

1915

- Lusitania torpedoed and sunk May 9, 1915
- WWI continues
- Albert Einstein's General Theory of Relativity
- Willard remains in China while Ellen and the children are in the U.S.
- Flora and Mary open the North China American School. Flora is 46 and Mary is 33.
- Willard is 50, Ellen- 47, Phebe- 20, Gould- 19, Geraldine- 17, Dorothy- 14, Marjorie- 9, Kathleen- 7.



Written on back "China New Year 1915"
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

[This letter, dated **Jan. 3, 1915**, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. She is working on the NCAS prospectus for the next school term. They took a tour of their new school building in Tungchou. The men went on their traditional calling of the women for New Year's Day. Flora and Mary are concerned about the health of their niece, Olive Beard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Peking, Jan. 3, 1915

Dear folks at home:-

A great deal has been taking place each day of this past week. Last Sunday we wrote letters and visited with Mr. Burgess's guests. Mr. and Mrs. Wickes had come up from Tungchou the day before for Mrs. Wickes to give a lecture on some social problem to the Chinese Y.M.C.A. She had written out her lecture in English, translated it into Chinese, had it corrected by her teacher, and then read it over in the Chinese until she nearly knew it by heart. I did not hear it but, if no one else was benefited, she certainly had learned a fine lesson in the language. She has been studying for two years only, so it was something of an undertaking to talk to a Chinese audience of students – in their own language.

Monday we just spent the day getting ready to go down to Tungchou for a few days. As usual, we got to Tungchou and had left behind us some of the articles that we wanted, but we got along without them. In the evening, Mr. Corbett, the chairman of our school committee came in to talk over our 'prospectus' for next year's work, and we talked until after 10 o'clock, but it was a time of accomplishment for we planned the whole thing.

The next day, Mr. Galt, our host, took us all over our new building- clear to the attic. We had to go up and down chicken ladders, which are not the most ideal kind for dismounting. The floors are being laid and the baths are

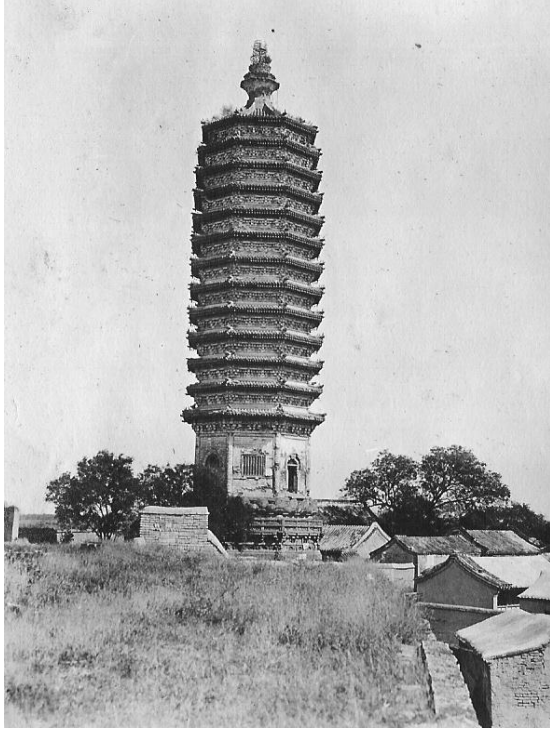
nearly all on, but the stairways must wait as they are being made of concrete, so as to have them fire proof. As long as they can have no fires in the building the cold weather will keep them from laying the concrete.



Written in album: "Our schoolhouse Dec. 6, 1914"

[Tungchou schoolhouse. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

In the afternoon Mrs. Galt invited in all the ladies, so we served and drank tea, and had a good visit. The next morning Mary and I finished up the conference (begun with Mr. Corbett) with Mrs. Corbett, when we went over the list of needs for furnishings our school. It took nearly two hours. Then it was time to go to a Chinese meal with Mr. and Mrs. Porter. We had 'spring cakes' which are really pancakes arranged thus [*her sketch shows one overlapping the other*], filled down through the middle rolled up, with the bottom turned up to keep any juices from running out, and then eaten from the fingers. The filling is composed of many delectable vegetables, meats, nuts, etc., - a little of each, with a spread of Worcestershire sauce over the cakes, inside. They were really very tasty. One desert has rice (glutinous) balls fried in deep fat, with strawberry jam over them. It makes a very hearty meal and we were not a bit sorry to take a long walk out to the pagoda at the opposite side of the city. After walking nearly half the distance we climbed the city wall and had a fine view of the surrounding country- now all planted with wheat. It is planted in rows so it gives a corrugated appearance to the different patches as far as the eye can see. The wind had risen so that we had to hold on to our hats. We could see a dust storm away off, and when we reached the pagoda its bells were arraying and tinkling most musically. There are 176 bells on each story of the pagoda and there are 13 stories. When you multiply those two numbers you will know how many bells there should be on the pagoda [2,288]. There were many vacant places especially on the lower stories but we enjoyed the music of those left just the same.



Written in album: "Tungchou Pagoda" and "A Sunday morning walk"
[Photos actually from 1919. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On our way home we stopped to get a dollar's worth of the famous Tungchou malt candy. It took two baskets to hold our purchase and we are still eating on it. It looks like molasses candy but is wholly the product of millet. It is not only pleasant to eat but is really good for one.

That evening (Wed.) we spent with Mr. and Mrs. Galt, talking over plans for next year, so that it was after ten when we went to bed. We had to be up early for our train left at 7.30 A.M. We were on time and left Tungchou before the sun got above the horizon. We reached home before Mr. Burgess was up, but I don't blame him for sleeping late, both because it was vacation and because the furnace was broken, and the house was as cold as a barn. It got mended before noon so that with the grate fires we were comfortable.

Mary was busy making candy for New Year's and I made place cards and little boxes for salted nuts, to be used at our luncheon the next day. It took all day but were ready for the day of the year. It is an old custom here for all the ladies to be at home all day, and for all the men to call on all the ladies. Our first callers came at 9.30 A.M. and they kept coming until nearly 1 P.M., when a few specially invited men went with us next door where we had a very lovely luncheon. The menu may interest you. It began with tomato bisque, then fish, followed by quail, then asparagus salad, ending with ice cream, coffee, nuts, and candy. We all came back to our house for receiving, and at 7.30 P.M. when our last guest departed we had received sixty men. One of the callers, Mr. Martin, brought us the good news that our boxes were here in Peking. They came up yesterday about 4 P.M. It does seem so good to have some belongings again. This morning we made up our beds with our own coverings, and I am sure they will sleep better, although I have no grumbles to make about my sleeping for it is years since I have slept as well as I have since I came to Peking. We are sleeping on our porch and it takes three nightgowns to keep me warm but I am sure it is a good thing to do.

I have never heard any thing from the one box we sent off to Boston, when we left. Have you had any word that it had been received? I am hoping to hear soon that you got the two silk pictures all right. You may sell them at any price over \$5.50 each that people will give you.

We anxiously wait for further news of Olive. Annie Gilbert has written to each of us but not a word about Olive. Her illness is still a mystery to us.

To-morrow we begin our work again and the children really want to go to school again.- Love to all
 Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Jan. 5, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. He attended many Christmas celebrations held at the various churches and schools and also had a very busy New Years. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan 5th 1915.

Dear Flora and Mary:-

Yesterday's mail brought your good letters telling about Christmas and plans for New Years. Our mission dinner for Christmas was eaten on Wed. before Christmas at 5:30 p.m. at Miss Dornblaser's at Ponasang. Thirty of us present, four turkeys etc. After that we attended the Xmas exercises of the Girl's School- then daily for over two weeks. There were exercises in the various churches and schools. Christmas was never to my knowledge so much in the air as this year. We dedicated three new churches that have been purchased or built this past year, and ordained two men to the ministry during the Christmas season. I could not attend all the exercises in the various churches but every one I did attend was packed full and every one was unusually happy.

New Years was strenuous. Mr. and Mrs. Christian had invited friends in to watch the old year out. On that Thursday afternoon I had two strenuous Committee meetings, a hasty super, Rhetoricals at the College, social, prayermeeting, oversee the College Brass Band announce the beginning of the New Year, And Then! a home mail to which I sat down at 12:30 a.m. Jan. 1. I finished about 1:30 and got to bed to hear the clock strike 2:00. - Up at 7:00 a.m. and breakfasted with thirty boys waiting to give their New Year's greeting, in the parlor. This kept up till 11:00 a.m. - the boys and teachers coming in groups. They ate up about \$10.00 of cakes and oranges. - At 11:00 a Committee meeting on Coll. Catalog. Dinner at 12:30. Over to Ponasang to a Reception to new and returned members of the mission- Mr. and Mrs. Belcher, Misses Ward (Ruth Ward Beach's sister) Cook and Miss Perkins.- Then over the river to dinner with Mr. Jones with a Committee and sat in Committee till 11:00 p.m. home at 12 midnight. And that's about the way it has been - not quite so late at night.

Rev. Cheng Ch'ing Yi Secretary of the China Continuation Committee took supper with me tonight. He lives in Peking, was a pastor of the London Mission. I gave him my card with your names on it. You will likely meet him some time.

You will have received papers re Ben's little pastime. I enclose now his letter and one from Kathleen. Do not return them. I pray for Olive [*Willard's niece - his brother, Oliver Gould Beard Jr. 's daughter*] and for her mother. It seems so far outside of human reason!! God keep, bless and use you.

I cannot thus far find out any thing about your goods.

Lovingly Will.

Flora do you remember giving me a pair of bed socks? They are perfectly "comfy". I gain many hours of sleep thru them. The photos of Peking came by last mail and I thank you Mary. That book is opened next frequently to my Bible. It is a source of never failing pleasure to me. Lovingly Will.

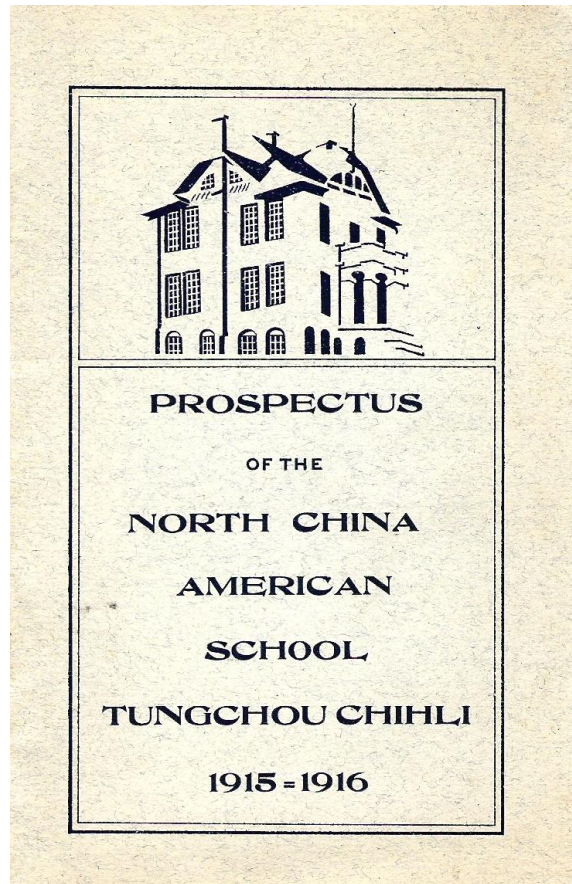


The Misses Beard

Mary (L) and Flora (R) Beard

From the Prospectus of the North China American School Tungchou Chihli 1915-1916

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



About the North China American School from the 1915-1916 Prospectus
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The North China American School is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the Children of their missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi. It offers its facilities also to other American and European children under conditions noted on another page.

The school aims to prepare pupils to enter schools and colleges in America, and hopes to render unnecessary the early separation of children from their parents. The school will be Christian but non-sectarian.

The school is located at Tungchou, about twelve miles east of Peking, with which it is connected by three trains each way per day. It is thus conveniently near the railroad center of North China, while it avoids the noise and dirt of a large city. It is situated in the compound of the American Board with its beautiful and spacious grounds seventy acres in extent. A perpetually flowing artesian well three hundred feet deep provides a copious supply of pure water. A dairy conducted in the most approved style under foreign inspection, supplies milk and cream of an excellent quality. A good-sized pond serves as a skating rink in winter and yields an abundant supply of ice. A resident American physician cares for the health of the community and the large staff of instructors of the Union Medical College Peking, can be called upon at short notice for consultation and assistance in case of emergency. There is abundant room for tennis, foot ball, basket ball, base-ball, hand ball, field sports, gardening and other outdoor activities.

A substantial building has been erected on a plan that allows for enlargement as conditions may demand. It is well located as regards to light and drainage, provides several pleasant class rooms of various sizes, as well as bedrooms and dining rooms, and the stairway is fireproof from top to bottom.

Faculty

The Principal and Matron of the School is Miss Flora Beard who came to North China after several years of successful work as teacher and principal in the public schools of South Orange, New Jersey. Miss Beard also

conducted a school for English-speaking children in Foochow between the years 1906 and 1909. The associate teacher is Miss Mary L. Beard who spent three years in the Blanchard-Gamble School, Santa Barbara, California, teaching science and mathematics, and four years in the Monticello Seminary [*Godfrey, Ill.*] where she taught physics, botany, chemistry, zoology and astronomy. The Misses Beard took up their duties in China in September 1914, in the temporary school quarters in Peking, and have won the confidence of a wide circle of friends. The American community in Tungchou stands ready to assist in the instruction of the school as may be necessary.

The school is planned to embrace the upper grammar grades and the complete high school work as soon as practicable, including manual training for the boys and domestic science for the girls. A course of study is being made out for children in the primary grades to pursue in their homes before coming to the school. It is hoped thereby to lighten the duties of mothers and to unify the work in the school and the homes. A list of text-books chosen by the school's committee will be included. It will aid much in arranging for supplies if parents will write early about their school plans for next year.

Admission

For admission to the school, children must be at least eight years of age. They must be of American or European parentage, and of good moral character. In case of inadequate accommodations, preference will be given to the children of the Missions maintaining the school. Applications should be addressed to Charles H. Corbett, Tungchou, Chihli.

Rates

For children of the contributing missions no charge will be made for tuition. For all other children, the tuition fee will be \$100.00 Mex. a year. As the Boarding Department has not yet been established, the rates have not been fixed, but board, rooms and washing will be charged at cost, probably not exceeding , \$1.00 Mex. per day.

Outfit

Each child entering the school should be provided with the following list of furnishings:- 4 sheets for single bed, 3 pillow cases, 1 pillow, 1 pair of blankets, 2 comfortables or quilts, 6 fruit napkins, 1 table knife, 1 fruit knife, 1 fork, 1 table spoon, 2 counterpane, 6 hand towels, 3 bath towels, 1 napkin ring, 6 napkins, 1 tea spoon, toilet soap, nail file, nail brush, tooth brush. All articles as far as possible should be plainly marked with the FULL name of the owner. It is requested that children come provided with sufficient clothing so that their wardrobes will not require care other than mending during the term.

The Management has made arrangements with Mr. A.C. Grimes of the Union Business Agency, 38 Rue d'Amiraute, Tientsin to look after pupils passing through that city, so parents will please notify him in advance if they wish his assistance. The school will undertake to arrange for pupils when they arrive in Peking and assist them in changing to the Tungchou train, if work is sent in time.

Board of Managers The American Board Mission

Rev. Howard S. Galt, Tungchou, Chihli

Mrs. James H. Ingram, Peking

Rev. Charles A. Stanley, Techow, Shantung

The Methodist Episcopal Mission

Rev. Carl A. Felt, Peking

Prof. John McGregor Gibb, Peking

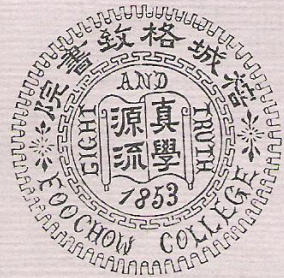
George D. Lowry, M.D., Peking

The Presbyterian Mission

Rev. Charles H. Corbett, Tungchou, Chihli

Rev. J. P. Irwin, Tengchowfu, Shantung

Rev. H. G. Romig, Tenghsien, Shantung



Anniversary
OF
Foochow College

A. B. C. F. M.

Peace Street, Foochow City.

1915

SIXTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

*The President and Faculty of Foochow College
cordially invite you to be present at the exercises
of Commencement Week, from the twenty-fourth to
the twenty-seventh of January, nineteen hundred
and fifteen.*

Commencement Week		Alumni Meeting	Baldwin Library.
		Alumni Banquet	Smith Hall.
			Graduates
Baccalaureate Sermon		Ding Ging Ang	
SUNDAY, JAN. 24th, 10:30 A. M. REV. W. L. BEARD.		Ding Nieng Oi	
President's Reception		Hu Nguk Sing	
MONDAY, JAN. 25th		Lai Hung Giong	
		Lau Bek Kie	
Class Day Exercises		Liu Ting Seng	
TUESDAY, JAN. 26th		Sing Co Dung	
Commencement Exercises			
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27th			

[This letter dated **Jan. 10, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the others. Now that the year has changed, Will can now say that Ellen will be coming back to China "next year". He describes a humorous Christmas program with young children portraying shepherds searching for the Christ Child. Ellen's Chinese name is Sing Sang Niong. He expresses sorrow for his niece, Olive's illness. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan 10 1915.

Dear Mother and all the others:-

It is 9:40 p.m. Sunday night and I have [been] steadily at work since 7:30 this morning. But I must get this letter started to you, and hope to finish in a day or two. Tell Ruth the Bank receipt for \$30.00 came by last mail. This credit for six months interest on note for second half of 1914, with many thanks. I am beginning to tell people when they ask about "Mrs. Beard's coming back to Foochow", next year. This makes it seem nearer. The weeks rush by like telegraph poles when you are on the R.R. train.

All goes nicely here, - not just as I would have it- for I could not then say "nicely". I should be afraid that something was not right- It would be like the condition when all men speak well of you. But the College is prosperous- with enough bad boys to be disciplined to make it normal and enough flunkers to make it normal. Good night.

Monday evening: - Yesterday we held communion at the city church and I baptized and received nine- five women and four young men, and also baptized two children. At the service I noticed two strangers and upon enquiring I found both were there as a result of the recent evangelistic meetings. Last Thursday with the preacher of the church here and three others I went to the home of a poor sick man who has been in the Hospital and is past help. He was taken home a week ago to die. But while in the Hospital he had heard the Gospel and wanted to be baptized. I baptized him and we received him to the church, administering the communion in his little dark bed room- no window- we took out two boards and let in a little light. But altho we could not then see to read we could pray with him and talk with him.

I went over to Sang Gaing to the exercises of the school for Christmas. Mr. Hodous was there also. We were both very much pleased with all we saw and heard. If you and the young ladies who are helping this school could have been there you would have burst laughing. Three shepherds came into the church on their way to find

the Christ Child. They had on farmers clothes and the bamboo hats of the farmers and one of them lead a real live black goat. The goat did not always follow exactly the boy who lead him and he sometimes got tangled up, but the pageant went off very nicely as did all the exercises. The only mishap was my own fault. As I was speaking I knocked over a vase of flowers. The vase went slam bong onto the floor, but fortunately did not break. There are about a dozen very bright boys in this school. The teacher is a young man who has studied seven years in Foochow College. Mr. Hodous remarked as we sat there- "There is not a more promising school in our whole field." A student from the Theological School comes over on Sundays and helps the teacher Ging Ding hold service and Sunday School. It is to this church our washerman belongs- I mean the man who washed for Ellen when we were in Y.M.C.A. work here. He calls on me frequently and always enquires most solicitously about Sing Sang Niong= Ellen. Some time ago he said as he went out "I do not have much time to write her. Please you write for me. Here's ten cents for the stamp." And he laid a ten cent piece on my desk.

I had several Christmas dinners this year- so many that they interfered with my writing you about them. The churches took advantage of the season to ordain pastors and dedicate new buildings. We had three dedications and two ordinations, -churches full everywhere. Our mission Christmas dinner was with Miss Dornblaser in the Wed. evening previous. On Christmas evening I went to North Gate for dinner with Miss Massey and Miss Baldwin of the Eng. Mission- a swell party.

I am sorry to hear of Olive's illness and hope to hear better things soon. Every day I remember her at God's throne. That is all one so far away can do.

Flora and Mary in Peking seem to be happy and successful.

I start for Diong Loh tonight- or plan to- to be away four days.

Hope you all escape the foot and mouth disease. I never heard of any thing so serious in that part of the country.

Ruth's good letter of Dec. 6 came today. You are all so good to write.

God grant you all health, peace and success. Remember I want a Genealogy when it is printed. Ruth has had lots of experience.

Lovingly,
Will

[This letter, dated Jan. 10, 1915, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the Dear Ones at Home. Mary and Flora are concerned over Olive Beard's health back in the U.S. They sleep bundled up in the cold on a porch. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 10, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

My turn to write again- and what a full week to write about. Mother's and Elizabeth's letters came and were most welcome. Olive's condition quite worries us. Perhaps Grace would feel that our worry is hindering her recovery, if so let her do something and perhaps we will stop. My gloves, whiskbroom and silver polisher came last night, two days after the letter so they got the same steamer.

After school on Monday we went to Teng Shih Kou to pay our bills at the book store, also to settle for the carrying of our boxes the Saturday before. That evening we went to a Chinese Theater of the YMCA for which Mr. Burgess had given us tickets. The acting was quite good and it was given old style without any setting except a table and chairs. In the home scenes people sat on chairs, in the woods chairs were trees and ??? and travelers sat on their baggage true Chinese style. The play lasted till 11.30 so there was not much studying after that.

Tuesday was our day at home but no one called so soon after the holidays. We had a quiet two hours with Mrs. Hall and Mr. Hall and Mr. Howell each partook of a cup of ?va with us. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Porter from Tungchow, were here for the night. Their husbands were elsewhere and called to take them to "La Boheme" given by an Italian Opera Co. I had taken a picture of our old peanut man on the corner before Christmas and on Tuesday I took him a print. He was immensely pleased.



Written in album: "Our peanut and fruit vender"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Wednesday Mrs. Burgess got home about six o'clock. She and Mr. Burgess are so happy to be together again it is a pleasure to watch them. We all went to Othello by the ?? Opera Co. that night. Our seats were with the Halls and Mr. Howell of next door. The Burgesses were up stairs. The play was well acted and the leading voices were good. The stage setting was some what incongruous because all of the baggage of the company had been confiscated in crossing Russia. Some costumes were quite Chinese like; the chairs were decidedly Chinese and the bed in the last act was draped with a mosquito net. The play began at 9.15 and it was after 1.00 when we got in.

On Thursday I went down town to pay last months bills while Flora went to see Mr. Gibb on school business. I went to bed early but Flora got there half an hour earlier. On Friday I had a visitor- at school all the morning. It was Mrs. McCann whom we visited in Paotingfu at Thanksgiving time.

Yesterday morning I reattacked my books and things that came a week ago. All books not needed this year I packed away in the window seat. Mrs. Stelle came to call about 11.30 and stayed till 12.10. We were invited out to a 12.30 tiffin so we hustled and got there at 1.00. Our letter never arrived as we found our hostess unprepared but we had a good time just the same. It was at Mr. and Mrs. Drew[?] Brown's (Mary Chisolm Brown). Chisolm was shy at first but soon reversed and we had a jolly good time. We all walked up to 3.30 Prayer Meeting together. It was the last one of the Week of Prayer and the subject was Home Missions.

Our bookcases were here when we returned from the meeting so after dinner we had the boys move our furniture around and we put the books in place. I got my things all put away but Flora still has piles and piles around. I just long for a tidy room once more. This muss makes me feel like shrieking sometimes. Tomorrow we get rid of the borrowed bedding which now cumpers the room in three large newspaper bundles.

You should see us when ready for bed. We each wear two gowns under our wadded garments, also nightcaps and robes. I have folded the blanket Mother gave me to take to Monticello double. It does not tuck in anywhere but the one Ben gave me tucks in well all around so holds it in place. Over this is my thick cotton comforter and at night I take out my steamer rug and put that on double. Our porch even then is out like real out-of-doors because it is plastered up just above the beds and enclosed at the top. I open four or five windows around my bed and Flora opens one or two. You are almost as much out of doors in your room, Elizabeth. So far we have not used hot water bottles (or pigs as they call them here). Today the snow of Wednesday is melting. There is still some of a week ago Monday left. This week I mailed some packages of the clay images; one to Olive, one to Edith Louise and one to Edith's Dorothy.

Christmas cards are still coming. Yesterday came one from Miss Lathrop and a calendar from Dr. and Mrs. Lathrop also the New Year's cards from Ruth in the package. I think our friends were like us, waited until the Christmas season before sending. I like the continuation of the season's greetings. We were too busy during vacation to have half appreciated them. This way each greeting gets a warm welcome.

If at anytime during the year you get a chance to get Christmas or New Years cards or little things like memorandum pads, papers of pins, hair pins, etc that are not heavy or ruchings either wide or narrow, white or cream, you can spend from \$3 to \$5 for me. We had to buy Christmas cards and the cheapest were 45 cents. From that prices soared all the way to \$1.75. Some were worth the price since this was silver but some were the 5 cent variety at home.

This letter has rambled on long enough. I hope 1915 is bringing you good health, good spirits and not too much hard work.

With lots of love

Mary.

Jan 10, 1915

[This letter dated Jan. 15, 1915 was written from Brooklyn, NY by Willard's 2nd cousin once removed Mary Gleason Stark to Willard. She thanks him for some tea from China and for a pamphlet and remembrance. She talks about her family and other relatives of theirs. She asks how the war is affecting them in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

1160- Gates Ave.

Brooklyn New York

Jan 15"- 1915

Mr. W.L. Beard

Dear Cousin,

I have been promising myself- each week- since receiving your "Messenger"-that I surely would get my thanks for the Pamphlet, and the remembrance. I find it is a little more difficult to get settled down to any thing like writing- away from home, than where I regularly belong- and can do things more regular and methodically.-And I have word from my daughter- from Niles of the gift- of some tea- from you- I want to thank you for that also. It is the genuine article, and coming from its Native ground, and from your thoughtful self- makes it all the more precious- I want both of my homes to enjoy it with me- Mollie will take some out and send the rest to me here- I am here in Brooklyn for a time. My son Wm. J. Stark, married last June- and is housekeeping here in B- His business is Telegraphy in Western Union Tel. Office in New York. He prefers B- to live in. Has boarded in B- for some time. They wanted me to come and be with them for a time. I came in October- and shall be here this winter- if all keep well at home- in Niles, and if I am not called back to N- will be here until spring- and hope to take a run into Conn. and see the Cousins. I had a delightful time with them last year and then never dreamed I'd be so near them again- or that it would be possible for me ever to go to Conn. I was remembered by your Mother at Christmas time with a card, also cards from the New Haven cousins Elizabeth and Mary Andrew- and a letter from Cousin Martha Beard Clark. Shall try and peep in on them all if I carry out my plans.

Are your sisters with you or near you? It would be pleasant indeed if they could be- and for them, too, to be near you. Does the war, this cruel, terrible war-disturb China at all- It is so terrible, and I hope peace may soon come- It looks as if the prophecy were being fulfilled- and the whole world be at war with each other.

I have enjoyed your magazine very much and again I thank you for it and your remembrance.

Sincerely you

Cousin

Mary G. Stark.

1160 Gates Ave.

Brooklyn

N.Y.

[This letter dated Jan. 16, 1915 was written from the from China by Mary to the ones at home. She thanks them for various gifts they sent and asks to have some magazine subscriptions renewed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[January 16, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

I am going to put in a note even if it is not my regular work to nite. A package from home came this week. The towel is beautiful and I do thank you all as much. I shall feel very swell and grand with such towels to decorate my rack. The thread, both [unreadable word] and hair pins that Abbie [*Abbie Jane Hubbell Beard, wife of Mary's brother, Bennett Nichols Beard*] sent are just the thing too. I was almost out of 60 white and shall open a new spool almost at once.

I have forgotten to ask you to renew my subscriptions. Please send \$3.00 to the National Geographic and ask that they surely renew from January. The Digest does not expire until February so the subscription will probably be on time.

Many thanks and a great deal of love from

Your loving

Mary.

January 16, 1915.

[*This letter, dated Jan. 18, 1915, was written from Peking, China by Flora to the dear folks at home. It is very cold and blowing dust instead of snow. They sleep bundled up on the sleeping porch. They took a tour of the Union Medical College and were impressed. Flora describes their trip to the Forbidden City. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

[Jan. 18, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is past the middle of January- so does time fly. Mary and I are alone in the house with the three servants and it certainly is a care free kind of living. Both Mr. and Mrs. Burgess are off taking a vacation in the Shantung province. I think they must be good sports at travelling for the weather has not been exactly like June. A week ago to-night the weather blew up very cold so that when night came we put on everything we owned and then slept cold. The weather was like the great blizzard only that it blew dust instead of snow. When we wakened in the morning the only white places in our beds were where our bodies had lain. Every one says that it is the worst weather that has been experienced here for many years. The paper next day reported the thermometer 17 degrees below zero. There are tales of hundreds of beggars and more than a score of the president's guards being frozen to death. I do not see how people could escape with the lack of fire in their houses. At school I had just four of my fourteen children- those who lived nearest. At noon we sent all the children home to stay, for the wind was still high and the dust clouds too dense for endurance. It gave me a whole half day in which to get some long delayed writing done.

The next day the men came to set the basket ball posts- even if the thermometer was below zero. I wish you could have seen the neat holes they dug, hardly taking out a needless spoonful. Mary said there was two feet of frost in the ground. There is a little snow on the ground but you would hardly know it because it is so dirty. Where it has melted there is a thin layer of dirt.

It has been so cold that we have not been out much and others have been tied at home also- hugging the fire in the attempt to keep warm.

The weather had begun to moderate when Mr. and Mrs. Burgess started on Thursday, and it is very much warmer now. To-night when we came home from school, the jinricksha stand was full of jinrickshas, where there has been either one or two or none. We can't walk anywhere without being importuned to ride and one almost hates to say no, but it is so cold that it is hardly safe to ride without extra wraps and covers.

On Saturday, Miss Leavens, our Tungchou hostess of last September, came up for the week end with us. We went out in the afternoon to visit the Union Medical College and hospital. Fortunately we found Dr. Young at the college, so that he piloted us about showing us the laboratories, museum, dissecting room, etc., then he took us to the fine new men's hospital. It is built as near to being fire proof as any building can be, and everything was as nearly perfect and clean as it could be. I was especially attracted to the operating room. It was well equipped with modern apparatus and Peking is noted for its remarkable surgeons. There are specialists here for nearly every thing and the foreigners prefer to have an operation here rather than to go home. We certainly hear of remarkable cures among the foreigners. We called to-day on Mrs. Aiken (the mother of one of our pupils) who is just recovering from an operation for acute appendicitis, who is making a remarkable recovery. She is in the London mission women's hospital. She has a very comfortable room and has had a night and a day nurse- each are English women. So you see the people have the proper care.

Yesterday (Sunday) was a beautiful day. We began it by sleeping until after 9 A.M. It was after 10 when we were getting up from the breakfast table. We rode over to the entrance of the Forbidden City and then spent two

hours roaming through the different courts. The yellow roofs, the large brass caldrons, and the bronze lions and phoenixes were worth the time we had to see them. We found the guards courteous and helpful where they could be. After we had passed through the first huge gate we came into the most impressive court, facing what must have been the "Audience Hall". This is a huge double roofed building standing on the third terrace. Each terrace is reached by a flight of marble steps and there are marble retaining walls, with marble railings above each. The carving on all these is beautiful in design and workmanship. The gargoyles were numerous and beautifully carved. We had to go down all these steps and through a side gate into the court of the three throne rooms. These rooms have been denuded of nearly every bit of their natural furniture and are now used as stone rooms for the treasures that are being brought down from Jehol (the late Empress's western capitol). The guards invited us to peek through the cracks into the inside. In the largest room we saw the whole space taken up with boxes waiting to be emptied of their treasures. The small middle building had still more boxes, and the third one was the most interesting for here the treasures had been taken out and were standing on the floor or on shelves that were placed about. We could see all sorts of vessels made of cloisonné and other remarkable materials, and there was an image of Buddha- probably of gold. We could see a wonderful throne screen of a peacock-blue-green embroidered in gold, and there were huge wall hangings of royal yellow colors. I am beginning to believe more and more of Marco Polo's tales of his visits to ancient Peking. We saw nearly as many treasures there waiting for a place of exhibit as are already on exhibit. There were huge outside curtains to these buildings which were originally yellow and the ropes in the pulleys were made of yellow silk as thick as a woman's finger. This gives you a bit of an idea of China's past glory. On our way back we had to cross two bridges the posts of which were adorned by carvings of lions. On one (farther inside the city) the lions were playful- each one expressing some human fun, but the other bridge (near the outside gate) had lions looking very rigid and fierce- evidently on guard. There are wonderful moats with carved marble railings adorned with conventionalized flames on each post top. It is hard to describe the place adequately. I shall hope to go again in the spring.

After we had our tiffin we all went to bed and slept, getting up in time to go to church. We were all so sleepy that we did not sit up very late. I think Mary calculated that we had been out of bed about ten hours of the day. Anyway I think Miss Leavens went back to her work with something to think about- and rested also.

I am sending an order for seeds to Vicks Sons of Rochester, N.Y. I think it will be in the neighborhood of \$1.50. I am asking him to send the bill to father. I wish father would donate to the Tungchow American School about a half pint of Evergreen corn, for planting this spring. It will be ready for us in the fall. Please send it to me in Peking as early as you can get it off!

Ruth, I have been reading in Bushell's 'Chinese Art' of the woven pictures, which I sent in December (and which I shall hope soon to hear have reached you). He describes exactly the same thing and says that they belong to the middle of the 18th century, and they were used to adorn the walls of the palaces. So they are of real value. If no one at home wishes them, will you send one to Miss Mable J. Chase, Nutley, New Jersey. She thinks the Newark, N.J. library would like one. I hope you can get at least \$7.50 for each for they are really worth double that. Perhaps the Shelton, Derby, Ansonia or New Haven libraries would like one. You are welcome to keep all that you can get above \$7 for each. I have one more here that I will part with if any one wants it. I had eight in all but wish to keep one. Mary has purchased a beautiful Mandarin coat for about \$5 gold. We see for sale beautiful coats like those pictured in Bushell's 'Chinese Art'. They have not been obtainable until late years- since the revolution. If you wish us to get one for you we can. It is a very inexpensive dressy coat suitable for summer wear. Mary's comes to the bottom of her skirts. It is a beautiful dark grayish blue, with embroidered edgings and cuffs- in different shades of blue.

We saw Mr. Ding to-day. He has left Tokyo and is here in Peking- looking for a government job- so reports say. He has tried to call on us several times but we have been out. Mrs. Burgess says he always calls on her when she is out. She knew him in Tokyo.

It is getting late and my letter is already too long, so will keep what has been left out till the next fortnightly letter.

Love to all-
Flora Beard.

Peking,
Jan. 18, 1915.

[This letter dated Jan. 24, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughter, Phebe Kinney Beard. He talks about the Che Kiang Club meeting in the largest hall in Foochow and there are electric lights and a telephone there. He discusses how his family looks in photos that he has received. He gives Phebe a little advice

and talks about when he comes back to the U.S. for ten weeks and then takes wife, Ellen and youngest daughters, Marjorie and Kathleen back to China with him. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China, Jan. 24th, 1915.

Dear Phebe:-

Your last good letter came a week ago, - too late for me to get in the reply with my last one to Kathleen. The Che Kiang [*spelled Kiang in Oct 25, 1914 letter*] Club is the largest hall in Foochow available for such meetings as we held in October. It is situated almost in the very center of the city. It is fitted with electric lights and telephone and has room for 2000 seats. It is owned by business men from the province of Che Kiang [*here Willard spells it with a K*] just north of Fukien. You will not find the language difficult. Do you remember when you came back in 1905 you could not speak a word but within two months you were saying anything and correcting your parents. The vocabulary you will forget to a considerable extent but you can make the sounds and the idiom is natural to you. The vocabulary will come back fast.

I did not tell Kathleen that I received two dolls for Christmas presents. One a little maid from some very cold country with thick hood and cloak on- the other a little one about 2 ½ in. high that always stands on its round base. I hope some of you whom I can recognize will be around when I get home. Mama does not seem to grow very much as far as I can judge from the letters, and from the photos she does her hair about as she used to, but the rest of you are much changed. I wrote you perhaps that every time I look at Geraldine's RATS I feel like getting my fingers into them and tearing them out- do they bite? And now Dorothy has them. Better get some cats. Gould has on long trousers and wears a hat. And the babies are "developing fast". Yes Mr. Eddy was in Foochow in March 1914 and 1911.

Your sentence "As soon as I overcome one fault there is sure to be another to take its place." This ought to be true and is the surest sign of growth in character. If I find in myself this year faults that I did not realize last year, I am sure that I am growing for this thing did not trouble me last year. I did not recognize it as a sin. I see now that it is not pleasing to God and I must get rid of it. Next year there ought to [*be*] another one to overcome. I pity the person who does not recognize new faults in himself, and who does not have to keep continually fighting against them. This is our salvation, - only instead of fighting to drive out faults, it is much better to keep ones self so full of doing good deeds, saying good words and thinking true, pure, lovely thoughts that the fault is crowded out. I rather think that debate of the fairy tale question came out right. You used to like them and they helped your imagination. Most or many children's imaginations are dwarfed. They should be trained- all inventors and scientists start with the imagination. If you were as excitable as May Fuller I should hope you would have character enough to keep away from games that took away your power of self control.

College goes better thus far than last year. We had a very interesting and successful meeting of the Board of Directors last Wed. evening. The new Board with the Chinese. This week comes graduation. How I do miss mama at times like this! I have to ask some one to tie the diplomas and invite foreign guests etc. etc. But the time is fast running away and before I know it I shall be home with you all for ten weeks and be bringing mama and Marjorie and Kathleen back away from you four. Then it will be you who are lonely.

Again commending you all to God's tender loving care and sending to each one a lot of love. I am your loving Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter, dated **January 28, 1915**, was written from Peking, China by Mary to the dear ones at home. Mary describes visiting the Summer Palace and the Tsing Hua College. They had a Foochow meal with Mr. Ding. Flora and Mary hope that niece, Olive, is feeling better. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[January 28, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora's letter left so late last week and we were away for the week end so here goes my Sunday letter on Thursday. We were alone again last week until Wednesday. Mable Galt came and stayed with us two nights but went home Friday. Friday afternoon was the Friday Club. This time the subject was Tennyson and Miss Crane and

Miss Craig gave excellent papers on "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King." Mr. Gibb sang a long selection from the Cantata "The Lady of Shalot" and a short song "The Swallow Song" from "The Princess." As usual, we were late but we arrived in time for a cup of tea which is unusual.

As we were at dinner, Dr. Shoemaker from Tsing Hua College came in and asked if we could go out to keep his wife company on Sunday. We said yes and went next morning. We left here at 9.30 for the Tsichichmen (East Gate). It is an hours ride and it was snowing a little. I took my steamer rug and Flora took both our ricksha rugs so we kept warm. We waited 1 ½ hours at the station for a 15 minute train ride. If it has been less cold and windy we should have gotten rickshas and gone all the way. Mrs. Shoemaker had sent her card down by a ricksha man so we were carried first back up to the college. We were not starved, because we had had tea and cookies at the station while waiting. Ann had grown a lot and now walks all around if she has hold of some one; but she makes no attempt at going alone. She has walked this way since December some time. We stayed in all afternoon and talked because the snow continued. We had several callers and Ann was a constant amusement after she wakened from her nap.

On Sunday we lay in bed till 9.00. After breakfast we walked over to the old Summer Palace which was destroyed by the foreigners in 1861 because the Chinese tortured some prisoners they had taken. The destruction took 40 days. There are 4 courts and we visited part of one. The palaces were immense and mostly made of marble. Hardly one stone is left on another in some of them. The carvings even broken as they are, are wonderful. One large screen like structure is intact. There are five tablets each carved with different forms of armour. Opposite was a palace with a large fountain in front. Around the pool on the palace side is a railing with fishes heads for gargoyles. The different colored tiles were many; a dark blue, a light blue, a dark purple, a lavender, two shades of green, a pink, a royal yellow and a flesh color.

Now the place is open to the public. In places the Chinese have small groups of huts and the very courts of the palaces are under cultivation.

The whole place was originally level but now is covered with artificial hills and lakes so it is very natural. It covers miles. The palace we visited showed the influence of early Greek architecture in the mixture of Doric to Corinthian columns with Doric bases.

In the afternoon we walked around the college campus. It is the college founded by the Indemnity fund returned by America after 1900- and occupies an old Prince's palace grounds. In one corner is the palace. The main buildings are used for social functions. One is fitted up Chinese style the other semi-foreign for receptions. Another is a public dining room. The buildings in the side courts are the living rooms of the Chinese teachers. The foreign teachers all live in the farther corner in foreign houses each precisely like the others. Even though alike they are delightfully cozy and homelike inside. The President and his Secretary also have foreign homes which cost more than those of the teachers.

The students live in Chinese style but the dormitories are built of the gray bricks so commonly used here by foreigners.

The athletic field is a fine one. There are 20 tennis courts, Basket ball fields, a foot ball field, an Archery range, a base ball diamond. The 500 students have each one to get out for one hour each day and do something. It can not be the same thing every day.

They have just enlarged their campus to twice its size and next year erect five new buildings besides moving the dormitories of the middle school across the street. (The first students sent home by that Indemnity Fund returned this Fall and the YMCA are trying to look after them.) The course is 8 years and students are admitted only at the beginning of the first year unless there are variances. Just now the Sophomore class of the upper school is small so a few can enter that next Fall. Entrance is by competitive examination and boys come from all over the country. Mr. Ding's brother is going to try I understand. We came back Sunday night and arrived about 6.45. It had been a glorious day, but snowed as we rode in.

On Monday we found Laurence Galt the first to arrive and swelled nearly twice his size because he had a small brother born the Saturday before. Mable did not come up until Tuesday because Mr. Galt had business in town Monday.

Yesterday morning Mr. Ding called at school and invited us to dine with him at noon at a Foochow restaurant. We accepted- and had a most delicious feast. We started with four dishes (1) chicken gizzards, (2) tongue, (3) cabbage and (4) pork and bean sprouts and onions. Of course they were in four dishes in the center of the table and we each fell too with our chop sticks. Next came a piping hot dish of bean sprouts swimming in a blood red mixture. I did not like the red much but the other was fine. That was pushed one side and a dish of cauliflower put on. Next came hot fish dumplings on which we ate a thick dark brown sauce, which did not improve them any. Next a whole fish beautifully garnished and swimming in delicious brown gravy. The next we thought must be last; a hot orange juice thickened with a flour made from some plant. It was food fit for "the Gods" it was

so luscious. Lastly, we had a rice dish. The rice was ground and made in long strings like spaghetti. It was served with some ground meat. All the time as we ate, we drank a watery fluid, flavored with fine spices and sweetened, from tiny little handleless cups. Between courses we had two kinds of seeds to eat, both melon seeds. Once was black and spiced, the other light colored and not so highly flavored. We left the table and had a cup of tea and more melon seeds. It took 1 ½ hours so we were late for school. As we left they gave us a chunk of something that looked like a piece of a broken nutmeg and I chewed mine all afternoon. Mr. Fay, a returned student, and Mr. Ding were the only other ones. The table was set for eight but either the others couldn't come or were too late to eat with us who had to be prompt.

These last two days have been less cold so we have played basket ball after school. The children carted sand and covered the snow in order that they might play. The game is getting better all the time and the children are growing more enthusiastic.

This is examination week so I have spent my evenings making out test questions. The correction of papers is waiting for Saturday since a cold has kept us from sitting up too late. Said cold is better.

We expect the Burgesses tonight. It is after seven and we can not eat until they come. I am getting hungry so I hope it is soon.

Mr. Ding enquired for you all and wished to be remembered when we next wrote. He is quite about now, not much like the men who first visited us.

We are hoping for better news of Olive but it does not come yet. I hope the rest of you are keeping well and that you are not having an extra severe winter. Everyone says we are having less sunshine than usual and more snow squalls and gray days. If it would only snow enough to amount to something; but it takes 36 hours for two inches of snow to fall.

With lots of love

Mary

January 28, 1915

[This letter, dated **February 3, 1915**, was written from Pearl River, N.Y by Stanley Beard to Ellen. He tells her that he and Myra Palmer will be married. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Pearl River, N.Y.

Feb. 3, 1915.

Dear Ellen:-

There is a bit of news that is almost out. It is too important to let you have through accidental ways so I will interrupt you with this note. It has come to be a fact that Myra Palmer and I have agreed to be married. We don't know when as yet, but hope it will be enough for now just to let you know that you are to have a very dear sister and also that Phebe, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen will some day have a new and very lovely aunt.

With love and best wishes to you all

Stanley

[This typewritten letter written **Feb. 6, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Commencement exercises were held the last week of January. They are working on improving the Foochow missionary compound. Willard tells what his children are doing back in the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners

For

Foreign Missions

Foochow College

President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 6th. 1915.

Dear Girls [*Flora and Mary*]:-

One way to get your friends to accept typewritten letters and not squeal is to write so infrequently that they will accept anything and be grateful. That is my stunt I am afraid this past few months. (It is so cold that my fingers ache as I strike the machine.)

The commencement exercises of the College were held on the 25th of Jan. This is called vacation. But the only thing that I have vacated is my class room. The exercises passed off nicely. The day was fine. It rained the night before and it rained the night after but just during the half day of our Commencement it was delightful. Instead of having the set essays and orations and an address this year we had three of the graduates give experiments in Chemistry - -Oxygen. The other four had English orations. No officials were invited, only friends of the students and those we really wished to come. We had the church full of these.

Have I written you that Mr. and Mrs. Newell have a little girl? Her two brothers think she is the stuff. My fire is doing well. I have my overcoat off. You would laugh I suppose if you were to come into my study just now. I have washed my own flannels since I came out this time. Yesterday I did a washing- did it at 4 standings between callers etc. I always hang them in the house out of the sun to dry. They are not yet dry so I have a unionsuit hanging over the stove which is a cook stove. Right in the middle of the room stands a big box of books just from Boston. How is your shipment? I hear that that ship is still in Massena and likely to stay there. I hope it is not true. That half day of shopping in St. Louis, Mary was a most profitable one for me. Every article that I bought was just what I wanted and the quality was all right.

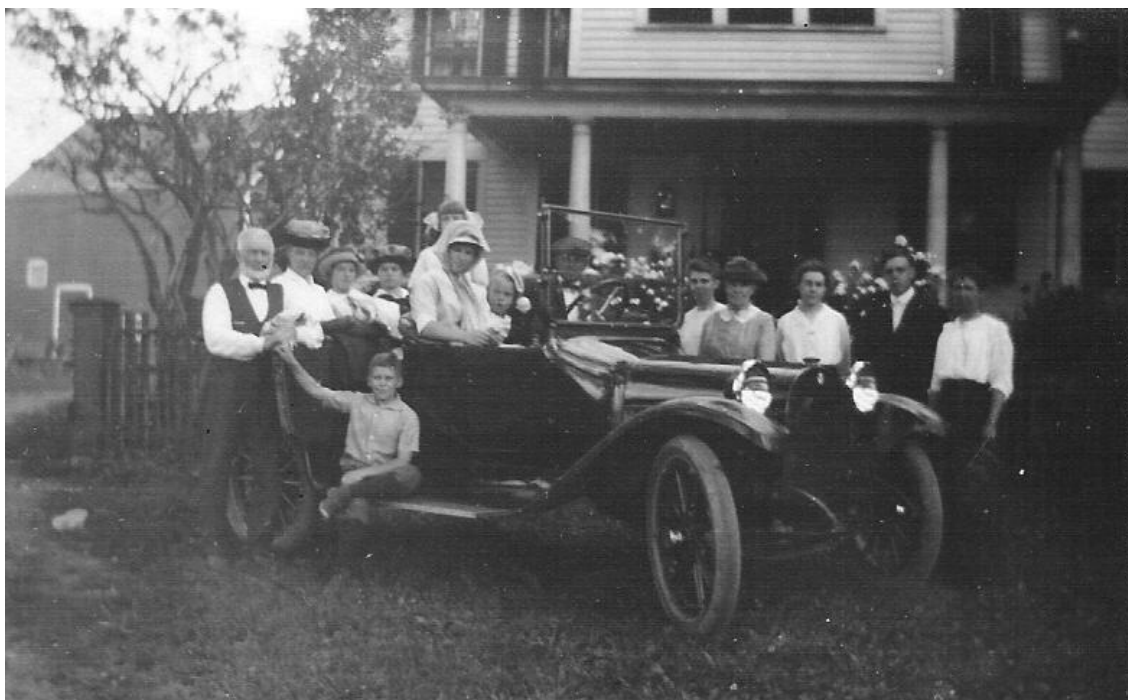
Many people inquire after you continually. The Mains are home by this time I expect. I shall be interested to see what Flora thinks of our new compound in the city. We are improving it all the time. Only this week we have become the happy owners of a little temple that stood right in the center of the compound, near a huge rock as big as a small house. This temple is now removed and we are straightening the walk and doing other things to make things look right.

All letters from Putnam are good. I had a nice long one from Geraldine in the last mail. She is manager of the girl's basket ball team and Gould of the boy's. She is carrying a heavy load of studies this term. Gould does not look favorably on the proposition of going to Oberlin to College. He NOW seems to think a course in Engineering is what he wants. Dorothy they say is very fat. Phebe seems to have about given up growing.

Do you take it that Stanley is looking to the lower end of Long Hill with the view of getting some one to take Phebe's place as housekeeper? She, Phebe seems to enjoy her life and the new auto all right. Mother was seventy two years old last Saturday. And I am trying to make it seem true that I was fifty. And I almost jumped to think that I was old enough to be her father. Geraldine speaks of receiving spoons from China. She evidently had not received the letter yet for she was wondering if I had sent them.

Mrs. Jewett of Mount Vernon has a little boy born the day before Christmas. Her Dorothy was a year old in November. Her photo looks as if she was a buxom lass all right. I see the boy Roger Wallace was born Dec. 14th, not the day before Xmas.

With lots of love,
Will



About 1915 in front of the Century Farm farmhouse. This is probably the automobile that Willard is referring to. Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and Ellen are standing at the back. Marjorie is standing in the car behind the lady in the passenger seat and Kathleen may be between that lady and the driver. The ladies near the front of the car are Elizabeth, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard, Ruth and Phebe and possibly Stanley. Oliver Wells may be the boy sitting on the running board.

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

*[This letter dated **Feb. 7, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He talks about making an English Catalogue for the college. Shaowu has a stock disease among their cattle. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Feb 7th 1915

Dear Mother:-

Your good letter written about Christmas came last evening. This past week two events have taken place or rather two mileposts in the family have been passed. One was your birthday – the seventy second I think, on January 30th. The other my fiftieth. It does not make one feel any different tho. I'm getting young I think- still growing any way. I was weighing a keg of printing ink which I had bought for the Press one day last week and got [on] the scales myself. I pushed the weight up to 180 and on to 181, 182-183-184-185, and still the beam went up, and [I] stopped looking. I had not realized that I was so heavy. I have had a good appetite and have slept well for the past three months and have work enough to give me good exercise. These are conducive to good health.

The past week is called vacation but it means only a change of work. I have one big job on for this vacation, namely to get out an English Catalogue for the College. I have most of the material but it must be arranged and audited. Then I want very much to get in the country for a week. This is going to be difficult to arrange. I am booked for four days in the country not far from Foochow- ten miles out, but I want to get down in the Diong Loh field. Mr. Smith urged me to go to Ing Hok, but that was out of the question.

To day a letter came to me from Ellen's Aunt Ann of Geneseo, Ill. She writes that the foot and mouth disease attacked the cattle on the farm next them. The man had driven the stock along the road that runs within twenty rods of their house and farm. This road was closed. There is now a stock disease in Shaowu. Mr. Kellogg two years ago went up into North China and bought a foreign cow and bull. The bull has just died, and some of the half breeds. But here there is no quarantine and cattle are liable to die any time. Of course the disease is worse

some years than others. The farmers sell the cattle as soon as they can after the disease is contracted. The meat is eaten by the people.

We are having the coldest winter in a long time. Bananas are all black from the frost of two weeks ago. And the past week has been very cold, and damp and at night I have to pile on all the clothes I can find and then shiver. Flora gave me a pair of bed socks just as I started for China and they are a great comfort. I wash my own flannels- did a washing Friday and am wearing the union suit today- it is just as soft as new and not shrunk in the least- the first water is a good strong soap suds with a little ammonia in it. The next is clear water with a little ammonia in it and the third is the same. The water is only warm not hot, and I do not rub the flannels only pound or squeeze them and then I do not wring them very hard and hang them in my bath room- not out of doors to dry- of course they drip a lot- but they come out sweet, soft and as large as when they went in.

Mrs. Gillette of Diong Loh is here with her three months old boy, and Mrs. Newell in the next house has a two months girl so we have babies here just now. Did you know that Mrs. Jewett of Mt. Vernon had a little boy born Dec. 14. Dorothy was born in Nov 1910.

How is the big lawsuit coming on? I shrink from writing a word of the war. The English missionaries here are as rabid as any of the combatants. I pray God to stop it as soon as all have had enough of it to be willing to cease from war. The advances of Prohibition in Armenia are most encouraging. Best wishes to all whose birthdays are about now and love to all Will

[This letter dated Feb. 8, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to 17 year old daughter, Geraldine. Geraldine sent Willard a small diary book and he thanks her for it. He details a typical day of his work. Remainder of letter missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 8th 1915.

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letter came by the last mail. This is the first Christmas letter I have had- I mean letter telling about Christmas. It seems to me so far back now- but your letter is by no means a back number- Since I wrote last I have received a nice little vest pocket diary that is just what I wanted. I am proud of it. I look eagerly in every mail for an account of how my Bible and my other memorandum look- the loose leaved one came to be found. I hope some of you will tell me some time.

I hoped to write this letter this morning and mail it to you today but there seems no use in my trying to do any thing for myself in the day time or evening till after 9:30. All sorts of people are calling on all sorts of business. I have not had one minute today until I began this letter after 9:30. But work is what I'm here for. I wanted to go to Kuliang tomorrow but it is raining now and I am not going to try it.

Mr. Lathrop of Shelton has once or twice said he wished me to write out in detail one day's work. Last Wed. might be an interesting one- only I could not make it all appear.- It would be something like this- rise at 6:45 a.m. breakfast at 7:30. From 8:30-9:30 correspondence and Press business. 9:45 start for South Side to audit the books of the treasurer of the Union Theological Schools. At noon take dinner with Rev. Long Iu Cu at his home on South Side. This dinner lasts till 2 p.m. At 2:15 perform the wedding ceremony for his sister and Mr. Saeng Cieng Li. At 3:00 p.m. be at the Monthly Concert of prayer at Mr. Walsh's -Trinity College. After that go to tea at his house then go to Mr. Hind's house for a meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Fukien Tract Society. This lasted till 6:15. I was due in the city to a wedding feast at 5 p.m. It was 7:45 when I reached the house and the guests were just leaving. But a special table was set for me and the groom and his father ate with me. Home at 9:30. Now that's not very interesting but it's an ordinary day's work.

Yes you improve as you write- did the Parker do it all? Aunt Mollie sent me by last mail a good photo of Dorothy. Isn't it nice that Dorothy Jewett has a little brother. It will help her not be selfish and will help her parents in bringing her up.

[remaining page missing]

[This letter dated Feb. 14, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Her school has been making valentines and Mary has been ice skating. It is Chinese New Year so businesses are closed. She feels it is a wonderful time to be in China and watching it facing adversity. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 14, 1915.]

Dear folks at home:-

We are now on our last half of the school year. We began with our new scholar so that our number now is 31- going on to forty, though we do not expect to reach that this year. This week has been a busy one in school for we were making valentines and the children got very much interested. We had a little exhibit on Friday and several mothers came in to see the results. Two days I had a visitation of Chinese teachers with some of the American Board ladies to see our primary work. The children were quite unconcerned about being watched so everything went naturally.

Mary has been skating with the Lowries (two of her students) at the International Tennis Club. They flood a part of the tennis courts, cover the rink with these straw mats and when it is lighted with electricity it makes an ideal place for skating. The mat coverings are necessary to keep out the sand that these horrid dust storms blow into every crack and crevice. Mary went just after school and she said it got so warm that they had to open some of the mats.

To-day is Chinese New Years so everything is very quiet and there will be very little business going on anywhere for a few days. Yesterday we went shopping for curios and we had to be careful about bidding for purchases as we got taken up very quickly. I got four little amethyst pendants that have jade calyxes and about that is a pearl as large as this O. I think the pearls are genuine, too. I got the four pieces for \$2.00 silver. They asked me \$4.00 to begin with. I came very near getting four jade buttons but did not satisfy the dealer with my price. We got silk for a waist, a petticoat, and a scarf- in all we did a big bit of shopping.

I am enclosing some newspaper clippings which speak for them selves. I am especially interested in the "Blind School" editorial, for the school is in the same hutung [*alley or passageway*] that our school is and I intend to visit it some day soon.

Every one is feeling very anxious for the welfare of China these days, and hoping that 'might' will not prevail. It is very wonderful to be here on the spot at this time, and see how China is being knit to-gether, by this apparent adversity. It is a deep laid scheme and one that the world may never know the whole truth about. I am wondering what the papers at home have been saying about China's affairs. We have a daily paper now, behind which we can drink our morning cup of coffee, just as the people of New York do. It is not full enough of the world's news but I guess gets as near to the real truth as many of the papers do.

Our mails are coming so seldom now and have so little in them that we just, spend most of our time 'hoping.' I have not yet received the first magazine of the "Story Teller's Magazine." It may be a little late in getting the first one to me, so I am hopefully waiting. I have never received any number of the "Primary Education", so I am wondering if the subscription ever got to them. I do wish they would send the subscription from last September, for those numbers would be just as useful to me next year- since I never get my magazines until they are a month old.

I am waiting to hear that you got the woven gold thread pictures, for I feel anxious about them. It is such uncertain business mailing articles home that I am going to wait before sending anything more. There are several parcels that were mailed to me for Xmas which have not arrived, so I think I'll not send any more than is necessary.

Who would have thought a year ago that the present world state was possible! It is kind of a comfort to realize that there are some good things resulting from it and I hope the end will bring about more – and that right speedily.-

Lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Peking,
Feb. 14, 1915.

We received to-day Bert Beard's announcement. Quite surprised but glad. F.B.

[This letter dated Feb. 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his Father and Mother. He and Mr. Neff took a trip to Ku Seu. He refers to foot and mouth disease in the states and hopes it does not affect them in Connecticut. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb 17th 1915.

Dear Father and Mother:-

I am home for this evening only between two trips in different directions into the country. A week after Mother's birthday I got a letter off to her. To morrow is Father's birthday and I want to tell him I'm glad he has given so good an account of himself for another year. I'm coming after you Father pretty fast. It was only a very few years ago that you were where I am now- at fifty. Last Saturday I opened my eyes at 7 a.m. to see the mountains for the first morning since vacation began. Rain and fog have been holding sway daily for most a month. I got up quickly, ate breakfast and started on foot to Kuliang- to walk both ways. I was off a little after 8:30 and got back at 4:30 p.m. and have felt the effects only slightly. This was a walk of nearly 20 miles and a climb of 2500 ft.

Yesterday morning I was off at 7 a.m. for the launch to go down the river 12 miles and in 6 miles thro a creek to a place called Ku Seu. You couldn't pronounce it if you were given \$100. Mr. Neff and I went together. We reached the launch at 8 o'clock and sat patiently until 10:00 when the launch started. We got down about a mile and stuck on a sand bar. One hour more to rest and we reached our destination at 2:30 p.m. We had a good dinner of rice vermicelli and oysters. In the evening they gave us a Chinese feast, after which we had a good long rainy evening with the preacher and six or seven Christians. This morning we planned to visit Christians in their homes till 11:30 then take dinner with one of the leading families and get the launch for Foochow at 2 p.m., the advertised time. At 11:30 we were a mile from the launch, and heard it whistle. Then we started as fast as possible and just made it in time. We had planned to get our dinner with these friends and had given all our bread and cake to the preacher. So I stopped as I went along and rescued what was not eaten for our lunch. We reached home at 5 p.m. and tomorrow morning at 7. I am off again for a flare up in the hills to hold evangelistic services, and back again Friday and Saturday, and Sunday off for another place on the plain for the same work.

Elizabeth's good letter came in the last mail from Pearl River. Let me congratulate you on the engagement of your youngest son to Myra Palmer. I am glad that Stanley has made up his mind and hope that they will have a long, useful, happy life together.

The beautiful tie also came in the last mail. My Christmas this year lengthened out into my birthday so it was a long one and I hardly realized which was Christmas and which was birthday.

I hope the foot and mouth disease has not reached you. Aunt Ann of Geneseo wrote that it was next to them- on the next farm.

I am pleased much with the progress of prohibition in the States. Russia has done nobly in putting away intoxicants.

I have an invitation to- no it is an announcement for or of the marriage of Minnie Vera Hubbard to Albertus Newton Beard [*Willard's third cousin*]. Is Mr. Bert Beard of Milford?

I must say good night with best wishes for another successful year of life to you.

Lovingly
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 21, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the folks. They are happy that their brother Stanley has gotten engaged to Myra. She talks about her busy week and shopping. They had a bad dust storm that week. Sister, Ruth Beard is getting the Beard Genealogy book ready. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb 21 [1915]

Dear Folks,

This has been an exceptional week for to us came the great and wonderful news. Stanley withdrew his attention but not his mind for Myra for a season and we rejoice to think he has done the deed. [*Stanley became engaged to Myra and eventually had three children.*]

To us here it has been a busy week. On Monday I went after school up to Mrs. Hubbards. She took me to call on Mrs. Wang, a German woman married to a Chinese. We had a most enjoyable time. I am going up once a week after school to talk German with Mrs. Wang so as to have a little start in case I have to teach it next winter.

Tuesday was our at home day. We had six or seven callers. Mrs. Stanley of Tientsin came and brought her 18 months old boy. I played nurse and had a fine time. He is absolutely fearless- and has not yet confidence to walk alone so has to be watched every minute.

On Wednesday Mrs. Wang called on me and it was decided that I go up on Wednesday to her for one hour after school. It will give me a fine walk as she lives about a mile out toward the north west city.

On Thursday we were invited to tea at Mrs. Stelles (ABCFM) in honor of her mother. About fifteen ladies were there all much older than I, but it was a pleasant afternoon. They were mostly mothers of my older pupils or mothers of children too old to be in school; yes, two were grandmothers of our children. I had a good time talking to one mother who is planning to send her daughter to Mount Holyoke next year. She expects to enter as a Sophomore.

On Friday we went up in Teng Shih Kou again to see and help at a birthday party for Helen Martin aged six. She is the baby of Flora's school. There were twenty children and a fine healthy, happy lot they were. After dinner that evening we went back to Mrs. Ingrams for Flora to go over the order for furnishing the school with Mrs. I. It took two hours then the food received only a glance.

Yesterday morning I worked steadily from 9.00 till 12.30 on papers, getting work ready etc. and again from 2-3. Then we dressed etc. and again from 2-3. Then we dressed and went out. We walked down the Hatamen and visited Viccagee's, Wanieck's, Talaiti's and Kieroff's to look for dinner sets, beds, toilet sets, kitchen articles, etc; so as to get local prices then compare and find out if anything will be saved by sending to America. It looks as though we would send for some foods and but little else. We stopped and called on Mrs. Drew Brown. All three had just gotten up from the Grippe. Chisholm is as darling as ever and does not forget me now. We tried to call informally a few weeks ago but found Mrs. Brown going out.

We came home via the Chinese Post Office to get a package for Mrs. Burgess. First we were told that the parcel office closed at 5.00. It was then 5.45. Flora begged then we were told to go to the back door. The Post Office was originally an old palace. We were guided out through the court yard, under a very gay pilo, through a circular arch to the parcel room. The man there kindly gave us the parcel because today was Sunday and the office would be closed. We were glad we were late. Evidently in warm weather they have plants in that court yard because one of the side houses was stored with palms, ferns etc.

A week ago was Chinese New Years but it was officially celebrated on Monday because it fell on a Sunday. From Sunday until Friday there were no trains except the early morning ones and the banks of all nations were closed. The streets are still filled with people in holiday attire and I have never seen so many women and children out.

My shoes came -all O.K. They will not be amiss because I walk so much that my shoes are wearing already. Please charge Mrs. Burgess's shoes to me as well as my own and let me know the cost. I was hard up for winter union suits that were warm enough. Mrs. Burgess had Flora write to Leolyn for some medium weight woolen suits. Leolyn sent some too. Mrs. B. already had heavy cotton ones so was saving the ones Leolyn sent to sell next year. I have taken them and will let the shoes help pay the bill.

This week has been like Spring except Friday when a dust storm was coming up. It struck us that evening and I never faced a nose load of dust than the one we met as we turned into our hutung [*a narrow lane or alley*] when returning from Mrs. Ingram's. Yesterday morning it blew horribly but the wind had changed so the dust was not so bad.

How did you like the names of the stores to which we went? We can have our choice of nationalities when we go trading. There are Germans, Indian, Parsee, Japanese, Chinese all on the lower Hatamen.

I hope Father's boil got well in time for him to celebrate his birthday.

We had the announcement of Bert Beard's wedding this week. How much of a wedding did they have? Enough of one for any of you to be invited?

Tomorrow is a holiday and I am duly thankful. Work has been piling up so these last weeks that papers get way ahead of me. As I have all of the older children's work I have themes etc. galore and even my morning's work yesterday did not see the bottom of the pile.

Ruth's letter sounds as though we might begin to look for a Beard genealogy before many months. I hope so. I wish I could come in and help correct-proof with you.

With lots of love to you all,

Mary L. Beard.

P.S. I had just gotten some rather pretty Chinese things so am sending Myra one of my purchases for an engagement present. Flora is giving Stanley her rug and feels that is enough for both wedding and engagement.

[This letter dated Feb. 25, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Rumors are flying about relations between China and Japan. He advises Flora and Mary of what items they will need for the summer on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb. 25th 1915

Dear Sisters [*Flora and Mary*]:-

It was very good of you to send me the letters from Putnam. I am enclosing one that came in the last mail from Cousin Stark and I am also sending a Sentinel that came in last mail. Letters speak as if Olive was about the same.

Rumors are flying fast about the relations between China and Japan. I only know how to listen and keep on the same course. You write that you suppose we are all anxiety in Foochow and in innocence of any trouble we read of what is said to be going on in Peking and wonder how you up there are faring. All of which is to say that I spend most of the time between 10:30 p.m. and 6:30 a.m. sleeping.

As to plans for the Summer- your times will fall in with mine beautifully. As far as a man is supposed to know how to plan I think I have every thing you will need except sheets and pillow cases and a mosquito net. If you have these and can bring them as well as not all right- if you do not have them just say so and I will get them. The net I would just as soon get as not for we must have it when Ellen and the babies come. I have two extra sheets- if you brought two it would be sufficient. The furniture that you used to have is all there I believe and you can have one broad bed or two narrow ones as you like. If you can let me know a month or so in advance about - sheets-pillow cases and one or two nets I'll feel as if all was planned. - unless you think of something that I have forgotten. I'm more glad than any if my letters can intimate that we can be together this summer.

To day we are holding exams for students who wish to enter the College. I have not even asked after the prospects until I just now went into the room where the boys are being examined and learned that there were over 70 who had registered for the entrance exams. This is more than formerly.

Lovingly yours
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 28, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. A Gobi dust storm is making everything gritty. They heard that Rockefeller is to finance the Union Medical work in Peking. She talks about Christian Science affecting her nieces, Olive and Gracie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 28, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is the last day of February and I think the March lion has been getting in an extra roar of noise and cold for we have had a fearful Gobi dust storm with a great drop of the thermometer. Yesterday the wind blew so hard that we could keep warm only when setting on the radiator and our house was grit from top to bottom while the front vestibule was a drift of yellow dirt. In spite of all this inclemency only one of the guests Mrs. Burgess had invited to luncheon failed to come. I do not blame her for it was a ride of nearly forty minutes in this terrible gale of dust. One lady who had as far to ride wore two fur coats, and tied her veil over her face. She arrived warm and clean. It has been just such a dirty wind storm when we lunched with her a few months ago and not knowing what we were getting out into we had taken no precautions, so the first thing we did was to repair to the bathroom and wash up. The occasion for all this festivity was the anniversary of my birthday a couple of days ago. The celebration had to wait until Saturday when we could be free.

This week has been rather full of work for we have been getting out the budget for furnishing our school. Mary and I went down to Tung-cho [*Tungchow*] on Monday and went over the list with the committee there, then I made a revision out to send back, all of which consumed the better part of our one holiday- Feb. 22nd. The next afternoon we call on the people receiving at the American Board as it was their day at home and we were owing every one calls there. It was then (and next day) that we heard the welcome news that Rockefeller is to finance the Union Medical work here in Peking. This means every thing to the College of Medicine for it is in need of equipment and men; and money is necessary for both. The next thing is to find the kind of men needed for the work. It has been suggested that some one of the American doctors be deported to go home in search of the men.

On Friday the 'Friday Club' met in our compound- at the other house. For once we arrived in time to have tea with the others and it was quite enjoyable. The topic under discussion was Browning- the Poet of Action. Both papers were read by English women and were both interesting and able. The discussion was so interesting that it

was too bad to have to cut it short because of the lateness of the hour. It was nearly seven o'clock when we came home and the meeting is suppose to close at 6 P.M.

Ruth's letter came with the type-written statements of our debts- for which please accept our thanks. I hope Miss Brewster and Miss Chase have wanted the pictures enough to take them and so cancel my debt.

I have enclosed a letter which I wish you would finish by enclosing twenty-eight cents in stamps and one more stamp on the outside and send it on. I hope the pencils will get here in time for Mary's birthday. Will you also please send me one of the 97 cent two sent stamp books. It is very handy to have U.S. stamps out here. One more request- and I am done. I want a good plain one-piece dress pattern, 40 in. bust measure and 28 in. waist measure. I want it for thin summer wash dresses. I want something that I can use and make little changes. I think the sizes I have given will make the pattern adaptable to both Mary and me.

I expect the news from China and Japan has been quite exciting to you people at home. I'd like very much to hear what the home papers say about it. Our daily papers here are writing some fine editorials, full of feeling and yet with wise admonitions. I sent some to you a week or so ago and wonder if they will ever reach you. Last week we sent over a dozen letters to America, since Mr. Burgess was going to Shanghai, where he could Mail them in the U.S.P.O.

Ruth, you may take down my rug anytime that Stanley says so. I am glad that it is to find its useful spot at last. I think it will have to be my only gift as it is not an inexpensive one. If we can get anything out here for you, we shall be glad to do it. - A letter from Phebe yesterday described 'the ring' very acceptably. We are waiting now to hear when the wedding is to be,- and all its plans.

Phebe also wrote about her visit (or call) at Oliver's. It does seem as if Olive's case is nothingless than a crime. I think Oliver is a marvel- a veritable Job. For Olive herself it seems as though this were the crowing injury to have so brought up the child rather to have let her so grow up that her decision about herself should be paramount in such a time. It is throwing away a great opportunity. No doubt she is being spared many sorrows but no one knows what good such a life rightly lived would have accomplished. At any rate she has been a joy to us these few years she has lived. What about Gracie? Is she looking any better than she was when we left last summer? It will take more than Christian Science to keep her well these next few years, I think. She has lived so closely with Olive and has been so frail.

I cannot help thinking of Oliver and would write to him, but am afraid of saying the wrong thing, and that it might never get to him. Did I tell you about our getting letters from Annie Gilbert at Xmas time with never a mention of Olive in there. It is needless to say that those letters will not be answered in a hurry.

Hoping father's carbuncle is quite healed by this time,

I am,

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Peking, China,
Feb. 28, 1915.

*[This letter dated **early March 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are still busy teaching every day. More dust storms hit and the children had to be sent home except for those who lived at the school. Mary describes a bazaar that they went to at the Forbidden City. She is wondering if her niece, Olive, is still alive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Early March, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,-

The weeks fly by so fast these days! This was a busy week as usual. We teach every day of course, the same subjects (not) in the same old way (I hope).

On Monday we dressed and called on the Gatrell's. Lillian is in our school and she and her mother had called on us, as their at home day is the same as ours, we had put off the call. Mrs. G. was not at home but we saw Lillian. Tuesday was our at home day and we had a steady lot of callers from five till six-thirty. Both of the Legation families called and two of the Student Interpreters besides representatives from Missionaries, Community people etc. It was as cosmopolitan a group as we have entertained.

I began last week to go up to Mrs. Wang (a German woman married to a Chinese man.) to read German one hour a week. We are reading a little book called "Wilkommen im Knutpflound[?]" by W.E. Mosher. This last

lesson I tried to write German and had forgotten nearly all of my alphabet. Don't you think I have reclaimed it well? Mrs. Wang is very charming and I enjoy the hour very much. I go to her and it is about a mile from school so I get a nice walk.

This Wednesday I hurried home that we might call on Mrs. Murray who has charge of the Blind School. Her husband started it and she is holding on to it until her oldest son finished his preparation and comes out to take it. She is Scotch and most charming to meet.

Thursday was another dust storm and a very bad one. The wind was stronger than on the Saturday previous but it was not so cold. We sent the children home at noon to stay. We had just 15 of our 31 present.

Friday was a glorious day after the scouring of the day before. After school we started to walk out to the big side gate of the city. We got as far as Lun Fu Ssl and found it was fair day so we went to the fair instead. We spent all of our change then came home. I got some carved ivory beads and some "white jade" (?) buttons. We hurried home for a six o'clock supper. Just as we were dressing a caller arrived. She stayed until 6.40. It was Mrs. Goodrich, wife of one of the senior missionaries who has the same "at home" day as we, hence the out of season call. That evening Mr. Yelton came over to play games from 9-10 PM so we went down and played too. He is a young fellow, only 19, with fiery red hair, who teaches in night school every night until 9.00 besides considerable day work.

Mrs. Goodrich had invited us up to teach her Camp Fire Girls some of the Minuet steps and to stay for dinner yesterday afternoon. I awfully wanted to go to the Bazaar and so did Flora after she saw the extra notices in the morning paper. Mrs. Goodrich sent us a note offering to let us withdraw and I received it just after Flora had gone out to do errands and stop to see her.

We left here about three for the Bazaar. It is held in a corner of the Forbidden City which the papers have been calling "Central Park." Flora is sending a guide map to show where we went. One tent had this sign on it- "American Band, Conjunction [?] and Company, Tientsin. Come and see but no ensnare." In the course of the afternoon we had tea and cake served in very good foreign style. The Wagon Lits, the best hotel here, did the catering. The Park takes in one of the most sacred parts of the old Forbidden City. It is the altar with the five kinds of earth. The altar is square with a yellow square in the center, blue on the east, black on the north, white on the west and red on the south. The larger enclosing square is surrounded by a tile wall, the tiles matching the earth in color. One tale states that this spot was where the Emperors worshipped privately the Unknown God of Heaven just as he worshiped him publicly at the Temple of Heaven. That this spot was the center from which fire works were to be put off in the evening shows the lack of reverence that New China has for Old China. The way was opened so we could go up onto the big front gate of the Forbidden City. First we ascended a long incline then climbed 75 steps. That brought us well up above the trees and we had a fine view of the city. I went out on the little balcony where President Yuan stood to review his troops. The gate where we were looked very far away.

This morning we waked up to find the north all yellow again and by ten o'clock the wind was blowing a gale again. Three dust storms in one week is more than enough to suit me. It seems to be growing colder today too and the boy has gone out so the fire is down.

Mr. Burgess got back from Shanghai Wednesday night. The old cook had done some crooked business at the settling up in January and was to make it right at the next settling. He was impudent, bossy, etc. and so got his walking papers Thursday. We went to the Y.M.C.A. and got a foreign dinner that noon. They have been serving them only this week. We had soup with rice, fish, croquettes, roast beef, fruit fritters and tea. Each was a different course so it was well we had the half holiday. Our boy got the meals until Friday night when a new cook came on trial. He does very well so far, and has most excellent recommendations.

Last night I received the Sentinel with the [unreadable word] and Science article enclosed. I was interested in the note that Japan's demands "in no way threatened the integrity of China." I knew before looking, that it was dated at "Tokio." There seems to be good faith here that America and the European powers, if they can get the truth, will see to it that the integrity of China is not disturbed.

I am sorry to hear that Aunt Ella has a new trouble. I do hope father's boil stops running so he can get well soon.

Today I have written Oliver a long letter. I can't help wondering if Olive is still with us, the last letters were so hopeless. I am waiting to hear of the arrival of the linen for Bessie and of Mother's little mud [?] images. If they get through safely, I will send some more.

Lots of love to you all
Mary Beard.

P.S. The high shoes Mr. Dektor sent fit all right in the foot but the leg is altogether too small. They measure 10 ½ inches from edge to edge outside measure and my leg at my shoe top is 10 ½ inches. I can button one button only

and that is tight. My old ones are 39-5-24631. The new ones are 39-5 also. If he can send me another pair larger in the leg I should like it. If necessary he can make them a half size wider as the climate here makes ones feet swell rather than shrink.

I shall try to sell the shoes at Mothers Club tomorrow as they conduct an exchange bureau for just such emergencies. They may be a bonanza to some one.

Hope you got the order for the low shoes and that Mr. Dektor can duplicate mine exactly.

Lots of love

Mary.

A day like this makes me wish I were home.

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 9, 1914 (should be 1915)** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. They have 340 boys enrolled in the College this term. They are considering combining the three colleges in efforts to create a University of Foochow. A road is going to be built to the South side of the river and Willard feels it will first be used by rickshas and then eventually trolleys. He refers to his brother Oliver, Oliver's wife Grace and their ill daughter, Olive. Willard and Flora are making plans for summer and are looking forward to a vacation all together on Kuliang. He is happy over the engagement of his brother Stanley and fiancé, Myra. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners

for

Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 9th 1914 [*should be 1915**]

Dear Ruth:-

It is the typewriter this time for you. I like the typewriter letters because they are longer than your autograph letters. I may not use the same argument of using the machine myself. Your last letter was specially newsy. I hope before this that Father has forgotten all about his boil. You probably know more about boils and the care of them than you ever did before. So it has not been without its benefit. I'm most interested in all you say about the Genealogy. I suppose you can never really finish it. For information will inevitably keep coming in. But it is better to stop and print it now. I sent boxes of tea to some of the friends whose names I found among those you sent me and the replies have been interesting and pleasant to receive. Among them was a nice note from Dan Beard.

College opened last week with full attendance. I asked the Monitor a day or two if he could tuck in a boy who was asking to join. His reply literally translated was "If we tamp hard we can get him in." This is just the phrase we use in tamping earth about a post. We have 260 in the old buildings, 63 in the new building and 17 in the Dudley Memorial church. All these would have come here in former years if we had had room for them, so they should be counted as our boys and they make the number 340. The boys we have in the old plant are much larger than in former years because we send the little fellows to the other places.

We are seriously considering the union of the three Colleges in Foochow. We plan to take the two upper years of each and unite them in a union Arts course. As we teach now in the three Colleges, foreigners are giving about 160 hours a week to the teaching of these three sets of boys. If we unite we can do the same work better if anything, with about 50 hours. There are other considerations. We shall plan to make this the starting of the University in Foochow. We hope to start this union Arts course in September of this year.

The weather is a most peculiar product here these days. Sunday I preached and conducted communion in the College church. I never perspired more than when I was speaking that day. Now as I write my fingers are so stiff with the cold that I can scarcely make them mind me. We have had much cold weather during the winter and much rain. The rain has come in spots- not as much at a time as in some years.

I wonder what you are thinking about the reports of the demands of Japan on China. The girls in Peking think we must be living in terror and we here think that they in Peking must be living on a crater. And neither of us sleep with our clothes on or eats in the door way with our eyes on the gate. Work goes on just as usual - - or a little more so.

You have heard us speak of the long journey by chair to the South side of the river. A road thru the fields has already been surveyed, which is sure of going thru. The money is in one of the banks here now for the job. I have seen the stakes all thru the fields. This will at first be a road for rickshas, but in time it will surely sport a

trolley. We are also building a large park. And when there is a fire the street is always widened. So things do move with us.

I am enclosing a story of conditions that may seem to belie the last statement but you must remember that a man the age of China rolls over rather slowly.

Who is now preaching at Huntington? I have not heard a word since last fall when Miss Ella Wooster wrote. What is Stiles Nichol's son now doing – he must be out of the Dental College by this time? Mrs. Stark wrote me that she might favor you with another visit. I do not know how to write about Olive and Oliver and Grace. I just pray that God will give to each of them as He sees best under the conditions, and as He in his great mercy sees to be right.

Flora and I are now writing to arrange the details of our summer which we are planning to spend together. The anticipation is great. It is almost too good to come true- if you will allow me to use an expression that I do not like to hear. For to one who believes in God and in His loving kindness nothing is too good to come true for His children. It is pretty lonely for a fellow here after he has been used to being with a large family all his life not to have any of them with him for four years. But I am looking forward with very great pleasure to the company of the sisters for six weeks in the summer.

Did I thank you for the tie that came for my birthday? If not here is the THANK YOU in the largest letters the machine will make. I am also sending under another cover a photo of the gathering in front of the church at Au Ciu on the day of the dedication of the new church. In the afternoon we ordained the preacher Ling Seng Gang, who stands just in front of me, a little to the right as you face the picture, wearing glasses. You will note Mr. Newell and Mr. Hodous in the door, one on one side one on the other. You will also make out Mrs. Hubbard peeking out from under Miss Garretson's chin and Mrs. Hodous and Ray Gardner standing near each other. Mr. Hubbard is sitting a little below and to the right of me. You must not overlook the band. O yes! There is Miss Dornblaser in the right at the back up against the wall. This is a fair sample of the churches we dedicated last Dec. and of which I wrote you.

I must not write more now. I am due on South Side in an hour to attend a committee meeting. Every day I ask God to keep you all and to give each what He in his infinite wisdom and love sees is best and most needed. I ask Him to bless Stanley and Myra in their love and to help them to so plan that their lives may be full of usefulness and then they will be full of joy. I am very happy over the engagement.

With lots of love to all,

Will.

*[*I believe that Willard made a typographical error when he typed the year 1914. It should be 1915 because he refers to "the girls in Peking". From many of his other letters, I know he means his sisters, Flora and Mary. Flora and Mary were not in Peking until 1915. He also refers to the demands of Japan on China. This too, fits better in 1915. Lastly, Willard refers to a letter from his cousin Mrs. Stark. This letter is dated January 15, 1915 and is in the Yale archives.]*

*[This letter dated **Mar. 15, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. She expresses sadness in the death of her brother's daughter and also in the death of their Aunt Mary. School will end in June and then they will leave for Foochow for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Peking, Mar. 15, 1915.

Dear folks at home:-

The news of Olive's going came one day this last week [*Olive Beard, daughter of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. b. 25 July 1898, d. 4 Feb 1915. The death certificate states the cause of death as "not determined- probably Valvular Disease of Heart."*]. Someday it is so hard to realize it and to reconcile one's self to it that writing anything has been out of the question. We kept the letter only about an hour before we remailed it to Will. The same day came the 'Sentinel' telling of Aunt Mary's death which must have been the same day as Olive's. What a contrast one's feeling are toward each! After all my thinking about Olive, I come back to the same conclusion, that I'd rather have the heart ache now than never to have had Olive. The memory of her will always be of sunshine in spite of everything. [*"Aunt Mary" is Mary E. Tomlinson Drew, wife of Wright Drew who is the brother of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's mother, Phebe Ann Drew Nichols. This Aunt Mary Drew died on February 5, 1915. She was 94 years old, and according to her obituary in the Evening Sentinel, "She had been ill for some time and for a greater part of the thirty-one years in which she made her home with Mrs. Glover (her daughter) she had been confined to her bed."*]

The days are flying by here with the usual rapidity. School goes quietly along and plans for next year are maturing. We are now busy with plans for the closing of this year's sessions. We shall give some public exercises probably March 21st, but school will not finish until June 11th. Then we shall have to pack and move our goods and chattels to Tung-chou, and then get off for Foochow.- Mr. Ding is here in Peking taking the examinations for a government position. He is just about now taking the third examination. We have not found this out through him. He has been very reticent about telling his business.

Last week our last box from Boston arrived so that we unpacked it on Saturday. We were glad to get some of its contents.

The weather still stays cold so that we are glad of our heavy covers for the night. I have shed two night gowns but we need all our bed covers. We have had some fierce dust storms. They were really too bad to be out in them. It is remarkable to see how they cleanse the air. The sunshine is as clear and the air as fresh as after a thunderstorm in the summer at home. Mrs. Ingram (of the A.B.C.F.M.) says that the cleaning of the street smells is decidedly a great blessing to the city. Some missionaries here for a few days told of seeing a drift of this Gobi dust high enough to reach the tops of one of the city walls, which they saw on their way to Peking. Tons of this dust fall like snow- or like the ashes from a volcano- covering everything with a yellow dirt quite different from anything here. Lovingly- Flora.

[This letter dated Mar. 22, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. Today is the equinox and the day President Yuan Shih Kai goes to worship at the Confucious Temple. They had a raining of sand for an hour that cleaned the air. They have not had good luck with their servants lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

March 22, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

As I write at Monday a Chinese band reminds me that today is the equinox. Sometime today Pres. Yuan goes to the Confucious temple to worship. We went up there last Sunday and saw it in it's gala dress; brilliant red silk hangings on every side, marble newly white washed, floor newly carpeted with heavy matting, building newly painted in bright green, blue, red and yellow.

Mar 26- someway this week has sped by on wings. Last week the Postways[?] were here until Thursday and we had great fun playing with the seven months old baby boy. He was dear.

We have had the girls up three times to sew and already have runners enough hemstitched for four tables besides several seams partly done on the tablecloths. The girls loved the hemstitching but are not so eager over the seaming. We are using the Japanese toweling which we got en-route out.

Mrs. Galt has been in Peking all the week to be with Mable who had to go for another operation. She of course has Baby Wendell with her. We called at Teng Shih Kou Tuesday to see Wendell. They brought him down and he showed off beautifully.

On Wednesday we had a queer day. The air was very yellow but there was no wind. About ten the sand began to settle and it literally rained sand for about an hour. It has been almost too dark to study but the settling of the sand cleared the air. There was a little wind in the afternoon but not much.

I went to Mrs. Wang for my lesson as usual in spite of the weather. It was cold but walking warmed us up.

Today we went to the Friday Club. The subject was Mrs. Browning, and we had two fine papers. We evidently got two rickshaw men who did not know the way and my man got nervous lest he get lost. About half way up my man stopped and motioned for me to change rickshaws. When I refused to pay him off he decided to take me on and got me there safely.

Last Saturday we had a jolly good time. We left here at 3.30 and went down to Mrs. Drew Brown's (Miss Chisholm) for tea. Other friends came in so we were quite long at tea. After that Mrs. Brown and we two walked along the wall to the corner. Mrs. B. turned back but we went on as we were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Howells and Mr. Dean near the Astronomical instruments [*at the Imperial Observatory, Peking*] for a picnic supper. We formed a secluded spot and built a jolly fire. Mrs. Hall had brought her boy and cooked bacon and sausages and coffee. We also had chicken, pickles, bread and butter, deviled eggs, cookies and fruit. Mr. Dean had to leave in a hurry as he teaches in night school. The rest of us walked on the wall back to the Hatamen and took rickshaws home from there. The moon was small and we got off the wall just in time because a bank of sand or water obscured it very soon after we got onto the Hatamen.

There has been in the home a German who claims American citizenship, for over a week. It is interesting to hear him be neutral. Perhaps it is more so as personally I am inclined to favor the other side. In our questions we five are in perfect accordance. You can guess it I think.

The last letter from home was the one telling of Olive's death and funeral. A mail last Saturday brought us nothing. I should think you would be too exhausted physically and spiritually to write or do anything. I can not make it seem real yet and my heart goes out to you all especially to Oliver. Ruth is right when she says he is a saint.

We have had great times with the servants. The cook was ousted and in two days a new one installed. He is proving good. The boy went home for a visit, the first in several years, and left us with a mediocre or poor substitute. Last week Mr. Burgess was called down about 5.00 A.M. to care for the coolie who had had a very bad hemorrhage. "Oneshe" [?] had to be shipped to the hills and we have a very poor coolie in his place. It makes it very hard for Mrs. Burgess because we have had company every meal but two since the boy left.

Flora was yesterday appointed chairman of the committee for topics in the Friday Club's next year program. We are to study "Women in the History of the World".

I have to write a German letter to Mrs. Wang today. That is part of my German work, to write a letter between each two lessons. She corrects it at the next lesson with me.

Mr. Van Wederkend helped me prepare my German lesson this week and it was fun to surprise Mrs. Wang by a perfect lesson. It is snowing for a change, although it has been cool for several days.

Flora is going out soon to the bank so I hope this delayed letter can start off at once.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.





Written in album: "Flora's kiddies [previous photo], My Class [Mary's class in this photo] – April 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 2, 1915** was written from Ding Loh near Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. He describes the scene to her as he is waiting at a launch that has been delayed. Willard has been there to see about a house the Building Committee is constructing. He tells her about an athletic meet in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China

April 2- 1915

Dear Ruth:-

You would be interested to sit with me as I write here. The scene would interest you. I am on the river bank waiting for the launch to take me to Diong Loh. The first thing of interest is the times of this launch. The last time I tried to take it I missed it by about 30 minutes. I was told today that it would start at 11 a.m. - possibly a little later, at the latest 12 p.m. I left a class to come on time. It is now 11:30 and no launch- It stays over night and comes up to Foochow and returns each day. The time depends much on the time of the tide as Diong Loh is about five miles in from the main river and at low water there is no water in the creek. People tell me that I will need to wait another hour. How is that? So I'll get as much pleasure as possible by visiting with you. The second interesting thing would be our near companions. One stands so close to my side that I could not put up my pen when it went dry. There are eight in all. They are now pulling up my trouser legs to see what holds up my socks. It is raining and I am wearing my overshoes that Karl Decktor sent me. The men are much interested in them.-What did they cost? How long can you wear them? Will they crack? What did your shoes cost? He has 2 pairs on, one over the other.

Then we look down at the river. Little boats are waiting to take us almost anywhere,-to the launch- or across the river or up or down. They are as thick as they can stick. Then farther out are groups of little boats at anchor. And here and there a house boat and then the launches for different places, and out in the deepest water the big junks that go to Shanghai, Trenku, Ning Po etc. Every one is talking- many are splitting their throats in the effort to sell sugar cane or candy to get passengers.

In the distance on the opposite bank is the hill on which are the buildings of the English Consulate and Meth. Mission. We see also about half of the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages.

I have with me my little bag that Stanley bought for me in New York and which I believe all the brothers and sisters had a share in. It has been one of the best companions I have ever had. It is dependable and very handy. Then I have a cloth flour bag with various articles in it to take to D. Loh. Among them a lunch. This will undergo a metamorphosis on the way down.

We expect Mr. and Mrs. Peet any day now. Mrs. Hubbard says they are in Shanghai now. They should bring a big American mail for we have had none for more than a week- two weeks papers are due. - Now a fellow has just sat down in front of me and is smoking a cigarette. I am smoking the same cigarette by proxy, and pay no money for it.

Yesterday and today the Governments Schools in Foochow have had a big athletic meet. I had to close school yesterday to allow the boys to go. I went a little while in the afternoon and saw a good sack race, and a fair Indian club drill, and a sham battle. The Red Cross staff were present and attended a wounded soldier. One of the nurses was a Chinese young woman in a foreign white dress. Her hair was very heavy and she had it done with a big rat and evidently she had not caught on to the latest style of garter for those of her vocation, for when she tried to run her hose and her skirts failed to make connection and with one hand on her hair and the other holding her skirt and her hose down on her shoes. She produced sensations in a foreigner that if unrestrained would tend to lead to a smile. The crowds were immense and the boys had a good time. I had a day off and was able to do some things that have been put off too long already.

I addressed the envelope to you a week ago and put with it a letter I received from the teacher of De Sang Gaing School. He is a student of Foochow College and taught there last year. You will be interested in the letter itself and in the translation which I will make and send with it.

Things look as if we should have a Union Arts Course started this Fall in Foochow. I am not sure that I have written you since I went to Amoy three weeks ago tomorrow. Bishop Price Church Missionary Society of England [*unreadable word*] and I went to see the Amoy Missionaries about joining with us in this course and we found them most cordial to us. I was "actively" seasick on the way down and not "actively" sea sick on the way home- I wish that launch would come.-

I have bought a drawn work grass linen table cover about 3 ft. square for Myra. I wonder how I shall send it. I think it is a beauty. There is to be a wedding here of a young business man and a missionary of the Meth Mission- Miss Hall- She has been here about a year. He is English- She American. For them I have bought 12 doilies of drawn work. In this work of selecting wedding presents I miss Ellen awfully- if a man is privileged to use that much abused adjective.

College kept filling up till a week ago. We now register 280 in the building called Foochow College. In the new building erected last year we have 70 and at the Dudley Memorial Church 15. So we say Foochow College has 365 this year.

I have written a literal translation of the letter between the lines. This will tell you that the school has this year already 50 pupils with more to come. I purchased some Sunday picture cards for them the other day and the teacher Mr. Hu says the pupils are so many that the cards do not go round. The school is doing very well indeed this year.

At Diong Loh I found all well. We are building a new house there. I am Chairman of the Building Comm. I found all the tiles up in the roof but not tard [*tarred*]. They should weigh 2 lb. 4 oz. They do weigh 1 lb. 9 oz. I told the contractor we would wait for the proper tiles. He will have to change them.

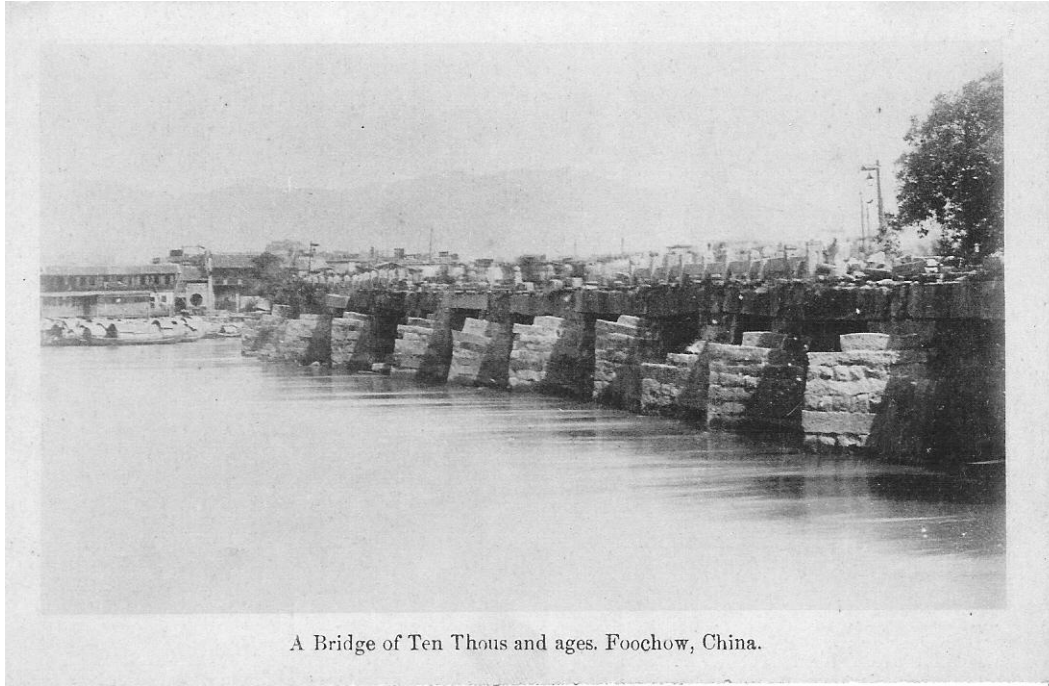
Spring has come with you and ploughing is begun- spraying will be in progress soon. My how I wish it could be made right for me to be there for it all.

I am making all plans to come home next year- that sounds near.

Give my love to all. It was good to receive Elizabeth's letter a few days ago. Hope fathers boil is all gone.

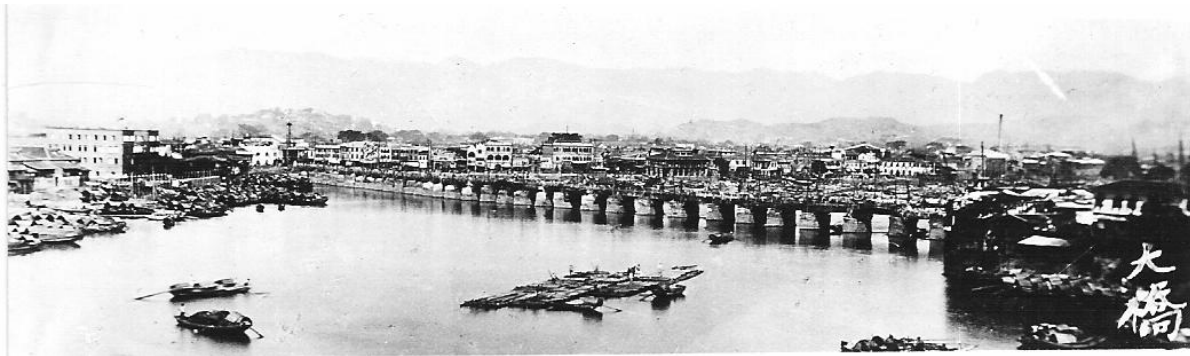
Very Lovingly

Will



A Bridge of Ten Thous and ages. Foochow, China.

Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, Foochow, China
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

An article by Neil H. Lewis in the Foochow Messenger April 1930, page 3 (American Board Mission, Foochow, China) tells about a new bridge planned. "A new steel bridge is being planned to replace the famous old stone Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, and motor roads up river, down river, south and north are being planned."
[Foochow Messenger from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

In the book, Family Letters from China, 1901-1950 by Eunice Smith Bishop, a letter written on March 26, 1931 refers to the Big Bridge in Foochow being torn down and the funds for the new bridge misappropriated.
Bishop, Eunice Smith. Family Letters from China 1901-1950. Brookfield, CT: DTP&M Services, 1991.



Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in 1988 when Kathleen visited China
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This letter dated **about April 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the folks. She requests various items that she would like to have sent to her. Mary tells about two Chinese men who are visiting them. She tells about her experience of being thrown from her ricksha. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About April 1915]

Dear folks-

If Dektor has not already sent my shoes will you ask him to put rubber heels on them, please. I have put on my high shoes with rubber heels and like them so much I want some more. If you can without too much trouble, will you get me two pair of kid gloves, size 7 1/2, one white and one black with white backs if you can get them; If not all black. You had best get \$1.50 value as they are heavier and near better than a cheaper glove. We also wish two whisk brooms or clothes brushes. We can get nothing of the sort here except a very coarse short bristled affair for 85 cents Mexican. I had no brush to start with and Flora lost hers somewhere en route.

We have met this week two Chinese men who have a wide reputation. One, a Mr. John Bo Sing, (I do not vouch for spelling, but it sounds this way) who is a fine scholar and head of the Sunday School work with head quarters at Tientsin. He and Mr. Burgess went to the Western tombs together for three days. The other is General John who is of the Imperial army. He is a small man and very lame because of being dragged by a horse, but withal very keen minded. He had a Bible Class of officials here this afternoon.

A Mr. Wolff from Shansi is here for a few days and most cordially invites Flora and me to visit them up in Shansi. It takes 23 hours travelling steadily but is an easy trip in two days. The trip is over the mountains must be beautiful and I hope we can go.

Flora probably told of our calls, on receiving day, our dinner at the Fenn's to meet the four Mongolia friends, our trip to the Temple of Heaven etc. I had the experience of being thrown from my ricksha but jumped over the ricksha man and landed in softish dust so did not get hurt. My arm which I used to save my head is lame but that is all. Poor Miss Andrews got thrown last week and cut her head badly. She was unconscious for some time and the policeman had to have her brought to the A.B.C.F.M. as that was the nearest foreign compound. My man shattered his toe on a root of a tree which was hidden under the dust.

I wrote Miss Costikyan today. I know she will understand. It was alright to send Mrs. E the film. I shall write her that she may keep it if she wishes. I intended sending her that one anyway as I shall never need it.

With love

Mary.

[This letter dated **about April 11, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. Schools were closed one week for Easter. They visited the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About April 11, 1915]

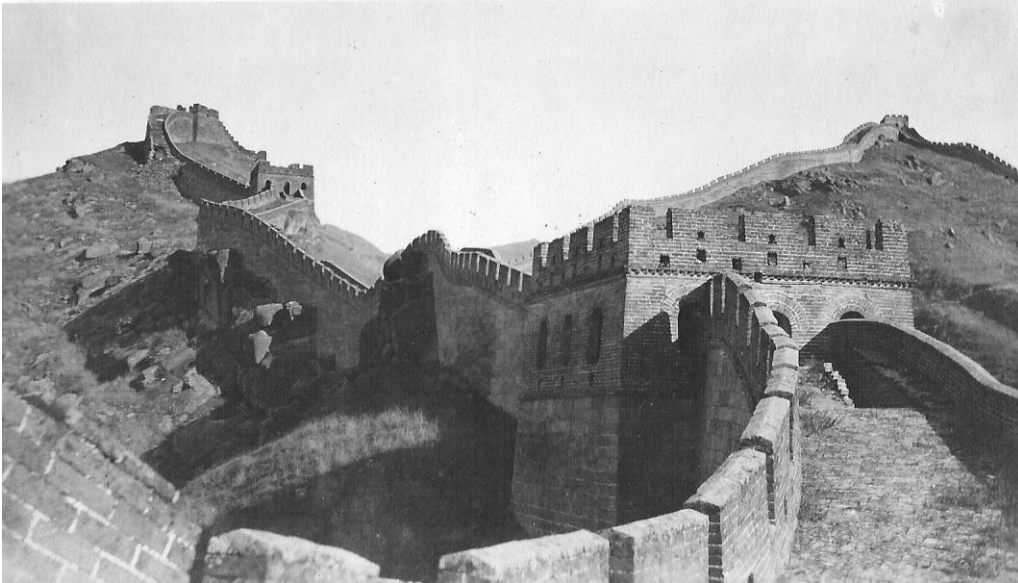
Dear Ones at Home,

You have missed out on one letter because I felt so mean on the Sunday when it was my turn write and it took me until Friday to get the energy. The cold has entirely departed long ere since and this vacation has been a grand one.

School closed March 31 for just one week. We had no celebration except the reading of the first issue of our school paper. That took about half an hour.

On Thursday we served all day. I cut and fitted a green striped seersucker dress which I bought at a Chinese store outside the Tsien Men [*probably Chien Men*]. Flora made a dress partway and cut a shirtwaist. In the afternoon I took time to go to the Post Office for my Japanese crepe which Mrs. Burgess' mother had purchased for me. It is a beauty, with the chrysanthemum pattern embroidered on both waist and skirt. It cost less than \$15.00 silver after postage and city duty were paid. That is about \$6.00 gold.

On Friday we suddenly decided to go to the Great Wall and Ming tomb on the 11.15 train so had to hustle. There were seven of us; Mr. and Mrs. Hayes of Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. Harrison of Portland, Oregon who were tourists; then Mr. Price a student interpreter and Mr. Gilchrist who was in Foochow last year working and who returns to American this coming summer.



Written in album: "Great Wall"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "The Great Wall April 1915"
[Flora. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We gave the hotel porter our baggage when we passed through Nankou and went on up to the Great Wall. The three men and I went to the top of the first spur of the Wall. Flora and Mrs. H. dropped out way down on the wall and Mrs. H. just at the foot of the last long climb. When we got back to the station the train had waited for us twenty minutes. Only Flora and Mrs. H. rode down as the rest of us thought we preferred to spend the afternoon walking in the mountains instead of in Nankou where there is nothing to see. It took us just four hours to reach the hotel. The railroad is entirely Chinese, Chinese construction and Chinese management but done on foreign plans. It is a wonderful piece of engineering and the masonry itself is worth close study. The Great Wall is hardly out of sight all of the way but appears most unexpectedly on a mountain top. I had on an old pair of shoes and wore some bad blisters on my feet. On Saturday we were off on donkey back for the Ming tomb. Our donkeys were as slow as slow can be but we had fun nevertheless trying to walk a race. It was a great effort to make them change the original order but much kicking and much urging could accomplish it. We all got off at the Great Marble Pilo and walked the two or more miles to the tomb.



Written on back of photo: "5 arched Pillou at Western tombs west of Peking"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We counted eleven tombs nestled in the mountain sides. The hotel had put up our lunch and sent a coolie to carry it so we ate in front of the tomb under the trees. The gatekeeper was cranky and would not let us in but we scared him so that a friend of his followed us for a long distance begging us to return. The friend would pay for us and we could pay him half; no, we needn't pay anything; no he would pay us to return only please do so to save the face of the keeper. Mr. Price told him the keeper's face was not worth saving and we went on.

We reached the hotel and had only fifteen minutes till train time. We were home by 6.30 that evening after two fine days. I was so foot sore I could hardly hobble and Flora had fallen from her donkey and hurt her side so we were a sorry spectacle as we came up the walk.

On Sunday we were refreshed and went to the Methodist Church at 11.00 for the Easter Service. Twenty-eight babies were baptized and six men taken into the church. After service we met Mr. Ding and five young men from Foochow. In the afternoon we took naps and almost missed foreign service. At the regular service the choir gave two anthems and after the benediction a short song service.

On Monday I delivered my Easter baskets because my long nap had taken the time meant for that on Sunday. I got a dear little letter from Baby Wang thanking me for her eggs and telling me she had eaten them all.

Monday was so windy that the trip to the Western Hills was doubtful. When I awoke at 5.30 Tuesday it was calm and clear so I arose and dressed. Flora's side still troubled so she stayed here. At Mrs. Ingrams I found they too had decided to go and at 6.15 we were off to catch a 7.15 train at the farther corner of the city. Others met us at the station and 15 of us had a fine day. We had to walk about 2 ½ miles to the hill top where Dr. Ingram has a summer cottage and where we were to picnic. Most of the party took a long walk down to a little village but I dared not lest I disturb my blisters again. The wind came up and blew a gale so we came down to a different station to have the wind at our backs. It was a little farther but much more pleasant.

Today I began by taking two hours to read German with Mr. von Wedeking, then I called on Mable Galt who is still in the hospital. This afternoon I go to Mrs. Wang for a German lesson and back to call on some ladies with Flora about 5.30.

Tomorrow school reopens. I have had such a good time I do not like to have it end, but it means summer is so much the nearer.

When I got home I found Flora had gone out the Chinese Theater with Mr. Burgess, Mrs. Wo and Dr. Lincoln (a lady Dr.). We were relieved to get Ruth's letter and hope she is much better. I am glad the doctors feel that they know what causes the trouble and hope the medicine does dissolve the stones [*Ruth suffered from gall stones for 10 years according to her death certificate.*]. How are all of the rest of you? We are O.K.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

P.S. I am sending a gold draft to Father for (\$25) twenty five dollars. I do not want to get so badly in debt that I feel oppressed and I know the other life insurance comes due now soon. I will send the duplicate some time later so as to make sure you get one at least.

Lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated Apr. 12, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora tells how the Japanese forces are gradually increasing in China and hopes the U.S. can do something about it. She has great confidence in President Yuan Shih Kai. She will mail this letter via Siberia to avoid censors opening it. She describes her group visit to the Great Wall and Ming Tombs. They are concerned about student, Mable Galt, who has had several operations on her nose and is fighting infection. Flora and Mary went with some American Board people to a Chinese Theater and watched an interesting performance. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Apr. 12, 1915.

Dear folks at home:-

It is three weeks since I have written home, but you will have received letters from Mary and some parcels from both of us. I sent a bundle of silk scraps which I thought mother might like for her patchwork or for silk bags. Two of the pieces are long enough for neckties if they are suitable in coloring. I found the bunch in a curio place. The designs in the brocade are quite unusual and not to be had in the silks made now. I also sent to you some editorials cut from our morning paper which will give you the Peking side of the Chino-Japanese question. I certainly hope the government of U.S. can do something to prevent this atrocity. It is the old story of the 'Wolf and the Lamb' being acted over again. The overbearing conduct of the Japanese everywhere through China is the common topic of discussion. They are evidently bent on making the Chinese angry so that something may happen so the Japanese can say they have a cause for fighting. The Chinese have done everything in their power to prevent any trouble, but it is also the old story of "The Arab and His Camel" being lived over again. It is exasperating to us foreigners to have to sit calmly by and see the gradual reinforcement of the Japanese forces. They are brought over with very plausible reasons, but when once here, the real reason carries out. It does not seem as though such things could take place in this era of civilization. It seems as if a century of medievalism had cropped out and taken us all by surprise. My faith in Pres. Yuan is just as strong as ever. I believe if any man can steer this huge country through these tortuous rapids he can do it. He has been very wise and dignified so far in the negotiations, tho we hear all kinds of rumors about the results of the conferences. How I'd like to tell you a lot more, but I wish you would be sure to let me know if this letter reaches you! All letters coming from India are opened and read by a censor but are so marked. The Japanese do not take this open way but are so skillful at opening a letter that even a seal does not show it. Consequently, I am mailing this at the Russian P.O. to go via Siberia. I believe letters travelling that way are respected at least. Please let me know.

Since I wrote my last letter we have had a vacation. Two days of it we spent in going up to the "Great Wall" and the "Ming Tombs." They were perfect days and we had a congenial party numbering seven in all. The trip to the tomb is quite a long one and over dried up rocky river beds. It took us four hours to travel it by extremely slow donkeys. The trip back is somewhat shorter since we did not go all the way back through the arches. We saw twelve of the thirteen tombs, though we did not get inside of the one which every one goes to see- Yung Lo's tomb. For some reason the gatemen balked and after he had once taken a stand he would not change, for it would mean loss of "face." When he found that we really were not going to go in, then his "friend" began to intercede and finally offered to pay out of his own pocket the full price which the gate keeper was asking of us. It was then too late for us to go as we had to meet a certain train, so this is twice I have made the trip and not see the real goal. I shall never try it again. I am still somewhat hampered by the fall I got from my donkey, - and that is another thing I shall never do again- ride a donkey. The saddle consists of several layers of wadded pads and there is nothing to hold them on except the one clear underneath which has a narrow strap loosely buckled around the little donkey's body. The others are thrown over and, I suppose, they do make the sitting a little softer. My donkey did not behave very well and I think his master was disciplining him just as I was readjusting myself in the saddle(?) where I slipped right over his head. It was not far to fall, so I was not much hurt.



Written in album: "The Ming Tombs - Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Price, Flora"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are feeling very anxious for one of our scholars. Several weeks ago she had a slight operation on her nose. The doctor had said it would lay her up for four or five days, but it has been at least five weeks and yesterday she had her ninth operation. Mary and I have just been to see her this morning and she is a sorry sight. I do hope this may conquer the trouble. I can't help feeling that it was most unwise doing the first operation during one of our fiercest dust storms. At any rate there is serious infection and it looks as if they are racing with it now. We feel all the more concerned because about three months ago [*one*] of the doctors succumbed to a like cause. Mable Galt is a girl whose character and gifts make her stand out distinctly beyond any of the other pupils of our school. She has such a mature way of doing everything that comes into her way that she is beloved by the grown people as well as by the children. I do hope this operation yesterday is going to head off all need of any more.

Last Sunday was Easter and Mary and I went down to the Methodist Chinese Church. It is the largest one in Peking probably seating a full thousand. Every seat was full, also the chairs in the aisles. The music is led by two violins, and two brass horns lead by the organ, so the audience kept together pretty well. We saw twenty-eight little Chinese babies baptized. It was most interesting to see these mothers coming up the aisles as their names were called. The little infants behaved remarkably well for most of them just cooed, and only one lifted up his voice to weep. - In our Union Church we had a special song service after the regular church service which we all stayed to enjoy.

On Tuesday Mary took a trip with a lot of the American Board people out to the Western Hills, where they have a summer resort of several cottages. It is a fine place for an Easter rest so she went with several of the people who spent the day with the people out there. I did not go, but spent most of the day sewing. Just about 6 P.M. Mr. Burgess asked if I did not want to go to a Chinese Theater- so quite a party of us went. It was a well built house with a balcony for the women while the men sat in the 'pit'. The stage was a large square with a railing around three sides, and the two entrances at the rear. It is impossible to tell you much about it for I could not understand a thing and the whole performance was so different from anything I had ever seen. The first part was opera and the singers when through simply turned their backs and had tea brought them between the solos. The audience

applauded, by means of a shout instead of by hands. The end was a regular melee of clanging cymbals, brandishing weapons, turning somersaults, and shouting. It was interesting to me that many of the audience left before this demonstration they evidently preferred the singing. - Lovingly- Flora.

[This letter dated April 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his almost 20 year old daughter, Phebe. He tells of the wedding of Mr. Skeats and Miss Hall. Miss Lulu Frances will be renting a room in Willard's Kuliang 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 April 17th 1915

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

An envelope has been in my desk addressed to you for some time. I cannot afford to look up in my correspondence register to see to whom I really ought to write so I'll just use this envelope this week.

The big event of the week was the wedding of Mr. Skeats to Miss Hall. You know Mr. Skeats. Miss Hall is from the U.S. altho she lived in Canada till a very short time ago. She came to Foochow a year ago last Fall to teach in the Methodist Woman's College. The wedding was booked for 11 a.m. It came off at about 11:30, was held in the chapel of this new building. Mr. Ward- Mildred Worley's husband did the act. The bride wore a white dress and an interminably long veil, I stepped on it but got off before I held her up. That's about all I can write about her. The prettiest part of the wedding were the little flower girls, - Helen McLachlin and Imogene Grace Ward. They were dressed in delicate pink dresses, and preceded the bride, who was led in by Mrs. Trimble, with a large basket of rose leaves. These they strewed over the floor as they went for the bride to walk on. The bridesmaids were Miss Wallace and Miss Hurlburt (new) the best man Dr. Moorehead, others just for looks I suppose, Mr. Hook- in Dodwells with Mr. Skeats, and Mr. Conlin (C.M.S.). The flowers were all Marguerites. When I got home I looked up Marjorie sitting among the Marguerites in our yard on South Side. It was as pretty as any thing I saw Wed. Mrs. Mac sang before the party came in and Ruby Sia played the wedding march.

A Miss Lulu A. Frances -Presbyterian from Soochow wants my rooms on Kuliang this Summer. A letter from her yesterday asked if I could possibly take in two gentlemen or if they could find rooms near. - Wonder what I am getting into. I judge Kuliang will be full all right this year.

This noon there was a Chinese dinner with the Collectors for the City Church and then a committee meeting which lasted till 3 p.m.= S.S. time I was congratulating myself this morning that I could have a good long time to write you today, but it turned out after all that I could not begin. The letter till after the days work was over at 8 p.m. You do not know how hungry I am for news of what you are doing and how you are.

I can only commit you each morning and evening to God and ask Him to help you each so to live each day that at its close you may think over its deeds and words and thoughts after Him. My finite mind may have in it the same thoughts that God's infinite mind has.

For several weeks I have been studying in my morning Bible Study the trial of Jesus. This morning I realized as never before how clearly both Pilate and Herod pronounced him absolute innocent of any political crime and how this threw the Jesus who wished his death back on their own envy and jealousy solely, and made them responsible for his death. Last Monday night the Life of Christ was given in five moving picture films to Foochow City Christians. I am glad to have seen it once- but once is enough.

May God bless you all in the life of the home, of the school, of the church of the playground and at all times.

Very Lovingly
Your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated April 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and Flora. He expresses concern for his sister, Ruth's gall stone problems. Mr. Ritter of the YMCA told Willard what good work Flora and Mary are doing in Peking. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Apr 17 1915

Dear Mary and Flora:-

A letter came from Phebe M. last evening enclosing others from Shelton all of which I am sending on to you. For two weeks my mails have been very precious if scarcity alone makes for that quality. But I have heard directly and indirectly from or of all the friends. I do not like the reports about Ruth altho I do not know the outcome or the cause of these gall stones.

I have bought a table cover-grass linen-drawn work for Stanley and Myra. Have you sent such things home? I have also bought a silk, embroidered waist and a linen dress pattern- drawn and embroidered. I may keep them till I go home- unless I find a good way to send them. I also have 4 mandarin robes that I paid \$14 for and 4 or 5 things of beads.

A Miss Lulu A. Francis of Soochow is thinking of taking my other rooms on Kuliang with friends.

Mr. Ritter of the Y.M.C.A. has been in Foochow for a week. It would make you girls blush if I should quote what he told me of your work in Peking. It made me tremble lest I should feel proud of being your brother.

Last week while Ritter and a Rev. Wang of the Volunteer movement were here 32 boys declared for Christ, - 8 volunteered for the ministry.

We are having abundance of rain and I'm still wearing my heaviest outer clothes.

Tell Mr. Burgess I'm working on that book of his but it will be slow. I cannot spend six or eight hours a day in committee meeting and two in class and also keep up all these other demands.

Did I tell you I have engaged my cook for the summer and his wife is to be with him. We'll have some one to darn stockings then.

The Japan scare seems to have either blown over or the people are used to it.

With Love to both

Will.

[This letter dated April 18, 1915 was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She describes a funeral that she passed on her way home. Young Mable Galt has had eight operations on her nose and may face two more. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 18, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

The weeks are going with lightning speed. Lets hope the years go as fast. This last week brought letters from Ruth, Phebe and Mother all by one mail. Mails are very infrequent these days being from 10 days to 14 days apart. It makes nice fat mails when they do arrive.

On Monday was Mother's Club to which Flora went. I struck and went walking instead. I went to the Photographers for nine films I had left last week and came by the Hatamen. A polo game was in progress so I lined up with the Chinese by the fence and watched. It was quite exciting. When that was over I started home and heard the dismal drum and horn of a funeral. To one side was a red and yellow paper structure surrounded by a crowd of Chinese so again I joined the crowd. The group of mourners approached and spread down mats of various kinds. Then they knelt while two of their members carried forward a miniature pyre overlaid with a yellow cloth. This they laid before the paper altar and set fire to it. In about two minutes the whole was only a heap of ashes. Then the mourners gathered up their mats and went back up the street. A few nights later I saw preparations for another and rushed home to tell Flora so she could see it. The pyre was much larger and more elegant. I know because I saw it in pieces being carried to the spot.

On Tuesday we went to "Lin Fo Ssu", the periodic fair. Flora got her big brass tray for which she has been looking all winter. I got a small tray because my offer was taken up and I had to. I also got a "Miguiti" which is a tiny round image on a long wire. He has a "shoot the shoots" arrangement down which he goes bang. I squandered two cents on him. That is about one third of one of our home pennies. By the way, did the linen for Bessie ever arrive? You wrote that you had my letter saying it had been sent. How about the little images I sent Mother for her

birthday? Did they get there, and were they in good condition? I have some more to send as soon as I am assured that they are good [unreadable word]?

On Wednesday I did not go to Mrs. Wang's because Flora wanted to go to the meeting of the Old Ladies Home. We did not leave promptly from school so it was 4.38 when we left here. We got down the wrong HuTung and at last arrived just as the meeting was about to break up so did not go in. I have now a pair of new shoes and wore a blister on my left heel. Just as we were getting home I broke the blister. I had to ride to school the rest of the week and could wear no shoes except my pumps. The good care has paid for now it is not at all sore and it is only three days ago that I hurt it.

On Thursday I rode up to call on Mrs. Wang to find out how her little girl was. I found the child out in the court for the first time but quite happy. She had feared scarlet fever but the doctor said no.

Friday afternoon we went downtown. I got some fresh roses for my hat and shall wait for the fresh assignment of hats before purchasing a new one.

We had been invited to spend this Sunday at Ching Hua with Mrs. Pearley. The invitation was recalled because of the death of Mrs. Puckett one of the teachers out there. She had an operation less than three weeks ago and was recovering finely when she had a sudden attack; and finally, on Friday, as a last resort a second operation was done. She died that afternoon. The funeral is today and it is cold and dreary.

Yesterday I did little except keep a woman busy mending, work on some baby socks and go hat hunting again.

This morning I finished rereading "Ivanhoe." One of my classes is reading it and I had almost forgotten the story.

I am wondering how Mrs. Smith is. It sounds very serious when Leolyn is sent for from California. I have wished that she had taken little Leolyn east with her, because she too would be a good tonic for Mrs. Smith. [Fannie Harriet Seaver Smith, mother of Leolyn, died March 25, 1915.] Your letters seem to contain much of sickness. Hattie was better, Uncle Dan recovered, Aunt Ella the same [Uncle Dan and Ella Nichols-Dan is Nancy Nichols Beard's brother. According to Edith Beard Valentine, they lived in a house in the White Hills area of Shelton.]. Ruth writes of slow recovery for herself.

When I sent the shoe order I thought I ordered the size for Mrs. Burgess as the same as mine. She has had trouble with her feet so if you have not sent the shoes do not do so at all. She needs a special shoe and has ordered it elsewhere.

Flora says you did rightly in selling the picture to Miss Brewster. She says anything above \$5.00 will do as that gives her more than her money back in them.

Mr. Dailey, head of the Y.M.C.A. arrived yesterday morning and is here for supper this evening. He is a big man. His wife and family are in Switzerland for a year.

Mable Galt is still in the hospital. Altogether she has had 8 operations and probably has one or two ahead of her. Her nose must have been in a terribly bad state. Now they are taking out dead bone and removing the obstacles which cause pus to form.

I am enclosing the duplicate order for the \$25 I am sending father.

We send your letters on so quickly that I am afraid some questions may be left without response.

I do hope for better news of the health of friends and family in the next letter.

With much love

Mary.

April 18, 1915.

P.S. At dinner this evening one of the guests was a Mr. Knipp of Canton. Last summer he was at Kuliang and became acquainted with Willard whom he admires very greatly as a most capable man.

Mon. A.M.

I have just received notice from the Japanese Post Office that my shoes are there. I will go for them this afternoon.

With love

Mary



Written in album: "Picnic at the Temple of Heaven April 24, 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **April 27, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 6 ½ year old daughter, Kathleen. He tells Kathleen what his typical Sundays are like. Willard talks about getting a Chinese doll for her. Remaining pages of letter are missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
 For
 Foreign Missions

Foochow College
 President's Office

Foochow, China April 27th 1915

Dear Kathleen:-

How very pleased and at the same time proud I was to receive your good letter which came in the last home mail. I am sorry that I had so much work on Sunday that I could not answer it then and start the answer home at once. My Sunday work was like this: at 9 a.m. teach a Normal Class of boys in the Sunday School lesson for April 25th. At 10:30 be at Ciu Buo to preach and afterward conduct communion. At 2 p.m. after dinner, take a little nap- do you remember when you and I used to lie down together after dinner for a nap, and how you used to peek to see when I was asleep and then quietly slip off the bed and leave me asleep and run off to play? The Sunday School lasted till 4:30. Each class was allowed to ask a question of some other class and they got very much interested and held over time. I have for my class the third year boys who do not go out to teach in other Sunday Schools. There are about thirty five boys in the class. At 5 p.m. we had a Vesper service at Mrs. Cooper's. Supper after that and at 7:30 I preached at Iong Gio Haeng. Now do you think it was right for me to go to bed after I got home- instead of sitting up to write to you? And yesterday I had time only to write Mama. The foundation for the new Church is going in and the masons wanted to put in the concrete for the foundations of the eight large pillars that are to hold the roof. I had to show them how to mix the broken stone, sand and cement. Then came faculty meeting and at 6:30 a Chinese feast.

Mr. and Mrs. T.M. Wilkinson and the little five year old Chinese girl they have adopted spent Sunday with us. Her name is Dorothy. I let her take a little doll that I received at Christmas. It was one that has a round base and will always stands up- never lie down. I think she must have taken it home. I shall try to find a Chinese doll for you. Altho I do not know just what you want. The real Chinese doll- such as the little Chinese girls play with is made of clay and very fragile. But I think you want a doll dressed like a Chinese. This is what I'm going to try to get for you.

Friday afternoon I went over South Side to a meeting of the Kuliang Public Improvement Committee at Mr. Skerritt-Rogers and took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Mac.

I am enclosing a check that someone tried to forge on me in July 1913. You may like to look at it. I do not want it any more.

About thirty boys are planning to unite with the church next Sunday. This will be the largest number that ever joined this church at one time. One day last year 28 joined.

The weather continues very cool. I am wearing my winter clothes yet. I wonder if you are having a garden this year and if Grandpa's bees are still making honey and if anyone has any hens there still. I want to know all about your school, too. I have asked two or three times if Dorothy joined the church last July!! but no one has yet written about it.

When your letter came-this one is the first you have written all alone with no help at all,- I put it with two others of yours that I have kept= the one you wrote before you could write at all. It went like this [*scribbles*] all over the page, and the one you wrote with Mama telling you how to spell etc. So now I have three of your "first" letters.

I have so many things that I use every day that you dear people at home have given me that I am reminded of you all the time. I specially enjoy your wash cloths and Mama's rough towel. I expect you will laugh at me but I would not let the coolie wash that. I washed it myself. Then your powdered soap is a joy whenever my hands are specially dirty. I wore the beautiful white silk tie to Miss Hall's wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and Mr. and Mrs. Beach are all in Foochow with their children and are all going to Shanghai and next steamer for America Miss Garretson goes with them.

I hope God is in reality a father to each one of you, and that you are His children, and that when people see you they can tell you are His children by your actions.- This is your very loving Father's prayer for you.

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **May 2, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughters, Phebe and Kathleen. He tells them about the Consulate reception he attended on a rainy day. Dr. Bliss accompanied some missionaries including his wife and children to a steamer to Shanghai. Dr. Bliss will return to Shaowu by himself and the rest will go on to America. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China

May 2- 1915

Dear Phebe and Kathleen:-

Your good letters came last evening. They were waiting for me as I came home from the reception given to Vice Consul and Mrs. Thompson on the eve of their departure from Foochow to enter the employ of the Standard Oil Co. Mrs. Consul Ponters gave the reception in the Consulate- the day had been very rainy and sour. Miss Perkins and I were the only Am B'd representatives. The affair was very pleasant- Mrs. Eyestone, Mrs. Lachlin=Daphne Remire= Mr. Jones. The new H. and S. Bank Sub. agent sang. Mr. Eyestone played the cornet. Mrs. Greigg played and a gentleman played the violin and I came away, stopping at Mrs. Walter Lacy's to buy some dishes for Kuliang.

The weather is sure strange this year. I sit in my study with winter outer clothes and an overcoat on. We have had a fire in the grate for each meal today. There has been no sun for about two weeks.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and two little girls and Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and two girls and little boy, and Miss Garretson went down to the Steamer for Shanghai. All but Dr. Bliss will go to Am. He will go to Shanghai with the party and from there up the Yangste to Kuliang and overland to Shaowu unless I can buy from the foreign dairy here a foreign bull for him. Then he will come back to Foochow and take it up to Shaowu. He plans to spend the Summer alone in Shaowu.

Yesterday I attended a unique funeral. The man who died was the one whom I received to the church last Winter- you remember I went to his house- a poor little two roomer affair- and received him. We all thought then that he would live only a very short time. He has something like dropsy. Dr. Cooper drew off the liquid for him some twelve times. Last Friday he took a sedan and went to the Hospital to be relieved again. He sat down on a bench to wait and just went to sleep apparently without a struggle. His faith was beautiful to behold. He has known for months that he had no hope of living long and has been looking with pleasure to the call to go home.

Another pleasing funeral comes tomorrow. This is of an old man. His son is a very earnest member of the Au Ciu Church. He has not himself confessed Jesus. But just before he died, he told his children and grand children that they must not allow any superstitious rites at his funeral. "My friends will surely send in idol paper. But you must not burn it. Just receive it, put it in a corner and afterward throw it away." All his instructions were carried out. To morrow we are asked to meet for his funeral service.

This morning I had the pleasant privilege of preaching and receiving to membership here 28- seven of them women. I also baptized four children. You would have been interested for two of the children were Dwight

Douglass and Marion Jean Newell. Marion is a wee route[?] of a girl, but here eyes are as bright as dollars and she sat up straight in her mother's arms and looked as if she understood it all.

Your marks Phebe are very interesting, and I greatly appreciate them. I wonder why none of the others send theirs.

Yes you will miss Mama when you get to College- but you will still have with you the training she has given you and you will find that your ideals-which are now of course several- will furnish rules that will guide you in specific cases. I have found that my safety in many cases of doubt during the past three years- for I have missed Dear Mama's counsel sadly- has been this maxim- "When I do not know what to do – do nothing."

I am still reading the Life of Christ. Just finishing it I mark my study book until it looks badly used.-Clock is striking 10. Let me hear about your Glee Club- Also will you all talk over the matter of the piano. Do you want to keep the piano. Shall I buy one here and have it ready for Mama and the little girls or shall we bring the one you have out here with us?

As to your loosing the debate to the Sophomores- We show the stuff of which we are made more surely in the manner we accept defeat than we do by success.

I wish I could hear Billy Sunday. He is certainly a rare man- a natural man- a man used of God.

Keep praying for me- I need it physically, mentally and spiritually. I talk with God about each of you by name every morning and night. He is very good to us- let us love so He can continue to be good to us.

Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 6, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. He is glad to hear that she is feeling better. He talks about 6 ½ year old Kathleen's writing. The summer resorts are filling quickly as people are less inclined to go to Japan due to the strained relations between Japan and China. The missionaries are planning on using a lot of plague anti toxin in the city. Doctors in the Hing Hua region have found it to work well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China May 6 1915

Dear Ruth:-

Of course that means every body else too. For my letters are so rare and my relatives and friends so numerous that I do not even try to get all around with my replies. As soon as one of your letters reaches me I hustle to get it into the next mail for the north so that the girls will receive it the earliest date possible. The same is true of the papers.

I was much relieved that the last letters said so little of your illness. I took it as an indication that you were better and we all certainly hope you stay so. Kathleen had a writing fever strike her a month or so ago and I had two letters in successive mails from here. She is writing all her own self. "nobody helps me at all". And Ellen adds that the only help she asks is on spelling and not all the time on that I guess. "fore" for "for". And other peculiarities that make the letters valuable. I sent the last one to the girls today. I now have three of her "first" letters. The one she wrote like this - -

[scribbles across the page]

that had to be interpreted by a mind reading mother. The one she wrote standing by the desk and asking Mama each word to write and how to spell it and how to make the letters etc. And this one - - the first "all alone". Am I dreaming or is it true that father and mother have a granddaughter twenty years old about the time this reaches you? My, it does not seem more than a few weeks ago that I was throwing away ten dollars to telegraph the very humdrum fact that a daughter had arrived at our home here.

Last Sunday I received 28 into the church here. I did it last fall one Sunday also. All churches and schools are unusually full this year. I sent a letter from the teacher on Sang Gaing to you in my last letter. He has now over 50 pupils. One man cannot possibly teach that number. So after talking with Mr. Newell who has general charge of the day schools in this district, I have engaged an assistant for him at \$4.00 mex. per month for the rest of the year. Then the house is not calculated to accommodate that number and an extra teacher. It is large enough but it is not all usable as it is so I am going to put in another \$20.00 mex. to make it usable.

Day before yesterday I went to the mountain. It was the finest day this spring. We have had an unusually cold and wet spring. The sun came out Monday and on Tuesday it was still out and made all things most cheerful and bright. I am greatly anticipating the summer with the girls. It looks as if I were to have a house full of girls. The war and the relations between China and Japan are filling the summer resorts to overflowing this summer in China. I know of several who thought of summering in Japan, but they say, "It would not be pleasant there now. We would have to be so careful what we said, and we could not help thinking all the time." Then there are many who would not go to the mountain if they had business but the conditions have stopped business for a time and they will go to the mountain while they wait.

A good letter came from Phebe by the last mail I mean Phebe M. altho the same is true of Phebe K. Stanley seems to be in the swim all right just now. I mean businesswise. We are planning to use a lot of Plague antitoxin in Foochow this year. It has never been used in the city to any extent. The Doctors in the Hing Hua region- 50 miles to the south have used it with wonderful success. Not more than 4 or 5 out of a thousand who had been inoculated took the plague.

This is just the season of the year that I get the farm fever. How I should enjoy plowing for corn just not, with the trees coming into leaf and blossom and the grass getting green and the cows crazy for it and the peepers vying with one another to peep the most times a minute and the little chickens skulking in the green, tender grass, and Elizabeth talking to them like Hiawatha.

This is only one page but it is single space and there are a lot of words on it and a lot of love to each word for each one of you.

From Will.

*[This letter dated **May 9, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. They just heard that China granted Japan all that they asked in their ultimatum. Mrs. Burgess, the woman who Flora and Mary are boarding with, has recently been very ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

May 9 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Hurrah for the new Ford!! Wish I were there to help run it, then Ruth wouldn't have to hurry up and start in ink again. Not that I don't want the pieces hurried- for the sooner the better. Will sent us a fine collection of letters too and a nice one from himself. I am glad everyone seems to be getting better- you have had such a hard winter! What was the trouble with Mrs. Smith? Neither letters nor papers suggest the nature of her illness. I am so glad Leolyn 1st was there and wish Leolyn 2nd were with her. But perhaps it is better not because she is such a passionate child the death and seemed parting from Connecticut friends might be too great a strain.

We have just heard that China has granted to Japan all she asked in her ultimatum. Some are glad because they feel that she gained much when she made Japan oust the fifth clause; others regret it lest Japan misuse her advantage to demand more when the other clauses are discussed later. I wish the foreign powers who must judge this could have a few real insight into conditions here. The Outlook would have many [*unreadable word*] unless people took it just to rile their feelings.

We had our first Spring rain on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. There was a thunder shower the first two nights. The days were comparatively clear but the nights were very strong. It has done everything a great deal of good and settled the dust quite effectually for a season.

On Thursday night we all retired as usual but about 2.30 AM Mrs. Burgess was taken very ill. We were up for much of the rest of the night while Mr. Burgess went first for the doctor then off for various other things needed. Now she has a night and a day nurse. Finally on Thursday they operated and she is now recovering from the effects of that. I shall hardly know how to talk out loud when I get another chance, nor how to walk except on tip toe. This will probably mean that the Burgesses go home this June. If they do I hope they come to see you. You will like them both I know. Their headquarters will be in Trenton, Mr. Burgess's home.

Yesterday Flora went with Mrs. Ingram to Tientsin shopping for the school. They got the dishes and some articles for the kitchen so felt prepared for the day. They left on the 5.40 AM train and got back about 7.30. I worked here all the morning at school work. In the afternoon I went with the people from one of the Presbyterian compounds for a picnic out at the Zoological Botanical Gardens. We called it a Wisteria picnic because we went especially to see the Wisteria arbor. There were six or eight arbors about the size of our large grape arbor south of the home, each one mass of blue. The sight and smell was worth while. The peonies were also in their prime. One large single pink one was different from any I had ever seen. They had a tea plant in bloom. The flower was like a

beautiful pink Azalea only larger. One of the sacred bamboos was also in bloom. In the Zoological part the most interesting thing was the family of baby foxes, four in all and about the size of kittens.

When I was up to Mrs. Wang's this Wednesday she asked a favor of me and I granted it although you will be the ones doing the favor not I. She had just received a letter from home, the first since January. Her mother was much worried about her because she had had no letter since September. Now both had written two or three times a week. Mrs. Wang asked the address of some friend in America to whom she could send her letters to be forwarded. I gave her Elizabeth's name and home address, and do hope it will not be too much better. She will send stamp orders for the postage so there will be no expense to you. I think though I will ask her to pay me here and let you put it on my account. If I do I will write you to that effect.

The low shoes are a perfect fit. I rather hope the countermand of Mrs. Burgess's order is delayed as I could use the two pair.

I have my green seersucker dress from the tailor and worn ready for the laundry. He has my white Japanese crepe. He was to bring it for a fitting Friday evening but the storm kept him away. That evening I took my sewing over to Mrs. Hall's for about two hours. It is the first time I have done that this year. It was very restful.

I am getting so sleepy I am going to try to get a nap before church. I also want to walk down to the Post office to mail these letters. This is my eighth today and I must write Willard before I stop.

With lots of love

Mary Beard

May 9

P.S. I am starting some little hand[?] images[?] for Ruth's birthday remembrance. They will be very late- but-

*[This letter dated **May 15, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have just heard about Mrs. Smith's death (Leolyn Seaver Smith Beard's mother) and also, of Seaver's engagement (probably Seaver Smith, brother of Leolyn Seaver Smith Beard). They met Dean Fitch from Oberlin College who was there to visit the Shansi Mission. The Rockefeller Foundation is going to support the medical work in Peking. She talks about the Japanese/Chinese political situation. They just heard about the sinking of the Lusitania and said that when the Germans in Tientsin found out they celebrated. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 15, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

This week the letter came telling of Mrs. Smith's death. I cannot seem to think of her being gone. You said nothing about what the trouble was. I wonder what Mr. Smith will do. The news of Seaver's engagement was a surprise to us- and not a pleasant one either. It looks to me as though there had been a quarrel and each were trying to show the other how little each cared. I shall wait for further news. - We have received word that Mary's shoes are on their way and we hope the next mail brings them. I want my pattern very much for I want to get one or two dresses for hot weather done before we go South.

This is to be a very busy week for we have a big wedding to attend on Wednesday and our school entertains on Friday. There are about two hundred-fifty people invited. We have had a stage built out of doors, and we shall also have the tea served outside. The afternoon shadows are just right for us. The children are doing the work guided by us. We had a Chinese carpenter come to build the stage and his interpretation of what we wanted is certainly generous in proportions, for it looks huge.- A week ago I went down to Tientsin shopping for the school- with Mrs. Ingram. We bought a double set of dishes for \$49 silver. How is that? At the present rate of exchange that is less than \$20 gold. I can't say very much about the design and quality except that it seems like strong china and the decorations are in Delft blue and are Dutch scenes. I think the children will like them.

I presume Mary wrote you last week of Mrs. Burgess's serious illness.* She is well enough now so that the nurse has gone but she does not sit up yet. The doctor came this morning for the last time, so he evidently considers her beyond need of him. Mr. and Mrs. Burgess hope now to start for home the latter part of June. I hope they may visit you. If it should be convenient for you, I think they might accept an invitation to spend a week with you. I shall say nothing to them about this so you will be under no obligation to invite them unless you wish.

Yesterday we were invited to an afternoon reception to meet Dean Fitch of the Women's part of Oberlin College. She is a charming young person. She is out here to visit the Shansi Mission which is supported by Oberlin College. I believe Shansi has just received quite a sum of money bequeathed by a wealthy Oberlin man, so people are interested in Shansi just now.-The Rockefeller Foundation is making quite an excitement here, for it means that

medical work here will be put on a basis for excellent work. If the right kind of men can be found to come out it will make Peking the center of a wonderful work. The idea is to use and work with the missionaries and their plants.-I wish you could have had the ride down to Tientsin with us. We got up for the 5.40 A.M. train. Mrs. Ingram and I had the women's compartment all to ourselves all the way down. The country was beautiful. It was really eighty miles of wheat fields. The economy of the Chinese farmer is worth observing. The wheat is sown in rows and just now can be seen in between the rows the tiny sprouts of galiang- a tall grain something like kaffir corn. In this way they get two crops a year from the same land.

I expect you have been interested in the accounts of the political situation here. I have just wished you could know the truth. Miss Brewster has sent me some "New York Suns" and then we have seen the "Outlook." The New York papers have told much nearer the truth. The Outlook is so far from the truth that it shows how biased its edition is. The events of the past three months have made China's friends very anxious for her. The immediate crisis is over but by no means has 'convalescence set in.' No one can quite see how Japan expects to succeed in the end, for 40 million can never expect to digest 400 million, and every enemy of China has been absorbed by the Chinese and it looks as if she wished to chose a like extraction of herself. Certainly the world will not be fooled much longer by Japan's lies.

The whole thing has been a piece of highway robbery. The Chinese have appointed May 7th as a holiday to commemorate the dishonor to their country imposed upon them by the Japanese in their weakness. There is no love between the two nations and the deeds done here by the alien people are such as to arouse serious indignation and hatred. The Chinese have done actually nothing to merit such treatment and when the personal insults are given they have been met with a civility that cannot be misconstrued. China's day is coming and it will be all the brighter for having to wait another generation.

The news of the Lusitania has come with a shock to us. If United States can keep out of the war, I am sure she will be a fit one to hope settle the snarl of questions that will have to be done where peace is thought of. Everyone out here thinks it such a 'stupid' war, -waged for such a trivial reason. The hatred between the Germans and the other nationalities is very strong. The German missionaries refused to accept a single cent from the English when a contribution was taken up for their benefit. When the news of the Lusitania came last week the Germans of Tientsin had celebrations in honor of their success, and when they were requested to be more quiet in their demonstrations there were street scenes between them and the English citizens. It seems to me that such "kultun" is not such as this world needs to make it better.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Peking,
May 15, 1915.

(You would better address your next letters to Foochow as we expect to be there by July 1.)

*[This letter dated **May 23, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters and all the people at home. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. It tells of an illiterate field woman who came to the church to have her two sons baptized after one of her sons recovered from a serious illness. He mentions being inoculated for the Bubonic Plague hoping the rest of the College Faculty would follow suit.]*

Foochow, China May 23rd 1915

Dear Sisters and all the Peoples at Home:-

We had a most unique service at Tai Bing Ga this morning. Mr. Lau Buo Ka united with the church and two little boys, brothers, were baptized. There is nothing startling about that bare fact but the circumstances make it the most unique service ever held in a Foochow church. The church is packed as usual. Among the women sits a field woman, with large pins in her hair, without stockings and illiterate. By her side are her two little boys aged six and eight years. The father has been in Formosa for two or more years. Last year the elder boy was taken very ill. They said he had a devil. For days he was unconscious, lying with his eyes closed and from time to time uttering incoherent sounds. The mother tried all the charms she knew of and heaped the votive offerings to the spirits very high but the little boy continued to lie in a stupor with eyes closed and mumbling incoherent sentences. Since the illness began he had neither taken food nor recognized anyone. In desperation she at last went to a relative who had been a Christian for many years. She said, "Can your religion do anything for my little boy?" "We Christians know of only one method. We pray to God."

"Will you pray for my little son?"

"Yes but you must pray with me. Will you do that?"

"Certainly I will."

The boy had been placed on the floor ready to die. As the two prayed he opened his eyes and for the first time since he was taken ill said, "Mother I want a drink of tea." From that moment he began to mend and is now a strong healthy boy. The mother is a regular attendant at church altho it requires a full hour's walk, and the two little boys aged six and eight years are always with her. Today she has brought these two little boys to be baptized. She pledges to teach them to love Jesus and grow up into Christian men.

While this is being done Mr. Lau is sitting in the seat of honor [*letter too long for copy page*] ..is great. Mr. Lau is the leading citizen of Foochow. He is the Salt Commissioner for Fukien Province. The Civil and Military Governors are higher positions but they must be held by men from outside the province, and Mr. Lau is independent of them. By his integrity and ability he has risen to the highest position possible for him in the province. He is also the commissioner of Finance for the province. He is the leading gentry of the province, - a leader in all the reforms now under way such as the new park, the new boulevard and the widening of the streets. President Yuan calls him to Peking for consultation.

Last fall when Mr. Sherwood Eddy was here this man announced publicly that he had decided to unite with the church. He has been constant in his purpose. Friends in other parts of China have written him bitterly denouncing his stand, other friends in Foochow have urged him to recant, not to go back on his ancestral religion and not to renounce Confucism. In talking with him regarding uniting with the church he made this noteworthy remark, "I hope by uniting with the church to lead the way for others of the official and gentry classes to also join. There are many of these who believe but they are afraid to take the stand,"

[*Handwritten until the end of the letter*]

It was my privilege and honor to baptize this man and receive him to the church last Sunday. He was the most earnest listener in the room. Tell Mr. Burgess of the fact of his joining the church.

I was inoculated last Monday for Plague (Beubonic). I did it to inure the Faculty of the College to follow suit. There is some in Foochow but it is not as bad as in previous years.

Talk about the fame of the boarding house keeper. The mail this evening brought a letter from Tourane, Annam, French Indo-China, asking if I take a gentleman as a boarder. I have already written "no" to nearly ten.

The weather continues delightfully cool-there is much rain.

Tomorrow evening if it is pleasant the sixth year class are to give the Comedy of Errors out of doors. - Tickets 50 cents 20 cents and 10 cents and also complimentary- 1200 tickets [*unreadable*].

I thought of you Mary day before yesterday and I hope you had a pleasant [*letter too long for copy paper*]

[*This letter dated **May 30, 1915** was written from Peking, China by Flora to the folks at home. A celebration was held for Mary's 33rd birthday. Flora talks about teaching in Tungchow next year and how their first year in Peking has been a success. They attended the annual missionary concert and discussed the evening attire and some of those who attended. Flora and Mary will be leaving for Foochow soon for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

May 30, 1915

Dear folks at home:-

Have we remembered to write you that the shoes, whisk brooms, tooth brushes, and stamps and pattern have come? All were most welcome. This past week Mary has been receiving several packages to help her to celebrate May 26th, though that is not the only way in which she celebrated. The children got up a surprise party for her and served a luncheon at the school- even to ice-cream. They enjoyed it- especially the hour of play that they had afterwards-staying until 7 P.M. The grounds are so large at school and play there does not disturb anyone so that the children often stay until 6 P.M. We do not leave boys and girls together unchaperoned but often the boys stay by themselves, and occasionally the girls ask to stay.

Mary probably told you all about our entertainment which was quite a success, both in regards to the pupils and the number of people who came I feel that our first year has been enough of a success to be a help for coming years. I am glad always when I think of this year in Peking for it certainly has counted for publicity and getting acquainted with the people. Next year will be much quieter from a social point of view, though we shall not be cut off from opportunities for all and more than we can do. The people in Tungchow are going to help us out- as some one will hear to do- for besides the housekeeping, to have to teach all grades from third primary through the third

high school, the task is too much for two people. We spent last Sunday in Tungchou, which is a treat from dusty, noisy Peking. The alfalfa was knee high, and the roses were in bloom so that the place was most attractive. The school building is proceeding slowly, but I think will be quite ready for us in September- although the heating apparatus may not reach here in time to be finished before we get settled. We plan to be in Tungchou by Sept. 1st so as to have the two weeks to get things settled by the 14th when we begin. Two of our scholars will not get back from U.S. before October, so I believe we shall manage without discomfort. The weather will be such that we can study out of doors if workmen have to be in the house.

Last Monday evening was held the annual missionary concert which is the one big social event of the year among the missionaries. It was just a recital by several of the best soloists and one pianist, but afterwards refreshments were served and there was a general good time. Evening gowns, and dress suits made the gathering very gay and the number of mandarin coats added most generously to the brilliant colors! It was a very pretty occasion, but was quite a surprise to us for we had not any idea of what we were going to- that is the social part. In between the two parts of the program, a little lady came to speak to me and you can guess how surprised I was when she told me her name- Helen Shulte Tenney. Mother may remember meeting her that year several of us took a furnished house on Ward Place, South Orange. It was her father's house that we had. She was about sixteen years old there. I knew that she left S. O. to be married to a doctor in the West. It seems he is the son of Dr. Tenney of the American Legation here in Peking. Her husband is employed by the Standard Oil Company to go up into Shansi to look after the oil wells and the Standard Oil people there. She (Helen) is staying with her father-in-law's people here in Peking with her two little children, a boy and a girl. They are fine looking children. It does one good to see her so domestic for that was the last thing in which she was interested in South Orange. She has never known the joys of a home until now. I am to go to dine with her to-night.

The weather has begun its heated term and there seems to be very little change - just hot every day. The Friday of our entertainment was the last decently cool day. The children at school act like a coming vacation. We are beginning school at 8.30 A.M. and closing at 12.30 M. so that I think we are getting as much work from the children as we can expect with such hot weather. We hope to go on till June 11th, but shall finish up all that must be done - this week.

Yesterday we began packing our clothes away for Tungchou, and soon as we get the time we shall continue until we get all our things into boxes again. I hope this will be the last time until we get ready to go home. It will not be long now before we leave for Foochow. We hope to get away by June 20th - in order to reach Foochow by July 1st. You would better address your next letters to Foochow and keep on until about Aug. 1st, when it will be time to reach us in Tungchou.

I am enclosing a sample of ribbons, which I need for my shoes. Will you get a yard and three-quarters (1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds.) of each- both the width of the black. The brown is much too wide. Yesterday Mary and I went shopping outside of Chien Men (Front gate) where all the Chinese shops are. We found all that we went for so we begin to feel a bit independent. Fortunately we found an English speaking Chinese and with one of two samples we got the materials we went after. We found Chinese linens most reasonable- a bolt of about twenty yards for \$4 silver. I have gotten one dress out and have eight yards left.

Ruth, would you like to have me match that blue and white Chinese material of your dress when I go through Shanghai? I can do so and send a few yards to you if you wish? I may get some for myself for I have had an accident with my gown and gotten some kind of furniture stain on it, which can not be stirred. I am thinking, though, of taking off the trimming and wearing it out for I discovered that it is already going to pieces.

Mary had probably told you of the Burgess' home going. They are planning to leave, Yokohama July 10th. I think it is a wise thing to do for Mrs. Burgess is very very nervous and Mr. Burgess needs a rest. His work is so interesting and engrossing that he hardly knows how to stop, but the very man that he had wanted (but not dared to hope for) is coming to take up his work. He expects to be in New York studying at Columbia, so I hope you will see him- and his wife some time. A letter addressed to Mr. J.S. Burgess in care of the International Y.M.C.A. in New York City will reach him at anytime.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Grant and daughter Delnoce, left for New York. They are to have just seven weeks in the States but I hope you can see them. I have given them your address, and Stanley's. Delnoce is one of our students. [*In Mary's photo albums, she prints the name as Delnose.*]

Lovingly- Flora Beard.

Peking
May 30, 1915.

*[This letter dated **May 30, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He gives her some advice for college and being prepared in her schoolwork. Willard was just inoculated for the plague and tells her about the side effects from it. He relates a story about a Chinese man who had what we would call today an after life experience. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

American Board of Commissioners

For

Foreign Missions

President's Office

Foochow College

Foochow, China May 30th 1915

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

The letter is yours again this week because I received during the past week your good letter written April 18. I am missing all the family councils on economy or perhaps better economizing. I hear so little from any of you about finance that I feel entirely out of it- to use slang. Dorothy and Marjorie have not yet written of receiving the checks for Feb.

Your account of the Easter service was interesting and vivid. Kiss Kathleen for me for being such a nice little seed and waking up so naturally. As I think of my own days in school and college I have to acknowledge that American boys and girls in school are as bad as Chinese students, - perhaps worse in some things. - Yes most of the boys who come to this college come either because they themselves want an education or because their parents or guardians want them to have one. But some who are sent by parents do not at all realize the value of an education and they have to be sent home for various reasons. You are at least having an interesting time with your advisory board. I used to envy a man in Hartford Seminary by the name of Hitchcock. He always had his thesis or sermon or other paper ready and laid up days and at times weeks before it was due. But I have ceased to envy him or such as he. His papers and sermons were like cold storage eggs- valued at about half price. On the other hand it is not well or safe to have the ink on ones essay too fresh or to put off preparation for the debate or address too long. There is a happy medium in this as in all things. Avoid by all means if possible coming to the delivery in a flurry.- Better less preparation and a calm heart and steady mind to deliver what you have. You will be all right in college. One great advantage in College life is that you have a time set apart for every thing. This helps you conserve your time. I await with interest to hear of Gould's debate.

Last Monday I was inoculated for plague, - with most of the other men of the compound and most of the Faculty and others to the number of about 60. That night my left arm into which the millions of dead bugs had been thrust was pretty tender and ached pretty hard. The next day I felt like lying still but that would set a bad example, so I kept up and went over S. Side in the afternoon to a meeting of the B'd of Managers of the Union Arts Course- was electric chairman and conducted the meeting for two hours. The next day I was nearly all right. The plague has begun but not very bad yet.

The 6th year had made all preparations to give to Comedy of Errors last evening. They had erected a stage on the tennis court and carried all the seats from church and chapel and class rooms- to seat about 800. Just as the show was to begin the rain came and it was pitable to see their disappointment. I had allowed them to do this on one condition- that all seats should be returned and every thing cleaned up for Sunday before they went to bed. Well it was done but I worked with them from 9-10.

This afternoon another very interesting service took place in a village not far from S. Gate. A poor man was dying of consumption. He wanted to be baptized and unite with the church. So Miss Hartwell, myself, the preacher and several of the church members went to his home at 4:30 this afternoon to admit him. Two days ago he became unconscious for the space of two hours. They all thought him dead and began the wailing. But he came to life again and told his household and relatives that he had been to a very large and beautiful house, and they had told him that he was going back and would not leave the earth till the 17th= today 4th month 17th day. He also remembered that one bit of paper used in idol worship had not been destroyed. On regaining consciousness he at once looked on the wall and being too weak to get up himself called on a relative to tear the paper down. As this part of the story was told in the room where he lay this afternoon an old woman standing next to me said with pride, "Yes I tore it down." He has told his wife to become a Christian and three other men- relatives are pledged to become Christians.

The weather is still very cool. Today had been rather warm. The thermometer in my study is now 9 p.m. at 80 degrees. Mr. and Mrs. McGrasham Americans in the Baptist Mission in Swatau are planning to start day after tomorrow for Foochow to go to Kuliang, arrive here Thursday. Next week the Coopers and Belchers plan to go and Mrs. Newell I believe.

Kathleen, papa considers you a girlie of rare good judgment, when it comes to estimating mama's value-yes she's easily worth the "highest number in the world,"- and of course she is worth in addition to this all the love we all can give her. Now you give her a nice good hug and kiss from papa.

May our Father fill you all so full of loving thoughts and plans and words and deeds that you will not need to worry about temptations. May He give you success in this terms work at school. Gould will be at Century Farm before this reaches you.

Your very loving father

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1915** was written from Peking, China from Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her 33rd birthday celebration. They attended a college commencement and a representative of President Yuan gave an address and picture. She tells of a party they attended and the games they played there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 6, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

How the time does fly- thanks to enough to do. Only one week more and school is over. We have not decided yet when or how to go south but for me the sooner the better after school is over.

Flora probably wrote you of my birthday celebration. I had literally armfuls of roses brought me in the morning. It was an awfully hot day so I gave up going to Mrs. Wangs for German. I had to go to Teng Shih Kou to telephone her and to see Mr. Martin about the German class. When I got back I found supper for twenty of us all laid out on the tables in our school yard. It was great fun, I knew that something was going but couldn't guess what. Their children had brought the things at noon and hidden them behind the staging which was still up.

This week we have had only one session and the relief has been very great. Last week it was so hot I was ready to stop them but this week I feel fine. I get a nap nearly every afternoon when it is hot and study in the evening when cool.

On Monday we went to Mrs. Kraus's at the Methodist Mission for dinner. It seems Mr. K. was college mate with Mr. Newell of Foochow. That was the evening of their college commencement and we had invitations so went. The exercises were most showy but very very interesting. The President's band played, the American Minister gave the address, a representative from Pres. Yuan gave a short address and presented the college with the President's picture as a token of regard. The seniors in cap and gown marched across the platform for their diplomas. All the faculty sat in state on the platform. It was good to see caps and gowns and boards once again. After the exercises we favored ones went to Dr. H.H. Lowry's for the reception. They shook hands with the 21 graduates and were served with tea or coffee and cake. It seemed almost like a home affair, except that Chinese faces were rather too numerous. Yet the Chinese faces seemed too few when one thought that it was a reception of a class of Chinese boys.

On Tuesday we went to Lun Fu Ssl, the periodic bazaar, and made a few minor purchases.

I forgot what we did on Wednesday but think we walked downtown and did some errands. Yes, I know, I went after my shoes and they were not ready. It was the second call. On Friday I made the third and they were still "not quite ready". I asked, "have you tendered them?" And found that they had not. I was wrathful and asked for the shoes. Yesterday I took them to another place and it remains to be seen whether the Chinese cobbler keeps his word better than the Japanese.

On Friday afternoon Miss Pike and Miss Seeley came in from Chin Hua for a party at Mrs. Edward's next door. We were invited also. It was great fun, there being about 16 couples of us. First we were given pieces of a post card puzzle. We fitted them together, six completing a card. Then the groups of six had to get up some means of entertaining the others. The first group gave a small farce in pantomime. Then our group put on paper masques which showed only nose and eyes and the company guessed who we were. The third group had a magician who read the mind of one of the party and guessed the party chosen when he was out of the room. The fourth had us each give a question to our right hand neighbor and an answer to the left. Then we could ask our question of whomever we pleased and they had to give the answer told them. The questions all had to be "What would you do if _____?" Try it if you get a chance for it is great fun.

Miss Seeley stayed over until this afternoon. Yesterday morning we all went shopping outside Tsien Men (Big Gate). Miss Seeley got several very fine things. Flora got a few and I looked on. In the afternoon we all lay down and slept about 2 1/2 hours. In the evening I corrected papers and wrote examinations until about 10.00.

This week I give the rest of my exams. Flora had hers last week. Already we have lost several Pupils. Two have gone to Pei Tai Ho and one had to leave for home Saturday or cause his parents to make a special journey in for him. This last week we had four pupils out with tonsillitis.

I am enclosing a clipping regarding our school play- also a message of Yuan Shih Kai's which appeared in the same issue, May 22.

We're hoping for at least one more letter before we leave for the south. The last mail brought papers only.

Lots of love

Mary.

June 6, 1915

P.S. If father will send a check for the \$3 as per enclosed slip I will be much obliged. If he sends the slip with the check it will identify it sufficiently- name and address are in the slip. I got it in February and have forgotten all about it.

Lovingly

Mary.

*[This letter dated **about June 1915** was written from Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She describes a recent wedding and a school event with over 160 guests. Mary mentions the doctor operating on Mable Galt hopefully for the last time. She expresses happiness over the Beard Genealogy book completed by Ruth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About June 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Speaking of living in a busy world!! Last week we were head over heels in work for our entertainment. We practiced all or part everyday.

Wednesday was the wedding. As over half the school were invited we let out school in the morning and went. The church was decorated in pink and white. First in the procession was a lad of five as ring bearer; (then after the bridesmaid two little flower girls, one in white, the other in pink); then the brides maid in a Philippino grass skirt embroidered with pink rosebuds; then the bride in white soft gown and long lace veil. The last little flower girl stopped to smile at her friends in the audience so the bride had to push her. Going down the aisle Mrs. Edwards had to push Katherine again. It was the one thing that kept the event from being too solemn. Of course the ABCFM people felt very badly over loosing Miss Vandershire. This is the third wedding this spring and a fourth one in June. There are these other engagements but the wedding days are not set. Cupid was busy here this winter, but everyone says he gets in most of his work in the summer.

To return to our affair. We had the children send out the invitations and about 350 were invited. Over 160 came. First we served tea and punch (left from the wedding) with cookies of small cakes. We asked each mother to supply 3 dozen cookies. It seemed like a lot but when the children were turned loose after it was over never a cake was left. First we had a song, then a play "Hansel and Gretel" by the younger children, two songs by the little ones, our play "Little Men" and a final song by the whole school. We had a fine write up in the "Gazette."



Written in album: "Hansel and Gretel June 1915" Lower picture: "The audience"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday we had to go up to school to start the clearing up process. We had borrowed large bowls for serving punch, and many flowers from Teng Shi Kou (A.B.C.F.M.) and we saw them all safely off for home. Then we came back and dressed to go to Tungchou to stay with Miss Leavens. We had lunch then sewed and talked before going out for a few calls. We had to admire all the babies (3 under one year and 2 two years old) as we met them out for airings.

On Sunday morning we went over to see Francis Frame have her bath. She has grown so fat I did not know her.

Mable Galt had another (and last we hope) operation last Thursday. Dr. Thacker removed all the bone of the nose and part of the eye socket. It was all soft. He hurried the operation a few days as he is to go to England to enter a war hospital or go to the front. He had one brother killed last week and another is at the front.

The tie, Ruth is a dear. I wore it to Mother's Club the day it came and everyone exclaimed over it. If you could get three or four I think they would be dear for next Christmas. Any color velvet will do. This was my package week. First came a large bundle from Mrs. Mason containing ruchings[?], hair pins, needles etc.; then two pair of shoes, then a tiny package from Mrs. Mann with tooth brushes and invisible hairpins. The cards are beauties and will keep nicely.

Last week Flora got a package which she immediately handed over to me, it was three Faber pencils with my full name of them.

I had a long letter from Arousiag Costikyan [*concert pianist*] Saturday, the first this year. All were well but of course very busy. She is enjoying her school very much. Today came the Round Robin. It hurried around this time to compensate for the nine months last trip.

The last letter tells of the arrival of Master Space [Robert]. I wonder what the twins [*one of these twins, Virginia, will grow up and become the wife of Gould Beard*] will say to a brother.

A Chinese of much wealth had become much roused over the sins of China and instigated a big parade to display the same for last Saturday and Sunday. I enclose one of the posters which he had distributed. Mr. Burgess says thousands of people were out. The Social Service Club boys spoke to the meetings.

Hurrah for the genealogy!!!!!! We will begin to save up for we each want one.

Tonight is the great event, the Missionary Association Concert. Every one goes and wears their best. Except me, I am wearing my old blue made overgown. Flora is putting on her all over lace waist and I suppose will wear the white wool skirt.

We got Bessie's wedding invitation just about a week after the wedding. She too was to have a pink and white wedding. I thought of her at the wedding here. Did I tell you that I served punch at the reception? Four of us served.

I have been asked to write a paper for the Friday Club next year- the thought of getting up before that company terrifies me but I can not refuse. I do not want to get the name of being unwilling to serve. A few weeks ago I had to refuse to be on the committee because the work must be done during the same period as the hard work on our entertainment.

Tues. A.M.

The concert last evening was excellent. I enclose a program. Miss Lowerly surprised us. We do not know her well. Her voice is much fuller and richer than I thought. Miss Tenney is only 19 but she has a wonderful voice and one excellently under control. That "Vissarelle" I heard Galski sing once and she did it no better. It is full of hard trills and runs.

Flora met a Miss Sholte of South Orange, (Now Mrs. Tenney) last night. It was a surprise meeting to both.

I hope to get this letter off today. Delnoce Grant and her mother and father start this morning for Shanghai to take the steamer for America. They will be in New York and I should like to have you meet them if possible. I am sure you would all enjoy the meeting. He is engraver at the Chinese Bureau of Engraving and designed the stamps and bank notes now in use.

I hope you mean every word when you say you enjoy all of our letters. I seem to ramble on without any trouble because friends and events are so numerous out here.

Lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Ruth's box started last Wednesday. It contains a little package for Abbie too. I hope Ruth can use the [unreadable word] the Missionary [unreadable word]. M.B.

[This letter dated about June 13, 1915 was written by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about a trip to the Summer Palace that she and Mary took. They expect that Mr. John R. Mott of the Y.M.C.A. to be asked to become Secretary of State but feel he would turn the opportunity down. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About June 13, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

This may be a short letter for it is hot, we are in the midst of packing and inspiration is lacking.

Friday school closed and I believe every one was glad by [but?] Claire Reinsch. She is not expecting to go down to Tungchou with us and wants to go so much. She was waiting on Friday for her boy to come for her and she said "I wonder how long it will be before I come up here (to the school) again." I said I should like to have her go to Tungchou, and she replied, "That's the only school I care anything about going to." Her father and mother do not wish to have her go away from home. She is only nine years old, though she is ahead of those years in her school work.

Yesterday Mary and I arose at 5 A.M. to go out to the Summer Palace. We started at 6.30 in rickshas and at 8.30 were at the gates buying our tickets for entrance. The place is a huge park surrounding a long artificial lake with an island reached by a most picturesque many arched bridge. The island has a dragon temple on it. We did not go there since the distance was so much and our time and inclinations did not allow. Instead we climbed the hundreds of stairs up into the palace of the Empress, which commands a view of the whole place. We passed through a small summer house built entirely of bell metal, and we looked into the room where the three "great ones" in gold were standing, having descended from heaven. They are made of gold. We descended to the lake's edge

after enjoying the view and then walked along through a covered passage which was most wonderfully decorated by paintings- much more beautiful than the famous bridge at Lucerne. Everywhere the woodwork supporting the roofs was finished by paintings, either scenes of some conventionalized flowers. The ceilings of the rooms and the porticos were very gaily coffered. We had to pay 50 cents to see the palace but we have decided it was worth it though it was so quickly seen. There was a most interesting grotto stairway leading up to the lookout.

(To go back to the covered passage). We walked to the farther end there to the right was a fine broad stone walk leading up the hillside. We took it and found another palace, but much smaller in size. It was near the end of the hill so that it gave us a fine view of the surrounding country and the Western Hills. We sat on the seat of a summer house and ate our lunch and then we followed the stone walk on to the very top of the hill. There we found an enclosure with a porcelain temple within. The gate was ajar so we walked in. The whole façade and roof as well as the sides were made of royal yellow porcelain, each tile having a Buddha in the center. We estimated there must have been at least 600 buddhas on the outside of the temple. After resting there and drinking some tea to please the keeper we started down the other side of the hill. There were all sorts of little garden houses and spots where one could stop to enjoy the beautiful scenery and with all the stopping to investigate we used up our two hours. At 11 A.M. we started for home. I was thankful that I was not my ricksha coolie, it was so hot. He ran easily and without too great perspiration. We reached home at 12.35 and were in time for a 1 o'clock lunch with guests. The afternoon was hot but we did some packing. I am glad to have a rest to-day for we shall feel all the more like the big day's work of to-morrow. This week we expect to get moved down to Tungchou on Wednesday. We shall spend a few days there working on plans which need the summer for finishing and then we shall be off for Foochow. I hope we may start by Saturday- at least by Monday.

We are much interested in the news from U.S., which we get each morning at breakfast from our morning paper. The resignation of Sec. Bryan is another of the surprises that we get every few days now. One of the guests at tiffin yesterday is the head of the Y.M.C.A. in China. He has been called home by cable and we are conjecturing whether he is not to be asked to take Mr. John R. Mott's place so that Mr. Mott may be the next Sec. of State. The Y.M.C.A. people out here think Mr. Mott will not accept. He certainly is fitted for the place if he will only take it. [Willard worked with Mr. Mott when he was with the Y.M.C.A.] Lovingly- Flora

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 17, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Elizabeth. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells her of the Y.M.C.A membership drive and of all the important people who attended the feast. He is expecting to hear soon from the girls (Mary and Flora) that they will be on the way from Shanghai to Foochow for the summer. He has heard about the sinking of the Lusitania and although there are concerns about the Japanese demands, he doesn't get excited about it.]*

Foochow, China June 17th 1915

Dear Elizabeth:-

The reason I am addressing this to you is that I have not sent you a letter in such a long time. In fact it can not be said that I have surfeited any one in the States with my letters during the past year. I get one off to Putnam sure every week and other people get theirs when I can put them in. I sent one to Peking to you home folks two weeks ago. This was the one about the Salt Commissioner joining the church.

Last Saturday evening I attended a very interesting feast. The Y.M.C.A. is in the midst of a membership campaign and I am on the team of which Mr. Lau Buo Ka is the leader. (he is the Salt Commissioner). This team had a feast last Sat. evening. Bankers, ex-officials, lawyers, college Presidents, gentry and men from foreign parts were present. The President of the Fukien Agricultural College was there and I had a long talk with him. He said he saw me in Tokio, Japan eight years ago. He was a student there and I was attending the World's Christian Student Conference. Then he said he met me again at the banquet given to Prof. Paul Monroe last year here. He of his own accord introduced the subject of Christianity. I told him I had heard he was intending to unite with the church. He very humbly said he thought he ought to study the Bible more before he became a church member. Mr. Lau Buo Ka's eldest son was there also and I had a long talk with him. He is a fine clean man and is on the way to become a Christian. It is hard to realize the difference that has taken place in these men and others of their standing in the community, in regard to Christianity in the past five years. On June 27th a young man, a graduate of the University of Idaho, now in the Foochow Electric Light Co., is definitely planning to unite with the church here.



Willard can be seen second from the right. This may be the feast that Willard refers to.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Before this reaches you Gould will be out of school and on the farm. Our reviews in the College close tomorrow and on Saturday the Examinations begin. College closes on June 30th and the boys go home July 1st. No boy will be half as happy as I to see school close.

Here it is June 22nd. I wonder if you believe in telepathy. Only a day or two after I wrote the first page of this letter your good letter of May 16th came. Often a day or so before Ellen's letters arrive I have a feeling that a mail is about to arrive that will bring news from her.

Any day now I am expecting a telegram from the girls telling me that they are starting from Shanghai for Foochow. When I realize how much I am anticipating their visit this summer it makes me feel almost kiddish.

Examinations are in full swing. Nearly every term someone is caught with a pony. And it is strange that the boy is as often as not from the Christian constituency. Yesterday one such boy was caught and sent home at once. This is an advance for the Chinese teachers, for in Chinese school this is not looked on as very bad. In fact most of the teachers in the Chinese schools that have examinations are guilty of telling the students the questions beforehand.

We have just received the papers from home that speak of the sinking of the Lusitania. For over a week now we have had no telegrams. What it means no one can tell. Some say it means German victories. A letter came from the Board the other day asking about the Japanese demands. The papers did make the outlook rather serious. But I have been thru the Japanese scare so many times that it is hard to get excited. All seems perfectly quiet now. In fact it has not been otherwise. The students got a little frisky once or twice but other classes were not effected. Japanese goods are hard to buy, but there is no excitement. All improvements such as the widening of the streets, the making of the new park and the new boulevard are going on as if there was no Japanese or other important question of danger.

I think of you as up to your ears in strawberries, now that the weddings are over. How I would enjoy the next two months at home, - eating venison and all. You will have a comparatively quiet summer with the oldest and youngest sisters away.

The weather is not bad thus far. The ther. says 83 degrees as I write. Tell Ruth I'm ready for the Genealogy any time. And here are my congratulations on having got it into the printers hands. I hope father has picked himself up from where the gun laid him and that *[letter too long for the copy paper]*

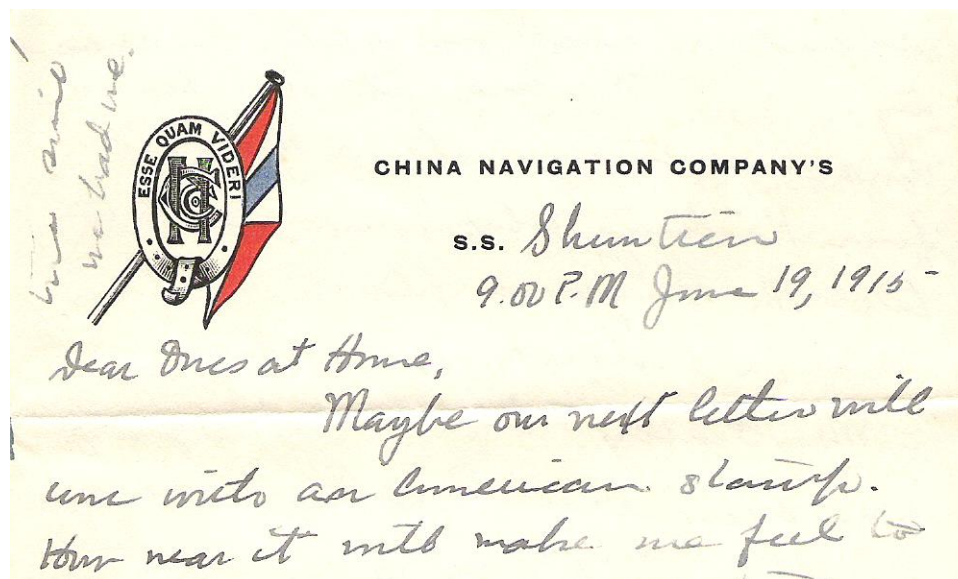
[in margin he writes]

..up over work the muzzle end of the gun did.

With love to you all,

[no signature]

[This letter dated **June 19, 1915** was written from the S.S. Shuntien leaving Peking by Mary to the ones at home. They packed their boxes and left for Tungchow for a night and then back to Peking to head for the ship for Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



China Navigation Company's
S.S. Shuntien
9.00 P.M. June 19, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

Maybe our next letter will come with an American stamp. How near it will make me feel to drop an American 2-cent stamped letter in a box!! To review the week. On Monday it rained so we packed our four trunks and left the boxes till the next day. Fortunately it cleared so we could pack in the back court nicely. Wednesday we had our boxes mailed, did last errands and left for Tungchow. Yes, on Monday night we went to dinner with Mr. Spencer-Lewis who had been giving unsuccessful invitations since Christmas time. We had a most delightful evening. We had at the home time days two guests, a Mr. Mills from Nanking who comes north to take Mr. Burgesses place while away on furlough. The other was a Mr. Bailey who has charge of an agricultural college near Nanking and who is a most interesting and delightful Irish man. He is very enthusiastic about his work and is a pioneer in the venture. He originally came out as a regular Methodist missionary, left the mission, and has returned to this new work.

At Tungchow we stayed with Mrs. Corbett. The Corbetts stay there all summer and have their home beautifully adapted to fit their needs with screens and lienzas[?]. We talked shop almost constantly and got the building mapped out for school rooms and dormitory rooms. We visited the carpenter and decided on school benches. We planned living room and sleeping room furniture. We got money to finance our trip this summer. We talked book and paper orders and got them ready to send off.

This morning we came up to Peking on the early train. By mistake some chairs had gone down so we brought them back. We rode third class in a seatless car and used our chairs.

The dresses which we had left to be ironed [were] all ready so [we] packed them. Then we went and did errands and to Mrs. Ingram's for lunch. Next we had to pack the returned laundry, feed the boys, finish paying bills,

get baggage to the station and be off. We felt poor so came down 3rd class. As it was only comfortably filled it was very pleasant indeed. Mr. Fairfield, a Shansi missionary, was with us and entertained us by his baby's pictures. Mr. Guinness met us and assisted our baggage across the city.

The boat is clean, fresh and most attractive; much better than the Japanese line we came from Kobe on. We start at 7.00 A.M. so will sleep on board tonight. I hope to be up for the sail down the river. We came up by moonlight you remember.

Lots of love

Mary.

We will be glad to get letters at Foochow as it is a long time since we had one.

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1915** was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are in Foochow now after arriving the day before from Tientsin (Peking area). While on the steamer "Shuntien" in a port in Japan, a thief attempted to steal something out of Mary and Flora's room while they slept. They docked in Shanghai where they stayed a night in a German hotel and left for Foochow the next day. She talks about Seaver Smith's engagement and his previous change of heart with his long love. Flora and Mary leave for Kuliang soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[June 30, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

We are here in Foochow. Arrived yesterday afternoon (June 28th). Mary sent you a letter from Tientsin so I'll begin my narrative from there. We went on board our steamer Saturday night as she left too early on Sunday to wait until then. The river at Tientsin is so narrow that when the steamer turns around she has to turn from one end and it takes the whole width of the river to make the turn. Our steamer was the "Shuntien" and a very clean and comfortable one, too. Our berths were not under each other and we had a sofa as well with plenty of room in which to store our baggage and also room enough for us to dress at the same time without bumping into each other. Our steamer went to Shanghai via Dalny and Wei Hai Wei. At Dalney we took on over a thousand tons of bean cakes which must have been at least 5 in. thick and as large as a car wheel. Each weighed about 75 lbs. It took from 10 A.M. until 2 A.M. the next day to do the loading. We got off the steamer and took a long train ride to a seaside resort laid out and built by the Japanese (who now own Dalney and call it Dairen). It was beautiful as they make everything. There was one large hotel and several dozen cottages. I heard that foreigners from Shanghai like to spend their summers there. It was so cool that we needed our coats on the ride out and back.-That night for air (we were still in port loading) we left our window open without closing the blind. On this steamer we had small square windows opening on to the deck. We also left our door open just drawing the curtain for privacy. We got to sleep about 10.30 P.M. At 11.30 P.M. I awoke and saw some one sitting on our campstool and fumbling with the suit cases on the sofa. In my half awake state I tho't Mary was getting something, so I asked "What is the matter, Mary?" To my bewilderment she answered from her berth. It was a wonder that she heard me. I could not seem to comprehend and I actually touched the man on the stool at the same time asking Mary to turn on the light. There was but one button and that near her bed. While this was going on all the man did was to duck his head. He evidently did not understand English. The moment the light was on he slunk out of the room. We rang immediately for the "boy" who came at once. We told him what had happened and he went to find the quarter master, who said a Japanese had jumped off the steamer on to the dock and run off. We examined our luggage but found everything, so I must have heard him as soon as he came in. It gave us quite a fright, and we locked up everything carefully before we went back to bed. The next morning we were out to sea again and just stopped at Wei Hai Wei long enough to exchange mails. The place is practically deserted, for the English have taken everything away from the forts. We saw only two or three people stirring on the land. The next day the sea was a little rough and Mary did not feel very well. Afterwards we found that the weather was the edge of a typhoon in Japan. The morning we were arriving in Shanghai the clouds were pouring themselves out in a deluge. The steamer was ordered to the freight docks so we had to get off into a launch to cross the "bund" [*an embankment on the waterfront*] and there we had to run fifty or more feet to our rickshas. In spite of the terrific downpour our baggage and ourselves managed to reach the hotel not much wet. Fortunately the rain stopped the middle of the afternoon so I got our steamer sailing off my hands and we called on Mrs. Lacey. We had most comfortable accommodations at "The Kalee", evidently a German Hotel. We did not hear English in the dining room except when we spoke with the Chinese waiters. Some friends in Shanghai said that the beginning of the war took most of the Germans from the city and then it filled up

again with Germans from Hongkong and other places where they could no longer stay. We saw many German ships lying idle in the harbor. It took all the next day to get our errands done and after dinner we got on board our steamer for Foochow. It was so hot that we simply took off our shoes and dresses and slept in the long deck chairs. There was so much noise of loading that we did not sleep very well but we made it up next day. I don't believe I'll ever be able to make this trip between Shanghai and Foochow without contributing to the sea, for the coast is so stormy and the boats so small. It was hot most of the way and when we reached Foochow it was hot, hotter, hottest. Will met us at the wharf and took us up to the McLaughlin's [*McLachlin's*] for tiffin so I went to my old home. It is a lovely compound now. Later on in the afternoon we started for the city and arrived there hot, tired, and dirty. A good hot bath and fresh clothes revived us a lot. Mrs. Christian had dinner out of doors on the lawn so we had all the comfort that could be gotten down here in the city. We are going to start for the mountain early Thursday morning and will eat our tiffin in the Beard Bungalow.

Mary and I have just returned from a trip over at South Side and at Ponasang where we had dinner. There are several changes for improvement. The streets are much cleaner, they have been widened, and are lit by electricity at night. The city gate was open so we are free to come and go any hour of the day. The air is much cooler to-day so that one can live instead of struggling to exist as I did yesterday.

Did you never get my letter telling of the date arrival of the lovely towels embroidered? I'll tell you again that I am glad to have them and I am saving them for guests when we get into our school next year. Mary and I will have our own separate rooms then and I hope we can make some arrangement so we may have a friend once in a while for the weekend.

I hope you followed mother's plan of giving the Chinese picture to Elaine Foster for her wedding present.

The events of the Smith family are too frequent and decisive for real enjoyment. It seems as though Mrs. Smith had been entirely forgotten. I can't understand how Seaver so suddenly left his long love and married a woman so different. Did Mrs. Smith ever say anything about it? I can't help wondering if the affair had anything to do with her illness. It seems so mysterious, and I don't like the trend of affairs. I rather cared for Mrs. Smith and at least she deserves a decent mourning. I suppose Mary and I would better plan something for Seaver's wedding present. * We have been so busy travelling since the invitation came that we have not thought to discuss the subject.

I have tried to get the pictures Miss Brewster wished but have not yet succeeded. I shall try here and again when I go through Shanghai. I shall order the handkerchiefs as soon as I can see Miss Adams- in the next two or three weeks. I would like to have her see a long scroll picture I have of a hunting scene. It is fully ten feet long and about 1 ft. wide, painted very well indeed. It would make a fine frieze for any room. I showed it to Dr. Willoughby (the American advisor to the Chinese government) and he was most enthusiastic over it, wishing to own it himself. I am going out to hunt some more of its kind. It cost me less than \$3 gold. I think I shall put it up in my room when I get into it next year.

We have been much interested in father's deer hunt and are only sorry that we have to miss the venison. We have so many of such like delicacies so commonly out here, but have never had deer meat. We have pheasant, woodcock, squab, calves brains, and other similar dishes which cost fabulous prices at home, served up cheaper than ordinary home meats, here.

Bessie's wedding must have been a very pleasant affair and one in which most of her friends had a share. I shall be glad to hear more of Myra and Stanley's plans.

How is Ruth? Is she just better, or really where she feels sure of herself- that there will not be a return? I wish you would write more definitely.

We start to-morrow morning early for Kuliang and expect to eat tiffin in our own bungalow.

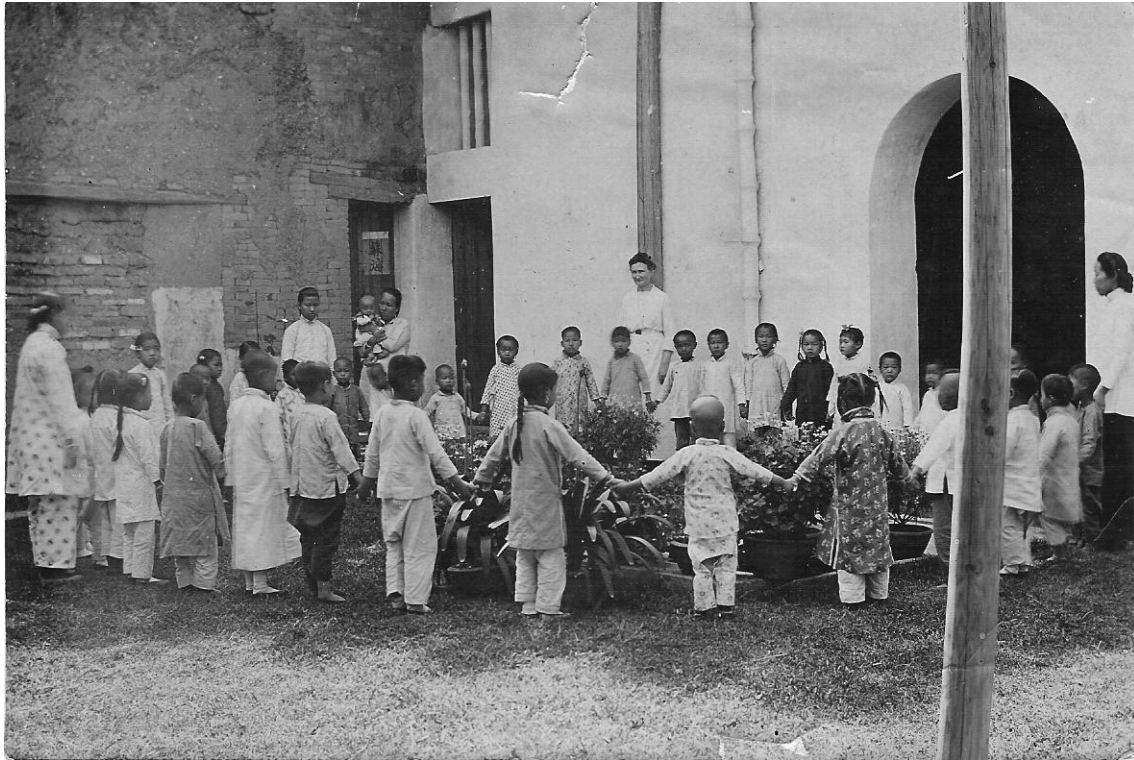
We have just been out to the first park of Foochow. It is just outside of the city walls and only in its first stages. They have about a dozen rickshas and it was a joy to see the satisfaction on the faces of some field women taking a ride. They are the burden carriers here, and so they know how to appreciate the ride. The cost of travelling here is almost prohibitive and I believe it will not be long before the streets will be so remade that rickshas can be used.

There is a mail out to Shanghai today, so I hope there will not be a longer interval than usual between our home letters. There are three steamers sailing the first week of July and this should reach one of them. Our next letters will be from Kuliang.

With love from us all-
Flora Beard.

Foochow,
June 30, 1915.

**[The 1920 Connecticut, New Haven census shows a Charles Seaver Smith married to a Vera B. Smith. The 1930 census shows a Seaver Smith married to Vera B. and they now have two sons and a daughter.]*



Manchu Church Kindergarten- June 30 – 1915, East St. Foochow
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 4, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the folks at home. She talks about the trip from Foochow to Kuliang and being carried by coolies in a chair. She describes some of the views. Life has been lazy on Kuliang so far. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 4, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

As Mr. Wilcox leaves tomorrow en route for home I hope this letter goes without much delay. We were in Foochow until Thursday morning. Will sent up here for coolies and they arrived about 8.00 A.M. We were already except pulling Flora's bed apart so were off about 8.30. My coolies turned to the left at the gate and Flora's turned to the right so we saw nothing at all of each other all across the plain. It was interesting to ride for miles between rice fields, over a path just wide enough to pass another chair. We had glorious views. I saw the women and children pumping water onto the rice field by the old style fort paddle wheel, and by a hand machine as well. I met several buffalo cows which snorted but were harmless. I was lifted over the stone partitions put up to keep the pigs from wandering.

At the rest house at the foot of the mountain I was put down beside Mrs. Bankhardt with whom we cruised on the Mongolia last Fall. After a 20 minute rest we started on and as I looked back I saw Flora just entering the ridge below me. My coolies had borrowed two short carrying poles. That lowered my chair so that when they lowered my chair on the steep places my feet hit the steps. I played man and extended my feet out on the poles. Fortunately the men decided at the next rest house that two at a time could carry me so that definitely was solved. I walked up much of the way because the views were so glorious I wanted to see them with my glasses. I got way ahead of all the others and finally caught up with and passed Mr. Hodous. I was just 3 ¾ hours coming up and had to wait here a full hour before Flora arrived. Her men made an awful fuss about carrying her.

Miss Francis and Miss Russell were here to greet us. About 3.00 our trunks and bags arrived. It started to rain soon after Flora arrived so the baggage was some wet. In the afternoon after it cleared we walked out and so missed several callers. Friday morning was delightfully clear. The univ men were waiting for us when we got up and we fled for a walk to escape them. Three were on the porch and I could count four more on the way. I got a brass bowl which we immediately put to use for flowers on the table. Yesterday I got some Mandarin squares so as to use one under the bowl by day when the table cloth is off.

We have to look after us three men and one woman. The cook's wife is the amah. The boys are students in the college whom Willard is helping by giving them the work.

These mountains are beautiful and the view from our cottage is one of the best I have seen. We see Foochow, the north end; the univ, the plains and mountains on all sides. We overlook several peaks dotted with homes and I amuse myself sitting on the porch and watching the traffic. Most of the roads(!) are stone paths just wide enough for two and paths on the side hills are steps. It is quite a steep climb up here but already I can take it without getting breathless. The first day Flora and I took a walk over the hills. Yesterday Flora had to go down to decorate the Club Home so I went with Will and again today we went out. Each time we made several calls so soon I shall locate all the people on this side of the hills.

We have had clear mornings but every afternoon has been rainy so far. Yesterday had been planned for the Fourth celebrations. We all had supper together at the club and patriotic songs and a speech by Mr. Hodous afterward. The fireworks are postponed until the first clear day.

Willard has a game left arm. He can not move it from the shoulder and it is painful most of the time especially at night. This morning we went to the doctor and he thinks it is trouble with the water sack between the bones of the joint. He attributes it largely to a tired condition.

So far we are leading a lazy life; breakfast at 8.00, walk, lunch at 12.30, nap, supper at 6.30 or 7.00. Reading, writing and talking fill the gaps. Will got up here Friday night. He had a great time getting the dentist up. He had 3 Chinese helpers, besides quantities of baggage and knew nothing about managing his own affairs. He delayed Will so he took dinner here for his first meal instead of breakfast as he had planned.

This afternoon we went to church for the foreign service at 5.00. It rained hard all the time but a goodly number were out.

It is near 9.30 P.M. - awfully late for us- and time to retire. The mail closes tomorrow and Will is going down to mail letters before breakfast.

Lots of love to all – we will cure Will soon.

Mary.

Kuliang

July 4, 1915.



[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

This woman is wearing a robe with a “Mandarin Square” on the front.



Written on back: "Road up mountain to Willard's cottage on Kuliang"

[Notice coolie carrying baskets hung from pole over shoulders.]

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

*[This letter dated **July 11, 1915** was written from Kuliang by Mary to siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Mary and Flora have just traveled from Peking to Foochow to Kuliang for summer. Flora tells of her trip up the mountain in a chair. It took Will a whole day to help the dentist up the mountain. She talks about life on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang
July 11, 1915

Dear Phebe and Stanley,

Yesterday brought a good letter and some pictures from Phebe and a letter from Ruth. Last week Willard had letters from Putnam so we feel well posted on home affairs. What gay times you are having with weddings. I am glad that Leolyn is to have one more summer in her beloved Connecticut.

Ruth's letter sounds as though she were not well inasmuch as she seems so very tired all the time. How about it? Does Stanley get any vacation this summer? Not a word of any in your letters, so far.

As to our history; we left Peking Saturday, reached Shanghai the next Thursday morning, left Saturday morning and were greeted by Willard at the dock on Monday. It was after 12 when we docked so we went to lunch with Mrs. MacLachlin who lives quite near. We visited with her until about 3.30 then took chairs over to the city compound where Will lives with Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Will had gone on ahead for a faculty meeting.

We went over and met the faculty, a nice looking lot of Chinese and three Americans. Then we bathed and dressed. Enroute I felt as one man has said that if we went through alley after alley we must come to a street by and by. The streets are not much narrower than in Pao Ting Fu or Tungchou but the people seem more numerous and the over hanging roofs give one a shut-in feeling. The continual going up or down steps and crossing of bridges is entirely new. Also, Foochow never knows what wind is because all the streets, little and less little have stone walls. We stayed in the city until Thursday morning. We left about 8.30 and I was here by 12.15. Flora was an hour later because she took a longer route out of the city and had slower men too. It was wonderful crossing the broad plains into rice field after rice field and the mountains rising behind them. When we had climbed part way up the mountain I got out and walked so that I might view the scenery with my glasses. My men followed with the chair.

Finally I got weary and wanted to ride. The men pointed to the next hill so I walked up one more stretch. Then they pointed ahead again. I just laughed and stood still so they put the chair down and next time all I had to do was to wait.

Miss Francis of Soochow and Miss Russell of Hangkow had already been up here a week and made us a welcome when we arrived. It began to rain just before I got here and rained quite hard before Flora got here. She had raincoat and umbrella so was not wet. Our trunks and bags got quite wet on the exterior.

Until yesterday we had continually rainy weather. For two days it was clear mornings then it rained all day. Willard came up Friday afternoon. He had planned for an early start so as to breakfast with us but Dr. Gatellins the dentist arrived and Will had to get him up and it took nearly a day. We had a fourth of July celebration on Saturday and it rained. We all took our suppers and ate picnic style at the Club House. Ice Cream and coffee were furnished at the club. The fire works were postponed until Monday evening when it was fairly clear. On Tuesday our sixth member arrived, Mr. Birckle of Annam, in French Indo-China.

Evidently Miss Francis and Mr. Birckle are engaged or near engaged.

On Monday Mrs. Hodous came down and asked me to help Jerome and Helen Smith with the arithmetic so I go up every morning at nine o'clock for one hour. Twice I have gotten caught in a rain and had to wait for a let up.

On Tuesday we three went to lunch at Mrs. Peets. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard are there too so we were quite a company. It was an awful day. I waited until 11.30 at Mr. Hodous's before a let up long enough to get off. I dressed and ran nearly all the way to Mr. Peet's so got the between showers. Flora and Willard were already there as they had gone for dentist appointments at 9.00 and 10.00.

Last night was the American Board picnic. We assembled at Mr. Peet's then walked around the hills to the rocks behind Miss Bement's. The view was wonderful, across the valley and over the mountains on one side and nearly all the city of Foochow on another. We could see the white pagoda near where Will lives in the city. [*Ink blob on page*] (This blot marks a session of talking during which my pen took upon itself to continue unguided.)

Mission meeting began on Thursday so we have really seen little of Will except at meals. He comes back for lunch when possible.

Twice we have had a nice long walk over the mountains. The bits of views under or through the clouds are enchanting. We looked down onto Sharp Peak once, again onto Pagoda Anchorage and often out to sea.

From Little Bellevue the villages and rice fields look very small. The fields look like mosaics.

My field glasses are very useful. I look at views, watch our neighbors who are not hidden by their typhoon walls, watch new arrivals etc. Mr. Hodous says I caught the "Kuliang habit" quickly.

Willard has had a stiff left arm for several weeks. Now the doctor is giving him iodine to paint it and some medicine to take as well. It has been better for the last few days, so he moves it a little and does not wince so hard if it is touched. The rest seems to be somewhat beneficial.

We went over and played tennis on Friday afternoon for a little but have not been swimming yet because the tank is not ready. The water is still dirty.

One of the most important events of each day is a nap from 2-4. Willard is having to omit his until Mission meeting is over.

I find only one Holyoke girl here beside the Peets and Hartwells, but Harriet Bontelle who I knew quite well is to arrive soon. Laura Ward is here but her sister Ruth Ward Beech is on her way home. Evelyn Worthley Sites was here until July 4 but I did not know where to find her so missed her.

Stanley almost three or four weeks ago I sent to you two Chinese lanterns. I hope they get through safely. The people here use them to put over the electric bulbs in hallways or parlors where they want the lights for conversation not for reading. Perhaps you and Phebe can use them until you and Myra are ready.

We have been buying lacquer these days. Flora is buying trays for the school and a set of tea tables like those Will sent to Elbert. I got a small tray because it was so pretty I couldn't resist it, also two boxes useful for gloves. Then we got some vases. We talked of some finger towels done on silk for Seaver but have not decided. We may just go in on the picture as today's letters suggested.

Many thanks for the pictures. Since Flora has started her home photo book we do count as two on pictures.

When in the city I put into Will's book the unwanted photos he has and labeled in my white ink photos already in.

You should have seen our lawns yesterday. It was the first clear day in a week. We had a wardrobe, our suit cases, our six beds, and most of our clothes out to sun. Some were already mildewed a little.

As for world news we are isolated. Willard did have a little printed slip of telegrams but the Germans have stopped that, so for four days we have heard nothing at all. The month old home papers that arrived last night were most eagerly read by all. There were Digests and [*unreadable word*], Missionary Heralds and Congregationalists.

Last night one of our boys spilled a dish of scalding milk over his foot. He burned the foot badly but we immediately wrapped it in a cloth saturated with olive oil.

What a ramble this is! It is 10.10 PM and time to retire. We have a delightful breeze up the valley tonight. So far we have slept under a blanket such as Ben gets. Last night it was a little warm but only a little.

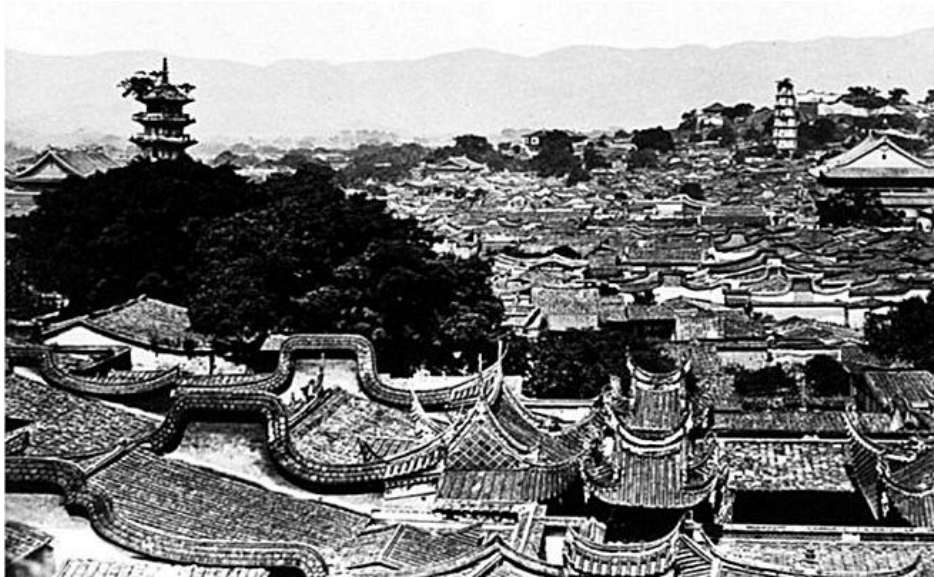
Lots of love to you both

Mary Beard.

Sunday P.M.

P.S. Willard and Flora join in sending much love.

Mary.



The two pagodas of Foochow From: <http://www.fohkien.cn/index.htm> June 7, 2007



Bai Ta-the White Pagoda -1988
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter dated **July 14, 1915** was written from Kuliang by Flora to the folks at home. They are visited by curio venders and have purchased many items from them. She talks about a romance between a couple on the mountain. They heard about the attempt at J.P. Morgan's life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 14, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Two weeks go by so fast that my turn to write comes very quickly. We have been on Kuliang for two weeks and have done little but get settled and rest. For a week it rained hard and continuously, but now for several days the sun has been shining and the days are perfect. We have been busy this week on school affairs and Will has been in mission meeting. To-day finished that and to-morrow he goes down to Foochow and then I hope we shall have the chance to do some walking and visiting. So far I have read one book, "China Under the Empress Dowager", which is exciting as a novel. I have begun "The Eyes of the World". Mary read it and could hardly lay it down for anything else, so I am trying to get in some necessary letter writing first. To-day finished twenty-five done and mailed, but still there are more.

We are just swamped with curio venders every morning. They certainly have some lovely things and very cheap. We have invested many dollars already and expect many more temptations before the summer is over.

I think I wrote you of the thief in our cabin on our way down to Shanghai. Well, another thief was more fortunate here in Foochow City, for I am now minus my watch. I have not yet decided what I shall do for a watch, but must have one. Will advises a cheap watch which can be bought here but I think I shall probably write to you for one- later.

Do you remember Mary's episode with the woman book agent on our front porch several summers ago? We have met her daughter who married the Mr. Miner of Foochow – also her sister is here. They are those effusive, gushing, aggressive people who make me think of a tiger lily- very showy. The sister's engagement was announced a few days ago. Will's remark I think is expressive of the truth. When it was told at the time they were in mission meeting and his opinion was solicited he said, "She has accomplished just what she wanted to do." Mrs. Newell said, "She may improve, her sister did." We have said nothing to them about having met their mother and I presume we shall not be intimate enough to need to. The sister was on the same committee as my self during the Fourth of July celebration, and in some way found out that I had come from New Jersey. "New Jersey," she said, "why I taught in New Jersey in a charming little village, suburb to New York- Hasbrouck Heights(!)." Phebe and Stanley will appreciate this. She is just the type who would be content with such "charms."

We are having some fun with two of Will's household. Miss Francis has come from Soochow and Mr. Birkel has come from Amman. Evidently they are engaged for she wanted a place for him near enough so they could see each other every day. Well, they certainly see each other very much of each day, and they can't see a joke when it is aimed at them. The boy who waits on the table gets their orders mixed up and Will said "He can't seem to tell you apart." Not a smile was cracked. We'll have to try again.

The papers (Shanghai) tell of attempting J. P. Morgan's life and of the explosion in the capitol. When will these horrors cease!

We have had the good news of \$400 gold to help in furnishing our school. The money comes from some New York City people. Also, Helen Myer wants to know how to send us money and Miss Crisman is seeing about a sewing machine and some maps. I wish we had the view of a good dictionary. I think now we are bound to have a comfortable house. Mr. Galt has written that we may have help in teaching, which we very much need.

With love-

Flora Beard.

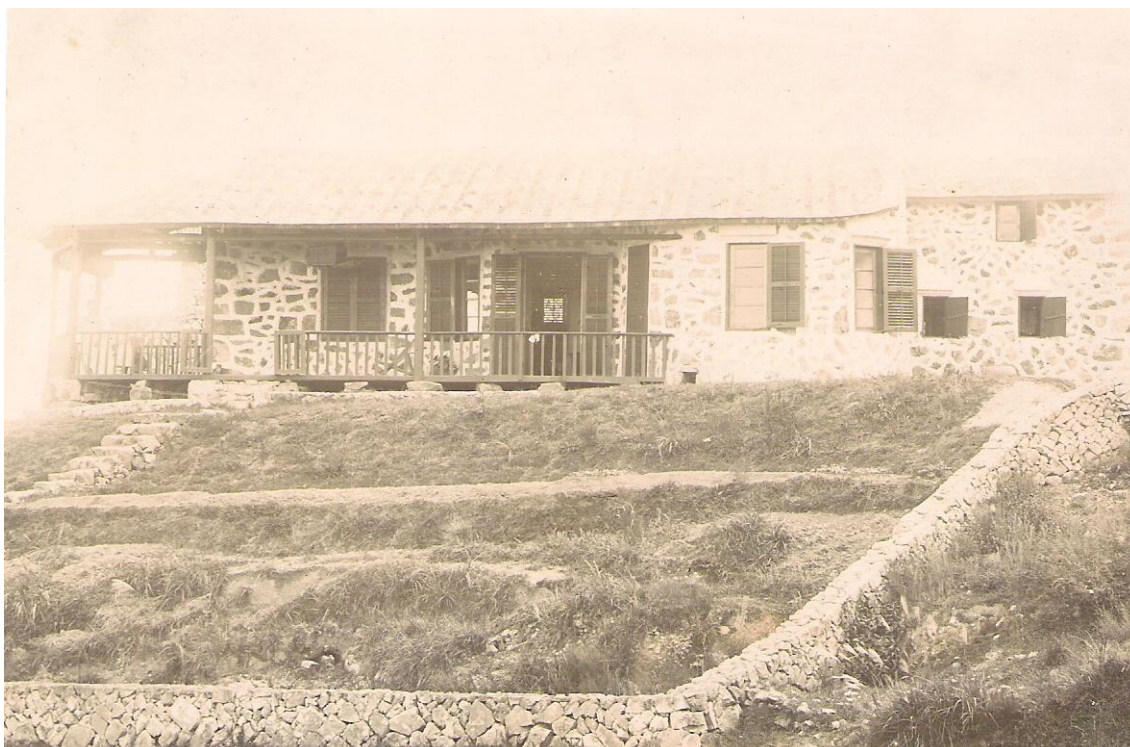
Kuliang, Foochow,
July 14, 1915.



"The way I travelled" according to Mary about this photo taken on Kuliang the summer of 1915.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Mary's trunk being carried on Kuliang summer 1915.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



[In a letter that Willard wrote from Kuliang in August 1915, he wrote from #74. It sounded like he, Mary and Flora were in his cottage however, which I believe is #316 in future letters. I wonder if they re-numbered all of the cottages on Kuliang at some point?]

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson and another copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: Flora, Willard, Mary Kuliang 1915

[Mary is on the left and Flora on the right in the lighter dress. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 18, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. Tennis has been a popular past time on the mountain. The curio men come daily and they are buying lace, silver and lacquer from them. Willard and four helpers brought the dentist up the mountain with his 1500 pounds of baggage. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 18, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Sundays seem to come much too often because each one marks a week more of our stay here as gone. This is our third Sunday up here already. Our days are full altho we have no set duties. I do have my arithmetic class at 9.00 every morning except Saturday. The children are doing finely and I enjoy the hour immensely. Tomorrow I go from class over to a meeting of the Science Club of Kuliang. I think I will take the study of birds. Three subjects are to be taken up, Botany, Ornithology and Entomology. I am torn between the first two. So far I have gotten over almost 25 chapters of my Beginner's Latin book, written one German letter, read "The Eyes of the World", "On and off Duty in Annam" - and started "Village Life in China". It is such fun to read all I want to and not feel that a duty is being neglected.

Willard was busy in Mission Meeting until Wednesday. On Tuesday- after 5 PM we walked around to Tipping Rock and climbed up the hill. It was hot and the climb was steep so we all had baths and clean clothes before supper. Except that one evening we have been over on the tennis courts for an hour or more. Thursday night I played 7 sets between 5 and 7 P.M so you see I played pretty steadily. Since then there have been so many people we each get two sets and an occasional third. On Thursday and again Saturday three of us were on the courts at 6.30 A.M. and stayed long enough for 2 sets. Since none of us are very good players we match up well and often have deuce games. In the evening the men are out and we have stiffer playing. Willard's arm is getting better so occasionally he uses it unconsciously. As yet he can not lift anything with it nor do any pushing. He says he uses it to help put his collar on and got it up to help with his coat collar before thinking of it. We now wonder if it is the Doctor or the rest that is doing it. I hope he can get in some tennis soon.

Yesterday the men had a swim in the tank. It is the first time it has been used. I hope for a swim soon.

We have in the house a couple either engaged before they arrived or soon after. They are courting morning noon and night. She seems to do her full share and sometimes to over do it. They sit on the porch and talk until 11.00 or 11.30 every night. I am getting so I sleep through it but Flora lets it bother her and never closes an eye until they have gone to bed. I am going to tell Miss Frances and hope they will retire at 10.00 or here after. Last night they sat in the dining room and read aloud or talked. When we had stood it about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour I called out "People, we're sleepy." They took the hint and went to bed.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Whitney called and fortunately we had not yet left for the tennis- courts. She is very deaf but they are a dear old couple.

The curio men must think us good customers. The other two ladies spent about \$50 between them before we came up and we have spent about \$40 all told. Hardly a day goes by that we don't invest in something. I have some lacquer, silver, and lace.

Willard and Mr. Birkle went down to Foochow on Thursday, just for the day. They left here at 6.30 AM (just before we went for tennis) and returned about 7.30 PM. It certainly was a busy day for Willard because he had a long list of memoranda.

The last letter from home came with news of Leolyn being with you and going to school. I am so glad you are having this nice visit and wish I were with you. It is interesting to sit here and watch the church goers. When I first came out this morning I saw the 7.30 service people just coming away. After breakfast the people began to assemble for 9.30 Chinese service. They have just disappeared over the various hills when the bell rings for English Church at 11.00. Most of those are men in the church. Then there is a respite until 3.30. The last service is the Union one at 5.00. The foreign Sunday school is at 9.30 in the club so those numbers are added to the Chinese numbers.

11.00 AM.

We have just had great excitement. A Chinese wedding came up the mountain and right up past our home. I was out with my camera inspite of its being Sunday, so was Mr. Birkle. The bride was taken to the little village just above our home and I still hear the music.



Written in album: "A Chinese wedding"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Another example of a wedding chair.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

This noon we have Dr. Gatellins, the dentist up for dinner. He wrote for Will to take him in and we so planned. Then he arrived with four Chinese helpers and 1500 lbs. of baggage. Here he was to have shared a room with Will!! Fortunately there was an unrented home on another hill and Will succeeded in renting it on a few hours notice. Also Will has gotten a room elsewhere for a lady who was to be here later so he will have his room to himself all summer.

8.00 P.M.

We had a nice visit with the dentist and he left about 3.00. Immediately we scattered for our afternoon naps. It was 4.30 when I woke and Flora was just astir. We were too late for afternoon tea before church and were a little late as it was. After service we walked around the mountain and took a detour to visit Misses Perkins, Funk, Crane and Diehl. They are four fine women. We all got weighed. Will and Flora are twins at 175 ½ lbs. and "the little sister" weighs 171 ½. I think you will still be able to find us if we keep on, don't you?

We are planning for a walk to Kushan Monastery on Tuesday. The four ladies above and five others from another "ladies home" are to accompany us. Laura Ward of Holyoke is in the other home and a mighty fine girl. We will take one chair for each household in case anyone gets "done up" but plan to not use them.

Flora, Will and I are writing at the dining table while the other three are on the porch singing.

One day a linen and embroidery man came along and he had such pretty things we couldn't resist. I got two embroidered dresses, and Flora got one. They are not very fine but very firm lawn and the embroidery is good. He had embroidered sets of underwear. We got a combination and skirt flounce of three yards. I thought of Myra

when I got it but do not know whether she would care for it. If she does it is \$2.00 gold for the set. If she doesn't and any of the family want it it is \$2.00. If sold outside the family it is \$4.00. I gave \$4.00 silver and have planned to sell for the same gold to any except the chosen ones who get it for first half. I will send them some time and will send a card by the same mail. As yet they are not done up to mail.

Tomorrow I go to a Science Club meeting at 10.30. We have decided to stay in on Monday's for friends to call so I fear no tennis until Thursday. Wednesday is prayer meeting and children's day at the court. We made a mistake and went over this week but will not repeat the error again.

I know the others would send love but they are busy.

Lots of love

Mary

P.S. About 3.30 the musicians of the wedding all stopped on the porch and demanded the pictures we had taken.

Kuliang

July 18, 1915

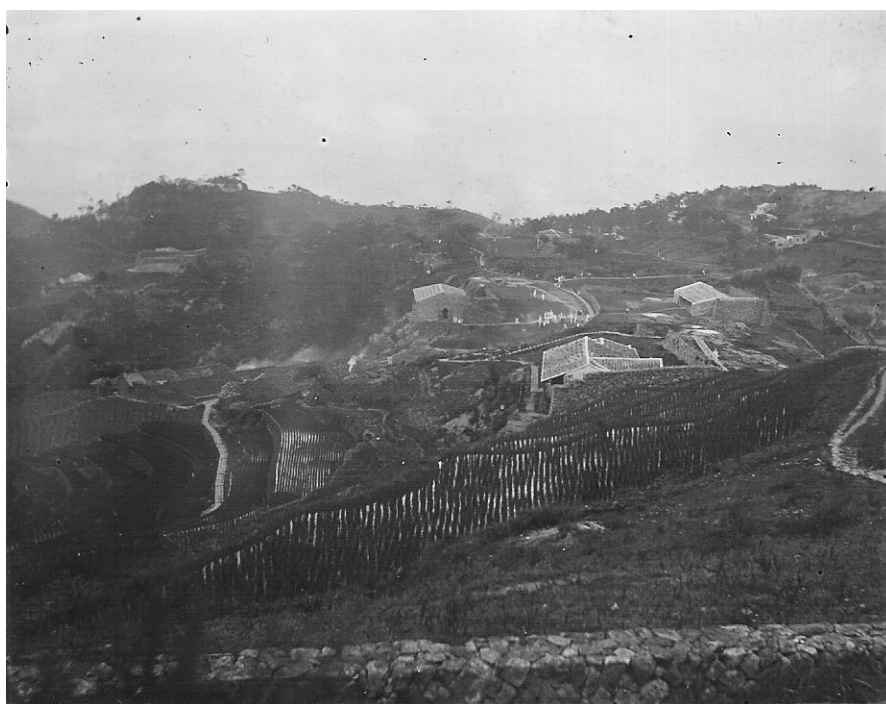


Written in album: "Kuliang - 1915- Summer. The Clubhouse"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Kuliang – 1915- Summer. The Church."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kuliang – view of stone church with people around it
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Top photo magnified following page. The church is at the left.



Side view of Kuliang stone church close up. Church is at the left.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 25, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells about a walk to Moon Temple and a walk across some rice paddy fields. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 25, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is the time for the midday siesta and every one of the household is observing it excepting myself. I am trying to get some of my long suffering correspondence answered. I have just answered a letter dated June 16, 1913. I am afraid she'll almost get a shock when she reads it to think I am really writing again.

This past week I have written over two dozen letters besides a lot of other things. We were missing so many of our callers that we made up our minds to let people know they could find us at home on Monday afternoons. Last week we had eight callers so we felt paid for staying at home. On Tuesday we walked over to Moon Temple- about an hour and a half's walk. We had quite an exciting (and highly amusing time for the rest of the party) when we started across lots over the paddy-fields. I had always wanted to cross on the little paths which

bound the terraces here, never realizing that it was only six inches wide- one side sloping down into the watery rice fields the other covering the eight foot retaining wall of the terrace. It was narrow and slippery, and I got dizzy just as we reached the middle where a long step was needed to step over a muddy place. Miss Russell just behind me had grabbed the stalks of the rice and there we were-with Will and Mary enjoying themselves to their utmost on the farther side hill. Presently he came to my rescue and Mr. Birkel helped Miss Russell over and all we had to show for our discomfort were some muddy shoes- which when dry came back to their usual color. We had a fine walk, found the monk at the temple willing to heat some water for us so that our lunch was enhanced by instantaneous cocoa and we got home a little before eight o'clock. There was hardly a dry thread on me- from perspiration. I have lost enough so that Will can notice it since I came to the mountain. It must be perspiration for it seems to me I must have lost pounds in that way. There is so much of our walking taken up in climbing- often a step being a full foot. I am delighted though and am glad for every ounce lost in this way.

On Wednesday we went to Prayermeeting and then called on the Pitchers who were with Will last year. They had only just arrived the Saturday before. Mr. Pitcher was down at the tennis courts watching the games when we met him at 7 P.M. on our return from his house. We had a little chat with him and then went on home to dinner. The next morning we had planned to start for Kushan monastery. Will came to my door about 6 A.M. and said he would have to let us start on without him as Mr. Pitcher had died at 11.30 the night before and they wanted Will to come at 7.30 A.M. for the funeral service. Since one other of our party could not go we decided to stay home. Mr. Pitcher had died of some heart trouble. You can see how quickly things transpire when he died at 11.30 P.M. and at 8 A.M. in the morning they were starting down the mountain with the body. They telegraphed to Amoy- his home- and a gentleman came back on a steamer and will take the body back there for burial. Such events give one rather a shock.

We have been living rather quietly so far but we must begin soon to do some entertaining. This is to be a moonlight week and will be a good time. These nights are grand – almost as high as day.

I shall begin to-morrow on the definite work of my course of study, which I wish to get finished before we leave the mountain. Will gave me a lesson on his typewriter yesterday and I do wish I could get expert enough to use it for that course of study. It would save printing it. I do not suppose more than three dozen people will want it- but those who do, need it to prepare for our school.

I have decided that I must have a good watch. Could you get it for me? I want Waltham works- the best ones. I would like a silver case. If you can get a satin finished plain case and have my monogram carved on the back I should like that best of all. Of course I want an open faced watch. I should like a size small enough to wear with a chatelaine piece. If you can get a satin finished fleur-de-lis pin to match the watch I should like it. I should think the whole thing could be purchased for \$20 gold. Mr. Wilder is returning in the fall to Peking and I believe he would bring it to me. I think a letter to the American Board Rooms at Boston would get his address. Don't hurry to get it off by him, for there will be some one else. I would rather have some one bring it than trust it to the mails in this uncertain time. I think the people in Boston will help you .

We are feeling anxious for the people of United States in this war mix up and we hope you can keep out. It all seems like a bad night-mare from our distance. We get occasional telegrams but they tell such fragmentary news that they leave too much to our imagination.

Yesterday we had a letter from Phebe so we had some news from you home folks.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Kuliang, Foochow,
July 25, 1915.



"Near a cave, en route for Moon Temple" Kuliang 1915 - L to R: Flora, Willard, Mary 2 unknown women
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This partial letter probably dated 1915 was written by Willard presumably to the folks at home. He describes an ongoing deadly conflict between two villages and how, although they would like to stay out of it, the Christians to whom they influence are forced to be involved. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Probably 1915]

...itself felt here, and the heathenism perceives it. There were no less than four cases brought up to be talked over, and the [*unreadable word*] of the missionary asked, in this three days meeting. I can not give any one of them in full, as it would be too long, and then I do not know all the details. One of the cases is something as follows: - It has been running for three or four years. It began in a quarrel between two villages at the mouth of the Min river near Sharp Peak. These villages each are the houses of many fishermen and fish dealers. Both of the villages send men with boats to the fishing grounds to buy fish of the men who catch them. The custom is for a boat from one of the villages to go out in the morning and attach itself to one of the fishing boats and agree to take all the fish caught that day. Then they sell the fish and in this make their living. One day the men from one village were more than those from the other and when a boat from this village bargained for fish with a fishing boat the stronger party shoved them away. So at night they had to go home empty and with no business. To get revenge these men gathered their fellow villagers and in a few days went out to the fishing grounds and surrounded the boats of the evening, captured about 37 of them, took them home and killed some and beat the others severely, and let them go after a ransom was paid. This made war between the two villages. There was [*a*] fight and some lives lost. This increased the animosity. So far it had not troubled the Christians. But now one of the leading men of one of the villages wants to lay a tax on all the men of his village to raise money to go and fight the other village, and the Christians tell him, this quarrel is not their business at all. They have had nothing to do with it. This of course stirred up a breeze. The streets near the church and near the Christian's shops were placarded with boycotts on the Christians. One man who had a fruit stand had to get his neighbors to help him take his fruit off to other places to sell it. Another owned goats but he was not allowed to pasture them and could not sell them, - all pasture is common property here- the village well where the Christians drew water was forbidden them, etc., etc. This brings the matter into conflict with missionary work. Then men from one village lay in wait and captured men from the other villages [*as*] they went out to other places. It made no difference who the men were- whether they were offenders personally or not- so long as they belonged to the other village. One of our bright young men was thus caught and taken to the enemy's village. Here were the wives and mothers of the men who had been killed previously. This young man with two or three others was delivered up to the mercy or rather passion of these infuriated women after the men had beaten them to their hearts content. The women took irons and clubs and beat them just as they pleased. The young man was in a very critical condition last week. I have not heard from him since. One of the 12 chief men of one of these villages- the one which instituted the boycott is said to have boasted

that he could kill off a few of the Christians and by paying \$300.00 could get off without harm. And if a foreigner came to interfere it would cost only \$5000.00 to kill him. This man is now thoroughly scared and was at Foochow to beg Mr. Hubbard and Hartwell to settle up the matter as soon as possible. He was willing to say he was sorry and to fire off some crackers if the missionaries and Christians would forgive him. But he has been the leader in all the persecution and it is thought best to let him be anxious for a little while. We hope to get from the Viceroy of the province a special proclamation giving the Christians freedom of worship and exemption from idolatrous fees. Of course the Christians in these two villages are anxious to have the missionaries help and protect them. The less we as missionaries have to do with the magistrate and ruling classes in these quarrels the better. And yet we cannot sit still and see the men who are following our teaching persecuted and killed for no other reason than that they are worshippers of Jehovah God.

Another case was in connection with my Ha puo church. A woman had become interested in the Truth and had given up her idols and idol worship. The Priest or his runner was collecting fees for an idol ceremony. He came to her and she refused to pay. He became angry but she remained firm. She owned a sow. The man found the sow in the fields a few days after his interview with the woman and beat it severely. Soon after coming home the sow had 12 dead pigs. The woman had positive proof that this man did the mischief, and took 4 of the pigs to him and demanded 12000 cash = about \$11.00. He only cursed her. She called the neighbors and the petty official and the man promised to pay 300 or 40 cash. But the last I heard had paid nothing. These cases are very aggravating but they are at the same time signs that the Gospel is working, and these cases only help to spread the knowledge of the truth. They also help to give strength and fortitude to the native Christians. I wonder how near thro haying you are. That new barn will hold a large amount. Are you getting along without oxen? How many and what horses have you? etc. etc. With love to all Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 1, 1915 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the social events and people they have been visiting with. She talks of Willard's popularity and of all the responsibilities he has. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang
Aug 1, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

Another two weeks gone by- how time flies when one is busy doing nothing in particular! Last Sunday night I had a treat sitting here on the porch and writing letters while the rest of the family and other Kuliangites sang hymns from the rocks just above us. It was a clear calm night and the harmony of the voices added much to the beauty of the evening.

11.00 AM

Miss Russell and I have just been to Chinese church. The place was filled even to the front seats. We had a piece [or "phase"...it appears that she wrote one or the other word on top of the other] of New China illustrated when a Chinese girl and man sang a duet. They sang in English and even though the song was unfamiliar I could understand every word. It was the only thing I could understand except the expressions in the faces. Everyone seemed much interested in the sermon.

On Monday evening we all went for a walk part way down the mountain. The moon was just past full and it was like day without the intense heat. The city was not as beautiful to look upon as it would be on a dark night but we could see the whole of it from our stopping point.

On Tuesday evening we had Dr. and Mrs. Gillette and Mr. and Mrs. Dennis for dinner. We had to do up the table cloth because we have but one long one and had been using it. I think all enjoyed the dinner and evening. The first couple had to leave almost at once because they were invited to a musical for the evening.

On Wednesday we attended prayermeeting. Harriet Bontelle (Mt. Holyoke '08) is arrived at last and was there. We all went over to the Public courts and visited with the spectators for while. We had to come around by the house on the way out to dinner and got detained by callers. I was glad not to miss Miss Lambert and Miss Robertson. As soon as they were around the bend we hastened up the hill and over to the Newell's where we were to enjoy a 'weenie roast.' We did enjoy it to the full extent. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Canton were there also. They know Harriet Allen a college classmate of mine. He was a Hartford and Oberlin man so he and Will had to reminisce. It was moonlight when we came home.

That was the hottest night we have had this summer- no wind at all.

Willard went to the city on Thursday so we all got up for a 6.00 breakfast with him. Then we went over to play tennis until 8.00. In the afternoon Flora and I made some calls. Willard was already here when we returned. It was a terribly hot day here until after 4.00 when a breeze came up. Willard said he did not find it so very bad in the city and he evidently was not as weary as after the last day down there.

We had planned to go to Ku Shan on Friday. It was very cloudy at 5.30 and more so at 6.30 and occasionally there were dashes of rain. The coolies finally came up about 9.00 and announced that they did not wish to go as there was to be a typhoon. The gusts of rain and wind continued all morning while we sat on the porch and embroidered or read. It was a most mild form of typhoon, surely, and not recognized by many as such at all.

In the afternoon it cleared beautifully. Flora had a headache so Miss Russell and I went to call at Miss Adam's home where the Y.W.C.A. contingents are staying. Harriet Bontelle is of the number. All the ladies are most pleasant and we had a fine call. We came home via the brownstone bend and found the home deserted. Flora and Will had gone over the hill, Mr. Birkle was off somewhere and Miss Francis was in her room.

Saturday was a full day. I had put the long tablecloth carefully under the short one we were using but on Friday we discovered that it was on the table and had gotten several spots on it. Also we were not sure of the laundry coming up from the city, so we had to do up both napkins and cloth.

Flora and I had invited fifteen children and their parents for the afternoon from 4-6. We played games then served cocoa with sweet crackers and little cakes. I had brought down a lot of those mud[?] images like those I sent home and we gave them to the children as favors to take home. We ended by lining up and playing "I put my right foot in, etc."

There was just time to clear away one party and get ready for dinner guests at 7.00, but we were all dressed and waiting when they arrived. This time it was Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery of Amoy.

Willard's arm is better so he plays tennis with full enjoyment. He has used it almost without thinking for sometime the only thing I have heard him say he couldn't do is carry a baby with it. Mr. Munson (YMCA) brought Eleanor Claire (aged 1 yr) over to call on Tuesday and Willard carried her home. She is a darling sunny little girl. Her baby brother is nearly four weeks old. She likes the dog better because he is more responsive to her advances. We called there one morning and saw both children.

The American mail closes tomorrow so this ought to make a quick passage.

We are planning on our trip to Ku Shan for Wednesday. I say we go the first clear day even if it rains so we have to go Sunday. Mr. Johnson said he hoped it rained the four days so he could see if I would go. I told him he was as wicked as I, to have such hopes.

My field glasses are very useful. I look at views, watch our neighbors who are not hidden by their typhoon walls, watch new arrivals etc. Mr. Hodous says I caught the "Kuliang habit" quickly.

The dentist left on Thursday afternoon and had to leave a lot of work undone at that. Willard has several temporary fillings. In October the dentist returns to Foochow for several weeks and hopes to get through them. One thing he has proved and that is that there is work enough here to warrant the missions supporting a Missionary Dentist. The home Boards refused to help the venture until it was tried out. Dr. Getallins is ready to hand in his statement any time, he says. The people are all well pleased with his work.

I must close and wish you all success and happiness. We are looking for letters tomorrow as a boat was in last night.

Lots of love
Mary Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 1, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. Willard is contemplating hiring a stenographer to help him with his correspondence. He discusses his plans for coming back to the U.S. for his 25th Oberlin College reunion, Stanley and Myra's wedding and Gould and Geraldine's graduation from Putnam High School. Willard thinks his father must be happy about the cause of prohibition. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug 1st 1915

Dear Folks at Home:-

My letter writing has been sadly neglected for a whole month. My register tells of only four letters written for the U.S. These were one a week to Putnam. I felt somewhat easy about you for Flora and Mary were writing and I told them to always send my love and tell you I was here all right. This year more of many kinds of work of a public nature has been put on me by circumstances beyond my control than every before. I am planning to hire a stenographer who is available here now and get off some twenty letters that I must write.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoy the girls. It is the first time I have felt that I could put my feet on the dining table and tilt back in my chair since Sept. 1912. - Which is another way of saying that it feels like home with them here, and that expresses more than pages of adjectives and nice phrases. Both seem quite well and to enjoy the mountain. We have in the house this summer a young man and a young woman who are trying to court specially the young woman and this makes life for the rest of us interesting- specially for the girls when the couple sit up late and talk just outside their window.

The past week we have been rather gay altho I did not think of it at the time. Tuesday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Dennis of the Y.M.C.A. and Dr. and Mrs. Gillette of our mission here for dinner, and Wed. evening we went to Mrs. Newell's for dinner and Thursday I went to Foochow and Friday evening read China Under the Empress Dowager and Sat p.m. the girls invited some dozen children and their mothers here and in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery of Amoy were here for dinner. The mountain is full this year and we have had to put extra chairs in the church today. The weather has been fine- too fine for the farmers- we should have rain. Telegrams report a very disastrous typhoon in Shanghai last Thursday.

This next week is full of meetings daily. 9:30 – 10:30 the “conventions” with a sermon each day. 10:45 – 12:00 a Conference on Evangelism. 4 or 5 Chinese Conventions. Then the week after came lots of other things- Associations and meetings etc.

I think of you as just thru haying- perhaps the road still to mow- If all goes well I'll be there for a few days of it next year- the mission has noted to let me go home a little after May 1- 1916 and get back Sept. 1st. I shall plan my stay to get to Oberlin for my 25th reunion. This will be about June 11-20.

Then I must see Gould and Geraldine graduate about June 23 or 24. I must write Stanley and Myra that they must not wait for me to marry them. I might get it in June 20-22, - between Oberlin and Putnam- but they will want it in May and I am afraid that is out of the question for me.

Father must rejoice greatly over the victory of the cause of prohibition. It is interesting to see the growing dry territory in the U.S. The wave seems to be world wide- France and Russian too are influence. England is having a harder time.

War telegrams do not create much excitement here. Wilson seems to be the man for the place- calm, cool, safe, dependable. He has the position of the world today most strategic. I pray that God will keep him cool and clear of brain and free from all selfishness and use him to help bring justice among the nations- this must come first-then world peace.

I have been thinking of Gould as at the farm this past month. I hope to hear from him while he is there and send love to him now.

With love to all

Will.

[This letter dated Aug. 8, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He talks about graduations and reminisces on his own. He gives Phebe advice on receiving honors. He and some of the other men worked out a five year campaign of evangelism for the province. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners

For

Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug 8th 1915

Dear Phebe:-

This is the last letter I shall address to you at Putnam for a long time-possibly until I see you in Oberlin next June if God lets us carry out our plans. Since last Sunday your good letter just after graduation has come and the last mail brought Kathleen's letter and an envelope containing your graduation program etc. and also Dorothy's graduation program. Your letter is very interesting with its whirl of dizzy rushing just before graduation to get

ready in breathless haste for the occasion. I suppose half the spice would be left out of these occasions tho if there was not the hurrying. - You give a good picture of Christine. I am glad she is developing so nicely and I hope she may continue to grow to give her parents joy. Your account of the High School graduation with its picnic, reception, dance, class day, etc. etc. takes me back to 1887 in what was then Birmingham [*in Connecticut. I believe it is now called Derby.*]. We had one evening when each one of us read an essay or delivered an oration, - and it was all over, - but it was a great occasion- the greatest graduation I ever had. College did not compare with it and Seminary graduation was tame. I am glad so many from Shelton and B-port could come. Auth Ruth's letter adds some touches to your account,- auto rides notable, and Leolyn's episode. I shall look longingly for that picture of the family with Gould waiting anxiously to get to the farm.

But the most interesting part of your letter is the philosophical part, which is perfectly natural. Not to desire honors is to be unnatural, and I think to say one does not desire them is in many instances dishonest. Yet most people place a too-high and often a false value on them. You will take away from your work of the past three years in the Putnam High School just what you have put into it, and honors could not have added to or subtracted from its value to you. You have much more than the marks you have received in your different studies. In each of these you have creditable record- more than that- a good record and in addition you have a knowledge of home keeping, cooking, piano, violin, C.E. work and S.S. work, and letter writing. In this letter I should be tempted in marking to give 100+. What shall I do to learn during this next year what is going on at home. Perhaps they will write you and you will send the letters on to me. In college I suggest that you do not take on such work as C.E. and S.S. work the first year. Get well started in the College life first. Keep up your music, but outside of that devote yourself pretty rigidly to the regular college studies. I think you will spend less time in going to lectures and entertainments than you have in Putnam. Above all keep yourself feeling fresh. Don't allow yourself to get all tired out, so your knees shake and you feel nervous. A person cannot be said to be educated if he does not know how to take care of himself so that he has all his powers at his command all the time. Enter the Gymnasium at once and when you go to Gym, have a good time- forget that there is a book in the world and make play of your exercise, play tennis- basketball. Go to bed at 10 p.m. or earlier. Have a definite time for the preparation of each lesson and let nothing steal that time from you- and let nobody steal it from you. Cultivate happy and hopeful thoughts. Don't think of honors, but do each hour's duties to the best of your ability, honestly, - and honors will come to you- not possibly those for which you have worked, but they will come as surprise and be of real value. Then there are honors beside high marks. In my own experience I stood highest of 80 pupils in the first year of high school when I was 16 years old. I was the most astonished lad on earth when I went to school that morning and learned the fact. I did not even know that a prize was offered. But for the other honors- I mean like your Ivy Oration etc. you may have heard me say that I have been chosen as President of my class in every institution I have attended, in my senior year, - High school, College and Seminary. Honors of some kind are sure to come to the person who is faithful in his daily work and who tries to be helpful as he goes thru life, - I must go to church now.

9:30 p.m.

This afternoon we had the communion at the close of the Convention week, - a long service. It has been a full week with the two meetings, each morning and several committee meetings thrown in. Wednesday we of #74 all went to Kushan Monastery. Miss Ward, Miss Blanchard, a Miss Bontell of the Holyoke College and Mr. Storrs went with us. Just as I was out of my bath after getting home a committee meeting was announced at 8 pm at Mr. McLachlins. In the Conference of Evangelism the day before I had suggested a province-wide evangelistic campaign to cover a period of years- say five. And several of the men were meeting that evening consider asking Mr. Munson to be the Secretary for such a plan. He had been to Foochow that day. Mac had just come up with a hard cold. Dr. Turner came in a chair in his Kimono and half sick and I had been to Kushan. But we worked out a plan and it went thru yesterday morning at the closing meeting. This is the largest thing we have ever had before us.

Mon evening Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Miss VanderLinden and Mr. Carpenter were for dinner. Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Munson and Mr. and Mrs. Newell were here.

I am much grateful that you are anticipating College- enjoy it, in fact try to enjoy all life, then each year will be better than its predecessor.

I have not written any thing about your studies and I cannot in detail. I would suggest that you plan for the Kindergarten course- unless you have changed your mind. I shall ask God to direct you. May He keep you all

Very Lovingly Your Father Willard L Beard

[This letter dated **Aug. 15, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They received a letter from their brother Oliver who recently lost his daughter, Olive. She tells of various social events they have had and attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang

Aug 15, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

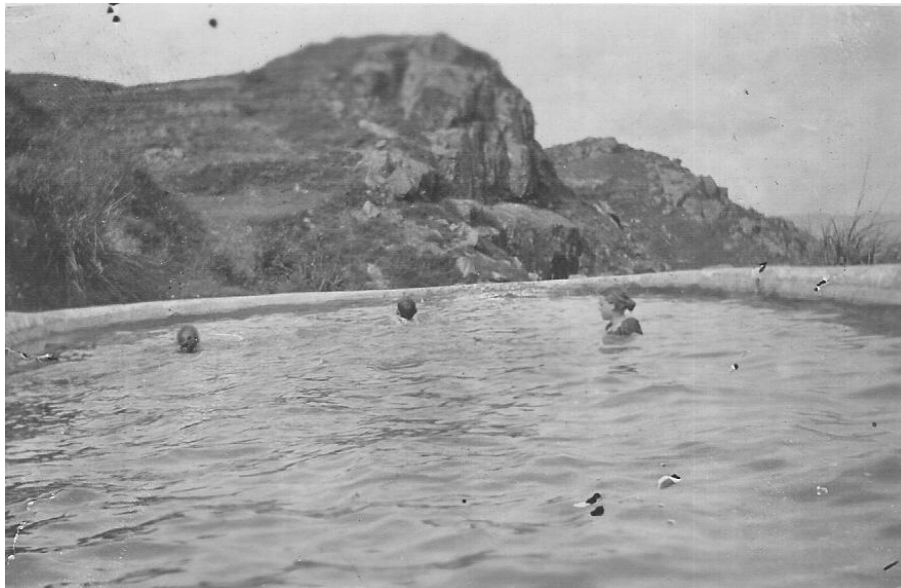
This week brought two letters from home and two for Willard from Putnam, and one from Oliver. It is the first one from Oliver since Olive left him- and we were all so glad to get it. Phebe and Geraldine both write of your visit, Ruth and Leolyn, and of that of the Bridgeport girls. Geraldine evidently missed Olive keenly and both girls write that Gracie seems to feel the loss very much.

Monday began the week with a swimming party of ladies at 3.30. Eleven of us went in. Mrs. Hodous let her home be dressing room and ours was tea home. It was nearly 5.00 when we finally arrived for tea. Others came in so we served 28 ladies and children and 4 men. Several invited guests were kept away by a rehearsal for "The Holy City." That night it was so calm that we brought our ordinary lamp outside and read on the porch.



Written in album: "In the swimming pool"

[Kuliang 1915 Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kuliang swimming pool

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

Tuesday afternoon we went swimming again. Then we went over to the courts to watch the tennis tournament. We could not stay long because Mr. Jones had invited us over to the bachelor's mess for dinner at 7.00 o'clock. For once men were more numerous than ladies, two to one.

On Wednesday we had swimming before breakfast. After the 4.30 Prayer Meeting we came directly home to dress for the "Immigration Party." Flora and I went as Egyptians and dressed in sheets. Willard was an Indian returning from a trip abroad. The star of the evening was Mr. Jones as a French general. He wore white trousers, black coat and white three cornered hat. His epaulets were bedroom slippers attached by large safety pins. He wore several round marking tags as badges, one curtain panel and one wooden pulley holder. He had a wooden leg and arm as results of bullets so was very stiff and angular. As he is tall and slender and wears a pointed beard anyway he was fine.

Mr. Newell was a Dutch boy and carried off his part well. Mrs. Perkins as a Belgian refugee was a beauty.

Over the door of the porch was a sign "Ellis Isle"- and just inside, at a table, sat the "Inspector." We were motioned to seats and soon the roll was called. After roll call we went out for "eats." Each took a dish of soup and some zwieback as we went to our places. Then we got up and got into line. First we took plate etc.; then we came to a table containing, "Indian corn", "Psaltries", "Macaroni a la' Italian next "Salade a la' France"; then "Weenies", "Sauerkraut" and "Brot". The weenies were roasted for us by the two boys. They also served the cocoa and cake later.

When we returned the "Inspector" examined some of the party and found several ineligible.

Lastly we each wrote a line of a letter to Miss Bosworth and answered a few questions using our initials as those[?] of the answers.

It was 11.30 when we got in. The joke was on us because we could not make out from the invitation whether it was for dinner or not. We ate lightly but some of the guests had eaten a hearty dinner before over.

Willard was off at 6.30 the next morning for Foochow. I was up in time to eat with him and everyone was out to see him off. That afternoon we went over to watch the tournament after stopping at Miss Lambert's sale. We saw some awfully good tennis. I stayed late because I was to eat at home. Flora returned early because she and Will were to dine with the Nightingales.

Friday we again watched tennis but all had to leave at 6.00 because we had guests invited for 7.00. Dr. and Mrs. Lacy came although they had had a granddaughter born at their home that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith were the other guests.

Yesterday afternoon Willard and I walked over for him to do some business with Mr. Belcher. I visited with Mr. B. and Charles Francis, aged 5 weeks. Later I went in to see Mrs. Cooper a minute. She has been ill for a month and has only just begun to see people. Later we all dressed and went out to super with 5 A.B.C.F.M. ladies. We arose from the table and all hastened our steps to the Club for the "Heathen[?] Concert." There are some fine voices here and the people are most delightful about using them. Yesterday morning we breakfasted with the Ford's on the other side of the hill. Willard had business so Flora and I came home and made calls along the way. Mrs. MacLachlin was out but we sat on her porch and watched a party of transfers[?] make the last stretch up Ku Shan mountain. Then we called at Mrs. Munson's and played with Eleanor Claire and Dora.

Miss Strang was here for a short stay this morning waiting for Willard to return from Chinese church.

Our family begins to scatter this week. The three "not Beards" all leave before another Sunday but Flora and I leave on the first boat after another Sunday. Our "couple" hardly can spare time to sleep now that the time is so short. They take no day nap and sit up until 11.00 or later every night.

Willard thinks he is writing a home letter but his position and snore signify that he is mistaken.

We have clever children here too. Niel Newell put Dwight up to throwing the bucket down the well as a joke on the boy. His parents were remonstrating with them about that and also about a habit of pulling plaster off the walls just as the ice cream man came along. "No ice cream," says mother, "and we will use our money to fix the home where you have harmed it." So Neil says, "I don't like ice cream. Mother didn't you think it would be a good punishment to make us eat some?"

On Saturday began my "sure nuff" vacation because I stopped my class the day before. I had been up 28 times. That means I am in a few dollars to help pay for all the curios I have purchased this summer.

The Educational Convention was held this week. Willard had to preside as Chairman. Flora went down all one morning. I went for part of the time. They met in the club which is small and not well ventilated. We had the best seats, there on the veranda. A Chinese girl gave one of the papers and it was most scholarly.

Tomorrow evening we give a party and have about 28 people in all. We three are out every evening but one. On Friday we go to dinner and there with our host and hostess to an evening party. This is getting to be the gay life!!

I shall mail the suit of underwear from Shanghai as we go thru. I have put in a caned chair which you can keep or give for Christmas, just as you like. It is very cheap out here 50 cents silver, but rather pretty and odd. We leave on the first boat after next Sunday.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This partial letter dated **about Aug. 23, 1915** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. All summer everyone thought Miss Francis and Mr. Birkel were either or would become engaged. Both left Kuliang without an announcement of any kind. There has been much tennis playing on Kuliang this summer. Mary and Flora plan to leave for Shanghai within a couple of days. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Aug 23, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Mother's letter with the shoe ribbons came a week ago. I am very glad to have them for mine have given out and I've had to use what I could get which weren't much.

I am enclosing the memorandum which I kept for our use during the last two weeks here on Kuliang. This by no means fills in the entire day for we did a lot of work besides this.

On Friday Miss Russell and Miss Francis left for their steamer to Shanghai. Miss Francis, who has been spending all her spare moments with Mr. Birkel all the summer, would not acknowledge their engagement. We're all feeling somewhat disgusted with their performances. Mary played a few pranks on them but never the crack of a smile or any recognition could be gotten out of them. Perhaps she has told you so I'll not repeat.

We have had a fine summer. After the first week of rain we had no more except a few showers a week or two ago. It has been a record summer for heat but it has never been unbearable as long as we stayed at home. After 4 o'clock it cools off so that the tennis courts have been very popular. There has been an unusual amount of tennis ability here this summer, and the men's doubles have spent two afternoons from 4.30 to 6.30 trying to win on one side and each afternoon had to stop because of the dark, and each time it was a tie. Some of the playing has been fine. There must have been over a hundred watching and the nice thing about the crowd has been the applause for a fine play on either side. It happened that the sides are divided -two English men against a French man and an American.

There has been a remarkable amount of ability in music here also, and the work done in giving "The Holy City" was wonderful when one knows that the time of preparation was only four weeks. There was a chorus of about thirty voices.

Yesterday Mr. Birkel left. Such luke warmness in a man I've seldom seen. He was perfectly willing to let his lady love precede him by a few hours down the mountain!

We have quite enjoyed to-day by ourselves. We wrote letters all the morning and the two brothers- Neff- came over for tiffin. We heard a lot of very interesting news about Hainan and the neighboring islands, where one of the 'Neffs' has been teaching in an agricultural college. He is going back to U.S. to take up law in Ohio somewhere.

Mary wants you to send to her a pair of soles for her be slippers- No. [# or size not filled in].

I will write some more in Shanghai as we expect to leave in a day or two.

[Any remaining pages are missing.]

*[This 2 1/2 "X3" note dated **Aug. 26, 1915** was written from Shanghai, China by Flora to her family in Shelton. She is just letting them know that she and Mary made it safely from Foochow to Shanghai and will be leaving for Tientsin within a couple of days. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug, 26, 1915]

Shanghai: Aug. 26:- We have had a fine trip up from Foochow and have two days here before we start on for Tientsin. So far we have dodged typhoons and we hope to be as fortunate the rest of the way.

We left Will well.

Lovingly- F. Beard.

I am sending by this same mail a sealed letter containing six handkerchiefs to Miss Brewster. – F.B.

[This letter dated Aug. 29, 1915 was written from the China Navigation Company's S.S. Tungchow by Mary to the ones at home. They are on their way from Shanghai to Tientsin a day later than originally planned. While waiting to leave they visited St. John's college. She talks about the trip on the steamer, a stop in Pei Ho and Mr. Mills inviting her out to sleep on the rear deck much to Flora's dismay. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

China Navigation Company's
S.S. Tungchow, Aug. 29.- 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

We are on the second stretch of our journey at last. The steamer finally sailed just 24 hours later than first scheduled but we were comfortable at Mrs. Lacy's with Miss Oldroid as hostess. When we sent our heavy baggage, two trunks, two boxes and four chairs, to the steamer the boy brought back word of the postponement. Flora and I then ordered a carriage- and took a drive out to St. John's college. The driver did not know the way or misunderstood, - and gave us a mile or two extra trip by beautiful homes and two large Chinese Colleges to a French Institution. The St. John's buildings were nearly all closed and we could get into none, but the grounds were beautiful. It was like a bit of home with its green campus laid out with clumps of bushes to divide it off.

The buildings are red brick trimmed with gray and all strutting foreign style on the exterior at least. They look like college buildings. Last evening we went down to the "Gardens" to hear the Shanghai Band play. They gave a concert two hours long and mighty good. The band plays in the garden every evening from 9-11 except Tuesday and Friday. Then it plays in the afternoon, once in the gardens and once out at Recreation Park. We heard it on Friday afternoon at the Park. Both the Parks and Gardens are run by the Shanghai Municipality Council and are strictly for foreigners.

We left the Bund [*an embankment on the waterfront*] this morning at 10.00 and are now nearing the mouth of the river (4.30 P.M.) The water is just as rough as it was coming from Foochow but the Tungchow is several times larger than the Haeen. Our Stateroom is a regular palace. Instead of bunks we have two iron beds fast to the walls. Each of us has a wash stand with mirror, a special seat for our suitcase, two racks for bundles and a large hook to hang things on. There are two windows and plenty of space.

The boat is full. Children are legion and of all ages. Most of them are going to Cheefoo or Wei Hai Wei for the month of September. All of the little ones have Amahs so are not underfoot of we passengers.

I have been watching our cocoa sea. It looks nice and rich and as we plough through it we make it look as though it was coated with whipped cream. We will hardly get into clear water tonight because the current carries the mud so far out.

We are very swell with our own chairs. We chose the two easiest that we are taking for the school and had the other two tied securely together.

The Saturday night before we left the mountain Laura Ward gave a Holyoke spread. Mrs. Peet, Laura, Harriet Bontelle and I were the only graduates. Mrs. Thompson was there one year and Helen Smith is planning to go. The other guests were Mr. Peet, Mr. Thomson and the four ladies with whom Laura lives. We tried to have a college table- Mrs. Peet was faculty, I was senior opposite, Laura and Harriet were freshmen and waited on table. The boys were relegated to the pantry or kitchen. Helen Smith was interested as could be but very quiet. After supper we played games or talked for awhile. Willard and Flora called for me and Mr. Smith for Helen. They came in and waited while we sang our songs and then some popular ones for them to join with us. Flora and Will feasted out on the rocks that night.

Sept. 2- We are in the Pei Ho and will reach Tientsin in about two hours. We did not even see Wei Hai Wei as we came through because we stopped from 5.30-7.30 A.M. There was great hurrying and scurrying to get the passengers off and new ones on. It was 11.30 when we reach Cheefoo. We staid on the steamer until after lunch then went ashore for two hours. We took a rickshaw ride out past the C.I.M. school for foreign children. It is a very large establishment. Then we went up the hill and home by the upper road past the large vineyards. We stopped at McMullans and I got a silk collar and some lace.

On the way to the jetty we bought a basket of fruit because in Cheefoo they raise fine foreign apples, pears, peaches and grapes. These with the pomolos we bought in Shanghai we shall portion out to our various friends in Peking and Tungchow.

At Cheefoo Mr. Mills and two trained nurses whom he knew got me so we have had company. Fortunately the sea smoothed down so we had energy to do more than hold down a long chair. It was awfully choppy up to there. We were delayed at Cheefoo by the amount of cargo we had to discharge so were too late for the early tide yesterday. We had to anchor outside the Taiku [*pronounced tie 'goo according to the ABCFM*] bar for about four hours then we came in to Tang Ku and tied up at the wharf until six this morning. We arrived before dark so took a walk out toward the point. It is always a great relief to me to set foot on terra firma. Poor Flora, I do shock her so!! Last night Mr. Mills said there was a cool spot on the rear deck and proposed that we occupy it. We did. Flora was so shocked that soon she sent out a note asking me to come to bed. I am being well looked after you see!! I did not see anything either improper or shocking in my conduct and laughed as did Mr. Mills when I told him the contents of the note.

As we came across the bar yesterday we passed a steamer stuck there. They would have to wait until the tide floated them off.

We had on board a Mr. Odell, U.S. Commissioner of Commerce and his sister and husband. They were so all important that they amused me greatly. They got off at Tang Ku and took the evening train to Tientsin. It made quite a cavalcade as they went off with their baggage.

This will show our safe arrival at Tientsin. Next we will write from Tungchow. Train service is such that we must spend tonight in Peking.

Lots of love. We did have such a good summer with Will. The best part is that he professes just as much enjoyment as we do.

Lovingly, Mary Beard.

7.35 A.M.



Flora and Mary (in the light colored suits) on board the "Tungchow" 1915
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **Aug. 29, 1915**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Mary and Flora were on Kuliang with Willard for the summer. He talks about a the Lacy missionary family. Willard's daughter, Phebe, is beginning college. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

#74 Kuliang.

Foochow, China

Aug 29 – 1915

Dear Gould:-

The longer I am away from you all the harder it is for me to wait patiently for your letters. The last two mails brought me nothing from either Putnam or Shelton, and it seems a month since I have a letter from home, when in reality it has been only 17 days since Geraldine's nice, long, interesting letter arrived. The last news from

Shelton spoke of you as cultivating corn and of all as just getting ready for strawberries. Then would come haying and then odds and ends of work. The month after haying was to me always the least interesting of the whole year on the farm,- largely I think because I was tired from the unusually hard work of haying, and partly because there was the time to do many little [words missing because of some substance] not show much, and then this I think is the most enervating [words missing] of the year. You are right in it now as I write. I wonder what you are doing. You must have had an interesting time this summer with Frederick. You also knew his older brothers. How does he compare with them? Where is he in school? The last mail brought a good letter from his father who was spending a month at Lake Mohawk I believe.

The summer on Kuliang has been a very full one for me.- But I have gotten a good rest out of it and already feel like a new man. I'm certainly getting rest now- if being quiet is rest. Aunt Flora and Mary left last Monday. I went down with them, saw them on the launch at 10 p.m. Monday. Then went to my house in the city arriving at 11:30. Slept well until 8 a.m. Tuesday, worked till 11, took a nap, ate lunch, started at 2 p.m., called on Ding Ming Uong until 3, then started for the mountain.

My whole force of servants is still here.- But I am taking lunch each day with Mr. and Mrs. Hodous- breakfast at home and supper at home- unless someone asks me out,- which is half the time. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous go down next Wed. Then I shall take lunch with Mrs. Munson in Dr. Bliss' cottage, and I shall plan to go down about a week from tomorrow or next day Sept. 6 or 7.

The Bath has been most popular this year. I had it thoroughly repaired at the beginning of the season and it has been full of water all the time. The ladies have two mornings in the week before breakfast and they say there are 10 or more in frequently. Some mornings there are 12 of us men in, and often there are 10 or 15 in during the day. Tennis has been most interesting. The weather has been perfect for this. As it is well written up in the Register I'll not speak of it in detail here. Harry Worley has surprised all by his good playing. I never saw better singles than when he beat Dr. Montgomery and when he and a Mr. Rentoul of [words missing] Montgomery and Pakenhou-Walsh twice. Henry Lacy is also [words missing] good tennis.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Lacy are here. All their sons are in China and Alice plans to come. She is in college now. Walter the eldest is teaching in the Anglo-Chinese College. Henry is in charge of a High School in Ngu Cheng. Carleton is the only minister. He is likely to be somewhere in central China. He was here for a few weeks, preached one of the best sermons we have heard this summer two weeks ago. Did you ever notice that one hears a great many addresses, sermons etc and he really assimilates a very, very small part of them? Think over the addresses you have heard during the past year and tell just what in any of them impressed you so as to make you think. At the time you were listening it may have seemed interesting and pleasing, but did it so take hold of you that it stuck and became a part of you. In the addresses I have heard during the past year two stand out in this way. Mr. Neff preached last summer and I got this to me a great big thought out of his sermon. I must have as my principle business in life- to express Jesus Christ to men,- that as I must be such a man as shall make people think of Him when they meet me- The coolies must think of such a man as Jesus - if they do not know Him when they meet me, and I must be a friend- brother, father and husband of such a kind as to make all think of Jesus, or see something about me that leads them to think of Him- I wrote of this a year ago. It has stuck. Carleton Lacy said that people remember two things about a man, his name and his message. It is not a great thing to leave a big name,- A man may build a college or a library or a tennis court or a swimming pool or even a church or may start a piece of work, that will cause men to remember his name, but that is very different from the message Washington [words missing] all men are born free and equal. I shall [words missing] Lyman Abbott for teaching me that the Life of God is in the Soul of Man. I shall remember the message of Pres. James H. Fairchild of Oberlin during my student days there- Benevolence is the great virtue, and my responsibility is only as great as my ability. I can then always do what is required of me, and if any one tries to make me think I ought to do what is beyond my power to do, he is overreaching his authority. I shall never forget what satisfaction this truth gave me as I realized it. I can always do as much and that which I ought to do- any thing beyond this is not my duty.

Irving Lacy is in Shanghai in charge of the Meth. Book Careers[?] there.

The drought has been pretty bad in the plain. But last Wed. a good shower came and every day since there have been showers on different sides of us and today again we have had a nice shower. This means no typhoon just now.

I am sending mama the printed minutes from our Annual Meeting of the Mission and some of the papers discussed at our Conference on Evangelism and the program of the Holy City and an invitation.

I pray especially that Phebe may be guided by God in beginning College and that you may be given light as you think of your life vocation,- whatever you choose, have a message to give to the world and live that message out as well [words missing] look forward to seeing you next summer when [words missing] talk this over- not necessarily to settle it, that only one person can do- yourself but get all light possible and then go ahead as far as the

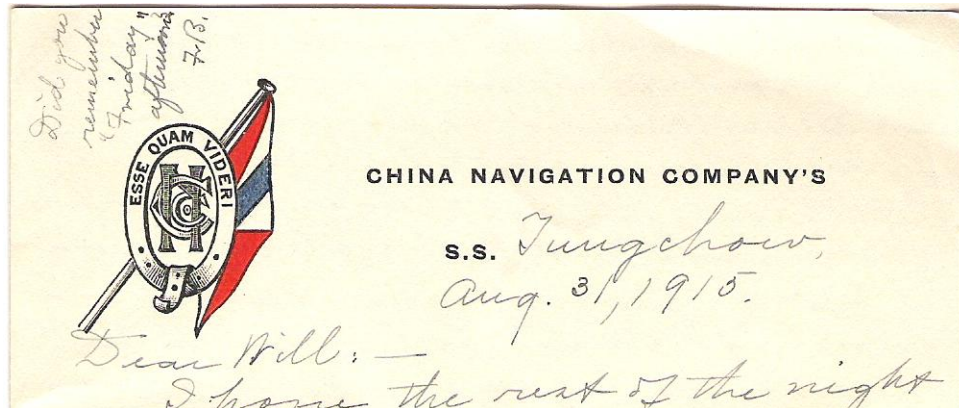
light shines. More will then be shed. Be perfectly honest with yourself with other men and with God. Follow what you feel you ought to do rather than what you want to do.

May God keep, bless, guide and use each of you to help men and glorify Him.

Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Aug. 31, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to Willard. She tells of the noisy first night aboard the steamer at Foochow and getting to know the kind captain. From Shanghai they were on the finest boat on the coast and she describes it and the passengers. The sea has been a little rough at times. They will be about three days late getting to Tungchow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]



Did you remember "Friday afternoons"? F.B.

China Navigation Company's
Tungchow,
Aug. 31, 1915.

Dear Will:-

I hope the rest of the night (after we left you) was as comfortable for you as it was for us. The moonlight and the breeze made our trip down river quite delightful. We reached the steamer about midnight and went right to bed to perspire and to sleep (?). They were loading coffin boards- most of the night- boards which weighed nearly a half ton. In my sleep it seemed as if the whole crew were having a regular war dance, when they worked themselves up to a climax and with one concerted shout jumped and landed like a ton of lead. That must have been the thud of the huge board on the floor of the hold. There was no use trying to sleep late so about 6 A.M. I arose and dressed, and went on deck. The steamer was still surrounded by dozens of junks- full. I saw the captain looking over the rail so I ventured (!) to speak to him. He was most civil in answering me, and we talked for a few minutes about the time of sailing, then I left him. He apologized for his costume (I had not noticed he was in his pajamas) - and said, "It's before 8 o'clock." Later on in the morning he came of his own free will and talked a long time with me, got a huge book of England pictures and stood by my side while I looked at them. He untied the chairs (had one of the deck hands do it) that are always roped together on the front of the deck, and they were left free for the rest of the trip! He lent me his copy of the Bryce report on conditions in Belgium and then told me all about his family and showed me the pictures of his daughters! He spent a lot of time on us all and quite redeemed his former reputation. There was a peculiar phenomenon on the water and he came down from the bridge to show it to us, saying, "You have heard of 'painting the town red', well, I'll show you the sea painted red." Sure enough, there was a long irregular stretch of vermillion sea, which we presently sailed right through. He said he thought it was a kind of fish spawn and it looked quite like it. He said whales fed on it. [Crill?]

We enjoyed Dr. Turner very much. He was suffering all the way but was up and around all the time. He helped see that our things were on to the steamer and also to get them off. Our steamer had to anchor out in midstream at Shanghai, so it was a great kindness to be helped on to shore. It was very early in the morning when we anchored and Mary and I got to the Lacy's before they were up. They did not think we would arrive so soon. We left our big baggage for the man to get later.

We had plenty of time to get all our shopping done and to spend all our money (!). When the sailing of the steamer was put off for twenty four hours we did not know what to do with ourselves so we took a carriage and drove out to St. John's College. Our mafu evidently did not understand our wishes for he landed us at the French orphanage much farther on. There we met a 'Father' and he directed the mafu so that we did get to the college. We walked about a little and then returned home- glad that we got to see more than we had intended. In the evening we went to the park to hear the band concert. Each had a chair (like your canvas one at the mountain) and listened to the music while we reclined.

We finally sailed from Shanghai on Sunday at 10 A.M. and we are on the finest boat on the coast. It is only a year old and it has all the improvements. The cabins are large enough so that the berths N.B-6 ft. 6 in. long are on each side of the door and no uppers. We have two windows 18 in. X 24 in. each so there is plenty of air- especially as we are on the windy side. It was all I could do to get on this steamer for every cabin was taken, but they put two men into one cabin so we got ours. There are more than a dozen children on board- fine looking ones. About eight of them are on their way to school either in Chefoo or Tientsin. It seems there is a large Catholic school in Tientsin. One of the teachers of the Kuliang school is here taking four of the Kuliang students to Chefoo. That school was an overflow of the Chefoo school and they have decided to add to Chefoo rather than to rebuild at Kuliang.

This has been a fine trip so far. The ocean was like a "mill pond" much of the way up to Shanghai, but it has been a little rough this way. Mary has not felt happy much of the way- just enough to keep her sleepy. She has eaten all her meals, but has not felt like exercising. The cuisine of this boat is fine. We are having pomelos and Chefoo apples which are quite a little similar to our red astrakans at home. The meats and pastries are very appetizing.

After leaving Chefoo. - We had quite a few hours at Chefoo so we went on land, rode out to the School and back by the vineyards, of which there are acres and acres over the mountain sides. Mr. Mills, whose mother is a Pres. Missionary at Chefoo, was sailing with us, so we have an acquaintance on board now. There is also a Methodist lady from Soochow here who knows Miss Francis. We met Mr. Mills last winter when he visited Peking and stayed in our compound. He is 6 ft. 4 in. tall and has one eye that looks in the wrong direction. He says it has been most useful in discipline for the boys never can tell whether or not he is looking at them.

Since we left Chefoo the sea is as calm as can be and Mary is feeling tip top again. We had to stay so long at Chefoo that we have lost our tide at Taku so must wait twenty-four hours at Tongku before we can go up the river- by daylight. The result for us is that we shall be two days late. We could go on by rail if it were not for our baggage; but as it does not add to our expense to stay we shall not hasten on. I am sorry not to be back when I said I would but it cannot be helped.

It is delightfully cool- almost too cold. We wore our jackets on land yesterday and were not too warm even when walking.

Thurs. 7.30 A.M. - We are nearing Tientsin- will be there in two hours. It is cold this morning, so my thin banana jacket seems hardly enough. We shall get only as far as Peking to-night, and go on to Tungchou to-morrow- three days late- but not our fault.

Mary sends love with me-

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China

[This letter dated Sept. 5, 1915 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to daughter Kathleen. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Ellen and the children are in Connecticut while Willard is in China. He is looking forward to seeing the family picture. He talks of the other various missionary families there.]

#74 Kuliang

Foochow, China

Sept. 5th 1915

Dear Kathleen:-

It was very nice last evening to receive your letter telling me that the twins [*Aunt Etta's children, Millicent and Harry Stewart Hume, b. 3/16/1911*]. *Etta is Ellen Kinney Beard's sister.*] had come to Putnam. I had been told that Aunt Etta and the children were coming but Mama forgot to write in her letter and I should not have known that

they had arrived if you had not written. I wonder also about Geraldine going to Columbia [*Columbia, CT*]. Did she go? And did she enjoy it? I suppose you will be in school third grade when this reaches you. What are you studying? We thought of you on August 10th when you were seven years old. I am trying to wait patiently until the family picture arrives. Some of you have written two or three times about it and the Shelton people have written about it. All say it is very good except Mama. And she always sees the bad things about a photograph. As she mentioned only a few about this one I concluded it must be a very good one.



This is probably the photo that Willard was referring to.
[*Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard.*]



Probably Aunt Etta Kinney Hume's fraternal twins - Harry and Millicent Hume (born 1911)
[Photo in the Oberlin archives]

This last week I went to Foochow twice. On Tuesday, to see the new church and to do other things that are always coming up. Then Mrs. Dr. Cooper died on Wed. evening and I went down for the funeral on Thursday. This going down twice in one week spoils the whole week. I get tired enough so I want to rest the remainder of the time. And Wed. night I was running all over the mountain from 9:30 till 1 a.m. Thursday morning and up again at 5:30 Thursday a.m.

Mrs. Bankhard's little girl about eighteen months old is very ill here on the mountain with a fever.

I have my house full again. Mrs. Belcher has a little baby about seven weeks old and she was living with Dr. and Mrs. Cooper. The house they were living in is very much shut in and she was lonely over there. So I asked them to move over here. They all came over yesterday. Baby Charles is a fine boy.- sleeps all the time,- This evening his mother and father and I tried to waken him in vain at 6:45 to eat. Now at 8:30 he is still asleep. You will enjoy him and Marion Jean Newell and Dom Munson (and there will be more by the time you get here) when you come out next summer.

Kuliang is getting quite thinly peopled. The church was only about half full this afternoon. And many are going down this week. Every house has been full this summer except the one where Dr. Gracey used to stay way over near Mr. Siemssens. I must go down Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning to be ready for the Girl's Student Conference. I am the only man among the leaders and there are about a dozen ladies.

The new church is most ready for the roof timbers. I shall be glad to be in Foochow to see about it for the supporting of the roof is a very important part of the building, and this is supported in a new way. As soon as the Conference closes College opens- Sept. 15.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Bidwell of Kansas City saying that he was sending me a suit of clothes!! and a notice from the Japanese P.O. informs me that they have for me a parcel containing "1 vest 1 coat 1 pant." I shall be greatly interested to see what the clothes will be like - color- quality -size etc. I see they are worth \$15.00.

Letters from Aunt Mary say they were leaving Shanghai last Sunday at 11:30 am. All has gone very pleasantly thus far with them. They were staying in Mrs. Lacy's house in Shanghai- only Irving and Dr. Lacy's Secretary were there. They had all business done and expected to start north Sat. But the boat was delayed a day, so they took a carriage and went out to St. John's University. The driver got lost and gave them a nice long ride - without extra cost.

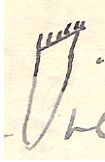
Lovingly your Father
 Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Sept. 10, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the work that is being done in the house/school. They are purchasing items for the school and talks about the others who will help with the teaching. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sept 10th [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

We began the week with a home full of workmen. Some started to fill the cracks in the paint with a peculiar pink putty which has a horrid smell like decayed fish or eggs. The next set of men started about 12-24 hours later and washed woodwork, then when that was dry another set started to apply oil and at another interval came a fourth set with varnish. I just wish you could see the oiling done. Each man has a minute rag which he saturates with oil, then they rub over the surface with their hands. The cracks are done by one special man who has a native brush with very short bristles. For applying the varnish they have a brush one degree better than ours.



They are shaped thus. The slant makes it possible to get into small places quite easily. So far two floors are all done, the third nearly oiled and the fourth ready to be washed.

On Monday night four of us went swimming in the fish pond. The moon was glorious and the night was warm and quiet. Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Porter sat in the boat and held a rope which could be used to rescue us but we did not need it.

The water looks clear but I think looks are deceiving because my bathing suit was awfully dirty, so was I. It was good fun anyway. On Wednesday evening we had a special compound meeting to see what aid the members could give in teaching in case we obtained no assistance. I auctioned off a German class which has since returned, a Latin class (in case Mrs. Porter does not also get a request to teach English in the girl's school); a History class and two English classes. Today we heard of one new possibility for assistant so again live in hopes. This lady is in Peking so we will not be long in suspense.

Yesterday Flora spent the day in Peking buying crockery. She did not get much because the stock is so depleted and the storekeepers are getting in nothing new. In Tientsin we found much American stock and at fairly reasonable prices. I got Colgate's tooth paste and could have gotten anything in Colgate's list. Flora got Queen Quality shoes.

Both Mr. Beers and Mr. Gordon appeared on the noon train yesterday. I spent my afternoon settling furniture over at the Corbett home and so was caught unawares in an awfully dirty middy. I never let on that I felt dirty and hope they did not notice too carefully. Mr. Gordon seems very interesting and as though he would be good ballast for our boys. He suggests the position of older brother rather than one of supreme authority. I like it for two reasons, one it will produce a feeling of good fellowship, and second that Flora returns the position of highest authority anyway and doesn't yield even the small details easily. Mr. G. said that he heard that one of the boys was boasting that he was going to keep the men at the dormitory interested. Both men began boarding with us last night but Mr. Beers is ill today so we have seen but little of him.

We had our first regular church service this afternoon. Mr. W?? read a sermon that he had chosen to read last Spring. Illness prevented his using it. It was good but brief.

I am finding Mrs. Porter most interesting on better acquaintance. She "nears" to be better every day. She is going to take a Latin class if her other work will permit. Unfortunately her two children are too young for our school and not near enough together to put into the same work. Hence she must teach the whole gamut of both first and second grade.

We had a letter from Will this week. He was just at Shanghai. The strict quarantine on all steamers from Japan had delayed them in landing. The paper says that Japan will no longer publish the number of cases because it is unduly alarming other nations and hurting her trade.

Mrs. Sweeny is going to be a pleasant addition to our numbers. She is jolly and not overworked. It looks good to see someone who has time to stroll just to stroll, not to get as much exercise into as short a time as possible. She has time to top for a social chat at any home and is interested in us all equally.

Tomorrow we have a compound dinner in Honor of Dr. Smith (A.B.C.F.M.) and his party who are seeing the American Board work here. We are to be quite swell.

I must go to bed. Flora has already gone and we are to begin 7.15 breakfast tomorrow.

With lots of love Mary.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have been busy getting the school ready and will have eighteen year old Mr. Johnston help with the older boys. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Sept. 12, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

It is Wednesday of the week. I should have written to you. We found some magazines here when we arrived on Friday and Sunday was the first opportunity I had to read- doing of which prevented letter writing.

Probably Mary told you of our trip up the coast- free from typhoons. We managed to slip in between storms. I enjoyed the trip all the way but Mary felt uncomfortable much of the time. If she could have had a good upheaval I believe she would have felt much better.

Mr. Grimes (the business agent in Tientsin) met us and attended to moving our seven big pieces of baggage and getting us off on the train to Peking. We did a lot of shopping between 11 A.M. and 3:45 P.M. when our train left. We reached Peking at 7 P.M. and spent the night at Mrs. Ingram's, coming down here (Tungchou) the next morning.

Sunday, Sept. 12.- (To go on where I left off on Wednesday)- As soon as we arrived in Tungchou we visited our school building and have spent all our time there since. This week has been one of tremendous accomplishments. The way in which things have slopped into place is a compliment to the ones who have been planning the whole thing. Now the rooms are all furnished, our store room full of things to be made to eat our ice box equipped and filled, and to-morrow will probably see the last curtain in place, the lamps, filled and trimmed and we shall take our first meal at tiffin time in our dining -room. Mr. Johnston our eighteen year old teacher is already here. He is just a big fine high school boy but will be a great help to us and our older boys. He is ready to enter college but is waiting a year to go home with his parents on their furlough, when he will stay for his college work. There are two young men here (for the Chinese college) who have just arrived from U.S. who will keep him company, so he will not be lonely, I think.

I don't believe you caught the Wilders for my watch as they are arriving this week. If you have not bought it, do not hurry as I have purchased a cheap one here, which I think will do for a year, if necessary. Either the Methodists, Presbyterians, or American Boarders will have people returning sometime during the year, so you can send it by them.- I bought a rain coat here of Mrs. Burgess and I can't find out the exact price-whether it is \$10 or \$11. I am writing to Mrs. Burgess (in U.S.) and telling her to send word to you so that father can send her a check for the amount.- Will you please watch the time when the Xmas cards come out and send me 18 or 20 of them- suitable to send to children? If they can get here by the middle of December (at the latest) they will be here in time for me to use them.

Well, this week introduces us to the real work we came to do, and I believe all will go well. I shall write about it next week.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Sept. 12, 1915.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Tungchou, Peking, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of all the things they have been doing to get the school ready. She includes sketches of the floor plans of the school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Peking
Sept 12, 1915

Dear Ones at Home,

I just wish you could see the results of our labors this week. Few weeks of my life have had as much outward show as results of labors as this. We started into an empty, dirty building and now every window pane, every bit of woodwork, floors, stairs, etc. have had one scrubbing and all of the furniture is in place. Curtains hang at many of the windows and a pile of curtains returned from the laundry last evening. Curtains hide the open ducts and fill the spaces between dining room and hall. Gen the cook has gotten busy and there are several loaves of bread, a jar of cookies, fruit and vegetables ready for us to start on tomorrow. Poor man he is worried about the bread for such a company. He has worked for a family of three elderly people where one loaf a week was enough! We have given him a foreign stove instead of a Chinese range because it is in the main building and we were afraid of gas at night. The stove is not quite as large as our kitchen range so it is some proposition. He has discouraged

moments but is willing to try it. There are several other cooks looking for the job so we do not worry. His last qualification is perfect trust worthiness as well as good cooking so we are not desirous of changing.

The week started with the arrival of a new baby at 4.00 A.M. Monday. We saw him the first afternoon and he is a fine looking little chap. Dr. Tolman who came over on the Mongolia with us was here to receive him because Dr. Love did not arrive until Thursday noon.

Here are a few details of one week's work. On Monday we made five sash curtains and eleven splashers. The cloth-man came and we bought cloth for portiers and curtains and screens and towels. On Tuesday I got my room partly together, then came home and made curtains, then went over and helped put them up. Dr. Smith called to give Flora the list of some 300 books he is giving to the school. The two boys and I covered half of a screen. The coolies placed all the furniture which had been delivered and put up some of the beds. On Wednesday I got my big trunk in my room and partly unpacked. Flora and I unpacked our boxes of books and I got mine all upstairs. Mrs. Edwards was down for tiffin and a nurse who was visiting Miss Leavens was in for dinner. We had a Chinese dinner.

On Thursday we started the coolies on the floors of the top floor. We worked on curtains and many little puttering things that day. Dr. and Mrs. Love and Junior arrived on the noon train and were here for tiffin and dinner. Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Andrews left that evening so we went to the station to see them off. We had visited Mrs. S.'s attic and chosen some pictures, cushions etc., that she was willing to let us use.

On Friday Flora and Mrs. Corbett went to Peking with a shopping list nearly a page long. I was over to school all day. The furniture for Mrs. Sheffield's came over. I had books put in cabinets, shelves completed etc. in the morning. In the afternoon Mrs. Galt came over and we had the dining room put in order, Flora's bed put up, the sitting room arranged, shades unwrapped at the windows and strings put in for pulling them down. Every floor was done by night. Yesterday we put hooks on to hold some doors open, having mirrors cleaned the office etc.

I forgot the unpacking of the diner, the food stuffs, the lamp and school books which was scattered along on several days.

On Friday Mr. Beers arrived. He is Mr. Galt's new assistant who takes Mr. Shaw's place. He is just out of Harvard, a great talker, quite a dude and much interested in everything. Yesterday Mr. Johnson, our assistant at school, arrived by the noon train. He is a fine looking lad, very young but so clean and wholesome looking that I know he will be a great help. These three young men should have some good times together this winter. Mr. Woodall, stays at the Galt's, and is some older. As a guess at ages I should call Mr. Beers about 22, Mr. Woodall about 30 and Mr. Johnson I know is 18.

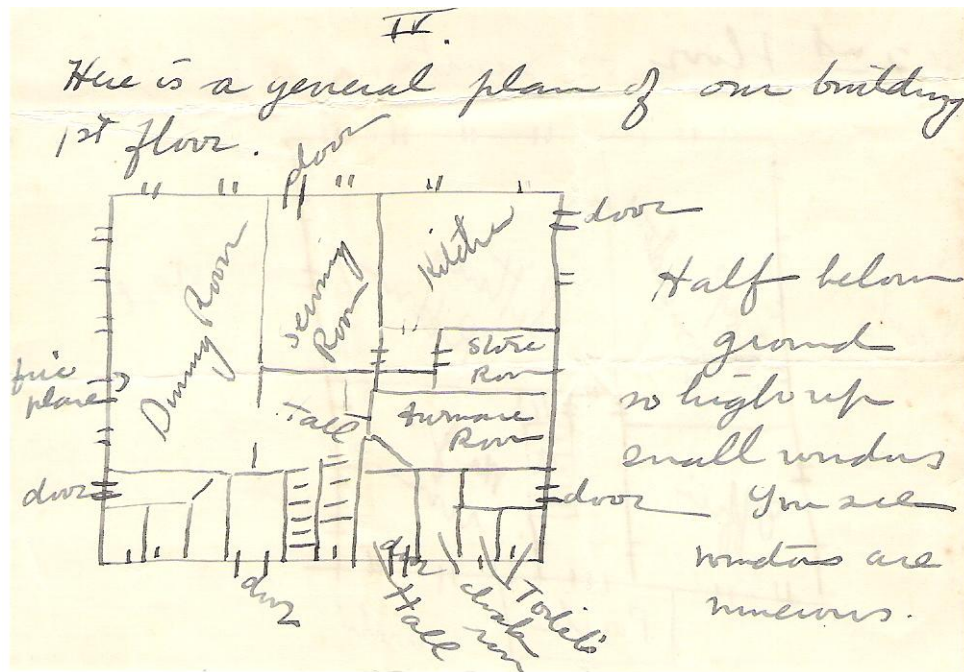
Tomorrow we move over to school and we three faculty eat our tiffin over there. Perhaps some children arrive on the noon train but we hope not. Already we have headed off three people who wanted to arrive early.

As Flora is writing too I think I had best close. Our mail is still returning from Foochow. We have had one nice home letter via Willard since we got back. What busy summer you people did have.

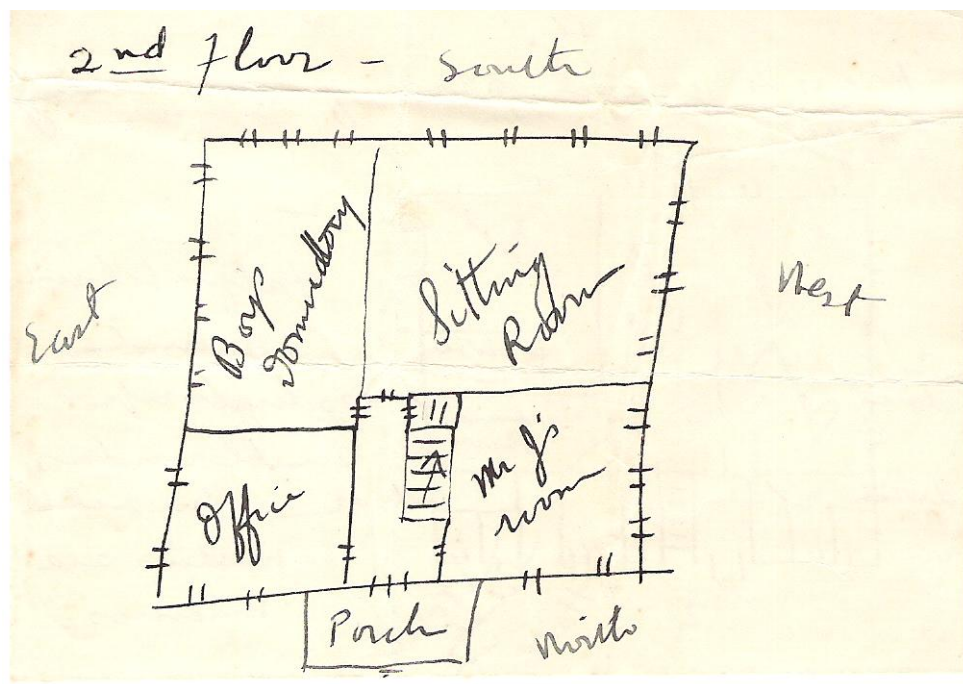
Lots of love
Mary.

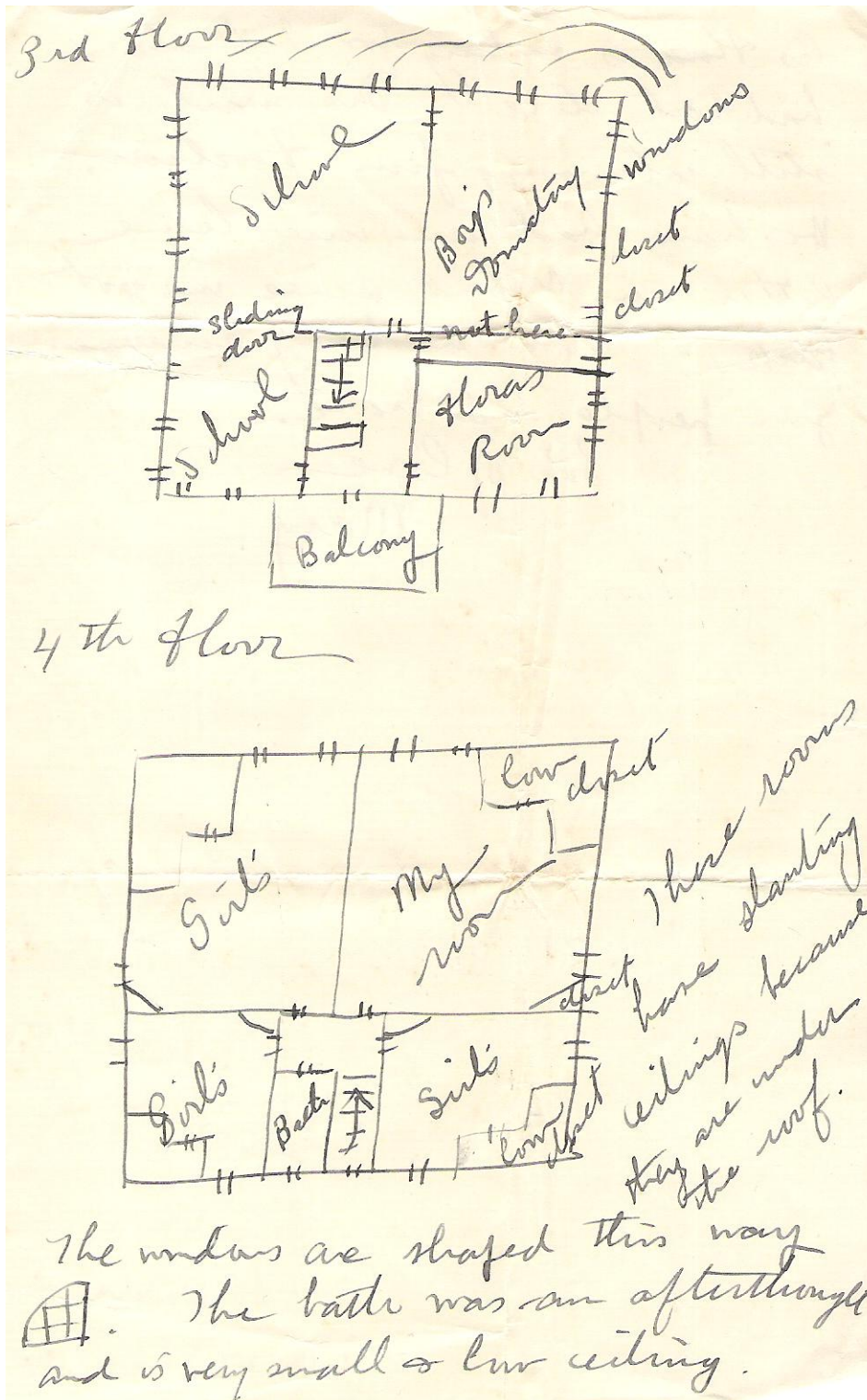


Written on photo: "NCAS"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Here is a general plan of our building. Half below ground so high up small windows You see windows are numerous.





These rooms have slanting ceilings because they are under the roof. The windows are shaped this way. The bath was an afterthought and is very small and low ceiling.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to sister Elizabeth. He tells her what a pleasant time he, Flora and Mary had on Kuliang this summer. He is teaching a Bible class at the YWCA and is the only male. There has been no plague or cholera in Foochow this summer. Noisy idol processions have been going down streets in the evenings. War telegrams makes Willard feel that Germany is doomed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Sept 12 1915

Dear Elizabeth:-

It was a great pleasure to receive your letter by the last mail. The girls as you have already heard left Foochow Aug. 23. I am enclosing letters that will tell you of their pleasant and safe journey to Peking. It has been very pleasant for us all to be together this Summer. Of course Flora and I could not help wondering if a typhoon or two would come to upset any of our plans and detract from the pleasure of our summer, and Mary may have had a wee secret longing for a little typhoon just to see what it was like and to add variety- but we have not had anything that even resembled a typhoon. Shanghai got all this year thus far. And we had almost no rain. Since July 10th we could play tennis every day but me on Kuliang. Mary enjoyed this and the Bathing Pool. She easily outswam all the others. The summer leaves a very sweet memory. I have written the girls of events since they left and will not repeat here. They will forward my letter.

I came down from the mountain last Wed. morning to teach a Bible Class in connection with the Y.W.C.A. Conference now in session here. It began Wed. evening. I was the only male representative. In saying a word about my Bible Study course I told them that I had not been given a badge, but that I had two distinguishing characteristics 1. a mustache 2. short hair. There are 104 students at the Conference. There are five Bible Classes and I have 30 in mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous, Frederic and Rachel and myself are the only foreigners in the compound. I am taking meals with them. They came down from the mountain earlier than usual to get Jerome their eldest off to Shanghai to school. He is twelve years old past. The weather is not at all bad now. But it frequently is the case that the first week in Sept is cool and the second and third very hot and muggy.

I wish we could have exchanged some of our sunshine for some of your rain this summer. The farmers must have been much bothered by the excess of rain and I gathered that the rain rather injured the profits on your strawberries. The drought here will destroy some rice. But the rain has fallen all around us, and the first crop of rice reaped about the middle of July was almost a bumper crop so the drought is not serious. We have had some showers so grass and sweet potatoes are all right.

Foochow has had no epidemic this summer. Seldom does a year go by when we do not have either plague or cholera or both. The weather has been excessively hot and many people have had boils. For some time now idol processions have been numerous and have used great crowds and drawn great crowds. I came into the city from Ponasang Friday night a little after nine- just the time when the processions are getting under way. And the whole street for two miles was full of idols in pairs, one tall one- so tall that an ordinary man, on whom the frame was placed, just looked out of a hole in the breast of the idol. He is draped with silk and his face is about 13 in. long. Then walking just ahead of him is a little black idol with as large a face but inside is a 12 year old boy. The superstition and real idolatrous spirit of former years is to quite an extent lacking. The real motive is 2-fold. They do it because their fathers did it and because it is about the only way they have of getting a good time. To them their idol processions with their clanging of cymbals and beating of drums and blowing of horns and torches and gaudy colored figures etc supply what a circus supplies to the small boy and the crowds at home. As I write the air is confused with the sounds of getting ready for the processions for this evening. One street has them one night and another street the next night.

Time flies and the faster it flies during the next eight months the happier I shall be. I feel as I used to feel when a boy and looked forward to Christmas or Thanksgiving- only a few months off, but those few months as I looked ahead seemed ages. I must start from here about May 1st and start back about Aug. 1st. I shall want time to go slowly during the six weeks in the States. I am thinking now of going to Formosa, thence to Kobe, Japan and thence to Seattle and over the Canadian Pacific.

Tell Mother thank you for forwarding Gould's letter and for the lines she added. The newspaper clippings relieve me of all anxiety over Ben's lawsuit. I do not hear whether the boys have much work now. Evidently Ben is going into the Buick business.

The war telegrams are of much the same tenor as ever. I can not help feeling tho that Germany is doomed- that her policy of militarism is against the well being of humanity, and that God is allowing men to overthrow it as an ideal. Might does not make it right and God did not intend one man to rule another.

The cause of Prohibition goes marching on- not in just the was some would have it- but is growing fast, and the U.S. seems to be in the lead among the nations.

May God bless and keep you all.

Lovingly

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 12, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. Dr. Cooper's wife died shortly after Flora and Mary left Foochow. College opens this week and Mr. Ding Ming Uong will be on the faculty for the term. Daughter, Phebe should be ready to leave for Oberlin for college. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, Sept 12- 1915

Dear Sisters *[Flora and Mary]*: - Last evening the mail brought Flora's letter mailed at Peking I guess, telling all about the trip up. I am gladder than the mere words indicate to know that you reached home with no typhoon.

I am sending an envelope full of letters and clippings from home that have come in during the week past. Please send Gould's letter back when you write sometime. I was much interested to read his characteristic observation about Ruth.

After you left I planned to take breakfast and supper at my own table and lunch with Mrs. Hodous. I thought not to come to Foochow again until about Sept 6 or 7th and then come down for good. But Wed. evening Sept. 1st at 9:30 Mr. Belcher sent a note saying that Mrs. Cooper was almost gone and asking me to come over at once. I went and she passed away after I had been there about 15 minutes. Dr. Cooper did not want to have anything to do with any arrangements, so I stayed and planned all out with Mr. Belcher and Mr. Christian. Then I went at once to the club for the coffin that I had fortunately bought for Mr. Pitcher in July, and wrote Mr. Mac to get the grave ready for now on Thursday and engaged coolies for all. Then went back to the house with the coffin and stayed till all was done and the coffin sealed. Mr. Christian took Dr. Cooper to my house where I found them when I returned at 1 a.m. Two sisters living at Dr. Taylors next to Dr. Coopers were there at the time. They are nurses and knew just what to do and how to do it.

Dr. Cooper stayed with me and is still at my house. I got to bed a little after 1 a.m. But it was hard work to go to sleep. You see I had had a lot of running about to do and a lot of business to transact. About 1:45 there came a knock at my door and the head of the coolie stand asked if I wanted to go and catch some gamblers. I declined. At 5:30 I was up. At 7:45 Mr. Hodous conducted the service at the house. Only members of the Am. Board and a few intimate friends had been notified. The veranda was well filled. At 8:30 we started, -Dr. Cooper, Dr. Gillette, Messers Christian and Hodous and myself. We reached the cemetery in Foochow at 11:30. Mac had the grave almost ready, and at 12 I conducted the short service with those mentioned above and Messers Fern and Munson and Dr. Moorhead present. We all went to Macs for lunch. And we five went back up the mountain. It was a very hot day. For the first time in my life I took four coolies up and down. But after lunch before starting I went up stairs in Macs hall, lay down on the floor and had a dandy nap. This did not keep me from putting in nine hours that night.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Belcher and the baby moved over to my house. You see she has been pretty well shut in all summer. Mrs. Cooper's illness has kept callers away and Mrs. Belcher has had to watch her fade slowly away and it was a great relief to get new surroundings. Then their house has no view. When she got over she stood looking off the veranda and actually forgot to unpack. They have a fine baby that should make any Father and Mother proud. I plan to go up Thursday and close up the house and come down Friday. They all plan to move down Thursday. The weather here now is quite comfortable. I have had a blanket on me every night. - came down Wed. Sept 8- and have been over South Side to the Conference- Y.W.C.A. students each day from 8:30-9:30 a.m.

College opens this week Wednesday. Mr. Ding Ming Uong is to join the Faculty for this term. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and children came down Friday Sept. 3. Jerome started for Shanghai on the next steamer via Formosa with Mr. Sam Neff. I am mealing with the Hodouses.

The Conference has 104 student delegates beside leaders I believe. I have 30 in my Bible class.

Mary's \$3.00 reached me all right. If you are willing we will call all accounts to date settled. I shall have to write Misses Tramis and Russell that they forgot to pay for the laundry they had done in Foochow before going up. I will do my best to get Mary's futon [*futon*]. It ought to be all right- no you got it but did not settle-that's the rub isn't it?

I see Oberlin opens Sept. 14, so I suppose Phebe is almost ready to take the train by now. Etta and her children were in Putnam. I do not know whether Phebe would go as far as Buffalo with them.

May you have God's guidance in opening and in carrying on the school, - may all be prosperous. The memory of our summer together will always be sweet to me.

Lovingly
Will.

You might send this home then
I need not write just this to them.
I have one of these photos in my album.

*[This letter dated **Sept. 28, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She recently received the Beard Genealogy from sister Ruth. School has started and there have already been some illnesses. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 28, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

The Genealogy came today and I have just glanced through it. I am proud of my authoress sister and shall scan thoroughly the whole work as soon as I can get time. I went to Peking last Monday for the first time since Sept. 3, and was busy every minute of the three hours I was there; then did not do anything but school business.

School is at last assuming a school like atmosphere. Flora wanted to let the children run wild for a season and they did. Now at last we are corralling them and can get a breathing spell of quiet once in a while.

The servants are all getting into line except the coolie. He is green and a little stupid. At the end of the month he is to get his walking papers and we take on Mrs. Porter's coolie.

I am trying to learn how to play a good game of tennis. I thought I could play a little when on Kuliang but cannot beat anyone here. I knew the players there were not very good except Mrs. Hodous and Mrs. Smith but did not realize how poor some of the others were. Mrs. Peters was so funny. I liked to play with her and could win three out of four sets in an average.

Last week we had a great time with colds and indigestion. I trotted to the Doctor several times with the different girls. Dr. Love takes an interest in us all and follows up each patient until a cure is effected.

Dr. Spear was in Peking last week and came down here for Thursday night. We all went over to Mrs. Corbett's to meet him. It was only an informal evening and we sat and talked.

There were two rainy days last week. I was glad indeed that Mr. Johnson is here to take care of the play. He really enjoys the home and makes his full share. It gets tiresome to me.

It is after the children's bed time, 8.30 and I have yet my two Caesar lessons to get before I can retire. Also I want to go to Mrs. Corbett's and mail this so it may get an early start tomorrow.

The bills came all O.K. Ruth and I think are all right. I will send a gold draft for \$25 soon as my next Life Insurance is about due.

You will have to send our parcels to Peking all the time as there is no parcel post service in Tungchou. It is quite the usual thing to have to call for parcels when one goes to Peking.

If you come across a dark wool dress, reasonable in price- and suitable for school wear you can get it. A dress that is a good size too large for either Ruth or Elizabeth ought to fit me. I generally get a 40 in a serge because it wears better if large. Blue serge wears about the best, but I would not mind a brown if you find a pretty one. As to style, get what you like and I will be satisfied. Another thing I want is a pair of soles for the slippers Ruth made me. The tops are still good but the third pair of soles is worn out. I get size 8.

I am eager to get the package you sent and see the things. Mrs. Burgess is also sending a package of things to sell and it sounds interesting.

If you are anywhere near Trenton, N.J. you would enjoy meeting Mr. and Mrs. Burgess. The address is Box 563, Trenton, N.J. I do hope you can see them for we had such a pleasant winter in their home. He is John Stewart Burgess.

Lots of love
Mary.

Tues P.M. Sept 28.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 3, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Their school has finally been finished and opened with twenty scholars. The school dedication is planned for Oct. 12th. The students study, play and eat hard and they have had to make adjustments in the food. They are happy with their faculty. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Oct. 3, 1915.]

Dear folks at home:-

We have finished three weeks of school and they have been the most strenuous weeks I ever lived, but they have turned out all right so I am living to tell the tale. We have twenty scholars- seventeen of them boarders. Tomorrow, we expect Delnoce Grant, who has just returned from a summer in America. I expect that will complete our list for the present.

Just now, we are interested in our "Dedication", which is to take place on Oct. 12th in the afternoon. Dr. Reinsch, the U.S. Minister is to give the address and probably Bishop Bashford will give the dedicatory prayer. We had hoped to have Dr. Arthur H. Smith do this, but he has arranged to go South for several weeks and leaves tomorrow, Oct. 4th, so we cannot have him.

Our new building seems to be a very useful place for there is literally not a spot in it which is not in use. The most noticeable inconvenience is the lack of closets. There is no place to put away things that are usually put out of sight, so that we have had to manage several ways. There were too many windows planned for so several were recovered and that space made into cupboards. They are placed above the floor the height of the others so that we have to step up onto something in order to get to the hooks on the shelves. I believe the radiators are to be placed right in front of them, so I am wondering how we are to manage when the heat is on. I think we'll have to make a little stile over them. They are low- only about a foot or fifteen inches tall. The installation of our heating plants is going to be a long slow process and I only hope the weather will be clement so that we may not suffer. A part of the boiler is in place and that is all. These Chinese here in Tungchou are the slowest ones I've met yet, and I know it will be Thanksgiving before we shall be rid of the workmen. It will be cold by that time- about as it is at home.

These children are adorable even if they do do everything superlatively. The first week, I thought they would be the end of me for they were simply irrepressible. They were wild with the joy of being here, and being with each other. They studied hard, played hard, and eat hard. There wasn't a scrap left of anything on the table at the end of the meal and the way these boys ate reminded me of the "Ruggle's party" in Bird's Christmas Carol. They were exactly as hungry at the next meal. The cook at least had the satisfaction of having all his labor count. After a few adjustments we have gotten the food so arranged that I think the children get the proper amount of good nourishing food with some less expense. We are making a pound of butter do double duty by beating (folding) into it the yolk of 1 egg, and a pint of lukewarm fresh milk. The butter needs to be warmed a little, too. Just try it and see how good it is. Nearly every one out here is doing this to save butter bills, which are some of our largest- at over a dollar a pound.

I have written to Mrs. Burgess so father should get a request for \$10 or \$11 soon. In a month or two I shall be sending home some money, if I do not hear that some has been sent you from the people in U.S. Helen Myer wanted to know how she could send money to me and I told her to send any sum under \$25 to father and I would pay its equivalent here and so save the risk in sending it out here.

I was glad to hear of the purchase of my watch and wished Ruth had gotten the pin she liked. I wrote for the other pin simply because I thought it would save the trouble of deciding on one. - I wonder if you are thinking of Xmas presents yet? If so just write for us to send you anything you may think that properly may want from out here. I'll tell you what I'd like for my present. That is- a loose leaved note book, long and narrow, that can be carried in the pocket, somewhere about the size of this upper part of this sheet that I have marked off. I would like some extra leaves for it. I need something constantly to keep notes in for there are so many things to keep track of. Stanley has one the right size.

I am still waiting for the pencils and hope the next mail may bring them. We need them sadly. I think the trouble with the sending of parcels is that Tungchou is not a parcels-post office. You will have to send parcels to us in care of the American Board, Peking. They send them to us, by some one coming down. The U.S. postmasters should be willing to send parcels to us in care of A.B.C.F.M. Peking, China. We shall get the parcels through the Y.M.C.A. all right, but now the more direct way is by the American Board.

I wish you could step in and see how comfortable we are- and are going to be. It is a lovely spot and we are fortunate to have such companionable people to work with us. Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Wickes, and Mr. Frame are helping. The first two help in the primary and grammar grades, Mrs. Wickes has the French, and Mr. Frame, the German. I think we have a splendid faculty, equal to any anywhere.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou

Oct. 3, 1915.

[This letter dated Oct. 7, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and Flora. There are 307 students enrolled this term in Foochow. Willard attends the Irish-Folensbee wedding. He received the Beard Genealogy and is pleased with it. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Oct 7th 1915

Dear Sisters [Mary and Flora]:-

The last mail brought the enclosed postal from Phebe.

The opening of school I expect has brought to you very busy days. It has brought to me the usual amount of work and an unusual number of new students. In former years if we had ten or fifteen new students we considered it a large number. We have twenty four this term. The total number for the year will thus be 307.

I think I have written you that Ding Ming Uong was teaching here this term. It is doubtful if he will stay longer than this term- unless his mother should live longer. There has been some kind of trouble in the family between him and a nephew who has money, and he is obliged to stay at home now to take care of his mother while she lives.

The weather has been unusually hot since Sept 15th. Night and mornings are fairly cool but everyone wears the thinnest clothing all the time.

Last evening I attended the Irish-Folensbee wedding. What did the bride wear? I declare I do not know. She had a veil and a tram and the color of the dress was white or cream, and she looked very happy. James Ford was ring bearer. Helen McLachlin and Imogene Grace Ward were flower girls. Wallace Miner married Rev. Harry Worley and Dr. Gowdy offered prayers. Mr. Skeats, Mr. Jones, Mr. Gardner and a new man Torrey were helping around as usher and best man etc. Mrs. Skeats, Miss Clark and Mrs. Miner were also in it somewhere. Dr. Sites gave her away. They started for Hing Hua after the reception about 10 p.m.

I suppose Miss Waddell and Miss Nash will arrive for work in Ing Hok and Ponasang to day.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family are still in Dr. Coopers house- getting rid of boils. Foreigners and Chinese are much afflicted by these this fall in Foochow.

The drought is getting pretty bad. No rain to mention as yet and the sun shines brightly every day.

I plan to go to Ding Loh this week Saturday and return Monday. I'll try to get Dr. Gillette's house fixed up at that time. I mean get all the accounts connected with it settled. Mrs. Gillette writes that they are planning a house warming and have a little pig ready to roast.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Billing and Mr. and Mrs. Ward are having a union celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary next Tues. evening.

Well this is a lot of gossip for an old man like me.

I trust all is well with you and that God becomes nearer to you each day.

Lovingly
Will.

Genealogy came in the last mail. Great.

How about the pictures that the old man was to send- did they come all right?

[This letter dated Oct. 10, 1915 was written from Diong Loh, Foochow, China by Willard to his 19 year old son, Gould. Willard mentions that he will see him in eight months. He discusses the choices ahead for Gould. Willard attended a tin wedding for the Wilkinson's and the Irish-Folensbee wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Diong Loh
Foochow, China.
Oct. 10- 1915

Dear Gould:-

Your nineteenth birthday comes Nov. 13th- about the time this will reach you so I address it to you. It seems incredible that if our plans carry I shall be with you all in about eight months. As I have written I hope that dates of Oberlin commencement and your High School Commencement will make it possible for me to attend both. And I hope the Steamship Co.'s will get adjusted to new conditions by that time so we can depend on them.

Yesterday I started at 10:30 from home got to the launch just in good time and was down here at 2:30. The special business is to see the new residence just completed by Dr. and Mrs. Gillette. I am on the committee that built the house. They have a number of western innovations. A real bath room just like a city bath room at home- tub,

wash stand and commode. The water is pumped from the cistern into the tank just under the roof. Then they are going to try a furnace, and that with the registers is all here ready to be set up. The windows are on weights and slide up and down. One room has a double floor, the top boards are hard wood. The front veranda is one story, so the secured story windows open over the veranda roof.

The weather continues very dry and very hot. Yesterday morning was one of the hottest mornings of this year. Coming down on the launch I was just nice and comfortable with thinnest clothes- no sun and a good breeze.

The Beard Genealogy came a week ago. Perhaps I wrote of it last week. Aunt Ruth must feel a satisfaction in having completed it, for it is a nice looking book and well arranged.

Every day I think of you in relation to the problems that are before you- 1. The choice of a College which must be decided very soon and 2. The choice of a vacation. The first does not necessarily depend on the second altho it would be affected by it if your choice of a life work were made along very technical lines. The second choice can wait until I get home and we can see each other and have a good talk. It can wait even longer if you are not then sure of the calling God wants you to choose. It would be better for you in many ways if your choice of a College could be decided soon. As I wrote your mind during this year would have one less subject to carry and so much more strength to put into the school studies. Until I hear from you and know your mind better I cannot write more. I talk with God about it every day and I trust you are doing the same. It is not the College that makes the man. It is the way in which the man uses the college that makes the man who is useful to God and a blessing to his fellows. God will help you in thinking on this problem and He will give you the power to get wisdom as you talk with others on the problem and He will give you light in ways that you never before dreamed of and at times that you did not anticipate. Of course you will make a confidant of Mama in this matter.

I have brought the family picture down with me. I am proud of it- not of the picture but of the subjects of the picture, and I ask God more than once daily to help each of you pure and worth being proud of. A mail has just reached Diong Loh from the U.S. so I shall hope to find a letter from Putnam tomorrow when I get back to the city.

The time. - This was as far as I got on this letter in Diong Loh and it is Sunday again and Oct. 17, - and a whole week gone.

Monday evening I was at a big feast given by Mr. and Mrs. Peet to Foochow College faculty and graduates. Tues. evening I went to the Tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Wilkinson [*a tenth wedding anniversary- the aluminum or tin anniversary*]. Mr. and Mrs. Billing and I met Mrs. Ward (Mildred Worley). Friday evening I went to Anti-Cobweb [*This is a group of persons, American and British, who reside in Foochow, and gather every couple of weeks during the winter months for literary and social purposes, their primary aim being to 'clear away the cobwebs which, in theory, gather in their minds.'*] I do not at all like to spend so much time at such gatherings, but in each of these there were special reasons why I should go. Tuesday evening the men of the City Compound played the piece Johnny Smoker. Newell had an oil tin made into a bread box as "gleide drumma". I came next with "Meine fifa"- three toy trumpets that I found on the street. I really brought down the house each time I played. Ray Gardner had three large tin spoons fixed into a triangle and a fourth spoon for the stick to strike the triangle with. Ned Smith had an oil pump for his trombone. Belcher had two tin pot lids for cymbals and Christian had three wire toasters for his bag pipe.

A week ago last Wed. Oct. 6th I attended the wedding of Mr. John Irish, Meth of Hung Hua and Miss Folensbee. She is a sister of Mrs. Wallace Miner who came a year ago to teach a year in the Anglo Chinese College. The wedding was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Miner at their home.

I hope to get a letter from you soon with more information about your studies and letting me more into your own personal desires and preferences to the choice of a College and of a life work. It is difficult for you to realize how little I know of your mind. The only means of knowing that I have is your letters. Of course you are thinking and talking all the time and it is potent to you but I am all the dark as to what you are thinking until you write.

I am sending an order on the A.B.C.F.M. in Boston for \$19. I do not yet know what you have done with these checks that I am sending yearly but I have faith that you are all using them wisely.

Asking God to guide you each day in all life's details and to make you wise beyond human wisdom in the important choices of life. I am

Your loving Father
Willard L. Beard



Written on back: "Diong Loh Boy's School"
 [Undated. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Oct. 12, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had the dedication of the building of the North China American School that day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Oct. 12, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home:-

This is the end of a busy day. It was one dedication day. This morning we had no school but fixed the rooms in "apple pie" order, decorated and arranged chairs for seating the guests. Then all dressed and went to the train to meet the guests. Some 20 arrived and we divided them up for lunch. We had three children- and three adults. Then the boys carried the chairs we had used up to the sittingroom.

The service was not long. The children marched in to "Onward Christian Soldiers" and gave the flag salute. Then Dr. Hubbard read the scripture and Dr. Galt a prayer. Then we sang a hymn before Dr. Hubbard gave the address. After that Mr. Corbett gave a word of thanks and gratitude to the donors of building, library, etc. We sang America and had a Benediction.

It was - a tired lot of little girls that I put to bed tonight. One confided that it was much harder work to "just do things" than to study and she did not like it.

Last week we had considerable upset here and a wholesale giving out of Castor Oil. Both of us had our dues. I took mine to forestall and was too late because I had to get Dr. Love to help me recover. Flora took hers as a sanative after several days of bad feeling.

Dr. Reinsch was so pleased with our location that he says he will bring Claire down when she is able. She had an attack of appendicitis similar to Dorothy's this August. Since coming to Peking from Pei Tai Ho she has had a set back but is no [not] riding out.

The Monarchy of China is still much heard of. Today's paper gives the description of the new flag and also inquires as to the position the United States will take if the change is made. I do not feel as lonely in touch with the world here as I did in Peking. We get the paper late in the evening and I do not see it every day. My Digest brings me up to date (1 month old) once a week anyway.

One warm evening I came upstairs when the children were nearly dressed for dinner. Pauline Ramsay was putting on her woolen sailor suit and I remonstrated. "But Miss Beard, we're going to have ice cream, and it is cold", she answered. I let her wear the warm dress.

Do you see the Century? There is a delightful serial story "Dear Enemy" by Jean Webster just started in August. (Excuse the just but it almost "just" to us here). She speaks of not having arms or laps enough to love her

kiddies and sometimes I have a little of that feeling. Yesterday my girlies were awfully tired and a wee bit homesick because some bodies mama came and theirs couldn't. I had to have four girls walk with me at one time. A mathematical puzzle!!

I am asked to give a paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe this February. If you know of any good book on her life and could send along soon I should peruse it greedily. I also should like to peruse some of her stories again.

I must off and mail this so it can depart on the early mail and I hope get a steamer soon.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.



Written in album: "Faculty – 1915-1916."

[Mary is the woman to the far left and Flora is to the far right with her hand to her cheek. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

You are cordially invited
to attend

THE DEDICATION OF THE BUILDING

of the

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,

TUNGCHOU

on Tuesday, October twelfth,
at half past two o'clock.



Written in album: "Guests at Dedication Oct. 1915"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Program as follows:]

Chairman – Mr. Corbett.

Song- Onward Christian Soldiers
 School.

Flag Salute and Song
 School.

Scripture Reading – Dr. Hubbard

Dedicatory Prayer – Dr. Galt

Song – Angel Voices

Address – Dr. Reinsch

Thanks to "Our Donors" – Mr. Corbett

Song – America

Benediction – Dr. Hubbard

[This letter dated Oct. 17, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. At the beginning of the letter he is in Ponasang for a Special Evangelistic meeting. He thanks Ruth for the Beard Genealogy. He ponders if the next fifty years will yield as much in invention and discovery as the past fifty. He talks about a tin wedding he went to. Attendance at the evangelistic services is high. A seaman's law has caused the Pacific Mail to sell off all their ships and docks, therefore giving all business to the Japanese. Willard has a paper for their Literary Society called the Anti Cobweb Society. He hopes to leave for a brief trip to the U.S. on May 1st of 1916. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
 Oct 17- 1915

Dear Ruth:-

Half an hour lies before me in which to write you- unless someone comes to interrupt.

I came from the city out to Ponasang at 4 P.M. to lead a meeting for the men and women who are to work in the Special Evangelistic meetings to be held in our Gen Cio Dong Church this week. There is another meeting at 7 P.M. and 9 am to take supper with Misses Perkins, Crane, Brown, Nash and Dornblaser. I am now on their veranda writing. They do not know that I have come. I am doing it purposely for if they knew it one or more would think they must sit down to talk with me and that would defeat my purpose of writing. Do you think I am doing right? If a man should treat you so- I mean an old gray haired man like me, married etc. - would you think he was doing right?

I get so little time alone to write that I am almost desperate sometimes. Any Putnam letter has been the most conspicuous object on my desk for a whole week, and each day I have pushed it aside and done the work that had to be done- at least I thought so- and today I finished it and it is ready to send tomorrow.

Flora and Mary I judge have had their hands full getting started in Tungchou. But I judge also that they are successful and that's the goal. Our summer together was full of joy and a joy that lasts long in memory. It did me a lot of real good- made me feel new all through.

The Genealogy came mail before last. Your letter about it came last mail from Peking. I thank you for the copy. It is all I could desire. I am glad you used the good paper and binding. This I had decided in my own mind while I fully expected to pay for my copy. You have done a work that brings credit not only to you but to the Beard name.

Oct 19 Your last letter was a most newsy one. How you people do go galavanting over the country- so do others. I was thinking how life had changed in fifty years. When father and mother married, one horse and a business wagon were good enough for a wedding trip. There was no dictionary with the word Automobile in it. And "Darius Green and his flying machine" was the phrase used if one wanted to express the most foolish scheme imaginable. It is quite possible that some of father's and mother's grandchildren may want to take a wedding trip in a flying machine, and that it will be as easy as inexpensive as natural as it was for them to go way out to "York State" in a horse and wagon. Did you ever wonder if as much progress in invention and discovery will be made during the next fifty years as has been made during the past fifty?

We have had a wedding and a triple tin wedding during the past two weeks. At the tin wedding we had to triplicate our presents. Wilkinson, War and Billing were the parties. The men from the City compound got articles of tin and played Little Johnny Smoker, - only we sang City Compound, City Compound it can speil a, it can speil a, it can speil a glide drumma. Newell had an oil tin with a lid for a bread box and it made a good drum. Mine fifa was three little toy tin trumpets that I chanced to find on the street in a shop. I am afraid I took the prize- for I had to blow three times every time a verse was sung. The triangle was three large spoons fastened together and a fourth spoon to strike them. The trombone was an oil pump a necessary kitchen utensil here. The cymbals were pot lids and the bagpipe was three toaster of wire fastened together- one across the back and one under each arm.

Special evangelistic services are just beginning. Last night about 500 were present at the first meeting. In opposition there were three theaters and an idol procession. It was fortunate for these kept the crowds from us.

The weather is very dry and continues very hot. I am writing in my very thinnest clothes and still I perspire. The mercury in my study now at 2:30 p.m. registers 80 degrees. We have had practically no rain since July 10th. The second crop of rice is light and much will not be cut at all. Wells are going dry in many places. We have one well for the college that has never gone dry. This furnishes water for over 300 persons, and the houses in the compound here all use it.

Have I written that Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear failed to get on the S.S. "Mongolia" in August? That seaman's law is upsetting shipping on the Pacific in great shape. The Pacific Mail has sold all its ships and its docks and offices in Hong Kong, and this virtually gives the Pacific freight and passenger traffic to the Japanese Companies. It also makes our mails irregular and far between.

We welcomed two new ladies ten days ago. A Miss Waddell for Ing Hok and Miss Nash on a two years term for Ponasang Girls College.

Two weeks from this week Friday I have a paper before a Literary Society here called the Anti Cobweb on Pan Americanism or the Latin American Situation. It is most interesting as it must have been for you to work up the Genealogy. Only I can never get fifteen minutes consecutively to work on it in my study. All the work I have done has been when I am traveling - on a boat or in a chair. And my only material is papers and magazines.

Oct. 20th and you are having frosts nightly I suppose. Elizabeth is thinking of how much her roosters will bring. And you have a fire night and morning. Housecleaning is over. Apples coming on- most done by this time I expect. And such days as these must before auto rides! I'm more glad than I can tell that the Putnam folks got down for a look see.

Your words about little Leolyn are pathetic. I had hoped that in the new home she would find conditions so changed that she would find the new environment a healthy one for herself and develop normally.

If all goes well and no more Pacific S.S. companies sell out, I hope to start for the U.S. about May 1st, go as soon as possible to Oberlin for the 25th Anniversary of my class- then get to Putnam for Gould's and Geraldine's graduation- spend a month seeing you folks and others and settling our household furniture in Putnam to etc. and start back for Foochow about Aug. 1st so as to get back here about Sept. 1st.

With Love to All

Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 21, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had intestinal troubles in their school and thousands of flies and lady-bugs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[October 21, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Last week was a blue one for nearly half of our school had intestinal troubles just enough to keep us all on the anxious seat. We all recovered without any thing at all serious and we seem to have reached the end of that scare. There were many people in Peking likewise affected so I think it could not have been any local condition that caused it. Our building is in that condition that a dress is in when it is all done but finishing. The weather was balmy so that the flies walked in by the thousands and lady-bugs likewise. It was the flies that scared us but fortunately our Montgomery Ward boxes arrived that week and we had ordered six fly swatters. The boys and Mr. Johnson went to work and literally killed thousands of them. When the screens were put on the windows there were no doors made so when the flies once in they stayed. At last we got our screen doors on and since the weather has grown colder we are not so bothered. It was not all the fault of the doors for the workmen are here putting in the furnace and with doors swinging and all sorts of holes cut in the walls we must expect more or less discomfort. We hope in another week to be rid of the workmen but I expect it will string out a week longer. It seems to me I never saw slower workmen. They certainly are making the most of 'work by the day.'



Written in album: "Montgomery Ward boxes"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

In my last letter I asked you to send us some darning cotton and I wish you would send me some white flannel for short skirts. I want it rather heavy and enough for two skirts. I want to make them 27. in. long. I want

them to come below my knees for the weather here seems to penetrate through all the wool one can put on. My skirts seem to have washed thin and they feel like nothing. Mother used to get a flannel that was warm and would wear. Was it Shaker flannel?

Your stories of the summer gatherings sound like old times and make good reading. You must have had a fine celebration of Will's and Ellen's wedding-day.

It was a relief to hear of Ella Wooster's going, but it seems to me she never had half a chance in this world. I hope it will be made up to her now.

I am going to send home to you a draft for \$25 gold as soon as I can to pay for the numbers of things I have been ordering- and my watch. I shall be glad to get it when it comes for my new one has seemed to be fated. First I dropped it into a pail of water then it fell to the floor, so it has been back to the store twice for repairs- All of which helps me to appreciate the value of a good Waltham watch.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China,
Oct. 21, 1915.

[This letter dated Oct. 24, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. They planned and decorated for a Halloween celebration for 23. The heating system in the school is taking a long time to be installed. Mary described all the clothing she had on to keep warm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 24 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

Mother's letter and Ruth's came this morning. They are nice- and newsy. What a good time you must have had when the Putnam people came down.

We have thought of a few things to help on the Christmas list and will send them along very soon; just as soon as we can get to Peking to purchase them and again to mail them.

It seems to have turned definitely cold but we are fairly comfortable with two stoves. The stove is in the dining room and the other in the school room.

I enclose list as thought out so far. I have put on the silver prices so please divide everything by two. After each item I have put one of our initials to show you who to credit for each. The articles starred we will send at our earliest opportunity the articles without prices we have yet to purchase so can not give prices.

We may have to send material for the two bags but if so it will be complete except for cords. Monday: - I have put in some Chinese rings which can be used in the bags instead of cords.

Oct 31- This letter got waylaid that I might take the children for a walk and then I was so busy with regular work, helping children make up work missed when ill and working for our Halloween entertainment that I never got back to it.

There were four of us on the committee and we made place cards, a big paper lantern to cover the lamp, fans to put into the windows, two sets of four witches for the table. On the place cards we put two names of foods each beginning with the initials of the people, Flora was Fruit Bread I was Mutton Bananas, etc.

We worked two evenings getting things ready and one to get them up. Others helped us. The "waisas" a kind of dry swamp grass with big fuzzy tops and the walls were practically covered. We put the tables in one long row and each one was called to the dining room and escorted to his place by a ghost. We had the four compound children over so there were 23 of us.

Little Helen Corbett has been ill with dysentery for two weeks now but this morning word comes that she is really better.

My little girls have been having a turn at "getting mad" this last week or more and I have had to sooth, scold, cajole them one after the other. I had my first case of rebellion over a dose of castor oil. It took me nearly fifteen minutes but I got it swallowed at last. Both of us were tired after it.

Our heating apparatus is getting in surely but slowly. All but one corner of the building is done so we hope to be really comfortable this time next week. I am writing in my own room and am a little cool with my woolen union suit, my wool dress and a heavy coat. By the way, if you find a light weight wool dress of my size (large 38 or 40) cheap, when the mark down sales come, get me one. My blue one is already beginning to be the worse for wear and I could use another next year very well.

Last night I got the third installment of "Dear Enemy" by Jean Webster and it was so interesting that I finished it before going to bed.

Flora is supposedly writing today so I must close before I one up all her news.

Lots of love

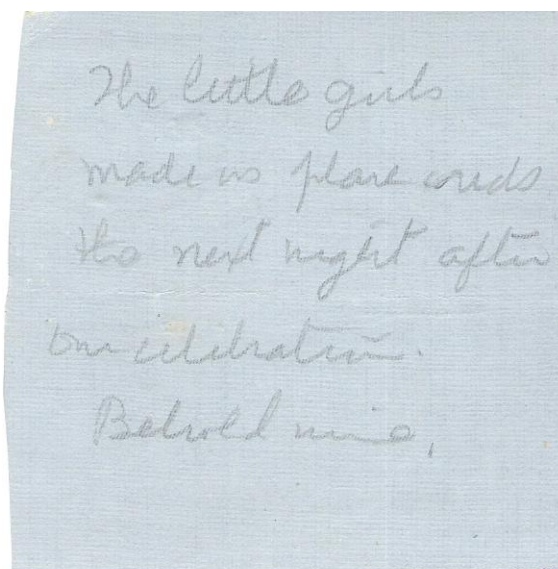
Mary.

P.S. I neglected to ask for a gold draft this month until too late also will have to send one next month as my life insurance comes due now soon.

Mary

Christmas suggestion

Father -	silk muffler	
Oliver	" "	
Ben and Abbie	lantern	
Uncle Ian	"	
Aunt Ella	"	
Helen	doilies (1/2 doz)	75 cents (M)
Bessie	place cards	70 cents (M)
Ruth	silk coat and lace	3.00 (F)
Phebe	" " "	
Elizabeth	" " "	
Emma Kinney	bag	(70 cents) F.
May Palmer	bag	75 cents (F)
Mill	Mandarin squares	(2) \$1.00 (F)
Nellie and Frank	" " "	(1) 50 cents



The little girls made us place cards the next night after our celebration. Behold mine.

[This letter dated **Oct. 31, 1915** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mr. Galt raised the wages of the men who are installing the furnace and they are working faster now. They have had to hold school working around the messes and workmen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Oct. 31, 1915.

Dear Folks at home:-

We are spending another Sunday in our school-room or in the dining-room for those are the only rooms that are heated. I think before another weekend we should be warm for there is just one end of the building to be done. These workmen are so slow, but Mr. Galt has raised the wages and it seems to have hastened them a bit. You would smile at some of the lines these pipes make against the walls and the crooks they take right in front of a window, but these are small matters out here. Fortunately in our living room the pipes go straight up- and we have to have our walls paneled whether we like it or not. We have lived in heaps and piles even since they started to put the heating system in and it is a relief to think that there is going to be an end of the muss. I think when we clean up this time it will be for the rest of the year. The decorating of the walls and the woodwork will be done during some vacation.

This last week has been a busy one for several reasons. The work in our school room made us vacate it one day so we took a walk and drew pictures. When we came back we finished them up and wrote a story of the walk, which the children made into a book. This spent the equilibrium of the school day for two or three days but I believe paid in the end. We did it partly because Mrs. Corbett has not been able to take her classes so I had to see that the time was used valuably. Mrs. Corbett has had a very sick little girl for more than a week. Her little daughter Helen- aged 3 years – has had a serious and persistent attack of dysentery. Although she had several inoculations of the serum to kill the germs there was no perceptible change in the progress of the disease, until yesterday. To-day they think they have the trouble checked. It will probably be another week before Mrs. Corbett should think of leaving Helen, so in the meantime we are doing some doubling up here. This is the time for sending out our first reports of the year, so the grass will not grow under our feet just at present.

The papers say this is the rainiest October for 12 years- in Shanghai. Here we have had very little rain, but we have had several dull days, so that it has not been all sunshine as October is supposed to be. We have had several frosts which have killed most of the flowers and vegetables but the leaves are still on the trees. These willows never turn in color but the vines on the houses and walls are brilliant.

This has been Hallowe'en week which we celebrated on Friday evening. We had a committee headed by Mary and Mr. Johnson who had prepared the fun. We had all the children – day pupils also- at supper and it was like a Thanksgiving table- twenty-three of us. There were several games and the supper which lasted from 5.45 to 7.45 P.M. the children had a fine frolic, and were none the worse for it the next day. Everyone now seems to be quite well and I hope we continue to have good health.

In a few days we shall mail the parcels for Christmas, which Mary mentioned in her letter last week. It is not so easy to mail parcels from here for we are not a parcels post office, so we have to go to Peking.

With love- Flora Beard.

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his 9 1/2 year old daughter, Marjorie. Smooth, hard roads are being made in Foochow. Willard is writing an article on Latin America for the Anti Cobweb meeting. Daughter Phebe sounds happy in Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 31st 1915

Dear Marjorie:-

It seems a long time since I have had a letter from you. I suppose the mail is somewhere in or near Foochow now. A steamer started Friday morning from Shanghai. During the past week we have had very high winds from the north which ought to make the steamer hurry up unless the sea was too rough. Since the Pacific Mail Steamers were taken off our home mails have been less frequent. And they say we should get our Christmas presents off on the Steamer when she goes to Shanghai next Wed. or Thursday.

The streets of Foochow city are being torn up and widened and nice smooth hard roads made, - not all the streets. Two that run cross wise the city are now torn up and the houses are being taken down to widen the streets and good drains and gutters are now being made. You will not know the place. You may be able to ride into the city in a ricksha when you come next Sept.

The Y.M.C.A. have a new Secretary and his wife- both from Oberlin College Mr. and Mrs. McConnell. They were here for supper last Wednesday evening and after supper Mrs. McConnell played the piano for us. It was a rare treat. She plays something like Mrs. Vincer used to. Mama and perhaps Phebe will remember her playing.

I am writing my article or address for the Anti Cobweb next Friday evening on "The Latin American Situation." It is very interesting work but rather hard to find time to be at my desk long enough at one time to write more than one hundred words. I hope it will not sound as choppy when I read it as the writing of it has been.

The city compound is very lively with children just now. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still here with three, two Hodouses, three Newells, one Belcher, -nine in all. But you see we have all the children in the mission right here, except Edward Gillette in Diong Loh.

The weather has changed to cool at last. I can now wear a coat and trousers of wool, and feel comfortable. This morning the subject of the sermon was "Hope." For one illustration the preacher said that "Hope" was the cause of our getting changes for the better. As for example man first used three leaves for clothes. These were cold and really made his body shrink up to keep warm. But hope sent him out hunting and he found animal skins warm. Then he kept hoping for a better material and found cotton, but look at Mr. Beard he has something better still-woolen cloth. Again he was using the progress in beds- from stone to bed boards then to rattan beds then to springs and he pointed to me and said do you suppose Mr. Beard is satisfied with those? No he is hoping for something softer!!! He did not know that I sleep on a rattan bed about three months in the year.

I am going to stop writing this now and hope to get a letter in this mail from some of you and I will try to send just a word before mailing this and after your letter comes.

I am all the time committing portions of the Bible. During the summer I committed PS. 34. This Fall I have committed Isa. 12 and now I am working on PS. 19. I find verses 7, 8, and 9 very difficult- to get the right words in the right place. Possibly I have been too tired to retain in my memory what I try to learn. Of course I do not get down to work on it. I just keep my Bible on my desk open to that place and night and morning get a verse.

May God be very good to you all and give you health, and the ability to do good work in school and the ability to discern very keenly between right and wrong and not only the desire but the power to always choose the right. How I do long to hear from Phebe and know how she is settled in Oberlin- what she is studying etc.

Very lovingly your Father,
Willard L. Beard

Tuesday 11/2

The mail yesterday brought me a letter from Phebe and one from Gould. I am much pleased to see how happy Phebe seems in Oberlin.

Lovingly
Papa

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The missionaries are seeing results from the Evangelistic Campaign. People have signed up for Bible classes. Daughter Phebe is happy at Oberlin and reports that the Kinnear children are there, also. Willard is having problems with his teeth and the discusses the charges of dentists. He tells of what must be done for Yuan Shi Kai to become Emperor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct 31st 1915

Dear Mother:-

From the home letters I judge rain, sunshine and heat have had conferences this year so as to follow the same rules in China and New England. We had a very wet early summer- a very dry latter summer and a very hot latter summer. The fall has been unusually hot till last Wednesday. I wore thinnest white clothes, and could hardly endure a collar. Last week Friday Oct. 22 I went into the country 15 miles with Mr. Hodous, and wore banana cloth clothes. This is the thinnest, lightest material we have. But now the weather is more civilized and I can wear a woolen coat.

I am trying to be patient while the mail arrives. It is about ten days since we have had an American mail. This is a result of the New Seaman's Bill. And it is said we must get all Christmas presents off on this steamer- to go Wednesday or Thursday, for the next one will be too late for Christmas.

The girls have had their hands full this fall opening a big housekeeping establishment for those children. But their last letters sounded as if the worst was over. They had just held the opening.

Next Friday evening I am to read a paper of the Latin American Situation. It is most interesting preparing. I am writing it out- the first address I have written in a long time. My great grievance is that I cannot get more than fifteen minutes at a time to write. All the reading for the paper I have done in my sedan chair or on a boat while I was travelling.

I think I have written of the evangelistic meetings which have been planned in six centers in Foochow- two centers of each of the three missions. The first series of meetings were held last week in our Geu Cio Dong church. Mr. Newell gave one lecture with demonstrations on oxygen for women with over six hundred in attendance and two for men, with one audience of 400 and one of 600. Then Mr. Cio Lik Daik of the Y.M.C.A. spoke once to women and 74 signed cards desiring to join Bible classes, and he also spoke twice to men after which 100 were asking to join Bible classes. If one half this number actually get into Bible classes it will be a grand result and the workers will have all they can do for the rest of the year.

Nov 9th Tuesday: The mail came at last and brought your letter to the girls in Tungchou and one from Phebe M. The same mail brought letters from Phebe K. and from Gould. - The first from Phebe in Oberlin and the first from Putnam since she left. She seems to be very happy at her prospects- and with her surroundings and thinks she is going to enjoy her work. Eunice, Morris and Gerald Kinnear are with her. She knew all three in Foochow. Gould thinks it is lonely without Phebe. I judge she must have made just a call on her way, at Century Farm, coming up from Bridgeport, altho her most vivid impressions of her Bridgeport visit were shopping all alone. She has never done much of that. Geraldine is the business woman of the family.

I have just sent off 50- boxes of jasmine flower tea as Christmas presents. You will get one or two boxes in time for Christmas I hope. This year I am afraid the Christmas things may be a long time on the way, and some of yours will be late. A lady in the Flatbush, Brooklyn church ordered 50 boxes. They use them there for Christmas presents.

I am having a time with my teeth this year. I have never had much trouble with them before, - compared with other people. But this Spring I realized that there was trouble, that altho they were not aching yet they were not right. A dentist by the name of Gutelius [*or Gatellins?*] is trying to see what he can do for missionaries in the line of his business. Ten cities in China put up a guarantee fund of \$3000 mex. for him to make an experiment. He was on Kuliang a month in July, - is in Foochow now, goes to Amoy and other places. He charges \$4.50 per hour for work and extra for gold or expensive materials. Ordinary materials are thrown in with the \$4.50. I had about 17 hours in July and will have about 5 more now. But my general health has been much better since his work on me in July. He hopes to be able to guarantee to each missionary all work on the care of their teeth for \$10 mex a year and .50 an hour for work. This will be cheap enough. The regular price for dentists in China is \$10 mex. per hour.

The last mail brought a letter from Fred Beach. He said he saw Ruth at Broadway Tabernacle, - is now with the Missionary Campaigners and hope to be at Andover Seminary next Spring. Reports of the Armenian Massacres are just getting to us. It seems as if the Devil were let loose in many parts of the world. I cannot help thinking that the world will be better after the greatest war in history is over. As the air is always clearer and purer here in Foochow after a good typhoon and also in Connecticut after a good old nor' Easter so men will be better after this great cataclysm. There was a lot of badness in men's minds- specially all thru Europe. False conceptions of the designs of other nations largely - but it was getting worse with each year and it is coming out now. I fully believe that freedom and democracy will have advance greatly.

Yuan Shi Kai will probably be crowned Emperor before this reaches you. The report is that he has sent to the Governors of all provinces to find out the "will of the people." The "will of the people" every where is that Yuan should be Emperor. It is done in this way, the Governors are to find out whether the people wish a Republic or a Monarchy, and to suggest the best way of selecting the Emperor. There is not a suggestion that the Republican form will be chosen. Yuan has given one of his daughters to the little boy Emperor to wife. The only hard problem for Yuan is [*he*] has to get the imperial seal, now in possession of the former boy Emperor, without using force. We of the west would make a new seal, and from preference. But it seems from the Chinese point of view that this seal in use for thousands of years and handed down from generation to generation and from dynasty to dynasty must be gotten and gotten without force before the new dynasty is founded. It would be an intricate maze for a westerner to follow all the plans to get the matter done in the right way. The little Emperor will be offered the crown, will refuse. The "people"= a few leading men, friends of Yuan=will then demand Yuan for Emperor and after sufficient refusals he will accept. - Well as long as Yuan lives he is likely to be at the head of things in China and whether as President or Emperor. The government is likely to be stable. He has every thing all in hand here in Fukien. I never knew Foochow so quiet in my 21 years here as it has been during the past year. And more improvements have been made during the past nine months than during they past 100 years. - Streets widened, made smooth, and some troughs and conductors put up. - A Public Park made and a new road built between the city and the river- 8 miles, with the old city streets in some places doubled in width by the tearing down of shops and houses. Soon we will be riding in rickshaws instead of sedans.

Meantime Education has gone backward, but that will come up in time.

You are wondering why I write so long. We have a vacation today- and I'm a man of leisure. But I do not do it often and shall not likely do it again for sometime. The months until I plan to start for home are diminishing in number very fast- less than six months. May God keep us all to see each other then.

Very lovingly your son

Will

[This letter dated Nov. 10, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. The Chinese people seem resigned that the Monarchy is returning. Willard has sent 100 boxes of jasmine tea back to the states for Christmas gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov. 10th. 1915

Dear Sisters [*Flora and Mary*]:-

The last mail brought your letter with those of Mother's and Phebe M.'s. It also brought letters from Phebe K. and from Gould. Phebe is much pleased with all that she has thus far seen at Oberlin. Her letter was written after she had joined but before she had begun classes so she had not actually got into the work. She had met Eunice and Morris and Gerald Kinnear. The boys she recognized, but she had been too long away from Eunice.

I have kept my eye on little cups for you but have not yet bought for I hope to find some one size smaller than those now in stock. As to the gong I am not so successful. The best I can do is more than \$2. I am not sure that you want to go as high as that. This will be a new one. I have not given it up but the way looks dark for a 40 cent one. If you will write me as soon as this reaches you about the gong I will know what to do. The cups I will plan to send by Dr. Wherry. And gong too if you want me to buy at the price.

All goes well here. The people with whom I associate are resigned to what they consider a bad fate i.e. the return of the Empire. The other day in Ethics we were speaking of the Providence of God, and I asked the boys to tell me of some men who seemed to be specially provided by God for some special work. They mentioned Washington, Lincoln and at the other end one said Sun Yat Sen. I asked - - Yuan Shi Kai? "No, no." Last evening the boys had what they termed a Memorial meeting, to commemorate the battle of Foochow in 1911. It was as much to lament the prospect of a return to the Monarchy as it was to remember the past.

At the same time the work of reform goes on continually. The Park is getting to be pretty with trees and grass and flowers and the picturesque little summer houses all about. They want our band to come out and play for them to make things lively. On several streets the houses are being torn down and the street widened. This is a wonderful thing in Foochow. One gate is taken away and the stone and brick are used in the construction of the road.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis have a fine boy about two weeks old. The Belcher and the Munson babies are doing finely. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are still here. Mr. Smith and Mr. Belcher started this morning for a short visit to Ing Hok. They will be back in a week. The Smiths are much better but not entirely out of the woods yet as far as boils are concerned.

There is lots more to write but it is time to start for prayer meeting which this week is at Mrs. Peet's out at Gek Siong Sang. So good bye. I sent off on yesterday's mail 50 boxes of jasmine tea as Christmas present, and 50 more to a lady in Flatbush for her and others to use as Christmas presents.

Lovingly your brother.

Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1915 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his son, Gould. He is encouraging Gould to go on to college and not be concerned about finances. Yuan Shi Kai has not become Emperor yet. The new church is slowly being built. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 14th 1915

Dear Gould:-

The letter last week I addressed to you and again this week I'm doing the same thing. A good long letter right out of her warm heart came from Phebe a few days ago. It is not hard to see how Oberlin strikes her. I am very glad she likes her surroundings.

In your last letter you make the suggestion that you should wait a year before going to College on account of finances. I do not like to have you do this. I started for Oberlin in 1887 with less than \$300 to my name. I was twenty two years old. I did not know how money enough was coming to get thru College nor where it was coming from. But I went on one step at a time and my father helped me a little and I worked as I could and I got thru. I think that is a very good motto for one's life, i.e. If you cannot see all the way do not wait but go as far as you can see and God will open the way when you have gone as far as He shows you now. I am quite certain it would be better for you to go to College next year than to wait. If God gives me health I can reasonably hope to help you and the girls some, and you will find chances to earn some, and I should not hesitate to borrow some.

Last Friday evening I was at the Consulate for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Pontius are both very pleasant. They are young people with two small children. Mrs. Pontius is from the Isle of Jersey in England and so is English. I had met her several times before and always supposed her to be an American, so you see she is not very Englishy. I was the only guest from this side the river. They wanted me to spend the night, but as I have classes beginning at 8 a.m. I much prefer to go home at night. I had to honor of taking Mrs. Pontius to dinner, and on the way out she asked me to "offer Thanks." It was a very pleasant occasion- nothing startling except Mr. Pontius' new Pionola. — The only one in port as far as I know.

The great question in every one's mind now is the change in the government. Just now it looks as if Yuan would wait a while. Next week we may hear that he has been crowned.

Miss Perkins has a relative teaching in the Girl's College- just out Miss Nash from Maine. She plays the violin beautifully. Last Friday evening we had the first Rhetoricals of the term by the senior class. Miss Nash came out and played. You should have seen the boys with mouths wide open standing on their toes listening. It was a rare treat. And the applause was spontaneous and the encore positive.

The weather has cooled off a little. I have put on a vest this past week with comfort, but I still wear my thinnest sleeveless underwear.

Annual Meeting with the Chinese begins next Tuesday evening and classes one week later. This will mean not much work in College for me, and I am afraid not much for the College anyway.

The new church is going up nicely but too slowly. There are really two roofs as in the rough sketch. The lower one had the rafters all on and they are beginning to put the roof boards on. The upper one has only two timbers in place. It is slow working so high up. The timbers are made and I hope they will get it closed in two weeks more.

I suppose you send my letters to Phebe .

May God give you all a Merry Merry Christmas and a Happy Happy New Year and keep you all well and good and helpful. Your loving Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. The school building heater system is in. They sent some presents for Christmas and are still waiting for some pencils that were ordered for school. Flora has noticed that the U.S. newspapers are becoming more interested in Chinese affairs. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[November 16, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

My how the wind is blowing to-day! It comes right off the icebergs nearest the Pole I am sure and is blowing into our house through every crack and crevice. We are going to see if we can get along without storm windows this year since glass is so expensive out here. It means that there will be days when we shall not be especially warm. We were fortunate to get our heating system finished so that we were ready just the very day that the weather changed. In ordinary weather we are most comfortable on a very low temperature of the radiators. There are still several leaks but we hope they will rust up and save us the trouble of undoing the joints again. Mr. Galt, who has been the master plumber, says the water usually oxidizes the inside of the pipes enough to close up these spots. We are waiting until the Christmas vacation to paint the pipes and radiators. There will be two weeks then when the scholars will be away. I hope the material will arrive from U.S. so that we can have our blackboards done then, also. Affairs seem to be running along smoothly, although we did not escape the usual amount of dissatisfaction about marks in our first reports, which went out the first of November. One mother thinks it is an

encouragement to the children to give them a little higher estimate than they have attained. We have decided to continue along the lines of truth, and hope for a change of ideas in the mother.

Last Monday I went to town (Peking) and bought the last of the things we are sending for Xmas- two scarfs and two lanterns. I am afraid they may not reach you until after Xmas as the boats across the Pacific are so few now. The Japanese P.O. clerk said the things we sent last Monday should reach you two weeks before Xmas. I took up a suit case full of mail, which took over an hour to get properly stamped and registered. I hope everything reaches its destination. I have not yet received the pencils and hope you have already started out the tracer. Please don't destroy the vouchers for the parcels until you hear from me that they have arrived here for now that there are no American boats running I think we need to take more precaution than ever.

Your papers from home are getting quite interested in affairs in China, for nearly every one has an article from the Associated Press representative in Peking. He is a Mr. More and Mr. Burgess though he tried to tell the truth about the affairs here. He seemed to be quite pro-Japanese but I think he wishes to know the truth from both points of view. I wonder sometimes if Pres. Yuan is not allowing this question of a monarchy to be agitated simply because the growth of a national spirit depends on something to keep the minds of his people awake. The menace of the Japanese seems to have lost its effect and here is something else to stir the land. Things look as if there would be a monarchy, but about the only change there will be is in words. It will have to be a limited monarchy for the day has passed when these people will be content to let the government lie entirely in the hands of one man.

I am having my first dress made at a dressmaker here. It is a very soft gray green brocaded silk, I am going to let the dressmaker use her own judgment on making it up. It may be a disappointment but I have no time nor fashion books to help me. She has made such a pretty gown for Mrs. Galt that I hope she will be as successful with mine.

I am still having experiences with my little watch. By the time the year of guarantee is up it will have been made completely over. First I broke the crystal, then it was the pivot, now the stem winder has come out. In between times I have a watch. There should be some one coming to North China soon who would bring my new one, so I am living in hopes.

To-night our box of pads and other school papers arrived, for which we are duly thankful. I hope also the materials for our school blackboards came in the same shipment. Little by little we are getting into order and we should look quite ship-shape. Please tell Miss Brewster that her letter is here and that I will get her one of the Mandarin squares just as soon as a good one comes along. There are very beautiful ones to be had here for about \$2 gold- or less. There are the old "Kossu" or woven in figures, with all sorts of emblems in them, each with a meaning.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
November 16, 1915.

Please pay these renewals and charge to my account. Mary and I are to send a draft home to you next month.

F.B.

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1915 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a nice walk through a graveyard and hopes that the fish pond will freeze for ice skating. She talks about the weather affecting her camera. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 22, 1915]

Dear Ones at Home,

My Sunday letter has again become a Monday one. This last week I had an attack of Laryngitis and yesterday morning I took a nap instead of writing letters. In the afternoon it was glorious so I went for a walk with the children. Just east of the compound is a very interesting old Chinese grave yard with several trees and many sunken roads passing through it. We walked down through there then out to the railroad back and home. We came across a flock of goats being herded in the graveyard and in it were two baby goats just big enough to be thoroughly firm on their legs.

The fish pond has ice on it about one half inch thick and already the children are counting the days until skating may begin. I too am already for it because I took my one pair of low heeled high shoes up and had them resoled when I went to visit the Lowry family.

The children have finished their weekly home letters and have now gone out for some field sports. They have gone wild over field sports since the day when we went to the field sports of the college.

This last week Monday we had a regular shampoo parlor here. I washed the heads of all four little girls and one small boy. Then Miss Meade came over with Mrs. Galt and accepted my offer to wash her head. My own was the last. While that was being done Mrs. Galt washed Dorothy Galt's. It was cute enough to watch Dorothy. She flatly refused to go home to have her shampoo but was highly delighted to have it here.

Last week Flora mailed several packages home. I sent an extra package addressed to Elizabeth of things that may be useful as gifts sometime. None are expensive. The little cups and tea pot belong with the tray and the little shovel like toys with the round brass dish. The doily I got in the south. The price on the outside covers all. The doily was .75 cents, the top .20 cents and for the two and the carved things only a little. Do what you like with any of it. I sent Ruth a box of images. I could not get many of the little men such as I got last year so substituted the various birds. The large cart with the flags I should like you to keep if you care to as it is quite unique. The st?? I can duplicate at any time.

I enclose some prints of pictures I took this summer. Unfortunately the hot weather was not good for films or camera and many of the best films are spoiled because the film softened. Mr. Birkle sent us some prints of pictures he took and reports a like condition. My poor camera has had to go to be fixed because it has rusted so the spring does not work but one way.

This may be a New Year's letter but I doubt it. Any way I wish you all a happy entrance into the New Year and that God will bless you all through this year.

By the way, if perchance Ruth has some images that she needs, wouldn't the twins like some as a remembrance from China. I fear Master Space [*probably brother of Virginia Space. Virginia will become the wife of Willard's son, Myron Gould Beard*] is to young to appreciate them, is he not?

Lots of love
Mary

Nov 22, 1915.

P.S. What about being in the suburb of a city? Does it feel any different than to be next to a borough?

[This letter dated Nov. 30, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She spent Thanksgiving doing more work getting the school in better shape. They will travel seven hours to go to Shuite Fu where they will spend Christmas. In Peking it is a custom on New Year's Day for men to call on ladies at their home. They are still waiting for their pencils to arrive. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Nov. 30, 1915]

Dear folks at home:-

Thanksgiving is over and we are now looking forward to Christmas. School closes the 17th so for once in my life there will be time to plan my personal gifts here after school is out for Christmas Day itself. Thanksgiving Day was not so very exciting to me for we had several children here as usual. The morning was taken up in hanging pictures in the living-room and re-arranging the furniture. The children and Mr. Johnson set the football posts and walked out the court so that now they have a change in their sports if they wish it. The Peking children returned from Peking on the afternoon train and we all went to church here at 5 o'clock. Then came the usual study hour and we all went to bed. Mary and Mr. Johnson went to the Compound supper at Mr. and Mrs. France's and had a jolly time.

Saturday the children went home again so it seemed as though the week had been spent mostly "coming and going." Mary and I went to supper at Mrs. France's fully ready for the longer sleep that we get on Sunday mornings. We had three callers on Sunday and went to church which was enough to keep us stirring. On Monday morning I went to Peking for the first fitting of my new dress- a very soft crepy Chinese silk- gray green and figured. It is to be done for our Xmas festivities. I did a lot of shopping and just caught the noon train back home. The weather these days feels like working or playing. Our heater is all that we can ask for so far. It is not very beautiful, but is economical and sanitary which should go a long way toward producing beauty. I hope we may have a more temperate winter this year for the one last season brought with it so much suffering.

Today, I purchased a perfectly beautiful white lamb skin fur coat. It reaches to the floor and has long sleeves, besides a double lap in the front all the way down. I am going to have it as a lining in a winter coat. It looks like a fine astrakhan. It is not quite as short and curled as a Persian lamb. I think it should make me a good evening coat.

Mary and I are going to be quite gay for Xmas. We are going down to Shunte Fu to spend Christmas Day and over Sunday. It is about a seven hour ride from Peking toward Hankow. We have just received an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard of Peking to spend New Years with them and receive with Mrs. Hubbard. You remember that last year Mary and I received at the Burgesses' and over sixty gentlemen called. It is the old Peking custom for the men to call at all the ladies houses that day and there they lunch at other houses than their own, so Mary and I have to invite three men to have lunch with us at Mrs. Hubbard's.

During the vacation we are to have the pipes and radiators gilded (or silvered) and I hope a lot of cleaning done. I think we can probably get the kitchen walls and wood work done, also the storeroom. We have two and a half weeks vacation so we ought to accomplish something.

We are expecting Mrs. Reinsch (the American Minister's wife) and Claire down some afternoon this week or next. Claire has been very very ill with appendicitis, and had a very serious operation which she is just recovered from. She is very anxious to come down here to school but her parents have not thought best to let her. Of course she could not have come this fall anyway but I hope this visit may let her mother see that conditions are suitable for her to come here.

Last Monday I sent off home a package containing a lace collar and a little knife for some one. The week before the two lanterns and two scarfs started for America so I hope you get most of the things before Xmas this year.

There is no sign of the pencils yet but hope soon to hear that they are being traced.

The next three weeks are going to be very busy ones.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Nov. 30, 1915.

[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1915 was written while going down the rapids of the Ing Hok by Willard to daughter Phebe. He has been busy with the Annual Meeting and giving addresses for the Union Evangelistic work. Then he took a trip to Ing Hok. He talks about her experiences at Oberlin. Willard is planning his trip to the states in May of 1916. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

On the Ing Hok river- going down the Rapids
Dec 6th 1915

Dear Phebe:-

Your interesting letter arrived last week. The weeks since Nov. 16th have been specially busy for me. Week before last I did not get a letter off even to Mama. That was the week of our Annual Meeting, and just as that closed I began a series of four addresses for special evangelistic meetings in connection with the Union Evangelistic work in Foochow. Last Friday I started for Ing Hok to look into the school with a view to coordinating all our educational work. - We have just gone down the steepest rapid on the river below Ing Hok- the one down which Miss Jean Brown went and at once said to me "Oh tell the boatman to pull us up again and let us go down again."

Your letter was most interesting to me for I was so glad to see how pleased you were with all your surroundings, - specially with the teachers, and it pleased me greatly to hear from you yourself that you did not find the work burdensome. I hope you will be able to take piano next term. You should be pretty well prepared for your freshman work. You are fairly mature in years and in experience with the world and this term will have sufficed to make you feel at home in Oberlin and to have dispelled any thing that may seem like nervousness due to the newness of things. I did not know until your letter came that Mr. Ireland's son was in Oberlin. I wonder if he is a freshman. I am greatly pleased that you go to the old First Church. That was my church for four years. I took my letter there. Dr. Brand was my pastor. I think Mrs. Brand is still there. The practice in that choir is a very valuable addition to ones education. I never felt equal to ever trying to get in and then most of the time I was doing so much work that I felt I had not the time. I shall be interested to hear which Literary Society you join and the reason why you chose that one. I was a member of Phi Delta.

While there I lived all the time on N. Prof. St. The first 4 terms way up at 60 I think it was- most out to the old ball ground. The second 4 terms at a house only 2 or 3 doors below where Deacon West lived. #39 I think, and the last 4 terms at Mrs. Stiles- it must have been about #35 I should think. My room mate these last four years was Mr. Addison Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence is now matron of Talcott. She is also a classmate of mine, and she will be glad to meet you. It was good to read of your having enough to eat. I wonder how you like early suppers and early

breakfasts, and regular hours for meals and going to bed and doing every thing. Have you got used to the Library yet?

I am sorry this will not reach you in time for Christmas or even New Years but you will have lots of things from Putnam and possibly other places at that season and this will come to you just as you are starting the second term, and all the others have gotten them with the Holidays. I shall think of you during the Holidays and wonder if you are in Oberlin or somewhere else. The year Mama was in Oberlin she went out to Aunt Ann's for the Holidays.

I expect to find Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear in Foochow when I get there tomorrow. They have been gone almost two years.

I am looking up steamers for going home next May. The permission has not yet come from Boston. But I have corresponded with Dr. Bactorn and he thought there would be no trouble. It is hard to believe that only six months lie between now and the time when I hope to see all my loved ones. Uncle Stanley wants me to go straight thru to Shelton and attend his wedding and come back to Oberlin for the anniversary. I want very much to attend the wedding, and I shall try to arrange to do as he suggests.

God has been very good to us all during these more than three years but I have been away from each other. May He keep us all to see and enjoy and profit by seeing each other next year. Your accounts of class and Volunteer prayer meetings touch me deeply. May God keep and bless you

Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 13, 1915 was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home and siblings, Phebe and Stanley. Mary and Flora were initiated into the Past Time Club of Tungchow, a group that meets for entertainment. Several of the school children have been ill and Mary has had to tend to them one after another. When not busy with the children they have guests and visit with others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dec. 13 [1915]

Dear Ones at Home, Phebe and Stanley,

I am going to send this via Phebe and Stanley because it is a long time since I have written them. As to the lanterns they were a combination engagement and birthday gift. It will not hurt them to use them if you want to. The last two of Phebe's letters have contained pictures from which I extend thanks for my share. That camping trip must have been great. Your tales and the pictures made me quite envious for I do love camping. Yes, even the snake and dirt are attractive when out under the open sky for twenty four hours a day!

The vacation is almost here- only three and a half days of school left. There are just six of us here this weekend. Delnoce Grant was having a fancy dress party Saturday evening so all but the little tots went to Peking. They were one excited bunch of children. Delnoce brought out some pictures the other day, picture taken in New York and Phebe was in one of them. It was only fair of Phebe.

Elizabeth I am glad you happened to meet the Porters. They are a fine couple and I wish you might have seen more of them.

Last week we were all formally initiated as member of the "Past Time Club" of Tungchow. It meets irregularly, whenever any one has an inspiration as to form of entertainment. On Thursday there were seven new members to initiate so we were made to do the entertaining. Flora had to deliver a scolding to Mrs. Hubbard who was to represent a naughty little girl. I had to recite poetry while holding the goat's tail for inspiration. We had to crawl under two tables and play cuckoo clocks just at the hour of twelve. Some of the men had to roll peanuts with their noses, play cock fight, debate on "why is a chicken", play a tune on a bicycle pump etc. It was a restful fun evening.

I have been having great times with my girlies; first one sick, then another. Last week I kept Pauline in bed two days and this week I had Muriel there one day. We sent Isabel home with a severe cold and Bethine stayed up two days because of her rheumatism. I am rather relieved when it is the Peking children who are ill so we can ship them home; for, I do not like taking care of sick children all night and then having to rise at 6.45 and work all day. It makes one a-weary.

I have taken Flora's play off her hands so am busy coaching play every night for from ½ to 1 hour. We made candy on Friday night and make some more on Tuesday.

Jan. 28.

Even though this beginning is near five weeks old I am going to send it along as proof of my good intentions. We are having another touch of winter after some very spring like weather. On Tuesday I played tennis and was too warm with a middy and no sweater. The skating was soft and wet but the children went out just the

same. Now as late as Thursday we went walking in our thin coats or sweaters only. But Thursday night the weather began to change. It was cloudy and gloomy all morning and the wind began to rise in the afternoon. That night the water in our room froze solid. Again Saturday night – and again last night everything froze stiff. I had several bottles of grape juice in my closet and have removed it to safer more protected quarters, lest it freeze.

We had Dr. and Mrs. Galt over for supper on Thursday evening. They were our first real guests except Dr. Smith and guest for luncheon from Peking. On Friday night Mrs. Sheffield was here for supper. This week we entertain Mr. and Mrs. Corbett and shall go on until we have had all of the Tungchow people in.

On Wednesday I had a card from Mrs. Hubbard saying that she and three others were coming down to Tungchow via the canal that afternoon. I had given them up and was out playing bean bags with the children when one couple appeared. It was already 4.45 so there was no time for afternoon tea. We took a hasty walk to the top of the building- and back and started at once for the station.

Yesterday Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Sheffield received us all at tea. It is fun to get together once in a while for a social chat. We all miss Miss Leavens from the circle but she is still retired from all intercourse with the world. She has seen no one, except the doctor and his wife, since just after Christmas and any little effort exhausts her. I do hope that the Board can send a helper for the woman's work because Miss Leavens is not strong enough to carry the burden of it. Of course all of the matrons help but Miss Leavens has the sole responsibility.

I almost forgot our turmoil here last Monday. Our two girls who were living with Miss Leavens are turned out by her illness as they can not live alone in a home. Mrs. Wickes took them in temporarily but it was a big question as to what we should do permanently. Finally Flora offered to give up her study. That meant moving the study furniture into the parlor; moving Mr. Johnson into the study since it is a very small room; and letting the two girls have Mr. Johnson's room, since it is a good sized room. On Monday morning we did it and now feel quite at home with our new arrangement. Our living room, which was at the start a very barren room, is almost overcrowded with furniture. The change necessitates using the dining room as recitation room for Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Corbett because they used to use the study.

On Friday we had a wedding in the family; the coolie took unto himself- a wife. Last Tuesday he came to Mrs. Galt and asked for a day off on Friday because there was to be some sort of funtime or celebration in the family. He didn't say what it was definitely and she could not make out. She spoke to Flora and they decided to give him the day since he had been so faithful; but they accepted his offer to come early and fix the furnace and again late to bank it for the night. On Thursday, again Mrs. Galt tried to find out what the celebration was to be and got so far as to make sure it was a wedding. But the bride was no relation and he did not know her. "Some one on the other side of the city had spoken for her" said he. Later we found out that Dr. Galt was to marry them. He is about forty and she is at least as old if not older. Imagine such a mix up in America over a wedding.

A big funeral passed on the sunken road on Tuesday. The deceased was the father of Mrs. Corbett's boy. They are desperately poor and let the old man suffer many days before calling Dr. Love because they had heard that he charged fifty cents for a village call. Yet for his coffin they paid \$65 and the line of banner carriers stretched about as far as from our house to the end of Donovan's land on the south. The mistaken ideas of values is one of the saddest things we see! That family will struggle under that debt for years to come and yet feel repaid because of the much talk about the beauty of the funeral.

I do hope you are all still keeping well at home. Our vacation set us both up so things run much more smoothly.

With much love to you both and all the home people I am
Mary Beard

P.S. Yes Phebe you sent pictures of Myra's shower, and of Elbert and Will's family. That book cover evidently got lost in the mail together with Flora's pencils.

Mary updated the Alumni records at Mount Holyoke College. In April of 1917 the records show thus:

Miss Beard's heart and interests were with the class of 1905 to which she really belonged. Because she did not have hours of credit, she went to Woods Hole for six weeks and then returned in the spring of 1906 for her diploma. In her sophomore year she began her work in biology and from that time on she became an ardent member of that department, taking everything in that line that Dr. Clapp would permit. "I am not sorry for any of the work I did take but I wish I had been able to add more history and English. I wonder what Miss Hoag would say if she knew that the freshman who was such a terrible poor Latin scholar, is now teaching all four years of high school Latin with keen interest in the subject." A year of teaching in the New Haven grade schools showed Mary that she

wouldn't care for any more of that. For the next three years she taught science and mathematics in a girl's boarding school in Santa Barbara, California. After a year at home, she took a summer course at Columbia to brush up on her science teaching. From 1910 to 1914, she taught science at Monticello Seminary, an old institution which celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary the year after Mount Holyoke did. In the summer of 1912, she took more science courses at Columbia, - not for a degree but to better herself for her work at Monticello.

Early in 1914, I began a correspondence about this opportunity in China. My sister Flora was coming out as the representative of the American Board. An Assistant was wanted and the Methodist and Presbyterian Boards sent me as their representative to assist her in developing a school for missionaries' children. We started with a day school in Peking because our new building in Tungchow was incomplete. That year gave us an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with the people for whom our work was to be done.

Writing at the close of the second year in the real school home, Miss Beard says, "We had only fourteen pupils last year and have grown to twenty-four this. The prospect is good for a similar increase another year. This is the time when I am glad for all the minor committees on which I worked at college and wish they had been major ones so that the experience would have been wider. I wonder if such a specialization in science was wise for I have taught every high school subject except science; for the last three years. At last I have a chemistry class and hope to have one in biology next year."

"If you want a class of students who are an inspiration in themselves just send out and gather in the children of these specially trained missionaries. We have enough proofs of the laws of heredity in our school to offset any number of theories. The children are not only naturally bright but generally have the power of concentration, that makes them work with a will, play with a will and never do anything half-way.



Rickshaws in China

Undated photo from the Burgess Goodman website with permission from Doug Burgess.

Burgess, Doug. "Artist Doug Burgess". PBase. June 22, 2007 <<http://www.pbase.com/balldee/burgess>>.



GROUP OF AMERICAN MISSIONARIES PRESENT DURING THE SIEGE

This photo and a group of others showing the destruction during the Boxer Rebellion was probably given to Mary Beard by her friend, Rev. Arthur H. Smith, survivor of the siege and author of China In Convulsion. The same group of photos are included in his book. Arthur H. Smith lived in the same Tungchou compound where Flora and Mary's school was located. Flora and Mary associated with many of the people in this photo.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Rev. G. W. Verky | 26. Mrs. J.H. Ingram |
| 2. Miss Amy Brown | 27. Rev. F.M. Chapin |
| 3. Mrs. Arthur H. Smith | 28. Miss Janet McKillican |
| 4. Rev. W. T. Hobart | 29. Mrs. Gilbert Reid and child |
| 5. Rev. John Wherry, D.D. | 30. Miss Eliza Leonard, M.D. |
| 6. Rev. W.F. Walker, D.D. | 31. Mrs. C.A. Killie |
| 7. J.H. Ingram, M.D. | 32. Miss Alice Terrell |
| 8. Rev. H. E. King | 33. Miss Jane Evans |
| 9. Rev. G.R. Davis | 34. Mrs. C. Goodrich |
| 10. Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D. | 35. Mrs. W. F. Walker |
| 11. Rev. C.A. Killie | 36. Miss Emma E. Martin, M.D. |
| 12. Rev. W.B. Stelle | 37. Mrs. C.E. Ewing and child |
| 13. Rev. Gilbert Reid, D.D. | 38. Mrs. F.M. Chapin |
| 14. Miss Grace Newton | 39. Miss Mary Andrews |
| 15. Miss Luella Miner | 40. Mrs. J. L. Mateer |
| 16. Miss Nellie Russell | 41. Rev. C. Goodrich, M.D. |
| 17. Miss Maud Mackey, M.D. | 42. Miss D. M. Douw |
| 18. Miss Elizabeth Martin | 43. Miss Ruth Ingram and sister |
| 19. Mrs. F.D. Gamewell | 44. Miss Grace Goodrich |
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| 22. Mrs. C.M. Jewell | 47. Miss Dorothea Goodrich |
| 23. Miss Gertrude Wyckoff | 48. Master Carrington Goodrich |
| 24. Miss Ada Haven | 49. Master Ernest Chapin |
| 25. Mrs. Howard Galt | 50. Master Ralph Chapin |

The following American Missionaries were not on hand when the picture was taken: Rev. F.D. Gamewell, Dr. G.D. Lowry, Rev. C.E. Ewing, Rev. W.S. Ament, D.D., Rev. and Mrs C.H. Fenn and family, Rev. J.L. Whiting, Dr. and Mrs. J. Inglis, Rev. Howard Galt, Miss Bessie McCoy, Miss Abbie Chapin, Miss A.H. Gowans, Miss H.E. Rutherford and Miss Grace Wyckoff.