungry. It had stood the storm well. Mrs. and Miss Pitcher, Misses Billing and van der Linden were there. Miss Billing got some scared and none of them slept much. The storm did much damage everywhere. A fire burned up some 100 houses in Foochow in July. These were partly rebuilt. Some 15 or 20 had the roof on posts, and were lying flat in the morning with every tile broken, - one man killed and two injured. I passed several old houses on the plain that had been blown flat. The family were picking their dishes, bedding, clothing, furniture etc. out of the ruins and then sorting out the posts, beams of the house. It was a pitiable spectacle. But this people possess unlimited recuperative powers and they are building before the ashes are cold after a fire.

I moved down from Kuliang a week ago today. Mrs. and Miss Pitcher came to my Foochow house for lunch. Mrs. Pitcher took the steamer that night for Amoy. Miss Pitcher remained with us till Tues. evening and took the steamer for Shanghai where she is to teach in a school similar to the one Flora and Mary are starting in Tung Chow. When I said good bye to her it was the completion of my boarding house venture this Summer which as far as I know has been successful and pleasant. I fully expect Flora and Mary to be with me next Summer. My two other rooms are already promised to a lady from Canton who has been here this summer. She expects her Father next Summer and they will occupy the two rooms.

College opened Thursday with everything promising well. Over 230 students have joined - up to last night. This does not include some 30 who ask to come into the new building. We are to have two new American teachers this term- Mr. Urch who has been teaching in Japan Gov't schools for three years and Ray Gardner born in Foochow graduated from Pomona, Cal. last June.

A week ago on the mountain I met Mrs. Bankhardt who was on the "Mongolia" for about two minutes. She told me the girls were well and that they departed themselves with credit to the family while on board and that they had gone via Korea to Peking. And that they had decided to come to Kuliang next Summer. Then a few days ago I received a letter from each of the girls and last evening I had a good talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ford who were on the same steamer with them. All these talks make me proud to be a brother of them.

Last night after attending a reception to several new and returning Foochowites on South Side, I took berth no. 1. on Sampan #103 went to sleep and woke up near Diong Loh- got up and showered and dressed under the critical eyes of the two women on the boat and took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances. I went down to meet the Committee on the new residence for Dr. and Mrs. Gillette. The work was finished before dinner and I started after dinner. The wind was good for me. I had about 3 or 4 miles with the pulling tide out of the creek. Then when I struck the river Min I had the tide against. We came up all right till the river turned. This cut off the wind and I am hung up at the Foochow Arsenal until the tide turns up-before long now. I wanted very much to reach Foochow for a big Chinese feast under the Auspices of the Evangelistic Campaign Comm. of which I am Chairman- to the Chinese Educational Board and the Presidents of the Gov't Colleges in Foochow. But this comes at 7 p.m. It is six now and I shall reach home about 10. So there!!

Here's a good story. It occurred at the Foochow City Church the day I was there Sept. 6th.

Mr. Chai an earnest Christian member came in just before service began and looking all about the church asked, "Hasn't she come yet? Where is she? Have you seen her? She was leading a little boy." Some one asked him, "Where did you see her last?" "I left her at the corner South and East Streets. She was coming straight to this church." Out he rushed to find her." I asked preacher Li, what it all meant and this is what he told me. "Several days ago this woman, a relative of Mr. Chai, came to him with her little boy six years old in an unconscious state. She said her other little boy had died of the same disease a few days before. This one acted just the same. She had employed all the charms, and devices that Chinese doctors and geomancers and idolators knew of with effect "Do you Christians have any methods of driving out these devils from little boys?" "We have only one method" said Mr. Chai. "We pray for them. Will you kneel with us and pray?" "Yes." They knelt and as they were praying the child opened his eye and said "I na" (ee ma) {a as in bad}= mama. From that the child got well". In a few minutes Mr. Chai came in with her and she was leading the little boy. Elisha and John and Peter and Paul did things like this. Lots of love Will

[This letter dated Sept. 22, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Willard has received photos of his family back in the U.S. and is amazed how the children have changed. In addition to having Flora and Mary with him at Kuliang next summer, he has rented out two rooms to others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Sept. 22, 1914.

Dear Flora and Mary:-

Your good letters came a week ago. Ray Gardner arrived last Friday. I suppose nothing has affected me just the same as have those photos of the people at Putnam. It has been a year since I have had words in pictures from the family. All but Ellen have changed. I do not know who has changed most, - possible Geraldine- for she still wore her hair as a little girl. Now she has a RAT. I felt like tearing it off. Dorothy's and Kathleen's faces have changed also. This was the first picture of Gould in long trousers that I have seen. My! will I know them then I see them in 1916? I guess so.

I saw Mrs. Bankhardt 2 minutes and I had a good long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ford last Friday evening and the talk all centered about two girls on the Mongolia and the babies that one of them had captivated. They all said we knew we liked your older sister and we found the younger equally lovable. The one regret is that you were not coming to Foochow instead of Tung Chow.

I have rented two rooms in my Kuliang house for next Summer already. This comes from my expn. as a Hotel keeper this past summer. But I have reserved the room we used to use as a dining room for you sisters. This past summer the house was disposed as on the plan enclosed. Mrs. Bankhardt said you had decided to come down and stay with me next summer. We are due to have a very pleasant summer for we have had seven typhoons this summer. But from July 16-Aug 30 the weather was well nigh perfect. It cut up at the beginning and at the end of the season.

College is running nicely again and we are in full swing. I am sending this letter at a venture. Thinking there will not be so many foreigners in Tung Chow that they will not be able to find you. I am enclosing my letter to Elizabeth. Will you forward it as soon as possible. She wrote me a dandy letter- while she and Father and Mother were at home alone. Will you keep the photo or send it home as you choose. If you do not send it home let me know or if you care for one to keep let me know and I'll send you one.

Write me all about your work and situation and Peking and everything. With my very best and most loving wishes for a pleasant time in getting settled and into the work. I am very Lovingly Will.

Did you get my letters and postals at Honolulu and Yokohama?

[This letter dated Sept. 27, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. The first week of school has finished. They are currently in the basement of the Y.M.C.A. building and will have to find some Chinese houses because of a change in plans. The new building in Tungchow will not be finished until next year. Flora describes visiting the gardens that the late empress established. She discusses the supply of medicines which because of the war will now have to come from Japan rather than Europe. And, another result of the war is the German missionaries are penniless. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, Sept. 27, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

We have finished our first week of school and have enrolled twenty-four scholars. At present we are occupying three recitation rooms in the basement of the Y.M.C.A. building. We have desks and black boards with an eraser and a box of crayon- all of which we are truly thankful for. The change of plan for our school necessitated finding a house for our day's work here among the Chinese houses. One was found centrally located but is not to be vacated until some time in October, so with our present conveniences we are provided with a place until we can have our permanent house. Then the Kindergarten (which has a teacher and assistant) there will be six of our faculty, for one of the mothers is to assist me with my little first grade pupils. I wish I could adequately describe our students for they certainly are about the most interesting group of children I ever worked with. Mary has nine

students in her room and the grading of them has kept her busy all the week. I have the rest and they are by no means settled yet.

We spent nearly two weeks out at Tungchou where our school is to be as soon as the new building is finished, which now will not be until next year. The basement was completed while we were out there and the first story started. It is to be built of gray brick a little darker than this paper. It is placed out across a large lawn but in full sight of all the houses in the compound. As the compound is composed of nearly 40 acres of land you can imagine the size of the lawn when I tell you that fully a fourth of it is about our building and now is covered with a fine crop of alfalfa which is raised to feed the dairy of over fifty cows. About ten of the cows have been brought from foreign lands and the stables for them are the latest most approved steel stanchions and cement floors, with an attendant who removes all debris. It is quite safe to drink this milk without boiling, since the whole dairy is owned by a responsible Chinese, and personally advised and supervised by Dr. Ingram of the A.B.C.F.M. The compound is a beautiful spot for our school for it is so large, open, and safe with possibilities for long walks in the country.

We are to board this winter with Mr. and Mrs. Burgess of the Y.M.C.A. so you can address our letters in care of the Y.M.C.A., Peking, China. Will you tell every one of our change of address? At present we are in the A.B.C.F.M. compound with Mrs. Stelle, but probably we shall move before another week. We have a sleeping porch so we have been investing in clothes for keeping warm at night. We have each given an order for a Chinese wadded garment to wear over our nightgowns which I am sure with all the rest of our blankets should keep us comfortable. I am going to knit a pair of long bed stockings for my feet- as soon as I can get the worsted.

On Friday we were invited to the Friday Club which is wholly Literary and interested this year in poetry. You can imagine the quality of culture we are enjoying when you read the subject of the meeting- "Wordsworth and Coleridge as Exponents of the Romantic Movement. There were two quite lengthy papers, two songs, and a reading all of which filled up nearly two hours. There were nearly fifty women present. I certainly enjoyed the occasion. The October meeting is to be - "Later Romanticism, illustrated from Byron, Shelley, and Keats." Most of the American women here are College women and so we get rather interesting and mature thoughts on the subjects.

Yesterday, we visited the zoo and botanical gardens which the late empress dowager established, but since the revolution they have fallen somewhat from their pristine beauty and wonder. We saw a zebra, an elephant, a lioness, several smaller animals of the feline tribe, a number of species of birds, and some monkeys. The gardens covered a large tract of land where we saw orchards of mulberry trees, peaches and pears (where the trees were trained flat against upright arbors), dates, pomegranates, and persimmons. There were fields of rice, corn, cotton, and cabbage, and lakes full of lotus-flowers, which were all gone to seed now. In the green houses we saw orchids, a night-blooming cereus, several kinds of ferns, begonias, geraniums, asters, and a telegraph plant, which grows such long aerial roots that they had extended the whole length of the green-house and were nearly a yard on their return trip. The whole place was not without its real beauty though the past-maturity of its sights made it look somewhat somber. We walked on and on until we came to the Empress's garden house, where we took down one of the window guards and looked through the glass into the rooms where she evidently took her tea, when she visited the grounds. Not the least remarkable was the giant who took our tickets at the gate. He is seven feet (and a large number of inches) tall and the size of his feet and hands was most impressive. He has a twin brother just as mammoth.

To-day is Sunday, and we are spending the morning quietly in our room trying to get caught up in rest and letter writing.

You will probably be asked how the war is affecting us. So far not at all. The Americans are living and doing the same as usual, but it will affect the medical department seriously as they have bought their medicines and supplies largely from Germany and other countries of Europe. America will not get the orders as American drugs cost more to buy and to transport. Japan will probably get the orders. The German missionaries are actually penniless and everywhere the other missionaries are giving money or trying to care for their work. They are in a most pitiable state. So far the English missionaries are proceeding as usual, but they expect to get word any day that their salaries and supplies are to be cut. We have a daily paper here and are interestidly following the course of the war. The taking of Tsingtao is a tragedy which everyone is dreading. Our own American Consul is remaining there, though just why no one here seems to understand- except that he considers it his duty. His wife is in Tientsin. Our American Minister and his wife are expected to return this week. They spent the summer in Switzerland and had to return via U.S. Their little daughter teased her grandmother so hard to come to the American school that she had to let her come. She attended school in the British Legation last year and did not like it.

Will let Mary tell you her story.

Lovingly - Flora Beard.



Written in album: "Our school Sept. 30, 1914"
[Mary is at far back right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Sept. 27, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of the various people they are visiting with and their children, who are their students. The Eddy Evangelistic meetings were all absorbing that week and there were varied opinions about them. She describes a funeral procession she came upon one day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, China.
Sept 27, 1914.

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had three home letters since last we wrote. The Lathrops were expected this next week according to last reports so by now you have heard all of their thrilling experiences. At Tung chou we were two lazy people. Breakfast at 7.30, a morning sewing or writing or reading, lunch at 12.30, a nap, a walk, dinner at 7.00 or 6.30 and to bed at 9.00 on the sleeping porch. I nearly finished my Philippine waist, mended everything I had with me and had a sewing woman make a silk petticoat besides darn stockings and put tassels on some Japanese ties I got for Xmas presents. We came up to Peking one day for a school committee meeting. Mrs. Ingram came with us and we had two hours for shopping. The silk shops are fascinating in the gorgeous display of color. I got the silk for my skirt. We took lunch that day with Mrs. Lowery [Lowry] of the Methodist Mission. She has eight children, five of whom are in our school. She planned to send the twins, aged 8 and Irma, aged 11, and possibly Margaret aged 12 for English. Then four came the first day for everything except Margaret's for everything except her Latin. That is a feather in my cap which I hope I can retain. The three older girls are all in my room and are most eager workers. While at Tungchou we had dinner with the Corbetts. Mr. Corbett is the Chairman of our School Board. They have three children, all too young to send up here. The Ingram's entertained us next. Mrs. Ingram is on the committee for school curriculum and furniture. The Galt's next had us for dinner. Mr. Galt is secretary of the committee also treasurer. He forwarded \$50 for us so we could leave Tungchou free from debt. Mrs. Shephard, the senior missionary at Tungchou now, entertained us the last Sunday evening. She is the mother of Mrs. Stelle with whom we are now staying. At our meeting for which we came up, we learned that Mrs. Fenn of the Presbyterian Mission was personally offended so refused to attend. I think her objections are over come now. She sent Williams the first day. She also invited us up for the week but we were otherwise disposed of. We did go up Friday afternoon and stay until Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Fenn is a fascinating woman and exceedingly brilliant and wide awake. Just now she is tired from nursing Wilson-through Typhoid this summer. That with a lack of information regarding our plans were the cause of the unpleasant situation. We finally opened school rather precipitately on a five days notice. Everyone anticipates that we will have more community children later. I hope so as their tuition will help greatly to

finance the school. Our new building was growing apace while we were at Tungchou and we went out to see it every day.

The last Sunday afternoon I went with Miss Leaven across the city to a little Sunday School. The walk through the city was intensely interesting. We saw everything in operation as on any other day. The carpenters were at work sawing out logs. The little stalls for selling various articles were all set up. We saw some very interesting pottery and brass on some of the places. Miss Leaven was going to send the work out the next day to price them. A foreigner does not stop to shop here because it carries such a crowd and the prices soar so high.

A most interesting shop keeper brought his goods down to us from Peking. We looked them over in the evening then took a second look in the morning before purchasing. I got two fox skins, of a lovely gray color and shall have a muff and stoll made. [See photo with letter dated January 5, 1915.] My old muff is in my boxes, so will not be of much use this winter. Every one cautions us about a trying to go thinly clad. A cold this week, which nearly stopped my talking for two days, makes me feel that it is wise to heed the words of caution. Dr. Loring gave me some tablets last evening that are already proving effective in relieving the hoarseness and stopping the strangled feeling.

Our first four days of school gave a chance to get things to running well. I succeeded in getting in all of my classes on Friday. I have one Arithmetic class in denominate numbers, two Algebra classes, one beginning and one in quadratics; three in History, one Elementary United States, one in the advance book and one in Ancient History; two Latin classes, one just starting Caesar on and one just starting the subject; one Geography class just finishing this year; and three English classes, one in the lost Mother Tongue and one starting Rhetoric. Besides these I plan for a Physiology class twice a week and spelling once or twice. These will alternate with the Geography and Elementary History. Mrs. Malcolm has agreed to take the class in end year German; much to my relief. I dreaded that after one year's preparation twelve years ago.

The Eddy meetings are the all absorbing theme here this week. The different views of them were interesting. Mr. Bryson from down in the country finds each one very inspiring and is in hearty sympathy with it all. Mr. Otello seems to agree perfectly. Mr. Fenn and Mr. Goforth feel that the series is not adequate that the transition from patriotism to the religious side is too sudden. They also shake their heads over the wisdom of the lunch and dinner for those who have decided to take up Bible Study. Both are today, Sunday, hence the question.

Yesterday on our return from Mrs. Fenn's we found a funeral. The funeral chair was borne by thirty or more men and was most gorgeously red. Preceding it were two groups of mourners all in white. They were not mourning very loudly but were beating their musical(?) instruments hard enough to wake up. In the lead were several bearers of black banners and one man bearing an image of a man dressed in black held aloft on a long pole.



This photo may be similar to the Chinese funeral that Mary came upon.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We hear that no missionaries are being sent out now lest money gets tied up so salaries can not be gotten out. The members of the London Mission are expecting word every day that no funds are forth coming. German missionaries already have the word. The Medical school is terribly short of workers as none of the recruits have been allowed to come out. We will probably feel it if things get any worse. It was with some relief that we heard of the English landing near Tsing Tau because no one here has any faith in the Japanese.

We had three hours with a Chinese teacher in Tungchou and there are a dozen or two words which I now recognize when I hear them and a few I can use when needed. I wonder if our attempts at Chinese are as funny to the Chinese as theirs are to us! A student was reading an English Bible down at the Y.M.C.A. one morning and not one word was intelligible. I could tell that it was not Chinese. He tried to use his tones in English and the result was quite unfamiliar.

It is time for a Sunday nap. At Tungchou it was the daily nap, but not so here.

With lots of love-

Mary.

Ruth:-

Will you get me a pair of long silk gloves white, ordinarily long- number 7. Get a good quality. I pay \$1 usually. You may have to give more now. Flora.

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 29, 1914** was written from Fukien Province, China by Willard to the folks at home. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. It is a request for prayers for the Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Campaign.]*

[Sept. 29, 1914]

Dear Folks at Home

The enclosed leaflet tells you about a special united undertaking of all the missions and churches of our great province. We have been thinking planning and praying about it for nearly a year now. Our city about which possibly you know from my other letters and from general missionary literature is one of the thirteen centers. Plans have been thoroughly made, and the outlook is very heartening.

What I very much desire, my one purpose in sending you this letter, is to have your prayers with ours behind this undertaking. From the day you receive this letter, especially during the days listed for our city and FOR THREE MONTHS afterward, will you not pray daily and specifically for us in this one thing?

I emphasize the three months for the follow up work as the most critical and searching part of the enterprise. We are making special and careful preparation for it. All the men and women engaged in this undertaking, Chinese and foreign, must succeed if there is a great united volume of prayer constantly made in their behalf and for those whom they would help into the way of life.

There is a feeling rising almost to conviction that we are on the eve of a tremendous awakening and advance in this the most Christian province of the land. Our great need is spiritual power, towards this your special prayers would contribute much.

With cordial personal greetings,

Faithfully yours,
Will.

Fukien, China; Sept. 29, '14
1914.

Call to Prayer

in Behalf of the

Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Campaign

October 22—December 1st, 1914.

Statement:

The marked success which attended the Eddy evangelistic meetings in Foochow during the spring of 1913 led Christian leaders of Fukien to feel that the time was ripe for a great advance on the part of the church among the higher classes. For five days an average of 5,000 men, students, officials, business men and gentry, attended the meetings addressed by Prof. Robertson—scientific lecturer—and Mr. G. Sherwood Eddy, evangelist from New York. Over fifteen hundred men became "inquirers" promising to read the Bible daily, investigate the teachings of Christianity and if they found them true, to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. All six Missions at work in Fukien, together with the Young Men's Christian Association, have now united in an effort to reach directly the men of the thirteen largest cities and indirectly to extend an influence to all parts of this vast Province. The Mission will be held during October and November of this year. Mr. Eddy will lead the campaign in Foochow and Amoy and conduct Personal Workers Training Conferences in these cities, attended by the leading native Christians of all thirteen cities. Several of the most successful evangelists of China together with scientific lecturers will form teams and visit the other eleven centers. Each of these cities will in turn be a county or prefectural center from which the evangelistic spirit will spread to the most distant towns and villages of the Province. Success in this great undertaking is assured only through intercession. To this task of interceding in behalf of the young men of Fukien that the dynamic of God may rule their lives—to such a task you are called throughout the coming months.

Fukien Provincial Evangelistic Committee.

Meditation

The very substantial results which followed the meetings of a year ago, and the experience which has been gained in the various cities gives ground for the belief that still larger results can be secured in the meetings to be held during the present year. They will have their greatest fruitage in proportion as Missionaries and clergy and Church members are united in sympathetic and prayerful effort. Dr. Mott has laid emphasis on this need of prayer in his recent book entitled "Intercessors—the Primary Need."

"Notwithstanding the great encouragements, the primary need of this vast, potent, and hopeful field is that of more intercessors. Why is it of transcendent importance that more prayer be enlisted on behalf of the work of evangelization in China? Because the most remarkable spiritual achievements in this field have taken place as a result of sincere and faithful intercession. Because the key to the solution of other problems related to the evangelization of all classes and the releasing of their spiritual energies lies in the manifestation of the power of God in answer to prayer. Because those who have devoted themselves most to true intercession are most emphatic in their expression of conviction that the possibilities of such intercession are simply boundless. Because there are so many Christians who know that they should be intercessors, but have failed to master their circumstances and to devote themselves to this most important ministry. There is need of fresh emphasis also on the fact that one of the most Christlike forms of work is that of intercession, for He not only taught and commanded His followers to pray for others, but Himself likewise prayed for others and ever liveth to make intercession. Whatever can be done, therefore, to set forth the urgent need of prayer will be the most highly multiplying service which can be rendered at the present time in the interest of the Christian conquest of China."

Special Subjects for Prayer.

- For those students, teachers and leaders in our province who are Christians in deed and in truth, and to whom comes the call of the great opportunity which these months are to bring: That when the hour of opportunity arrives, they may have courage to venture and grace to fulfil whatever their Lord may then require of them. That they may be endowed with sympathy, wisdom, patience, humility, untiring hope and courage. That the native church in these centers may realize the opportunity presented to it in this campaign and give itself to intercessory prayer as never before.
- For the members of the various Committees and Secretaries arranging the Evangelistic meetings: That they may take time to learn, and may be enabled to know, the will of God regarding all plans and arrangements.
- For Mr. Eddy, Prof. Robertson and those who are to share with them in the labours of this itinerary: That they may be granted a living vision and experience of those aspects of the Gospel which are most fitted to influence their hearers; that word may be given them in that hour, and that they may be clothed with power from on high.
- For all non-Christian Government School Students, Officials, Business Men and Gentry: That their attitude may be favorable and their hearts prepared to receive the message of salvation as given by His servants. That they may decide to thoroughly investigate the claims of Jesus Christ and as they continue in Bible study and engage in forms of personal service for their fellow men they may have grace to accept Him, whom they find true, as their personal Lord and Saviour.
- For ourselves: That the meaning of what we are asking may be made plain to us--its meaning for ourselves and our future duty, for the Church or the Missionary Society with which we may be connected, for the city or district in which we live, and for the land of China which we love.

Itineraries

Mr. G. S. Eddy and Prof. C. H. Robertson.

North Fukien Personal Workers Training Conference—
Foochow—Oct. 22-25

Foochow Evangelistic Meetings—Oct. 26-30

South Fukien Personal Workers Training Conference—
Amoy—Oct. 31-Nov. 2

Amoy Evangelistic Meetings—Nov. 2-6

Five Teams of Speakers.

Team No. 1, Speakers—Mr. David Yui and
Prof. G. H. Cole

Yenping—November 11th.—15th.

Kienning—,, 18th.—22nd.

Shaowu—,, 26th.—30th.

Team No. 2, Speakers—Mr. Uong Gang Huo and
Mr. C. R. Kellogg

Iughok—November 6th.—10th.

Mingchiang—,, 12th.—16th.

Team No. 3, Speakers—Pastor Uong De Gi and
Rev. J. Hind

Kucheng—November 6th.—11th.

Fuhning—,, 15th.—19th.

Team No. 4, Speakers—Mr. F. S. Brockman and
Mr. G. M. Newell

Hokchiang—October 28th.—Nov. 2nd.

Hinghwa—November 3rd.—8th.

Team No. 5, Speakers—Pastor Ding Li Mei and
Rev. A. L. Warnshuis

Changchow—November 13th.—17th.

Chinchew—,, 20th.—24th.

[This letter dated Sept. 30, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Willard took many letters up to Kuliang to answer but ended up resting and reading 3 novels. He attended the funeral of a Chinese pastor with a wealthy family. The war continues and Willard finds it hard to find authentic news. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Sept. 30th 1914

Dear Phebe and Stanley:-

Don't stop to think when I wrote you last. I've written some of the folks most every week, and altho people say that we have a vacation during the summer months, yet the vacation with me consists in a change of dwelling and of work rather than in cessation of activities. I've had a very pleasant summer. The one thing that I regret is that I have not written more letters. I took about forty up to my mountain cottage and they rested placidly in my desk drawer and came back to Foochow three weeks ago unanswered and with some new ones added to their number. I did one thing that I never did before in my life. I have not yet confessed it very broadly either. I read three novels—"The Inside of the Cup"—"The Goodly Fellowship"—"The Winning of Barbara Worth." I wonder if my time would have been more profitably spent in writing letters.

I am now out in the country about twelve miles from Foochow attending a funeral. The funeral of one of the ordained pastors of the Congregational Church in Foochow. He was something over seventy years of age. His four sons and three daughters have married men who have good positions or who are already wealthy. One son has

been in business in the Philippines and is wealthy. Another is there now getting wealthy. The other two are in Szechuen province as Salt inspectors. The better one has a salary of \$5,000.00 a year. I am glad that the Christians here are paying more attention to show in their funerals. It seems as we think of it superficially a waste of time and money. But this family for instance are able- well able to do it. They hired three house boats for three days each, and took 40 of the College students and other men and about 20 women from Foochow over. In all there were about 400 at the funeral. All these were given two good meals today and some of them were given two or three days board. The coffin cost \$54.00. Well say the expenses were all total \$500.00.

All the people in all the county round about here knew of the funeral- they knew who it was- that he was a pastor of the Am. B'd mission- an old man and an earnest Christian. They knew also that the people who came to the funeral were Christians.

Sunday Oct. 4th

We had a great day that Wed. The big procession reached the little country wayside house which pastor Lan had built for his old age about 11:30. There was great shooting of firecrackers and of a kind of cannon something like an anvil and then the people seated themselves and there was a long program of addresses. Hodous and I had to say a word. Then the friends and relatives carried the coffin up the hill to the grave. It is the first time I ever saw this done in China. They always hire coolies to do this. The coolies usually put the coffin down before they get to the grave and demand extra money. This time there was none of that.

After the burial we went to the house again where 250 sat down to dinner. It was 2:30 p.m. - How they did eat!! At 4 we started for our boat. An hour's brisk walk- 2 hrs in a boat, 2 hours more on foot, - an hour in a sedan and we were home. The next day Thursday was Oct. 1 and a double amount of work any way for me. In the evening I ran away to the reception given the new Y.M.C.A. Secretary who has just come back from Nanking where he has been for his bride. She was a daughter of Dr. Beebe of the M.E. Mission there. I remained with the Macs and bride and groom for supper. This was playing.

The Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s are feeling the effect of the war keenly. As a means of reducing expenses they are asking the Secretaries to give up part of their salaries.

The weather is delightful now. But with it all the people- both Chinese and foreigners are effected with colds more than at any other season of the year. The Community Doctor says "Every body has a cold. This may be because the nights are quite cool and the days warm. People -foreigners generally dress much the same as in the Summer months. It feels good to be cool they say, and they have to pay for it.

I had a good letter from Flora a week ago after the girls had been in Tung Chou about two weeks. The letter had a happy tone to it as if all was going well and they were looking forward to a year of pleasant work. Who would have dreamed twenty years ago that three of us would be in China in 1914?

I suppose the Big Bug [*maybe a harvesting machine*] makes its semi monthly journey to Century Farm and the people there are as happy to see its occupants as ever.

The mails I think must be a little upset or else the Summer is a poor time for the people to write letters as well as for me because letters are few the past two months, - from home.

The war drags on and authentic news is as hard to get as ever. Few individuals in the world are not affected [*by*] it. The world has already become one big commonwealth and what one nation does effects all other nations. The world will doubtless be better for the war. Men realize already the utter folly of such a war, and altho there are still plenty of men to volunteer- even run from the U.S. to Canada to get to go- yet level heads are more and more convinced of the folly and the crime of the hellish business. God will use men to stop it in His own time.

With Love to both you and Stanley
Will

Tell Ruth her chain came back all right the other day and I'll send it soon.

[This letter dated Oct. 4, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mary and Flora will be staying with the Burgess family of the Y.M.C.A. Because of the war, everyone is economizing and eating the native produce. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Address- Care of Mrs. J.S. Burgess, Y.M.C.A.

[Oct. 4, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

We are at last in the home that is to be ours for the rest of this winter- with Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Burgess of the Y.M.C.A. The compound is just back of the big Y.M.C.A. building and the house is very comfortable. We have a room with a private sleeping porch so we have been getting ready for cold weather. We are each having Chinese wadded garments made and the ladies have had two cotton wadded comforters made which besides double woolen blankets and our steamer rugs should make us comfortable. I am going to knit myself some bed socks then I think c-o-m-f-o-r-t should spell my name.

We have finished our second week of school with our two dozen children and are to have our number increased as soon as three sick children get well. We shall be in the Y.M.C.A. building for some time yet as our real destination is still occupied by a Chinese family. It will have to be cleaned and remodeled to fit our needs before we can move in.

Yesterday, Mary and I settled our room somewhat, then went to deposit our gold. We had just \$100 left and we got \$235 silver for it. Had it been checks we could have gotten four dollars more for it, since there is not call for gold money just now. Tourists are of some use after all. That gold and our first month's salary have enabled each of us to start a bank account with the International Bank, which is really a U.S. bank. After depositing our money, we went shopping and Mary bought silk for a petticoat and thread to embroider it.

I am going to send home in a few days a registered package containing two Chinese woven pictures. They are quite old and are some made to adorn the palace. The costumes in the picture represent the Sung dynasty- I do not know how long ago that was. The pictures cost me \$2.50 gold each and I want to get \$5 gold for each. If you want one at home you may have it for cost price, but for others \$5 is cheap enough. I wish you would let Dr. Shelton see them and if no one at home wants them please send to Mrs. Benbrook, and ask her to let the S.A. people see them. The exquisite coloring is the result of blending with the real gold thread. Few of the people here have seen such things so I am sure it is a real curio. I have two more pictures that I can send if there should be a demand- which I am not expecting as conditions are in the universe just now.

Every thing is going well with us and I hope the war is not affecting home affairs any more. Every one here is economizing for future possibilities. There is so much of the native products here in the north that can be used by the foreigners that I cannot see how there is a possibility of very great privation, since there has been a wonderful harvest this year. We are eating bread made of the native wheat and millet makes one of the nicest cereals for breakfast. I think if some one at home were to parch millet and grind it through a coarse mill and put it on the market with a bit of advertising about its nutritive values it would be a great success as puffed rice was. The fruit up here is lovely. We have grapes that out do our malagas and even the pears and apples are good. The markets are full of good fruits and vegetables all the year around and things are cheap.

What money (if any) that you get from the pictures please put to my account in paying what I owe you.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Oct. 4, 1914.



Burgess house- Peking X=Our sleeping porch.

Mary put a white "X" over the top window where her she and Flora slept on the sleeping porch.

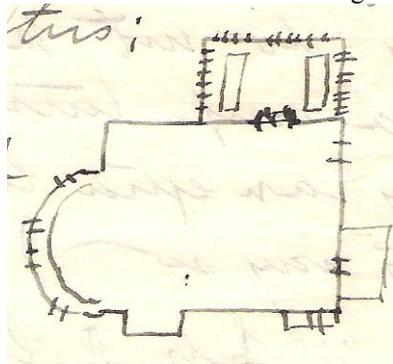
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **early Oct. 1914** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She gives an example of their schedule and how busy they are. The includes a sketch of their room and sleeping porch at the Burgess house where they are staying for the winter. There is concern over the situation at Tsing Tao. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Early Oct 1914]

Dear Ones at Home,

The letter and photo came from Will two days ago. We are very busy people these days. It has been rise at 6.30, breakfast at 7.16; to school by 9.00, teach every moment until 12.15; Lunch and back to reopen at 1.45; Close at 3.15, home, dress, have tea at 4.00 and dinner at 7.00. The spare time we spent talking, walking or studying. The short evening left little time for study as we were ready for bed by 9.30 or 10.00. Today we moved up to Mrs. Burgess's where we expect to remain for the winter. We have a nice large room and a sleeping porch like this:



Just at present our furniture is reposing where it was left on delivery and on two big trunks occupy the seats of honor. Our steamer trunks have not come up from Mrs. Stelle's but we go down for them tomorrow or Saturday. Tomorrow we have a committee meeting to talk over books. We are having no afternoon session. My boys are beginning to show that they are boys. They have obtained bamboo sticks about 6 inches long and are shooting little hard seeds through them.

I have asked them to leave sticks and seeds at home.

The situation at Tsing Tao is growing more serious. To the people here it is most vital as so many of the Germans there are civilians – and are known to the older inhabitants here. Our consul, Mr. Peets, is down there. His instructions were to remain as long as he could and so he is staying on. His poor wife is nearly frantic. The Minister, Mr. Reinsch, arrived yesterday. He had gone for the Peace conference and had to return via America. His German name caused him some annoyance but he was able to prove his identity.

We are to dine with three soldiers tonight. They say they do not know a bread and butter plate from a soup tureen. We will see.

This is only an extra letter to hasten Willard's on its way so I will say

Lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated **Oct. 4, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 18 year old son, Gould. Willard tells more about his trip to and of the funeral of Pastor Lan Maing Sik. It is Autumn Festival and there are festivities at the White Pagoda in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Oct. 4, 1914

Dear Gould:-

I guess it must be nearly your turn to have the letter this week. My ruse of writing of Artyn's accomplishments in electricity worked well. It brought from you the longest and best letter yet. Did I write you that Artyn wired Dr. Lyon's Hospital- the new one this Summer? He came down from Kuliang and spent some two weeks or more at it. The question then was, whether the Company would connect for they have depended quite a bit

on the big charges for putting in the lights for big profits. The charges are \$3.00 for each light and \$1.40 for each switch.

Friday night I had a most pleasant dream. I had just come home and found you all. Oh it was a delightful experience,-too good for a dream, so after I had kissed dear Mama and was going the rounds of you children I awoke before I had finished. Dorothy seemed to me to have changed most. She was very plump and soft- I imagine she is plump but I do not think of her as soft. I think of her rather as having pretty hard flesh.

Last Tuesday at 3 p.m. I started for a brief country trip,- took a wild[?] chair over S. Side and picked up Mr. Hodous at the Theological Seminary, and we walked over to Uang Bieng, took a small boat for Nang Seu, had supper on the boat, arriving at Nang Seu about 8:00 p.m. It was a beautiful night with a good moon. We made our beds on the outside of the boat with only the mosquito curtain for our cover between us and the sky. Three house boats full of pastors, preachers, teachers, students and one of them of women were already there. The occasion was the funeral of pastor Lan Maing Sik. A few years ago he went over near Nang Seu- off in the country about 2 ½ miles and built a house. There he died about two months ago. He leaves a widow, four sons and four daughters all married- and all rich or well to do-except one daughter – the wife of the Diong Loh pastor. One son is Salt Inspector in Szechuen province. He has a salary of \$5,000 a year. The funeral was grand. 400 attended. There was a procession nearly half a mile long as they walked from Nang Seu out to the house. At the house there was a long service as several told of the different phases of his life. Then the relatives and friends carried the coffin up the hill to the grave. This was to me a new custom. Always before there have been coolies. But this time there was no haggling over prices-no yelling-all was orderly and quiet- comparatively.

At 2:30 two hundred and fifty sat down to the feast. How they /we did eat!! At 4 we walked back to Nang Seu- took our boat and at 7 p.m. we were back at Uang Bieng, and at 10 p.m. home. - It was a big and expensive funeral-It may have cost \$500. But I think it was worth it. I used to deplore the expenditure of so much money of funerals. But the family was well able to do it. And it made a big impression of thousands of people. There are many things that are of greater value than money. This is one of them.

To night is the 15th of the 8th moon and Autumn festival. The White Pagoda has been lit with red paper lanterns for several nights. Tonight there are large crowds all over it. I can hear them as I write in my study. Last night a man tried to go up the stone pagoda- near Black Rock Hill and fell and killed himself.

Thursday I went to Mrs. Macs to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. He is the latest arrival for the Y.M.C.A. here, - was with the Macs this Summer, - went to Nanking about Sept 1st. There he married a daughter of Dr. Beebe of the M.E. Mission. Mrs. Mac gave them a reception and I also staid to supper.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Belcher- business agent any day now.

A missionary in Africa had a long wait for mail. At last it came- a big mail. He went until he came to a little letter- opened it and, "My dear Father, God bless you." That was all from his little child. But it was enough to give him strength for his work. You cannot realize how much your letters assuring me that you are praying for me help me. I pray God to keep each of you pure and good. Very Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Oct. 25, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary went to visit the Forbidden City and Flora describes some of the sites there. They now have 27 pupils in their school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, Oct. 25, 1914.

Dear folks at home:-

It is Sunday again after a very busy week.-Monday afternoon we had a meeting with the book committee in order to decide on what particular shall be used in our school. Tuesday was our 'at home' day and about twenty people called. Wednesday there was an exhibition several thousand dollars worth of Amoy and Swatow drawn work- here in the city, so Mary and I went to see it. I found the drawn work insertion that Miss Brewster has been wanting so much so have purchased a piece for her. I can get almost anything in the line of drawn work that any body wants and of excellent quality and workmanship. I have not yet sent the pictures I mentioned in my last letter but hope to get them off this week.- On Thursday Mary and I were invited to dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Fenn to meet some fellow passengers of the 'Mongolia' who have gotten this far on their way around the world(?). The "Friday Club" met this week so that used Friday afternoon and yesterday morning we tried to see the collection of antiques in the "Forbidden City" but found they were not to be open until afternoon so instead we visited a curio shop and then went out to the 'Temple to Heaven.' It was a fine walk through the groves of trees and I was glad to see the place again, but was disappointed that we could not see the interiors of the building. All furnishings have been removed to the museum in the 'Temple to Agriculture', but there is some fine inside decorations to see. The

buildings in the court of the 'Temple to Heaven' were used by the bureau which wrote the constitution, so for a time people could not even get inside the gates of that court. A few weeks ago an athletic meet was held in the first court of this extensive place, so you can see how times are changing some of the old historical spots. When I was there in 1909 there was a bunch of brambles occupying the center round stone of the 'Altar to Heaven' but now there was nothing to prevent any one's stepping into the sacred circle – unless it was the broken piece of marble which some one had rolled there.

This week we are arranging for some Hallow e'en fun on Friday afternoon for the school children and we are to go out to tiffin on Saturday. We must get in a call at the American Embassy if we can arrange it with Mrs. Reinsch. We had planned to call on the day which has been her 'at home' day but heard that noon that none of the Embassies are having any stated 'at home' days and that we will need to make arrangements for any calls we wish to make. I expect this is directly the result of the war.

This last week we added three more scholars to our school and in a week or two we shall have two more- who are almost well now. Two of the three we received this week are the sons of the new advisor to the Chinese Government and the third is a little Australian girl. Our number now stands at 27. There is still one little girl very ill with a fever which is starting on its sixth week and shows no signs of abating. The doctors are puzzled and her mother is used up so that she has a trained nurse now. Her fever stays up above 100 degrees all the time.

To-day we have received an invitation to spend on Xmas vacation with the American Boarders up in Shansi. It sounds most alluring, and we shall think about it. To-day the 'Sentinel' came from Will-telling of Dr. Lathrop's experiences in getting home.-This is nearly my last sheet of writing paper and I fear my boxes were on that German ship which got laid off in Italian waters so I'll have to replenish my stock from out here. Lovingly-
Flora.

[This letter dated Oct. 25, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. Mr. Eddy of the Eddy Evangelistic Campaign spoke at Willard's church that morning. He adds a little to each of his children. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Foochow, China,
Oct. 25, 1914

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

It is a very very pleasant task to sit down to answer your good letter that came this morning. The Training Conference for the Evangelistic Campaign began Thursday evening last. Our Annual Meeting closed last Tuesday evening. You know I am Moderator of that and chairman of the Fukien Evangelistic Campaign Comm. Thurs. evening I lead the opening of the Training Conference with a prayer meeting. I have been present at every meeting except the one this morning. Mr. Eddy spoke in our church this morning 88 signed cards expressing a desire to become Christians. This afternoon I had our address in the Che Giang Club before the Training conference on "Power for Service" Huk o gi guong-lik. Does that mean any thing to you or to mama or to Gould?

I was too busy to get at your letter till after supper this evening. I planned to go to the meeting this evening, but I'm too tired. I've your letter- all about the Chataugua, the visit to B-port and Shelton, the moving, and this is the only word I've had about that, and the opening of school and the Tank Home letter and the new white satine (?) skirt. I'm greatly interested and pleased to hear that Gould has taken a S.S. class. I was Superintendent of the Huntington S.S. when I was twenty. I shall pray for you Gould and shall be much with you in spirit in helpful sympathy. How did you come out in Latin last term? Phebe says you are pessimistic about your S.S. class. Better let other people to the pessimising- if there's such a word. Save all your strength for good hard aggressive work on the road to success.

Is that weenty, teenty little girl almost too little to go to Kindergarten two years ago when I left home, already in the 2nd grade? Good for you Kathleen. And Dorothy in the eighth grade- that means High next year does it not? I must close now at 9:30 and get to rest. I'll finish this and mail it for the next steamer. Dear Mama's good letter came last Tuesday or Wed. and I answered it at once- partly because I feared today might be too busy to get it all in, and partly because I was so overjoyed to hear that you were all well after such along gap in news. It seems to me a very long time since either Miss Marjorie or Miss Kathleen have written me. I'll not say "Babies" and see if that will bring a letter. One of our teachers last year told his students (who were his fellow students only a few years before) that they must not call him by his given name, and if they said "Mister" his name must have the Mandarin pronunciation- if they gave it the Foochow pronunciation they must not say "Mister" but must add Sing Sung. So I'll have to try Miss Marjorie and Miss Kathleen.

Prof. Robertson gave his first lecture in the Campaign this morning before some 2000 Mission school students and Christians. He repeats the lecture this afternoon and again this evening for non-Christians and officials.

Yesterday morning Mr. Eddy spoke to the Foochow College boys. At the after meeting 88 signed cards to become Christians. The best teacher of English which we have in the College is a fine Christian man- graduated four years ago from this College- but his father is an official's secretary in Amoy,-an earnest Confucionist and commands his son here not to unite with the church. I have written the people in Amoy and they are working with him. I am asking God every day to remove this hindrance so this teacher may unite with the church. His influence will be so much better, - and he will be so much happier himself.

It gives me courage and strength to know that over in Putnam I have a dear, sweet wife and five dear loving daughters and a dear loving son who are praying for me. It helps me to keep near to God and near to them, to commit them by name- each one to His loving care each morning and evening. I am trying to make it possible for God to answer your prayers for me and I know each of you is doing all possible to help God answer my prayers for you.

Most lovingly your father Willard L. Beard

[This typewritten letter dated Oct. 29, 1914 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and the rest of the Shelton home folks. Evangelist Sherwood Eddy was in Foochow for the Evangelistic Campaign. They are signing up men from all over the province who want to study the Bible. Willard had a case of the grippe (flu). He reminisces about the old school house behind the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Oct. 29th. 1914.

Dear Mother and all the rest of the Shelton Home Folks:-

My letters have been sent to so many different places during the past few weeks that I wonder how many finally fetch up at the Century Farm.

Nov. 1st. This is the way with my letter writing. I begin and am called of and it is days before I can get at it again. The last three weeks have been specially strenuous with the Annual Meeting of the mission and then the Evangelistic Campaign coming right on top, each with three meetings a day. These are now over and the out of port men gone leaving a lot of extra work for those of us who are to conserve the results. Sherwood Eddy has done good work here. Last Wed. 1600 plus men signed cards saying that they wished to study the Bible to learn what Christianity was and who Christ was and is. Yesterday most of these came again and were organized into Classes. I have the names of 164 students from one college. We shall divide these into four or more classes. The classes will meet in the Government College where the students are. This is a great advance step. It is surprising that the government authorities will allow Christian men to come into their schools and teach the Bible to their students. *[handwritten later]* This has now been vetoed (Nov. 16)

It is a tremendous task as you can easily see to provide instructors for 2000 men who know almost nothing about the Bible. And this work must be done by men who have their time full already, beside the students there are 140 business men who have asked to be taught the Bible. The Governor and all the highest officials listened to Eddy as he told them that the only help for China was the unconditional surrender of the individual to Jesus Christ.

Nov. 16th. There is no use in trying any excuse. The dates on this tell the whole story. And I do not even have the excuse of too many apples to pick or to eat or to market.

Last week Ruth's good letter on the typewriter came and I sent it right on after reading it twice to Flora and Mary. It made me proud of your attainments as a Typist, if this was really your first attempt with the machine, and it almost discouraged me, for when I think of my work and put it beside your first trial I am put completely to shame.

The Evangelist work goes on in the province. The last we have heard there were 5700 men who had definitely asked to join Bible classes. The real hard work now begins. I am meeting one class once a week. Each week for the last two months I have met the Bible class leaders for a talk on principles or methods. This has been very pleasant but it has been very hard work, much like getting up a sermon a week.

Nov. 18th Results are coming in all the time and from different parts of the province now. Today the figures amount to over 6000. In one city the highest official, the one next to the highest and three Buddhist priests are in a Bible class. The Salt Commissioner for the province, who is one of the highest officials in the province, has let it be known that he is a Christian and that he intends to unite with the church. The head of the river police for the province, another high official, was at a dinner in a missionary's home last evening and for three hours kept the conversation on the line of Christianity, declaring that China's only hope was in the Christian religion. The whole province is agitated as never before by this campaign.

Last Sunday twenty eight united with the church here. One was a man 72 years old. He has been in connection with the church for nearly twenty years, but it took this time of special interest to bring him over the line and into the church. Another was a student in a government school. He was brought into a Bible class at the time of the meetings last year and has stuck to it until this year he joins the church. The others were students of this college. It is not necessary to add that it was a happy day for me and for many others. The only member of the senior class not a church member joined, and one other from the higher classes. Several more are holding back until next time.

The grippe has been going its rounds for a month or more. It gripped me last week Monday. I kept up and did my work until Thursday. I kept quiet until supper time, then got up. Friday I was up for dinner and taught in the afternoon. Saturday I was able to do my work as usual. Sunday I preached and conducted Communion and baptized the 28 who were received into the church. It was a two hours service and was some tiring. I have been at work even since but its no fun. Yet I am getting a little better each day. The Chinese have also had it and they fare worse than we. Three schools have lost two boys each. My college has thus far come off easy. We have had a few boys unwell but only a few and nothing serious yet.

Thanksgiving is almost here. I shall think of you and of the dinner and shall see the table full and shall long to be there. Your thoughts well be very broad that day. Even as they fly toward the far east the angle will be of many degrees. It would be exceeding pleasant to all be together each year once, but I doubt very much if in real satisfaction we would be the gainers. We must realize that whatever success any one member of the family has is the success of all. And I sometimes think the biggest share should go to those of you at the center - -in the home at Long Hill.

Do you know it gave me a homesick feeling to hear that the old school house had been moved and put to other purposes. There was always a soft spot in my heart for the old building where I set bent pins, and flirited water from a wet sponge over the slates of the other scholars and got the girls to eat flag root just as they were going in from recess and stole the notes that Ginnie Booth wrote to Fred Ellis and then had my hair nearly pulled out of my head by him to pay for the fun, and played "Keelie Over" etc. etc.

I sent Ruth's neckless some time ago. I trust it reached you all right. The cost to me was 70 cents silver, 35 cents gold. But don't mind about that. I tell you only that you may collect it from the jeweler. One of the jewelers in Putnam ruined Ellen's four metal chain and did not have the grace to even remit his charge for his blunder.

I am afraid this will compare with Ruth's attempt so favorably for HER that she will write all the time on the machine just to show off. I hope so, and please forgive my long silence. I will try to never do it again. I'll send a short letter if I cannot get off a long one.

Very much love to all. And I may as well say a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, for these dates will be along before we know it. With half the human family tearing each other in pieces it will be a serious Christmas. But Christ reigns and God is working out His purposes even in this seemingly unholy war.

Lovingly,
Will

[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about a school party they planned and held for the children. They visit other families and shop for embroidery and drawn work. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov 1, 1914

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had four rainy days this week and only one really clear one. On Monday we walked down in Teng Shih Kou to complete arrangements for our Friday party. It rained hard Tuesday so we rested at home. On Wednesday it was partly clear so we went for a brief stroll, but I was in school until nearly 6.30 as I had the children make invitations for their mothers for the party. Thursday was very rainy but it cleared almost 6.00 on Friday morning. As it stayed clear and the sun came out, we were able to have our party out of doors as planned. We had a luncheon here that noon with Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard, the pastor of the Union church, and two Chinese couples as

guests. All of the four Chinese were American educated and both wives were American born. Mrs. See is here as guest and is a most fascinating little woman. These women who have studied at our home colleges are most delightful. Mrs. See is almost a stranger in her own land and was telling of a wedding which to her was a great novelty. At our party we first had children exchange coats and put on paper faces then march around the compound and come back to pin the tail on a black cat or hit a bag of peanuts blindfolded. Then they went across the compound to play a game while some of the ladies and I hid peanuts in the grass, trees, ferns etc. The children in Flora's room had learned some songs so they sang some of them. In one a brownie and some witches were mentioned so my children were dressed to play those parts. After the songs we served sandwiches and cookies which Mrs. Burgess's cook had made for us- and Mrs. Stelle furnished tea. Then we turned the children loose to hunt peanuts.



Written in album: "Party at Teng Shih Kou Haloween 1914"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

That evening we all went over to the Y.M.C.A. to a juggler show. The juggler is quite a famous one and he certainly was good. He had three little boys who helped him.

Yesterday I washed my small pieces to save laundry bills. At eleven Mrs. Grant's carriage called to take us out to West City for tiffin. It is a most interesting ride and most of it was through new territory for us. On one street there was a county fair to which all of the country people had brought their produce. There were baskets, chickens, ducks, old iron, fruit, Chinese food etc., etc. We did not at first recognize the street on our return because it was so deserted. Mr. Grant is engraver for the government Bureau of Engraving and designed the stamp which carries this letter. Also the paper money. The compound is a lovely large one but most unkempt looking. Now the only other foreign family is the Wilders who rent one of the houses. The Grants have some wonderful curios; one handsome carved table, several chairs, fine coats, embroidered pictures, rugs, etc.

Today we went for dinner to the Lowry's at the Methodist Compound. It has rained all day steadily and is still at it. One keeps dry though in a rickshaw with the top up and a rubber sheet in front over our feet and legs. Mrs. Lowry has seven children here and one at home. Five of them are in our school. They are a unique family. Mrs. Lowry makes quite a business of selling the Chefoo drawn work and handles from \$6000 to \$10000 worth each year. Some of it is grand indeed. I want one of her embroidered crepe-de chine dresses. One was \$45 Mexican and contained enough for a dress and a waist if not for two dresses. The others were higher priced but not more handsome. Tomorrow we plan to go up to [unreadable word] (the Presbyterian Compound) to see a sale of embroideries. The Manchu ladies were left penniless and unable to earn anything so the Pres. ladies started this embroidery work and every year they sell it. We will buy something as it is beautiful and is a good cause besides.

We are still keeping warm by grate fires. This morning Mr. B went down to start the furnace and the grate broke when he shook it. He is going to start the fire there as soon as it is fixed.

Mr. Hall next door had an operation on his throat yesterday. The hospital was so cold and damp, that they brought him home today. There is so much sickness about now and all of the people with nose or throat trouble are being operated on as a fine specialist has just come out. We are glad not to be of the number.

We both send love

Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 11, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks of shopping for embroideries and other items. Tsing Tao has fallen to the Germans but with little bloodshed. The German gun boat Emden has been sunk. She tells of an incident with Pres. Yuan Shi Kai where a friend of his was sentenced and executed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 11, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

This week is half done before I get to our home letter- for it is Wednesday, Nov. 11, as I write this. To-day I have started home two pictures of the gold brocade and I find that I cannot afford to sell them at \$5 for it will cost all that by the time the duty is paid at your end. Please charge \$7.50 each at least and if you can get it \$10 is not too much. They are rare curios for they have been known here for only since the Revolution. If no one wants the pictures pin them up in the parlor or pack them away where they will not get harmed until I get home. I am going to send to Miss Brewster some of the drawn work insertion she has so long wanted to get, and she may pay you. I have her letter and tell her I'll answer it soon, but if she wants me to get things for her I shall be glad to do so and have her pay you for it is getting pretty nearly time for me to be getting some money into the opposite side of my account with you people at home. I wish you would send me an account of my debits (and credits if any) at the first on Jan. 1915.

The weeks go by with just as great a rapidity as they do at home and it seems to me that I leave undone about as many things as ever but I am not so completely 'squeezed dry' when Friday night comes, I find.

Last Saturday Mary and I went to a mission sale of embroideries and then we went to a Chinese fair where all sorts of curios were for sale. We purchased two saucers of blue and white china- the design a five toed dragon. This week on Monday after school we attended the Mothers Club meeting and heard some interesting papers and discussions on how to treat the subject of 'Fear' with children. Afterwards we called on a lady whom we met in Kyoto, who has come over here for a trip. Yesterday we dined with Dr. and Mrs. Ingram and then went to the A.B.C.F.M. prayer-meeting. To-day we called on Mrs. Reinsch (the wife of the U.S. Minister) and Mrs. Willoughby (the wife of the U.S. Advisor to the Chinese Government). Both families have children in our school. The Willoughby's are still living at the hotel but the Reinsch's have a whole house at the Legation. The reception hall would hold the whole of Ben's house and the state drawing room must be nearly as large as our whole house. Mrs. Reinsch was not at home so we had a call with her mother who speaks English with a very decided German accent. She showed us the suite of state rooms and some of the wonderful rugs and statuary. Most of the furnishings are provided for by the U.S. government, as they would have to be when the salary is as usual as it is. To-morrow we go to see our real school for the rest of this year. We are to be in a Chinese house which has been used as a club house by the International Tennis Club. This means that we are to have a good play ground too. The tennis club now occupies other quarters. We hope to be in our new compound after Thanksgiving. On Saturday we are to have tiffin with Dr. and Mrs. Dilley of the Pres. Mission, after which we are to visit the Lama Temple near by. Mr. and Mrs. McCann of Paoting-fu have invited us to spend Thanksgiving with them so we have accepted. It will be a fine trip and a welcome break in our work, as well as an opportunity to see some American Board mission work. Paoting-fu is a great place for brass so I expect to bring some back with me.

We are feeling very relieved that Tsing-tao has fallen with so little bloodshed for all sorts of rumors have been flying about that the Germans were going to blow up their houses and were to resist to the last man. The war news here consists of an equal number of telegrams from each side of the conflict and so arranged that each time is either refuted or checkmated. The papers from home-though a month old are the most satisfying to read.

Yesterday's paper told of the sinking of the 'Emden' a little German gun boat that has sunk over twenty merchantmen of the Allies. It has been very daring in its attacks. It went into Penang flying a Russian flag. Its crew boarded a Russian steamer lying at the dock, blew her up and got out of the harbor before she could be chased. Sometimes she had four funnels and sometimes less, and her color was never two times alike so that she did a lot of damage. It is said that she always allowed the conquered crew to land taking them herself if necessary. There were

seventy ships hunting for her so the Germans have lost one good fighter. I have been wondering if my boxes are on any of the sunken merchantmen but some one here has said that the June shipment is on a German boat now in Italy waiting for the war to end. We are wondering when we may see our belongings. It was a fortunate day for Mary that her boxes did not get to Boston in time to go with mine.

If any one is thinking of Xmas presents for us tell them that such needful things as tooth brushes, whisk brooms, pins, etc., will be much the best kind to send to us.

Here is an incident in the annals of Pres. Yuan, which has deepened the confidence of the foreigners here in Peking. There is a law on the Chinese statutes that any official who has been found guilty of receiving bribes over \$500 shall suffer for the crime by the loss of his head. There was an official here, who was caught at the deed, and owned that he had done things worthy of the punishments. He was tried, but the judge in speaking the judgment said it so low that the prisoner did not hear it. He expected to be deported. He was invited to a dinner, was taken to it in a carriage by the judge, and after the dinner was invited to ride during which he was to know his fate. The judge took him to the execution ground, Pres. Yuan sent the family \$1,000 to defray the funeral expenses. To the foreigners this seems to prove that the head of this republic wishes to destroy the evil of his country even if it is deservingly found in his friends. He has depended on this man, but did not excuse him- though he may have been doing it until he was thoroughly convinced- in the final punishment. He has showed his friendship not only by the gift but by going no farther in his punishment than the culprit. The family feared the extinction of itself. I'm at the end of my second sheet so-with love to you all- I am- yours- Flora Beard.

In 1914, the German cruiser Emden tricked her victims. Most German cruisers of its type had three funnels. Because British cruisers had four, the Emden's Kommandant von Muller had a fake funnel made of wood and canvas. In this way, the potential victim would think they were being approached by a friendly British ship.

*Yancey, Arthur. "World War I- The War to end All Wars". September 6, 2009
<<http://computasaur.tripod.com/ww1/index.html>>.*

[This letter dated Nov. 15, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. The Emden is sunk and Tsing Tao has fallen. She tells of various meetings and clubs they attended and visiting the Confucian and Flame Temples. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Peking, China
Y.M.C.A.
Nov 15, 1914.

Dear Ones at home,-

We have no type writer but we can have type writing paper, and it is the cheapest kind we can get too. Ruth's letter was a puzzler until we opened it as I knew I had no correspondent who used a type writer. We are glad you have it and here is the best of success to it and the genealogy. Bessie's engagement was a joy and surprise. I shall write Bess to come out here on her wedding trip once the beaten path for honeymooners (Europe) is cleared. The Pacific is safe now that the Emden is sunk and Tsing Tao has fallen. I am glad that the School home is moved also that it is being useful once more.

We have our building for our school rented at last and now expect to move in the Monday after Thanksgiving if not before. It is a Chinese home of five gen (rooms). They will take out partitions and make ten large rooms for school rooms, one small one for a dining room and another for a toilet. Formally the Tennis Club had the grounds and had three courts there. We plan to have one Tennis Court, a Basket Ball court and plenty of play room besides. On Monday after school we went to the Mother's Club at Mrs. Fall's. The subject was The Fears of Childhood and there were two very good papers and some interesting discussion also. Afterwards we went to call on Miss Wakefield when we had met in Kyoto Japan at Miss Smith's. She had been in Peking a week when we first saw her at church last Sunday. She was leaving Monday evening for Hankou.

On Tuesday we worked after school until 5.30 then had a caller and afterward had to hurry to dress to go out to dinner. We went to Mrs. Ingram's and afterward to Prayer Meeting there at Teng Shih Kou. The subject was Sabbath keeping and the necessity of changing from the old strict laws to something in keeping with the times. For instance, one man spoke of a Chinese merchant who became a Christian. The Christian thought he ought to close his place of business on Sunday and did so. As a result, the employees had no where to go on Sunday (they were non-Christians and very unready to hear Christ preached) except the drinking houses, gambling houses, etc. That Christian considered his subject well and finally reopened his establishment to protect his men from the snares of an

evil life. Several similar instances were cited and plenty of food for thought was given us but no decision as to exact methods by which all should keep the Sabbath.

On Wednesday we went out debt paying and book collecting once more. On Thursday we dressed in our best and made two calls, one at the American Minister's house and another on the wife of the American Advisor to President Yuan. We have children of [*unreadable word*] in school. On Friday we made one more attempt to exhaust the calling list at the Methodist Compound. We were late in starting so made only three calls. I got dressed first so walked down and Flora came later in a rickshaw and arrived just after I did. I love to walk and Flora dislikes it, so I shall try that method again. It serves two purposes with me, saves my coppers and gives me the much needed exercise.

Yesterday was cloudy and very windy. But for the wind I should have walked to Erteow where we went for tiffin with Mrs. Gilly (Presbyterian). We found a party of eight of us and had a most enjoyable visit. Mrs. Gilly has four lovely children and I held the baby of eight months for a long time after lunch. He is good as can be and loves to play. Muriel aged 2 1/2 loves to march and keeps step beautifully. She raises both arms high and waves them so she looks as though she were trying to fly. From Mrs. Gilly's five of us ladies went to the Flame temple and Confucian Temple, then down to Teng Shih Kou where Mrs. Stelle served tea. Then we walked home. Last evening I trimmed my brown velvet hat and I think it quite a success I will take a picture of it on me someday. After that we played 500 with Mrs. Burgess for awhile. The Hama temples and grounds seem depressing and unkempt. The entering court was hung with long strings of rags to ward off the evil spirits. The priests were chanting and some of the tones are very deep and musical. They keep it up two or more times. The faces were expressionless and the men and boys all fat and flabby looking. The Buddah is a huge figure seventy five feet high and correspondingly big every way. He holds a lotus in his left hand and there are carved wooden lotus plants on the altar. They chant in Tibetan and the barrel prayers are in Tibetan. They are a round barrel of brass or caned wood with the characters of the prayer on them. Instead of saying the prayer they rotate the barrel. The whole place is of ill repute and a man or a gray haired lady is necessary to assure [*assuage?*] unpleasant remarks and treatment. The Confucian Temple is definitely beautiful and quiet. The feeling of antiquity is there. There are tablets for each year's student who took the brightest examinations. Tablets for all of the 400 books of Confucius and Temples for the worship of Confucius. The old Confucian tablet had Chinese on one side and Manchu on the other so now that has been destroyed and a new one with only Chinese on it erected. The apparatus in the temples for Confucius have the center of the steps on incline because the spirits can not climb steps. At the main Confucian temple yesterday that incline was one solid block of marble about 6 X 20 feet and deeply carved with the dragon. There were similar blocks (not one piece) at the Temple of Heaven.

Yesterday we had a sewing woman who darned our stockings to date and did a lot of other sewing and mending. She was Mrs. Burgess' amah for Junior during his short little life. Mrs. Burgess says the woman always speaks of Junior as "our Baby." Mrs. Burgess has had a severe cold this week and finally gave up and went to bed for a day. Now she is much better. Mr. Burgess went to Tientsin to speak last night and returned this morning to look after his Bible Classes. [*See note after letter dated May 15, 1915 regarding the Burgess baby.*]

We are both all O.K. I wonder if your mail comes any where near regularly. We try to write every week, taking turns. As boats from Japan are most irregular now we find our mail delayed often and I suppose yours is too.

With lots of love from us both,

Mary.



Stella and John Burgess about 1914-1915
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1914 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. They did some shopping and visiting and touring of the Forbidden City. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 22, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

The weeks go by as rapidly as even at home. Sunday is our quietest day and that is seldom long enough. Last Monday we walked to a place where every tenth day there is a Chinese "fair"- a place where all the shopkeepers and curio venders come and display their goods on the ground. I purchased a pair of those carved brass bars that are used for paper weights. They have a beautiful bamboo design on them. Tuesday was our day "at home" and only a few callers came so we had a nice visit among ourselves. Mrs. Reinsch (the American Minister's wife) returned our call, which we had made about a week before. On Wednesday I went with a friend outside the city wall, where all the shops are, - to accompany her for some Christmas shopping. Just at sundown all the shopkeepers spread their wares on the walks in front of the shops, so we spent some time looking at the display, but we couldn't find anything we wanted to buy and we had to ride home after dark to pay for our stay. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Burgess had a number of ladies in to make garments to send to the Belgian refugees. We sewed until 6 P.M., and then went out to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Aiken. Mr. Aiken is one of the Bible translators- I think the American Board member. There is a group of men, one from each mission, which has been at work now for more than a year at the translation. Mr. and Mrs. Aiken live in a Chinese house, and we enjoyed seeing it. These Chinese houses are arranged around three sides of square courts (usually stone paved). The fourth side is a stone wall separating the courts but connected by a doorway. The drawing room and dining-room are facing the wall and the sleeping rooms are in the side wings. One has to go out of doors always to go to bed. A guest often has to go into the adjoining court to go to the spare room. On Friday afternoon we went calling down at the M.E. Compound. There are sixty people living there so we usually owe some one a call.

The crowning even of the week was Saturday's visit to the Forbidden City. We evidently could have visited more courts than we did for the guards told us when we could go. We went through several gates and saw at

least four courts. There were several beautiful huge jardinière-shaped bronze or brass caldrons- for they were large enough to hold at least two barrels of water- standing about, and there was a white marble sun dial still doing duty. We felt the stillness and desolation so strongly that almost simultaneously we mentioned it to each other. In some of the courts there was only the guard in view. One of the palaces was evidently the store house for the treasures that are being brought and put on view, for there were a dozen or more men busy with dozens of packing boxes-taking things out. We could see the wrappings only. We shall go again when we can spend some time in roaming about through the further courts. The buildings are arranged in exact balance. The same number and the same sized on each side. Our real destination was the museum of treasures that have been brought down from the late Empress's palace in the Western Province- where she fled in 1900.

I never expect to see more beautiful or wonderful treasures. The stories of Marco Polo, or even Aladdin's Lamp could not exceed what these exemplified. There must have been more than a hundred pots of flowers. The pots were of rare cloisonné, of jade, or old gold lacquer, or remarkable china. Some of them had a row of jewels around the top. The flowers or fruit were made of jade, and other semi-precious stones. The designs and colorings are worthy [of] everything the English language can produce to describe, unique, rare, and exquisite taste and workmanship. In another hall were wonderful old Kakemonos [*a banner or wall-picture*] of great beauty and interesting scenes. I cannot describe them to you for I have never seen any such things before and of course these cannot be found in any catalogues. We saw whole cases of the most wonderfully carved jade house ornaments, several different kinds of celadon ware, and wonderfully designed both in shape and decorations. We saw a little dish of grapes made perfect in color by means of the different colored crystals and jade for the leaves. There were vases set in rubies, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and turquoise, with the most exquisite miniatures painted on medallions set in on the sides. There were small ornaments carved out most delicately of ivory and painted so that they were really pictures. This will be as long a description as I am sure you will care to read, but I can't do the subject justice anyway.

Mary and I are arranging to have the American Board at Boston send father a check of \$50 to reimburse him for the many expenses we have each been to him- or are going to be. (I will not arrive before Feb.)

I have not yet heard anything authentic about my boxes, but feel rather dubious about ever seeing them again. A gentleman who was having some things shipped out at the same time by the American Board says they were sent by a German vessel and that vessel is now lying in an Italian port, where it will stay until the end of the war. If, possibly, they had been sent by an English S.S., it would be a miracle to have it escape the little 'Emden', which sunk so many merchantmen in these Eastern waters. I need my books so much, and our bedding. We are using Mrs. Stelle's bed linen and we have bought a few towels. I hate to give a whole dollar for a bath towel that can be bought for a quarter in America.

I am enclosing some Chinese quince seeds for you to plant. The fruit here is about four times as large as the home ones and more delicate in taste, but is very easily made into preserves and jelly. The Chinese scorn them and do not like to cook them for the foreigners. The shape does not suggest quince at home for it is long and about the same size all the way down. Will Ruth please send me a copy of that hand lotion made from quince seeds? Mine is in the box we sent to Boston in August. The weather, the water, and the chalk dust plays havoc with skin out here.

We are to receive our thirtieth pupil on Monday and there are still two more on the horizon.

Mary and I go to Paoting-fu to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. McCann. We hope on our return to move our school into the quarters we are to occupy for the rest of the year. We have a fine large play ground for the International Tennis Club formerly had their courts there. We are to have the courts rolled and use one for our own tennis or basketball.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Nov. 22, 1914.

[This letter dated **Dec. 13, 1914** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his siblings, Phebe and Stanley. The Bible classes are well attended and he keeps very busy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China. December 13, 1914.

Dear Phebe and Stanley:-

This is just to begin a letter to you tonight the last thing before going to bed- to say that a mysterious package came in the mail a few days ago. I did not think that it might be a kind of busting machine, but I did have to taste before I could tell what it was and no one else has been able to tell the name of the queer black substance. We had a pie this noon, so it is going the way of all good dried pumpkin.

Your last good letter came Dec. 7th= no I mistook Phebe K. for Phebe M. That makes the date of the arrival of your letter Mon. 28th= Sat. after Thanksgiving. I ate Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Cooper and played Bunco after dinner which was in the evening. We had school the same as other days. I shall be as interested as ever to hear about the Thanksgiving at home- With Fords (long distance) and Buicks and Mitchells etc I'm afraid the trolleys and R.R.s will not get much this year. Your trip to Pearle River from Shelton in the Ford was most interesting. No tell Edith [*probably 3 year old Edith Louise Beard, niece of Willard and daughter of Willard's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard*] I wouldn't like to drink the soap [*or soup?*]. Good night.

Dec 21- 14-

Tempus fugit [*Time flies*] worse this year than ever before. This letter has been on my desk since a week ago yesterday. I've seen it everyday. But "nothin' doin'" in the line of letter writing. The Evangelistic campaign keeps up in fine shape. Over 1000 men have been in Bible classes and the weekly average is about 600. All goes well in College- enough evil in some of the boys to enable one to trace their ancestry to Adam, and keep some of us in the science of patience, tact and firmness to straighten out their quarrels. Christmas is in the air and the ten and over churches in this vicinage are after all the foreigners to attend all the different church exercises. There are to be about five meetings of various kinds here in connection with the College and church and we foreigners are to have a tree I believe. We had to put our mission dinner on Wed. to get in without conflict. I know you will be well taken care of in Peking- or will it be Tungchou.-I'm writing to Flora and Mary. How is a man with five sisters, five daughters, five nieces all Beards beside a lot on the other side of the house to be expected to keep them all distinct in his mind? That is complimentary isn't it- after messing you up with my daughter and then with other sisters. The fact is my mind or conscience bothers me for I've also had on my desk a letter addressed to Flora. It's staring at me now.

Another good interesting letter came from you Dec. 11th. I'm very sorry to hear about Olive. You do not hint at the cause or the name of her trouble.

I am looking any day for a letter that will tell me about the Thanksgiving at home.

Saturday I had a great day. In the morning all went much as usual, - except that a lot of orders for printing came in and of course each wanted his done first and I had to just lay them on my desk and go to dinner at 11:30 a.m. (I have printed over 2000000 pages this year.) At 12 pm Hodous, Neff and I started for Cieng Bang, five miles N.E. of the city. The day was a perfect one- bright, cool and the air bracing. At 1:45 we reached the church, found it full, and found three other foreigners there. It was a kind of joke on us all for we had thought each that he was to be the only foreigner there. When I was invited I received the thought that no one else could go. But we had a good time- a good audience of the best men in the place, a good bowl of vermicelli apiece and then a good walk home. I reached home at 5:30 wet with sweat and had just an hour for a bath and supper. Then in my chair for an hour's ride and a staff committee meeting from 7:30- 10:00. Then another hours ride and in my little bed. - Then up at 7:00 yesterday a.m. Prepare a S.S. lesson for a normal class at 9:00. Just as I was to start up I found I had prepared the wrong lesson. They had "The Ascension." I had prepared "The Reign of Peace" but the boys were none the wiser. At 9:45 I started for Ha Puo Ga. Mr. Ding's father's church- where he used to be- 3 miles, preached, conducted communion, and walked home, ate dinner 11:00 p.m.- got a nap, taught a class of 3rd yr boys in S.S.- then in to talk of plans for next years union work. He left at 6 P.M. - supper- C.E. at 7-8- E.E. Comm. meeting 8-8:30. Letters to wife and children and to bed.

Where I must go now- With lots of love to you both
Will.

[*This letter, dated Dec. 17, 1914, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. They are beginning to move into their new school quarters. She reviews each day's activities throughout the week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Ande..*]

[Dec. 17, 1914]

Dear Ones at Home, -

I will begin with events of last Sunday even though Flora did write so late as to include some of them. We were at Tungchow last week and with Mrs. Sheffield. Mr. Smith (Dr. Arthur Smith author of several books on China) is certainly unique. He has a story for every occasion. Mrs. Smith is away in the country on a tour down near Paotingfu. We called on nearly every family in the line and visited specially with those left out after service. We saw both the new babies; the Love baby is a big, fat, jolly girl but Frances Frame is a wee little mite who has not yet gotten a good start in life. On Monday Flora and I went to our new school quarters to see about the possibility of moving up. We found sufficient furniture to accommodate my pupils but very little for the little mites. As a consequence we opened session on Tuesday afternoon by going bag and baggage up to the new room. It took over half an hour to get us moved but our new quarters were quite inspiring with the newness and sunshine and airiness. The big playground is a joy and the children run there to their hearts content.

On Monday evening three soldiers appeared to play Base Ball. Miss Haas, a YWCA Secretary, just arrived to study the language, came up also. We played until 9.30 when the soldiers had to leave. We gave them the chance of coming often and not having leave to stay out late, or coming less often and staying late. As they arrive at 7.30 we have two full hours for play.

On Thursday we made two calls, then I went to a committee meeting while Flora made another call. Miss Vandershire, Miss Crane and I were chosen to decorate the Christmas table and plan the games afterward. We are going to have some music as several of the party are thus gifted; then we have the company (32 or 34) divided into from groups and each is to give a charade. We end with a Virginia Reel as that has been the custom for several years. We have another meeting to decide the decorations.

On Wednesday Mable Galt came in and cooked till nearly six. I was just going out with her when Mrs. Burgess reminded me of the Chinese dinner at 6.15. I sent Mable home in a ricksha and hastened back to dress. There were 28 of us and we had one good time. The food was good and it was fun to eat with chop sticks. If we keep on, we will become adepts in the art. I can even eat rice if I stick it together a little with some thick soup on some of the strange but good mixtures of meats, vegetables, greens, etc. They had some most delicious walnuts and peanut candies; in which the nut was rolled in sugar (probably a thick sugary syrup.)

On Thursday I rode home with the Lowry girls to play Volley Ball with them. First I had a cup of tea with Mrs. Lowry and Mrs. Grant, then went out to play. Everyone comes out and sides are chosen with an attempt to divide men and ladies evenly. That night the older ones had to leave early for a five o'clock Prayer Meeting but there were ten of us who stayed on. It was a sight worth seeing to watch the students march through from the college grounds in the rear to the chapel at the front. There are over a thousand of them counting big and little.

On Friday the furniture for Flora's kiddies arrived from Tungchow about noon so work was interrupted. We stayed to straighten things out at noon. After school we had to stay because the library of the Mother's Club was being moved up and the carpenters were there to replace the doors of the bookcase. Some of the volumes will prove useful to us I am sure. It was 4.45 before we got home but we dressed and started calling about 5.30. We owed Mrs. Lowry a dinner call so went there first. Then we started for the Legation and stopped at Hartungs for some films I had left on Monday morning. We were told that Mrs. Reinsch was out but met her as we went back to our rickshas so returned with her. We had tea and Mrs. Mosher came in before we left, also two legation men. A wind had arisen while we were at Mrs. Lowry's and the dust was very bad indeed. Everyone tells us that this is only a promise of what is to come.

Yesterday we put up the Christmas decorations at school. Flora had two rolls of Christmas crepe paper, one a series of fireplaces with a little tot in front the other a series of reindeer sledges and steeples. One is in each room. The children made yards of festoons of green and red circles which we have fastened along the side where the windows are. Then the Teng Shih Ku'er[?] children who were helping us, made more and festooned the beams.

This morning I sat perusing my Nov. 2 Digest when a note arrived asking me to assist Mrs. Hall in entertaining four men at dinner this noon. I accepted and quite enjoyed the fun.

By the way, will father please send \$4.50 to the Literary Digest for me. My subscription runs out in February. Let it continue to come to Tungchow, Peking China as now, after August 1, 1915 but change the address to Peking China, YMCA until Aug. 1. I have not had the address changed as I thought I would wait until my subscription was due.

My subscription to the National Geographical Magazine, Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D.C. is also due (this Nov. I fear). That will be \$3.00 as I am a member of the Association.

Flora and I purchased the luncheon set for Bessie yesterday. We could get only two sizes in doilies but think the whole thing quite well matched and pretty. It cost \$10.60 silver and we recurred[?] that at a tentative rate it would be \$4.50 gold. Gold vacillates from \$2.30- \$2.45 these days with an occasional \$2.50 or \$2.60. We think that

(\$1) one gold dollar is about our share so please credit me on father's account with \$3.50. If ever exchange goes down, I shall send father some more but with the present rate it would be better to draw on my account at home. If father wishes that please write.

I was ever so glad to get the memorandum books. It was like a long lost friend come to light. This week I received two Christmas remembrances. Will's was the first, ten days ago. That was a box of tea.

Look for the luncheon set soon after this letter but not with it. That must be registered and I shall needs send for blanks as we used all we had.

We are looking for your Thanksgiving accounts. What is Olive's trouble? Your accounts sound more like tubercular trouble than anything else. Is it that?

We are both very well. I feel O.K. when I take my daily walk. Flora does not need the walking, so I generally start ahead and she follows in a ricksha. But we arrive together. With lots of love for the new year.

Mary Beard.

Dec. 17, [1914]

[This letter, dated **Dec. 20, 1914**, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. Flora tells about their visits and events of the week. Seven U.S. soldiers visit them weekly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Dec. 20, 1914]

Dear folks at home:-

It seems as though it were one week instead of two since I wrote- the days go by so fast. This week we began by going to the monthly meeting of the 'Mother's Club', which this time was held at the home of a young English woman. These meetings are half formal and the other half a tea and discussion. The mothers are quite free in the discussion and sometimes very good points come out. They also have an 'exchange' at each meeting when people have an opportunity to buy clothing or anything some one has which they wish to turn into cash. Last week a chiffon waist and a winter coat were sold.

Tuesday was our day 'at home' and we had a busy time this week for there were nearly two dozen callers. It was nearly seven o'clock when the last one went.

Wednesday was a red letter day for me for my Arithmetic arrived from United States which means that the drudgery of copying is over.

Thursday evening we entertained seven U.S. soldiers. It has come to be a weekly visit by them and I believe it is time well spent. They certainly do have a good time and we know that one evening has been with right influences. Next week they are going to play for us - for most of these men belong to the band.

On Friday evening was the event of the season- so far. The Friday Club had an evening meeting with Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch at the American Legation. It certainly was a brilliant affair in every way. The gowns were as gorgeous and some of them as low as the most fastidious could wish, but when it came to the display of mental gems, I never witnessed one greater. Brains are the only aristocracy here. We had most delicious refreshments and reached home at 11.45 P.M. tired but content. Yesterday, I was too tired to do much so we just planned out some future work, and spent the afternoon calling.

This last week I started home some drawn-work. The two narrow pieces are each 30 cents per yd. and the other 50 cents per yard. Miss Brewster was trying to get some a year or so ago so she may still be wanting some. I think there are ten yards in all.- This week the cards came- for which you paid 80 cents. I do not think I need to ask for any favors this letter. We are living in hopes of seeing our boxes soon.

This morning we went up to the American Board Church to see the little Chinese children in their Xmas festivities. This coming week is to be full of doings for every one so that we grown-ups will hardly breathe until after the 20th.

We are to begin our Xmas vacation the 24th and it will last until the Monday after New Year's. During that time I must get out the prospectus for our next year's school plans, for people are already enquiring about admittance. There is a censoring committee whose unanimous vote is needed to get into the school, so that proceedings must follow the proscribed plan in order to make no complications. I am finding out the number of approved possible applicants from each mission, and then shall know about the number to prepare for. Next summer I am going to get out a course of study so arranged as to train all children in the primary studies so that they will naturally fit into our school when they are old enough to come.

Yesterday I sent off the patches (mother cut and gave me) to Mrs. Hubbard at Paoting-fu. She would like more if you have them, so save your pieces.

I am enclosing some pictures of our school with Mary in the group. I have written on the back for whom I have sent them. Mary will send you a whole bunch of pictures in a few days.

With love-

Flora Beard

Peking, China
Dec. 20, 1914.



The first schoolhouse of the North China American School (N.C.A.S.) 1914- 1915
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **Late December 1914**, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. They were busy for Christmas with treats, decorations and entertainment. They had an enjoyable Christmas day in the compound and at the orphanage. They are expecting seven men for lunch on New Year's Day. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Late December 1914]

Dear Ones at Home,

Such a busy week! On Monday and Tuesday after school I had my older children stay and we made candy to serve on Wednesday. We had two chafing dishes and one dish to hold over the coals in a big stove like our dining room stove. We got ten ?? jars worth of peanuts, shelled and salted them. For the children, both those in the school and the visitors, we made little packages containing, animal crackers, fudge and peppermints. The one large lot of pull candy was the most popular of all the kinds we made. The children had songs and recitations which lasted about 45 minutes. Flora has trained her little people to do some fine singing. My children do not get much of that but they sang very well just the same.

On Thursday we did our Christmas shopping after first getting from our trunks such things as we already had on hand. Mr. Burgess let the boy go out to deliver packages on Thursday afternoon and again on Christmas morning for us.

Before coming to "the day" of the week, Mrs. Burgess decided last Sunday night to go with a party into Shansi for the holidays. Mr. Burgess goes on in two weeks to get her and will be gone one week. Mable Galt is coming to stay with us and act as interpreter if we need one. The soldiers had asked to bring a stringed quartet up to play for us on Tuesday so Mr. and Mrs. Guttery (YMCA) came for chaperone [Mr. and Mrs. Guttery became the parents of Jean Guttery in November of 1915. Jean Guttery Fritz is an author of many children's books. She wrote two books about living in China - *Homesick: My Own Story* and *China Homecoming*.]. They all came for dinner. One man played a zither such as Mr. Phenberg used to play; another had a guitar; a third a mandolin and the fourth a banjo. The zither player was ill so went home early, having played only once. The banjo man sang all sorts of songs with piano or stringed instruments for accompaniment but did not touch his banjo. Altogether it was a very enjoyable evening. Several Ching Hua people came in late in the evening and added their share to the entertainment.



Written in album: "Shansi, Peking carts, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Wolff, Mr. Price, Mr. Gilchrist"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Christmas Day we did up packages first. Then I went to the "Market" at the end of our sidestreet or "Hutung" to get some Chinese candy for the servants, gateman here and at school. We did that up then went over to the Y.M.C.A. to see their exercises and tree for the children of the secretaries and servants. We did not stay until the end because I had to get home to make candy for dinner and Flora had to go up to school to get some decorations and put them up here. We had invited three guests for a 1.00 o'clock dinner. The dinner was quite a success. We had bean soup, bustard, potatoes, peas, cauliflower, corn, tea, ice cream and cookies, and candy.

The guests left at 3.00 and at 3.38 we were off for the orphanage. The YMCA was giving a gift to each child and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess had charge of it. It was a long ride and the homes were all open and the only heat a brazier brought in after we arrived. We were served with hot tea which helped some. We had to wait about half an hour before the children could be assembled as they were at supper. A band greeted us with much noise in perfect time but not tune. There were ten or twelve boys with two drums, fifes, flutes and accordions. The boys were lined up in two rows and soon the girls filed in and lined up opposite them. Each sang for us and sang well. Then Mr. Burgess spoke to them, telling the story of the Christ child and Mr. Cl?? (B's secretary) talked a few minutes. The giving of the gifts was the best for the children were so please and made such dear little bows as they came forward.

It was after six when we got back so we started at once to dress for our second Christmas dinner. I wore my grey silk and Flora her lace waist and white skirt. We all had dinner at Mrs. Stelle's (A.B.C.F.M.). There were 37 and we were at three tables; Mr. and Mrs. Stelle presided at one, Mr. and Mrs. Martin at a second and Mr. and Mrs. Ingram at the third. We had oyster soup from fresh oysters carried from Pei Tai Ho on Thursday. Then a huge Bustard was brought to each table and carved. The vegetables were mashed potatoe, onions, corn. Next came a fruit salad, most delectable; then a plum pudding with hard sauce. We topped off with pineapple ice, cookies and coffee. I had made little nut boxes of red paper in a five pointed star shape; Miss Mishe[?] had made green paper candle shades decorated with poinsettias and then with little Christmas trees made the decorations.

Our fun was at the "Ladies House" so we all got into our wraps and went over there. Miss Crane sang then the party divided into four groups and each gave one charade. According to the custom of several years we had a Virginia Reel and wound up with college songs. It was 11.30 when we said goodnight, but we got in a little before Mr. Burgess who was elsewhere for dinner.

Yesterday was "the day after" and we did precious little. In the afternoon we walked down Morrison Street and visited the Chinese shops. Flora got one small dish but I got nothing. I did up a box of clay images which represent familiar street scenes which I hope to get off this week for Mother's birthday. I will enumerate the contents as far as I can remember it:

- + A Peking cart
- + Two men playing chess

- + A man wheeling a cart with four baskets of water
- + A man wheeling a cart with two flower pots
- + A man carrying two bundles of straw
- A man carrying a small red box (probably food)
- A man riding a camel
- A man leading a horse across a bridge (not a Peking scene)
- A man rowing a boat
- A summer house
- A tiger
- An elephant
- A man carrying an animal home from a hunt

The ones with a cross are every day sights. The whole cost me about 50 cents silver but I am very fond of buying them. I got a new lot yesterday because I had packed all I had.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Wickes came for the night. Today Mr. and Mrs. Stafford of Shanghai arrived for several days sight seeing. Tomorrow evening we go to Tungchou for two days with the Galt family. We come back Thursday to get ready for Friday. On New Years Day all ladies receive and all men call on all the ladies. We have seven men invited to lunch. As Mrs. Burgess is away we are all going to lunch at Mrs. Halls and receive over here. We receive from 8 AM till everyone has called.

It is time for church and my news is running out so I will close.

The collar and cuff set arrived all O.K. It is a beauty and I do thank you very much. The people here treated us while on Christmas. Nearly every pupil sent a gift or greeting. We gave to the parents little pasteboard cases containing prints from pictures of the children at school. It was taken the first week so several were not in it but a later one was not possible on account of absences for chicken pox or scarlet fever.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. This is to tell Mother to pull the cotton out of the package with care so as to save whole such images as have withstood the journey.



Stanley - 1914.

Willard, Mary and Flora's brother - Stanley Beard- 1914
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]