

1916

- Willard leaves China April 27, 1916 to get his family from the US. Willard and Ellen return to China leaving the oldest 3 girls in Oberlin's Tank Home except Gould who lives in the men's building. They arrive back in China September 9, 1916.
- Gould and Geraldine graduate from Putnam High School on June 22, 1916.
- Willard L. Beard awarded honorary Doctor of Divinity Degree from Oberlin in July 1916
- Yuan Shi Kai dies. Flora and Mary attend the funeral procession in Peking.
- Flora is 47 and Willard is 34 and teaching at the North China American School.
- Woodrow Wilson elected US President
- Willard is 51, Ellen- 48, Phebe- 21, Gould- 20, Geraldine- 18, Dorothy- 15, Marjorie, 10, Kathleen- 8.

[This letter dated Jan. 3, 1916 was written from Te Chou, Shantung, China by Rev. Arthur H. Smith to Flora and Mary. He thanks them for a silk tie that they gave him for Christmas and offers to give them a book for their school library. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Rev. Arthur H. Smith
American Board Mission
T'ung Chow, Peking

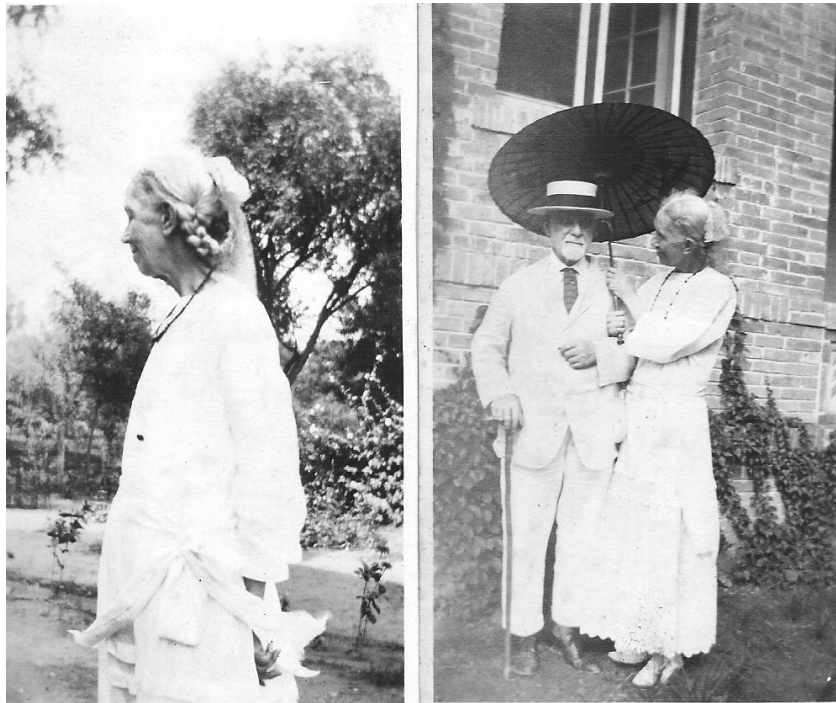
Te Chou, Shantung, Jan. 3rd 1916

Dear Miss Flora and Miss Mary Beard:

I found among my letters at Christmas time a fat envelope the legend of which certified that it came for you (Ye) and the contents was a very pretty silk scarf, such as is adapted to seize a gentleman by the throat, and keep him from the Wintry Blast. Very many thanks, dear Friends, for your kindness to me unworthy. I shall cherish this pretty and timely gift for itself and for the Givers. And this reminds me all too late that I have at T'ung Chou a volume which is intended for you, and which shall go into your hands as soon as I can return. I am unable to give as yet any forecast as to when that will be, but it may be within two weeks or more. I am sure not only that you (Ye) had a good time wherever you were, but that by a gentle compulsion you made everyone else have a good time too! Mrs. Tucker is about writing you in regard to some of the studies for the coming year, and I think they want to know whether there is (or is not) a copy of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare in the School Library (there being duplicates here). I seem to remember that this was one of the books that you took over.

With kind regards to all the members of the Station, and in the hope of seeing you before very many days,
I remain cordially yours,

Arthur H. Smith.



Dr. Arthur H. Smith and wife. This was actually taken on June 18, 1924 for Dr. Smith's 79th birthday. According to the writing on the back of the photo, she put her hair in braids in the same style she wore it 57 years before for their wedding. [Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Jan. 5, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The students have gone home for break and Mary and Flora have been cleaning and fixing up the school for the next term. They spent a day travelling to a Presbyterian mission between Peking and Hankow where they spent Christmas. Flora tells a little about their time spent there and described some of the foods available on the train. She mentions meeting Mrs. Howard Gould of the noted New York Gould family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 5, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Christmas is over and to-morrow we go to Peking to receive on New Year's Day with Mrs. Hubbard the wife of the pastor of Union Church. We are to return on Monday and that evening all the children return and we shall be off on the next term's work.

Mary and I have been as busy as two bees ever since the children departed for their houses. We have had the building cleaned from top to bottom and I hope now there will be no more tearing up of the walls, so that we may at least be spared the lime dust anymore. We can't escape the dust that every wind brings in from out of doors but it will be a relief if we may be spared the dust raised by workmen inside. We have had all the pipes and radiators silvered and the little circles placed around the pipes on the ceilings and floors. We have had all the counterpanes washed, and our blackboards are being put in place, so that when the children return they will find a much more attractive school.

Mary and I spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Miller [*possibly Mr. and Mrs. James Albert Miller according to the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia*] of Shuntehfu [*Schunte-fu*]- about a third of the way from Peking to Hankow. It is a Presbyterian Mission and there are four houses representing five families. It is rather a new station so that the work is still in its beginnings, though there is plenty to do in each line of work. The evangelistic side is more prominent there than in most other places I have visited. Shuntehfu is a walled city but like most such cities, there are more people living outside than in. The houses in the city are all huddled into the southern half and the rest is just beautifully tilled fields. We walked all around the city wall on Sunday afternoon and it was a fine, clean walk. The wall is in a fine state of preservation and we could see both the city inside and the country round about.

The journey from Tungchou to Shuntehfu took us from 7.30 A.M. till 7.30 P.M., though we had nearly three hours between trains in Peking. We had a good lunch along with us and "T. Tenchbaron" (which Miss Brewster sent me) to read, so with having to satisfy our curiosity about some of our fellow travelers we did not find the ride very irksome. There was a diner on the train from which we saw heaping dishes of rice and eggs appear and disappear. We indulged in several delectable loose skinned oranges which tasted just as they did in Foochow. At one of the stations they bring onto the train chickens cooked to a beautiful shiny brown so that we foreigners call them "varnished" chickens. We saw four Chinese fellow passengers eat three of these chickens after having patronized the diner sumptuously and eaten quantities of chestnuts and peanuts from their own packages. It secured to me a feat for a gormandizer, but on my way back home, when Mr. Miller and I ate two thirds of a chicken between us, I did not feel quite so critical. The chickens are cooked in some way so that they are quickly browned on the outside and then they are steamed until well cooked.

At Shuntehfu we had Xmas dinner with the Millers, then we went to Dr. Hamilton's (where there are two of the smallest children) for the tree. After that several of the people took a walk out to two groups of pagodas- about seventy in all- monuments to deceased Buddhists. I should think the tallest ones must have been about twenty-five feet high. In the late afternoon we went to the ladies' house and had a "Compound" supper, served in a cafeteria style. It was most informal and social- and just the kind of a meal to serve to stuffed- Christmas- dined people.

Later: - It is now a week since we returned from our Christmas trip. We have been to Peking and have helped to receive seventy gentlemen who called on New Year's Day. I'll not describe it in detail as it is Mary's week to write. I can't help adding though, that we had the help of one of New York's most noted families- the Goulds. Would you ever expect one of them to turn up here to try the New York style of philanthropy? She (Mrs. Gould) wishes to start a Montessori School. She has been here for about two weeks and Mrs. Hubbard thought she might like the fun of receiving. She was very glad to come. It was my closest contact to one of the great moneyed people of New York and I must say that she behaved very modestly. She is the wife of Mr. Howard Gould and having wearied of his gay and wild life she has a legal separation from him and is now doing some of the things she has always wanted to. She is a very different type of woman from those one meets out here and I think she must realize it.

I am enclosing in this letter a gold draft for fifty dollars to father. Please let me know if it reaches you. Someway, I feel that mail is not so sure these days, or else it is slow in getting here. I am relieved to hear that the Empress S.S. are again to sail the Pacific. We shall all feel surer about the mail.

This is Wednesday evening and all our flock are back excepting one. We hope to-morrow will bring her.

With all love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li Province*], China,
Jan. 5, 1916.

Am not sending the draft now but in Mary's letter on Sunday next. F. Beard-

[This brief note dated about January 1916 was written from Tungchou by Flora. She is sending money for a subscription and requests a special folding bed to be sent to her. Note donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About January 1916]

Will you please send the money for the enclosed subscription? Did I write you that I have asked the School Arts Magazine to send its bill to father? Those are the only ones that I have contracted so far. I wish Phebe would find out if it is possible to have one of those Pick-up your-bed –and –walk cots like the one you sent out by Parcel Post. If it is not too expensive I would like one. F.B. Wannamaker has them- \$3 with the cover. We want the cover.

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a luncheon party that they had and the variety of people present. School has resumed and the students have been arriving. Mary tells of a report of brewing political unrest. There are rumors of trouble in various places and a report said that 78 people were beheaded in Nanking. The Chinese Christians are more concerned of having to suffer than the foreigners. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou
Jan. 9, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

Last Sunday we were in Peking with Mrs. Fenn. We went up Friday noon and shopped until about 5.00 P.M. Then we went to Mrs. Hubbard's because we were to receive callers with her on New Year's Day. We spent the evening talking over plans for the next day but retired about 10.30 because we had need of arising early to get breakfast over before callers should arrive.

What do you think of the swellness of receiving with Mrs. Howard Gould, sister-in-law-of Helen Gould?!! She brought with her her little Chinese girl whom she adopted in San Francisco enroute out. Mrs. Gould is here to start a Montessori school among the Chinese children and her own sister who has married a Chinese, follows soon to assist. She is a very unassuming woman, rather stately in bearing but an excellent "mixer" and nothing of a snob.

Our luncheon party was one of the most cosmopolitan possible; the wife of the pastor of the Union church was hostess; receiving her guests were the wife of a Tsung Hua professor and one of the lady teachers besides Mrs. Gould and ourselves; the men were, the president of the Union Theological Seminary, an advisor to Yuan Shih Kai, three Y.M.C.A. men, two teachers in government schools, one member of the Bible Translation committee, two Salvation Army Men, one English business man, one man just out who are in Peking for language study and whose occupation I am not sure of. How was that for a predominance of men! All we ladies had to do was start a topic of conversation and let it go. Flora had a great time at her table when Mrs. Gould, who is out here for reforms and is especially interested in Agriculture as well as Montessori, and Mr. Thinning, of the Bible translation committee and also a very great reformer, began on reforms. Mrs. Gould suggested that the Chinese were raising a very inferior brand of tobacco and could gather much more valuable crops if they improved the brand. You can picture the rest and the difficulties of getting the topic changed. Mrs. Gould is having the little Chinese girl (who speaks English perfectly and Cantonese but not Mandarin) study German with Mrs. Wang with whom I studied last year. Mrs. Wang is a red hot little German woman and one day Mrs. Gould asked her little Chinese girl to sing Tiparary for Mrs. W. Mrs. Wang was quick enough to remark "that is an American song I believe; yes, let's hear it."

We stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard for supper then went to Mrs. Fenn's for over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon two Hankow missionaries (both English) arrived to spend several days. One was an excellent story teller and kept us in gales of laughter all the time. We went down to the Union church service at 5.30 and it seemed quite like old times to see all the people once more.

We came down on the noon train in order to put the last touches on the home before having to greet the children on the evening train. Mrs. Lane, wife of the architect just out for Tsing Hua, came on the train to bring her small son Charles as a pupil. She came only part way up to the home then hurried back to take the same train back

to Peking. Charles is 7 ½ years old but a bright little fellow. He goes home only every other week so we had a family of twelve this week end.

It was Thursday night before we got all of the children back. I met the train every night up to then and again last night I went to see the children off. The weather has been cold and the skating good all the week. We have the use of the pond until 4.30 so there is a grand rush to get off soon and improve every minute. Last night the pond was horribly slushy and now it is frozen hard again. I wonder if we can use it at all after this.

The little girls have all brought their dolls back so we have these dolls and a teddy bear for play house besides the abundance of easels, paper dolls, etc. that Christmas brought. The dolls are proving a great help in entertaining.

This week we had two callers in school. Mrs. McCann came in on Friday to visit classes and on that same afternoon Mr. Hunter came down to see how Charlie Childress is progressing. Both happened into my English III class at the same time and soon Mrs. Corbett came to do a bit of adjusting in a far corner. It seemed as though we were holding a reception!

President Yuan issued invitations to the Legation quarters for his New Years Reception but Emperor Yuan issued invitations to his own court. There are rumors of troubles in various places. Last Sunday the report had 78 beheaded at Nanking. There is a feeling of unrest in many places. We feel quite secure here because we are too near the capital for Yuan to risk any kind of uprising. Rumor has it that the soldiers who are against the empire threaten to attack the foreigner as they would get Yuan into the greatest possible trouble. The Chinese are more scared than the foreigners in most places as they feel that the Chinese Christians would be called on to suffer too.

Last night we had a high north west wind so the water in our pitchers and bottles was frozen. I was cold under three woolen blankets and a thick comforter. The wind still blows a good gale but I am going to have everyone put on their coats and accompany me on a walk around the compound. This rogue unrest throughout the countryside makes us feel it unwise to go far into the country with a bunch of children but every day helps to relieve the feeling so I hope we can get our ice boat ride to the old bridge this coming week.

Thanks for the card from the Thanksgiving party. The ties and thimble case and slippers came but no other packages. The initial book is interesting and useful. The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe came this week just as I was getting in despair because of lack of material. I have read about half of it and it is just the thing. The other packages are not yet here but once again I hope because a home mail was in yesterday.

The children are either too busy to desire the interruption I am planning or weary waiting for the walk so I think I must needs close and get ready to start and so close

With lots of love from

Mary.

Monday A.M.

P.S. Will Father please send a check for \$2.00 with the enclosed bill to this address.

Miss Ella E. Smith,
391 Winthrop Ave.,
New Haven,
Conn.

I will enclose a draft for \$50 gold, half of which is to be credited to my account, and half to Flora's. I will send another like one soon or have Mrs. Maron pay you as I intended. Lovingly yours Mary.

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to daughter, Kathleen. He thanks her for the soap and washcloth and a tie. He talks about some men coming to examine how things are in Foochow in hopes of getting funds from large foundations such as the Rockefeller Foundation. He also mentions the new Emperor and Dynasty. Letter from the collection of Jill Jackson.]

Foochow, China

Jan. 9th, 1916

Dear Kathleen-

I am free to write you and thank you for the box of soap. I have been so careful of the box you sent last year that there is still some left. I have used it only to take into the country- it is very handy for that- and when my hands specially needed it. But now I am getting extravagant and using every day. The washcloth will keep me all right till I get home. You have been my good angel to keep me in washcloths ever since I came to China. I wonder

who will do it when you come out here- or will Mama just order them out from some store. It is very pleasing to think of you every morning as I use the soap and cloth you so lovingly sent, and then I like to take that rough towel that Mama sent and scratch myself well to finish off with. I wonder who put in the pretty blue tie with white dots. No more pulling to get the four-in-hand in the right flare- I just fix this one right front on the collar, slip up the loop and it's all right for the day. Thank you and whoever else should have a share for all. I do miss my vest pocket diary and do hope it will come soon.

This past week Dr. Sailer of Columbia N.Y. with his wife and 19 year old daughter have been in Foochow. Dr. Sailer with Dr. Chamberlain who was here two weeks ago and Dr. Gaucher who was here a year ago are a committee of three to investigate the condition of educational conditions in China and report to the Continuation Committee- on their report depends the help Foochow will get from large funds and foundations like the Rockefeller Foundation. These three men seem very favorably impressed with conditions in Foochow. Dr. Sailer had a very wet disagreeable day to see Foochow city, but morning dawned clear and he left in good spirits with a dozen or more pictures.

A good letter came from Uncle Raymond Jewett of Mt. Vernon yesterday. With it also came some photographs of the whole family. It does me good to look at them. Uncle Raymond holds Dorothy and Aunt Mollie [*"Mary" according to the 1930 New York census*] holds Roger. All look specially well. The children are an honor to their parents. I shall not even hope to go to many places next summer but I do want to get to Mt. Vernon. I had a good letter from "Mother" Bean a short time ago but have not heard from Mr. Ide for a long time.

Yuan Shi Kai is Emperor. The new Dynasty is called Hung Hiong. I cannot now write the characters. All is quiet here- it cannot be otherwise for all is under the soldiers.- They are everywhere and carry fixed bayonets some of the time.

Next Sunday I preach the Baccalaureate sermon for the College. We plan to use the new church altho it is not completed and also to hold the Graduating exercises in it.

Dr. Sailer told us the other evening that he told his daughter that he wanted to have her fitted to pull her weight in the social boat when she graduated from College. This is the same idea that I have tried to express as my ideal for each one of us = live so as to make the world better. This does not mean a large salary or a big reputation. It means being a helper in the place where we are at any given time.- Not merely a hanger on. May God help each of you from Kathleen to Mama to be helpers in the daily prayer of your loving Father. Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her about the Christmas and New Years activities. Yuan Shi Kai is now Emperor but Willard doubts that a coronation has taken place yet. The Foochow roads are almost completed and he imagines that he may be able to bring Ellen and the girls home in an automobile rather than a ricksha. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Jan. 9th 1916

Dear Mother:-

This means and all the rest, as I have written before, when I have written a letter to Ellen and one to some one of the children each week, the time is about us and I realize that my reputation among others is damaged. Last night a good letter came from Phebe M. enclosing one from Phebe K. and mentioning the Thanksgiving party. The mail before brought photos so I feel pretty well up to date on home affairs. Whenever Gould gets down to the farm he is sure to write all the farm news- all about the horses and cows and calves and crops whether he mentions the folks or not. Phebe is sure happy in Oberlin. I hope it will continue. Good letters come from Mt. Vernon. Mr. Jewett wrote last. In his letter received last evening he enclosed photographs of the family. They have a Dorothy 2 years old in Nov. last and Roger one year old about the same time. If the photos are an indication of the real thing the children have come to stay, as Oliver said when he first saw Marjorie and Kathleen.

Christmas and New Years passed off very pleasantly here. As a sign that the church grows, this year each church and each division of the school held its own exercises and mostly on Christmas day. They used to try to spread Christmas over about two weeks and try to get to foreigners to attend each one. When I was talking over the program with the Committee of this city church they feared lest there would not be a mau iek= big time, for said they, before we have had the Hospital, the High Primary, the Kindergarten and the Lower Primary. This year each of these has its own Christmas celebration and we haven't much left to do with. But on that afternoon nearly all the church members had to get up and go out doors to allow the visitors to find seats. It seemed as if the people sat on each other up to the ceiling, this people are born actors. That day the scene in the temple when Simeon and Anna receive the Christ Child was enacted. Of course they had to have a donkey. This was made by going out to a shop

and renting a head and neck of a horse life size. One boy put his head into the neck and worked the under jaw with a string while another boy stooped behind the first boy and by throwing a blanket over both boys they made a fairly good donkey. Mary with the baby were put on this donkey and thus they rode in to the temple and after the presentation thus they rode out. Whatever else one may say about it, the whole thing held the attention of the big crowd from beginning to the close. And I was interested.

On New Year's afternoon the College boys hired a troupe- if you think this word troupe is not in the Dictionary, look under troop and you'll find it if your Dictionary is up to date- to play fight the lion. Two little boys 11 and 14 years of age did some good tumbling but the lion show and the grown men's feats were tame. I wanted to give them a ticket to Madison Square Garden when Forepaugh was there. But in the evening the boys themselves gave a Chinese Historical scene which was well selected and admirably well acted- 2,000 people sat in the open air under the stars in the mild evening from 7- 11 p.m. and enjoyed it all. Mr. Ding Ming Uong's mother was the very last person to leave- after 11 p.m. She is mother's age. She was also at the afternoon performance.

Week before last we ordained two pastors. At the first ordination I have the charge to the new pastor. At the second I preached the sermon. A new and unique and very encouraging feature of the second ordination was the presence and active participation of about twelve young men from the highest families in that section of Foochow. The young men are not Christians, but the young pastor has won them for his friends which is the first step in winning them to Christ. Each of these young men had written a complimentary poem for and fitting the occasion. And he sang it himself at the service. Such a thing as this would have been outside the dream world's horizon five years ago. But now the very highest classes associate with the church almost naturally.

Just this past week I have spoken four times in a series of evangelistic services. At the last meeting on Thursday evening, 75 men and boys signed cards signifying their willingness to join classes for the study of the Bible. This past week we also kept as the week of prayer. I was able to attend only three of eight meetings.

Yuan Shi Kai is Emperor altho I suppose the coronation has not yet taken place. The new dynasty is called in the Foochow dialect Hung Hiong. It will be spelled differently in the papers- for they will give the Mandarin. All is perfectly quiet here. No one dare say anything. And I judge this is true of most of China. Of course only a few people in Foochow and in some of the larger centers know or care anything about it anyway.

New roads are being rushed to get them completed before China New Years Feb. 3rd. I expect to ride to the launch, when I start for home next May 1st in a ricksha and an automobile may bring Ellen and the babies in next Sept.

I remember your wedding anniversary Jan. 20th and your birthday Jan. 30th and then in Feb a veritable deluge of birthdays. The Genealogy is a big help to me here. I could never keep up with Cousin Charles Beard of Milford in remembering dates. Then in telling your ages here I must add a year to make them true to Chinese reckoning and I need something to keep on straight which the Genealogy does. By the way as I sat looking at this Genealogy now I notice that Marjorie's birth is down for 1905. It must be 1906.

I sent my heartiest good wishes for a happy birthday to you and all the others whose mile posts come at this season. God has dealt very lovingly with you and with us all. You and father and all your children and grand children have pulled their weight in the social boat. That is they are helpers of men. This is much to be able to say. I pray that He will give us all the pleasure of seeing each other next June and July. Lovingly

Will

Graduation comes Jan. 19

[This letter dated Jan. 16, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She received a can of dried pumpkin from her sister, Phebe, and she plans to tell her cook how to make a pumpkin pie. She goes on to tell of previous culinary bungles by her cook. Flora and Mary have not been receiving some parcels sent to them and she states that it is now not as easy to mail out parcels. Flora and Mary hope to make a trip to Mongolia in July and plan to spend August at the missionary resort, Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
Jan. 16, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Last night a can of dried pumpkin came from Phebe. It smelled so good that we ate some tiny pieces of it. Mary and I were invited over to the Galts for supper to meet Miss Mead who had come down from Peking to spend Sunday. She had brought the package. It must sometime have been in a warm place for every bit of the paraffine had been dislodged from its original place. I am going to see about having some pumpkin pies sometime. I have

had such delicious results from trying to instruct my cook in the culinary art that I wonder how he would bungle a pumpkin pie. We bought some canned salmon and he never served it, so I tried to explain salmon loaf to him – through Mrs. Galt as interpreter. The dish that came on the table was a platter swimming in a cream gravy with projections of toasted bread occasionally in sight, and right in the middle of it the salmon reposing on its side- in perfect shape removed from the tin. The other day we had an opportunity to get some honey which had been made in the little square frames such as we have in America. I bought six of them. I told the cook to have hot biscuits and honey for desert some day. One day we went down to tiffin and here were the boxes of honey stood up on their sides, each on a separate plate and disposed about the tables according to the “boy’s” idea of beauty. When I asked the cook about it, he simply asked if they could not stay on the table. That noon he served nothing but hot muffins for bread and I wondered what the desert would be. Mary and I had removed the four superfluous boxes of honey, and when the time for desert arrived- it was just some more hot muffins. The children seemed to enjoy the joke so there was no harm done. I wish I had the time to really direct our eating for we could really have some delectable things, like home. We have two excellent cooks, though, and the children have to have their appetites curbed rather than encouraged, so I am not grumbling.

This last week the parcel came which contained my flannel, the hairpins, thread, tooth brush, and Mary’s towel. The towel is a beauty. I wish that you would be on the look out for some great toweling of huckaback and get us a whole bolt if it is not over twenty yards. I want to have the girls do some work next fall which they can use for Xmas gifts and I think this is a practical and interesting way in which to do it. They may darn, crochet, hemstitch, or anything they choose, but it must be something worth while. Do not get too expensive a quality- something about medium, or a little better.

I am afraid the pencils are lost, since I have heard nothing about them. Will wrote that he had sent us a box of tea but it has never reached us. Mr. McCann the A.B.C.F.M. treasurer has lost several important letters so that it is evident that the mails are sometimes molested. We are registering most of our things home now. It is getting to be such a nuisance to mail packages home now. The Japanese P.O. used to do it for us and save us all the trouble of going to the Chinese customs. For some reason they have stopped and so now we have to go ourselves and since the customs are open only between 1 and 3 P.M. it is not always convenient. However, I have some parcels to mail to Miss Brewster the first opportunity I have.

Last week we mailed (registered) the draft for \$25 gold, which I hope reaches you safely. I hope also that it will put me at least even with that side of the world. I may want some more things sometime if there is anything to my credit. I wish now that I had a folding cot bed, for if we go camping up in Mongolia next July I shall have to have something of the sort. I think it will be fine fun to spend a few weeks so far away from the railroad that it takes three days to reach the spot- by horse. We shall spend August in Pei Tai Ho for the sake of meeting the people of North China, whose children we shall have some time or other.

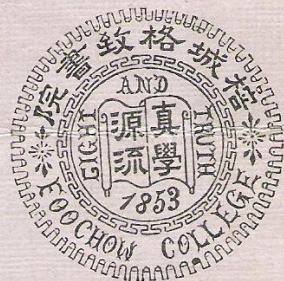
I have just received a news paper from Mrs. Burbank, telling of the terrible snowstorm of Dec. 13th- 32 in. in North Jersey. A week or so ago I received Christine’s announcement, and I can’t yet make myself realize that she has married that old man. It is probably the happiest thing for her, and he is perfectly able to give her every thing she needs. Miss Clarkson wrote me that Christine had a serious illness just before her marriage- a hemorrhage. I know that her lungs have not been sound for several years, and she had a slight hemorrhage three years ago. I shall hope to hear from her mother soon.

Miss Simmons wrote last week saying that she had subscribed to the Atlantic Monthly for me. Will you write to them (the At. Month. Publishers) and ask to have the subscription put on to next year (that is if you had already sent my subscription)? I do enjoy having the magazine very much.

We are having such mild weather that there is some concern about getting ice enough for next summer. Last year the crop was more than a foot thick and this year it is not over six inches. Since the holidays the skating has been fine until yesterday when the ice was badly softened by the sun. The wind has several times blown the dust on to the ice badly, but the sun melts the top of the ice just enough to let the dirt sink in so that the skating stays fairly good. We want some way to flood the pond but as nothing but a bucket brigade seems to be handy, the pond has to be endured as the wind and sun permit.

With love to all-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chili [*Chih-li*], China,
Jan. 16, 1916.



Anniversary

OF

Foochow College

A. B. C. F. M.

Peace Street, Foochow City

1916

SIXTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

*The President and Faculty of Foochow College
cordially invite you to be present at the exercises
of Commencement Week, from the sixteenth to the
nineteenth of January, nineteen hundred and sixteen.*

Commencement Week		Alumni Meeting	Cowan Hall.
Baccalaureate Sermon		Wednesday 4 P. M.	
SUNDAY, JAN. 16th, 10:30 a. m. REV. W. L. BEARD.		Alumni Banquet	Smith Hall.
		Wednesday 6 P. M.	
President's Reception		Graduates	
MONDAY, JAN. 17th	7—9 P. M.	Lee Sin Ch'ing	
Class Day Exercises		Kh'ew Ta Twan	
TUESDAY, JAN. 18th	10:30 A. M.	Lin Wen Pin	
Commencement Exercises		Chen Nien Yuen	
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19th	P. M.	Wang Hoo Ts'ang	

[This letter dated **Jan. 23, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He has been busy with Commencement. China is no longer a Republic but Yuan Shi Kai has not yet been crowned. Willard is still looking for a steamer to go back to the states on. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Jan 23rd 1916

Dear Mother:-

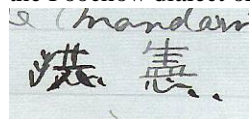
Every mail brings a letter or letters from some of the Shelton family. The last mail brought a number, some direct to me and some thru Peking. Elizabeth wrote of father's acrobatic feat. I was glad that he had the forethought to prepare a nice soft spot to land on, and I trust that no serious results follow. But tell him to wait before he does it next time. It would be worth seeing.

We have had perfect weather here for six months. Only a very few days of rain. And for the past two months almost steady bright clear days and nights. The air too has been specially dry for Foochow. Last night rain fell in showers. We have had two cold spells with white frosts. But since Wednesday the weather has been so warm that we did not want fires. The wind blows hard from the West to day and it is cold and damp.

The past week has been rather strenuous. Last Sunday I preached the Bacchalaureate before the graduates of the College, Union Normal School and Nurse's Course in our Hospital. The new church had the roof on, so we leveled off the earth inside, had the pulpit floor put in and then took the seats from the old church and College Chapel and held the service in the new building. The windows were holes in the walls. But the day was bright so we got along all right. That evening we held C.E. at 5 o'clock instead of 7, because there was no way of lighting the building. On that afternoon we had a business meeting of the church from 2-5 o'clock, and in the evening there was special foreign music at Mr. and Mrs. Newell's. I did not get a moment to put pen to paper that day, and had to wait till Wednesday morning. Then when every body else was scurrying round getting ready for the College Graduation I found half an hour to send a few words to Ellen. The Graduation passed off very nicely. I'll send a program.

On Thursday we had the big Committee meeting of the year, Chinese and foreign- 16 in all to make the apportionment of money to the different centers of work. This means really fixing the salary of every man who received help from foreign funds. We held three sessions 9 a.m. - 12:30 p.m. 2 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Friday. After doing all the cutting we could we tried to get the Chinese members of the Committee to go surety for \$600 of the \$1800 deficit. But they would not agree so at last we all agreed on a cut of 10% in all the appropriations. If this can be raised among the Chinese the cut will be made up. In all we appropriated about \$10000 mex.

The government is no longer a Republic and no one seems to know just what to call it. Yuan Shi Kai has not yet been crowned if we can believe the reports but the name of the new dynasty is decided on= Hung Hiong in the Foochow dialect or Hung Hsien in the Mandarin. If you are interested in the Chinese characters they are



It is good to feel free from daily tasks that must be done between 6:30 a.m. and 10:30 p.m. It was kind 'o good to lie in bed this morning till 8 o'clock and not have to lead a single service during the day. I do not know what I shall do during the vacation. I want to get away from Foochow for a few days somewhere. But there are odds and ends of College work and the details of opening next year, and details about the new church and a lot of other things- among them a nice fat pile of letters to answer, - all of which will keep me from too much mischief for a few days, - O yes I came near forgetting that I have three union suits to wash. Since I came out three years ago I have always washed my own woolen clothes.

Your card with the autographs of the Thanksgiving party came in good time. I was very glad the Putnam people could be present. I am wondering if it will be possible for them to get down again for Christmas. I'm afraid not.

I am doing my best these days to find a steamer to go home on. Thus far I have not made out. I thought the Empress of Asia was the one but she was suddenly taken off to carry Germans from Hong Kong to Australia. Now I'm looking up the Tenyo Maru. I shall make every effort to get to Shelton the first week in June for Stanley's wedding.

May our Father keep us all and bring us together in the Summer and make our meeting help each of us to be more useful to Him as we become more helpful to each other and to others.

With love to all

Will.

I am sending this via Peking.

[This letter dated Jan. 23, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. Phebe is attending Oberlin College now and Willard gives her a bit of advice and mentions some of the professors there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

Jan 23- 1916

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

It is most interesting to receive letters from you from all parts of the Globe. Mama sends them, aunts Flora and Mary send them and Aunt Phebe sends them. I do not see how you find time to write so much and do your college work. Yes I do too. For I know you do not during this first year in College have so many outside duties of things to take your time and you are perfectly safe in giving so much time to relatives and friends.

Be a little careful about attending too many services on Sunday. Do not lay yourself open to the charge of religious dissatisfaction. I am pleased with the emphasis you put on the class that tells you how to get the most out of your course and on Pres. King's class. I hope you will get much out of him. I crave for Gould the privilege of knowing Pres. King and Prof. Bosworth and Prof. Hutchins, and Lyman and one other I have heard much of. I do not remember his name. An education does not consist as much as knowing so many books as in having known men of large hearts and broad minds, and having caught their ideals.

Today is very cold only 40 degrees above, which is most as cold here as zero at home.

Please send mama's and Dorothy's letters on as soon as possible.

Your loving father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She discusses the parcel delivery to China and feels there is some censoring and theft occurring. They received the can of pumpkin from Phebe and hope to have pumpkin pie as soon as they can get an interpreter to explain the recipe to the cook. They now have cows from Russia to supply milk. Flora mentions hearing that her father, Oliver Gould Beard, fell

through the barn floor. She mentions various items that the school could use in hopes that some people in the U.S. might want to donate. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 30, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

The box with Mary's things and my note book arrived this last week. Thank you for my little note book. It is much handsomer than I had anticipated. I am looking for the pencils to arrive soon. Things are much longer on the way these days than formerly. I imagine the first package of pencils were too much of a temptation to some one on the way. I rather wonder if this package gets through safely. Mary's last "Digest" was soaking wet so I imagine one bag of mail got a bath some where on the way. It is a great relief to us to know that there is to be a line of American steamers across the Pacific again. I am sure mail will go more promptly and safely. The mails are not as efficient or trusty as usual here. "Censoring" is the tactful word, I supposed, to explain the situation.

About two weeks ago a can of pumpkin arrived from Phebe. It smells so deliciously of the homeland that we all had a bit to taste. We were out to dinner, the night that it came with the Galts and they were so interested in it. They had never thought of doing such a thing. It really tasted to me more like Hubbard squash. As soon as I can get the time to talk (through one of the children as interpreter) to the cook, I am going to have some pumpkin pies. They will have to be made when some of the children are absent for it is only then that we have a plenty of milk. We have eight quarts a day for our family of twenty children and it all gets used every day. Our dairy man has just purchased eight Russian cows. He gave \$600 (silver) for one which is guaranteed to give thirty quarts a day. I wish father could see his herd of cows. He has good cement floors in all his stalls and steel stanchions in the one for the foreign cows. He has two or three men who spend their whole time grooming the cows and cleaning the stables. The cows are tied to individual stakes, for a time each day, out of doors, but otherwise they are kept in the stables. We pay 20 cents a quart for the milk and the people in Peking pay 25 cents a quart, so you see we have to pay for all these improvements. The cattle have their udders washed before milking and every cow's milk is weighed at each milking. In the summer when the people are away for their summer vacations, he makes butter and sells it at \$1.00 a pound. Doesn't father want to come over here and set up business?

I am going to try to get some Chinese cabbage and onion seeds to send you. Both vegetables are far more delicate than ours in taste. I believe even father would like their onions. I am also to have some vegetable marrow seeds, which I will send to father.

You spoke of father's having had a fall through the barn floor. The letter telling of it has not reached us- or you sent it to Will. We are interested to know more about the accident. Please write us.

This is mother's birthday and please accept my hearty congratulations and wishes for many, many more returns of the day. I am beginning to think of the time when I shall be back in American again. I hope two years more at most will see this work done here. Things are moving on in the right direction slowly but surely-which is the way I would rather have things go. We are weekly receiving inquiries about next year's students. One family is thinking of putting in five children. We now have all the children under one roof. Miss Leavens has been ill now for over a month- just given out nervously- so that the girls had no one to stay with them. They are delighted to be here with us, and I like it much better so. Next year we shall probably have to use a part of Mr. Corbett's house. They will be at home in America, so their house here will be empty. They're going to lend us their piano so we are to have some thing to help us in music. The Galts go home the following year and will lend us their piano. By the time they return we hope to have one of our own. Do you think Dr. Shelton would listen to a request for some money for our school? If he could only see the kind of children we have - be with them for half a day- he would feel that any money put into their education would be a good investment. We want a piano first of all. We need rugs for our sitting -room floor. We shall get native rugs and when once placed here we will not have to get any more for many years. We can get them in shades of brown and gray - made of camel's hair. I have two rugs on my bedroom floor about 3 ft. X 6 ft. for which I paid \$4 each- silver, so you see they are not exorbitantly expensive. They last a life time. You wanted to know about some small needs of ours so Mary and I have been thinking of the things we most want. We have no U.S. flag of our own. We have a flag pole on our building and we want a big wool bunting flag (an 8 ft. flag) and a silk flag (a yard long) for use in the school room- to salute; we want a good pencil sharpener (like the one I had in my office in S.O. [*South Orange, N.J.*]; we also are in need of some silver for the table. The children bring their own sets of silver but I have been supplying the silver for the teachers- which I do not wish to do another year. We want to get a half dozen each of forks, knives, soup spoons, teaspoons, and fruit knives. We want the fruit knives very much for we have fruit here so much. We want very plain silver and each piece marked N.C.A.S. If some one wishes to give the fruit knives we shall be glad to have them as soon as they can get here. If any one of these three things appeal to you we'll be very grateful to get it.

With love to all-

Flora.

Tungchou, Chihli, China.
Jan. 30, 1916.

P.S.

Will you please send me 2 98 cent books of 2 cent stamps. I discovered I had used all mine up. They are most handy for getting small articles from America. F.B.

[This letter dated Jan. 30, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He has found a couple of steamers that he might be able to go back to the states on. The new road opened in Foochow and he was invited to the official opening ceremonies. Yuan Shi Kai may be crowned Emperor that week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
January 30th 1916

Dear Mother:-

The last mail brought your good letter of Dec. 19, 1915. It is quite a stretch of the imagination for us here to picture you in snow drifts. We had a few flakes a week ago but only those who were out knew of it. I felt a few strike my face, but they were so fine I did not see them. We have had exquisite weather ever since it cooled off about last Nov. 1st. The time is here for the rainy season to begin. I want a few more pleasant days for I would like to get to Kuliang for a bit of a rest from the endless stream of callers. My College Monitor is leaving to become a minister in a church that now has no pastor and it is up to me to find a man to take his place.

I have written Thom. Cook and Son, Shanghai to engage passage for me on the N.Y.K. Steamer Shidzuoka Maru Shanghai May 1, arrive Seattle May 26. If this is full to get me on the T.K.K. Steamer Tenyo Maru Shanghai May 6 arrive San Francisco May 29. This at the latest should bring me into Shelton by June 6. I want to be in Oberlin June 13 and 14. I am writing this to Stanley. If the wedding could be any day June 6-11 or 16 to the time of the graduation in Putnam I could take it in. As soon as Cook replies I'll write again.

Yesterday the new road was opened. One hundred and eighty rickshas and three horse carriages. All are fitted with pneumatic tires and are all right. There are some six miles of good macadamized road and more in the making. At each end of the road is a nice little park with a pond and boats and little oriental summer houses and restaurants. I was pleased to see how democratic the highest government officials were. I went on the invitation of the Municipal Council. There were only the officials and the leading gentry present. I was taken at once to the General of all the troops in Fukien and Che Giang provinces. He asked me to accompany him on a tour of inspection. As we passed along we soon met the Governor who shook hands cordially and joined us. Photographers were ready for good pictures and both the Governor and General seemed to enjoy the experience. I hope to get some of the results.

It is good to learn from your letter that Father is none the worse for his circus performance. Elizabeth wrote so soon after he fell that I did not know how it would come out.

Some time ago I received the announcement of the marriage of Florence Urania Wells to Ralph W. Beardslee. I do not know who they are and do not find their names in the Genealogy. - Oh! it may be a Miss Wells that we know in Mt. Vernon. I guess that's it.

Yuan Shi Kai may be crowned before another Sunday. It makes little difference here. All goes on as before.

This last mail brought me photos of Dr. Ozora Davis of Chicago my Seminary classmate and Etta Hume and the children. Did I write that Mr. Goddard, Dr. Davis, Mr. Sumner and Frank Brewer plan to visit Foochow in 1917?

May God keep us all to see each other in June. Lovingly Will

I wrote this to you today to tell you I had been thinking much of you on your birthday. 1843- 1916. With very sincere congratulations.

Will.

光 *Light*
臨 *Chin*

是日午後二時在城南公園治茗恭候

城內外馬路告成擇定本月念九日通行謹於

附送車票一紙游覽券一紙
是晚六時備有活動電戲

市政局委員長林炳章謹訂

Municipal Council, Chairman
Ling Bing Ciong

Enclosed 1 ricksha ticket 1 Entrance ticket
Morning pictures at 6 a.m.

Light shine day p.m. 2 o'clock at South Public Park refreshments

Out in city horse road finished set this month 29 day to carry out

English interpretation written on side:
Enclosed 1 ricksha ticket 1 Entrance ticket
Morning pictures at 6 a.m.

Municipal Council, Chairman Ling Bing Ciong
Light shine day p.m. 2 o'clock at South Public Park refreshments
Out in city horse road finished set this month 29 day to carry out

[This letter dated **Jan. 31, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Mary and Flora. Willard tells of his plans to travel back to the U.S. for Stanley and Myra's wedding and for the Putnam High School Graduation. (According to the program for the Putnam High School Graduation Exercises dated June 22, 1916, which is included in this collection, siblings Gould and Geraldine Beard are in the same graduating class.) Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow

Jan. 31st 1916

Dear Sisters [*Mary and Flora*]:-

Another good letter from mother. The last mail brought three fat envelopes from 100 E. College St. Oberlin. Two of them were letters received by her [*Willard's daughter, Phebe*] and forwarded to me. She is greatly enjoying college. And just as she was writing last word had reached her that Stanley was bringing her home for Christmas which was most pleasant to her heart.

I am asking Cook in Shanghai to book me on the N.Y.K. Shidzuoka Maru. Shanghai May 1, Seattle May 26 or if she is full on the Tenyo Maru T.K.K. Shanghai May 6, San F. May 29. This will bring me home for the wedding July 6-12 or if they decide to let me stop in Oberlin first June 16 to time of Putnam High graduation- I wish you were coming too.- Miss Strang is asking for passage on the same steamer and yesterday Miss VanderLinden of Amoy wrote asking if I knew of any one going in May. Do you suppose I could advertise a "Personally Conducted Tour of the Pacific" and make my passage? Only young single ladies need apply of course.

Did I write that we held Baccalaureate and graduation in new church? College is out but work goes on just the same. I want to get away to Kuliang for two or three days- this week- I'll find it quick up there anyway.

We have had perfect weather the past fall and winter. Only a very few rainy days and for a month nice and crisp cold.

The new road was formally opened Saturday. You should have seen me strutting round with the Governor and General and the photographer after us all the time.

Your term is begun and you are already looking to the next vacation I suppose. May God always find you useful.

Lovingly
Will

[This letter dated Feb. 2, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is sending along a letter from Willard and includes this note briefly telling of some items she received in parcels. The students have been playing volley ball and she has been playing tennis. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb 2, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

This letter came from Willard this morning- and I do not want to keep it until Sunday lest it thereby lose a steamer.

Examinations are safely over and all my grades in. Everybody passed but that is not credit to me because I have not the few who are somewhat stupid this year.

My dress came a week ago last Monday and I like it immensely. I have not yet gotten it fixed altho it needs but little. I shall shorten it and the sleeves are tighter at the top of the long niff[?]. The towel enclosed is a beauty. I have not yet decided which towel I like best; both are beauties. The other things for gifts I shall store safely for another year.

The pencils and birthday candles are here. Already the children are buying the pencils and are delighted to get such bargains.

We are talking of a trip into Mongolia next summer. I have already purchased khaki for bloomers and short skirt. If you find cotton crepe or seersucker suitable for waists or under clothing fairly reasonable you can send me enough for three waists and three union suits. I shall not mind how much of the material for underclothes you send because I shall need night gowns by another summer.

By the way, duties at this end seem to be levied according to the value of a package not according to the contents. Anything under \$5.00 is fine and anything over is taxed, at about 15% Mexican.

The boys got the Volley Ball and court into working order last Wednesday. Now the children are getting proficient enough to thoroughly enjoy it and we play nearly every afternoon as well as at recess and at noon. It gets ones hands very dirty.

Yesterday I played tennis with Mrs. Corbett for an hour. I am hoping to get to play a good game someday. I can keep Mrs. Corbett from getting a love set now, which is more than I could do last fall.

I must get to my Virgil lesson or I will have to sit up late.

With much love

Mary Beard.

Feb 2, 1916.

Tomorrow is Chinese New Year's and guns and fire crackers are going off all around us.

[This letter dated Feb. 6, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. The new school session has begun. Chinese New Year was that week and the businesses were closed causing the school to have to stock up ahead of time with food. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 6, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

I wrote a note in the middle of the week so news is rather scarce. I think you have not had one of our school pictures so I enclose one which was taken on our Dedication Day last October. I have made out a partial list of the people in it. We are just starting on our new Semester. The children got their reports yesterday. All were happy except three. They had fallen below B for an average; and B is necessary before pupils can participate in any match games on the athletic field. The Tungchou American Athletic Association (12 members) had already voted to challenge the compound people to a game of Volley Ball. It was a disappointment to some that they can not play in the game when it comes off.

Chinese New Years was this last Thursday. The natives began shooting fire crackers early Wednesday afternoon and kept it up until Friday afternoon. All business stopped so our cook had to stock up for eatables two or three days ahead. He brought nearly a bushel of eggs to last up until business starts up again.

Yesterday I received two Sentinels. One containing the news of Mr. Peck's death. The writer gave him a very pretty tribute.

Just here I was interrupted by great wails. One little girl had stumbled on the steps and had broken the heads of two big dolls into small bits. The breaker and one owner were feeling very badly. The other owner didn't care much because she "has one she loves better at home. It is older but lots nicer." I stopped forthwith and went for a walk. We went outside the compound and followed the wall nearly to the next corner and back by the same route. The children amused themselves counting the kites we could see in the air at different times; nine was the biggest number. The walk has not cured the hurt but it has solved the first ache so the girls can play and not lie on the bed and give way to their grief.

I must go call the girls and start the process of getting ready for church. Last Sunday we had "just half an hour to dress and were just saved from being late to church.

Mother's birthday has passed since last I wrote and fathers will come before this reaches you. Willard's was yesterday. I celebrate Flora's by reading a paper on Harriet-Beecher Stowe before the Friday Club.

I must call the children. These blue-gray days produce a like color in ones soul anyway. I would like to break my doll for an excuse to loose my self control.

With lots of love to you all

Mary Beard

Feb 6, 1916.

[This letter dated Feb. 13, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. The stationary is stained, fragile, torn and has pieces missing. Letter has a scanned version. Willard tells of helping with two conferences that week and relates his upcoming travel plans to the U.S. in May. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

February, 13th 1916

Dear Elizabeth:-

Your good letter written last year came all right. It seems as if I had answered it but my correspondence register does not so record, therefore here goes.

First I want to say a great big "Thank You" to you and Ruth for the Literary Digest. It is still the first paper to come out of its wrapper. I can tell in a very few minutes the main thoughts of the world on the great matters that are engaging the ?? of the world. The cartoons are always not merely good but they *[are]* newsy, - often telling more news than some of the paragraphs.

This past week I have been helping in two conferences ?? Student's Conference of the Y.M.C.A. - taking a Bible Class ?? each day and at 11; taking a class in Personal Work in ?? Study Conference here in the city. The

Student's Conference is ?? I have to tear myself away from the bed at 6 a.m. ?? breakfast and an hour's ride in before 8:10 when the Leader ?? comes. Then another hour's ride brings me back here for the ?? Conference. This Bible Study conference closed for me yesterday ??? Student conference closes Tues.

These Conferences are a new thing in Foochow ?? work. I started the first one in Sept. 1905. Now there are a??? do not know how many each year. I recall just now thr?? ??? helped in since last September. Committee ??? are another flock of birds hungry for time and they ?? a lot of it.

Since Thursday morning I have been all alone in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Christian are in Ing Hok. I take breakfast at 6:30 alone at home and dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Belcher and supper ??Here. I'm sitting now at 9:10 alone by an open grate fire with a big knot too large for the fire place. I'm trying to turn it so it would burn better. I took hold of a live part and burnt the middle finger of my right hand- but you see I can still hold a pen.

My passage home is engaged. I leave Shanghai May 26th on the "Shidzuoka Maru" due Seattle May 26. Since I wrote Stanley Jan 30th I received a letter from Gould in which there was a sentence that hinted that Stanley and Myra might [be] planning to be married about Easter. If they are so planning ?? Hope they will not under any circumstances let my letter ?? them to delay the wedding for me. I should feel very [badly] to be in any way the cause of influencing them to put ?? later than they had planned. I shall try to put in ?? a schedule of my steamer. You must not address any letters ?? at Foochow after receiving this. Letters addressed to me at Shanghai Care Mr. Edward Evans, can be mailed up to April ?? May God keep us all to see each other in May.

With ?? see

Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 17, 1916 was written from Putnam, CT by Ellen presumably to her daughter, Phebe, who is attending Oberlin College. She refers to an eye ache that Phebe had. Ellen tells of a mishap that she had while taking Marjorie, Kathleen and a friend on a sleigh ride. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

36 Center St.
Putnam, Conn.
Feb. 17", '16.

My dear, dear, darling Daughter [*probably Phebe*],

You have been left an unpardonable long time without a letter and now I am going to write you a long one (for me).

I do hope you are back to your normal health again after that day in bed of sick eyeache. That was not only because of eyestrain but because you were anxious about your exams. It seems as tho they do not mark very high or you would surely have gotten more A-'s and B+'s than you did. I should hardly expect you to get A's or A+'s. But I guess you'll come out in that highest 1/10 just the same. Did anyone get sent home because of falling too low?

I wonder if you have as much snow as we have here, or more. The paper gives the official measurement as 17 inches and I guess it is about that here but it is well trodden down in roads and shoveled from side walks so we do not notice it as being so deep. Sleighing is good now and people are making good use of it. The schools are having rides some, - Marjorie's class went this afternoon with Miss Hall as a chaperone. They started about 3 o'clock and returned at 5:30. It was Marjorie's only celebration of her birthday. The two little girls are going to have a party later. I tried the sleighing yesterday taking Mar, Kath and Edith Pease with me. When we turned to the Woodstock road on Elm St. in front of C. Russell's house our sleigh runner got caught in the trolley track and we tipped over and all spilled out right in the street the sleigh broke, the horse turned around and ran for home and we picked ourselves up unhurt but somewhat scared. Two men caught the horse and picked up the robes and examined the sleigh and tho't I could get back to Elbert's office with it if the children walked; so ended our first sleigh-ride. Now Marjorie will not get into the sleigh; says she does not want to be tipped over again.

I sent your brown waist last week; we could not seem to get it done before. Your green stripe one is fixed as much as Miss Jordan thought she could fix it. If I had time, I could fix it better I am sure but do not dare attempt it with so little time. I think you can wear these a month more but it is a pity you did not have them in Jan and Feb.- Yes, we are sending your letters to Papa. I sent one today and am going to send the rest during the next two weeks. You see I found the letter I had started and have finished it and here it is. I think your green striped waist looks as well on your worn open at the neck as it does worn high closed collar. I am very glad you went to Ethel's. It was just the right thing to do I tho't. I made that plain in my answer to your first inquiry before vacation. You did not write of Gladys or Roy. Lovingly, Mother

[This letter dated Feb. 20, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has had some stomach trouble and the students helped take care of her. Mary tells about some of the school activities and Valentine's Day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

N.C.A.S. [North China American School], Tungchou
Feb 20, 1916

Dear Ones at Home.

Edith Louise's [Edith Louise Beard, b. Feb. 16, 1911 to Bennett Nichols Beard, brother of Mary, Flora and Willard] birthday - and father's both went by with this last week. I hope each enjoyed them and will live to enjoy many others. Today is a cold gray day thus far but we are having such queer changes that it may turn out beautifully before night. Yesterday morning we had a heavy snow squall in the morning, then a taste of sunshine, delightfully warm, then some cold raw wind and a final clear in the late afternoon. It is almost as good as New England weather.

I have made quite a study of weather this week because I have been taking a week's rest in bed. On Saturday last Flora and I went to Mrs. Corbett's for the evening. I had some indigestion before starting but a sip of soda water seemed to settle it. We had chocolate, and cookies to eat and I partook sparingly because of my early ill feeling. Almost 10.30 I withdrew hastily and then came home. As I got thoroughly empty before morning I stayed in bed for breakfast and indulged in a dose of Castor Oil as a curative. Well my stomach didn't seem to like anything and kept sending back everything I sent down. Dr. Love has fixed me now though so I shall be all right. Mr. Johnson put up this sign downstairs "Miss Beard is doing her part resting; Dr. Love is doing his part with pills; You do yours, keeping quiet."

The girls were most useful in bringing things up to me, for it is a long way to the fourth floor of a building if one person has to do the trotting. When five or six divide the duties they are not very arduous for any one. My most advanced class of four took my other classes and helped in explaining and correcting papers so the week was not entirely lost for them. I heard the Virgil two days because there are only girls in the class. The English took charge of itself but the Geometry just had to go. I tell the Doctor that I do not see as I am needed except for the Geometry and Virgil!!

Flora finally closed school on Friday night instead of Saturday because of a lot of reasons. My chief reason for advocating it was that I was afraid she would get tired of trying to carry the strain of the whole school and wait on me too. She got two good nights sleep as soon as the children were off and is looking more rested. Since Washington's Birthday is Tuesday we do not reopen until Wednesday. It is almost as good as a vacation.

Last Sunday brought two home letters, one from Mother and one from Ruth. Another letter came from Ruth in the middle of the week. It was good to hear that Mother was better of her rheumatism, Elizabeth of her bronchitis, father of his bruises and that Ruth had no special ailment of which to be better just then.

Several weeks ago our children sent a challenge to the adult members of the compound to play them in Volley Ball. Since then the practice has been most interesting. I used to play every afternoon. On Wednesday they had the first match game. They have two more on the next two Wednesdays. They play three games and the team that wins two out of three, gains the point. It was one noisy, enthusiastic game on Wednesday. The children won the two games and are quite jubilant but not over confident because they had to play all three games and the opposing team ran up quite a score each time.

Ruth we are thinking about your dress but have not decided whether to get it here or in Foochow. The project is entirely feasible and I am sure you will like the dress because the silks here are so soft and pretty. They have good wearing qualities too so it will be practical.

Yesterday I received a cute valentine from Mrs. Burgess. It is a paper doll. When I opened it, it had a long neck, was looking down coyly and hiding both hands behind its back. The arms pull out and shorten the neck and make her look straight at me. She has been a source of much amusement to all of my visitors, especially the little girls.

I have on my calendar a note reminding me that neither you nor I have mentioned the payment of my Life Insurance last November. It will be almost time for the payment on the other Policy in April before you get this.

I plan to try another draft for you next time I get to Peking because my last one would not quite meet my indebtedness without these two items.

The pencils etc. will be almost worth keeping- as souvenirs of much travel when they do arrive. That tale reads like a piece of fiction not like reality.

The church bell has just rung. Tomorrow I too shall have to obey it's summons but since it is Sunday and there are two vacation days ahead, I am being lazy one more day.

There comes Sing Tie with my lunch. I wonder what it is? 3.00 P.M. It was good, a tomatoe bisque (very little tomatoe) toast, chuki[?] jelly, tea- and later a waffle. I chewed it well father, and it tasted all the better for the chewing.

I am afraid once more you have been two weeks without a letter unless Flora was able to get hers off late in the week.

I almost forgot St. Valentine's Day. The children returned on the evening train. At 5.00 Flora called them in to dress, and at 5.30 they had their little party. We had drawn names the week before so it to be sure that each one received at least one valentine.

They guessed who made them and played games until 6.15 which is the dinner hour. They sounded as though they were having a good time. That evening Mrs. Corbett had a valentine party. Flora brought me a little white heart with white feathers pasted on it as a souvenir. It came off a St. Valentine's tree I believe.

Well, this has developed into a long letter without saying much.

With best love to you all

From

Mary.

[This letter dated Feb. 20, 1916 was written from Diong Loh and Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He was glad to hear that Phebe got to go home for Christmas and enjoys reading about her thoughts on Oberlin. He advises her not to judge people too quickly. Willard relates his travel plans back to the U.S. in May. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Diong Loh- Foochow, China
Feb. 20-1916

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

Your good, long interesting letter telling all about your Christmas vacation came by the last mail. I am very glad you had this unexpected privilege of going home for this visit. It was all the more pleasure because it was a surprise and I am glad that you see the value of having friends who can give you not only such pleasures as this visit but such advantages as a College course. I am more and more interested to read your estimates of Oberlin as a College-. I always knew its ideals and agreed with them. Its products also are proof of its good work, - not only in training ministers and missionaries but also business men and scientists and discerners. We have just heard of the \$100,000 recently given for the new Seminary, and of the decision to discontinue the Academy. I should much enjoy meeting Mr. Spence but there will be some one to take his place, if not this June, by next fall. I suppose it is almost a selfish gratification to me to read your conclusions on the relative merits of first and second churches of Oberlin. They are my own conclusions, and I judge the churches are going on much the same lines as twenty five years ago. The first church to me, stood for solidarity, - the true, lasting inner life, that would stand all tests and all changes of temperament or of fashion. The second church has more of fashion and there was more about it to draw those who could be drawn by attractive externalities.

Your characterization of Mrs. Ireland was interesting - shall I say amusing. But, dear, you need to be a little careful about deciding on the mental workings of people from their words or even actions. Be with a person a good long time before judging them too decidedly. It will save you much mental strength and sometimes will keep you from embarrassment. All of us are at times misjudged and accused of thoughts and motives that we are not in the least to blame for, and of course at times given credit for good thoughts and motives that we were not to "blame" for either.

My passage is booked on the N.Y.K.S.S. "Shidzuoka Maru", Shanghai May 1. I will enclose a schedule of the itinerary. If Uncle Stanley is married in April, I shall plan to get to Oberlin about June 10th. This will bring me to the Baccalaureate sermon and all the commencement exercises. Can you engage a room for mama and me in Tank Cottage, for the days we plan to be there? If Uncle Stanley waits till June to be married I shall go to N.Y. as soon as possible. Mama will come down to the wedding, and we will come right on to Oberlin as soon as the wedding is over. I have to exert myself not to act like a 17 year old who has just bought her ticket from Oberlin to go home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Lathrop of Shelton sent me a very helpful calendar of great thoughts. I turned it to a new week this morning and the words that met me were "Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered." This helps me not to feel sore because I think I am not given full value for my ability or because I think others do not hold me in high enough esteem.

God keep you in health and happiness and usefulness- and grant you a happy and profitable semester.
Lovingly your father Willard L. Beard

*[This letter dated **Feb. 22, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Mary has just spent a week in bed because of indigestion troubles. Some of the students have had various illnesses including a case of tuberculosis. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Feb. 22, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is Valentine's Day and I am writing this in between times. Mary has spent the day in bed- some indigestion, - but feels much better tonight, so we hope she will be up again to-morrow. It is a little like grippe but without the cold. Several others have had a like attack. A day in bed usually fixes the trouble.

The last few days have been bringing us lots of letters from home- and Will. All seem to have good news in them, for which I am thankful. - A week later. - Mary spent nearly the whole week in bed but is downstairs again. She is busy finishing up her paper which is to be read before the Friday Club in Peking next Friday P.M. We have had two holidays- Saturday because of Mary's illness and to-day because of its being Feb. 22nd. Mr. Johnson and I have been at work on the library books and have two-thirds of them in the Accession Book. We have gotten the fiction all together and the others placed in groups so that I know pretty well what we now have on hand. We need the latest books now, especially on science and art.

To-day the package of pencils came- even to the beans. Everything was in good order but we couldn't find the book cover. My nightgown is a beauty and just what I am glad to get. Up in Mongolia we shall want non-ironable clothes, though I doubt if this one goes.

Miss Leavens has just had the sad news of her mother's death and of her father's and sister's illnesses. The Board at Boston has cabled for her to go home immediately so she is to leave in about three weeks. She has been ill herself now for ever since before Christmas, so it seems as if calamities had poured in upon her. Her home is in Norwich, Conn., and I hope you may see her sometime. She is planning for an indefinite stay at home. There is no one to take her work here, and I don't know what arrangements will be made.

I am soaking out some of Phebe's pumpkin and we expect to have pumpkin pie to-morrow noon. It is sort of a guess as to the quantity to use.

To-day we have one of the little girls sick in bed isolated from the others because we fear tonsillitis. Scarlet fever is raging in the country, but the doctor hopes this is not anything more than tonsillitis. So far there has been no alarming illnesses among the children and I hope we may get through the year without any. In the physical examinations Dr. Love discovered a case of tuberculosis in its first stages. Fortunately his home is right here so that we do not have the responsibility of the case. I have gotten his parents to consent to the dropping of our study so that he may have more time for out of doors. The doctor hopes to conquer the trouble by changing his diet. He has been humored in his dislikes and has not had enough of the carbohydrates in his food. Now he must eat meat, eggs, etc., or there will be little chance of his getting well. I am anxious to get the other physical examinations done for there are one or two cases which puzzle me and I wish to know if there is any physical reason for their peculiar state of mind.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Feb. 22, 1916.

Tungchou.

*[This letter dated **March 3, 1916** was written from Shelton, Conn. by Ruth Beard to siblings, Phebe and Stanley. She writes a brief note with some letters from China that she is sending to brother Stanley. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shelton, Conn.
Mar. 3, 1916.

Dear Phebe and Stanley,-

Enclosed are some letters from China which may be of vital interest to Stanley. Will has written Stanley but I thought he might like to re-read the news.

I kept them a little longer than I planned for I wanted to read them again in preparing for a meeting this afternoon.

We are all well as usual. To-morrow Mother and I are invited down to Miss Clark's recit. in Hotel Stratfield and will hear Anna read. We are to dress up in our best "bib and tucker."

Mother and I went to New Haven to hear Dean Brown on Wednesday. Mrs. Palmer also went and we had a very pleasant day.

Yesterday was King's Daughter's so we are on the go every day this week.

Edith is really getting better now they say. When we came out from N.H. the other night Daniel appeared to help me go after the horse up at Allen's stable.

Lots of love to you from all and from

Ruth

*[This letter dated **March 5, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. It is still cold in Tungchou and there is Gobi dust on the ice pond so no one cares to skate. Dr. Arthur Smith (survivor of the Boxer Rebellion) gave a talk to the students on George Washington's life. One of the teachers, Miss Leavens has been called back to the U.S. to take care of her family. They have just had a Gobi dust storm and Flora says she will include some of the dust with the letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[March 5, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is nearly the end of winter, and the cold still hangs on. Generally the ice is all out of the pond by the first of March, but it is [not] strong enough for skating yet, if the boys chose to go. There is so much dust on it that they do not care to skate and then the edges are unsafe.

Mary is all O.K. again. She read her paper before the Friday Club last week, and we are going to give a tea and ask the compound people in to hear it some afternoon, here, since no one has heard it in Tungchou.

Did I write you about Dr. Arthur H. Smith [*survivor of the siege of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion in the summer of 1900*] giving us a fine talk on George Washington's life, - to help us celebrate the patriotic birthdays in February? The children are certainly fortunate to have him interested in them.

We are all feeling very sorry to lose Miss Leavens, who is to go home now in three or four weeks. She has been an invalid from nervous exhaustion ever since before Christmas. Now she has had cablegrams from the Board telling her to go home as soon as possible to care for her father, since her mother has just died and a sister is in a sanitarium for a year to see if she can recover her health. Mrs. Corbett and Miss Love are disposing of her household effects and packing her trunks and boxes. It keeps them pretty busy.

Fri. P.M. - This letter ought to have been off days ago but some way the multitudinous details of each day's duties have taken all inspiration for letter writing out of my mind. To-day we are having a Gobi Desert dust storm. I am enclosing some of the dust that I took off the inside part of my window sill. It fell so gently that it was in a little drift like yellow snow all over the window sill. All out of doors was covered with a coat of this yellow dust. About nine o'clock a high wind came up and the air has been full of this dust all day- and is yet at 8:30 P.M. It is strange, but these storms seem to clear the atmosphere just as a thunder storm does in summer. Wouldn't you call it being dry cleaned?

We are very busy planning for our garden, the day of closing, getting out our prospectus for next year, and hunting for a matron. All of these are things that take time, patience and thought.

Some of the details of to-day have been to send eight pounds of butter to Mrs. Galt and seven to Mrs. Frame- and of course the coolie got the orders mixed, which will have to be straightened out to-morrow. -Again interrupted, so will not finish out the "details" as they might be wearying, besides this letter is late already.

With love,

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli, China.

Mar. 5, 1916.

*[This letter, dated **March 5, 1916**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the dear ones at home. She read her paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe and led a church service. She tells about one of their student's toothaches and refers to different epidemics suffered in the U.S. and China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

March 5- [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Just guess what I have to do in half an hour from now! I have to take charge of the church service. In an unguarded moment, some months ago, I told Mr. Beers that I would take a service in March. Behold he does not forget it and I must fulfill my promise. Two of the matrons in the compound do it quite frequently but I feel awfully queer before entering on the ordeal. I am going to read a little article I have on "What is Worth While."

Well I went to Peking on Feb 25, and read my paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stelle read selections from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wrong[?]" for me so the whole thing was nearly an hour long. The ladies all said they enjoyed it very much and Mrs. Goodrich, whose husband was a student at Andover under Prof. Stone, at once wanted to borrow the paper to read to Goodrich's. Now I have to read it again to the people here sometime. Mr. Beers wants me to read it to the Missionary Association and I at first said I would. After I had consented Flora was so scornful of the people enjoying it that I have withdrawn my consent without giving any reason. I shall however read it at an afternoon tea for the ladies as they whole heartedly requested it.

Last time I wrote I had been ill. I started school that Tuesday and have been a regular attendant since then. I tried to help the children get what we missed during that week and I feel that my classes are very nearly where they would be had I never been out at all.

This week I have played Volley Ball with the children two afternoons, walked with Mrs. Frame one afternoon, helped the girls with their bloomers one day, played Shadow Tag etc. as you see my activities are up to the usual mark. We had a sand storm of a mild sort on Thursday night. It is the first this year. Just a year ago we had three in rapid succession, February 27, March 4, and March 7. The middle one was the worst.

This week has brought no home mail of any sort. I look for letters on every train but evidently there is no steamer.

We have a guest in the home today, little Margaret McCann. She will probably be a pupil next year. She would like to be here this year but she was very ill two years ago and her mother felt that she needed one more year at home. Mr. McCann is staying at the Galt home. I was over for dinner with Mrs. Galt last evening. Miss Wicke is also a guest. And we had a very pleasant evening after dinner.

March 7. Well I got through the Sunday service all right and am glad it is over. Two or three spoke a word of appreciation. One of our little girls gave me a hint in her ingenious remark, "I didn't listen all the time for your voice was too monotonous." I evidently need to strew my arms around and shout occasionally to keep her attention.

March 8. Pauline had an awful tooth ache last week. It swelled and started to come out on the outside so I finally took her to the doctor to have her gum painted with iodine. Now the swelling is all gone and we are waiting for the doctor to return home to pull the tooth. I wonder how our physicians at home could take to being dentist, physician, surgeon, teacher all in one! Dr. Love has all that to do and some of his patients are widely scattered; for instance he had a telegram to come to Tientsin this morning. He left here at 7.30 and will reach Tientsin about 12.00. The Rockefeller College has annexed all of the A.B.C.F.M. doctors in Peking so Dr. Love has to care for the health of that station as well as look after us here and run the hospital here and teach three afternoons a week at the Medical College.

School is just dismissed and I have pledged myself to myself to spend the time until 4.15 (from 3.30) getting tomorrow's work done. If I do that I can easily finish up in the evening after reading to the children and putting them to bed.

I hope our next letter will bring news of complete restoration to health on the part of you all. No rheumatism, bronchitis, lame hands, colds, etc! What an awful epidemic the United State has suffered from this winter! Letters from Connecticut, Illinois, Colorado, Michigan all contain the same note. Just now the Chinese around us are suffering from an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria. One Chinese doctor said he had seen forty children die and his practice was not exceptionally large. We are on the look out for sore throats, headaches or cold these days, I tell you!

The curio man or "silk man" was around last week and I invested in another picture, some squares and bits of embroidery. I just cannot resist if the men come to any reasonable price and I always feel that it is not money wasted as I could easily get it back or more when I get to America. I got a beautiful black satin coat, exquisitely embroidered, thinking to send it to Mrs. Mason, but I can not bear to part with it. The designs are Mohammedan and all done in what is called the Peking stitch. I never saw anything like it before.

Last week Isabel brought me the first hot home lilacs of the season. I have worn them one sprig at a time and shall wear the last tonight. This week Mrs. Fenn sent Flora and me a bunch of sweet notets[?]. They scent the whole living room. I pull out one to wear occasionally for I love to wear flowers.

I must close or I will not get time for Volley Ball.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. We are waiting to hear what day Myra and Stanley decide on. Is it to be Easter? If I had an air ship I should come. Nothing could hold me back.

Mary

*[This letter dated **March 12, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about the weather and some of the vegetables available. Flora and Mary are making plans for the next school year and expect to have a third teacher. They see in the Oberlin College paper that their niece, Phebe Kinney Beard, won the Freshman Prize for her theme. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Mar. 12, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

It is a brilliant, windy, March day with a promise of spring in both sunshine and wind. Yesterday we awoke in a typical New England spring snow storm- with snow three inches deep on the level and coming down thick and fast- and quiet. It was more snow than we have seen at any time here in North China. By noon most of it was gone and at 3.30 P.M. there wasn't enough left to make a good snow ball. It is surprising how this dry climate can evaporate every drop of moisture available. To-day there is no snow in sight-excepting when the sun has not been able to reach it. Moreover, there is no mud. Just think of having the frost leave the ground without a bit of mud! It is wonderful how the maru spring sunshine makes everything start into growth even though there is no rain. We have very little rain excepting in the rainy season which there is during the latter part of June and the month of July. Then the country gets its fill of water, floods, and mud. Our cistern was pretty well filled last summer and the water lasted until into February. We used it only for baths, but there are twenty of us to be bathed each week. Now the coolie has to bring all the water we use from the artesian well. It keeps our path free from grass- with his frequent trips.

There are some things you would be interested in- in the line of "eats." The Chinese make a most tasty salad from small radish sprouts. I should think they might be about a week old. They have only the two baby leaves. They are served much as we use water cress and taste about like it- only milder. I should think they would make a delicious sandwich filling. I wish you would just try it - when you wish to thin your radishes. I am going to send home some seeds of the Chinese cabbage and onions. Both are so much sweeter than ours that I am sure you will be interested to try them. The Chinese cabbage grows tall and slim instead of round like a ball and the onions do not grow into a bulb but are like our onions in their early stage- only that the stalk is much larger and you can use perhaps six inches up. They bleach like celery, by being hilled up. The cabbages grow as they do at home.

I wish you could see a bit of one of our window gardens. It is a huge flat round turnip tied up by the tail. All around the base of the tail has been cut a ditch as deep as possible (and not cut down to the underskin) and about 1 ½ in. wide. That was filled with water and then hung in the sunshine. The tops began to grow and curl up the sides of the turnip. In the ditch we put beans, wheat, and garlic. They are all growing and blossoming there together- even the turnip- and is quite a pretty sight. We have had peach blossoms for some time from twigs the girls got for us, and by another week, our lilacs will be out.

Dr. Arthur Smith is going down to Shanghai this week and I am sending by him my new watch to be left at Mrs. Lacy's until Will comes up on his way home. There has always been a little catch in it when I had to turn it for setting it which has not been many times, but now it refuses to go. I took it to the most reliable jeweler here to see what was the matter and he says one wheel is out of order. I do not want to put so good a watch into the hands of any one here-for I cannot find that there is any watch fixer here who can be recommended. I shall be interested to know if it has not been tampered with, as it is. All the workmen here are Chinese in all the shops- even the foreign ones. If Will will take it home and have Taylor and Gregory fix it, and bring it back with him to Shanghai, I can get it up from there by some of the Peking people. It may be that some of the Peking people will be coming out on the same steamer as he.

We are busy with plans for next year- trying to adapt ourselves to the resources of Tungchou and our slim finances. We shall have a third teacher, but whom we can find is yet a question. We shall have to use one of the houses and which one is another question. There are fifteen possible extra students enquiring about coming, five of there from our family.

I had a long letter from Christine Benbrook Blakeslee full of good cheer and happiness about herself. She said her father and mother are living about two blocks from herself. She likes Florida so well that she wants to stay on as long as possible. She is doing her own housekeeping in their five room cottage. She wrote that Mr. Foster had been very seriously ill jaundice, grip, pleurisy, and stomach trouble. Had a trained nurse for several weeks and though better was still running a temperature. Perhaps you know all this.

Your letter came yesterday telling of Aunt Julia's going. [*Probably Julia Ann Wheeler Beard, wife of Oliver Gould's Beard's brother, Theodore Edward Beard. She was born July 23, 1833.*] It will be rather a cheerless home for those two girls now [*probably their daughters, Lavinia Maria and Anna Smedley Beard*]. I wonder what they will do. It is such a lonely spot for them to stay in. I wish they would go somewhere else to live- a little nearer other people.

An Oberlin college paper came this A.M. with Phebe K's prize theme in it and it is fully worthy of the "Freshman prize." It has always seemed to me that she has a gift of description beyond the ordinary. You perhaps have had the opportunity to read it. Mrs. Burgess sent us the copy.

Lovingly- Flora B.

[*This letter dated **March 12, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. Willard will be leaving for the U.S. soon. The YMCA opened their new building. Willard attended a lecture on education and China's illiteracy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow, China.

March 12th 1916.

Dear Ruth:-

Your letters have come with frequency both thru Peking and direct to me and from here they go on to Peking. But I shall not get many more. Some time ago I wrote home knowing I should receive no reply before starting for home. I do not know yet what my plans will be after reaching Seattle. I shall come direct to New York or go to Oberlin according as Stanley and Myra are married in June or before. It adds interest to the trip to have this element of a possible choice in it. I am anticipating the northern route as I have been over the other routes once and twice.

The girls forwarded a card from you on which you ask for some work that needs \$2.00 or \$3.00. All my money this year is going into help to boys who could not study if I did not help them a little. There are two or three boys that I am helping about \$3.50 gold each this term. They could almost make it, but lacked just this little. This is one use for the money. One of the boys is preparing for the nurses course in the Hospital. He plans to enter in the Fall. Another use for the money is to buy picture cards for the Sunday School on Sang Gaing, where your day school is. Last year I bought 50 sets for them, paying about \$3.50 gold for the year. The cards are printed in England- only the pictures, with the back blank. Here the scripture and lesson is printed in Chinese on the backs. I was astounded the other day when the teacher came in to learn that he has 72 pupils this year. Last year I paid an assistant for him during the last half of the year. This year I am looking for one but have not yet found one.

During the past ten days the Y.M.C.A. Secretaries have been "opening" their large new building. A week ago yesterday they invited the officials and gentry and some of the big business men. About one hundred and fifty came. A Christian dedicatory service with greetings from the U.S.= from the National Y.M.C.A. in China, from Pres. Yuan Shi Kai and many other places and groups were read. The governor general and Salt Commissioner- whom I baptized last June were there. The Salt Commissioner outranked the other officials that day for he was Pres. Yuan's specially commissioned representative. Prayer was offered by David Yu- a Chinese Y.M.C.A. Secretary in Mandarin so all those present could hear and understand. I pronounced the benediction. All the officials have strictest attention to all the service which lasted from 3:30 to 5:00 p.m. They then sat on in the same room until 6 p.m. and listened to a most enlightening lecture on education in six countries- Ger., Eng, Fr., U.S., Jap., China. The ribbons used to express illiteracy in the other countries were from 6 inches to two feet long. That used to show China's illiteracy was nearly forty feet long. This lecture given by a Chinese to a Chinese audience was powerful in its application.

College is running full blast again. More old students are back than every before, for the first time in the history of the College the fifth year class has had to be divided. Last week I turned away seven students for lack of room.

I have written the girls to know whether I shall buy the dress for you or whether they will do it. They know what can be done in both places- Peking and Foochow.

Your letters are most interesting and I have in mind many of the changes I shall see when I get home- May God bless and keep you all- us all for a reunion next Summer that will be both pleasant and profitable - With love to all

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 15, 1916** was written presumably from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter, Phebe. Ellen asks Phebe if her eye aches and headaches have gotten better. She tells Phebe the latest events in Putnam, including a long 22 mile sleigh ride she took with her brother, Elbert Kinney. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Mar. 15th. [Probably 1916]

Dear Phebe [*daughter*],

I began a letter to you days ago and thought to finish it this morning but cannot find it so must scratch off a hasty note to go with these checks. I hope you have not gone in debt because of my not sending them but I send them both now for you to cash and you may send me \$5. in a letter when convenient.

Yes we received the \$20. you sent all right but don't ever risk so much again at one time. Not over \$5. should be sent in a letter at one time.

Have you had any more headaches or eye-aches since your osteopathic treatment? I do hope she found the cause and has successfully removed it. Are you perfectly well now? Have you suffered for want of your blankets? Shall I have them sent and store them there for next winter?

I suppose you have had as much snow as we have yesterday and previously. I never saw a winter with so much snow I think. We have had so many storms. One fall does not get trodden down to good sliding before another comes so the children have hardly touched their sled for two or three weeks. And no skating at all.- You know Deacon's store sold out their goods and moved to Danielson; now Champean has moved into Deacon's store and will open next week. Did you know Mr. Wright died two weeks ago, and Eugene King father of the nurse who took care of Dorothy at Pleasure Beach died a week ago? He was thought to have appendicitis and when they operated found a cancer and the operation hastened his death. Mrs. Backus of So. Manchester your former principal's wife died last week. Appendicitis followed by grip, pneumonia, and blood poisoning from the kidneys was the cause of death. She was in the hospital three of four weeks and a report gained circulation here that she had died a week before it occurred.- Uncle Elbert went to his wood-lot which he is cutting off Tuesday last in a sleigh and Emma and I went with him to May's. Had the longest sleigh ride I remember ever to have taken 22 miles there and back. Took dinner with her and returned at 8:13. They have a Victrola which is lots of company for her.

With very warmest love and frequent prayer for you.

Your mother

Ellen B.

*[This letter dated **March 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her mother. Mary has had some health problems and confides in her mother privately about them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

For Mother

March 19, 1916

Dear Mother,

I write this separately because you may not want to read it aloud as I know is the custom with our letters. My monthly period has been most irregular this fall, running over from four to twelve days. When my stomach gave out on Saturday night it was already five days past the day. Doctor Love tried to settle my stomach and still it refused one or two meals each day- and still I was having to get up several times in the night as well as by day. On Tuesday he prescribed mustard footbaths and gave me some pills. The pills made me sicker yet and nothing happened. On Wednesday I took a sitz bath and did not get once feeling scalded for a long time. It just about used me up but it did the business or, finished it up, at least. Then Doctor made me stay in bed two days because of my new troubles. Yesterday I sat up and read nearly all day. (I have read all I wanted to in bed all the time. Doctor only demanded quiet and to keep off my feet.) Today I am all dressed. Doctor has discharged me as a patient with the injunction "to go slow." That last is Doctor's "by word" and one he intends to have obeyed. I remember a scolding I got last fall for going to church one Sunday when he did not intend me too!!

I am all right now, only I need a little more strength to run up and down stairs with. I will look out that this doesn't happen again if anything I can do will prevent it.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China from Mary to the ones at home. She mentions the death of their Aunt Julia and of the gripple and pneumonia mentioned in the U.S. newspapers. The school*

entertained the Tungchow "Pastime Club" and the children took care of entertainment, decorations and refreshments. Mary and Flora plan to take a trip to Confucius' grave over Easter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[March 19, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Last week brought us a goodly number of foreign letters, including one from home. It was good to get news but the news was sad because it contained word of Aunt Julia's death and of Mrs. Peck's serious illness. The Sentinels contained news of gripe and pneumonia in alarming numbers. I guess China is as healthy a place as the United States after all. One thing we all know of everybody's illnesses here for we are few and far from home; both conditions tend to make us intensely interested in each other.

This was a gala week for us because we, the N.C.A.S., gave a party. We entertained the "Pastime Club" of Tungchow on Friday evening. The children were divided into committees for entertainment, decoration and refreshments. I was supposed to and the first but all I did was make sure that the games were suitable and not too many for the time allotted. Mr. Johnson took the decoration committee in charge and worked as hard as any of them. Flora helped the refreshment end. Everyone came except Dr. Smith who had a severe cold and Mr. Frame who had to go to Pei Tai Ho. The fifth grade children sat up until 8.30 then slipped out, those below that went to bed before the guests arrived and all older stayed up until the end. The room was very pretty. The hot water pipes were wound with narrow strips of green paper and finished at the top with bows. There were green bows in the corner of the pictures. Little potatoe dolls dressed in green paper hung from various convenient spots. Potatoes lay suggestively in the flower pots. Over the Chinese what-not were an American flag and an Irish flag. For refreshments we had pistachio ice cream, orange ice, cookies cut in the shape of shamrocks, macaroons, and cake with each piece decorated with a tiny green shamrock of icing.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Leavens asked Flora and me to come over to call. It was the first time either of us had seen her since before we went to Shunte Fu at Christmas time. She looked thin but better than I expected. She left on the early train on Friday, and already has telegraphed that she reached Hankow safely. Her brother meets her there and goes to Shanghai to see her off.

I am enclosing Dr. Smith's [Arthur H. Smith] acknowledgement of the Christmas gift Flora and I sent him. It is a characteristic note. I am getting very fond of the man who is always ready with a joke. He and his wife are a strange couple. She has been off doing country touring for some location far south since November. She returns now sometime soon and he is just about to start for Shanghai for several weeks. Once in a great while they are here together for a short while. She is not quite right in her mind part of the time but not much more than queer and does excellent work when off touring by herself.

We have decided to take the Shantung trip to Confucius grave during Easter vacation. What is left of us will get back here to open school on Monday April the tenth. Flora wants to stop and see everyone along the way so we will not spend two nights in the same place all the week. It is good business to visit all the people because they have prospective pupils for the school.

Tomorrow we have breakfast early. I am to take Pauline to the dentist to have her tooth filled if he thinks best. Dr. Love advises it because she is so young and needs the tooth for a few years yet before its successor is due.

Here is love for you all and hopes that you may escape the epidemic [Polio epidemic of 1916] and that God will keep you safe.

With much love
Mary.

March 19, 1916.

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 23, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Willard sends information about his coat since the folks back home want to buy him a new Prince Albert coat. Many people are looking for rooms on Kuliang for the coming summer. They now have 375 boys enrolled in the city schools.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 23rd. 1916

Dear Father:-

I have just had to put on spectacles and therefore I have a kind of new sense of the value of a man's eyes, so I am using the machine for the sake of your eyes. I like to see a typewritten letter come from Ruth for it usually means a good long one. She almost always writes more when she uses the machine. A good long letter came from her last night.

The particular business of this letter is to say that if it is so desired I can get a new prince albert coat when I reach home. Ellen in her last letter wrote of your desire to this effect. My coat is only four years old. I bought it in the fall of 1911 or spring of 1912. Allis and Redshaw got it for me. The mark is as follows:-

A. Shurman & Co. Boston

Mr. _____

Date C9030 I am not sure of the last figure

No. 39

I have changed only in my girth. I usually wear the coat now without buttoning it. I suppose it ought to be about 1 ½ inches larger in the place where it girdles the dinner basket. It is possible some are made a little longer than this now.

I wonder if Elizabeth and Ruth will accept my thanks in this letter for the Literary Digest. It seems as if I had said Thank You once this year but possibly my memory is so good that I am thinking of last year so I will make sure.

Did I write that I was to have the company of a young lady home? Well Sunday a telegram came saying her future husband was coming out as a missionary and coming right off. So I shall have to go alone. The steamer is full however. We are all very glad for we can keep her and gain another man for the work. It is as most amusing how many letters come to me from young ladies asking if I know of any one going home and if such ones would be willing to have company on the boat, and also asking if I know of any rooms and board on Kuliang. I have just written "NO" to two such, this early.

I suppose you are reading great headlines about the Rebellion in the southwest of China and wondering about us in Foochow, so far we hear only reports of the trouble. Foochow never was quieter than it is now. The Governor is as progressive as ever. He has just commenced to make over the main street of the city and right in the middle of the city. He is also dredging for a bund. This is river front street. Ellen will not recognize the Foochow she left seven years ago.

I was a little anxious during last vacation lest we should not have our full quota of students this term. There were so many influences at work that were new. But I have just told the tenth boy that there was no room for him. We have in the two school here in the city 375 boys.

A large Sunday School Conference is now in session here with some 75 delegates. They are living together in the same place and taking good stiff courses in Pedagogy and other subjects. The work is not merely sitting and listening to addresses, it is taking notes on lectures and then taking an examination. I have given two lectures and one address.

I hope our plans to see each other in June are in accord with God's plan for us, and that He will prosper those plans and make the reunion profitable for us all.

With love to all,

Will.

The paper telling of Fred Bennett's marriage got here before the letter telling that it so upset the girls, Elizabeth and Ruth that they forgot or rather did not have courage to ask him about it. The same paper also told me of Aunt Julia's death and of the death of Mr. Higgins.

[The following is handwritten.]

I am in a delightful state of expectancy as to the date of the wedding. I may have to wait till I reach Seattle or some port between here and there to find out whether I am to go from Seattle straight to New York or whether I go first to Oberlin.

[This letter dated **March 26, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary dressed in their best dinner gowns for a dinner for a newly engaged couple. Spring vacation begins soon for the school and the students will be headed home. Mary and Flora will be leaving for Tai Shan (the sacred mountain) and the Tomb of Confucius in a party of ten. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[March 26, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We had a good home mail this last week. It had been over a week since the last one. Will sent up some newspapers telling of Aunt Julia's death and Mr. Higgin's, also Fred Bennett's marriage. We are interested to hear more of the last. It seemed from the newspaper notice to be rather one sided.

These weeks go very rapidly and are full to the brim. Yesterday besides our regular work we had five guests at dinner- Dr. Wilder (Will's college chum) and Mrs. Larson with her three daughters (prospective scholars for our school). Dr. Wilder is quite a bird student and came down to give a talk (and a walk) to the children. I had intended to go also but Mrs. Larson's coming prevented. After getting the children off on the train for their week end at home, Mrs. Galt came in to take accounts with the cook. Then there was the last installment of clean clothes to be put away, a bath to take, and don my "very best" for a 7.30 P.M. dinner party at Mrs. Corbett's. We dress for dinner- the gentle men in their evening suits and the ladies in their dinner gowns- as in New York and it really lends quite a festive air to the occasion. We had a fine time. A newly engaged couple were the center of the attraction.

This is the last week of school before our spring vacation, and it is to be rather strenuous. We shall do the ordinary school work for there are no examinations at this time, but we have to get the children packed off home, finish plans for our own trip, and get the building cleaned and shut up. We start next Monday for Techow (pronounced (Deh jow) where we spend Monday night with the Stanley's and Tuckers of the A.B., going on to Tsinan (pronounced Chenan) to Mr. Johnson's home. We spend that night with his people and in company with ten others we start out the next day to climb TaiShan (the sacred mountain). We are taking our beds and bedding with us so that we may spend the night at the top. Won't that be romantic? We come down in time to make the trip out to a famous temple and the Tomb of Confucius. Then we go back to Tsinan and the next day on to Peking.

Please give Helen my congratulations. I know she is happy and I suppose no words can express Drs. happiness. I am glad to hear of Mrs. Peck's recovery.

I am going to write to Vinnie and Anna in a day or two.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Mar. 26, 1916.

*[This letter dated **March 26, 1916** was written from Putnam, CT by 7 1/2 year old Kathleen to her sister, Phebe. It includes a drawing of a bird. Letter is in the collection of Jill Jackson.]*

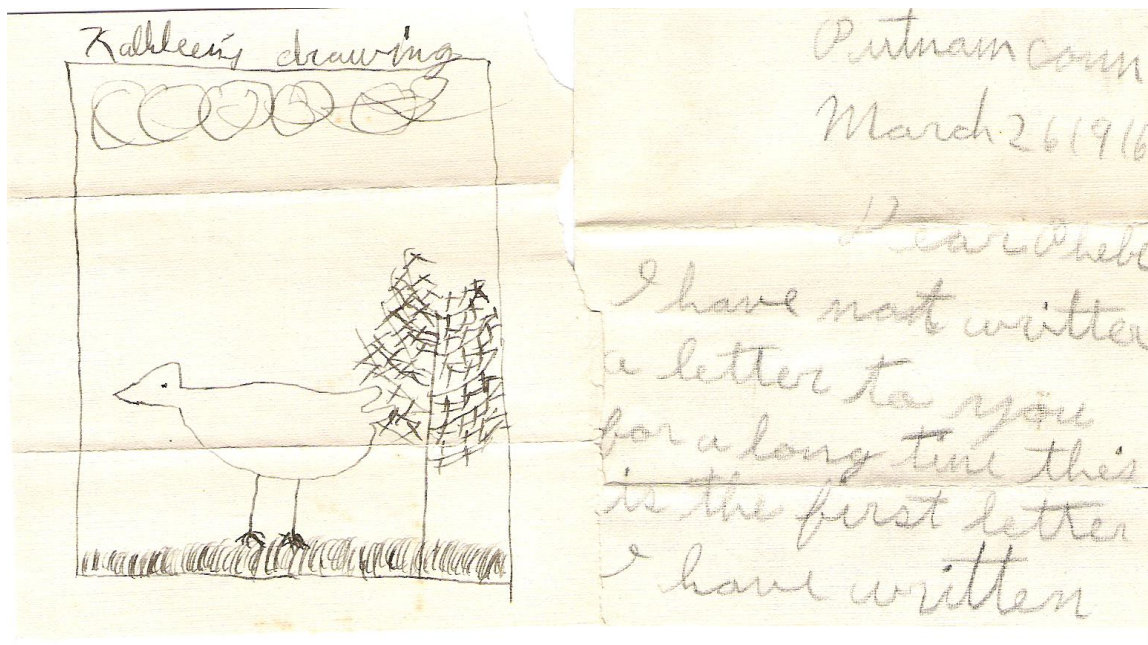
Putnam Conn
March 26 1916

Dear Phebe

I have not written a letter to you for a long time this is the first letter I have written in a long time the last letter I wrote was about Feb 26. as I wrote you this March 26 just the same only the month. Last Sunday Mamma thought I had the Mesotes [*Mesoles?* *Measles?*] but I only had a cold.

I have got all the links but had to make up two memory vearses but now I have all the links.

I got my lesson every Sunday and when Mamma thought I had the Mebites Marjorie got my papers. I will close now with lots of love from Kathleen



[This typewritten letter dated **March 27, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. After it appeared that China was going to become a Monarchy again it has switched back to a Republic since the people of southern China did not support the idea of a Monarchy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China March 27th. 1916

Dear Mother:-

I am sending you a copy of my annual report in which you may find some things of interest. I wrote father last week to the effect that if it was considered best I could get a new Prince Albert when I reach home. My steamer is due in Seattle May 26th. This should give me time to reach Shelton in time to get a new coat. Of course I am in thus writing taking a lot of things for granted. I have not yet heard when the wedding is to be, and a lot of other details. I may have to wait until I reach Shanghai or even Seattle before I get this information. Time runs by very fast. The weeks come round before I am ready for them and it seems only a day or two ago that I turned the last leaf of the weekly Calendar.

A few weeks ago the Sentinel came to me with a long letter from me. The main item of interest was the news of the change in the Republic to a Monarchy. Saturday morning a telegram came to the Customs telling them to go back to the old nomenclature. So we are again reading The Republic of China Fifth Year. It looks very much as if Yuan Shi Kai had gotten cold feet. The provinces in the south west are not at all loyal to the monarchical idea. And within a few days it looks as if Hunan was causing the central government some anxiety.

Two years ago last summer a man named Hu tried to start a second revolution in Foochow. He did not succeed and he got away. Later he became a Japanese citizen. He was back in Foochow last week and called on the Governor. He proposed to him that Fukien at once declare her independence. The Governor told him that things were quiet in the province and he did not see the use in making the change. Think how humiliating it must be to the officials of this country to be obliged to receive such men who are no better than traitors.

Spring is here with its warm balmy days and bright sunshine. Until Friday we have had rain and cold weather since January. The farmers are preparing the rice fields and sowing the rice in the beds from which they will transplant. May God give us the pleasure and profit of soon seeing each soon. Lovingly Will

[This letter dated about **April 2, 1916** was written from the Shantung, China area by Mary to the ones at home. Mary and Flora are on their way to see the Tai Shan mountain and Confucius' grave for a week long trip, then will return back to Tungchou. She describes travelling in a third class train car. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[About April 2, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

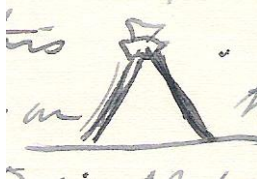
We are en route for Te Chan (De Joe) and Tsi Nan (Ge an). We spend tonight at Te Chan and go on on the afternoon train tomorrow to Tsi Nan. Mable Galt is with us but she stays at Te Chan all the week and joins us on the return trip unless she can find company to return sooner [*Mable Galt is the girl who had so many operations on her nose*]. We came up from Tung Chou this morning in a third class car which had no seats. Fortunately we are travelling with much baggage so provided seats for ourselves. I just wish you could see our baggage. We each have a folding cot, a rontan and a suitcase besides a canvas bag containing lunch boxes and thermos bottles. The rontan is a large canvas case, boxes at the corners and one side open through the middle. We have in them pads for our cots, blankets and other things we are likely to need for a night in a Chinese Inn. We will be with Mr. Johnson's people Tuesday night, then we start in early Wednesday morning and climb the mountain (Tai Yan) [*Tai Shan*] sacred to Confucius. We spend the night up there and descend Thursday morning. From there we go to Confucius grave and temple. Then back to Tsi Nan Friday morning after spending the night until 3.00 A.M. in a Chinese Inn. We see Tsi Nan Friday and leave early Saturday for home. Flora and I plan to stop off in Tientsin to shop Saturday P.M. and go up early Sunday morning. We would have to head to Tungchou Sunday anyway because we reach Peking too late for the evening train. There is a party of eight or ten coming down tomorrow to join us on the trip to the mountain and grave. It is going to be jolly for all eight.

I wish you could see our travelling companions and this car. Less than half of the people have seats; many are reclining on their rontans on the floor. One family have spread blankets and quilts on the floor, barricaded themselves with baggage, and take turns sitting or reclining in the enclosure. At every station there is a great clamor of the natives to buy food from the vendors. There are many kinds of eggs; goose eggs, hard boiled eggs, eggs cracked and boiled in tea. When food or eggs are bought the shells and skins are thrown on the few clear spots of the floor.

The dentist was ill so I had the whole morning to shop. Kieroff is selling out so I went and looked over his shoulder and made several purchases.

Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday were spent packing. On Sunday evening we went to supper with Mrs. Love. Doctor Love was away and we went to keep her company.

The day which is like a Memorial Day [*for*] the Chinese is approaching and on all sides we see the men out fixing up the graves of their ancestors. They heap them up and put blocks of mud on top like this.



There are one to four blocks on the graves.

This Shantung country is flat, flat, flat. I expect it will be flat for sometime to come as the map shows mountains farther south but not here.

The train is getting more gigly so I guess I had better close.

With lots of love

Mary.

[This partial letter dated **April 6, 1916** was written from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter Phebe. Ellen tells Phebe of Willard's travel dates from China for his brother's wedding. She and the two youngest daughters will be travelling back with him to China in August. Ellen inquires about Phebe's eye aches and of her latest letter in which she sounded depressed. She tells about some fires in Putnam and of going to a librarian's lecture at a "Daughter's meeting." Ellen discusses clothing that is needed for various family members for the upcoming events. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

36 Center St.
Putnam, Ct.

Apr. 6", '16.

My dear darling daughter [*Phebe*],

Let me first answer Mr. Beach's question which I fear I have not answered yet. Papa writes we are to sail for China about Aug. first; i.e. start back to C. at that time from here. He will reach home about the 3-6 of June. He will probably go straight to Shelton and not stop here or at Oberlin till after the wedding. I am so sorry that they could not wait till the 16 to 20th of June for the wedding so you could be there too! It is too bad for you to miss it but I don't see how we can help it. If we had only known, you would have preferred to come then rather than Christmas wouldn't you? We do enjoy your letters so much and only wish we were all as voluminous writers to keep you in touch with things at home as well as you do us with things that are your interests.

Now darling daughter, what made you blue and discouraged when you wrote one of your last letters? Was it that the work went so hard or that you are not well; or are you trying to do too much, or was it because we did not send you any letters from home. Do tell me. It made my head ache for you to think of you off there alone from the family so discouraged. I hope you are feeling better now. Do you feel that your osteopathic Dr. has really found the cause of your eye-aches and has she fully set the bone right and cured the trouble? Have you had any eye-aches since your treatment and did you have more than one treatment? How much did she charge you for the treatment. She should have given you the minister's discount as most Dr.'s do to minister's families.

Yesterday it is said we had 5 fires in town. The first was about 5:30 a.m. and burned the inside of Mr. W. S. Johnson's house over near the library. It caught from the heater and was quite as much injured by water as by fire. Partitions had to be chopped into to reach the fire so the house is spoiled inside as well as furniture. The second was Ballard and Clark's store at 6:45 a.m. also caught from stove. More damage done there by water than by fire. Mr. Ballard had been ill almost a week at home in bed and cannot go out now for three days.

You would not know outside that there had been a fire but Uncle Elbert says it was a sight inside from water damage. The third was said to be on Canal St. but don't know what. The fourth was a fire in the woods over by Howard Bradford's house. And when I was coming out of Daughter's Meeting [*probably King's Daughters*] the engine was coming home up Pomfret St. Some said one of the fires was in a cotton mill. But we'll get the facts from the papers. We heard none of the alarms and only one of the "all outs."

At Daughter's meeting yesterday we had a lecture on books by a North Attleboro Librarian, (Mass.) Very good. Miss Keith enjoyed it hugely. Among other things she said that Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. H.B. Stowe's remains lie in a hillside in Andover, Mass. almost forgotten but her greatest book will never be forgotten. Another thing she said was that "The Winning of Barbara Worth" by Harold Bell Wright had the largest first edition of any book ever printed, - any novel at least. The publishers decided to make 175,000 copies as the first edition but orders came in so fast that they decided to make the first editions 500,000 copies. This required two presses running day and night from June to Nov. and required 265 tons of paper. Had they all been shipped at one time it would have required 31 cars carrying 20,000 tons each. 40 people worked for the same amount of time= (day and night from June to Nov.) putting the gold lettering on the covers of the books. "And all this", said she, "from the one brain of one man."! Other points of interest in her lecture were:-

Daniel DeFoe gave the world the first novel of adventure: = "Robinson Crusoe."

Samuel Richardson gave world first novel of sentiment.

Jane Austen first gave the world home pictures i.e. intimate home life. Her home life pictures are very prominent in her works. She is one of the best humorists of today.

The lecturer said she wondered if we knew how many books were published in U.S. each year. Henry Van Dyke gave these figures 3 years ago. There are about 5000 different books published each year. And counting the whole edition of each different book about 5 millions of books are printed each year in the U.S. alone.

Thackeray knew all the dignitaries and crowned heads of his time.

Dicken's characters show all sorts of people. The psychology of the child was never known till Dicken's time. Earlier novels showed children, but they were manikins= (little men). One critic says of Dicken's works, that, there is not a page of all Dicken's writings that a mother need keep from her growing daughter.

She spoke of another book whose title I am not certain I have right but think I have - "The Man Who Was Thursday". She said this book contains the greatest picture of God that there is in literature. A remarkable book. Fiction, of course.

This closed the lecture very appropriately. But I recall one more thing she said which I will add. Margaret Deland is the greatest artist for telling a story without telling it. Helena Richie the character in the "Awakening of Helena Richie" has done more for social purity than any other character in Literature. "The Iron Woman" by same author, M. Deland, she spoke of as being the finest gem of American fiction. Must stop now and get dinner, for children. That reminds me to tell you what we had for refreshments yesterday. Pineapple salad, 2 whole slices, on

lettuce with dressing, a little ball of cottage cheese on the plate beside it with chopped parsley pressed in on top, and nut bread sandwiches, very good.- Well, the dinner is served, Marjorie has been to Ina Aldrich's birthday party. I have been overtown to buy the present, Geraldine has taken her Cello lesson, we have all eaten supper, I have presided at the parent-teacher's meeting all have had a night's sleep, all have gotten up and dressed, some of us have breakfasted, most of us have gone to school and now here I am again to talk to you till the mail man comes. Telephone rings. Short session there, this time.

You asked if it would be proper for you to offer to help Mrs. Beach with sewing for the new baby. Yes, it will be perfectly proper if there is already an understanding that it is generally known that one = baby, is expected, or if she has told you or said anything to you which presupposes that you know it. Probably however, it is self-evident by this time. She probably would not feel selfish about the privilege of outfitting it all with her own hands, especially as it is the second one. That feeling sometimes does possess the mother heart with the first one. As to hemming napkins, as you suggested, I presume she like most women think machine sewing good enough for those and are not as fastidious as your own mama is about those things; in which case she would make short work of hemming 4 or 5 dozen. If however, you see any good opportunity to help, it will be very nice to do so provided you have time. But don't try to do it at the expense of your studies or health. Better buy a little dress or something for a gift, than do that. Is she going to stay at Tank Home for the birth?! She told me about the new comer when I saw her last fall in New Haven as a reason why she would not be ready to go back with us in August which she really wanted to do. I guess that was about as soon as they knew it for sure. She said I was the first one they had told. How do you like Mr. Beach?

Please remember me to them if they are still there and kiss the little girl for me. Also please give Mrs. Garland my very kindest regards and my sincere appreciation of her kind motherly care of you. Assure her I have not forgotten my obligation in correspondence to her and look for an opportunity soon.

What a mountain of work confronts me between now and Aug. 1"! Will you not want your white dress from the aunts made up for Commencement week? If so, send us the fashion sheet with the style marked which one you would like and we'll have it made up. How did your waist fit? Tell me frankly all the misfits about it and we will know then how to use Geraldine as a model for you. If you select a style for your embroidered dress send us also your waist and bust measure. We had your green strip gray flannel waist fixed but the dress maker declared she could not improve it as I wanted her to do altho I know I could have done it had I had time. Geraldine said she knew it would still be too large for you so she said she would wear it and we made up the brown one to send to you. I am sending another thin waist soon which we bought at Providence last week. Geraldine tho't she must have a suit and Dot a coat so we three went. Got a very pretty coat for Dot and Ger. selected a suit at last,- the very last of our time but so late we could not get it fitted so had to leave it and think we will probably go again before Easter. The little girls must have new white dresses. Have you got your new spring hat yet? Tell me what color sweater to get for you? If you see just exactly what suits you there you may get it. If their assortment is small or you want something not seen there I will get it here and send it. Have you been cold this winter without those blankets? Perhaps I had better get them in M. Ward's Spring sale and have them sent direct to Oberlin to be stored for the Summer.- We staid over night at Ella's and went to a Chinese restaurant next noon for lunch. Geraldine and I each bought a new waist. I got Gould's picture of "Lions" framed which Papa sent him from Japan; bought Marj. and Kath. each a school dress; and some "soy" and Chinese candy for our Chinese feast next week to Ger. and Gould's S.S. class. My second cousin, Sumner Kinney [*Sumner Parker Kinney, born July 13, 1880*], died last week in Albany. Uncle Milton [*Milton Horace Kinney, born July 9, 1837*] is reported seriously ill. Did we tell you Mr. Packard had left and Mr. Penny had taken his place?

There is to be a Shakespeare night in the High school Apr. 23" and Geraldine has taken an essay to write which she took at my urging which nearly floors her. But I tho't it would help her so much in her College English essay writing and she would have the honor thrown in. - I tho't the other day it would be nice if you could have your violin out there to practice on for the next 8 weeks so you could get up a little something to play to Papa when he comes. If I send it by parcel post can you get time to practice some? Could you get through Eunice or otherwise the names of some very pretty pieces for Violin and Cello about your grade and practice them sending Ger. her part to practice too?

[Remaining pages of letter missing.]

*[This letter dated **April 9, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She talks in detail of their trip to the grave of Confucius. They rode in unusual looking chairs, saw beggars, picnicked, and when at the top of the mountain, saw the Mother Temple. She refers to Mary's letter which tells about the Grave of Confucius. On Sunday they returned back to Tungchou to begin school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[April 9, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Since last Sunday Mary and I have "been, gone, and done it" - a trip down into Shantung to the grave of Confucius. The children went home either on Friday night or the early train on Saturday so that we had the full day for cleaning house. We made good use of the time and got all the rooms, we wished to lock up, in good order. Mary and I got ready to leave early Monday morning. Sunday was a quiet but rather busy day and in the evening we had supper with Mrs. Love (our doctor's wife). Dr. Love had gone to Pei Tai Ho to see about his house up there and his wife was rather lonesome. We left on the 7.30 A.M. train Monday for Techow where the Stanleys and Tuckers of the A.B.C.F.M. are stationed. Mable Galt went with us. We had just time enough both at Peking and Tientsin to catch the train that we had to and it was 7.30 P.M. when we arrived at Techow. We found that Bettine Stille (one of our scholars) and Mr. Evans (a very kind man of Tientsin) were also on the train. He was taking Bettine back with him to his home in Tientsin, where he has a wife and baby. All of us with all our extensive baggage got into a huge two-wheeled cart which had a big straw covering like an old fashioned prairie schooner. It was drawn by two big mules- Tandem. It was rather a jiggly ride since the roads out here are full of ruts and there are no springs to the carts. We got out to the Stanley's so that we had to hurry into our best dresses for a dinner at the Tucker's. There we met a lot of the American Boarders- for it was the time for the "District Meeting" and each station had some of its members present. Out here at such occasions the gentlemen were [*wear*] their dress suits, or tuxedos and the ladies have on their low necked dresses so that with the pretty colored gowns we look quite festive. It was a lap supper and we had a very good time. I met again several whom I had met just once last year in Peking and it was altogether a most enjoyable occasion. The next morning we had time to talk over school plans for the children there and to see the fine new hospital and schools. The houses are most attractive and when all the buildings are finished they will have quite an imposing compound. We hope two of the children from there will be in our school next year. Mary Helen has been through a very serious illness which will probably mean that she will always be a little lame. She had something the matter with her ankle last year and finally an operation was imperative. They took out some of the bone and since then when she has walked it has been with a brace. She seems perfectly well now and has begun to bear a little weight on that foot.

In the afternoon of Tuesday we took the train at Techow and arrived at Tsinan about 6 P.M. and went directly out to Dr. Johnson's house. It was an hour's ride right through the city. The first part of the way was through the foreignized section, where the buildings were of German architecture and the streets broad and smooth. Then we entered the city gate and rode for more than a half hour over clean streets paved in huge stones probably 15 in. by 18 in. The city impressed every one with its cleanliness. We had to hurry into our evening gowns to be ready for supper. Dr. Johnson about two weeks ago had a slight stroke of paralysis and the family are trying to keep him quiet in order that there may be no return of the trouble. So he [*was*] off to bed early and the rest of us made sandwiches until nearly 11 o'clock. We had a good half bushel of them when we were finished. Besides these there were three chickens, about fifty crullers, seven or eight thermos bottles of coffee, and a lot of other things in the eating line- enough for sixteen people who expected to be quite famished by noon the next day. We arose rather early Wednesday as we had to dress, eat breakfast and ride for an hour to get a 7.30 A.M. train for Taianfu where we were to climb the sacred mountain. We got off the train about 10.30 A.M. and found Mr. and Mrs. Hanson there to meet us with chairs for climbing the mountain. Mr. Hanson belongs to the Methodist Mission, and being interested, he arranges for the climbing of the mountain. There are no hotels there for foreigners, so he keeps tourists and puts the money he gets into his work. He did not take any money from us for we were a bunch of missionaries- and allies. We started off for the mountain as soon as possible for it is a climb of nearly 6000 ft. We had the funniest looking chairs to travel in but the most commodious and comfortable I ever rode in. They looked like so many crabs as they rested on the ground. The poles were quite short and the seats broad, thereby making the plies far apart. The bottom of the seat was just a netted rope and there was only a serving board for the feet. One is just comfortably doubled up when sitting in the chair. We put cushions and blankets in ad libitum so that we were just as comfortable as we could have been at home by the fireside. As our party marched along it looked like a parade of crabs, for we were carried side ways. As the coolies got weary carrying us on one shoulder they would swing us around so that we faced in exactly the opposite direction. It gave us the chance to view the landscape in all directions and there never was any time lost in making the change- as there always is in the south of China. I never was more pleasantly carried in my life and two men did it except in some of the very steepest places. They certainly

have their work down to the finest science for whenever there was a change in the ascent of the road they fitted themselves to that particular spot- slow if steep, faster if level, going tandem if narrow. The road most of the way is a broad flight of stone steps, with narrow treads and of about seven inches rise. This makes much of the way a steep flight of stairs. Shortly after we got to climbing we went into a temple where we view the leg and arm bones of a mummy who sat for so many years with his legs crossed and his head bowed in contemplation that he died in that posture. He is shown to tourists for a few tinzers. I forgot to tell you that we had not gone more than a five minutes' walk from the station before we met beggars and all the way to the top they were swarming about us. We walked over them (they would duck their heads under our chairs) and at the top of every single flight of steps there was a huge basket hoping for some money. Every little child had been taught his "Cashie, cashie-ba, cashie-ba", so that the wee-est toddlers would hold out their hands and try to say it too. Many of the mothers had their little children quite naked but their plump little bodies belied their words. There were a few old women, and several dressed up as old women. We could easily tell the shams from their agile movements while bumping their heads- kowtowing. One bent over heap of gray hair and rags was a dummy.



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

Farther up we hear a monotonous rapping off on the mountain side and there peeping out of one of the beggar huts apparently in an inaccessible part of the mountain was a man peering over his stone wall and watching to see if any of his baskets was getting any cash. The whole mountain side was covered with beggar huts and there seemed to be just as many children swarming there as in the streets of any city. The ingenuity of these beggars showed that they had brains if they wished to use them. The children had many attractive faces among them and the women had some good looking faces. - We climbed steadily until after 1 P.M. when we halted about half the way up for lunch. I had had to ride for an hour because I was too hungry to walk. That basket of sandwiches was reduced to its lowest terms when we were through with it and our coffee was gone. We started on and it was after four o'clock when we passed through the middle gate of Heaven and were on the top of the mountain. The last stretch of 800 steps right straight up to the gate. It is dizzying to look down and much too hard to walk up – for some hearts. There are chairs all the way for the last stretch to help weary pilgrims who go up on their knees. We met many coming down, one man carrying his old mother. Dr. Brown (of the New York Union Seminary) and his son were on their way down. It was so cold on the way and up on the top of the mountain that we were glad of all of our extra wraps. The top of the mountain has many temples. We went into only one- called the Mother temple- for that is where the mothers go to pray for children. Farther on we could see a red wall which had been built where there was a precipice, over which devotees had been want to throw themselves. This wall had to be built to stop that. On the very top was a huge boulder that has a reputation of having fallen from heaven. It looks as though it might have fallen from some place and since there is nothing higher that is the Chinese conclusion. There was ice and a little snow on the top of the mountain. On the way up we picked dandelions and I found something that looks a great deal like the Swiss edelweiss. That is found here on some mountains- up in Shansi and up in Mongolia. - Well, we started on and it was just about 7 P.M. when we arrived at Mr. Hanson's, where we were to spend the night. I

dreaded going down those 800 steps for when the plunge was made it was like looking down a precipice. But the coolies are very careful and take no risks. A third coolie walked under my chair and steadied it, and we went down much faster than we could have walked ourselves. The men (of our party) who walked, had actually to run to keep up with the chair bearers and they got pretty tired. When we arrived at Mr. Hanson's we were surprised to find an invitation out to supper with the Browns – a young couple who were on the "S.S. Mongolia" with us. We had a good visit with them and then got back to the Hanson's to get to bed shortly after 10 P.M. The next morning we were to have breakfast at 8 A.M., but it was fully 8.30 before the people got assembled. After breakfast I talked with Mrs. Hanson about school – for she is planning to send three children here for next year. Mary and several others went over to see the Buddhist Hell a Chinese Eden Musee. We reached the station in time to meet the 9.30 A.M. train to go to Chufu where there is a famous Confucian temple and the grave of Confucius. I am going to let Mary in her next letter tell you about the rest of the trip for it makes such a long letter to write- and for you to read- at one time. We have had one of the rare times of our lives and we are both glad that we went even if we are as tired as we can be. For a week we have slept each night in a different bed and not once did we have the proper amount of sleep. The morning we had to get up at 4.30 the coolie made a mistake and woke us at 3.30- and this on top of not having gone to bed until after 11 P.M.

We arrived in Tungchou this noon (Sunday) in a howling dust storm. Now the wind has dropped and I hope we may have a quiet night. My room is nearly buried in Gobi dust.

The Galts went down to Pao-ting-fu for a few days and took all their children except Mable. They had been there but a few days when Dorothy came down with scarlet fever. She is having it very easily but it means quarantine away from home for weeks. Mr. Galt, Lawrence, and the baby came home and Lawrence has it here. It is going to be very hard for them for a month to be so separated. Mable could not go home when she reached here this noon- which was a great disappointment to her. Lawrence is not very sick either.

Well, to-morrow we jump into the traces again by beginning with a big luncheon here for the Mother's Club of Peking which is to have its April meeting here. The children arrive on the afternoon train and then work begins. There will be probably four or five absences and we shall not have Mrs. Galt to help out in the school which will be a big miss for me. She is much needed in helping to run the housekeeping part of the school.

It is two weeks since I've heard from you and I would welcome a letter. We found letters from Miss Palen, and Phebe Kinney here when we arrived to-day.

With all love

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
April 9, 1916.

*[This letter dated **about April 15, 1916** was written by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of riding on a Chinese wheel barrow, visiting the tomb and temple of Confucius and travelling back to Tungchou. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About April 15, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

When Flora said she had left half of last of week for me to tell about, I resolved to do it at once but I did not you see. We left Tai Yan about 10.00 AM for Chu Fou. The third class car was one with side seats so we spread out our rontans and cots and made ourselves comfortable for the two and one half hour's ride. At Chu Fu Mr. Scott Corbett's man met us- and he arrived in person when we had lunch ready- at the Inn. The Inn was a single large room opening into a court filled with a crowd of curious Chinese. We had two tables and several Chinese stools. We called for hot water and made coffee from the can of "George Washington" Coffee which needs no boiling.

After lunch we chose our vehicles, either a Chinese cart or a wheel barrow, for the four miles across the plain to the city. Mrs. Wolfe and I balanced each other on a wheel barrow and found it very comfortable. We untied the rontans and spread them over the rope bottom then used rugs and pillows to make the bars soft or for backs. Instead of going to a regular Chinese Inn, Mr. Scott piloted us to a private house which was empty- and which he had rented for our use. We entered the gate and passed through a small servant's court into the larger court. At the left was a large building and straight ahead a somewhat smaller one. The large one had three rooms. The middle one contained a long table spread with a white table cloth and spread with afternoon tea. The ones at either side were for the accommodation of the ladies. The other building was for the men. Mr. Corbett had brought

his own three servants and the windows were pasted with fresh paper and the floors were swept clean as a dirt floor can be. It was a hot day and bade fair to be a warm night so Mrs. Wolfe and I decided to sleep in the court. At once all but three of the eight ladies asked to join us and soon the men were putting up cots outside likewise. We ladies, five of us, put our cots rather close together near the home; the men scattered themselves all over the court. Everyone predicted a cold night but I was so warm I had to remove one covering. Certainly, it was a good place to sleep. We were all going to sing after getting into bed but he had one short solo and then a gradual silence.



Written in album: "Miss May Craig and I [*Mary-left*] in wheelbarrow at Tai An station."
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

The next morning Mrs. Corbett disturbed our slumbers by calling out, "Six o'clock, and time to be astir." I forgot to mention that we had a four course dinner the night before. We had first, cereal, eggs, ham, toast and coffee for breakfast. We put beds together, packed rontans and were off for the tomb of Confucius. The entrance is very impressive with its avenue of cypresses. The grave is very like all other graves of importance, a conical mound some twenty feet high with a tablet and table for sacrifices in front of it. The mound was covered with Dog-toothed Violets all in bloom.

The evening before after tea we went to the temple of Confucius in the city of Chu Fu (the tomb is just outside the walls.) The grave was beautiful. The temples are all attractive. The first one has a row of ten carved marble columns in front of it. The raised court is surrounded by a stone fencing with rounded top posts. Two of the posts near the temple give a ringing sound when struck with the palm of the hand. The guide book says the art of making them do so is a lost one or well kept secret.



Written in album: "At Grave of Confucius"
[Flora is standing, 2nd from right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The images of Confucius and several of his most noted followers are within with altars for worship. The carvings about the statue of Confucius are wonderful. Each figure holds a plain jade septer in his hands. The story is that it is to hold before his mouth in the presence of a greater God. The head dress is flat with about ten dangles in front and back. They are like strings of beads about half an inch in diameter.

Just as we were leaving the temple we saw a pair of herons building their nest in the top of an old tree. The violets and wild radishes were thick everywhere.

When we left the tomb on Friday we went directly to the station. There was only half an hour before train time so we ate our lunch on the station platform. We called for tea so had the much desired drink.

It was six o'clock when we reached Tsi Nan. Mrs. Ruth Johnson and Mr. Clarke were at the station. Our party of fifteen all got into rickshaws and we went out to the East Suburb via the outside of the city so as to see more of the city. We saw the site of the new Medical College, and of the new University of Shan Tung. We stopped at the Whitenight Institute which is unique out there. Mr. Whitenight has had the Chinese make models of model streets side by side with those of the dirty ones often seen; models of a deforested region and one not deforested; models of street vendors who keep flies off their fruits and foot with a feather duster and one who screens his wares; a model of the long bridge across the Yellow River which had to have it's piles driven into shifting sands; a model of our Capitol at Washington and beneath it one of the Institute for compassion, etc. We saw the work room and a model in the making to show how other trees should be planted when a tree has to be cut. There is a large lecture hall and talks on country and city improvement are given daily from 9-4. Monday is Women's day and no men are allowed in the building. The list of visitors sometimes runs up to 1500 or 2000 a day. The city is the cleanest one I have ridden through and the institute is partly responsible for the part.

Five of us stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Torrance. After dinner the Johnsons and their guests all came over. Mr. Clarke read us a telegram announcing the engagement of Miss Margaret Johnson and Mr. Scott Corbett. It was a happy ending to a happy time but not a surprise to us who had been in the party with them for two days. Mr. J. says it is an "awful disgrace to have two sisters get engaged in leap year."

On Saturday morning the boy made a mistake and called us at 3.30 instead of 4.30. Flora got up and lit the lamp and we had to leave it lit because we had only one match. We were up at 4.30 and breakfasted at 5.00. At 5.30 we were off for the station to catch a 6.30 train. The train pulled in at 7.35 so we left at 8.00. How we wished we had known in time to sleep the extra hour! There was no open third class car so we had to sit in proper seats. Even there we were crowded. One old Chinese had sprawled out over a whole seat. Mr. Spiker asked for half of the seat and the fellow wouldn't move. Finally Mr. S. just pushed aside his things and took the seat after asking him if he had two tickets. The fellow said he had the two tickets and lost face terribly when later the conductor came along and assured us that he did not. We talked, ate fruit, read O'Henry stories and took cat naps all the way up to Tientsin. Mabel Galt rejoined us at TeChu and Mrs. Wolfe left us.

Mable, Flora, and I got off at Tienstin and went out to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Mrs. C. has been ill all winter and was down to dinner for the first time since before Christmas. On Sunday morning we were up and off for an 8.00 o'clock train to Peking. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Bier had stayed at the Y.M.C.A. so we had them for company also Bettine Stille who had been visiting at the Evan's and took that opportunity to be chaperoned home. We were late reaching Peking so had just time to cross the tracks to our Tungchow train.

On Sunday afternoon Flora wrote to you while I went and had a bath and a three hour nap. My but I felt better after a little sleep!

Monday we were up at 6.45 and busy all morning getting the house cleaned. The Mother's Club was coming down and the lunch and meeting were to be here. The dust storm that had begun on Sunday was still on so a floor was yellow soon after it was mopped. Nevertheless we removed the old dust and dirt and had the satisfaction of knowing that the house had been clean. Only seven of the club came, but we had a good lunch and an interesting meeting.

The children came back on the train that the club ladies had to take back. We began school on Tuesday with seven absent members. The two younger Galt children have scarlet fever. The McCann children and Ursula Wilder were exposed. One boy was out at the Hills and another afraid of the scarlet fever. This week we expect to have back all but the two sick children.

On Friday Flora and I went to Peking to hear the Choral Club render the "Messiah". Mrs. Grant had invited us to attend as her guests. They met us at the train with the automobile and we went out to their home for dinner. We had time for one or two records on the Victrola before dinner and one by Melba afterward. The Messiah was very well done unto a chorus of about 45 voices. The solos and everything were by local talent and except for Miss Tenny of the Legation, and two community people the soloists were from the missionary body. That leaves four missionaries. We got out home at 12.10 and retired hurriedly so as not to have to get undressed in the dark. The alarm went off at 4.45 Saturday morning and we breakfasted at 5.15. At 5.50 we were off for the station to get a 6.20 train back to duties.

Mr. Torrance of Tsi-Nan was up for the concert and came down here for lunch yesterday. He is a very young man but very interesting and much devoted to his work.

I had had word that the Symmond's whom we met at Honolulu would arrive in Peking Thursday evening and had written them. Since I had received no word, I telephoned last night only to find that they had not yet arrived. (Do not we sound grand with a telephone!!!) Major Symmonds has been stationed at Manila for the last eighteen months and is now enroute back to the states. The Army sends a body of inspectors every three months to look over the marine station at Peking and he is one of the body at time. I shall call at the hotel tomorrow, hoping that they arrived last evening.

It is nearly three weeks since we have had a home letter. Since you write of our letters being so irregular, whereas we have written every week; I know it is probably due in part at least to irregular steamers. I long for the old days when the Pacific service had at least a semblance of regularity. Now I get two or three Literary Digests in a bunch after a long season of no papers.

Yesterday I mailed to the Natsmail Cloak and Suit Co. an order for two middys, a waist and a skirt for ordinary wear. The bill was \$6.18 gold and I asked that it be sent to father.

This compound is beautiful these days with a carpet of violets. The children pick them by the dozen bunches and keep all of our shallow dishes filled. The orchard of natural peaches, apricots and cherries is also very gay in white and pink. We have branches of those about also.

Already the time of Will's going home is too near for us to write him again at Foochow. But we will send him letters care of Mrs. Lacy at Shanghai or direct to the steamer as I have saved that date on my calendar.

It is getting nearly nine and tomorrow I have to go to Peking on the early train to do some shopping, meet a lunch engagement, a dentist appointment at 2.00 and look for the Symmond's. Each week seems to bring it's quota of festivities in spite of the regular school life here.

This will reach you just about the date of Ruth's birthday. Many happy returns.

With lots of love
Mary.

[This letter, dated **April 22, 1916**, was written from Foochow, China by Kathleen to her Grandma. She and Marjorie Billing had a flower show for four adults and six children. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
April 22, 1916

Dear Grandma,

April 41 Marjorie Billing and I had a flower show. We put up sings for it. The stage was made of one of Marjories table boards with a rug on it. There was a dolls arch and two still chairs on each side. There was some stairs with a pink ribbon covering them At the head of the stairs there was an arch and at the foot a path of bridle wreath and two arches of the same flower. There were six chairs for the children and four for the grown people. First came the violet with a blue dress and a violet at the back of her head. Then came nasturtian with a pink skrt and nasturtian wrapped around her so you could hardly see her at all. Then came snap-dragon with a pink skrt and a snap dragon skert and wast. They all spoke pieces and the curtain was closed after every one. After that one daisy then guraniam and then sweed. Then we had tea and went out to play. With love from Kathleen Beard

[This letter dated **April 23, 1916** was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She speaks of finally receiving letters after a three week interval. She expresses concern that Germany is making war inevitable and Yuan Shi Kai's recent deeds. Their trip to Mongolia has been postponed due to rumors of bandits. Instead they will go to Pei Tai Ho and Flora requests that the home folks send her a bathing suit. Willard will be leaving China for the U.S. soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[April 23, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

At last we have received home letters again. It has been more than three weeks between letters- an unusual length of time. You speak of having to wait a long time for some of our letters. We have written every week, so some letters must have been lost or boats must have been few, crossing the Pacific about that time. It has been a winter of waiting and uncertainty and the coming months do not promise anything much better. Yesterday's paper had over a column on the serious situation of U.S. in regard to the war. It looks as if Germany is making it inevitable. I do hope, though, that she will change her mind-even though it is "hoping against hope." This poor old country is certainly in some kind of a struggle, and it is a true Chinese puzzle to us foreigners. Whether it is caused by internal disturbances or whether the Japanese are to blame. Certainly they want to get their hands onto the natural wealth of this great land, and are doing everything they can diplomatically, by force and individually that they can. My faith in Yuan Shih Kai has been seriously shaken by his deeds of the last few months, but since the papers are hinting very broadly of Japanese pressure, I am wondering if Yuan Shih Kai has not done this for the purpose of keeping China in the lime light in order to make the sinister desires of its neighbor harder of achievement and perhaps a failure by prolonging the time until the war is over and then she will no longer dare to do these things. Whatever takes place my faith in the Chinese as a nation is such that I believe they will come out of all this and be one of the greatest nations this world has ever known.

Ruth speaks of asking Phebe to see about a cot bed for me. Please don't bother about it further as I have already purchased a second hand one here. If you have sent it don't worry as there will be plenty of opportunities to sell it. Our trip into Mongolia is off as rumors of bandits have frightened the leaders of the party. It is just put off for a year. We shall go to Pei Tai Ho and have a quiet (?) summer living with Dr. George H. Lowry's people. You should address our letters after the first of June in care of Dr. George H. Lowry, East Cliff, Pei Tai Ho, China. We shall probably be there until the first of September. This will give me time to get our Course of Study finished – which is the next piece of work to be done. Will you get me a bathing-suit, preferable a dark blue. Please get a plain one and not too expensive. I think I would better have one size 44 bust. Send it directly to my Pei Tai Ho address-parcels post. In a few days – when our next check comes, I will send you a draft for fifteen or twenty dollars. It is now a fine time to turn our silver into gold for exchange is away down (or up) and we pay about two for one. It is very bad for our checks in silver since it makes a difference of forty-five dollars a month, on one hundred gold dollars.

Our school is going on as usual, since all the children who got caught in quarantine are back quite well, and the two who have been sick are really well although they have to be isolated for a few weeks yet. We are busy now with preparations for closing the year's work, and planning for next year's increased numbers. We shall probably be half as many more next year. The greatest problem is to get some one to help in the teaching- to take Mr. Johnson's place- as he goes to America for his college course.

To-day is Easter Sunday and it is a truly beautiful day. Yesterday we had a gentle rain all day- the first rain for months- and all nature has taken a bound. The birds are giving us a truly Easter Anthem. Mary has a new Easter bonnet but I don't believe she will wear it to-day as we shall have no opportunity for such a thing. I tried to get one but couldn't find anything to fit, so am going to stick to my old blue one that was never becoming and ought now to be in the scrap heap. It will soon be late enough to wear my white one.

Stanley's note telling of the day came yesterday. It was the only letter in the noon mail- as if its news should be enough to fill the usual mail bag. It did for us.

In a week Will will be leaving Shanghai. I rather expect that he is on the way up from Foochow now, and his last letter said he might leave as early as the 21st. I think he will be glad to have until the 10th to get across the states. Phebe K. is hoping he can stop to see her on his way East. I suppose you have seen her prize "theme." Mrs. Burgess sent us a copy of the Oberlin magazine which had it, and it certainly is fine. Will had not heard of it until we told him. Phebe seems to be supremely happy in her college work.

I am enclosing a subscription blank which I wish you would send on with the price mentioned.

With love-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Easter Day.

[This letter dated April 30, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. Mary came up with the idea to have a track meet for the students. She is looking forward to playing tennis soon. She and Flora are going to Pei Tai Ho this summer. Willard leaves for the U.S. the next day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

N.C.A.S.

April 30, 1916.

Dear Ones at Home,

The latest and most exciting event of the week was the arrival of Murray Scott Frame, Jr. last evening at 11:00 P.M. Francis sent around word that she has a little brother this morning before breakfast. He is an 8 pounder and both Mr. and Mrs. Frame are delighted.

On Monday and Tuesday the children played Prisoner's P?? and were getting very tired of it. On Tuesday evening I conceived the idea of an informal Track Meet so wrote off all the interesting events I could think of. Then Mr. Johnson added some more and on Wednesday we began. Our thirteen events lasted until last night and the children were thoroughly interested all the way through. Nearly every child entered every event so we had wide variation in results due to wide differences of age and size. The sack-race, wheelbarrow-race, cracker-race and obstacle race were the most fun. Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Corbett and I were judges and time keepers and scorekeepers. The children played so hard that last night they were more than willing to play quiet games or read by themselves.

The girls have been all winter trying to get some bloomers ready for sports and these events added such zest that all were completed and now before the events closed. Jumping was out of the question without them so they had to get busy or lose the fun.

At last the Tennis courts are ready for use again. The men finished rolling them on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon we ceased our sports that our boys might assist in remarking them for play. Not yet, have I had a game because I could not leave the meet since I was the instigator and wished to inspire the children into a real "sport enthusiasm."

I think I hear Miss Chandler coming in and as she is our guest for lunch I must go down and help play hostess. Miss C. is from India.

6:00 P.M. I did find Mrs. Galt and Miss Chandler downstairs. We had a thoroughly pleasant luncheon hour and then took a trip over our building. Miss C. left soon after 2:30 and I took a nap. I pined so sleepy that I did not get up to finish this letter before service.

Mr. Galt read us some articles by Pres. King of Oberlin on Prayer which were very good. One thing that impressed us was the statement that from both spiritual good it is essential that we have an invisible Father to whom

to pray; that prayer is a state of feeling not the outward expression only. Mr. Frame was at church and just bubbles with joy over his son. Francis cries over him if he moves or utters a sound.

Flora and I do not want any cot beds as we have found one already out here. The crepe came and I do like it very much. Her waist is a beauty. Since we are to be at Pei Tai Ho I'm planning to make by hand there. The nightgowns I shall have the amah make as she has time. Flora and I have had our last year's tailor down. He made me a khaki walking skirt and a white dress which I bought last year besides fixing a linen skirt which Mrs. Burgess sent out last winter. Flora had a white linen dress and that lavender one you gave her, Mother made up.

I think the bill Ruth sent is all right and enclose a draft for \$40 gold which I purchased two weeks ago. This is a good time to buy gold because exchange is so very low- only \$80.77 for a \$40 draft. It means too that our monthly check is \$100 now where it used to be \$120 or \$125. My bank account grows fat more slowly.

I certainly do not like to think of our Shelton church without Dr. Lathrop as pastor. We of the N.C.A.S. will always have occasion to think of them as we use our tea spoons.- Your "Family" are good to send us so much of the silver. We need it and will be most grateful for the gift. The patterns are most pleasing. Flora has chosen the ones we like best and will send the order soon.

Flora says send the linen if you have purchased it. If not purchased, she will send direct to Ireland as she finds she can get linen toweling there.

Don't worry about my health. I am all O.K. now and have been ever since I took a week off to get rested. Tomorrow I go to the dentist for the last time. He has filled five teeth and tomorrow cleans my teeth and polished the new fillings.

We have decided to give parts from Hiawatha for our closing day. Flora is dramatizing it. The little children take the first scenes and the big ones the later years. We have planned to use every child. Three leave before the end of the term so do not count. The little ones have two songs and the older ones one then there is a song for the whole school.

Tomorrow Will sails for America. The wedding is only a little over a month off. I want to be there. Phebe writes that the dress was to be started and that the shopping had begun in real earnest.

The Sentinels came, telling of Dr. Lathrop's resignation etc. Has any one been taken to find a successor? There is but little time to do anything before he has to go to his new parish.

Today Mr. Biggin (Eng. Pres.) said that one of the country pastors in his prayer reminded the Lord that he had already prayed three times for rain and that it has not come yet. We had our hopes high yesterday but got a dust storm instead, with just a few dashes of rain. The sky is still overcast so it may some yet.

Remember we want to know just what each of you wear at the wedding and all details of every sort.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This letter probably dated **May 1916** was written by Ellen from Putnam, CT to her daughter, Phebe Kinney Beard. Phebe has been depressed and Ellen is trying to help her and gives her some advice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Probably May 1916]

[Beginning of letter missing.]

Yes it was Mary Wright's father who died. He has been failing for a year and more. Kidney trouble. Knew he could not get better for 3 mos. before he died. Confined to bed at least 3 ½ weeks. Don't worry about visiting much for me to answer for I shall not be able to write advice on immediate doings much longer so give me the privilege as long as I can.

And what shall I say if your letter of Mar 26 – Apr. 30? I am so glad you wrote me so fully all about your feelings and experiences. And how I wish I could have been there to put my arms about you and comfort you in your time of depression. But some how I feel that the awakening experience was away beyond human touch or power of sympathy, even a mother's and in your soul was then working a power that is closer than a mother mightier than a father, "nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands and feet. What you strove with only One could know; what you needed only that One could give. I rejoice that you feel so free and can rest nights after your "awakening" and I hope you will never get into so depressed a state again. Do you not think it was slightly homesickness? Do you think it would have come on if you had staid on there rather than coming home at Christmas time? Do you feel that you fully understand the causes of it? Well you need not answer these questions till I see you but they come to my mind as I contemplate it. But this one thing dismiss from your mind,- that "nobody really likes to have you around." That I am sure is all imagination which can run wild when you are tired and nervous and

are taking notice of slights or harbor jealousy in your breast. I do hope you will not do too much through the rest of the term and get nervous again. I think you were trying to attend too many meetings etc. But we will have a good talk with you this summer and try to help you straighten out anything that still is not all right in your mind. I think your experience will help the other children in their new experience next year altho none of them are of your sensitive, ultra –conscientious type or temperament and might never have such an experience. However it is a lesson to me as to how better to fortify them against the temptations they must meet and least suspect now. I hope you are well, contented, peaceful, restful day and night and confident in your power through the Holy Spirits influence.

With the warmest most sympathetic love of a mother heart, to a good and noble and loyal daughter, affectionately , Mother.

*[This letter dated **May 8 and 12, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. In the past week they have had deaths and illnesses while at the same time entertain foreigners coming to Tungchou for the sports meet of the Chinese Colleges in Peking. Flora thanks them for wanting to purchase silverware for the school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 8 and 12, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This past week has been one of lights and shadows following each other so fast that it has left us just used up. A week ago Sunday every one was rejoicing with the Frames over the advent of their little son, a fine 8 lb. baby. At the same time we were extremely anxious for little Helen Martin of Peking who had scarlet fever with a temperature of over 105 degrees and a pulse of over 140. That fever raged at that rate for four days before it could be lowered then it developed into diphtheria. The antitoxin brought it down and we began to hope. By that time the little Frame boy developed trouble and on Thursday night his heart stopped. It has not been strong enough to keep him here. The funeral was Friday afternoon. Here the people have to attend to the making and covering the coffins and it has to be done quickly. The next day was the “Triangular Meet” of the three Chinese Colleges of Peking. This meant that about sixty people (foreigners) would have to be entertained here by the foreign community. The train comes so early that it means a breakfast and a tiffin. We had to have all preparations made the day before. We had Mr. and Mrs. Pierle of Ching Hua College (The Indemnity College). They brought their little daughters one of three years and the other two and a half months old. The baby is a darling. - The morning started for a beautiful day with the sun not shining with full intensity but as the day wore on a dust storm (the worst of the season) developed, which whipped our vines and other vegetation terribly and made some of the sports next to impossible. They were so much delayed that the managers of the event telegraphed to Peking and had the evening train held for half an hour. There were over a hundred people (Chinese) here so it payed well. Even there the sports were not finished, so that the teams had to stay here over night. We had two stormstayed foreigners spending the night with us. We got up early that morning and had school begin at 8 A.M. in order that the children might see the “Meet.” They enjoyed it – but you should have seen people’s faces! They were so dirty that it took at least three washings to get them clean. - That day word was brought from Peking by Dr. Wilder that Miss Reed (the young lady who was planning our trip into Mongolia) could not live, since she had *erysipelas* [erysipelas?] and it had developed into Cerebro [Cerebral?] spinal- meningitis. On Sunday we heard of her death. On Monday morning came word of Helen Martins departure too. The two funerals were held on Monday. The Martins I think have been so terribly afflicted. Mrs. Martin has a little two months old baby boy who has been the one bright part of the house. A little over a month ago Helen took the measles though she had had them once, then Lyman came down with the scarlet fever and he has had a stiff case of it, then little Gertrude Rose was taken with swollen glands, and last Saturday she had an operation for them. Helen has been such a terrible little sufferer that it has taken her father and two trained nurses all the time and Dr. Ingram had to quarantine himself from his family and two or three nights spent the whole time at her bedside. Mr. Martin collapsed from exhaustion and the whole family are simply worn out. Mrs. Martin could not go near Helen because of her little nursing baby and the anxiety has been almost beyond endurance. Right in the midst of all this came the college sports and since Tungchou carried off both cups we had to return from the funerals and rejoice with them. To-day we are back in our natural places but we have not yet gotten to feeling natural.

Yesterday word came from Mrs. Selah Blakeman that the Kellogg Relief Corps was sending us two flags for which we are duly thankful and will write as soon as they get here.

I think it is a lovely gift for you people to give the silver for the school. The illustrated cataloge came a few days ago and I looked over the cuts you had given the prices to. I did not know whether you intended me to

make a choice or not but I have made out a list of the ones which seem to fit best with the heterogenous lot of table silver that the children bring. My own silver has been in this year for use because I did not wish to get things in a hurry. You will notice that I have added to the list two butter knives and two carving sets. Please charge the amount of these to me and I will let the house here pay for them- unless you find some one else wanting to help us out. I thought one steel would be enough but if they insist upon not breaking the set let the two be included.

I am also including the little tag from my summer underwear that I have ever had- thin and good fit. If I can get them duplicated I should be very happy. I think the union suits were \$1.25 or \$1.50 each. I want four new union suits.

Mary and I are planning to send a money order to you as soon as possible-especially while exchange is as it is. It is very bad for us since it is \$40 a month less than it was in the winter. We are getting just \$2 for \$1, but it is just the time to be sending money home.

We have only a month more of school and we shall both be glad to have this first year done. It has been a very strenuous one but has been so full of so many unexpected helps that it is closing successfully and with a brighter outlook for next year.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Monday and Friday,
May 8 and 12, 1916
Congratulations to Ruth.

*[This letter dated **May 1916** was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. The students will be performing Hiawatha for closing services. Flora and Mary are feeling the slump in the value of gold. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

We have had a real summer week with the temperature way up in the 90's. The dryness of the atmosphere makes it possible to keep fairly comfortable by drinking lots of water. Yesterday it cooled off beautifully and we got a little shower. We all keep perfectly well so have no complaint even against weather.

Already I have started my children on practice for our Hiawatha play the last day of school. The girls are having a tennis tournament while the boys are practicing for an athletic meet with the academy boys on the 25th and 26th. This will be an eventful month because the children are working on their first debate, to be given May 24th. They are intensely interested in it and we are giving them part of the English time for preparation.

The goods for the other two shirtwaists came last Monday- also- a pencil sharpener from Stanley. I hope that the children will bring the birthday presents tomorrow. When there is no duty packages are generally delivered to the American Board Compound and we get them much more quickly than by waiting to call for them. I am saving my waists to make this summer. At Pei Tai Ho I shall want some task to do regularly and I do not suppose that Mrs. Lowry will let me look after fruit as Willard did last summer. It was enough to feel the weight of. I can not imagine two whole months without a single really useful thing to do.

Already we are having radishes from our own garden in such abundance that we are giving to the other families. We have eaten much from their lettuce and it is nice to have a chance to return a little of the favor.

Monday A.M. Last night we had Mrs. McCann and the two children and Mr. Woodall over for supper. Ruth McCann went over to the Galt's and put the children to bed and we talked and visited until nearly ten. The slump in the value of gold is so great that we may not get the third McCann child next year. Twenty to thirty dollars on every hundred certainly makes a hole in ones spending funds.

I have just been cutting out some nightgowns from the crepe you sent me. The amah will make them as she has opportunity. I plan to save washing bills by wearing ripe[?]over at the shore. Please do not worry about me. My letters surely have shown a good amount of health and energy. I weigh more than I usually do at this season (I have not lost at all) and thoroughly enjoy an hour of tennis or a walk of two or three miles nearly every afternoon.

An embroidery and drawn work man was along this morning. His linen was all so coarse or spotted that I did not indulge. Would you people use a pongee or old embroidered silk cover for your dining table when unset? I will get one and send it if you will put it into use. They are not expensive. The man had a very good pongee cover about 7 feet square for only \$6.80. The children play near the mote. They went bare legged but wore shoes. Now they are washing their feet to redress them for lunch. They are great youngsters! As usual, Muriel returns spotless; Pauline splashed with mud from head to foot and underclothes too; Adelaide and Ruth mussed and disheveled but

not very muddy. The children are quite won on the play thing question. One little girl broke the two dolls of the other two some months ago. Yesterday one of the latter two left the teddy bear of the first at the mote. It was tragic to have them return from their search with only a torn ear of teddy.

We are having regular white snow storms of the seeds from the Wilton trees or brown ones from the elm seeds. The former fly in the windows and roll about the floor in soft balls in a most interesting manner. Just try blowing the enclosed fuzz and see!

Please tell Phebe that I brought Will's photo book at Seeley's Book Store, Alton, Illinois. I tried to get another like it and they had it not but could have gotten me the extra leaves. Will can tell her probably what stamp is in the book and the leaves can be gotten direct from the firm.

Flora is still waiting to hear from Dr. Porter. There has been no word since Honolulu.

Tell Willard that we received his letters from Shanghai also from Nagasaki. I hope he got time at Yokahama. I sent it as a ?? to him at the steamer.

With lots of love,

Mary.

*[This letter dated **May 22, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Two of their students had to live in a tent for three weeks because of being quarantined for scarlet fever. They had a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch and daughter, Claire and they invited the rest of the compound in to meet them and have tea. Dr. Arthur Smith came to the tea, also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[May 22, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

The events of the week have been few for Tungchou. We have again our full number of children in school, for the Galts got out of quarantine for scarlet fever- on Thursday. The two children have been living in a tent for nearly three weeks and have been perfectly well so that we have seen them- at a proper distance-every day. Every one was glad to have them back again.

On Saturday we had a long promised visit from Mrs. Reinsch and Claire, and we were most agreeably surprised to have Dr. Reinsch come, too. I had not thought that he would wish to take the time to come, but he seemed to enjoy the afternoon as much as any one. Our cook gave us the ordinary lunch- which he had already begun before the telephone message reached me. We had soup, beef loaf, browned potatoes (baked with the beef), new peas, our own lettuce, fresh white and fresh graham bread, and cherry pie. I did not change his plans, for it was as good as we could do. In the afternoon, we invited in the compound to meet Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch, and to have tea with us. The High School girls took the viands into their hands and served tea daintily enough for any one. They even went downstairs and cut and put together the sandwiches. One girl poured coffee and another took care of the tea-ball and every body had a good time. Dr. Arthur Smith came, too, and was full of his fun as usual. When he is in the spirit for it he can give others about as much fun to the square minute as I ever heard any one do. His wit is spontaneous and volumes of it, or else he is as quiet as a mouse.

To-day I received a letter from Dr. Katherine Porter, who Phebe and Ruth will remember in Orange, saying she is in Shanghai and will be here sometime early in June. She is going to spend the summer at Pei Tai Ho with us at Dr. Lowry's. She is looking for some work to do here in Peking and he hope she may find her wished-for-spot in the American Board work in Peking.

Your letter came telling of the silver already purchased, so do not pay any attention to my little slip except to include the butter knives and the carving sets if it is possible. I think the plan to send them out by Will is a good one for he most likely will meet some one coming to North China who would be glad to bring everything right here. With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou

May 22, 1916.

Will you please put into the parcel you are sending by Will some lettuce and radish seeds. If you can get the curly brown lettuce I'd like it and please send a lot of radish seeds for we are to have a cold frame for the winter and we want to have lettuce and radishes all winter. - F.B.

Put the bill of these seed on my account, F.B.

*[This letter dated **May 25, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. She tells of the college bowl that was held that week and a boys track meet. Mary is looking forward to hearing about brother, Stanley's wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S.
May 25, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

This has been a full week. On Monday the children arrived as usual and went to the college bowl for practice enroute from the station. On Tuesday and Wednesday Mr. Johnson and I watched the debating teams. On Wednesday afternoon at 5.30 we all went, arrayed in clean apparel, over to the college for a musical. The college glee club sang also a college chorus; the boy's school, the girl's school and our children also sang. The glee club sang very well, the chorus were discordantly funny, the boy's school bellowed, the girl's school did nicely and our children sang sweetly a tune. As 5.30 means anytime before six we began some after 5.45, so it was after 6.30 when we reached home and dinner was late. Our debate was to be at 7.30 but we were late too. The children did very well. Mable Galt was the star both in the delivery of her prepared speech and in her rebuttal- and to her is the glory that her side won. The boys, her team, did very well. Paul forgot and knew enough to omit the *[unreadable word]* and take the next point. Then he started at lightning speed and made up time.

On Thursday afternoon the boys started the track meet with the boy's school. The events began at 4.00 and we were home by six. The Chinese boys had 21 points and our boys 15. Not a bad record when one considers that they had eleven boys and we only four. The sports were to continue on Friday but a bad dust storm blew up in the forenoon and one of our boys developed a light case of grippe so we asked for a postponement. The Committees met yesterday and agreed on this Thursday afternoon.

Since we could not have a meet on Friday we had a meeting of the Athletic Association and elected officers for next year and finished up the business of this year.

I ran over to call on Mrs. Frame for a few minutes and had to rush back to dress. We got down to the dining room and lo!! empty tables and no food in sight. We retired to the sitting room for our picnic supper in honor of another milestone for me *[Mary's 34th birthday- May 26th]*. We had a good time.

We had invited Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Gould down for Saturday afternoon. Flora has all the children for music the last half hour so Mr. Johnson and I went to the station to meet our guests. The Corbett's had guests arriving by the same train so Mr. Corbett and Hunter were down at the station too. We were late in having lunch and it was nearly two when we reopened school. We closed at the usual time nevertheless because we had invited the adults to the station in to meet our guests and had to get ready. The girls are our hostesses and prepare the sandwiches, cut the cake, make and pour tea and coffee and pass everything. This time I sat and had a fine visit with Mr. Gliystone who was guest of the Corbetts. We shall probably see Mrs. Gliystone and the children at Pei Tai Ho this summer as they will be there all summer. We came out on the steamer with them two years ago. At five we all went to the station and bade goodby to guests and Peking children.

The roses are getting beautiful. The girls gathered pink and yellow ones for the tables yesterday and our dining room looked very well indeed.

The flags came last Saturday night and we had great fun opening them up over at Mrs. Wickes! On Tuesday we saluted the small one. On this Tuesday we celebrate a regular Memorial Day and dedicate both flags to the use of the school. Dr. Smith, and Dr. Galt are to assist and we invite all of the compound over. In the afternoon we are going in a body over to place flowers on Dr. Sheffield's grave and perhaps on the others there too.

The names of our cook and the substitute boy his brother show a very peculiar Chinese custom. The cook is "son-two" because he is the second son. When we asked the name of his brother he gave "son-three". Apparently these are the only names they have.

The wind is still raging. It died for awhile yesterday morning then came up strong about ten and blew furiously all day. Last night it blew our windows shut (they open outward on hinges) and I could feel my bed rock. It seemed as though the whole house rocked. It has blown all day today. There seems to be no dust from Gobi today but yesterday afternoon the upper air was yellow.

It will not be long before we will be getting letters telling of the final preparations for the wedding and then about the wedding itself. Two weeks from yesterday! If my air ship comes along, I will not wait for even a clean handkerchief but I will start at once. That reminds me of Mrs. Gould who was of a mind to motor down here yesterday. How we laughed at her! Flora and I are planning to go to Peking tomorrow morning and back at noon for a farewell luncheon to Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Stille and Mrs. Corbett.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **June 6, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his mother and the Ones at Century Farm. Willard is in the U.S. and writes of his plans to travel to Shelton for brother Stanley's wedding. Ellen and the children will ride to Shelton in Ellen's brother's car. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

36 Center Street, Putnam, Conn.
Foochow, China June 6 1916

Dear Mother and all the dear Ones at Century Farm:-

It looks now as if the whole family would come down for the wedding. I plan to reach New Haven at 1:32 p.m. Thursday. This is starting on the 10:33 a.m. from Putnam and going via Willimantic and Middletown. Then I shall likely take the trolley to Shelton and go to Ben's office, and telephone you unless Ben brings me down. I want to get down in time to feel at ease about making all the arrangements for the wedding. I hope Dektor will have a pair of shoes for me. I plan to go to Boston tomorrow and among other things or errands get a Prince Albert coat.

To day I have been down to Norwich to speak at the Eastern Com. Woman's For. Miss'y. Branch meeting. Mr. Kenneston was at the station and as I had to go in the morning and arrive at 10:30 and as my part did not come till 2 p.m. he drove me way over to Willimantic between 10:30 and 12:30. I saw many acquaintances. Mr. K told me the people of Shelton wanted me to occupy the pulpit two Sundays- possibly in July. I shall try to do this.

From the wedding Ellen and I go to Oberlin. We want to be there Tuesday morning and come away Wed. evening.

Elbert will bring Ellen and the children down in the Auto. I am not sure yet whether they will come Fri. p.m. or Sat. a.m. I will let you know when I come. We can also plan about where Ellen and I will spend Sunday so as to be handiest to start for Oberlin- whether at Shelton or Bridgeport. I have no engagement for Sunday the 11th.

This is I see a business letter, but I can tell the other things when I see you face to face.

With love
Will.

*[This letter dated **June 8, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The week has been very hot but rain finally came and has cooled the air. They are hoping for good weather to perform Hiawatha on their outdoor stage. China's president, Yuan Shi Kai has died and she relates the events in China to a Shakespearean tragedy. Flora feels that China will come out of the current political and financial chaos closer to its ideal of government. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Jun. 8, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Last week was so terrifically hot that about all we did was to "keep" school. It seemed to me that it would be impossible to get ready for our "closing day" on the 15th, or that anyone would want to come. The thermometer stood 100 degrees in the house and some said it was 130 in the sun. It was so dry that it seemed as if we should parch. Then, too, there are no screens on two of the floors of our building and the flies were beyond endurance. On Sunday I tried to write and gave it up. For the first time in weeks clouds appeared in the sky on Sunday afternoon and just as we were ready to go to church at five minutes to five great drops began to fall and a deluge was upon us. We had to stay at home but we were sincerely grateful for the rain. It broke the heat and the drouth so that since then we have been having as delightful June weather as we ever experience in America. We have our stage up out of doors and are practicing each day on our Hiawatha. A week from to-day we give it. We hope this beautiful weather will last till after school is closed, especially since Dr. Love goes to Pei Tai Ho this week and we shall be in the care of his Chinese doctor.

I am expecting Dr. Katherine Porter to arrive sometime this week or next. She is in Nanking now and I am wondering if affairs in Peking are being so reported down there that she will not dare to come further. She said reports in Japan of the state of this country were so serious that her traveling companion did not dare to come to China.

Yesterday's papers were full of Yuan Shih Kai's death- and life. It certainly is most interesting to be here on the spot and live through these tremendously grave events and see how this people come out of such impossible (for any other country) situations, and go on with their life and government again. It is more like a Shakespearian tragedy than real life, though, for the events are too appropriately placed to make one confident that they are natural.

I wonder what reports you are reading about these days. Everything is very quiet, though there has been a tense atmosphere for some days. Money matters have been almost at a collapse, but Yuan Shi Kai's death on the last day of the truce between the South and the North has cleared the atmosphere remarkable. We hope exchange will right itself now and the financial status get to a state to be trusted again.

Mrs. Corbett was in Peking yesterday and spoke of the extra amount of soldiers patrolling the city- all with black bands on their coat sleeves. All were disarmed. This was to prevent looting. Everything otherwise was as usual. The Legations sent word to their nationals of the death of Yuan Shih Kai, but Dr. Reinsch said he was not expecting any trouble. This did not prevent him from supplying Tungchou with rockets and a code of signals. We have slept soundly these two nights and pursued our daily tasks as usual, besides been busily planning for the future. Rumors keep our eyes open but do not stop our plans or work. Every one thinks now that Yuan Shih Kai's death will relieve the situation and unite China again for each province has been careful in wording its declaration of independence to say freedom from Yuan Shih Kai's government and not the Chinese Republic. The South has declared itself loyal to the Vice President Li Yuan-hung, and now will come the test of their sincerity. I have confidence enough in this nation to believe it will emerge from this chaos nearer its ideal of government than it has been in the past. The Vice President is a man who has stood firmly for the republic and resigned rather than go in for the monarchical scheme, and, when Yuan Shih Kai tried to give him a title refused it. We are more hopeful than we have been for months, but the task is tremendous and the enemies, and intrigues un-countable.

I do hope you people can meet and know the Corbett's while they are at home. Mrs. Corbett's father is the Secretary of the society that publishes the Sailor's Magazine that we used to lend to Eugene Crofut. He is a retired New York minister. His name is Webster. The Corbett's are going to be in New York City for the winter. They are going straight to Cape Cod where the Webster's spend the summer. Mrs. Corbett is going to have a sale of Chinese Curios, the proceeds to go for our piano. If the receipts are not enough, do you think Dr. Shelton and some of the other people of Shelton and vicinity would be willing to add a few dollars?

Our flags came and we had a most interesting Memorial Day celebration and flag raising. Dr. A.H. Smith is a veteran and Dr. Sheffield's grave gave a veteran's grave to decorate. Dr. Smith gave us a most interesting and enlightening talk.
Lovingly- F. Beard.



Written in album: "May 30, 1916. Our new Flag."

[The lady in the white dress with her back to us is probably Flora. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Stanley Beard and Myra Palmer were married June 10, 1916.



Stanley Beard and Myra Palmer Beard

Written on back: "Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley at 50th wedding anniversary celebration. 1966"
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **June 11, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. School is coming to an end for the year and they are having rehearsals for the play (Hiawatha). She feels that the government seems more stable now and since Yuan died and the new President installed, there has been no obvious problems. Many of the foreigners have started their summer trek for Pei Tai Ho. The Germans in Peking had a celebration over a naval victory and caused a fire. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S.

June 11, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

This is our last Sunday of school. I gave my last examinations yesterday but I still have a few classes to meet to finish up translations, etc. Every afternoon we are having rehearsals and I have had special rehearsals with the ones who need extra drill. We plan for dress rehearsal on Tuesday, extra practice on Wednesday and the play [*Hiawatha*] on Thursday. The men came last Tuesday and put up the mat stage and dressing rooms, so we have had them for practicing. So far things have gone well.

The Presidency has changed hands without any outward disturbance. It is almost pathetic to hear the open expression of joy over the death of Pres. Yuan. At then the morning after he died the new President was formally installed. The soldiers in Peking had been disarmed even before Yuan was gone to forestall looting and none has been done. We were given rockets to send up if they were needed but we slept serenely through the night. One Legation started to sandbag the entrance but the act caused such excitement that they desisted. The others kept careful watch, and the French called their Tientsin troops to Peking. All of the anxiety was for naught. Instead of trouble anew, the old troubles vanished and the government seems more stable than at any time since Yuan accepted the name of Emperor.

This week started, or rather continued the summer exodus from Tungchou. Dr. Smith went two weeks ago to the Western Hills. This last Friday Dr. Love and family and the Frame family left for Pei Tai Ho. The rest of us will be here until near July first. The college and boy's schools do not close until next week.

The boys and Mr. Johnson went over to the mote last evening and went frogging. They caught eleven good sized ones and today thirteen of us feasted (?) off their twenty-two legs. Fortunately it is the day we have waffles for dessert so we do not mind if the meat course is a little scanty. Tonight we have one last birthday celebration. The youngest of the children is eight today.

On Wednesday evening we had a "Compound supper" on the Galt's lawn. It was in honor of the Corbett's who go home this summer for furlough. We had an awfully good supper and some good fun afterward. The children got holly hock blossoms, tore off the petals, split them at the base and stuck them on their faces. They made very grotesque figures into red pink and white appendages in such unusual places.

Yesterday we sent you a telegram. It was greetings to Myra and Stanley and I hope it arrived all safely before the appointed hour. We had a great time figuring out when best to send it so as to have it surely arrive on Saturday morning, not before or after.

On Thursday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Frame over for super. It is the first time they have been over this year. We are going to be near the Loves and Frames this summer and I am glad for I like them both very much.

We hear that the Burgesses do not return until January instead of in the Fall as originally planned. The Porters return here, leaving San Francisco August 1st. Mrs. Wicke's mother is coming with them for a visit of a year probably. She has no father and her younger brother is just out of college and in business so does not especially need her now.

I have been trying to get to Peking to the bank for another draft now while exchange is so far down but Monday's all seem to be holidays. If you are seeking a snap job as far as holidays are concerned, go into the banking business out here. There being English, American, Japanese, Russian, Japanese, French, and Chinese banks; and all having to close at the same time. They get all the national holidays of all the nations.

The Germans in Peking had a big celebration over the naval victory last week and in the fray started a fire that destroyed the mess home, the barracks and got within a dangerously close distance of the powder magazine. Are all the late conflicting reports only an attempt to keep up courage, I wonder? There still seems to be some doubt as to whether Lord Ritchensen is dead or alive.

I did not realize until I looked on my calendar just now, how close Stanley's wedding day falls to Oliver's. I wonder if this letter will find Willard still with you. I have a feeling of a neglected letter occasionally when I think of him. But I know he gets ones from you. If he lets us know we can greet him along the return route with letters. The last word we had was from Yokahama.

Sunday PM Late this afternoon the man from the telegraph office came out for some further directions about our cablegram. We told him it was too late and to please bring back the money. I am awfully sorry because I wanted our little say at the wedding.

Today my Sunday School class finished to study of the Life of Christ. We have decided to take up the Life of Paul next year. I think we will find it interesting. I have to keep busy to keep up with these children who know their Bible like the A.B.C.s.

I think I wrote a thank you for the linens and the towelling. I do like them all.

With lots of love to every one of you.

Mary

Entertainment of the North China American School.
3:15 P.M., June 15, 1916.

Program

Hiawatha - - Cast.

Hiawatha's Childhood
Introducers Dorothy Galt
Lawrence Galt.
Gitchie Manito - Mable Galt.
Nokomis * Delnoce Grant.
Hiawatha - Alfred Corbett.
Iagoo - Ursula Wilder.
Robin - Pauline Ramsay.
Bluebird - Muriel Ramsay.
Squirrel - Adelaide Hemingway.
Rabbit - Charles Lane.
Deer - James Miller.

Hiawath's Manhood
Hiawatha - William Fenn.
Mudjikeewis - Robert McCann.
Mondamin - Mr. Johnson.
Minnehaha * Isabel Ingham
Arrow Maker - Charles Childress.
Chi biabos - Paul Miller.
Ghosts Fever and Ruth McCann.
Famine Irma Lowry.
White Man - Robert McCann.

I. Songs - Bed in Summer Nevin.
The Woodpecker
Primary Class.

II. **Hiawatha's Childhood.**
Piano solo - To a Wild Rose-McDowell.
Mrs. C. H. Corbett.
Scene 1. Introduction and Peace Pipe.
Scene 2. Hiawatha's Childhood.
Piano Solo - Indian Lodge - McDowell.
Mrs. C. H. Corbett.

III. Song - Eventide- MCSzkowski. North China American School.

Hiawatha's Manhood.
Scene 1. Hiawatha and Mudjikeewis.
Scene 2. Hiawatha's Fasting.
Scene 3. Hiawatha's Wooing.
Scene 4. Hiawatha's Wedding-feast.
Song- from the Land of the Sky Blue
Water -- Cadman.
Scene 5. Picture Writing.
Scene 6. The Ghosts and the Famine.
Scene 7. The White Man's Foot and
Hiawatha's Departure.



Written in album: "Hiawatha - June 15, 1916."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **June 19, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They had their end of the year program of Hiawatha then all the children were packed up and their parents took them home for the

summer. Flora and Mary had a house party of fourteen for the weekend after school let out. Flora tells about a mix up with a telegram that they had sent to Stanley and Myra on their wedding day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[June 19, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

This is in between things, on Monday – and I should have written yesterday. School is over and all the children have gone home- all went last Thursday right after the exercises.

We certainly had a most successful “wind up” of our school year. The children kept well to the very end and we sent every child home in better condition than they came to us. Our closing day was a beautiful June day- as fine as America could furnish. We had had a rain the day before so there was no dust, and earth and sky were as clean as bright as nature could make. Sixty people came down from Peking with their baskets for lunch and picnicked in the shade of the trees on Mrs. Wicke’s lawn. We furnished drinks and ice-cream for the crowd. At three o’clock we started with our program and were through at 4.20 P.M. That gave just time enough for the children to get their costumes changed for the 5.20 P.M. train. It was quite a sight getting the trunks and bundles off to the train. Most of the fathers and mothers were here to see to the final departure, so that burden was spared us. The children did well in their presentation of Hiawatha. Will will be interested to know that Dr. Cooper was one of the sixty from Peking. Dr. Porter surprised me by coming down with them, too. She had just arrived the night before. To-day, I got word that Miss Bement and Miss Funk are on their way to Japan via Peking and Pei Tai Ho. They are coming out here for the day next week. We hope to get off for Pei Tai Ho by the 1st of July.

This morning we went down to the train to see our dozen guests off to Peking. We had a house party of fourteen of us over the week end and I think every one had a good time- even if we were rather quiet- as Sunday should be observed. The nucleus of the party were the people who went down into Shantung with us at Easter time, but we added to it Mr. and Mrs. Price of the Legation and Dr. Porter.- At 4 o’clock this afternoon, I have invited in the ladies of the compound to tea with us to meet Dr. Porter. It is sort of getting the tables turned for I have just put her to bed with a mustard plaster over a sore spot in her back. She caught a bad cold in Shanghai and has a persistent cough with this queer place. I hope the plaster will ease the trouble. I think she has been travelling a little to strenuously. It will do her good to get to Pei Tai Ho where she can sleep in the same bed two continuous nights.

I shall have to write you of a great disappointment to Mary and me. We had planned to cable to Stanley and Myra on June 10th and send the message in plenty of time to reach them by noon. The next day after I had sent it, the man came back to ask in what state Derby was. All the data he could possibly need, I had taken the precaution to write on a separate paper and pinned the two to-gether. It was so late then that I recalled the message and so Mary and I will invest the amount into something and send it home later. Perhaps in the end they’ll be just as glad, though we meant to have been there at the time. We shall be so glad to hear all about it. The invitations arrived on Monday- only two days late. I call that pretty good time from America.

Applications are coming in for next year’s scholars so that we shall have nearly thirty boarders. Did I tell you that Leander Lovell is one of them? He is the son of the Lovell who is a relative of the Gilberts in Plainfield, New Jersey.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
June 19, 1916.

A program of the Class Day Exercises in the High School Hall and dated June 21, 1916, shows Gould Beard presenting the class gift. Following is the another program showing Geraldine Beard presenting an essay on the Relation of Latin to Practical Life.

PROGRAM

Music	Orchestra
March	Senior Class
Invocation	Rev. C. J. Hariman
Chorus	High School
	The Triumphal March
	Verdi
Essay	Gladys R. Bard
	The History of Stenography
Essay	Anna I. Furlong
	Chemistry and the War
Selection	Glee Club
	Humoreske

PROGRAM

Essay	Geraldine Beard
	Relation of Latin to Practical Life
Essay	Malcolm M. Willey
	How We Get the News
Chorus	High School
	O. Italia, Beloved
	Donizetti
Address	Hamilton Holt
	Editor of The Independent
Presentation of Diplomas	Superintendent H. W. Files
Music	Orchestra



Israel Putnam School, Putnam, CT – this is probably the school that Gould and Geraldine graduated from
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **June 23, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his father and mother. He is making plans to go back to China with Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen, leaving four of his six children behind. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

36 Center St. Putnam Conn.
Foochow, China June 23rd 1916

Dear Father and Mother:-

I am enclosing a general schedule of our plans- rather my plans. This will give you an idea of my whereabouts and the family will fit in somewhere.

This will fit your plans to come up to Putnam next Tuesday, but you are living too fast to come one day and return the next. You must plan to stay over Wed. and get rested to go back Thursday.

Gould plans to go down Monday and Phebe M. plans to go at the same time- so they will come together and you just give over the farm to them for three days.

Grace, Annie and Grace came yesterday. Grace plans to return tomorrow with us at 10:33 I believe. The girls will go Mon.

Commencement is over and things will settle down now- I am getting anxious to begin to get ready to leave- there will be much to do, beside getting rid of the stuff- we must plan for the four children we leave, between our departure and the opening of Oberlin.

With love,
Will.

Should you want to write
Address Care Dr. E.L. Smith
287 Fourth Ave.
New York City

I plan to stop there next Monday.

*[This letter dated **June 25, 1916** from Tungchou, China from Mary to the ones at home. After the house/home party that Flora and Mary had, they went to Peking to do some shopping at the bazaar, silk shops and lantern shops near Chien Men. From the profits of the sale of Chinese curios back on Cape Cod, Mrs. Corbett plans to purchase a piano for the school. Flora and Mary attended college commencements and attended the President's reception and met a man who spoke very highly of their brother, Willard. They are preparing to leave for Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou
June 25, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

We are enjoying a most delightful thunder shower; delightful for two reasons. One that it breaks the spell of very hot weather and the other that the crops need the rain very very much. The skimpy crop of wheat just harvested made one sorry for the farmers and one wondered what might happen to the next crop just going in unless rain came more frequently.

Flora wrote last week that we were having a home party. All of the guests except Dr. Porter, left on the early train Monday. We did little that day except pick up after the guests and rearrange the rooms. On Tuesday we were off for Peking on the early train for a two day's shopping and sight seeing tour. There were seven of us, Mrs. Galt, Mable and Lawrence, Mrs. Corbett and we three. We visited the foreign stores near the station then went out to the Chinese stores outside Chien Men (Big front gate). The Bazaar the silk shops and the lantern shop were our destinations. Mrs. Corbett is undertaking to get us a piano while home on furlough. She is going to get the money by sales of Chinese curios at her mother's summer cottage on Cape Cod. It is a popular resort where many wealthy people go. I got her some Chinese flower tea, some place cards like those I sent last Christmas, and Flora got several dollars worth of mud[?] images for a children's table. Many of our guests for the Hiawatha play brought *[unreadable word]*. The material for sale is varied enough to give a fair representation of what can be obtained here in the different shops. Some of the things are articles made in the Mission schools and items show the work done by foreign teachers.

On Tuesday we went by invitation to lunch with Mrs. Ament at the ladies home at Teng Shih Kou. The afternoon we spent at Lun Fo Ssu, the ten day fair of which we wrote last year. Then we went to tea with Mrs. Puie who had been one of our guests. Our packages were all at Dr. Porter's room but we left them and raced a thunderstorm up to Mrs. Lewis' where we were to spend the night. We won too, and the storm lasted just while we were dressing for dinner so we got the refreshing coolness without the wetness. We had a nice visit with Dr. and Mrs. Lewis. They are the Methodist representative on the Bible translation committee. They have been at work nearly 20 years. For 12 years they did station work in the winter and spent summers in it, then they gave full time to it the year round. Next year they hope to complete it when the Lowry's return to Szechuan and all the others to their respective stations. The pictures of Szechuan are beautiful and quite as wonderful as any mountainous country in America or Switzerland. On Wednesday we visited a few Chinese shops in the city and the foreign stores. In the afternoon I mailed two packages to Monticello friends and it cost me nearly two hours to do it. I almost missed my train but I got them off.

Thursday was college commencement here. Miss Minor [*Could this be Luella Miner mentioned in The Boxer Rebellion by Diana Preston?*] and Miss Mickie and Mr. Martin were our guests for breakfast and lunch. We all went to the exercises. Twenty one boys graduated. Dr. Jenks gave the address and Dr. Galt interpreted. It was an excellent and appropriate talk on preparation for citizenship.

In the afternoon we all went to the President's reception over on the Galt's lawn.

Friday and Saturday we looked over things, sewed, packed etc. preparatory to getting off for Pei Tai Ho this week end. I am getting eager for my first swim and all of the many then that will follow.

On Commencement Day there was a Mr. Luce from Wei Shih here. He introduced himself by saying that he had met Willard several times. I tell you that it is a good recommendation to be Willard's sister!! The report got circulated through Shantung that we had no high school work here so Mr. Luce and some others sent their children to Shanghai. We are sorry, for it means that they wish to complete the High School work there.

If we get all the promised children next year we will have 28 boarders besides the three day pupils from here. Mr. Beers and the Mr. Gordon, who takes Mr. Corbett's place, will take all the boys under their chaperonage over at the Corbett home. We will fill every room here with girls. We are still hunting a helper but have two in sight.

Mr. Biers is planning to go down to Kuliang for the summer. We expect Mrs. Bement and Miss Funk here tomorrow or next day. They are enroute for Japan for the summer. Dr. Cooper was here for our play. All of this brings Kuliang to mind again most pleasantly.

Did I leave my exercise music books home? I can not find it in my folder anywhere. If so could you put it with the things Willard is to bring. It is bulky to send by regular mail.

When we were at Teng Shih Kou this week we received the book covers, Phebe. They are beauties. Thank you so much for mine. I am eager to hear of your plans now that Myra has usurped your place. Do not forget to write every particular about the wedding. I know now something of how Willard got when we had fathers and mothers golden wedding.

Our rain is over and it is cool. It feels good to have a dry skin once more.

Please give love to every one of the Beards.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Have I said thank you for the middy. It almost matches my khaki skirt in color. Just the thing!! M.

*[This letter dated **July 5, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. Before leaving for Pei Tai Ho, Flora and Mary attended and observed the funeral procession on June 28th of Yuan Shih Kai. Flora goes into great detail about it and includes in the letter a piece of "funeral cash". The new president of China is Li Yuan Hung. Flora is enjoying Pei Tai Ho. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pei Tai Ho, July 5, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

The weather is getting hotter and the sand flies are like so many hot needle points so between the two Tungchou is a warm place. We have been busy trying to get things ready to go away. On Sunday Jun. 25 we had a caller to show over our building- as we very often do have on Sunday. - On Monday the carpenter came to put in the doors, shelves and drawers we want in order to make use of unused places up under the roof and beneath our cupboards. - On Tuesday the three ladies from Foochow came to spend the afternoon. They had to see the school, and the Tungchou compound, so we did very little on our own affairs. Our own amah is ill so we had to call in outside amahs to finish the necessary sewing for getting away to Pei Tai Ho. - On Wednesday (June 28th) we took the morning train to Peking to witness the funeral of Yuan Shih Kai. We did a bit of shopping and even then (at 8 A.M.) there were hundreds of people on the top of Chien Men to see it. We found ever so many friends there and people of many other nationalities- German, English, Japanese, French, Chinese, Armanese, and others. The Armanese soldiers have just come to guard the French Legation since the French soldiers have gone to the front. They seem much like the Chinese and everyone seems to respect them as they are met in the streets and shops. Their costume is quite a bit different from any usually seen about here. It was an interesting crowd up on the city wall. Mary and I had a position where we could see the procession march down the paved way from the Forbidden City, through the gates which I had never before seen open, and we could also see the arrival at the mat-palace (a temporary structure erected for the final ceremony before the coffin was put into the car for going to Honan). The whole procession and all the trappings were wonderfully in keeping and good taste. There was no noise, and order in the streets was perfect, and there was no demonstration but that of sorrow and respect. The procession started with several mounted soldiers. The horses were beautifully groomed black ones and the soldiers were in full uniform. Then came a corp of soldier marching with guns reversed. They stepped so slowly, that it gave one the impression of great grief. I cannot remember the order of the different parts of the procession but there were three bands at different parts each playing foreign funeral music- but so far apart that the music of one did not interfere with the other. Then there were two Chinese bands each dressed in beautiful blue coats with gold embroidery. One of them wore the regulation funeral hat with one huge red feather standing erect right from the middle of the hat. The other wore mortar boards. When I suggested to Mrs. Mateer that they had copied from our university costume she replied that it was one of the ancient hats of this country. More likely we had gotten the idea from China. In the procession was Pres. Yuan's carriage which was a gorgeous dark red and much bedecked-with-gold affair. It was drawn by four of the glossiest-coated horses I ever saw. There were the offerings on especially made carriers. Later I looked at the contents (through glasses) and on one I saw a whole roasted pig. On another there were ten bowls (covered) and in each corner were symmetrical piles of foreign apples held in place by nets. His empty sedan chair carried his tablet and there was another chair which contained special incense to be used at the grave. It is

impossible to explain to you the beauty of coloring, for each part of the procession was of some special combination of colors. The Taoist priests were in several shades of rich yellows- lemon, orange, and vermillion red. Each band had a different uniform and the different squads of soldiers were in different shades- some gray, some in khaki, and some tan. There was quite occasionally the up-throw of the funeral cash (one of which I enclose). [*See note at end of letter.*] I could not understand how the men managed to throw it so high into the air-reaching close to twenty feet. It floated down like so many birds. Some of it blew up so high that it landed on the top of Chien Men where we were-which is probably fifty feet high. Then came all of Yuan Shi Kai's sons dressed in white robes, with white bands about their heads, marching under a large white canopy. There were many beautiful silk banners embroidered in suitable characters for the occasion. These were followed by the coffin hidden by a gorgeous red satin cover embroidered with the royal phoenix-and-dragon crest and other symbols all done in gold. This was carried by nearly a half hundred men all dressed in deep red coats so that it was a dazzling array of red. This was followed by more than a dozen pure white sedan chairs carried by coolies dressed in white. Probably those were the wives and female members of his immediate household. Then last of all were more than a dozen coupes each bordered by a wide band of white. They probably contained other members of the family. Yuan Shih Kai's band waited at the entrance of the mat-palace and played as the coffin was being carried in and later when the coffin was drawn into the car it played again. At that time one of the Chinese bands struck up, too, and the combinations must have been the very acme of music to the Chinese ear. When all the procession had passed (it took more than a half hour), we walked along the wall and looked down on to the railroad tracks and saw the trains (three of them) which were to take all of the people and trappings of the procession to his burial place. The funeral car was trimmed with rosettes of pale blue, violet, pink, and white. It was detached from the other cars and pushed up to the end of the track. The whole end of the car had to be removed so that the truck could be rolled out on which the catafalque was placed and very impressively rolled up into the car. It just filled the car so you can imagine the width and height of the bier. All the horses, soldiers, banners, etc. were being put on to the train. We stayed until the coffin was put into the car and then we left for our train to Tungchou. It had been a rare June morning, the sun only a little warmer than we have it in America, and our sight of the procession was as good as any one could have had, so we were so glad that we went. This is the end of ceremonial mourning in Peking, though the soldiers are yet wearing the band of black on their sleeves. It is said that the family have so stripped the palaces that it will take some time to put them into order for President Li Yuan Hung. Just at present he is living in a palace not far from where some of our friends are in Peking and one day Mrs. Lewis saw him ride out on one of his official calls. There were many soldiers, his body guard and his state coach followed by more of his body guard and more soldiers. Pres. Li seems to have the confidence of both the North and the South and now more than half the provinces have sworn allegiance to him. All that we hear and know of him confirms our belief that this country will be more at peace and more united than ever before. Pres. Li rides about in his coach or his automobile in quite an ordinary freedom, and several of my acquaintances have seen him on the street.-Thursday and Friday were full to the brim of getting final packing done in order to get away on Saturday morning for Pei Tai Ho. It is an all day railway journey to get here and a five mile trip by chair, cart, or donkey from the station over to the shore so that we were glad to reach Dr. Lowry's. It is delightful here. There has been a fine breeze night and day since we arrived, and the water reminds me of any sheltered cove of Long Island Sound. So far the water has given us only gently sleepy sounds as the waves lap on the sand, but they say that storms change the tone to quite a fierce roar. Perhaps later, we'll have the opportunity of telling you about it.

We are waiting to hear all about the wedding. Ruth's letter greeted us on our arrival here- the one telling about the bridesmaid dresses. How we should have enjoyed being there! Lovingly- Flora Beard.



*“Flora [right] and I [Mary] at Lowry Cottage 1916” PeiTaiHo
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



[Funeral Cash – this is close to the actual size of the off white colored paper.]

[In an email to Peter MacInnis, son of the late missionary and author, Donald MacInnis, I asked if he had ever heard of “Funeral Cash”. His response on February 5, 2006 is as follows:

Dear Jana,

I was an occasional source of feedback to Dad while he was writing his book on missionaries along the Min River, so I got to read most of the material he included, which I found fascinating as you mention you have too. The paper circles with squares cut out of the middle sound very much like funeral cash. If you have any of the old Chinese coins themselves, you will see that they have a square hole in the middle. Funeral cash in China today can be something really simple, like coarse yellow squares of paper with a bit of gold or silver foil on them, or elaborately printed "hell bank notes" that look something like monopoly money, only more detailed. Whatever form, funeral cash is burned to provide for relatives that have died. Big funerals sometimes burn beautifully built model houses or cars made out of bamboo and paper, also to provide for relatives that have died. I've never seen any funeral cash like the off-white circle of paper you describe, but it's a pretty sure bet it was what they used at that time in China. Best wishes, Peter]



Photo of Chinese coin



The Funeral of Yuan Shih-kai: The Catafalque over the Coffin on its way to the Railway Station.



The Funeral of Yuan-Shih-kai: The Procession passing down the great Palace Approach with the famous Ch'ien Men (Gate) in the distance



The Funeral of Yuan Shih-kai: The Procession passing down the great Palace Approach with the famous Ch'ien Men (Gate) in the distance

The previous three photos are from:

Weale, Bertram Lenox Putnam. *"The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Fight For The Republic in China, by Bertram Lenox Putnam Weale". Project Gutenberg ebook. January 29, 2006* <<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/14345/14345-h/14345-h.htm>>.



Mary and Flora's view of Yuan Shih Kai's funeral from Chien Men Gate, Peking 1916
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Pei Tai Ho, East Cliff, 1916

Mary wrote on back: "The Lowry cottage where we stayed. The Edward's cottage just beyond. Our room was in the corner nearest, under the cross."

[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

*[This letter dated **July 9, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their daily schedule of rest and relaxation. They've been to the beach, watched a game of donkey polo, had picnics and hope to start playing tennis soon. They have received word that Willard made it to Vancouver and look forward to hearing about his arrival home and of Stanley's wedding. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

East Cliff
Pei Tai Ho
July 9, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

We have been here a week and one day- and already I feel like a new being. The days are so much alike that it is good someone remembers to count them and remind us when a Sunday is due. We have breakfast at 8.00, sew, read or talk until 12.00, swim at 12.00, dine at 1.00, rest from 2-4, call, receive calls, walk or stay quietly at home, have supper at 7.00 and go to bed between 9.30 and 10.30.

On Sunday last it was hot but Mary, Mable, Mr. Lietzel and I walked over to Rocky Point for church. There was a fine breeze so we really were very comfortable. Rocky Point has more people than East Cliff but less view. The houses are so thick they get in each other's way. We are as yet so scattered that most of the homes are in front lots so all have fine views. The beach is a nice sandy one and the slope is so gradual that it is an ideal spot for children. Not yet have I been far enough out to get over my depth but Mr. Chandler swam out yesterday to where he couldn't touch bottom. Each home has its own pet spot for bathing and it is quite customary to invite other households to come and bathe on the other's beach.

Thursday was the "glorious fourth". We had fire crackers going off at intervals all went over to Rocky Point to the celebration. The civilians played the marines in baseball and won 7-5. Then they had a game of "donkey polo." I laughed until my sides ached. The donkeys were terribly bewildered by the queer demands to stop short, turn quickly, gallop rapidly etc; and never did the right thing. If the ball got knocked out of the group it might be several minutes before the riders could get the donkeys started to chase it. If one started all started like a flock of sheep. Seldom were all of the players mounted at the same time. Several times saddles and all slid and the rider would have to stop to resaddle. They broke so many mallets that finally they had no more and began to use baseball bats instead. We had ice cream and cake and cold lemonade and tea for refreshments. Mrs. Lovell from Honan arrived that morning with her two children. The boy who is coming to us is a fine looking chap and was as eager to meet us as we to meet him. I wonder if ever a child in America anticipated school with the supreme joy that the children out here do?

On Thursday Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Poteet (both Y.M.C.A. wives), Miss Vance (Y.W.C.A.) and I left here at 6.00 A.M. and walked across the sand flats to the sand dunes some three miles north. We wore our bathing suits so as to be able to get home if the tide caught us. We found Dr. Cooper and Miss Brown waiting for us over on the shore near the dunes and stuck inland for the sand. At the foot of the dunes we stopped in the shade of some small trees and had breakfast. Never did hot coffee and sandwiches taste better. I'd hate to say how many hard boiled eggs and sandwiches I ate. Such luxury too! We had a donkey with baskets go along to carry our lunches, towels, extra shoes etc. We strolled along like ladies of leisure. The wind was blowing strongly and there was a drift of fine sand in the air for about two feet above the surface of the dunes. It cut one's face like a sleet storm when we sat down on the dunes at the summit. Dr. Cooper has already won the reputation of being a wife hunter. It was too bad to shatter the air castles of those who thought him a bachelor by telling that he had already buried two wives.

On Friday Mrs. Frame gave a house warming tea to meet Miss Vance. There were some thirty or more ladies present and we had an awfully good time. The Sites and Ravens arrived from Shanghai that evening and we had them over to an eight o'clock dinner.

Yesterday our neighbors came and swam with us so we had quite a party in the water. In the evening five of us and Miss Vance went over to Rocky Point to the first of the weekly concerts. We rode donkeys over but walked over. It is great fun to ride a donkey only I felt nearly as big as the donkey who carries me. The first time I tried to mount at the station I jumped as I used to to mount a horse and landed on the other side of the donkey. I tried side saddle last night but felt to insecure so threw my leg over and rode cross saddle in spite of my dress. The concert was very short and all of the performers were English because Mrs. Poteet was kept home by a sick husband.

Today has been a rainy day. We had time between showers to call at Dr. Love's and walk home by way of Eagle Rock and there have been frequent let ups of varying lengths.

Tomorrow we hope to start playing on the new tennis court back of the house if the rain stops and allows it to be completed in the morning.

Ruth's letter received this last week said that Willard was safe in Vancouver. Now we are eagerly awaiting news of his arrival home and of the wedding. How pretty the bridesmaid dresses would be! I do hope you got a lot of pictures for us.

This afternoon I got good exercise walking the porch with George and Kitty. We played we were walking to "London Town", then we took the steamer for New York and walked to Boston. How is that for an afternoon trip?

The Foochow ladies left early Tuesday morning for Korea. They were over here on Monday for tea at Mrs. Frames and Flora and I went over too. Miss Dorchlasen[?] looks and acts much better. Travelling seems to be good for her.

We have many teachers on the string for next year. First a young lady who has been in Tsing Tao for a year; second a sister of the wife of a young doctor put here; third a young lady, graduate of Wellesley who is on her way out with a new Y.W.C.A. secretary; fourth, a friend of Dr. Porters who lands in Shanghai this month; fifth, Mrs. Hall to whom the Board cabled. All sound attractive and useful and I do hope we get one or two from the list. So far we have 24 applications in which four more possibilities but only two are probabilities.

Please ask Howard and Barber to send me a pair of Warner corsets No. 250, size 25. The price is \$2.50 a pair if I remember rightly. (It may be \$3.00) They are laced in front.

Just before coming down here I mailed to Miss Mason a coat for which she was to send you a check for \$17. To Mrs. Whiteford I sent some tea for which she is to send \$1.25. Please credit me with them when they arrive. I had material for bags already but could not get into town to mail them. I'll get them off early after I get back.

I do hope you are all keeping well. Stanley and Myra are married nearly a month.

Lots of love

Mary.

Description of Peitaiho

Peitaiho is the name given to a group of settlements on the coast of the Gulf of Pechili not far from Shanhaikuan about 150 miles from Tientsin. The settlements were founded in 1896 by the Rev. C.A. Stanley, Rev. J.H. Pyke and others who decided upon the spot now called Rocky Point as that most suitable for summer residence for the missionaries in the American Board, Methodist, and London Missions. These gentlemen had investigated the whole coast from Lanchow to Shanhaikuan. They purchased in the name of the Methodist Mission the land which is now the nucleus of the Rocky Point association. At that time Peitaiho was not open officially to foreign settlement, and therefore all persons who bought land had to buy it in the name of some missionary organization.

The settlements of Peitaiho from west to east are as follows: West End, which is largely a German center; Lotus Hills, where are situated the property of the China Sunday School Union and the Lotus Hills Farms, established by the Reverend E.G. Tewksbury; Anchor Bay, established by Messrs. Walmsley, Turner, Summer, etc.; Rocky Point, including the property of the Rocky Point Association, the Assembly Hall, the tennis courts, etc. and also a few houses which are outside the association proper; Legation Bay, where are the premises of the British Legation; Lighthouse Point, where the Russian Orthodox Mission has an establishment and where the Russian Legation is situated; Far View, on the highest hill at East Cliff where there is a settlement established through the initiative of the Presbyterian Mission; East Cliff Land Co.; Eagle Rock, the extreme northeasterly settlement of Peitaiho.

There are altogether about 400 houses at Peitaiho. At East Cliff is Presbyterian Beach, perhaps the smoothest of all. At Eagle Rocks there are two excellent beaches, one very shallow, the other deep. Surf bathing is best at Rocky Point.

Peitaiho is connected by railroad with the main Pekin Moukden line of the Chinese Government Railways. The journey from Tientsin to Peitaiho Beach Station takes about 6 hours, from Peking 9 hours and through cars are run when the traffic warrants. The railroad station at Peitaiho Beach is situated at Rocky Point. Transportation to the various settlements is by donkey or chair as the roads are not sufficiently good for rickshas.

Water is obtainable from surface wells only. The surface water is of good quality, but of course has to be boiled.

Sanitation is under the control of the Sanitary Association in the crowded area at Rocky Point. The Sanitary association used a system of septic tanks. Elsewhere sanitation is left uncontrolled.

The Rocky Point Association maintains a field of 40 mou for tennis, baseball, cricket and other athletics. In the Assembly Hall there are Saturday evening amateur concerts through the season. There are regular Sunday services at five o'clock in the evening under the direction of the Committee on Religious services.

[From the *Peitaiho Directory Season, 1918* which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Photo postcard of PeiTaiHo
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **July 16, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho from Flora to the folks at home. Even though they are on vacation, they are learning Chinese for an hour in the mornings and planning for the next school year. Flora heard from sister, Ruth that Willard received the Doctor of Divinity degree from Oberlin College. Dr. Porter removed a piece of needle that has been stuck in Flora's leg for fifteen years. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 16, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Sunday again: - The days are full though we are having vacation. Dr. Porter and I are getting up each morning at 6 A.M. to be ready for our Chinese teachers at 6.30 A.M. We have them for an hour before breakfast, not because we are so enthusiastic over the study of Chinese but because that is the only hour in morning when we can have teachers. We have breakfast at 8 A.M. and about an hour later we sit down to language study to-gether and it is usually noon by the time we finish. We are getting a good deal out of it and already sounds are becoming intelligible and yesterday I understood two men conversing with each other. It is my ambition to be able to manage the school servants when I get back. I am somewhat doubtful about results but at least I shall be nearer to it than ever before. I shall plan when I get back to school to spend some time each week on the study. - Even here school affairs engage much of my time. We are looking for teachers for next year and every day or two brings new enquirers. We already have twenty four boarders (against 17 of last year for sure and at least five grown ups- to be fed. We are putting the boys out into the Corbett house and they are to be chaperoned by Mr. Beers and Mr. Gordon who will eat with us. The smaller rates for table board will compensate them for their trouble. I am expecting that our number will run into the thirties before we get through. It is but a question of time when we get most of the American children here in North China- over ten years of age. Previous arrangements and, in the Shantung Province, a bit of disappointment, are really merciful providences in sparing us extra labor and equipment during these beginning years. Did I tell you that we had a clear thousand dollars (silver) left after the year's bills were paid? We sent no bills in June, and that made a net balance of over \$800. This has been at the rate of a dollar (silver) a day. Next year we are to start out with the charge of ninety cents per day. We buy everything by wholesale and we live largely "off the land." We have two excellent cooks. - Your letters came two days ago describing the wedding. The descriptions gave us the impressions of a beautiful wedding. You have before this gotten my letter telling how we had planned to be there- and were disappointed- I have sent up to Peking to see if

the parcels you have sent are there. I think I shall be glad to go into the water when my bathing suite arrives. The water and the beach here remind me much of "Coop Bar", where we used to go when I was a small girl. The shape of the bay and the shallow water with the soft lapping of the waves are much like the ocean. The sun here is very hot but we always have a breeze. To-day we are sitting in the shade of a huge rock down close to the water's edge. Mrs. Lowry has Chinese Church for the servants of East Cliff every Sunday morning from eleven to twelve, so we plan our walks or visits to occupy that time. A little later we shall stay just to see if we can understand anything that is being said. I think a foreigner always speaks and it is easier to understand them for they speak more slowly. - Mary and I are accumulating several small articles which I intend to mail home early in September so as to be in good time for the Christmas giving. If you could let us know what you would like I believe we could get the things to you even later. We have bought quite a lot of tatting and ten dozen little tatted medallions about the size of a nickel. This work wears so well and is so dainty that it is most popular out here. Last Friday there was held a bazaar of the different industries among the Mission schools and there must have been five hundred dollars worth of tatting sold. One lady bought more than \$50 worth. - The Oberlin program came which gave Will's name among the D.D's [*Doctor's of Divinity*]. Ruth's letter had already told us of it. Now I am curious to know the procedure of bestowing the degree. Did they notify Will some time before? I am rather glad that Oberlin did it, not only to save Will from having to deny the title, but because it means that his life has been a success in the judgment of his Alma Mater. Was Phebe Kinney there for the ceremony and did Will have or get a gown of his own for the occasion? This will be too late to get his answer, but you may know. - The other day I was dining with the Wilders. Mr. Wilder was given the same degree last year. I hope we may have Will, Ellen, and the two girls with us here at Pei Tai Ho two years from now. The Wilders will plan to be here then, too. I think we could have a good time if we had run our own house. We are glad to be spared the housekeeping this year, though it can hardly be said to be entirely restful in a house hold of a dozen people. Mrs. Lowry does keep her children quiet every afternoon so that the house is absolutely still from 2 to 4 P.M. Her house is large with spacious verandas and freshly painted and kalsomined [*a light colored liquid used to white wash walls*] throughout. We live on the very best cuts of meat, the finest fruit, and a home garden, so that we are getting our money's worth- even though we are paying top notch prices. I believe we shall go back to our work built up and refreshed.

One day this last week Dr. Porter pulled out of my leg the piece of needle that was broken off in it about 15 years ago. I am sending it to you so that you can realize how big it was. All these years I have never felt it. About three months ago I happened to notice that the spot where it went in was quite red and that it looked a little festered. It did not feel sore and soon the yellowish tinge went away. Then I could see a tiny black spot like a sliver end and could feel the end of the needle quite plainly. Dr. Porter had no trouble at all in getting hold of the needle as it was just under the skin, but it took all her strength to pull it out. It was so imbedded and rusted in. I kept and application of carbolized Vaseline on the spot for a day or two, but it had given me no trouble at all.

We are very grateful to father for canceling our bills for us but as you will see from one of the enclosures I am still needing more things. Word has come through the mission treasurer that Phebe Maria has paid \$2.00 gold for transportation of a cot bed to me. I shall be glad to have it, for I will sell the one that I now have and keep the new one for myself. Nearly every trip we make needs a cot bed and if we do really go up into Mongolia next summer, I shall need one for the time we camp out. Some people have just returned from there and report the weather so cold that they slept under all they owned. - I think our brothers have done a fine deed to make out the dozens in the silver. It will be much appreciated. Also I am glad to have the rug fund [*for the school floor*] really begun. We shall try to complete it this winter, so that our sitting- room may be more homelike- though, now every one exclaims over the pleasantness of it. We shall have Mrs. Corbett's piano this year, but I am already wondering how it is going to seem to hear the practicing for several hours a day.

With love- Flora Beard.

Pei Tai Ho, N. China, July 16, 1916.

[This letter dated **July 17, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his mother and the rest. Willard writes a brief note and includes the wording from Oberlin College when he received his Doctor of Divinity degree. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

36 Center St.
Putnam Conn
July 17- 1916

Dear Mother and all the rest:-

We had a delightful ride into New Haven. Ellen and Dot came in at the time the train was to leave but Ellen could not give up shopping. Dorothy wanted to come home so I brought the six children home. It rained hard before we reached Willimantic and while we [were] there. But stopped when we reached Putnam.

I found mail here and among it the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. I am mailing it direct to you. If you would like to you may keep it, and I will get another. It has in it a verbatim copy of what was read (p. 305) for each of us who received degrees and also what Pres. King said (p. 308) as he conferred the degrees and gave diplomas.

Gould and I have put in a good two hours at the packing.

I ought to add that I am entirely satisfied with what Prof. Wager read as the ground on which the degree was conferred. It is a true characterization of the ideals toward which I have worked. It is not overstated and there is no flattery.

The pleasure of the gathering Saturday afternoon will remain green for a long time, and it was a very pleasant family gathering of being in the old home these various times during the past few weeks has been very deep and precious.

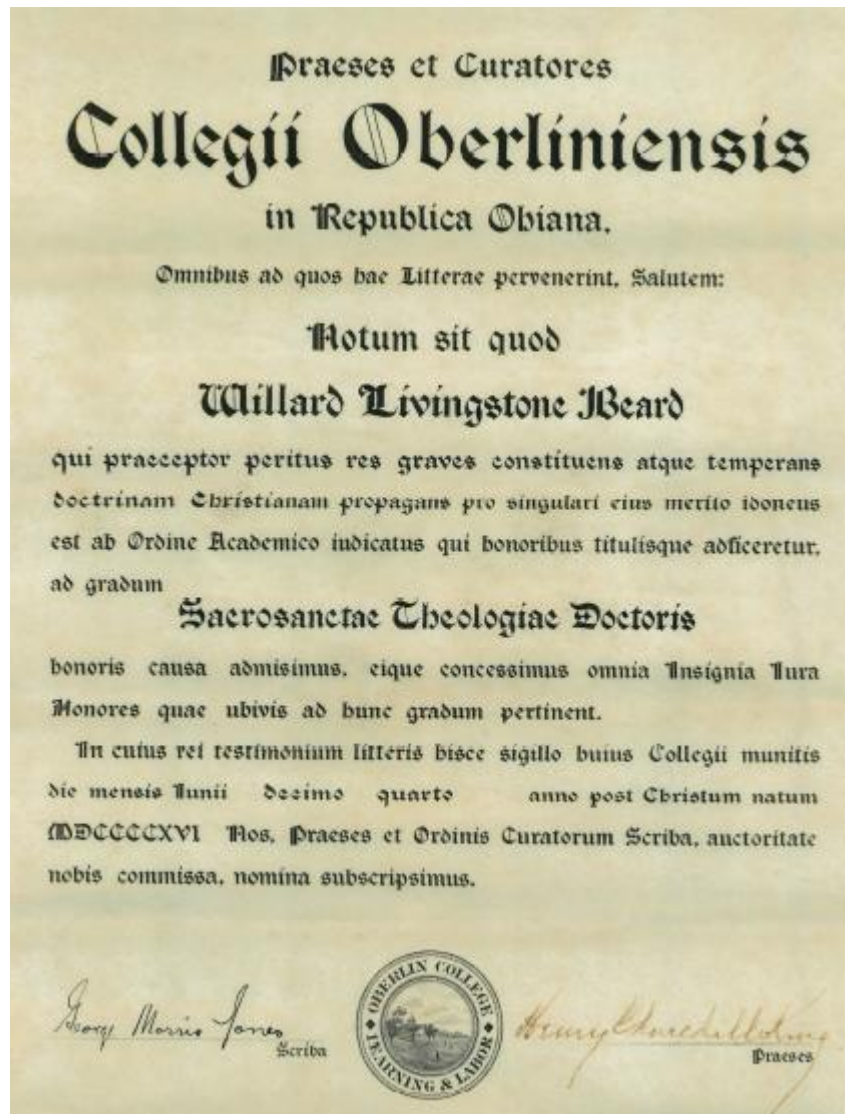
With love to all
Will.

The President and Faculty
Of OBERLIN COLLEGE
in the State of Ohio
To all whom these words concern. Greetings:
Be it known that
Willard Livingstone Beard

Who is a skillful administrator, guiding and directing important affairs, propagating the Christian doctrine, on account of his singular merit is fittingly designated by the Academic Order to be decorated with honors and privileges, we admit to the degree of

Sacred Theological Doctor.
(Doctor of Divinity)
With honor.

The President and Secretary of the Faculty of the authority vested in us and we give to him all the honors and privileges which pertain to this degree.
In testimony of this we have affixed to this diploma with the seal of this College our names, on this 14th day of June
1916,
George Morris Jones - Henry Churchill King



Willard's Diploma awarding him an Honorary Doctor of Divinity from Oberlin College, June 1916.
 [Document from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[A handwritten paper from the collection of Virginia Van Andel stated the following:]

Words "Presented to President King, by Dr. Charles H.A. Wager for degree of Doctor of Divinity as able missionary, organizer, administrator and educator."

Willard Livingstone Beard.

"There are few, if any, posts, Mr. President, in which the sons of Oberlin are serving their generation and bringing honor to their College that are of higher significance, of more critical import for the future of civilization than an educational post in the republic of China. So fraught with possibility is that reticent and mysterious land, so pregnant in consequence are the results of her entrance into the life of the western world, that the man who, in any degree, directs the higher education of her citizens wields a far-reaching and incalculable influence. I have the honor to present to you such a man, a graduate of Oberlin, who for twenty years has been engaged in Christian work in China.

As evangelist and teacher, as a pioneer in the work of the Young Man's Christian Association in the province of Foochow, and as the president of Foochow College, a position which he has held for three years, he has given evidence of such administrative power and such evangelical consecration as have made him a marked man even in a field so rich in talent and devotion as the field of Chinese missions. I have the honor to present to you, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the Rev. Willard Livingstone Beard, of the class of 1891."

Katharine Lee Bates, author of the lyrics for “America the Beautiful” was also given an honorary degree at Oberlin College on June 14th, 1916 with Willard. She was given the Doctor of Letters.



This may be Willard in his Commencement robe in June of 1916 when he received his Honorary Doctor of Divinity from Oberlin College.

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



Willard Livingstone Beard – about 1916

[This photo was taken by T. J. Rice of Oberlin, Ohio. Maybe it was taken while he was in town to receive his honorary degree. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She writes while sitting outside in the shade in view of the water. Mary tells of some of the activities at Pei Tai Ho along the shoreline. She is now studying Chinese 2 hours in the mornings. They were glad to hear from the newlyweds, Stanley and Myra Beard. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pei Tai Ho.
July 23, 1916.

Dear Ones at Home,

Mother's letter telling of rain, rain, and yet more rain sounds like what we ought to be writing. Instead everything is dry and we are almost hoping for some wet for the sake of the crops. Perhaps the season is only delayed a month.

I am sitting on the ground out on the tennis court under the mat covering. The breeze is delightful and it is a most quiet spot except for a few flies. The sea is like a mill pond these days and full of jelly fish. They began last week with little ones one or two inches in diameter. Yesterday they were four or six inches big. We gather them and bring them on the sand but it is a hopeless task to try to get rid of them. They sting but the pain is like that of a nettle sting and is over in half an hour or so. Last week we went swimming in the morning as usual and then took a moonlight dip about 9.30 P.M. It was great fun and let us get into bed thoroughly cooled off.

Flora's union suits came this week and she was so low in that article that she was glad to see them. If you have not sent my corsets (or letter under another cover), please send me some stockings. I like the "Everwear" stockings with ribbed tops and $10\frac{1}{2}$ in size. I have been wearing the \$3.00 a half dozen light weight for summer and medium for winter. I should like a half dozen of each in black.

I got some Phoenix silk hose at 75 cents a pair a year before I came out and am still wearing them without a hole. If you can get me (2) two pair of white ones I should appreciate it. I have walked to Rocky Point four times. Twice I wore my silk stockings and twice not. The silk ones stood the test but both the others had to be darned. They have lisle feet and tops so are silk only where they show; but the silk is a heavy quality.

Church for the Chinese servants of East Cliff is just out and the hill side is dotted with figures in all directions. The attendance is getting larger every week and will probably reach its maximum about next Sunday.

On Tuesday we had a picnic supper on the beach under Eagle Rock. It was delightful down there. The cliff protected us from the cool wind that was blowing and the ocean was beautifully calm and near.

Yesterday about a dozen of us ladies went shell hunting over on the beach toward the sand dunes. We did not get any especially interesting ones but we had fun. We wore old shoes or none at all and paddled through the puddles on the flats to our hearts content.

Tomorrow I start in to study Chinese for two hours every morning. I shall not spend five hours a day as Doctor Porter and Flora are doing. Life is too short, and the swimming and tennis too attractive. Neither of them care especially for the physical exercise so use the mental instead.

I am so glad Dr. Porter is here. Flora has a companion for a quiet inactive life who is congenial and who likes the life. I should die to sit still all morning and take a stroll for an hour only in the late afternoon. Since she has company she is no longer scornful of my love of activity and we are both happier.

When we walk over to Rocky Point for Church service I think of home and how hard we would think it to walk to Shelton to service. To be sure our hour is better- 5.00 P.M. The walk over is hot but it is delightful coming back after six.

Both Flora and I have had letters from the bride and groom, mailed at Fairfield Inn. I wrote them a week ago and it was strange to write Mrs. Stanley Beard on an envelope. I wonder if Stanley is getting accustomed to saying it yet. Flora laughs at me because I want to buy everything I see to give to Stanley and Myra. There are so many interesting, useful and cheap things here to get for new housekeepers. I can't get used to the idea that Wells has graduated from Grammar School. How people do grow up!

We are having fresh vegetables from Mrs. Lowry's garden. The peas are gone. Lettuce, endive, potatoes, string beans, beets, corn (the first today) add much to the variety. The tomatoes look fine but last night I went to pick the first four of the season. Every one was wormy and then I investigated. We picked about fifty wormy ones and got enough from the pot for fried tomatoes for breakfast. The gardener was mad and was going to leave at once. Instead he completed my work of picking the bad ones. I only hope we get some good ones for they are badly infected. He is a lazy fellow and does as little work as he possibly can.

Tues. A.M. I stopped for dinner and did not take up my pen again. After dinner we talked for awhile then lay down for a rest. We were all lazy and did not go to church. About 5.30 we were just off for a walk when callers arrived. After they went we went out on the spur of sand to the north of us to hunt for a bird's nest. The pair of birds had made a terrible disturbance every time we walked out there. Five of us went and we were rewarded by finding three eggs half buried in the sand. They look like round sandstones and were very hard to see at first. The parent birds were greatly disturbed and swooped down within two or three feet of our heads. The sharp hissing noise they made frightened us a bit at first. Flora and Doctor retreated because of it the day before but we were so strong in numbers that we went on. The birds even defiled us in their distress. I hated to so alarm them but did want to see the nest. There was no nest, just three eggs in the sand. I think the birds are "Turns." Do you remember them on Penikese Island [*off of Cape Cod, MA*], Ruth?

Yesterday morning I started my Chinese lessons by studying with a teacher from 10-12. It was a short two hours because [*it was*] so interesting. I go at it every day now for a month.

The Lowry girls had over for lunch yesterday two girls who are students at the Shanghai American School. They are from Wa Hsien and would be in our school but for a report that got current in Shem Tung province that we had no high school work. I am sorry we lost them for they are charming girls.

We seem cut off from the world here without a daily paper and but little conversation on current topics. The war seems to be going on both in Europe and Mexico. Letters from here sound alarming on the Mexican question until we remember that they are a month old and the paper has already told us the particular crisis is passed.

I must stop for a review of my vocabulary before Chang Hesen (Mr.) Chin arrives.

With lots of love

Mary.

P.S. I enclose some prints. A few are new but most are old ones. If you have them, please, let Phebe have duplicates. I can not remember just what I have sent and find these duplicates in my collection.

With love Mary.

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1916** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Willard to his sister Phebe. He has been packing and shipping items to China. He includes his travel plans and expresses his joy of the last eight weeks in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

36 Center St.

Putnam

Conn.

July 23- 1916

Dear Phebe [sister]:-

Your good letter came yesterday. "Hempfield" came early last week. Thank you for it. I have it in my suit case already.

This noon after church and before dinner Phebe and I sat down to the Diploma- and I am enclosing our product. Did you receive the Oberlin Alumni Magazine? I sent one to father last Monday. It had in it the exact words of Prof. Wager and of President King as they gave the degrees June 15th.

Last week was full of packing and shipping. Gould has told you that I sent off the main part of the shipment Wed. a.m. I have since packed a box and a barrel and have perhaps two barrels and two boxes more to pack. I am writing Gould of the furniture sale.

The girls want to stay to the Chatauqua July 24-31 and Emma and Elbert want them to stay. It looks as if they would come down Aug. 1st. Geraldine has a letter just come, asking her to go to Columbia, Conn. as she did last year. She wants to go and I/we all think it best. She will plan to join the others on the way to Oberlin, or it may seem wisest for her to go back to Shelton. This will depend on the route they take to go to Oberlin. I always went up the Berkshire Div'n. to State line and Albany-Buffalo, Cleveland. It may be just as cheap to go by New Haven, Hartford, Springfield. They will have to look it up.

Mrs. Raymond Jewett may ask Dorothy to come down to Mt. Vernon for a visit- if so we are quite willing she should go. I should think one week is quite long enough for her to stay.

We plan to leave here Thursday afternoon or Fri. morning at 7:30- spend Sunday July 30 with Aunt Ann Paul in Geneseo, Ill.- from there go to Spokane, Wash. For Sunday Aug 6th, - go on from there Monday morning and spend Monday night in Seattle, sailing Tuesday Aug 8th from Seattle, Wash. on the S.S. "Sado Maru" Nippon Yusen Kaisha. We are scheduled to reach Yokohama, Japan, Aug 24th. From there I shall push on by water or by rail as fast as possible to Shanghai and Foochow.

The last eight weeks have been full of deep pleasure for me. I can never think of repaying you all for what you have done for mine and for me. Of course it has been hard to say the good byes and more are to be said. It is hard to leave the children but I realize it is best for them and also for Ellen and myself. It is a great blessing that they have so many near relatives interested in them. I hope they may know how to appreciate and use all this interest. I am leaving them confident in their moral strength to do the right.

With love to all

Will



Probably about 1916

Front row L to R: Oliver Gould Beard Sr., with possibly Dan Beard at his feet and probably Leolyn Jr. on his lap, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard, Kathleen, Marjorie, Gould, probably Oliver Wells Beard.

Back row L to R: Probably Phebe M., Willard, Phebe, Ellen, probably Elizabeth, Oliver Gould Beard Jr., probably Gracie Beard, Dorothy, Grace Gilbert Beard, probably Anna Gilbert Beard, possibly Ruth Beard, Geraldine, possibly Myra Palmer Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Stanley, Bennett.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte. Another copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 3, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. It has been very hot and all of North China has been in need of rain. They have had picnics including ice cream by the water. Flora tells about the birds and nest they found along the beach. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug. 3, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We certainly have been having some hot weather. All North China is in desperate need of rain. The usual time for the rainy season has passed without a bit and the sun has been growing hotter and hotter. The result is that the morning and afternoon up to 4 o'clock have been spent strictly at home. I have been studying Chinese all the morning since July 5th and shall keep it up until about August 20th when my teacher goes back to Peking. This will give me a little over a week before we go back to Tungchou. I am learning a lot about the language and can understand a word or two- at times.

We have had several picnic suppers (in Chinese "wild eating") on the rocks or near the water, which have been very delightful affairs. When our family goes out we go near by and always the ice cream freezer is our companion. It goes home with an empty stomach while ours are full!

On the hottest day of the week we went over to Rocky Point (the larger part of the Pei Tai Ho foreign settlement, 3 miles away) to make calls. Dr. Porter had an invitation from Drs. Heath and [left blank], to talk over her plans- so Mary and I chose that day in order for us all to make some calls together. We walked back (we went over in chairs and Mary by donkey) and we were nearly melted to a grease spot though it was 8 P.M. when we reached home. Dr. Porter will be in the American Board Compound this winter and will have the care of the health of the girls in the Union College. She is also planning to do some teaching in the Women's Medical School and take some private cases, the last to help toward her own support. She is a very keen woman and I hope she fits in happily.

This last week we have been quite interested in a nest of eggs that we found in the sand of a beach some little distance from our houses. Because two terns were so agitated when we appeared, we thought it must be a tern's nest, but yesterday, Dr. Wilder (a bird lover) proved that it was a plover's nest. We found one egg hatched

and it took quite a bit of careful scrutiny to find the little chick about 10 inches from the nest standing as still as a mouse. Dr. Wilder picked up the second egg and we heard the faint "peep, peep" of the little one within, but the third egg was silent. As soon as the little chick found himself discovered he ran as fast as he could away from us, but Dr. Wilder caught him, examined him so that by his bill he knew it to be a plover.

We were on our way (6 A.M.) to the sand dunes about four miles from here. On the return (9.30 A.M.) Mary and Dr. Wilder stopped and there was no sign of the birds- only the one had egg left. That Dr. W. blew and took home to add to his collection.

We are hoping for another home mail soon. The last one brought a letter from Will, Ruth's and Phebe's descriptions of the wedding, mother's newsy letter, and my four union suits. I am hoping my bathing suit may come in the next mail. I have not been in bathing yet but have not been particularly anxious to go because the water is nothing but a jelly fish soup. There are thousands of the jelly fish drying on the sands and are most disgusting. They sting the bathers if they happen to touch the skin- very much like a nettle sting. Mary goes in every day, regardless. With love- Flora.

Pei Tai Ho, Aug. 3, 1916.

TARIFF CHARGES.		
CONVEYANCES.		
Rocky Point to West End, Lotus Hills or East Cliff.		
Donkey and Driver (single fare)	0.20	
Donkey and Driver round trip not over 3 hours30	
Donkey and Driver for each additional hour10	
Donkey and Driver per day70	
Chair and four bearers, one way80	
Chair and four bearers, round trip 3 hours	1.20	
Chair and four bearers, for each additional hour50	
Chair and four bearers, per day (not of continuous carrying)	2.50	
Cart and Driver from Peitaiho Beach Station to either West End or East Cliff50	
To intermediate points40	
To Rocky Point, Anchor Bay, etc.30	
LABOR.		
Coolie Labor by the Day (small money)40	
Carpenter or mason labor (large money)50	
ASSOCIATION FIXTURES.		
SUNDAY.	Sunday School	9.15 a.m.
	Chinese Service	10.30 a.m.
	English Service	5.00 p.m.
TUESDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
THURSDAY.	English Prayer Meeting	4.30 p.m.
FRIDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
SATURDAY.	Concert	8.30 p.m.
TENNIS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.		

[From the 1918 Peitaiho Directory which is from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **about Aug. 3, 1916** was written on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. just out of Minneapolis by Willard to his mother. His handwriting is shaky because of the train movement. He tells about their trip so far and their visit with Aunt Ann Paul of Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China [Aug. 3, 1916]

On the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. just out of Minneapolis Thursday morning 11:00 o'clock.

Dear Mother:-

And "Mother" stands for all the loved ones. All has gone nicely thus far. Elbert took us to Worcester last Friday morning as the girls have told you. That night was very comfortable on the cars. Kathleen and I had a blanket over us all night. But Saturday was pretty hot all day, specially in the afternoon, and we found them complaining bitterly at Geneseo, Ill. 102 degrees in the shade. This continued till Monday night. Tues. night was comfortable and it has been very pleasant since. If we had gone right through without stopping it would have been well nigh unendurable, but we got cooler weather and we also got a good rest. The girlies are a great pleasure to me and they are taking to travelling all right. Ellen had made for them some very thin silk bloomers, in which they are cool. Dressed alike thus they pass for twins. At Aunt Ann's they had a lot of fun riding a gentle old white horse.

Yesterday a thresher threshed out 1200+ bushels of oats for Aunt Ann. It took ten spans of horses and some 20 men. They began at 7 a.m. and finished at 2 p.m. The oats were grown on 24 acres. Last year on the same acreage they had 1300+ bushels. Last winter the price was 48 cents. This year the drought is bad all thru this section. I saw a man in the station at St. Paul who said he had just come from the Dakotas. The winter wheat was much injured by drought and by the black rust, and 1000's of acres would not be cut at all.

Last night we took the 7:42 p.m. train on The Rock Island according to schedule- went to bed soon and woke up near St. Paul- got up in time to leave the train at 7:25- waited till 10:40 and are now off for Spokane,- only two days and two nights.

You will be able to tell when we are going and when we are at a station. I think the writing is a little worse when [we] are moving.

We found Aunt Ann and cousin Addie and cousin Carl as well as usual [*Ellen's relatives*]. Aunt Ann was 85 the first of last April. She has been in the hospital twice during the past two years. The trouble was an abscess. This still has to be dressed and the Doctor comes every other day now. Her daughter Addie is getting to be a good nurse. The abscess does not trouble her much, but it has to be dressed daily and it will not likely heal as long as she lives. She is remarkably well preserved for one of her years and altho she [*is*] quite deaf so that she hears only thru a trumpet or if you put your mouth close to her left ear, yet she finds so much pleasure in reading that she is not lonely. She takes much delight in church matters and particularly in missions and she is a constant giver to missions both home and foreign.

The farm on which they live has 80 acres in it and is only 1 mile from Geneseo City. They own another farm of 160 acres four miles from Geneseo City. A farm just across the road from the 80 acre homestead was sold last week for \$320 per acre and land near the 160 acre farm is selling for around \$200.

8 p.m. All the afternoon we have been riding over a rolling prairie. Oats and corn are everywhere. The big 2, 4, 5 and 6 horse binders are busy in the oat fields. It has been pretty hot, but we are in a Tourist Pullman with rattan covered seats which are much cooler than the wool upholstery. We have two whole sections to ourselves and so are quite comfortable.

The eight weeks which I have had with you all are full of the most pleasant memories. I feel almost selfish in having had so much pleasure- every day was full and nothing to mar it. I feel as if I had very inadequately expressed my thanks. I hope my manners and looks gave forth something of what I was enjoying. I feel also that the children are in the right place for the year and that they will be able to decide during the year the best course to pursue in the future.

May the Father keep us and find us each profitable to Him.

With love to all- Parents, children and sisters and brothers.

Will

*[This letter dated **about Aug. 7, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China from Mary to the ones at home. She shows off her ability in the letter to write Chinese characters. Forty-seven people went to Rocky Point for the American Board picnic and another time, twenty-seven went for a breakfast picnic to the sand dunes. Mary and Flora waded in the tide pools while there. Mary mentions some of the games they play to pass the time. It has been dry and the natives have been praying to their gods for rain. Willard should now be on his way back across the continental U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Aug. 7, 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Now, what do you say to me as a Chinese scholar! [See end of this letter for sample of Mary's Chinese writing.] I did them all myself and am sure of the order of strokes except in mein. I have been taking two hours a day with a teacher studying one to two by myself for just two weeks. I shall have but one hour a day for two weeks more then back to the study free life till we leave here.

The mails are most unsatisfactory these days. Never a home letter finds itself into our hands. Ching, ching, hsien!! This week I began on my third year in my diary. It certainly makes the five years seem nearer gone to see only two empty spaces on the page.

This has been a full week socially. On Tuesday we went over to Rocky Point for the American Board picnic out on the rocks. Flora went in a chair and early to do some business. Dr. Porter walked and I rode a donkey while the boy carried the lunch basket. There were forty seven of us and we had an excellent supper and a jolly good time. We had sandwiches, rolls, salad, fried chicken, baked beans, baked potatoes, olives, pickles, coffee, ice cream and cake. Then we went out on the point of rocks and sang. As there were several good voices in the company it sounded very fine.

There were eight or ten of us from this point – to walk home so we had a jolly time.

On Wednesday we were up at 4.45 for a picnic breakfast party to the sand dunes. It was an ideal morning. There were 27 of us, some on donkeys and some on foot. Two donkeys with panniers carried the lunch baskets and water melons.

The tide was so far out that we did not really need to get our feet wet. Since I had my bathing suit on I thought it a pity to stay too dry so waded the pools. I wish you could have seen Flora. She was a "plump little girl" with her skirt just below her knees. The hem was nearly a foot in depth. The rest of us had just as short skirts but did not look nearly so funny as she did in shortened skirts. We slid down the steep slopes and passed about an hour after breakfast before returning. Dr. Wilder came over and we visited our sea bird's nest. The eggs were Ringed Plover eggs not Terns eggs. One awkward, long-legged baby was running about when we went over and two had hatched and were gone before our return. The other egg showed no signs of hatching so Dr. Wilder picked it. It was bad so he took it for the college collection. The Terns surely had a nest near but the babies were off before we discovered our mistake. That afternoon Flora and I went to tea at Mrs. Edwards, our next door neighbor. I had a good time tending her four months old baby who is a dear. It had begun to rain about three so I think our hostess was a little surprised to see us.



Written on back in Mary's handwriting: A jolly swimming party PeiTaiHo 1916
[I believe Flora is 6th from the left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"On route for the sand dunes. Lunch on the dunes."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Friday we went calling on our other near neighbors.
 Yesterday we went to Rocky Point for supper with Mrs. Martin and stayed for the concert in the evening. There was a committee meeting in the afternoon so I played with the baby until that was over. There are three darling babies in that household. They do miss dear little Helen, especially Lyman does because those two were

near enough of an age to be always together. She was so keen that mentally she could keep up with Lyman in any play.

The concert was very good. There is quite a bit of talent here though nothing very extraordinary. The hall was full last evening although it had thundered nearly all afternoon and the heavens showed hardly a star.

On Friday when it stormed the surf was glorious over here. We could not go far out because of the strength of the waves, but I felt as though I had had a massage all over and not a very gentle one either.

I started this letter out under the rocks but the heavens got so black and the thunder so near that I came in. In about two minutes it began to rain and now it is pouring and the thunder is here too. Chinese church is in progress on the porch corner so I am sitting in the dining room door to see to write. My subconscious mind hears a Chinese sermon near by and occasionally my unconscious mind catches a familiar word. I hear the words for you, he, I, his friend, man, yours, this, that, want, have, are, big sister, Jesus, not, there, water, one-half, etc.

I started this week to collect a few specimens of the flora here. The wild flowers have been very beautiful all summer. Last Sunday I found a tiny orchid on the hillside.

Dr. Lowry is a great chess friend and I have played with him two evenings. The first evening he beat me two games. The next time he won two games then I won one. I had to fight the longest for my game. He played that famous trick of check-mating me in four moves. I had seen it but had forgotten it. He does not catch me again!! "108" is another favorite game here and many an evening we sped at that. We play it with real dominoes but often it is played with domino cards of the size of flinch cards or smaller. I am getting to understand the game so that I fully enjoy it.

One interesting thing to me is the game lovers we find in our missionary circles. Nearly every station has its pet game. At Pao Ting Fu, "Rook" was the rage. At the Methodist mission in Peking, "42" or "108" is all the rage. "Baseball" had its adherents in some places.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant arrived last evening so tomorrow we lose Delnoce from our circle and have a family of thirteen only. Does not that sound like the size family we used to have at home?

Tennis still holds popular since we have our two fine courts. I have played twice this week. The rains put the courts out of use and social duties demanded my attention.

This week we have had a boat out on our bathing beach from 10-1 every day except the stormy one. The children are quite thrilled over diving. I tried it a couple of times yesterday. Really I prefer swimming and am getting so I can swim on any one of my four sides equally well. By changing I can go almost any distance and not get especially tired.

The natives have been praying to their gods for rain all this week. Representatives from every family in every village hereabouts (12 I have heard) – are parading each day, beating tom-toms and holding some form of ceremony up at the temple of Lighthouse Point. Two of the girls were stopped one morning and told to remove shoes and hats before passing through the village. They got through without doing so finally. Each man, woman or child wears a wreath of willow branches and carries one in his hand. They have paraded through Rocky Point several times but have not been over here. The rains of this week are of course thought to be in answer to their prayers and no persuasion can convince them that there is a higher Creator who is looking after their needs.

I have just been reading the Life of John D. Paton and these heathen ceremonies with their superstitions remind me so much of some of his experiences in the New Hebrides. I have sent in my last letters for stockings and corsets. One more necessity confronts me. I need brassiers. I get size 36, preferably the net material so as to have them cool in summer. I should like three (3). I give all the way from 50 cents to \$1.25 for them so use your judgement.

Have I written that we pay import duty on all packages valued \$5.00 (five) or over, but nothing on anything of less value? So please send more parcels of less value rather than a few parcels of great value. We have tried to pack materials for home so as to save you paying duty. Have we succeeded?

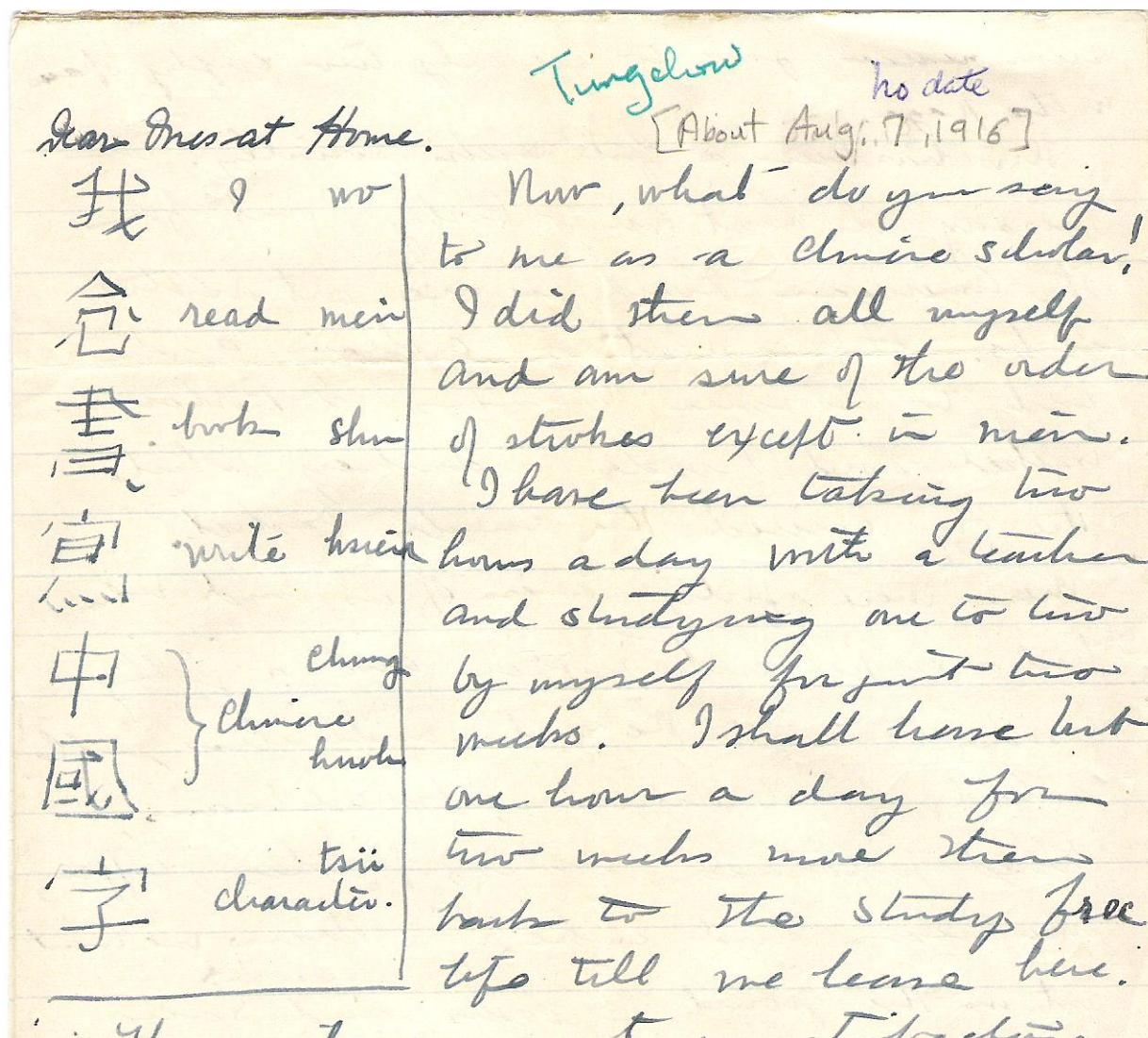
Willard must be already on his way across the continent. How short two months are after all? But how the anticipation and the after thoughts of the joys do seem to prolong them!

I must stop and take a nap for it was late ere I got to bed last night and I seem to be rambling on endlessly.

With lots of love
Mary

Aug

Say, Elizabeth, Phebe and Bennett. I have not forgotten your birthdays. I send most hearty congratulations to each and all of you.



[This letter dated Aug. 8, 1916 was written from the Busch Hotel, Seattle, Wash. By Willard to Geraldine, Phebe (daughter), Gould and Dorothy. He and the rest of the family visited Spokane and stayed with a lady whom Willard knew at Oberlin. They are leaving on the Awa Maru the next day. He enjoys travelling with Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Busch Hotel
Seattle

Tuesday a.m. 8 o'clock Aug. 8th 1916

Dear Geraldine, Phebe, Gould and Dorothy:-

We reached Seattle last evening at just 8 o'clock- right on schedule time. I wrote Grandma somewhere on the way between Geneseo and Spokane, so I'll just begin with our stop at Spokane.

First let me say I put Geraldine's name first because I find her letter among the great pile that I found at the office here last night.

We have had an exceptionally pleasant journey across the continent. All have been well all the time. Our schedule has been followed exactly, trains have been on time. Only day has been oppressive- Saturday July 29th. We were pretty hot on the train in the afternoon. But we were very fortunate in stopping at Geneseo at Aunt Ann's the next four days. It was warm there but we could dress as we chose and could find quiet and all the breeze that was going. Then too we got washed up-clothes and all- and such a rest!!! The journey to Spokane was comfortable. We needed blankets every night. At Spokane Mrs. E.C. Stillman R.F.D. #1 met us at the station at 7:50 a.m. We had already breakfasted. At 8:45 we started on an auto bus for Mrs. Stillmans (I knew her in Oberlin as Edith Cowley) and reached there in about half an hour. Every thing there was dry and dusty. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman have some 28 acres of land, a nice modern house, with all improvements, a barn, keep two horses and two cows, hens, ducks, geese, pigs!! They are trying the experiments of raising apples on worn out wheat land. Their trees are dying too rapidly to please them.

Mrs. Stillman's father came to Washington nearly 50 years ago when there was one log cabin where Spokane now stands. This cabin was owned by the Indians. He purchased land then for \$2.50 per acre. Spokane began to grow and so did the price of his land. The Great Northern R.R. depot stands on land purchased from him. So wealth came to the family. We had a quiet restful day there Saturday. Sunday we all attended church at the Westminster Congregational Church (Dr. Harper pastor) where I spoke. Then Ellen and the girlies went home with Mrs. Stillman. I went to Dr. Harper's for lunch, spoke at a meeting in one of the Parks there. As I looked out beyond the audience I could see the Merry-go-round, hear the rumble of the Shoot-the -shoots- and other like attractions. My audience however heard me thru. There was no liquor on the grounds and order prevailed everywhere. The object was to give some of the crowd who came there a chance to hear the Gospel. In the evening I spoke again to the united audience of six churches gathered in the open air. Speaking three times- twice in the open air was pretty trying on my voice and I speak in harsh tones yet. Then to add to the strain the man who took me home in the evening carelessly drove past the Stillman place, and found himself 12 miles, instead [of] six from Spokane. He turned round, his lights went out and he found the bulb on one light gone bad. With a copper wire he made the connection and then tried to start his machine. This took another 15 minutes. So when I got to Mrs. Stillmans it was 11 p.m. instead of 9:30 as it should have been. I wore full suit and had an overcoat on beside and was chilly. Yesterday morning we started at 6:45 from Mrs. Stillmans and took the 8:05 train from Spokane and rode 12 hours, arriving here at 8 p.m. Yesterday afternoon the scenery was beautiful thru the Cascade mountains. We were pretty tired when we reached here. You see we rose at 5:45 and it was go and look see for 12 steady hours on the train which is tiresome.

As soon as we reached the Hotel I went at once to the office of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which chanced to be open and got my hands full of mail from lots of people. It is very good of you all and of all the others to remember us in this way.

Now I must close and write other important business letters. I cannot tell how much pleasure the girlies and mama are. The girlies are fine travelers and with their silk blue bloomers and blue hair ribbons they are very free and comfortable. Kathleen sleeps with me most of the time and Marjorie with Mama. They have gone shopping now.

The "Sado Maru" is held up by a strike of the Longshoremen. We are going by the "Awa Maru" tomorrow Aug. 9th. On my ticket I have four \$5.00 stamps. This is what we pay to help carry on the war. \$5.00 for every person, large or small who leaves the country.

With the European war, Mexican trouble, Strike of Longshoreman on the Pacific and threatened Railroad Strike we are fortunate in so little delay or discomfort.

I am sending in another envelope to Gould a check for \$50.00 on the First National Bank of Putnam. Use enough to buy your watch and the rest I send for emergencies. Let me know how you use it, who uses it etc.

May our Father bless and keep each of you

Love to you all and to all at Shelton Your Father
Willard L. Beard

I wish you would show this to all the people in Shelton, B-port and Pearl River- then send it to Putnam.

[This letter dated Aug. 13, 1916 from Pei Tai Ho from Flora to the folks at home. She has been studying Chinese in the mornings and finds it challenging. They have not had letters from home for a month. Flora feels that it will take two more years to get their school well established. She hopes to stay 5 more years in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Pei Tai Ho, Aug. 13, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

We are again down by the waves and there is a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea which is most welcome for it [*is*] a hot day. I think we have had a hot summer; so many days would have been uncomfortable had we not had a big broad veranda. Even then some days were cooler inside the house than on the veranda. - I have been spending my mornings in studying Chinese, hoping to be able to understand some of what our servants will be saying. There is very little grammar- such as we know it- but the way things are twisted and the lot of-tone- useless, little added muhs, tehe, ti's, etc., make of the language a good stiff study. The tones are not so hard here in the North as there are but four tones, and if we only put an er on the end of a word we can generally be understood. My afternoons, I have spent sewing, reading, and writing, but soon may seem to have accomplished very little. We have less than three weeks before we go back to the strain and stress of life. It looks as if every place would be filled of those we planned to receive in our school. We are not doing a bit of advertising- except for teachers. I do not yet know what we are to do for help. It seems to me that the committee is very slow, and I think I shall offer a suggestion to sign up with some one of the available persons.

Yesterday I sent off a letter to meet Will at Yokohama, in which I have suggested that he be on the lookout for the "S.S. Empress of Russia" on which a lot of Peking people are returning. It sailed two days later than his, but I hope they may meet in some of the Japanese ports. The Porters are returning to Tungchou on it and could bring the package directly to us. If he does meet the steamer he could leave the package at the Kobe College and get some one there to take it to the "Russia". I think, though, that he will probably see the people on that steamer.

We are having a regular Sahara of letters- without a single oasis. It is a whole month now since we have had a letter from you. The last ones were written June 15th. I presume you have more than had your time "full" with Will's short visit. I am so glad that he really did go, and it seems to me that so many events got crowded into it that he must feel the same way.

I hope you people may find it possible to meet the Corbett's while they are at home for you will find Mrs. Corbett a charming little woman to know. Also it would be a pleasure to know Miss Leavens, in Norwich. She is much better in health, and it will be a good thing for her to get interested in the world again. She wrote that Will had spoken in her church but she did not hear him as she had not then been out to church since her return home.

This afternoon we are going to hear Dr. Coffin (of New York City) at the foreign service. We are looking forward to a treat. It is so far over to Rocky Point (over 3 miles) that I have been to but one church service. I think to-day will probably be the last, until the next time (if even) we come to Pei Tai Ho. If Will, Ellen, and the children will come up two years from this summer, we will take a house over at Rocky Point, and spend another summer here. Mary enjoys the bathing and is looking finely. She takes a nap nearly every afternoon, and she should feel ready for her year's work. I think it will take at least two years more to get our school established so that if we wished to go home then we could. I rather want to stay out the five years and spend about six months on the trip home- hoping that the war will have ended by then. We had some N.Y. papers from the Brubrooks and Miss Brewster a week ago with some details of the war but really the news is about the same kind of atrocity that we have been reading now for two years. We're glad to get the papers just the same for other bits of information is in them. Lovingly- F. Beard.

*[This letter dated **August 20, 1916** from East Cliff, Pei Tai Ho, China was written by Mary to the ones at home. She writes while listening in on Chinese Church and is trying to understand some of the words. Their Chinese teacher has left for Peking so lessons have ended. They have been visiting with many people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

East Cliff
August 20, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

Phebe's letter which came this week was like an oasis in a desert and most interesting. What a busy time you did have with strawberries, receptions, etc! Our last letter told of the wedding.

I am not sure how coherent this letter will be because I am writing in our room which is on the corner with veranda on each side. Chinese Church is going on outside. The men sit in front and the women on the side veranda. Mr. Ogilvy is preaching and I am going to stay for awhile to see how much I can understand. I did not get enough of the prayer to know what he was talking about. I can understand the number of the hymns when he announces them.

On last Sunday we all went to lunch to hear Dr. Coffin. He gave a fine sermon. The children's talk was on the little red animal we each possess but keep behind white bars guarded further by red curtains. It runs, stings like

an asp and cuts our friends to pieces unless carefully guarded. A pretty good description of an unruly tongue, do not you think? It began to rain just as we started for home and we got soaked. It stormed all night and until Tuesday. The surf was glorious with waves that nearly upset us. The boat was useless as the ladder wouldn't stay attached and it rocked so it would have made us seasick.

On Monday after lunch there was a let up so Flora and I went out to the point to see the waves lash the rocks. Again we got caught and raced for the nearest home until the storm was over. We got wet the third time on Thursday when we went to call on the Grams who live on the top of the hill. We began to think we had a bad effect on the weather.

On Wednesday we had a large tea here with about fifteen guests. On Thursday we had callers again until nearly six then went for the call mentioned above. Friday was the second Bazaar so most of the family was at Rocky Point. I decided to keep my money so did not go over. I did play three stiff sets of tennis that evening.

Yesterday morning Flora finished the dress she has been making and wore it last evening. I worked on mine but still must work some more. We had morning callers. We all took our dip and again the sea was slightly ruffled by an east wind.

Yesterday afternoon Flora and I went to Rocky Point. We called on Mrs. Young where we met a Mrs. Latimore who is talking of sending her son to school. Then we called at the Hoagland's to talk over the care of Charles Childress with Mr. H. Then we stopped at Mrs. Aments and went to Mrs. Martins for supper and attended the concert. There were recitations and vocal music but no instrumental. Oh yes, there was! Mr. Hubbard played "Home Sweet Home" and "The Rosary" on a bicycle pump. Funny? I laughed until I cried. For an encore he sang through a megaphone. That was good but not so very good. Since we were without masculine escort we came home in chairs. It is my first ride here and I had a fine chair and bearers.

I gave up trying to think coherently and went over to the Frames. Francis was awake and in a most gracious mood so it was good fun.

Our Chinese teacher departed on Saturday so Friday was the last lesson. The days seem very much longer without the two hours of study. I hope to get my dress finished in short order now.

I wonder where Phebe will be next year and hope that the Agency succeeds in getting a good position. I am sending a few prints which I have just taken. The Chinese is our teacher, Mr. Yang, but a very poor picture of him. Flora and I are standing near a big rock just in front of our home. The view is of the group of homes on our porch. Our home is the big one just under the cross. The ruins are of a home destroyed in 1900. There are several such ruins here at East Cliff.

This is the view we get as we return from Rocky Point. I will get some more prints of Flora and me when I get back. They are a cent cheaper in Peking and on a large order it pays to wait. Also I like Hartwig's work a little better.

I had the slip for my goods from National Suit and Clark Co. on Tuesday and have sent for them to be remailed here. I want to get any necessary refitting done while here.

I must go out and greet Mr. Spiker as it is nearly dinner time and he is to be here this noon.

With lots of love

Mary



Written on back in Mary's handwriting: Children's Party PeiTaiHo 1916
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **Aug. 27, 1916** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the Folks at Home. She and Mary will be at Pei Tai Ho for about one more week. Mr. and Mrs. Peet of Foochow will be moving to north China and will help Mary and Flora with their school. Flora would like to stay in China two more years before going back to the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Aug. 27, 1916]

Dear Folks at Home:-

This is our last Sunday at Pei Tai Ho and the wind is blowing a gale. There must be a typhoon around somewhere. It started about midnight and is increasing now at 11 A.M. The waves are wonderful and are making such a roar that one can't be heard out of doors. Chinese service for the servants had to be given up – and I doubt if they would come even if the preaching could be heard.

This last week has been a busy one with some duties some social doings and getting last things done- or planned for. Several of the teachers from the Shanghai American School have been summering here and at last we met them this week. Several dates had been set previously, but weather or appointments had each time interfered. That school is about four times as large as ours and some years older. If ours should grow as rapidly as that one I don't know how it would be taken care of. We have at last hired the teacher who is to be with us this year- and we hope for years to come. She is a New Jersey Normal School graduate and a chum of the young lady who was my assistant the last year in South Orange. A letter from Mr. Galt suggests that we may have Mrs. Peet (of Foochow) as a possible helper. I am glad for the Foochow people if Mr. and Mrs. Peet can be taken off their hands. Their (Mr. and Mrs. P's) experience and knowledge of Chinese affairs should make them good assistants- if they will try to see things in the right light. It seems to me that being new members and on a temporary arrangement their actual influence should be for good, rather than for trouble. I think four of the men from the mission here have asked me to tell them what I thought about the matter and I have said to each one that it seemed to me quite a possible thing that getting him out of the troublesome atmosphere, he could be of value- educationally. At least it would be worth trying.

This last week we had the lovely surprise of a gift of \$400 Mex. to be used for a Domestic Science outfit for our school. It is a course much to be desired out here and we shall begin at once to prepare for it. It will take some time to get it planned, for there is still a lot of organizing to be done this year. We begin the work of the Fourth Year of High School this fall, and that should mean the last "first" planning. This gift is a memorial for a little daughter of some Shantung missionaries, who are planning to send their other little girl to us a year from now.

Among the other excitements of the past week was the arrival of my new bathing suit- which is a perfect fit and quite becoming. I think it had been in Peking for two or three weeks but there was no one to get it until Dr. Lowry went back, and sent it on to me. You can give some information to the post offices at home by assuring them that there is a parcel post, post-office at Pei Tai Ho. The union suits came through quite promptly, arriving over a month ago. There is no post office at Pei Tai Ho except during June, July, August, and September, and then it is a full fledged affair. There are over a thousand foreigners here during the summer and they must receive car loads of stuff by mail, express, and freight. Many of them order their groceries from America to be shipped directly here so as to save bringing them from their stations in the different places about in China. - We probably will not be spending next summer here, but I have little idea where we shall be. Japan, Mongolia, Shansi, Foochow are some possibilities, or we might even be returning home- though that is hardly possible. I think it will need at least two years more to get the school in good running condition.

Our next letters will be sent from Tungchou. We have had just three letters from you this summer- two from Ruth and one from Phebe. We shall be glad to receive more, and are interested to know where Phebe will be.

With love - Flora. Pei Tai Ho,

Aug. 27, 1916

[This letter dated Sept. 3, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are back in Tungchou at their boarding school getting it ready for 30 boarders and 3 day pupils. Flora and Mary camped at a Confucian temple and then went to see the Great Wall. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Sept. 3, '16 [1916]

Dear folks at home:-

We are again in Tungchou in our building, but not settled. Every room in the house is in a clutter, but, by a week from now, we should be in a presentable condition. The screens for the windows and doors are nearing completion and the men are to come in the morning to do the woodwork all over the building. We have a big force promised. We have one more servant to hire and then our force will be complete for the house. Our amah brought back sixty doilies she had been hemstitching for us during this summer and there will still be more than a dozen more for her to get finished before we can set our tables. We shall have a lot of curtains to make- all to be finished by a week from to-morrow. I think things will be ready. - I have just been counting up and if all turn up that are registered we shall have 30 pupils (boarders) and 3 day scholars. There will be five grownups to board, so that our cooks will have to feed 35 people every day. It is going to be some proposition for them, but they will be equal to the job, I think. - To get the duties of all these servants distributed equally, and to accommodate us and them, is not a small task, but that too, will be accomplished during this coming week.- We have not yet succeeded in getting our other teacher and I don't know just where she is to come from. We still have one loop hole and we are hoping we may get out all right.

This last week has been full of experiences. We had planned to start on a trip to the end of the Great Wall, where it goes down to the sea. We were to have started Monday morning, but there had been a violent wind for two days and on Monday it poured- just long enough to keep us home. In the afternoon we planned the trip over and arranged not to return to Peitaiho, but go right on home. So on Tuesday morning we packed our goods and chattels and left the seaside at 2 P.M. to catch a 4.45 P.M. train to Shan Hai Kuan. Everything went just as we desired and we got started (a little after 6 P.M.) for the top of the mountain where we were to camp out in one of the old Confucian temples. It was quite cloudy and there was no moon, and the trip was a two hour one. Fortunately it was a good road all the way and the Temple coolie piloted us. It was so dark that those riding donkeys dismissed their little beasts shortly after they began the climb, but the four loads went clear on to the top. It was so dark that we could hardly feel our way but we all arrived safe and sound, and as hungry as wolves- tired, too. The old keeper got us all the hot water we wanted and the cocoa went right to the spot. We put up our cot beds and tied our mosquito nets to the wide spreading branches of a beautiful old pine tree. The old keeper was sure it would rain before morning, but when I awoke in the night the stars were out in their full glory. We were cold although we were sleeping under two thick steamer rugs, and we had part of our clothes on. We got up, ate our breakfast and then climbed clear to the peak of the mountain, where there was a wonderful view of mountains on one side and a plain and the sea on the other side. We could see the Great Wall wiggling like a snake over the peaks of the mountains and down through the passes. We followed it by our field glasses, down across the plain, clear out to the water's edge. We preferred sitting up there among the views to taking the hot ride out across the plain to see the exact spot where the stones disappear in the water. We spent the day wandering about getting the many beautiful views and

ate our supper where we could watch the sun set. Later the young man of our party, who is a fine singer, went up on to the Great Wall. We were on another peak, but we could call back and forth to each other. Then he sang and we heard him perfectly. We went to bed rather early as we planned to get up to see the sunrise. We climbed up to the Wall at 5.15 A.M., and just at 5.25 A.M. the sun came out of the waters of the sea in his fullest splendor. We could not linger long for we must be all packed up and breakfast eaten by 6.45 A.M., for we were to catch a 9 A.M. train for home. We got back to the temple just as the blind priest was making his rounds to the different shrines. There were some in other courts but he did the worshipping, while a young boy made the trips to strike the bells and light the joss-sticks [*stick of incense*]. The blind priest had a really good face, about the first heathen priest that I have ever seen who looked as though he might be trying to live as he ought to. We went through to Tientsin that day and spent the night there in order to do some shopping. I bought a new hat and a pair of shoes for myself, besides doing a lot of buying for the school. We were impressed with the quantities of American goods displayed in the stores. I bought American shoes, a clock, and some Red Cross adhesive-plaster. The drug stores seemed to be full of American articles. The biggest English firm has advertised that they have positively the last shipment from England until the end of the war.-Willard has arrived in China, but not a word about the silver. I am wondering what has happened.

With love to all- Flora.



Written in album: "Valley from Shan Hai Gwan"

[This is probably a Mrs. Leitzel pictured looking at the view. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Sept. 22, 1916** was written from Foochow, China by 8 year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. Some thieves took the Nightengale children's clothing in the middle of the night on Kuliang. She names all the babies born recently on Kuliang. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Sep. 22 1916

Dear Phebe:

We had no Sunday School today because Mrs. Newell has not come down from the Mountain. Mr. Newell got a letter from Mrs. Newell that that there had been a thief on Kuliang and Mr. Smith told us that Mrs. Nightengale woke up one morning to find her children had hardly any cloths and no shoes. He had gone in behind the mesquite netting and stolen their cloth that they took off the night before. Then he pulled out the box from under their beds and stole the clothes in that all with out waking them up. Then Mrs. Huese had the same done to her and there was another too- but I can not rember their name. When papa came home from the North he brought us some Chinese paper dolls dressed in silk, a lot of shells, a pair of slippers for me and a dress for Monnie and some Chinese dolls for Edith Peace. There were some babies born on the mountain they are Clara Jean Worly, Ethel Vicers Turner, Gorge

Cuthburt Topping and then Frederick Donaldson born down here. We have seen them all except Frederick. I hope you are all well. With lots and lots of love Punk [Kathleen]

[This letter dated Sept. 24, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are working on starting a student government and have settled which teachers will teach what. Flora and Mary may go to Shansi for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sept 24th [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Our ranks are gradually being filled up. Yesterday the Ramsay children arrived and today we had word that the Nelsons are on the way. It takes them 21 days to get here. I imagine most of the way is by cart and that is a slow means of locomotion.

This week things have been going along at a reasonable rate. On Tuesday I met the school lady and we talked over first steps toward student government. The children are to take charge of inspection of rooms, flowers, mailing letters, school room blackboards, playground, arranging living room for chapel and perhaps more later. I have had to prod several committees to get the work done but still hope it will work out when well started. On Wednesday the High School met to consider starting again our school paper. We got out one number two years ago but did nothing with it last year. There was much enthusiasm until mention was made of writing for it. Then a great groan was given. Perhaps they thought Delnoce and I would write it!!

One afternoon I had a thoroughly enjoyable but unscientific game of tennis with three small children. The exercise wasn't much either but the fun compensated in part.

Yesterday I went to the station to see the children off for Peking. Five extra ones went to visit so we are reduced in numbers here.

This year I am taking charge of evening study hall and find that I get my own studying in much more easily and without sitting up so late. When the children have baths I have to leave several times to see about them as Flora never goes up with the children to bed, also I have to send someone to light lamps. Yet I have much more time. Flora says she likes it better too so I hope we continue the arrangement.

I have interesting work this year, even more to my taste than last year. Mr. Gordon has taken my 1st and 2nd year High School English classes. There were no other High School English classes. I omitted the 4th year and put the children in Chemistry instead. By giving Chemistry I was able to omit a History and French class too so it really is an economy of time. Mrs. Porter takes my Latin one class and I am so glad. She is an excellent Latin student and has taught it several years so I feel that the class is most fortunate to have her. Mrs. Wickes continues with the French class which she started last year. That leaves me with Chemistry, Caesar, Cicero, 1st Algebra and 2nd Algebra in the High School and the English and History of the 8th grade. I almost forgot that Mrs. Galt has taken the Ancient History class.

On Wednesday Miss Hill and Miss Knotts came down for the afternoon. They are just out from America to visit a cousin who lives in Peking and came that they might look us over and have Flora look them over. Miss Hill is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music and has had two years of university work. Her recommendation sounds most attractive. She will take the vocal music in the grades and high school both and the [unreadable words] pupils of both piano and violin. She will have to be here a day and a half. Miss Knotts is an art student and will come one half day a week for art and perhaps folk-dancing. She suggests the later but we have not yet felt the wishes of the parents to discern if they want it. Both are very young and attractive.

We are having grapes from our own vine. At least it is ours as long as the compound has no single ladies and we support the man who has charge of the garden where the vine grows. The girls and I went over and picked them on last Friday and Monday afternoons. There are a few more but they were not ripe. We had nearly a bushel in all. The bees had eaten many and so we dared not leave them to pick day by day as we used them.

I have at last gotten my school bookkeeping started. I got Robert McCann to help me. He helps his father in keeping the A.B.C.F.M. books when home of vacations. He gave me several pointers and I found on entering my Day Book items in the ledger that we had made only a few errors. Those I was able to rectify. If you hear of anyone coming to the foreign field tell them not to omit a study of bookkeeping in their course. Everyone comes to the necessity of using it sooner or later as every individual school or set of schools has a separate account. Generally the task of keeping them is portioned out so as to not overburden any one with too much mathematics. Mrs. Corbett kept ours last year and she is an expert. My book is most untidy beside hers but I shall strive to improve. I took accounts with the banker last Monday for the first time. Our accounts agreed exactly. He comes out to us about once a month to compare records and receive more money on account if needed. All of our street

supplies, wages and local accounts I pay through him. He charges 30 cents discount in \$100 for all checks deposited but the convenience is worth it. As treasurer I am doubly assured as the bookkeeping is less. How is that for laziness! Let the school pay to make work easier?

The Frames returned from Pei Tai Ho Friday so now our circle is complete. Francis is as friendly as before I left Pei Tai Ho and came to me at once. She patted my cheek and said "Ai" which is Chinese for love. She is a darling. The Love babies are both sick with colds so will not be at all friendly.

Our girls are not quite as numerous as we thought so we are going to have one of the little rooms here on the top floor vacant. We will let the amah sew there and keep one bed in it for Miss Hill on the night she has to stay. Then we may have week end guests who occupy it. Just now Mrs. Ramsay is using it. Dr. Porter has the room downstairs where the three girls not yet here will be.

Mr. Gordon is proving a good friend of the boys as is Mr. Beers. Flora objects a little (then only to me) because they do not feel it incumbent upon them to have at least one here over Saturday. Both had to be in Peking last night so the boys were alone.

There are two servants there so they are safe enough.

Dr. Hemingway was here this week and had supper with us Friday. He has invited us to spend Christmas in Shansi with them. We will chaperone the girls (Adelaide 11 yrs, and Isabel 9 yrs) both ways. I am going anyway. Flora says she does not know about her getting away except to be there over Sunday and Christmas. As usual she assures me I am not needed here so I am going to take her at her word and depart with the children on the first train.

I have always insisted on staying by and getting told that it is needless.

There goes the dinner bell.

With lots of love,

Mary.

[This letter dated Oct. 1, 1916 from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. There are 29 children in their boarding school. Flora talks about Mr. Larsen, father of some of her students. Once a missionary, he became an adviser to Pres. Yuan Shi Kai for a time. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchow, Oct. 1, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

It is four weeks since I have written you, for I skipped my turn two weeks ago- the first time I think since we came to North China. I was just too busy and weary to write.

We have opened school with twenty-nine boarding scholars and two young men who act as chaperones to the boys. We have cleaned and furnished Mrs. Corbett's house and have twelve boys over there. Our own building is full of girls. We have no teacher to help us and there is much to be done. We have added three members to our servant force- which does not lessen the number of things to be seen to. At present we have nine servants, and I don't believe they exactly idle away the whole day. It is taking some time and patience to get them contented and I am hoping that tomorrow may get everything settled, so that the household part may run automatically - or nearly so. I wish you could see our bunch of pupils for they are a keen lively lot, and inspiring. This year we are to have five Swedish children. Three of them have been students at Chefoo and they are only just now opening up, for at Chefoo they were hardly allowed to speak. These three children are a part of a large family whose father is just at present one of the firm engaged in exporting to U.S. all sorts of Chinese products. He has a large ranch three days journey into Mongolia, where he keeps hundreds of horses. It was there we had planned to go to give up the trip because of the threatened bandits- and also because the young lady planning the party died. Now one of the plans for next summer is to go, not only into Mongolia, but to take a trip on up to the border of the Desert of Gobi. Mr. Larson (the man whose children I am writing) was one of the party who took the Ford automobile up to the Living Buddha at Lhasa, which was pictured in the Geographical Magazine a few years ago. The most interesting thing about Mr. Larson is his relationship to the late Pres. Yuan Shih Kai. Mr. Larson came out to China as a missionary in Kalgan and Mongolia. He came to know affairs in that region very well and when Pres. Yuan needed an adviser for affairs in that vicinity he asked Mr. Larson to come to Peking at several thousands of dollars gold per year, which invitation was accepted. He advised the President so well for the Mongolians and told so many truths about the Russian nation Pres. Yuan retire Mr. Larson with the salary of all the term paid in full. Mr. Larson is a wealthy man and is very generous to his mission work. His wife is an American woman but the children I think have the larger sympathy for their father's country. - The other two Swedish children are two girls daughters of Swedish missionaries on the farther border of Shansi. The girls started for our school on Sept. 18th and it will take twenty-one

days for them to get here. We are looking for them at the end of this week or the beginning of next. One of the girls was born in America.

To-morrow we are to welcome our teacher of drawing and music. She is a Miss Hill from the State of Colorado. She has studied violin in Boston Conservatory of Music. She will teach violin, piano, vocal music, and drawing, spending a day and a half with us each week. She is just on a visit for this winter with her relations who represent this same company that Mr. Larson belongs to. She promises to be quite an addition to our school, and since we have no one else to help us out, we are glad to have this part of the work taken off our hands.

Last week I started to Mrs. Benbrook a Chinese coat, by way of you, since if there was any duty to pay I wanted it taken out of my own pocket book. I hope the coat reaches her in time to be of use as a wrap. I am anxious about Mrs. Benbrook's health, and am fearful that her usual December attack will prove too much for her strength. If she should not be living when it reaches you keep it yourselves. It cost me \$11, which now is nearly \$6 gold. When I bought this short coat I bought a perfectly beautiful long coat- a dark blue embroidered in shades of blue and green. I bought it simply as an investment. I am slowly getting to-gether a number of beautiful things which I hope to turn into money when I get home.

Just a few days ago we got word from Will that he was mailing to us the silver he brought out with him. We had gotten the impression that he had not brought it, so are delighted that it is here. I am so sorry that he did not give it to Mr. Pitman who was on the same steamer with him. Mr. Pitman lives in Peking, and we have his brother and sister here in our school as students. Besides, Mr. Pitman came up on the same train with us from Tientsin, so we felt we had very direct and late news of Will and his family. Please have the silver marked in America as I had to pay 30 cents for each letter here, and then it wasn't anything pretty. This half dozen will fix us so that we can get along comfortably for this year, if there should be a delay in getting the rest started.

The other day, I sold my check for \$400 silver for \$212.30 gold, which means that we shall have \$12.30 for extra in fitting out our Household Science department. One of the ladies in the Pres. Miss. [*Presbyterian Mission*] in Peking has offered to take our work here and I think she will be just the one to help plan the equipment, too.

If you want a suggestion for Mary's Xmas present, I know she would like one of those little gold neck chains used for pendants. I am sending some lace collars now which will do for Xmas present. Lovingly, Flora

*[This letter dated **October 8, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Some students are still arriving for school. A boy named Charles Childress had to be expelled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

October 8- [1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Contrary to all the rules of weather we are having a rainy Sunday. It began yesterday afternoon about four with a hard thunder storm. The sun took one peep at us this morning and retreated behind the clouds. The N.C.A.S. may well be thankful for these unseasonable rains because it means a little water in our cistern. This should make enough to find with a bucket.

On Monday I went to Peking for the day to make an effort to supply my laboratory with chemicals. Dr. Ingram took me to the Union Medical Pharmacy and I got nearly everything I need for this first half year at least. The bill came last night and the prices are much more reasonable than at the other foreign stores. One of the girls is to bring them down tomorrow night because no one had gone to Peking to return so that they could bring them earlier.

Mrs. Hill came down Monday noon to start the music and art work. She has three music classes, three art classes and eight or nine private pupils for instrumental music. It makes her day and a half very full but she says she prefers it so rather than to stay longer.

On Monday night Tina C?? entered. Her mother came down and spent the night. On Wednesday we were all out in the steps when we saw a man, two girls and a wheelbarrow of goods arriving. Of course it was the Nelson girls from the farther border of Shansi. They wrote that it would take them twenty one days but had been able to make it seventeen. The girls are fine looking girls; Large for their ages beautifully developed physically and with minds eager to learn. Owing to lack of facilities for teaching they are way back in their studies. Huldar, aged thirteen today, is in the fifth and sixth grade. Linnea was doing seventh grade work but I am pushing her and expect her to make High School for next year. She is eager to do it so I anticipate no difficulty.



Possibly the type of wheelbarrow that carried goods to Flora and Mary's school - also used to transport people
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

Mr. Nelson is a little man and typical of the type of missionary who lives very far from the world. He exclaimed with wonder over the beauties of our compound and school. (People not used to civilization often do that.) On Thursday when Mr. Nelson left we sent the girls off for a walk with the other older girls and the little people and I saw him to the train.

We gave a tea to introduce Miss Hill, Tuesday afternoon. If she is to come down every week it will be much more pleasant to know the people here since she must meet them occasionally as she travels.

On Saturday Mrs. Porter gave a tea. The compound ladies have decided to have a weekly tea on Saturday afternoons. We each live so much in our own circles that it will do us good to meet each other at least that often. When I went over about 4.30 it was pouring but it let up before 5.00 so the children and their baggage got to the station dry.

Yesterday was a day of guests. Mrs. Frame has Mrs. Payne down (I took supper with them Saturday evening). Three of the young couples just in under the American Board were guests at their homes. These many new people have filled up the compound in Peking so that there is no unused corner anywhere.

This week marks a new act on the part of the school. We have expected one of the boys, Charles Childress. He is that urchin we took out of pity to see what we could do for him. The Y.M.C.A. men have supported him. He is not amenable to discipline and takes an errand of honor as an opportunity to overstep rules, etc. This last week he lied to Flora a dozen times and she finally got the truth only because she knew it from other sources and he realized he was covered. This was the last straw on a career full of just such rotten material so we asked the committee on pupils to let him go. They noted to expel him and he left on Saturday as usual. Flora and Mr. Beers have packed his things today and we will send them up. That makes his exit less conspicuous and gave him no opportunity to relate his woes on departure.

It is a long time since we have had a home letter. Mails are awfully irregular. My Literary Digests came in bunches instead of singly, yet foreign mails come quite often.

There comes the man to sweep so I will get out. Also it is time to mail this if it is to go this noon.

Lots of love Mary.

Monday.

[This letter dated Oct. 15, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard tells his mother of coming down with Dengue fever along with Marjorie, Kathleen and many others. The College boys have had a week of fun celebrating the Independence Day of China. He thanks his mother for her dressmaking and repairing while his daughters were visiting in Shelton over the summer.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 15 – 1916

Dear Mother:-

We have been in Foochow five weeks and I have not written you. I found the College opened and some 200 boys already back when I arrived Sept. 9th. Of course it was rather strenuous work getting under all the work of different kinds. Then on Sept 28th the Dengue fever got hold of me and has not entirely let go yet. I was in bed thirteen days – got up last Tuesday for the first time. I am only in the very height of fashion tho, for nine foreigners were ill at the same time with me. Marjorie and Kathleen came down with it a week after I did. They are nearly all right now. They will begin school again tomorrow. Mrs. Hodous does most of the teaching. It is a girl's seminary. Marjorie and Elizabeth Billing, Rachel Hodous and our two girlyies. Neil Newell would have been the only boy if he had not died.

We are blessed with almost perfect weather- too pleasant. Wells are getting low. Every day is clear and bright. The intense heat is gone still we are wearing thinnest clothes, but need two thin blankets over us at night.

This past week the College boys have had the time of their lives. Last Tuesday was Independence day for China. The boys wanted a lantern parade on Monday night. As the city officials had officially forbode all idol processions I told the boys I must write and ask for permission to hold the procession. Such a request was a new thing and it took three days!! to get the reply. The boys got restive but as soon as the reply came they at once got busy. The reply was favorable and it was interesting.

The officials told us we could have the procession but must not allow it to appear like an idol procession!! On Monday evening at dark the boys started with band and lanterns and they made a fine appearance. There was a lantern for each of the 18 provinces. Then lanterns carried so as to spell Foochow College. And last came a globe of white paper with the continents marked on it and held by paper images of men about 1 ft. high. With the nice uniforms and lanterns of all colors and shapes they presented a very taking appearance. The Military General stopped the horse carriages from going on the streets the boys took and invited them into his official residence, gave them tea and cake and himself addressed them. On Tuesday he sent in paper chrysanthemums and badges – about 200 for the boys to wear as they paraded Tuesday evening. The Foochow College boys made by far the best appearance of any of the schools and on Tuesday evening several stores were ready with firecrackers to shoot off as the boys passed, and they were invited to stop at seven different official residences. Wednesday the General asked them to go to see a play under his direction. Thursday the boys could scarcely get one foot on the ground. They were walking on air with their heads in the clouds. But they are settled down again now to study.

It is awful nice to have ones own home again here. Ellen has gotten much rested altho while I was in bed she took three classes a day for me in addition to her own three. The girlyies are happy and are a joy forever.

Phebe M's good letter came by the last mail. The same mail brought Phebe K's first letter from Oberlin. Gould and Geraldine had not yet got to Oberlin. I was pleased to hear that Harold was to be in Oberlin.

I do not know how to write of the kindness you all have shown us. I was chagrined when Phebe K's letter came and she told of all the dressmaking and repairing and what not, with visiting that was done after they went down to Shelton. I hope it was not too much for you all at Shelton. If I had known what I know now I should not have dared let the girls go down. But now I can only say a great big thank you. To me personally the summer has most pleasant memories that will never fade out.

I must close now and get a few words off to Oberlin before going to bed. You are picking apples now- how I wish we had a barrel, and some of your good snapping frosts.

May the Father be gracious to you all and keep you
All send love Will.

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her dear, darling children all- Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy. Dr. and Miss Walker returned to China and within 2 weeks Mr. Walker contracted Dengue Fever. He is staying with Willard and Ellen's house under their care. Dr. Walker is the 17th American in the compound to become ill with Dengue Fever not to mention some of the servants. The symptoms lead Ellen to believe

that Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen have had it in the past. End of the letter is missing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Oct. 22", '16

My dear, darling children all, - Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy;

All our family have gone to church but me. Dr. Walker is stopping at our house until after the Annual Meeting next month when they will go to Shaowu. He and his daughter arrived about two weeks ago with Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, two children and a friend (lady). Miss Walker went with them up as far as Iong Kau to do some evangelistic work till Annual Meeting time when she planned to return and take her father up to Shaowu. The day they started he went to Sang Bo to see them off and came back, sick, to our house and Papa found him in the parlor when he returned from class. I was also out. Papa put him to bed and he has been here since. We telegraphed Miss Walker and she is returning. We expect her today. So I am staying at home with our patient, particularly as I do not feel very good myself, - eyeache, headache, bilious and weak. Papa tries to make me think I am going to have the dengue fever too; but I do not think so. It is dengue with Dr. Walker and he is not seriously ill, needs little care and Papa and I are sharing it and carrying on our work in the College. - I can hear the pipe organ in the new church and the people singing as I write. Mr. Newell is playing it today as Mr. and Mrs. Belcher are both ill of dengue. Dr. W. is the 17th person (American) to have it in just our compound here in the city the other 11 escaping. Besides, every house but ours has had one or two servants ill of it. It has been very prevalent throughout the city and suburbs, this fall some schools having to close for a few days. It is closely allied to measles, many cases developing so much eruption that Dr. K. says that were dengue fever not known to be about, any Dr. would unhesitatingly pronounce it measles. I have wondered if Geraldine's case of measles which she kept all to herself that time up at the mountain was really not Dengue fever. It did not prove as contagious as measles should have and we heard of not a single other case at the time. Does Geraldine remember about having intolerable itching of feet and hands in connection with her recovery from that? If she does I think that identifies it beyond doubt. And I believe Marjorie had is too just after we went to the mountain in her second summer. She had an eruption which Dr. Whitney had never seen and could not name; and I recall distinctly how weak she seemed which is one characteristic of Dengue; she had been walking not over 3 mos. and I remember remarking that she would have to learn to walk all over a gain. Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear have both had it at different times and Papa and the two little girls. Kathleen was nearly frantic with the itching of the soles of her feet, as was Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear's.

[End of letter missing.]

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the Ones at Home. They are expecting Mrs. Porter's sister to come to China and work with them in the middle of the school year. They have had some illnesses among the students. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

N.C.A.S. Oct. 22, 1916

Dear Ones at Home,

At least there is a letter to answer and it explains why there was such a dearth of letters. Perhaps Flora wrote last week that Mrs. Porter had a cablegram from her sister that she was coming out the middle of the year. We quite anticipate her arrival both because of the assistance here and for the addition of one more to our community of adults.

This has been a busy week for Flora especially. Two of our little boys were far from well and when a dose of castor oil failed to effect a cure we consulted Dr. Love and put them to bed. Both have well developed cases of Disentery. They are brothers and the mother could come so we telegraphed and she arrived this morning. Yesterday Mr. Gordon gave his whole day to them except for his two hours of teaching. This is the fourth case.

Mr. Frame has been down for three weeks- Little Betty Love has been ill over two weeks- and now these two boys. At the hospital there are several cases and some in the college. Betty Love is far from the road to recovery yet and is a case of extreme anxiety to us all. Where our boys got the germ we can not imagine for there is no least sign of such trouble among any of the other children.

I went to luncheon at Mrs. Porter's today. Mrs. Edwards is there. Mr. Edwards had to go to Peking for meetings this afternoon so I represented him at table.

The children are overcome with excitement these days because they are going to Peking for a Hallowe'en Party next week end.

Monday P.M. I had to stop to dress for lunch – and Mrs. Elmer Galt was here for supper so I visited instead of writing last evening. This morning our two boys are better so Doctor is letting them have doctored milk. Betty is a trifle better and has taken a little food. Neither Doctor nor Mrs. Love will say more but they can speak of her now with more composure so I feel hopeful.

Dr. Smith gave us a fire talk last night. He gave at the end this for us to remember “Pure patience, perfectly persued, presages permanent prosperity.” The children are all trying to remember it because he said he should ask them to repeat it when he returned from his trip. He started today for Foochow and will be gone for a long time as he stays over for the “Continuation Committee” Meeting late in November.

I have spent most of today on school accounts and yet have not finished. As soon as I get a long column nearly added someone asks a question or something and the work is lost.

If you are hunting for a Christmas gift for me I awfully want a sweater either grey or white or blue. Mine is helping some poor Chinese to keep warm. He helped himself to it on our Shan Hai Guan trip.

I must cut this short or it will not get off. I made a mistake in not getting it done on Sunday for these busy days offer little opportunity for letter writing except on Sunday.

Lots of love

Mary. I want to get the next letter to hear again from Elizabeth and whether Phebe gets a position.

[This letter dated Oct. 22, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. The letter starts off with Willard talking about the Dengue fever that has afflicted them and their friends. Marjorie and Kathleen have recovered. He requests that his children at Oberlin send financial statements. Willard has sent a Mrs. Davis 200 boxes of tea which she will be paying for.]

Foochow, China

Oct. 22nd 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

This letter I am beginning before church in the morning so as to be sure it gets finished by night. All goes on much as usual. The chief item of interest to us is the Dengue fever in spite of any thing we can do. The girlies are entirely recovered as far as we can see. Mr. Belcher had it rather hard. I have been over and bathed him several evenings. When I was in bed it felt very good to have Mama bathe me. Dr. Walker does not want to be bathed. He started last Thursday to see Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, their two children, Miss Goodwin and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. But when about half way to the river he felt so badly that he turned around and came back, - came to our house. I found him in the parlor, almost shivering. I asked if he would like to go to bed and he said yes. So I put him right into my bed. We have not a lot of furniture. In fact we are using a bed of Mrs. Belcher's and one of Mrs. Newell's. Before night we had his room fixed up and got him settled. Miss Walker had started up river Friday. I telegraphed her with Dr. Kinnear's approval that her father was ill. She will likely return from Cui Kau this p.m. Dr. Walker is over 70 years old and his daughter ought to be here if he is unwell.

I have done all my regular work and some extra this past week. But it is hard work to set myself to work. I feel lazy. On Friday evening the Anti Cobweb met at Consul Pontears. I had the paper on The Political and Industrial situation in the States. Mama and I attended. It was the first time we had left the girlies alone. But they did not make the least fuss. The amah stayed with them and Dr. Kinnear sent up a Chinese nurse to stay with Dr. Walker.

Last Tuesday Gould's letter undated arrived. The P.O. stamp on the envelope reads Sept. 13th. This letter has Gould's financial statement, but none from the girls. He has just arrived in Oberlin. Phebe and Dorothy are there. You are in N. Tonawanda hoping to get to Oberlin by the end of the week. We talked about you with God. On those very days when you were with Aunt Etta we asked Him to take care of you. But now we just tell Him that we hope you are all well and in Oberlin all right. We shall look for a letter in the next mail with eagerness hoping for good news.

I am enclosing Gould's financial statement made out as I want each of you to make yours out on the first day of each month. The form in which Gould's came is not a credit to him. The account is not balanced and some of the figures I cannot be sure of. You ought to have an account book and keep the account carefully and balance once a week or at the very least once a month. Send an exact copy of your account to me once a month. You will have to rule this and send it on a separate sheet. I want to know also where the money you have on hand is, - whether in the National Bank or in the Postal Savings. Gould must have a lot of money that belongs to you girls I should think.

Did I write that I had sent 200 boxes of tea to Mrs. L.L. Davis? I wish one of you would take a walk out to her house and tell her. Tell her also that in paying for it she might just as well give the money to you as to send it out here. I do not know what she paid Mr. Christian, but if she pays the same for the first 200 boxes it will be all right. I may have to add a cent a box after that for exchange is way up and paper, thread and string have doubled in price.

Every night we tell God that our hearts first desire for you in that you may realize His presence and be kept by Him. May you be healthy in body, mind and spirit, be kept from all anxiety and enjoy your work

Very lovingly your father Willard L. Beard



Gould Beard (back row, fourth from left) at Oberlin College 1916-1917.

[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

[This letter dated **Oct. 30, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had challenges at the boarding school with the washman and the amah and have had to exclude a boy from school for bad behavior. Two boys have dysentery. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, Oct. 30, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

Two weeks ago was the second time since school opened that I let my turn to write pass by undone. The days are not long enough for all there is to be done, but we have relief in view for Mrs. Porter's sister has cabled that she is coming as soon as she can get here. We hope that may be by Xmas time. This has certainly been an eventful six weeks. We have had a washman to be dealt with who is a man with a mean spirit. If he didn't get the clothes as clean as he does, we should not tolerate him. I am in hopes his mean spirit may die a natural death because it does not meet one in me. Otherwise our servants seem to be trying to do their several duties. My amah, who has to do her mending in my sleeping room took the opportunity when I was away to open my trunk and take some of my money (about \$25) so she was sent off in a hurry. We have one now who belongs to one of the better

families- as her long finger nails on the left hand testify. She used to be addicted to opium and I should judge uses tobacco (or something like it) now. She is a very quiet demure little woman and is an improvement in the way she keeps her person, though her serving is more slowly done.

We have excluded one boy for misconduct. He was being supported by several Americans and since he left we have found that it was a wise thing to do, for he has been making the soldiers his chums and even they said there was not much he did not know or had done. His influence here was not good- especially on the boys younger than himself.

Last week two boys came down with serious cases of bloody dysentery. Fortunately their mother was within reach by telegram and was here in thirty-six hours. The boys have had several injections of eucentine[?] and have made steady progress so that now one of them is feeling too lively to enjoy staying in bed. They are eating toast and milk, so we hope to have them back with us in a few days. This makes four cases of the same disease in the compound. Where these boys got it and why no one else has had it are mysteries, but every one seems to be keeping well, with the exception of colds.

This Sunday we are down to our last year's Sunday number- twelve- for one of the Peking girls is having a Hallowe'en party and the different families of Peking are entertaining the boys and girls over the week end. It seems good to have so small a family.

Next Monday, I expect to go to Peking and if I do I shall mail to you several lace collars to be used for Xmas presents. We had an opportunity to get them rather reasonably this summer at Peitaiho.

We are so glad to have the silver. Every one likes it and I certainly enjoy having a decent knife, fork and spoon to eat with. Our silver is quite a heterogeneous lot running thru entire length from German silver to Sterling, and some times one place represents each kind. I have trained our servants to give this particular kind of silver just to us grown ups.

I am enclosing a draft to help out Mary's and my accounts at home. I hope my account may show a little credit for a short time. Will you please put the money required into this envelope and send it on. I hope to get the things for Xmas but may not. Lovingly – Flora Beard.

*[This letter dated **November 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary had the flu for three days, then more children came down with the chicken pox. She talks about recent events at the school. Her sister, Elizabeth, is ill again (tuberculosis). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou
Monday morning.
[November 1916]

Dear Ones at Home,

Thanks to the fact the China has been taken into the postal union our home packages come via Chinese Post and are being delivered here at Tungchou. The two packages containing corsets came on Friday and yesterday my stockings and brassiers came. Everything of mine is fine. The corsets are identical with what I have so I speak without trying them. The others I tried and like. Many thanks for all of your trouble.

Flora says she was so busy last week that she could not find time to write. I do not wonder for I just had to give in to an attack of the grippe and go to bed for three days. I was back at my post before the end of the week so the pressure is removed. I got well just as three more cases of chicken pox broke out. One we shipped home to Peking post haste. The other two I have as next door neighbors. They are not very ill but have to stay in bed as long as new spots continue to appear. I have the caring for them down to a science and the boy or amah do nearly all of the stair climbing for me now. One patient is a small boy. I just wish you could have seen the dignity and shocked expression of the eleven year old girlie when I suggested that they might talk back and forth across the hall. I chuckled inwardly but dared not even smile outwardly. The shyness has disappeared.

We are so enjoying the NCAS silver. Everyone who comes speaks of the pretty pattern and of the decorations of the monogram. So those four letters are getting admiration enough I think to help pay for the great expense that they were.

We are getting something of the real experiences of boarding school life this year. One girl especially has her head full of the book stories of boarding school and is trying the tricks. Flora has not had experience of that sort and thinks the girl a much worse type than she is. Wait and we will find out (maybe) that she really is a fine specimen of girlhood but just at a silly age. On investigation I find that your statement received a few weeks ago said 2 brassiers but I got 4. Is the two dollars (\$2.00) for the four? Or for two?

We are getting all excited about Christmas presents these days. The children started on Saturday to plan what to make. Miss Perkin is getting some things in Peking to send down and Flora is going to take the children into the city today to get others.

By the way, Miss Perken is coming down on Friday nights and staying for twenty four hours. She takes entire charge of the laundry off of Flora; takes Flora's class so F. can give the small children and extra music lesson; takes all of Mrs. Galt's Saturday classes; looks after getting the children off for Peking; helps with the serving and Christmas preparation. It is a busy time but she says she likes it and finds much good variety that it is not tiring. Miss Hill comes on Monday noon and stays till Tuesday evening for music and drawing so by piecing out we are getting a lot of help.

We have had definite word that Miss Margaret Ann Smith is on her way for women's work in Tungchou and we are hoping to welcome her for Thanksgiving. There is a possibility that Miss Dudley, Mrs. Porter's sister, is with her but we hardly hope so. Miss Dudley is to be our assistant.

I wonder how Elizabeth is? That first report was most encouraging. This seems to be the Beard's busy season. Willard is head over heels in work. Mrs. Smith was over this morning and gave a suggestion as to the many doings down at Foochow. Dr. Smith was indirectly awaiting an opportunity to get out for he spoke of a story at Foochow as an indeterminate equation.

You are extra busy with Elizabeth away and the strain of having her ill again. We are trying to do alone what three of us had difficulty in accomplishing last year. So it goes!!

Flora had a letter from Mrs. Palen yesterday telling of Mrs. Benbrook's death. It is hard for Flora because of the long friendship but I think a relief too to feel that she is free from suffering at last. Poor Christine has had a sad year with the loss of both husband and mother. Her letters to Flora have sounded full of a courage and trust beautiful to see.

I do want a home letter but the packages and newspapers at least bespeak of a busy life for you all. Exchange is still going down so I will send another draft when I can get to the bank for it. It is only 180+ now. Just think of 260 two years ago. It makes salary checks look small.

I must get to work for it is Monday the only day with opportunity to catch up with myself on studying, sewing etc.

Lots of love and wishes that God may keep you all well.

Mary Beard.



This is a photo of the "cure cottage" at #8 Helen Street, Saranac Lake, NY where Elizabeth's Tuberculosis card said she was staying.

[Photo provided by the Adirondack Research Room, Saranac Lake, NY.]

NO.....

REPORT OF A CASE OF TUBERCULOSIS

Full Name
Miss Elizabeth Beard

Present Address
8 Helen St.

Former Address
Shelton, Conn.

Age *41* ~~Married~~ or Single.....

Where Contracted?*?*.....

Incipient? Advanced? Far Advanced?

Cough? Expectoration?

T. B. Present Absent

Has patient been instructed as to disposal
of sputum and all other means of
prevention?

yes

Saranac Lake, N. Y. *9/1*.....191*6*

Price.....M. D.
Attending Physician

This is a record of Elizabeth Beard living at 8 Helen Street in Saranac Lake, NY for tuberculosis.
[Image provided by the Adirondack Research Room, Saranac Lake, NY.]

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1916 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks. They have a case of chicken pox and two with dysentery at the school. China now has a Vice President. They had a pretend vote for U.S. President and Wilson won. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

4th floor N.C.A.S.
Nov 5. [1916]

Dear folks,

I just wonder what the next event of great importance will be. The last is a case of chicken pox. Yesterday morning I found Pauline Ramsay all broken out and called the doctor. Of course we isolated her and also her sister who was her roommate. Fortunately most of the younger children have had chicken pox- and all of the little girls who have been her special playmates have had them. The only suspect is her sister. Pauline is not very sick so the care is not so great but that I can do it easily.

Yesterday noon the two dysentery patients came over for lunch and they will now be regular boarders at our table except that they have special diet.

The compound patients are also better.

The many children who were in Peking for the party last week Saturday afternoon returned a weary lot of youngsters. By Thursday they were ready for good work again. Oh what a task it has been to establish the right sort of spirit this year. Many of the new pupils are not seriously inclined and youth was too strong for the ones that were. I think strong pressure from many sides will do it.

I have had three good games of tennis this week and one long walk on the wall. The wall is an extra fine picture this year because the compound is so beautiful. The trees have more brilliant coloring than I have seen before in China and the leaves are staying on extra well too. From the wall we look down into the piles of yellow tree tops.

The Sentinels came. I was glad to read Father's article for my 8th grade History class were wanting to know who were candidates for President on the Prohibition ticket. Our local papers give little or no American politics.

China at last has a Vice President after months of talk and discussion. The man chosen was a leader in the Revolutions and is a strong military leader still. He is from Nanking.

I guess Willard found his from month's work waiting for him for we have had only two letters since his return.

Friday AM. Flora mailed to you on Monday three packages which contain things we thought you might use for Christmas. We do not care to whom you give them. The collars we bought at Pei Tai Ho from vendors who came around. The silk embroidered sleeves I got from a silk man last spring. I sent the rings to use as handles. If I get a chance I will still get silk for lining lest you be unable to match them at home. If you want more of the doilies we can get them here quite frequently. I never dare promise to get anything at a definite time for we have to wait for the right man to happen along.

Pauline is better and was up and dressed yesterday. She seems perfectly well but of course she is still quarantined. Muriel is out of quarantine but has to be watched from two weeks yet.

We had a straw vote for President on Tuesday. My American History conducted it and we allowed everyone, big and little, to vote. We had them all register on Monday and swore to them American nationality and only registered voters were allowed at the polls on Tuesday. All but three of the compound adults voted with us. There were 37 votes cast; two were thrown out as improperly scratched; Wilson had 25, Hughs 8 and Benson 2. The children took it most solemnly and the polls were a most proper place. We got the real returns Wednesday evening about six o'clock by telephoning to the Peking legation. That is we got the result but not the majority yet.

I must get this off or Flora will think I have trespassed on her time too much.

Will you please renew my subscription to the National Geographic Magazine.

Ruth, the shipping list sounds perfectly satisfactory. We have some of the goods yet. Flora did not have time to go to the Post office on Monday so we do not know if the packages are in Peking or not. Do not spend too much time hunting for the stockings. I am not so particular as that. The kind had worn well and fitted well so I thought to save (not make) trouble by asking for something definite. Generally I thought it easier to shop for another if the order was quite definite. What a bother this war does make.

I do want to hear from you all. Is Phebe still at hire? Does Elizabeth improve at Saratoga? I do hope you are all keeping well.

With lots of love
Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. Willard is writing from the gate house of the College waiting to surprise 6 boys when they return who left the premises without permission. His sister, Elizabeth is in Syracuse, NY in a sanitarium for illness. Their Annual Meeting will celebrate the 70th Anniversary of Christian work in Foochow. Dr. Arthur Smith from Peking will be there. Geraldine has been sick in the states and Ellen's sister, Etta, took care of her. The 6 missions in Foochow want to combine the different schools to form Fukien Christian University. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Nov. 5th 1916

Dear Phebe:-

You will be interested to know the circumstances under which I am writing. Until today the students of this College have been required to attend meetings as follows: 9 a.m. Sunday School, 10:30 a.m. church, 3:00 p.m. Sunday School, 7:00 p.m. C.E. We have cut out one compulsory service= the 8:00 p.m. S.S. This gives the boys a

whole afternoon free. We are right in the heart of the city and it is not wise to allow the boys to go out of the grounds. But the gatekeeper came up to the house to tell me that six boys had gone out in spite of him. So I am in the gate house. It is interesting. Some of the boys who went out without permission are coming in and it is interesting to see the expression on their faces as they see the President's eyes on them and as he asks them for the little ticket which lets them out and in.

To day we had a good letter from Aunt Mary. The school this year is full- twenty eight boarders and two day pupils and the Aunts are doing most of the work alone. It keeps them pretty busy. In Aunt Mary's letter was enclosed one from Aunt Phebe. Aunt Elizabeth is in Syracuse, N.Y. at a Sanitorium. Aunt Ruth and Miss Cora Bennett went up with her. She will remain there some time. Aunt Ruth had not come home when Aunt Phebe wrote and she did not know just what the plans were or just what the Doctor said about Aunt Elizabeth. She intimated tho that Aunt Elizabeth would be all right in a few weeks with rest and care. She had not been perfectly well since her illness last winter. Aunt Phebe has learned to drive the "cheap, cheap, cheap." But the day she was writing she could not start it, so she and Grandma did not go to church. Hence the letter.

We are still trusting that all is well with Geraldine. The mail this afternoon brought nothing from America. Mr. and Mrs. Beach, Francis and Ethel arrived last Tuesday – all looking well. They went to Diong Loh on Thursday. Mr. Beach brought Aunt Flora's watch. You knew it was repaired at Taylor and Gregories and did not run. A Mr. Dodd, son of the Dodd in the B.N. Beard Co. was on the steamer with Mr. Beach and had the watch and asked Mr. Beach to bring it down to me.

Our Annual Meeting, which this year takes the form of a 70th Anniversary of the opening of Christian work in Foochow, begins on Tuesday evening and holds for a week. So this next week will be a very busy one. People are beginning to assemble for this already. Five are down from Shaowu (Chinese). Dr. and Miss Walker are here. Dr. Walker came out to dinner today for the first time. Dr. Arthur Smith and a Chinese pastor are here from Peking and a Miss Davis up from Canton.

Sunday evening: - Just before supper the mail came in as I wrote and just as we were finishing supper another mail came in. This brought Phebe's letter to Kathleen Cynthia Beard with letters from Aunt Etta and Geraldine. We are very thankful that Geraldine was getting better. It was a siege and I wonder how Aunt Etta ever stood it. What can we do to thank her? I sent her 30 boxes of tea and can refuse to let her know the cost of it. You have money enough to meet all bills I am sure. I have sent \$30 to you since reaching China and \$100 to Gould. Again I want to tell Geraldine how much I have thought of her these weeks. I have thought of her as at College with all those lessons to make up. But you will do it all right dear girl, and you will not worry over it. You were always a most patient patient. I remember when you had something here in Foochow- was it chicken pox? You were as quiet and patient as could be- never a word or act that could be interpreted as complaining and Aunt Etta writes that you are the same still.

The missions in Fukien (six) have got together and are definitely asking for the incorporation of the Fukien Christian University. This will be done by uniting four union institutions – Arts course (College) Theological School and Medical College and Normal School. These institutions have all graduated students except the Arts course. Delegates came from Amoy for the Comm. meetings on Fri. p.m. and Sat. a.m.

We have just finished all the letters- Phebe's to Kathleen with its full account of the doings of the week. Gould's with its setbacks and its happy surprises and football news and Aunt Etta's about Geraldine and Geraldine's own letter. I want to hear from Dot now- and I want the financial statements of you girls. But no doubt they will be here before this reaches you.

The girlies are both quite well and growing like weeds. They are writing to you today. I wonder what we leave out of our letters that you want to hear. The girlies both are almost intemperate in eating pumeloos and in wanting to hold and carry the babies of the compound.

May God give you His wisdom for all things, keep you well in body, with healthy, pure, clean minds and daily growing to know Jesus better as a personal friend.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. In it he expresses concern of Geraldine's illness and gives her advice on what to do about her studies because of it. He talks about receiving boxes from Putnam-plates, saucers, etc. He is looking forward to using opening and using the Grafonola, a record player of the time.]

Foochow, China Nov. 12th 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

Your letter to Mama which came this past week brought much relief to me- altho it brought disappointment, for I had hoped that we should hear that you were in Oberlin and studying. When we read your letter I thanked God that it was no worse, and that you were on the road to recovery. It is with a good degree of certainty now that I think of you as at Oberlin resting. I am writing Aunt Etta. No words can adequately thank her for what she did for you. Deeds of that nature are not done for the thank you's to be received, or any other kind of compensation. I do not see how Aunt Etta does all her household work and sewing and church work.

But the question now is what you are to do during the remainder of the year. I am afraid it will be hard for you to find studies for next term not having had this term's work. If you can take studies next term and have them count in the regular course that would be one solution. If you cannot take such studies I think of two plans - one go to Shelton where you could help enough to pay for your board and get a good rest. The other is to stay in Oberlin and take cello lessons and a course in the Business College. Such a course would be useful to you always. It would make one more possibility for you to earn some of your way thru college. If you took this course you would need to use it all the time- take notes during your college course in shorthand, so as to be fresh in it all the time. For this term I rather hope you are in Oberlin taking lessons on the cello and having a good time.

It is a very difficult thing to advise in a case like this. We cannot know all the circumstances. A full month has elapsed since we knew how you were and another month will be gone before you will get this. Naturally and rightly you would rather have parents to consult with than any one else. But you have had them for eighteen years and have learned how they look at questions. You know the principles in which they decide questions. And none of these principles is of more importance than to talk the whole matter over with God- not once or twice but keep praying about it until light comes and you feel pretty certain that the course you decide on is the right one. In matters of great importance my practice is to talk with God just as I would with the most intimate friend on earth. There is one great advantage in talking with God about any matter.....[*letter too long for copy paper*]

...and honest with myself and everyone else. Then you have sisters and brother and Mrs. Garland, and friends in the East in Putnam and Shelton,-and you have one other source of great help=you have the prayers of Mother and Father and shall I not add little sisters. Your common sense will use all these help and you will decide to do the best thing.

The Annual Meeting for the Chinese church has been in progress since Tuesday. The 70th anniversary of the opening of Christian work in Fukien is being held in connection with the Annual Meeting. The meetings are held in the new Lau Memorial Church. Last Thursday afternoon nearly 2000 people were in attendance filling the church quite comfortably. This evening a dozen foreigners sang parts of "The Prodigal Son" to a large audience.

Our boxes from Putnam arrived Thursday. Yesterday we unpacked the big box of beds and the dining table box. Every thing in these two boxes came all right. The glass doors for my book case were not cracked or scratched. We also opened the three barrels of crockery. One pitcher was broken, one saucer, two dining plates and one handle was broken off the slop jar. All else came all right. The glass cans of oatmeal came all right except one. That was broken. These six are the only ones opened. We want to open the Grafonola [*record player*] tomorrow, for on Tuesday we are to entertain about twenty five pastors and preachers at dinner, and would like to try our new records.

Yesterday afternoon two fires burned up a lot of houses in Foochow. One got into the Y.M.C.A. building in the city,- not the new [*one*] on the river but one inside the city in a Chinese house fixed[?] area. It burned only about one fourth of it which was covered by insurance.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker are still with us. Dr. Walker is better- spoke for a short time this afternoon at the communion service. They plan to leave for Shaowu next Friday.

I see this letter is almost all about you- but "there's a reason" and Phebe and Gould and Dorothy are in our minds and prayers always. We are all well. I think we are all growing fat,- we ought to with the best of pumelo, persimmons, oranges, pears (Chinese), chestnuts and other things. The girlies went to Chinese feast last evening and enjoyed it.

God keep and guide and use you all

Very lovingly your Father

[This letter dated Nov. 19, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Ruth. After visiting the burned ruins of the Ha Puo church, Willard's family saw Dr. and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. Because Geraldine was sick, Willard feels she will rest for the school term. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Nov. 19th 1916

Dear Ruth:-

Altho it is most 9:30 p.m. I am going to at least start a letter to you. Friday afternoon Ellen, Marjorie, Kathleen and I visited the school at Sang Gaing. We just happened to go, that is we went to see the ruins of our Ha Puo church that was entirely destroyed by fire last Wednesday night, then we went on a little way to the river to see Dr. and Miss Walker off for Shaowu. We were then on the river just opposite Sang Gaing and took a boat and went over. It was a fine site to see the school filled with tables for the pupils and the pupils sitting in good order, at their lessons, and the two teachers on their job. Did I tell you that the assistant teacher has had about six years in the English course in Foochow College? He knows English so he could teach it about "to M," as the sign over one school read "English taught here to the letter M." The reputation of the school is very good indeed. There are 72 pupils this year. One boy is thinking of trying to enter Foochow College next year.

A week ago yesterday a fire destroyed part of the Y.M.C.A. premises inside the city- not the new building. The loss was covered by insurance. Last Wed. night another fire burnt 1400 houses including our Ha Puo Ga church. Mr. Ding Ming Uong's father was preaching here while he was in the U.S. in 1897 or 98. There was insurance to cover this also, the members are already negotiating for more land and plan to enlarge their plant and rebuild.

Our goods have come from Putnam and I am putting every minute possible into unpacking and setting up the chairs. I have set up 4. The things came thru in good condition.

We have not heard from Geraldine since she left Ettas. We think of her as in Oberlin resting and getting strong. It is difficult to advise from this distance. But the children know on what principles to decide all questions and they are together for consultation and Mr. Garland will help and I doubt not that they have written you people in Shelton and then God will guide. We hope Geraldine will rest this term, perhaps take Cello lessons. I suggested that she might take a course in a Business College in Oberlin if it seemed wise. This would help her in earning her way thru College.

Ellen has a little cold that affects her nose some, otherwise we are all well. The girlies are both rosy and fat and growing fast. Mr. Beach, - (Ruth Ward's husband) brought Flora's watch from Mr. Dodd and I have sent it on to Tung Chow.

You are thinking of Thanksgiving. It will be a small one for you compared with some recent years. But you will have the satisfaction of thinking that altho we are scattered, we are each in useful work. I hear from several sources of the good work the girls are doing in the north. Apples are all picked by this time- how about corn?

The letter takes our very best Merry Christmas to you all and our Happy New Year also. Pass them along to Oliver, Ben and their friends and to Stanley and Myra.

If I can tell from Phebe's letter where to address Elizabeth I will try to get a letter to her at Syracuse.

Very lovingly to Father, Mother and all

Will

[This letter dated Dec. 1, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She and Mary have been very busy doing more work than two people can handle. The children have been mischievous, they had to have one expelled (Charles Childress) and now, one child has tuberculosis. They had a Thanksgiving dinner at the school and one on the compound at Dr. Love's. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Dec. 1, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

It is a month since I have written you. There simply has not been a spare moment for such writing for even now I am leaving undone every day more things that I am doing and I am doing all that can be crowded between the hours of 7 A.M. and 9.30 P.M. I have to go to bed early in order to be ready for the next day. Even Sunday is full. The hope of having Miss Dudley arrive within the next four weeks has been the one thing that has kept me going, for there is more to be done here than two people have any right to attempt to do. The lack of supervision alone has the most serious result here. The keen wide awake children have to be up to something and their heads are not yet

wise enough to carry their own affairs to success without an older one to guide them. Each week this fall there has been some sort of escapade to settle and it wasn't until a week or two ago that we could get any kind of responsibility out of the children. The last prank was that two girls took the notion to take a midnight walk in the compound. They found a side door from which the coolie never takes the key at night, unlocked it and stayed out about five minutes. It was a pitch dark night and they had the (mis?)fortune to run into the night watchman. They think that he told me, since, when they could no longer keep still about it and they came to confess. I told them I already knew about it. I had found out from another source. When they realized how such an action placed them in the minds of the Chinese they were rather serious. Both girls promise this to be their last misdemeanor, and I believe it will be. One of the girls has come from the Chefoo school where the girls are chaperoned to annihilation, and it is perhaps a natural consequence of being placed under almost no restrictions. I believe she has good material in her and she is doing her best since that time to prove her promise good. We have been having all sorts of experiences with our students this fall. First we had to expel the boy who was being supported here, and I am more thankful than I can say that we are rid of him. Since he went I have heard (from one of the people helping him here) that some of the week ends he did not even go home but spent the days among some Chinese women out side the city. Two of our boys had serious cases of dysentery. Another lad has left "to be fattened up" but will never return. His mother is a "peroxide" blonde and his father is the architect of Tsing Hua College. I am afraid we never get all that is due us on their bill for "peroxide" generally means lack of reality. The latest calamity is the worst. We had a boy and girl here whose house is near the sea. Mary Lee is a little shy, fascinating piece of mischief. She was so full of her "pretty gowns", the "boys" and "having a good time" that her lessons never were gotten. She played in every game- one of the most enthusiastic and strenuous. All of a sudden there were serious signs of over exertion and then we teachers insisted on less activity but it did not cure the trouble and since she has gone to her sister's it has developed into tuberculosis and she has had two bad hemorrhages. This of course takes her out of school and probably her brother, too, as they may go at once to America.

Yesterday was Thanksgiving and it was a busy day here. We had most of the children with us and that meant supervising them in their plans. A committee planned the dinner and helped at getting it and setting the table. Then, in the evening there was the Compound dinner at Dr. Love's- so we had two dinners. At noon we had had goose and when we had two big bustards [*a type of game bird*] to attack at 8 P.M., my appetite was lacking, but I enjoyed the evening just the same.

My watch arrived last week- apparently dropping out of the sky and it was not until Ruth's letter came that I knew where it had come from. I will write to Mr. Dodd and thank him for his care of it.

I will be on the lookout for a coat for Miss Brewster but I do not know how much she wants to pay for one. They cost all the way from \$11 to \$50 silver. The cheaper ones have embroidered bands around the edges, the neck and the sleeves. Those for about \$20 have embroidered designs on them as well as the bands as on the others. I have one of the \$11 coats which I use in early fall for a wrap.

Do you realize that one half of our five years is up. I shall be ready to go home anytime after this year, but shall probably stay one year more, - for no one has materialized yet to take our places.

This letter is late in getting off so I am going to close here. As to the silver don't worry too much about it, tho' we shall be glad to have it whenever it comes. We use it for ourselves here and it is good to have decent forks, knives and spoons.

It is almost a relief to think of Mrs. Benbrook at rest for she has been so tired for so long.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Dec. 1, 1916.

Tungchou.

*[This letter dated **December 3, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about the Thanksgiving festivities they had. Mary plans to go to Shansi for Christmas and Flora may go to Tsi Nan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

December 3, 1916

Dear Ones at Home-

Thanksgiving has come and gone since last I wrote. We had a real American celebration. Breakfast was later, 8.00. At 10.30 a party of almost twenty of us started out for a long walk. We cut over lots and visited cemeteries along the way and ended up at the old stone bridge. Then we took another set of by-paths home. Our appetites were good after the exercise of nearly two and a half hours. Several of our family had not joined us

because they were busy getting dinner and decorating the tables and dining room. We had appropriate runners from Vantines (things Flora brought out) on the wall. Our place cards were turkeys that stood on white cards. We had menus made by a second art class. The other decorations were two large squashes to represent "horns of plenty". All sorts of vegetables were overflowing from them. In the afternoon we all took a rest. Flora and I had shampoos instead. Our regular service was at 5.00. The children sang for us. The men here have very good voices, in general superior to those of the women. The compound had a Thanksgiving dinner that evening at 7.30 and we four adults were all asked to partake. Two Thanksgiving dinners in one day is quite filling!! The table was decorated with a black ship modeled after the Mayflower and a model of the structure over Plymouth Rock. The rock was under it too! After dinner we played a game in which we named 10 generic nouns; then someone gave us a letter and we had to write down an illustration under each, as flower- pansey. We counted the number of people playing and scored by subtracting from the whole number those who had written those who had written the same illustration as ourselves. If we were the only one to write a name we scored the total number present. If one other wrote it we scored two less, if two had it, three less, etc. In accordance with Tungchou custom we ended with the Virginia Reel.

Did Flora write that Miss Margaret Ann Smith arrived last Tuesday noon? Mrs. Porter gave a tea for her that afternoon and we all had our formal introduction. She is very nice, quiet, sincere, interested in things etc. She is athletic so will help to keep alive the tennis spirit. Already she is out with us for Volley Ball and the children are quite in awe over her quickness in learning to play. She is going to stay with Mrs. Frame until January the third when she goes to Peking to enter Language school. The Language school is independent of the Y.M.C.A. this year and they do not want student's to start the study of the language until they enter because they get into bad habits. Their next new class starts just after the first of January.

Last night Mr. and Mrs. Malone of Tsung Hua came to spend Sunday with the Galts and we were invited in to meet them last evening. We played charades and had a most enjoyable evening.

The Biggins, English, are moving to Peking. We will miss Madam Biggins from our social life for she was and is such a social lady. Mr. and Mrs. Biggins will be missed from the work. Neither had entered any foreign enterprise, but each has given every bit of strength to work with the Chinese. I have not even seen Mr. Biggins this fall.

Little Isabel Hemingway has been down here since Wednesday evening and has had a grand good time. I shall take both her and Adelaide into Shansi when I go for the holidays. A letter from Mrs. Hemingway received today gives directions for the journey. I am quite anticipating the trip. We will be there nearly two weeks. Flora has an invitation to Tsi Nan which I hope she can accept.

Our latest development is a suspected case of Scarlet fever. Robert McCann either has an exceptional, very severe case of chicken pox or else Scarlet fever. We are still hoping for the former but are taking every precaution lest it be the later. I wish now that I had scarlet fever instead of Pediculosis [*lice*] when Ruth had it. Fortunately Robert's grandmother came last night to visit the Galts! She has gone into quarantine with him so he is getting proper care without danger of exposure to the other children.

We were glad of a home letter to help make us thankful on Thursday. Please write more about Geraldine and her condition.

You had a busy fall, I do think and did well to get some cleaning done so soon with it all. I wish we could ship some of the Chinese servants to you. They are horribly inefficient but much better than nothing. Ours are doing fairly well this year.

This will be a little late for a Merry Christmas greeting but not for a Happy New Year message. Please accept both and my earnest prayer that God keep you all safe and well during the New Year.

With much love

Mary Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 3, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister Phebe. They had 13 in their home for Thanksgiving dinner and played their Grafynola. Geraldine was sicker than Willard realized. Fires have been destructive in Foochow and about 2000 families lost their homes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

Dec. 3rd 1916

Dear Phebe (sister):-

You must not ask me to tell which one of your good letters this is a reply to. It is just a letter to you my sister to be shared with all the dear home folks. You may be sure I and we thought of you last Thursday. We were talking of the gathering at Century Farm a year ago. It was different this year.

We had our Thanksgiving in this compound in three companies. At our home we had thirteen at the table- all the children and their parents came to us. I got our dining table and chairs set up just in time. The table held us nicely. Turkeys were 45 cents per lb. live weight= about 25 cents gold and geese were 20 cents per lb. live weight. We had two geese. And we had the cranberry sauce, mince pie, pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes, olives, apple sauce etc. etc. Then after the dinner the others came in and listened to the children in the play "The Landing of the Pilgrims" and to our new Grafinoia the gift of the Putnam church.

It is bed time, so good night. I have begun the letter and it is now pretty sure to get finished.

Monday 3:45 p.m.

I have a little suit of Chinese clothes which I want to send to Edith. I plan to send it to some of you and ask you to give it to Abbie for her. And I plan to send it in two mails- the trousers in one mail and the coat in the next. So, when you get it do not be surprised or think it for some of you grown ups. We just happened to run across it and it came reasonably cheap so I got it with Edith in mind. I am sorry it will be too late for her Christmas present. She will have to play that her Christmas has been extended.

I wonder how that benevolent old gentleman on the school board decided about you. I could not help having a sort of fellow feeling for him because I am continually up against such propositions, = which one shall I take? Only last week I had to give the contract for the building of a house to one contractor and I shall have to tell the other one he cannot have it. In this case both are equally good, my leanings are toward the one who will not get it and he was the cheaper of the two.

The last letter about Elizabeth gave us very good news. I look to see figures about her weight that mount up into the 140's or 150's.

A good letter or rather good letters came from Oberlin in yesterday's mail. Geraldine must have been more seriously ill than the first letters indicated. She will lose this term's work at least and perhaps a year. I am writing that her very first business now is to get well. The other three seem all right. Dorothy is having a good time I judge. Gould is sailing along finely with A's in Science and Bible but his language bothers him. It was just the reverse with me in College. I got along in language but Science- chemistry and physics were difficult- largely because I did not care for them.

I shall be interested to learn who the Mayor of Shelton is. The paper yesterday- Sentinel- told who the candidates were.

Politically all is quiet in China so far as we can see. Here in Foochow everything as far as I know is running smoothly. Fires have been very destructive but that we expect. They have run into our work more this fall. Three weeks ago a church and parsonage burned up in a fire that destroyed 1400 numbers on houses, that meant over 2000 families burned out. A week before that a fire destroyed a part of Y.M.C.A. property near us- not the new buildings. Both were insured to cover loss.

Mr. Goddard- with Sumner, Davis and Brewer start from San Francisco next Saturday if their plans are carried out. They plan to reach here about the middle of January and stay only two weeks.

We are all very well and all getting fat- Marjorie is growing very fast- so is Kathleen, only she says "I can't get fat. My old stomach won't let me." Meaning that she eats a lot but it does not go into fat.

Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all from us four.

Yours lovingly

Will

[This letter dated Dec. 10, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells about seeing a piano from Shanghai at Mrs. Whitmarsh's. There is hope to unite the three congregational missions in China. A thief stole items from a house in the compound and Kathleen was upset about it.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 10th 1916

Dear Geraldine:-

It is hard to realize that I have written all the others since I wrote you but so the record reads. And still each week I write to one about as much as to another only the name at the head of the letter is different. It was just a week ago that we received letters from all of you and those have been answered.

We are having a very dry Nov. and it has been cold some of the time, but always sunshiny, and you may remember that Foochow weather is very cold only a few days at a time. We have burned only five or six bundles of wood this year, and have not yet bought any coal. A year ago I did not put up a stove in my study at all- I just put

on clothes instead of using a fire. As I was writing the last line Mama was brushing my coat and the result is apparent.

Yesterday we all got over South Side to see people for the first time since our arrival last September. There was a piano at a Mrs. Whitmarsh's. She lives where Mrs. Geo. Greigg used to live. We wanted to see it. I had a committee meeting in the new Y.M.C.A. from 9-11:30 a.m. Mama and the girlies came over to Mrs. Macs. The girlies stayed there with Margaret and Helen and Mama and I went to Mr. and Mrs. McConnell's to lunch then we went to see the piano. It is a fine one from Shanghai. This lady rents it for \$13.00 a month. I want to buy it. Mama is afraid it is too high priced for us. But we'll see. Exchange is way up in the sky. Mr. Christian sent me \$100.00 gold this last week. I sold the check \$169. Last year at this time it would have brought me about \$250.00.

There is a movement on foot to unite the three congregational missions in China. We here in Foochow are taking the initiative. The Y.M.C.A. is doing good work still in the line of union as well as in other lines. Yesterday I spoke at a social for students from the government schools who have attended Bible Study Classes during the past term. 83 boys between the ages of 14 and 20 were there. They were there for business and when asked if they were ready to think of confessing Jesus and uniting with the church nearly every one put his name and address on a card.

Mr. Goddard and his party were to start from San Francisco yesterday. I am writing him that he plans to get here just after all the schools have closed for the year and I should be pleased if he could get here for the closing.

We are planning to go to Diong Loh next Saturday to spend Sunday. Mama has stuck pretty close to Foochow and to this city compound since we arrived. If we have this beautiful weather continued until then it will be very pleasant. We take the launch Saturday at noon or before or after or when it goes- if we are not too late for it and it is a ride of a little more than two hours. After leaving the launch we walk about 15 minutes to the Am. Board Compound. We should come back Monday.

A thief got into Mr. Billings house here in our compound last Wed. night and took away over \$80.00 worth of things. Of course Kathleen got pretty well worked up over it but she also got over it in a day or two.

We shall anticipate every mail now to see what you are doing and to hear that you are entirely recovered, and also to hear what you plan to do next term.

May you have that greatest of all satisfaction- the sure knowledge that you are in line with God. I can wish no greater happiness for any of you than this. We are all well and getting fat. Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Dec. 13, 1916 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. Wilson was re-elected as President and Flora hopes he can keep the U.S. out of war. The children with illnesses are improving. The students are leaving for their homes for the holidays. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Dec. 13, 1916]

Dear folks at home:-

Yesterday brought another good letter from Ruth, telling all about her visit in South Orange. It was good to hear about some of the people again for I have not heard directly from Mrs. Powell or Miss Crisman in a long time. I get about one letter a year from Miss Palen, but that one is such a good long newsy one that I do not feel like complaining. Mr. Foster writes in answer to my letters, but as I am owing him one now I cannot expect one from that source. Miss Clarkson writes to me once in a while but she is homesick for South Orange, though she is being quite philosophical.

We are waiting for newspapers telling about the particulars of the election. It was nearly a week of see-sawing news here before we finally heard that Wilson was elected. I am glad he is in again for I feel that U.S. may be able to keep out of the war.

Someway news seems to be rather scarce here. Our days have been pretty full for we are still observing quarantine for two boys. Robert McCann is peeling so I think there is very little doubt but that he has had scarlet-fever as well as chicken-pox. He has been moved to an empty house here in the compound. The other little boy is Leander Lovell (a relative to the Plainfield Gilberts), and he is nearly well of the chicken pox. I am hoping this vacation may break this "spell" of illness and give us a chance for a new and clean start. To-morrow sees nearly every one off home. Mary starts for her trip into Shansi with Dr. Hemingway's two little daughters to keep her company and to be her interpreters, where she needs one. She has prepared warm clothing for the trip and I am glad she is getting away from everything for two weeks. She needs the rest very much. This has been a more than strenuous term and I think it would be the wisest decision to refuse to undertake another without proper help. Mrs. Porter received a cable two days ago that her sister sailed from San Francisco on Dec. 8th, so we shall have help

after she arrives. I am enclosing a draft for \$50 gold which I wish you to put to my credit some where. I know it is more than I am owing- or perhaps more than I may be owing in the future but exchange is so very favorable that I thought I would send some money home for future emergencies. Exchange is disastrous to our salary here for it makes a difference of \$60 silver each month in what Mary and I get. We are not buying many curios these days.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Dec. 13, 1916.

*[This card dated **December 1916** is Willard and Ellen's Christmas message. The front is printed or engraved and on the back they typed a personal message to the folks at home. They are thanking the folks at home for the parcel of gifts. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[December 1916]

Because we believe that you believe with us that the joy of Christmas-time and the happiness of each New Year depend not on our environment or the conditions in the world, but on the mercy and livingness of God, we wish you all the joy that the Christmas and the New Year can bring.

Willard L. and Ellen L.K. Beard.

December, Nineteen hundred and sixteen

Foochow, China

Dear Folks at Home All:-

Just in the midst of the Commencement there came a parcel from the U.S. that made us all very happy. The girlies opened it and such shouts of joy as they found the work bags all perfect in their equipment. Why Ellen can't keep them from going to them on Sunday. And the pumpkin, I do not need to use adjectives here. Honestly it's the best thing of its kind that I get during the year. THANK YOU.

I am writing this on the card that we sent out here for Christmas time.

Lovingly

All of Us.

*[This letter dated **before Dec. 25, 1916** was written from Tai Ku, China by Mary to Flora. Mary is enjoying Tai Ku. She is visiting with people and touring the area. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tai Ku

Friday morning

[Before Dec. 25, 1916]

Dear Flora- Your letter enclosing Phebe's and Mary Helen's has just arrived. You must have gotten my letter soon after sending yours. I am so glad you are going to the wedding and to hear Miss Ackerman and the Messiah. This is a grand place for a vacation and the people are just grand. I have a cold sleeping room and a warm bathroom at Mrs. Fairfield's and have breakfast here. Then I have lunch in and supper with Mrs. Hemmingway.

On Monday I went over and saw Winifred have her bath then came back and saw Margaret Fairfield have hers. On Sunday a telegram had come for Dr. H. to go to see Mrs. Vannion[?] who was quite ill. He left here at 3.00 AM Monday to catch an early train from Yu Tze. He was gone until nine o'clock Tuesday evening. On Monday afternoon Mr. H., Mrs. F. and I walked into the city to see the chapel and the big temple around the big white pagoda. I climbed up one story of the pagoda and got a fine view of the city and mountains. The temple and grounds were exceptionally clean. We came back and climbed the tower of the girl's school for another fine view. Then I helped Miss Hebner stir some nougat candy she was making and had the fun of helping the children lick the dish.

On Wednesday Mrs. Fairfield and I walked over to the Flower Garden and Mr. Fairfield and Mr. Kung took us around. It is a beautiful spot and must be quite wonderful when the shrubs and grass and flowers are all

green. The Wolfe's moved to Foochow about a month ago. It is 50 miles over there so I fear I shall not see them. In the afternoon Mrs. Munger and I went for a horseback ride out toward the mountains. I rode Mac and she the red horse which Mr. Kung has let us have for the week. It was great fun.

Yesterday I went to Mrs. Munger's English class. She is using the natural method and the girls were intensely interested and eager. After dinner we dressed as quickly as we could for another ride. We two went around three sides of the city and in the West Gate while the Hemingway family walked the one quarter way round. Stephen rode the donkey. We all went to the city pond in the north west corner of the city and had a fine skate. The ice was very smooth and the pond is a good big one.

We left soon after three because Mrs. Corbin, whom I had not met, had sent word that she would be in between three and four. She is a very pleasant lady and was much interested hearing about our school. The girls are very fine looking girls. Both are larger and better developed physically than most girls of their age and pictures of health.

We have noon prayers here every day and last night regular Prayer meeting. I dined here last evening as did both the "single ladies". From five to six I went over and held Winifred. She is a darling baby. I got her first smile on Tuesday by ducking as we do at home to make the crone[?] go. She has smiled several times since for her mother or Adelaide.

This morning Mrs. Fairfield and I each had a shampoo. Travelling in Shansi evidently is dirty work for my head was awfully in need of the washing.

I hope this reaches you on Christmas day. Please write all of the people a Merry Christmas for me.

I brought along some little trinkets for the children here and am putting both our names on the cards. We used only two napkins so I am wrapping the children's gifts in those. It makes them very attractive and I think the children will like the wrapper as well as the gift.

I must close and write to Willard so as to send on Phebe's letter.

With love and Christmas greetings.

Mary-

[This letter dated Dec. 28, 1916 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his brother and wife, Stanley and Myra. Willard writes his letter on a green document envelope with 3 red wax seals. He is administering a geography test. They spend Christmas afternoon holding a field day and some of the city officials attended. Willard discusses briefly some changes in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

L.P. Geography.

36 copies.

Trinity College Center.

Foochow China

Dec. 28th 1916

Dear Stanley and Myra:-

This afternoon I am "vigilating"- get the Dictionary and see what that means. The missions in this province have a Union Educational Association, and each year at this time this association gives uniform examinations. The questions are prepared and printed beforehand, dates and places decided and two persons appointed to be present at each examination to see that the students are tested fairly and do not cheat. So here I am watching 48 youngsters. The questions in Geography for the Lower Primary students were sealed in this envelope. There are 35 taking this exam, and 13 taking an exam in Physiology. There are examinations in other places here in Foochow at the same time and in other cities of the province also. The Lower Primary corresponds to our Grades 1, 2, 3, 4, and Higher Primary to our grades 5, 6, 7, 8. Then comes Middle school and then College. Foochow College now means 4 years Higher Primary and 4 years Middle School. Then the students go into the Fukien Union College and the Union Theological School or the Union Medical College, each of which is of College grade. In all these mission schools in Fukien province there are 25,000 pupils. Yesterday I saw a chart with the map of Fukien province drawn on it and marked off into squares. There were 130 squares each representing 100,000 people. One square was of a different color- indicating that one out of 130 persons in the province were Christians. The estimated population of the province is all the way between 13 and 23 million. This map took the lowest estimated pop'n.

The other day- last Saturday evening the College boys gave a play. An audience of 3000 sat quietly from 7 to 10 p.m. Then some of the women and children quietly withdrew and about 2000 sat for another hour. It is very interesting to see the progress made in the orderliness of crowds in Foochow during the past five years. Only last

year the boys gave a play attended by about 2000. It was very difficult to handle the crowd, both at the gate and during the performance. But there was no trouble this year. The boys too are learning self control.

On Christmas Day in the afternoon we had our Field Day. Pulled off 21 events in about two hours- not a kick from a student except in one event where the judges got two names mixed. 3500 people watched the events- we had a perfect day. The Governor General, the Mayor, Salt Commissioner, Police Commission and Tau Tai were present and promised \$150 to the students in prizes. This crowd of nearly 3500 was perfectly orderly from the beginning of the events until all was finished. Eight years ago when I was in the Y.M.C.A. we tried to have a Field Day. - The first trial of the sort in Foochow. The crowd did not know what the thing meant, and after one or two events they broke over the lines and practically broke up the meet. In the "Sport Spirit" of the boys too there is great progress. They are learning to "play the game" even if they are beaten, and not worry over the loss of "face."

We had a very quiet Christmas- I mean we did. The only celebration in which we missionaries indulged was a tree for the children at 5:00 in the afternoon. But we had enough of the Christmas with the Chinese, - exercises daily for about a week.

It is awful good to have ones own home. The girlies are a joy forever, and they are very little trouble. They play like two kittens and fight just enough to prove they are human, from 8-12 and from 2-4 they are in school five days in the week. They have as teachers, Mrs. Hodous, Mrs. Billing, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Beard. These teachers are not held to as close accountability as teachers in the public schools at home.

We are only partly settled yet. It takes time to get things= furniture made here. We should have about all our heavy furniture by Feb. 15th. Most of this is being made of oak boards we had in boxes in which our furniture came. We brought our own dining table and chairs and beds. It is nice to have some things that are homey, - if they are old.

Mr. Goddard and party are expected in Feb. They were coming the middle of Jan. - but a telegram came to say that they were going by way of Manila.

Examinations began yesterday. They end Jan. 8 and commencement comes Jan. 10. Six men graduate. This year we unite with the Union Normal School and the Ponasang Girls College.

The political situation here is very quiet, as it is all over China, for any thing I know or hear. I doubt if the country is better governed now then it was twenty years ago. There is probably as much political corruption now as ever. With the coming of the Republic there has come a certain license that is deplorable. Purely Chinese schools are very difficult to manage. The students rule. The "Red Light" districts in large cities used to be relegated to an out of the way suburb. In Foochow now it is in the midst of the busiest part of the city and on the new road- easily accessible from all parts of the city.

Improvements continue to go on. Each week sees a mile or so of macadamized road opened and new buildings of three and four stories are all the time going up. We can now go to most of the important places in Foochow by ricksha.

The girls in Tungchou have had a very hard term, due to illness among the pupils, but they are now resting in vacation.

My visit to your home is as fresh in memory as it was the next day. I am very glad I was there and can now see you in my minds eye as you are now- getting dinner- and eating it- and washing up the dished- and wiping them. May God's richest blessing rest on your home.

All of us join in sending love.

Will.

I hope you'll consider this a very special letter. I never use this kind of paper of any one else.

Will.

*[This letter dated **Dec. 31, 1916** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have had cold weather and even had some snow. Mary left to spend Christmas in Shansi but Flora went Mrs. Ingram's and attended many events and saw some people she knew from the states. The Frame family lost their second child within one year. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Dec. 31, 1916.

Dear folks at home:-

This is the last day of the old year and we have had a real New England Christmas weather. For three days it snowed incessantly and the result was about five inches of lovely fluffy snow. It lay so lightly on the leaves and branches that it was a beautiful sight. It is the only real "western" snowstorm that we have seen here. Then the night before Christmas the thermometer went down to zero and a high wind came up thus spoiling our beautiful world of

pure white snow. It blew the fields bare and covered the drifts with dirt so now we have the usual mud colored snow known too well to us in North China. The Chinese are very happy to have the snow for they say it is worth gold to them in furnishing moisture for the spring and it also helps to prevent disease and to save their trees. The Chinese do very little protecting of their own plants. Here in our Compound they bury the grape vines 'in toto', and most small plants are covered with dirt.

To tell you about my vacation,- Mary got off for Shansi the very night that school closed and the next day saw all the rest of the children depart excepting the two in quarantine- one for chicken-pox and the other for both chicken-pox and scarlet fever. The latter was in another building. I spent a few days cleaning house and then on Thursday went up to Mrs. Ingram's to attend the wedding of the couple who made their announcement last spring on the trip we took down in Shantung. You can imagine the surprise it was, to have the mother of the groom attempt to introduce me to the best man who was Carl Rehberg. He said he had been out here for a year under the employ of the Standard Oil. He has just lately changed for the China-American Trading Co., which he thinks has much more promise for his future advancement. The next day he came and had lunch with me at Mrs. Ingram's and he says he hopes to be married within the next two months. I did not have time enough to enquire about "her", but imagine she is some one here. - In the evening of the day of the wedding I attended a meeting of the Friday Club held at Dr. and Mrs. Reinsch's at the Legation. There was a musical program and a lecture by Miss Jessie Ackerman of long lecturing reputation. She was quite witty and told us of a few things that women had done in the past decade for furthering the causes of better living. Afterwards there was a social time and re-freshments which kept me busy for there were so many people present whom I had not seen for a long time. Among them was Lawrence Seymour, one of our South Orange boys and a nephew of the Damrosch's of New York musical fame.-Our Christmas there was a successing of good things. I was at Mrs. Ingram's and she had guests for breakfast among whom were Dr. Katherine Porter and Mr. Green, who is the 'head' of the Rockefeller Foundation for China. I had lunch with the Fenns of the Presbyterian Board and we had antelope for our 'goose.' It was my first taste of venison and it was good. In the evening I was back at Mrs. Ingram's where we had turkey. None of us was hungry enough to really 'hanker' after the meal but it certainly was homelike and Christmasy. In the evening all the American Boarders came in for games and we certainly had a good time. It was eleven o'clock when we went upstairs to go to bed. - On Thursday Mrs. Ingram invited Lawrence Seymour and two other young men as well as two young ladies in for dinner and then we all went to hear the Messiah given by a chorus of about sixty people. It was done well- much more smoothly in the choruses than last Easter time. This was quite a dressy occasion and I wore my old black Japanese silk gauze. I think I will have to have it made over for it is getting too ancient. I think mine was the only 'train' out. I am trying to get some silk to have my white lace waist usable again, but have not succeeded in finding what I want.

Now I am home again to stay. The first thing that I did on arriving was to attend the funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Frame's little two year old girl. This is the second child they have lost within this year and now they are childless. Mrs. Frame is so sad and they are worried about her especially as there is another little one on the way. We all feel that she is indeed going through deep waters. Her husband was ill for two months this fall with dysentery and that was the cause of her baby's death, though the disease had been conquered so that her death was rather from heart failure than the dysentery.

Some two or three weeks ago I sent a letter to you with a \$50 gold draft made out to father. Through the bungling of my servant it did not get registered though that word is written on the envelope just below the stamp. Will you please let me know if it reached you so that I can have the duplicate made out for you if it should be lost? A few days ago I mailed a draft of Mary's to you but the letter was registered so it should reach you safely. The corsets and corset covers came safely some time ago. I must have made a mistake in giving you the size for the c. covers for they are one size too small for me. I am re-mailing them to you and wish you would send the next size larger- size.

I am expecting Mary to-morrow though word has come through a friend that her plans have changed. She has not written me so I am still expecting her.

With love to all- Flora Beard.



Written in album: "Chapel 1915-1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Dining-room"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Domestic Science Room"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "High school room from my desk"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "My corner of H.S. Room"
[*Mary's corner. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

