Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dates: 1913 Sep-Nov 13

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Dear Ones,

That is as much as I wrote, for I decided to rest in the P.M.

Drexel Arms Hotel
Chicago Ill.
Sept. 21, 1913

And so I'll begin over again. I am sitting at our nice mahogany table in our lovely room at this hotel. A telephone is beside me; we have a private bath, a chiffonier, and bureau, and lovely brass bed. I tell you it is mighty comfortable. We are about to start down town to meet David at Marshall Field's. Will meet step now.
Michigan Central Station

5:00 PM

I have run away for a minute to say that there has been no time to finish this and I shall not have time to write until I am on train to-night and then not much.

I will try to write fully soon.

I have had lovely time and have been to David’s home for dinner.

Letters from George, Beth, Little and Bartholomew.

Bob reached me here.

So glad Beth went home with you. I was great!
Could you do for her?

Hugs & Love

Letter

In the magnificent
Michigan Central Station
waiting to see Hazel
Kuntley (classmate)

The crowd is gathering.

So let us go on the bio.

One other men - Dr. Newman

Send to Aunt Cola, Walcott
Ruth - Jan. -- etc. John

Sept 22 1913.
Boots are finished.

I'm all impatient to see the picture please hurry it along.

Fingers crossed,

[Signature]

Sept 21, 1913
Dear Clara,

It is rather unsatisfactory to try to write on the train but I am going to-

Hotel Royal
Omaha, Nebraska
Sept. 23, 1913

I changed my mind as you see. Tell you I begin to appreciate N.E. scenery as I travel farther west. I have seen nothing at all to compare with it. Now New York through Iowa the country seems very flat and uninteresting and it wasn't until we approached Omaha this morning.
that little hills began to appear, and trees showed themselves, and I saw a few muddy streams. I told you, didn't I, that Katherine and her mixed connections with Denver. The scenery all along there is beautiful but hard until it gets dark. It was great to see Jennie and Dena at Utica. She was so jolly and laughing and Dena too. I told you it meant a lot to us. Then slept beautifully in the train both nights - although the Wild West, by which in approached Chicago. It is a very pretty old road. At Detroit the next morning I saw Ben at the station. He had about ten minutes to talk in. Because our train was late. It seemed only a short journey to Chicago in the P.M., because it takes...
so long for meals and because one can be as comfortable and walk around quite a lot too.

David met us at Chicago and wanted to take us right home with him. Another of E's friends - Gilmore - we found later - met the train and telephoned all over the city trying to get connection with us, but didn't succeed. But we were glad to get into a permanent abiding place and unpack. Rent in a taxi about five or six miles out of the city (My, it is huge!) - to the Drexel Arm Hotel, where we had very nice rooms with private bath attached and very comfort. Miss Adkins (whose brother is sent to China by Mr. Frederick's Church in Montclair) met us and took dinner with us. Then went straight to bed - and fell asleep.
while Ellion went out to mail some letters and didn't know when he came back and went to bed.

He left at 9:00 on Sunday A.M. for Oak Park — a rather aristocratic suburb. There Dr. Scott (married — about 24) Miss Thomas. How you met — Ellion and myself had the great pleasure (i) filling up the sermon time by telling our personal history — I. It isn't much fun to stand up and talk about yourself. I can assure you — particularly if you bring in your husband's name indirectly and try to get it back on you by several personal references — ! $ I began by quoting Mrs. Lavender's remarks at Putland.
"Look upon you two as curiosities and I assured them that my early life at least had been perfectly normal, etc.

Aunt Alice, greedy for all compliments he must be satisfied to know that I had only one. Someone said something about it was worth waiting seven years for or some such mild remark.

After service hosts of people came to shake hands with us. Among them a dandy Chinese fellow—big strapping breast shouldered chap—Mr. Ho—who was in the Y.M.C.A. He talked very well—and had such a lovely face—a winning smile—etc. that..."
I quite lost my heart to him. He came from Central China and is very athletic they say.

He had to speak at J. F. too, and then Dr. Denman took us home with him for dinner - roast lamb, tomato salad, potatoes, jam, sliced peaches, cream, and coffee. He said three lovely children - a girl about 20 and two boys younger. He went upstairs almost immediately and rested all the afternoon until 5:00 - when I met him at a little church at Austin in another suburb - where the deacons served us with a dainty supper.
of sandwiches, olives, coffee, cake, and grapes. Then we went up to the end of the C. E. Service and later to the evening service. This church was not so aristocratic as the morning church, but the spirit was something wonderful. You could just feel a friendly, reverential spirit inside. Largely due to the pastor, I think, who looked like an ordinary business man.

Monday AM slept fairly late and then went down to Marshall Fields, the biggest department store in the world. I think and met David. He lives six
or seven miles out of the city, in a very pretty place near Lake Michigan. Fellini was seeing about baggage. He certainly is a good manager and does everything possible to make us all comfortable.

On the first floor, David lives in a flat in a large apartment house.

---

Diningroom

Bath

Bedroom

Hall

Diner

Porch

Hall

Etc.

There was another room which \textit{someone} omitted.
Mayme's three children are very lovely. Horace was a little larger than Dick I think and seemed a very many little fellows, although I did not see him but a few minutes.

Russell is a beautiful, bashful boy of about three, and the baby boy of ten months is beautiful too, but he had not been very well for a week. They all have big round faces, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. Mayme baked an ice cream dinner - some kind of roast and mashed potatoes and string beans, tomatoes and salad, pickles, tea, apple pie with very flaky crust. I saw the pictures of her family. They are evidently very nice. The parlor was furnished in mission style.
All over the house one could see evidence of David's travel - Indian blankets, woven baskets, souvenir spoons, etc.

Well, time is approaching for us to leave Omaha and I must not string along so. David took me over to Ellinor's house when Ellinor had gone for dinner. It was a roundabout way and the car was almost run into by an auto. I didn't realize how near it was, but David turned as pale as a ghost. Ellinor is pastor in a little church. This house is very dingy on the outside, but lovely inside with a Steinway grand and beautiful oriental rugs, etc.

Well, we arrived at Michigan State.
station at 5:10 after a 45 minute trolley ride. Distances are very great in Chicago except.

All the people arrived - Selma Lagergren - the daughter of the president of a Swedish Theological Seminary - a splendid girl.

Miss Northcott a nurse going to South China - fine - strong.

Dr. Mildred Rost - young and merry, going to help her grandmother at Swallow. Dr. Newman likes her very much. A romance? (P.S. They were later married.)

Miss Gertrude Ryder returning to Japan. She says missionaries are not queer. Ellison has the whole idea to
take care of six women - Think of that! I look on in admiration - He is perfectly great to them all. 

Haytley -

Expected to see Hazel in Chicago but she didn't make connections. 

The trip to Omaha was easy - and we had a delightful time here. I took automobile ride yesterday A.M. - They had great cyclone here this morning at the time of big floods. We rested all P.M. - and went to an 8:00 P.M. service at the Baptist church. There I repeated our little story. 

It is raining this A.M. and we shall start for the station in a bus. This hotel is not as luxurious as the Drexel Arms - but the food has been really all the better about us - saw thinking of you all each day the. Keep Grace there.
Dear Mother,

We are all on board and I am sitting in the writing room which is beautifully finished in bird's eye maple and chairs upholstered with a bright flannel satin — of a deep orange shade — beautiful design.

Everything upon the boat is lovely, and you would indeed be pleased to look into our nice little state room with its two berths, its couch, writing table, chairs, drawers, closet etc. — every convenience.

There are seven children in the party.
Please notice the R.R. scheme which I have put in Aunt Abe's letter this A.M.

Oct. 12-19.- (12-19-) all write to Ruth. She will make a summary on their paper and send to me.
Take down the list carefully, please, and see if the scheme can be worked out, for I think it is the only way by which I shall hear all the news.

I have been very glad to get your postal and letters and to hear how things are going at home.

Address letters now to Swatow, China, Baptist Mission.

I haven't your letters here, and so I cannot comment. Do not work too hard. Try to see
that Carol gets home early from school and gets to bed early at night.

Don’t let the big family wear on you if you can help it.

Love to Stella and Maidie and Uncle Charlie and Uncle George.

Then just received a bunch of twenty letters and three packages. I am so happy that I cannot write straight.

It is going to be awfully nice. People have been so good to us.

I send heaps of love to you and to each one of the family.

Please be good to yourselves.
Write me your plans as early as possible.

Do not try to send anything for now, but try to see that the rugs are sent out by the middle of December and let me know if there is not enough money.

Always let me know when either Lyn is not well, or when there are any business troubles. Tell Papa to let me know when he settles the Hooper bills or sells any property. Hope he will find some place for his jewelry etc. without filling up either the bungalow or the house. Keep things clean so that Ruth will not have too hard a summer next year.

Hugs and Kisses

Sottie
It has been hard for me to realize that all southern California is desert land except where it has been irrigated! Had no such idea, but it is certainly true. Way up as far as San Francisco even. All the mountains are as brown as can be except where the line oak has grown near San Fran - and in quite a distance south. Some of the land in the distance looks like our lawn in March - but most of it has never had any grass - Think of that in Sunny California.

Did I tell you that the church spirit is very alive awake? Many of the churches all the they have been in existence only a few years are very flourishing, have a large membership, a large congregation, and a great deal of money - all the congregations are not altogether healthy. There are a great many children and babies in the congregation - They cry sometimes a little bit smaller than Polly (Shore)

Papa would have enjoyed going to Pasadena with us on Tuesday 10th 30. Many wide and shady streets are lined with beautiful residences, many of them the homes of millionaires! Mrs. James Cornelius was my hostess in that city. She was a dear fat old lady with a husband and one married daughter. She was quite talkative and had a good deal to say as she had travelled abroad three times. She was of a practical turn of mind and wrote a poem about the missionaries, the original of which she was kind enough to give me as it happened to be her guest.

On the Southern California trip we were largely entertained and had a family asked us to write. #10. Ob - now they must have been instructed beforehand.

I forgot to say that on the morning of Tuesday July 24th/Pindle/Julie (1882) her husband took us in their automobile on an 15 mile ride to Santa Monica - where we looked up Mr. Alice Bennet...
Aunt Alice — Mr. Bartholomew's aunts. We found her ina pretty bungalow, but she had failed a good deal since I saw her in the East. Her hair was grayer, her eyes looked sick, and she trembled all over.

We saw at Santa Monica, the Pacific Ocean for the first time, it looked very much like the Atlantic along the Jersey coast. The waves were rolling up in good style and with so pretty surf upon a long yellowish sandy beach — something like Long Beach at home. Of course we spoke at Pasadena. We have spoken, known, at so many places; I can't remember what I said on what happened in the different places. Our party was increased at Los Angeles by several members, perhaps 7 or 8.

On Wednesday — Miss Page, a missionary to Switzerland, China — came to us, gave us last instructions and a few packages. She took lunch with us but left early as we all had to leave the city for good by 2:30.

We went directly to Pomona and were driven in an auto directly to the home of Mrs. Hanes. I wish you all could have gone with us along the long straight stretch and beautifully lighted with soft lights, and then up a hill until we were in the edge of a high cliff overlooking a valley, looking into the sunset light as it was dying and tinged the mountains — oh, it was wonderful! We had a nice supper. I notice that some of the private homes are so particular about the service of the maids as we are in the East. Many of the mullay women do a large part of their own work.

At Pomona, Mrs. Hanes had 3 children — girls, and she said he was educating them with the idea that they should be missionaries!!

He was a man of about 30, I should judge — he was very athletic — gray hair — and his wife quite a beauty. Mrs. Hanes gave up active business yrs. ago to devote herself to religious work.
I found that his business was a piano store, and his father was still in it. He offered to let us an old $300 piano at wholesale – a $500 piano for $300. We are to write him about it later. Don't that nice? He gave us sledges ofBreak up and papers. Mrs. Haines invited us to dinner. She has a beautiful home. She had a room with private bath. Her mother lives with her – also a very pretty, cultivated woman. She had made the collage at the informal reception given at the church the night before, and they had both helped make the dishes afterward.

On Thurs. A.M. Mr. Haines again took us out in the auto – this beautiful orange grove and lovely estate and half way up a barren mountain with a cross on its top. bubble dance, where on Easter Mornings they have an open air service. Last year 3000 attended. Van Dyke led the service. The road up the mountain very steep and narrow. (Glenwood Hotel)

In the afternoon Thurs. we left for Edendale, the most beautiful spot on earth in Southern California. Some kind gentleman took us out riding in his autiste – around the edge of the town — through the little mountains and hills – and finally to the big Smiley estate of 400 acres – high up in the hills and looking right down into a deep gorge. Very kind of tree, shrub, and flower that grew in Southern California was growing there, and of in the Altitude near Beautiful mountains – from 1000 to 1500 feet high.

Glenwood Hotel.

I wish you could have seen this marvelous hotel – one of the most wonderful in the world – built in mission style – covering acres of ground with inside courts – fountains and gardens corridors and chutes, etc. every artistic that money can buy seems to be there, exquisite stones, beautiful pantries, etc.

In one roof garden is a collection of bells from all over the world, some with very sweet tone and others rude and coarse.
In another place is a collection of tapestries.

The music room is in imitation of an English cathedral - high and dark and softly lighted - a wonderful organ - paintings of missions along the sides of the little room that line the side way.

Way down in the basement one finds a wonderful collection of old chests - and in another place - crosiers and ecclesiaries from all over Europe. Some beautifully travelled.

Well - do try to see the Glendale Mission if you come to California.

We go back. We had service at Redlands that evening and then took the sleeper for Reno.

You must have laughed to see us in the sleeper. The beds were all made up when M and our baggage appeared. Just imagine.

Tate Mills Thomas and Miss Fremont from Cumburn, India, persisted in getting in the side, and the thin little people got in to their berths, curled up, and pushed out to laugh at the way the fat people got in the way of the men who were trying to distribute the baggage. Oh! I nearly cried laughing and Miss Thomas could unpack her suitcase as soon as she got it and that meant that she had to fill up the side! Oh! it was rich!!! Miss Thomas has been a circus all the way. If she comes to visit you, she accidentally falls on top of you. Etc. Etc.

We arrived arrived at Reno on the 12th. About 11:15, Mr. Brulé took us out in his auto to inspect the industries. If the raisins in the world are produced in the oeno-

rally.

The first took us to a Fig Factory. This and foreign figs and raisineries!!!

"Meat your figs before you eat them."

The figs are processed into a paste and are washed in boiling soda water in rather dirty vats. Then they go through some corrupting process and then are cut and pressed down by the
foreigners. This is where the blue gage hand where the hands get dirty. The rest of the factory gave us a 10 lb box which he casually left on the gage.

Mr. Ellis got quite a cut on the lip and a proper groat feed when the machine that he was cramping feed. He said that it didn’t hurt but it certainly looked as if it did. Mr. Eddell showed us the fabrics when they dried peaches, prunes, and raisins. They are the finest dried by burning a glimmer below them! Pleasant smell! They also weighed the peaches. I don’t know exactly what that means. He wanted to take us out again in P.M. but we decided to rest in the hotel, where we again had a nice room with private bath. That night after the service and supper at the church—Oh dear—there is more to say about that. We first tasted the white raisin grapes— the most delicious grape I ever tasted—sweet and tender and small.

Well, they decided to have after dinner apples! Sand! Oh my!!!

Mrs. Ryder was 1st—She told us the Chinese man said that they never listened to what the woman said because the woman had an Adam’s apple— the place where the words were arranged to make sense.

Mr. Ryder also called Mr. Ellis to speak on “How to be Happy the Married.”

Elliss told a funny story and then got up back of Mrs. Ryder and told by telling them that this particular Mr. Ryder did not have a newly arranged and it was too happy for words.

After the service we took the sleeper for San Francisco. Where we arrived Sat. and went to the Hotel Arlington. It seemed good to settle down and have room to hang up clothes, and have a daily bath, etc.

Took me out to the Cliff House, a most wonderful trip along the cliff in the trolley car.
The cliff is very high and steep and the water rushes against its rugged base and forms a beautiful surf. As we look back at the shore, we could see the golden gate, strongly fortified, and across the water the mountains came down to the water's edge. As we curved around the top of the cliff and approached the cliff house, we came to places where the jagged rocks had been worn away by the water and left standing for the rock water to dash over or against. The sun was glinting toward the horizon and a golden flag made everything in the distance soft.

In the morning I had visited E.B. Davis's office for whose home was in the hill, but I had had a service operation in San Juan Capistrano. The Sunday we left the hotel at 9:00 a.m. by ferry across to the large bay and took our seats on the S.S. of the church at Oakland which is to adopt E. F. M. as its foreign representative and pay our salaries. The S.S. was crowded as they were having graduation exercises. Then we attended the church service, Dr. Taylor preaching and E. offering prayer.

Dined with Mr. Ryder at a cafeteria. Many cafeterias all over southern California. You bite in, pick up your tray, refill a plate, check out your food, and seated, get a check, get your own water, and eat. Then rate a table. Commissary takes the tray and later removes the dishes. Good.

Then we took trolley to University of California and sat in the Greek theatre, a huge structure, in exact imitation of the ancient theatre, the open, airy, and waited for the concert given by the University Mills' Tape Band. Good.

Then we took trolley to M. H. Apinando's and called at this pretty house which commands a beautiful view of the harbor. We saw the sun set nearly over the golden gate, a thing which it does only three times in the year. Then we went to evening service at M. Apinando's Church. He had Leonard Ellison and asked for us. I preached. I said a little word. So ended Sunday.
Wed., Oct. 8, 1913. (Written Oct. 9.)

I have decided to write a little every day. Then we woke up after a good night, slept, and found the ocean a beautiful blue, just like the Atlantic. We had delicious fresh strawberries and cream for breakfast. I don't know where they got the cow. The milk certainly didn't come from there. We were a few white caps on the ocean, and a good breeze blew the spray from the waves. We sat on the boat and rested. I felt just like lifting up my arms and swimming in it. We walked the deck quite awhile. I inhaled a little boy part of the time. One little boy of 5½ years, Dr. Hunting's child, reminds me very much of little Charleton, the same broad forehead and large eyes and cheek. He is a fine boy! Dr. and Mrs. Hunting's son is from Central China, but both of them are delightfully English. The Chinese have dinner an hour before the older ones, and in fact all meals are served earlier—a good plan. About 12 Chinese children are on board and several babies. They are mild like Drs. and Mrs. Hunting. They serve with original English. I think. Dr. is Stout and Red, cheeked, a very good looking man. He will try to get their pictures. Well—he's a dear little Chinese woman who was sitting on deck, talking and I discovered went up to look at her work. She offered to teach me and as I often stay less than an hour, trying to learn—I finally did learn but am not expert yet. She is Mrs. Tiao and with her husband has been traveling in the states for about 3 months now. She had learned to tat only a little while ago but did it beautifully. I also made lovely lace. The morning had flown by that time, and the afternoon from the beginning of this letter Direct—then had afternoon tea and early at 4:00 P.M. Then all go next to the upper deck for games and badminton fun until dinner time. Shuffleboard, ping pong, croquet, ball, frisbee, etc. Times at this from playing.
Every day when we wake up we find that the time had been set back 1/2 hour. It seems very queer about breakfast time. If we did that always at home, my aunts would not be late for church and school. We shuffle board--4 little circles of wood, set in indian.

One long handled stick for each person.

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Standing line. Stand here and shoot toward B.

Standing line. Stand here and shoot toward A.

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10 - subtract 10
10 + add 10 ten.

If you can touch your opponent's man off it counts off from his score.

The bean bag game is much the same only that on inclines on to an inclined plane with the figure marked.
You should see the wonderful woman who came in to dinner yesterday. At all odds to dine at a hotel.

"Fast and forty" would hardly describe her. She is very plump. But to begin at the left—her hair is a faded auburn—wonderfully arranged. Her face and bosom preclude all animals. Her skin looks soft and pudgy—like soft dough.

Her beautiful auburn hair is adorned by a pink bow and her soft pink tinted hat back is set off by a beautiful cerise dress. Satin—oh my!

In the evening she places a dainty cap on her wonderful coiffure. How do you spell it? And throws a leopard skin on her dainty form, and lifting her dress to show the slender ankles covered with soft pink stockings, she makes the deck. Do you get the picture?

Everybody is nicely dealt with; surpised laughter—frenzied the foreign missionaries. She makes a different gown every night, but almost always Thursday—light cerise, oh, til.

Oh—how beautiful the ocean man!

Sometimes you know you areahort to much liquid into the water—Well, it was exactly like that. Then never seen the Atlantic look just the same. The white caps were Showed, and they made it seem all the more blue. But it was calm. Ellison hasn’t been sick yet. Wonder,(formatter failure)
Of course I haven't either. One or two of our party have felt much and have had their meals on deck. Ellison has quite an appetite that I am quite amazed. He has two or three orders of something he likes. But I am so thankful he has not been sick.

Across from him sits a doctor from Chicago who is traveling for 3 months. He told us that he had been of almost every religion— that he had been Jewish by birth. And that now he was nothing. Another traveling woman and her husband sit beside us— and some more travel in the wealthy society itself. I should judge from the middle seat. They can afford food of their own right on board.

There sits me at Dr. Newman, who joined our party at the boat. Beside him is Mrs. Hochman, whom he seems to enjoy much. She is going to study in Japan for awhile. Beside me are Dr. and Mrs. Huntley, whom I mentioned before.

Dr. Newman has a thoroughbred stallion abroad— for not having a wife. Also a vitellina.

My guitar is a great comfort. I came down to my room and tune it up and play very softly for awhile. I am so grateful. Dale, that you had me learn it.

Yesterday (Thursday) was a lazy day— I wrote a little, read a little in Harold Bennett's "Burying Alive," talked too long, rested a little, walked the deck, played bean bag, and watched ping pong. And the day was over.

It goes. Time still not hang heavy in my hands at all. It flies!

Friday Oct. 10—

Each morning as soon as I wake I open the letters. Ruth wrote me a set to last quite a long while. Beth sent me a huge set from Miss Temple. The Hillbilly made up a set and Kit Kendig did the most original thing. She sent me a huge set of notes and articles arranged on a string. I follow the string and get a surprise and a note. The first
day I found a stick of gum with a cute note:

"Good Morning!"

I have heard that this is fine for those peculiar feelings you are experiencing just now. I don't detain you any longer today, because you probably don't want to be disturbed. Just take this when it hardens—maybe you won't feel so angry.

The next day I found two pieces of paper to be passed under the tongue as an excellent remedy for the same melody—so yesterday's gum could not cure.

Then I found a little lamp stuck to be placed in a nice dark corner.

And today we have a puzzle to be done with matches.

It grows warmer each day. The first day I wore a sweater—and was wrapped in my rug. The second day I threw the rug partly over me as I sat in the chair. Yesterday I wore only my winter dress with neither sweater nor rug.

Today I expect I shall wear a thin dress.

Beth sent me a beautiful embroidered night gown for my birthday. Wasn't she good! She sent me a little note. My little note was too quaint. Knit wash clothes which she herself made! Everybody has been so kind!

Today is rather cloudy and gray. We sighted a steamer yesterday and have just sent me today a letter from Honolulu.

I wish you could see the letters which Mr. Kittrell, Aunt Fan and Nancy have made. They must have taken ages for they have pictures faded in in place, etc., and are as clean as can be. I will guess them tomorrow morning and guess more than I do. He wants to write the letter.
Saturday Oct. 11, 1913.

I have just played a game of shuffleboard with Miss Thomas. It is raining a little on one side of the ship, and is nice and fine on the other. I am sitting in my steamer chair with a nice table beside me. We came to the New side of steaming this AM as the sun was too hot on the other side. I am dressed in that little blue and white dress with white shoes and stockings, and I don’t feel any wish at all. Think of that! I think that we ought to reach Honolulu to-morrow night.

I played bridge for an hour yesterday—good in the evening. What do you think? We had a moving picture show on board. It was a scream! First pictures of Niagara Falls and then the affair of Shroud and the Statues. Also, a story of the Rhinestone King. Thrilling.

I am reading ‘The Rubaiy’ I finished that silly ‘Paradise Lost’ by Arnold Bennett.

I sat about 2 circles a day. Yesterday I had a good nap after dinner too.

It is 12:30. That means that the afternoon is almost over at home. Carol and Ruth have a little séance from work.

It is about time for John to get home.

How anxious I shall be to hear all the news. Please date all letters very carefully. Let me know how you like the idea of the central plant scheme in letter writing.

I will sit a little while now.

Sunday Oct. 12.

Church service over. Mr. Hill from St. Paul preached. Good.

It is a lovely day again. The white capped ocean longs that some appearance as if there were too much boiling. It is very warm. I sat here in my thin white embroidered dress with no wrap at all.

In then just passed the ‘Hong Kong Maru’ coming
From Honolulu:

Last evening they had a dance on board, but I did not watch very long. I was sleepy. I visited the library this afternoon. I had been told that the heroine was the same elder — and I think that she is somewhat old. Ruth, have you read it? Do, if you haven't. Next I am going to read "Dadhii." I am reading "Joseph Vance" by De Morgan.

We have very good food. My Japanese waiter doesn't understand very well and he often brings the wrong thing. Yesterday I ordered roast duck, but he brought me a piece of veal.

I will send you some of the menu. We always have rice with dinner, and the folks may long white linen coats instead of the old blue linen, which they wear in the daytime:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30 AM</td>
<td>Breakfast</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:30</td>
<td>Lunch on deck</td>
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<tr>
<td>4:30 PM</td>
<td>Tea</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>Dinner</td>
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They seem to eat so that we never get hungry. At least I don't.

We may reach Honolulu tonight.

Our stateroom is very comfortable.

The curtains at the berth and doors are a great advantage. One can have so much more air.
Monday, Oct. 13, 1913.

I saw the sunrise over the harbor of Honolulu this morning. The mountains were all green and jewels and the few clouds rested on their tops. We anchored in the harbor waiting for the doctor's inspection. He came around after awhile looking at each person and passing a little instrument which numbered us. I think I felt much too tired to refuse again! How hot the sun was! I shoo the shade, and so you can imagine that it really must have been hot.

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1913.

No letters yesterday. I just did whatever turned up. To do and decided that you must be getting tired of this daily bulletin. It is so alike.

To-day is beautiful as usual - the same blue sea - the same calm ocean. By the way we are taking a cruise de黵t now to avoid a storm they say. I fly the same spice steamer chair, the same log list. The only excitement this morning has been the fact that the group of missionaries (Betch) has had its picture snapped about 20 times. We always look forward to our letters and open them the same first thing before we get up. This morning one from Aunt Jan, all nice pictures to guess - one from Harold Taylor in Glen Ridge, and then always Katherine Kent who delightful surprise. This A.M. she said that the girls told her that she must put in something, else, and so because I love to sew so, Katherine put in a pretty little thing - some white thread and some black thread, a needle, and a pin. I had to laugh! In the other day there was a toy gramophone, with records of the song we loved best. The children on the boat and I have had a lovely time making new words for it and singing them.

Did I tell you that we sit at the captain's table? If it is just by chance, but I enjoy being there.

To-day we are going to Mrs. Huntley's wedding anniversary to-day. She has been married 17 years, has 7 children and looks about 35 years old.
She is really very nice, I guess. She is the picture of health. She is going to have tea in her room tonight.

In the morning, I walk along the dock and find the women sitting indifferently and they ask me how I am getting along. I feel very much ashamed that I have made only about nine circles, but I guess it is true that I don't like to sew. I read and write and play and play games before I turn to writing.

We are to leave Friday of this week, I believe, and then we shall be just twenty-four hours behind you, I think. I can't quite figure it out, but I will, in once get settled. I can tell by the sun I think and the number of days we have been on the water. I think that we shall be about 10 hrs. before you, in time when we finally get settled.

We had a most refreshing swim, and then we had afternoon tea, and then Miss Brown, who plays beautifully, played to us and then we all tried to sing and failed rather miserably.

Now it is evening. Oh, such a wonderful sunset for me! Red, blue, indigo, pink and black clouds. And the moon rising full on the other side!

Oh, I wish you could see the way the Jap makes our bed! I say rod works at him every night. He folds clothes are just folded up intricately and it looks so if the bed were made very nicely. I think one is supposed to just jump in and stay there. The Jap comes in right after supper and folds over the clothes on one side. He folds the blankets and the blankets into requisites, shawls, etc.

So we back to Honolulu. While we were in the P.O. Colonel Salo came along and asked us if we didn't want a seat in the auto he had hired. Of course we were glad and so we started up into the mountains. We ascended 1200 feet above sea-level, and between mountains which are actually green with verdure. It was so good after Cal. Ah, yes!

One of the chief characteristics of
Hawaiian Islands is that it is likely to
seen at any moment. The clouds hang
low, and it is not strange to have it
raining while the sun is shining, or to see
it rain in one spot and not in another.
It rained softly three hours in A.M. and
then quite sharply in P.M. - Sun out every two hours.

Flowers, as you can imagine, were in
abundance and very very beautiful -
blue flowers, lemon colored, deep red

and I wish that you could see some
of the beautiful flowering trees, particularly
the royal poinciana. Mrs. Yell knew all
of those flowers because she had lived in
the Islands once, and because she had
many of the flowers in her own home.

Her home and garden in Honolulu, was
as to be written up and illustrated in one of
the spring numbers of "American Homes and
Gardens" perhaps. Marsha,
We can write of tall coconut palms
with "bananas" date palms or

rice fields etc., etc. The soil is very rich?

Royal poinciana is wonderful too - that
rich red flower on a very symmetrical
tree with thin small leaves - shading
from dark olive green to a lighter green.

We saw bamboo trees too and flambo

trees and in front beautiful fowers, singing
and such wonderful fish as we saw in the
aquarium. Can you imagine a caransa
blue and gold fish on a pool - a fish - or a
college banner - black and orange and
white - or a red and white striped fish.

Tell me new fish to gray - and so

beautiful that we could not believe them
true. The big aquarium is wonderful and
much larger but it has nothing so

beautiful as these are.

Bye, miners, from St. Paul, Minneapolis,
we were invited to go by Mrs. and Col. Yell.
The trip withour children at the hotel -
everything price has cost him 30 or 40
dollars. I felt sorry for the poor man but
I guess he knew what he was doing. I told you I climbed 1200 ft up. Wish you could have seen that here. High pointed cliff on one side two higher, ragged cliff on the other. Clear ocean deep below us to a very fertile green valley where the pineapple plantations and banana orchards stretch out clearly—and beyond them the blue sea.

In the 19th century two native tribes were fighting on the site. And a third tribe came along and threw the first contestants off the cliff—two thousand feet below. It must have been awful! The Queen’s daughter put up a tablet to commemorate the event.

Then went to the crater of an extinct volcano. We should not have known it was a crater if they had not told us, because it was so large. It was dry and packed with the intense heat, even with the daily racing and back volcanic sand showed here and there. The cactus with an edible red fruit grew here, just as in the desert.

We saw the former palace of the queen and her present residence and then went into a large estate of a large number of acres, perhaps 50 or more— which has been developed into a公布 place and a coachman (Scotch) of the former queen. This man saw the possibilities of the land and used it to advantage. Now he pays the expenses of the upkeep by large groves of bananas, pineapples—rice fields etc. Quite an enterprise. The native women are large and dress in mother Nichaud gowns. We saw many Chinese and Japanese too. The Japanese women look quite in their kimono with the big sashes. The Chinese women dress in trousers and high shirts and are not half as attractive— but the babies! Oh! I wish you could see them! They look great like the dolls you see in the shops. Their eyes seem to be made of cotton little clips of their skin and their feet stiff and black. Many of the babies are carried on the backs of the mothers.
The Waikiki Beach to which we went for dinner has lovely surf and the natives ride the surf on surf boards. Mr. Newman who is quite a sportsman, thought that they could try it. Although he was a good swimmer, he shouldn't do it. He says it requires a good deal of practice and skill I think. They paddle with their hands until the wave comes getting a little momentum and then just at the right time, they stand on the board on the crest of the wave and are carried toward shore. You should also have seen the natives diving for coins around the ship. They would come on board, go to the forward deck (that is fore) and dive in the water, strike out foreward and some head foremost--a long distance--it made an awfully big splash! Then they would all be in the water, both legs eyes towards the boat. The minute a coin came they would all dive for it--and then all could see--would be struggling legs or bubbles if they had a chance to get something. I tell you they didn't have a chance to drop very far. At one time 21 of these ashes thrown against me around our boat. They didn't think much of pennies. They put the coins in their mouth to.

Ellison ran a flying fish the other day, but I haven't the money.

Just now they have had fire drill, and had taken out the hose and suspended the life boat.

I have been in swimming teas. It is very hot. On Sunday I felt as lonely when I came out that I decided all the rest of the P.M. I will not mind, more for now. Think that I will read Daddy--en to all.

Sat. Oct. 15:

Friday is dropped out of calendar. We have crossed the date line and now I guess with an 15 on account here instead of you, but we will be about 12 when we get 5 o'clock.

I have been reading Daddy all the AM. and have
just finished it. It is a dear story!

To-day is rather a gray day—quite comfortable.

Sunday Oct. 19.

Welford Huntley has just come along and has been looking at some
snap shots. I showed him one of Ellison
and me. Then I asked him who Ellison was,
he said—"your father." He shook of him
quite frequently as my father. I am going
to enclose a snap of him, but it is
not very good.

I had just been to the bow to watch
the surf which the boat is making. It
is going up and down quite vigorously
this morning and the spray often falls
on the stateroom deck. Of course I like it.
There is a good breeze on this deck
now our staterooms are very warm. We do wish
we could strike a little cooler weather.

After our performance yesterday we
had a little Victoria concert in the park,
and then in the evening the Japanese
sailors, gave an exhibition of Jimjon,
Tenseng—and Sumo. It was all
stirring and interesting.

Sumo—the Japs take rides and are
named after big cities. One side sits on
the west side of straw matting which take
my place of our padded mats for the boys to
fall on and the other men take the east
side. Some have odd kimonos over their
brown bodies but most of them wear
only the running tunic that our American
boys wear. And odd old Japanese dressed
loquaciously, in kimonos and old blue trousers.

(This chic is quite full.)
placing a white fan. **Levi**. His mouth... on a queer, sing-song, quartering voice, so intense, so the wind. He dug the line from the other side. The another jar, into up a paper on which the name of the cities whose age to contest — perhaps London and Paris. London appears from the west side. W.

\[ 
\begin{array}{c}
\text{London} \\
C.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.
\end{array}
\]

\[ 
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Paris} \\
\text{C.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.0.}
\end{array}
\]

and Paris from the east. They crane down. Clap their hands together and... laugh. The mending man who's been working. They took the cornets to get water and what looks like a handful of salt. They eat some and scatter the rest.

Another comes. The referee comes to the center. With deep some queer words: He has - with a wooden instrument with a tassel, over the boys. And then with queer, guttural expressions, they carry them up and down, and go to earth. He returns. He is not worried until it is one, two, out of three times. Then the referee goes up to the man, makes him crouch again and presents him. With a little sentence. The defeated fellow always takes it to a good natured way and laughs as heartily as an.
It was laughable to hear the Japanese referee try to pronounce the American and foreign names. The first half we didn't understand one of them—but in the 2nd half, we caught on—and a shout of laughter went up at every city.

Washington [and syllable much emphasized—misspelled text syllable.]

Between the 2 halves the boys paraded with something like aprons on.

The aprons made quilt and satin and delicately colored—printed and embroidered.

Curtain red in bottom to make it stiff.

They were most courteous in everything they did.

The fencing was done with bamboo sticks and all the time they shouted queer sounds.

The game was very graceful and pretty. It looked like some of our modern dances until a fellow was thrown on his back as quick as lightning.

M. Sweet is to preach; are to all ladies.
Sunday Oct 14, 1915.

Splash.

We have had such nice weather so far it is hard to believe it is a month since we left the east coast. Ellison says that he has never been on a ship as calm as the Celtic - oh. I guess he would have said worse on the Celtic but here thank goodness, it has not affected him. I am so glad!

I was standing on the promenade deck near the swimming pool. When the water splashed, it came all over my face and I was all wet. I was standing on the promenade deck near the swimming pool. When the water splashed, it came all over my face and I was all wet. I was standing on the promenade deck near the swimming pool. When the water splashed, it came all over my face and I was all wet.

By the way, Honolulu might well be called the city of rainbows for several times during the day we saw double rainbows in the mountains.

When our course turned on the way to Honolulu, you remember that they look like green glass bottles. Well here, they look like sky blue bottles - so pretty.

We saw quite a number of flying fish which looked very white. One looked about a foot long and another two feet long. Probably driven out of the water by enemies.

Well, I am going to the promenade deck to read some stockings!

Monday Oct 20.

Went in swimming again today. I am wearing a boat suit. The only trouble is that after I swim, a little of the stockings and suit fail to make connection - and the skirt is very diminutive. Can you imagine the picture? Wish I had my cape! By the way, Carol, Pete or Ruth may have that pretty one I left at home. If you put it in water, you can put it in water - but when the tide comes in, it will probably float until next summer.

The weather is bright and fair - but there is still a little surf and a good breeze. A dance to-night is the only swimming.

Did I tell you that when we were at Richland, we were entertained by the
President of the college! It was all a mistake, but it was mighty interesting. At times, but did a large part of her own work, although she had a large and beautiful home in which to take care of. She had brought a boy of about 15 or 20 from the country, to play chess with us, but changed plates for the course. It seemed very queer. His name was Allen.

Did I tell you too, that our tents have curtains around them so that we can keep our doors open if we wish, and get the benefit of the air, and still have seclusion.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.
A very calm day. The ocean is as smooth as it is on a summer day in our harbor.

I have been tending a little.

This afternoon we had sports given by the Japanese sailors. I will send you the program if I can find it. They had three-legged races and sack races and obstacle races. In the obstacle race they crawled thru a long canvas pipe which had a large entrance and a small exit. Then they had to climb over a rope ladder from flaps to exit, and then life boats. It was fun to see them.

After that they dug a hole about offset from ground at the waterfront. Japanese sailors two at a time sat astride the log facing one another. Each was given a bag of feathers. Then they pulled one another to see who would fall off first. Ellison became so enamored with it that he and Brooks Stokel decided to challenge one another. Mr. Smith announced the deadly duel. Everybody laughed when they climbed the log for all the Japanese take it as a good vigent man. Ellison had only to sit a little sidways to touch the floor. The Japanese are so weakly that they can just curl around the log for the most part. It was hardly a fair contest, for Ellison had ridden home back so much that he had a good
grip on the log. Mr. Lewis fell off at the first blow. They tried it two other times amid the laughter of the crowd, but each time he won. The Japanese tried a cock fight next. The men sat on the floor, placed a piece of broomstick under their knees, put their arms up under the broomstick and then crossed their hands in front of their knees, their bare feet on the floor. Then they were placed inside a small circle within a larger one. The object was for one fellow to push the other one entirely outside the large circle. You would be surprised to see how quickly some were driven out of the circle and how long it took them to powerful, preserving stick in front of one another. Try it and see. About yesterday I decided that I was eating a number of things just out of curiosity and so I decided to cut dinner. Elkon too stayed. We ate a bountiful five o'clock tea, and had a much better appetite this morning.

Wednesday Oct. 22.

We were well joshed this morning for staying away from dinner last night. 

Our learned travelers across from us at table are reading "The Cattle of Dinan" by Builder; and "What is a Classic?" by Sainte Beuve. Do you know them, Aunt Andy or Mother B.? 

Some of the travelers have a decided aversion to missionaries—particularly a Catholic missionary priest who asked to sit anywhere except beside those Baptist missionaries! But we had a very nice time and the people who dislike missionaries as a class aren't in the minority. We had a hunting lesson today. Went in swimming again today.
Thursday, Oct. 23, 1919.

Ellison and I have been working on our accounts all yesterday A.M. and this A.M. It is quite a trip of work to keep out-of-f getenviem money, bank account, money, salary, travelling expenses, money and fares—so not helping them all together to know how much is left of each item.

Last evening Dr. Huntley lectured on "A Surgeon's Experience in Fighting China." He has worked 25 years there. It was well attended and most interesting. Everybody was enthusiastic about it and joined. It was fine.

So far is foggy and not, but comfortably cool. It is usually rather foggy because of the meeting of the warm and cold currents near Japan. We expect to arrive at Yokohama 2 a.m. and send this letter back. We expect to go to Tokyo to see a Mr. Nakajima girl. Betty's letter p. 2.

Much love to you all. I expect you will manage this about Nov. 16 or 19 or 20—nearly Thanksgiving time. I hope you will all enjoy it. Dr. Simon also offered to lend me "The Pathfinder"—and so I hope to read it before we reach Manilla.
We are passing between beautiful mountainous islands of all shapes and sizes - the Japanese inland sea which we entered thru a very narrow passage. How I wish that you could enjoy it with me, and that you could have been with us these last few days since we mailed our letter in Yokohama.

Tokyo is a foreign city, but even foreign cities on this side of the hemisphere seem very queer to me. The place where we landed had European buildings, and wide clean paved streets, but these were lined with the two wheel chariots drawn by Japanese men dressed in shirts or sweaters, tight trousers of blue flannel, or white cotton flannel or blue and white checks like our gingham slacks and your saucy pants. Every light in weight. Miss Northcott saw one man dressed in an entire suit of American underwear. Their trousers are just that shape and look as funny. On their feet they wear what looks like a pair of short socks with a special place like a mitten for the big toe. The socks have some kind of straw sole. The men run in an easy dog trot everywhere except up hill and most of the Japanese build their homes on the level.

Other Japanese people wear a straw cap on the bottom of the foot, with two pieces of rope coming up between the big toes and fastening back by the ankles. They can easily slip into these. But great numbers wear cloaks - wooden shoes - too.
and they run very easily on the
awkward things.

It was very nice of Edna Lindsey Guest
M.H.C. '04 - to take the half hour railroad
ride from Tokio early in the morning
in order to meet our boat. She helped
us a great deal, piloting us around to
shops stores and talking to our
jinrickshaw men. Ellison by the way,
always gets to get the smallest
man!

She took us then to the foreign re-
sevation on a high bluff overlooking
the city and the bay, to visit the home of
Mrs. Adorno (the missionary's wife) daughter.
It was a large and beautiful home, rather
American in character but full of choice
things from Japan and China - in the
way of bronze lanterns, silk banners and
hangings, lacquer screens, old lances,
and Chinese statues, table covers etc.

Mrs. Adorno is the widow of Dr. Adorno
who founded the mission at Shizing and
who died a wealthy man on account of
the land purchases. She is a white-
haired, cultured, woman between 60 and
70 - full of ideas, and extremely interesting.

We accepted his invitation to a luncheon
of Monday take-ups and we surprised
through when we entered the dining
room to see a round table covered with
a beautiful lace lunch cloth, set in the
most approved fashion with quantities
of heavy silver and beautifully decorated
with flowers. In the centre was a tall bouquet
of white and pink cosmos and around
that at a little distance were four
smaller beautiful bouquets. Then tips
were scattering here and there on the table.
Acheiro was burning chrysal beside
us, and we all were enthusiastic
by our appreciation. Then followed a
perfectly delicious luncheon with most
quiet and efficient service from
our little Japanese maid in Western dress.
She served soup, meat of some kind, patties, 3. Hot dogs, and Grandma's string beans, and the tiniest finest scrap of potatoes. Fried in deep fat - (So good!!!) - Crisp! Try it. 4. Blueberry short cake - delicious.
5. Fruit - Prickly pears, apples, grapes, figs, maybe more

At each plate was a little bite of brown thing about the size of a salted almond. I guess they are free!

Isn't that a nice luncheon!

I started persimmons for the first time. Persimmon is cold. I am going to walk the deck with him. [Note: orange and tomato]

Persimmons tasted like some thing between peaches and nectarines. They have to be peeled, and contain about five smooth stones.

After leaving, we walked down the street to a trolley car and then to the station. The streets have no side walk, and they are lined with little one story buildings close on to the street and close together which contain an office shop in front and a living room for the family behind. The family is often in the shop. Each street has about the same number and same kind of shops - fish, meat, shoe, groceries, picture framing, clock repairing, stockings, drugs, groceries, confectioneries, and groceries. I can't remember half of them, but it is perfectly evident that there are one monolophy in Japan and that many people would die if there were. The Japanese use ordinary real top hats. Many of them wear American hats now, and quite a few dress in foreign clothing. The boys students have to wear divided skirts, and the girls also have to put a skirt over their kimono. It was very queer to see a Japanese student in divided skirts riding a bicycle as we attended. The cars only one carriage drawn by horses or two automobiles. Most of the baggage is drawn by men instead of horses, but we saw a few good sized carriages in the city.

The street cars were hardly tall enough
Ellison, to stand up in, and it was
just heaps of fun to see the Japanese
boys and girls look at Ellison and
wonder and laugh as he easily put his hand
on the ceiling of the car, or as he walked
ding almost twice as big it seemed as
the people in my window.

The way to help you realize size. I went
to see that he如何看待 a dwarf at Kobe
called yesterday where the hill holds 600
indians, or 600 Japanese. It will seat
melting as many natives you are, and
they sit on the benches too, not on the
floor as is their custom.

The trolley cars are small, have two-trolley sides,
and are always overcrowded. When one
day a fare he secures a ticket which he
begins to at the end of the ride when he
gets off, fare 5 sen or 2 1/2 cents.

We finally arrived at the station,
bought third class tickets, as missionaries
usually travel by on short journeys, and
mained for the train. I think you could have
heard the constant clatter of the wooden
shoes as we marched. The Japanese use their
very skillfully and run recklessly free in
them. Remember they have no tops as the
German wooden shoes have. The third class
car was as full that we went into the
third class car after the seats, which were
filled with trees, bottles, and lunch
baskets, and teapots with cups which fit
down on the lip like a thermos bottle.
In stations the japa sell teapot, tea, and
eggs for 1 1/2 sen. I think - and will fill
the cup with tea against 1 sen which
is 1/2 cent. There was too much smoking
and so little room in the car that I did
not enjoy the 11/2 hour ride very much, although
the man brought that pretty rich fields
and his modern mills.

Tokyo is the capital city with a
population of over 2,000,000 people most
of whom are housed in one story
buildings. Can you imagine what a
Mrs. Edna Lincoln Present

territory it covers! As we rode in the trolley toward Edna's home, we saw the Imperial Palace—a grand building in Greek style—not used at present probably on account of lack of funds; we also the 3介 students around the city. "School were Miss Ryder, one of our party, is in charge of a dormitory and 2 schools. Finally we got off near a high rise building and reached the hotel about 4:10 p.m. There we found a Japanese gentleman and his wife (an American) quite cool. They had just come from the States where the Japanese had been in mission work for 25 years.

But now I learned the greatest news!!! Betty, one of my class mates—and a good friend of the Wortholmes, was living with Edna!! Well, I certainly welcomed Betty with her arms! It was awfully good to see her and I had a nice talk. She is studying in Tokyo preparatory to working near her father and mother later. She is under the Congregational Board and may stay only as long as her mother and father need her.

We had a nice supper—soup—delicious fresh fish (cooked by a Japanese woman), white rice, sauerkraut, and salad. A peculiar dish of vegetables—celery, beans, peas, and potatoes cooked together, and some other things that I can't remember. What do you think we saw in the evening? The Chrysanthemum show!

After a long trolley ride in the different stations, we arrived at the place and walked a half mile winding in and out in a labyrinth of chrysanthemums. The Japanese do not try to make single chrysanthemums, as we do but are content to grow them in odd shapes. On the right as we entered was a large plant which had been trained on an automobile frame just about as big as life size. On the left was a huge bank of flowers coming out in a green mohair. From that point on...
we passed a succession of single plant chrysanthemums which had been trained into bicycles, boats, bridges, jinrikishas, temples — and then we came to a series of life size pictures in which human figures in dags were dressed in a single chrysanthemum plant which had been trained into the shape of clothes. We purchased a few pictures and will send some of them to you. This was very wonderful. The flowers differed from those used in the other figures in that the foliage was very thick and the flowers quite small — skillful and intricate work done to produce the effect of distance of mountains by moonlight etc. One of these scenes was on immense bear hunt which must have covered three or four hundred square feet. There was a crowd because we had only the narrow railed in labyrinth path at two tents — to walk on, nowhere are clear!

Remember when you see the pictures that this dress of suit of every person is made of a single chrysanthemum plant!

We saw a wonderful moving picture produced by the raising, forcing and moving of human figures that look like a boat floating in a stream — and then the boat separating into two parts which form a garden fence while from the ceiling cherry blossoms descend. They produced some beautiful and marvellous effects.

Remember in one scene there were large rocks, fountains, a waterfall, and a pool of water. In a rock was a priest of Buddha meditating. While behind him was a figure with an arrow ready to shoot him. It is known because of his golden hair which grew in every direction from his head. At one of the booths we stopped to have a
Cup of real Japanese tea. It is served without sugar or cream or lemon and is as white as water. I managed to drink it for it hasn't much taste. On one place the Japanese have arranged mirrors so skillfully that it looks as if there were thousands of chrysanthemum plants and people inside there is really but one row of each.

Joe—poor little feller when we got there with that and ready to jump into our beds when we finally got home about 10:00 P.M.

Japanese theatre begins at 6:10 and lasts until 2:00. Sue Vadia was the best thing in the city when we were there.

The next morning Betty came down to Yokohama with us, and also Mr. Kenney who married a 90 year old girl whom I don't know. Me well, 01 - a handy girl. About 100 miles away was another classmate of mine, Kantaro Naka. They found her wanting to come down, and I thought that they must be a possibility of my seeing her until I learned the distance. You ought to see what they do with grandfathers in Japan! Just tie a baby on their back and make them turn their girl. Also many young children do this. It was not at all strange to see a baby sound asleep with its little rolled over to the side, tied to the back of a girl who was playing with other children in the street.

The trip from Yokohama — the view of Mount Fuji as we entered the harbor, it is unusual to get a clear view of it. It looked much more beautiful than the picture! To Kobe (4 hours) seemed all too short at the scenery was beautiful as long as we could see. We followed the coast along seeking at least two and perhaps three times the trail of Fuji until at last it looked like a white pencil mark among the clouds.
We expected to arrive in Kobe in time for church, but owing to delay we did not arrive from the ship's departure until 12:15. That gave us just opportunity to reach the church as people were departing, although I thought we should be unable to go in that short distance, so persistent was the jinrickshaw men to make us ride.

Finally some American people offered to show us the way to the hotel for dinner and then suggested that it would be pleasant for us to visit a Sunday school in the Hemp and later visit Kobe College. We found later that it was the president of the college, Miss Sears, to whom we spoke.

After a fairly good dinner, the hotel proprietor gave me his private jinrickshaw and his own jinrickshaw man; and after quite a little difficulty in selecting the address we started for the slum of a half hour's ride away—at first three nice streets—which grew more and more bad and dirty and more crowded as we arrived in the heart of the slums. I was mighty glad we were riding, because one could see evidence of so many diseases. Illness took a pictures as the children grew upon the crowded ground. We anxiously walked and we— as the men stopped to ask a question. Or so curious? Now they did laugh and point at E—when we finally dismounted— and then the jinrickshaw pulled to the dirty narrow street about 4 feet wide.

He had to retrace our steps with the crowd still following—into another street. We thought they were S.S. children, as they wished still move into the house before we had a chance to—yet we learned much to our surprise from the Japanese. They wrote a note underscoring that the S.S. no longer met in the O. M. but at 6:30 in the P.M. as the people were too late to have even any time during the day for the S.S. It was really glad
to learn that district, interesting as it was.

When we returned to Kobe College, we were lucky enough to see a funeral procession passing. (Ex. tock pic)

"Tuesday AM" at Nagasaki, a cooling port and fortification.

I think that I will spend these 2 weeks here and finish in the way.

Yesterday was won.

We were passing between islands all day long.

Let this letter go in 2am.

Hydrabod.

Kochi.

Rockport.

Bog.

Bath.

Etc.

Etc.

Dear Jennie, please address here.

Can we visit you think they would love me.

Newell?
Just at present we are passing quite close to the mountainous island of Formosa. It will be in sight nearly all day, people say. We have been so close to that I have seen the green grass and the trees, and the beaches. When I wrote last, we had just passed a funeral procession near Kobe College. In front were about a dozen young people almost covered by the flowering plants and trees which they carried. Next came the rough black boy on long sticks. Lumber borne by four men. Behind walked the widow, her face red with weeping, and behind her came the boys and girls of the family looking up. Then the mourners walked along, in military line. Toward the end they were laughing and talking. The pictures which I tried to reproduce I can easily to say.

Then we went into the inside of the walls that surround Kobe College. A Japanese girl bowed very low and ran away as fast as possible in her wooden shoes, when we told her that we wanted to see the American teachers. Soon two girls, Grace Stewart and her sister, came along with parasols over their heads. Remembered the '67 girl as soon as I saw her, and you may be sure I enjoyed going into her little house and chatting awhile. They had a very little cozy house with a piano, a set, meal books and pictures, and comfortable chairs and a beautiful view of the harbor. At four we started for the Japanese Y.W.C.A. meeting. At the door, much to my amusement, we took off our shoes, and walked on polished floors to the room which was covered with soft mats, their chairs. About twenty Japanese girls were already seated on their feet. And we tried to do likewise. A girl taking pity on our awkwardness, taught us too cushions, but even then it was rather uncomfortable for our stiff knees and big feet. By the way, Cleopha tried to buy a pair of Japanese stockings to fit her and couldn't find any big enough. 968-8 We went into store after store.

Pretty soon the leader suggested a hymn, then she read from the Bible, and followed that by
A fluent talk, which lasted fifteen or twenty minutes. Before the meeting was over, we went out, visiting a simple Japanese house (no furniture), absolute simplicity, and then went to the American house, where delicious tea was served. I then again met Miss Darke, the president. She has been in Rockport, knew Shi Wheeler, and was in college with Mary Hoxton's sister, who is Mrs. Little's sister. She once roomed with Mrs. Simpson, who is Mrs. Bartlow's sister. Don't that wonderful. We also met a Miss DeForest—she is a sister of one ofEllison's classmates.

After tea we climbed the moutains behind the house, visited one or two temples, saw a beautiful view of the harbor and finally walked down a winding path looking often behind us to see the beautiful sunset behind the mountains.

(The conversation beside me is most entertaining. A woman of about 50 is admitting that she never had an offer of marriage.)

The girls walked down into the town with us although we was getting dark. We visited one other temple and took the 6:30 launch for the boat. How pretty the town did look with the twinkling lights spreading far up into the mountains and completely three fourths of a circle around the bay. By the way they have both electricity and gas inJapan.

I forgot to say I think that the girls should lie over the college buildings and in many respects they are far better equipped than our Glen Ridge High School—especially as to the scientific apparatus.

The trip from Kobe to Nagasaki (5 hours) was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. We sat in the bow of the steamer docks (deserted country) a large part of the time, because it was so beautiful. At times we passed two narrow straight, and always we had beautiful mountainous islands on each side of the boat.

I was glad that the men going this by
We passed several large manufacturing towns. Nagasaki has one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, long and narrow, and surrounded by high mountains. We went ashore in a sampan, a little boat, twice as big as a dory and propelled by one oar, or more. An old man seemed to be the only occupant of our boat, but as soon as we appeared, a neat little woman came out of the cabin, fastened her oar and began to row as hard as the man. We met no sooner ashore than we were pursued by jinrickshaws. Men they called us so far, that we finally decided it would be too our advantage to take them. After going to the P.O. we sat there and then to the fish market. Women came along with a stick across their shoulders, from which hung baskets filled with shining fish.

The mountains we were passing here, the softest green and brown colors, just like velvet, but at the base they were very rocky.

There was a great crowd gathering in the fish market and it seemed as if its back run over some of the children and grasping women. The men then took us past a Japanese school at recess time. Such a noise until the gong sounded, and then in an instant the boys were all in double file on one side, and the girls were already at the stairs, slipping off their shoes, and running up with their class rooms.

We passed by the stores closely enough to peer in behind the signs to the furnishing stores. Often we caught glimpses of pretty court yards behind. A pretty little stream ran through this town and in it different raw woman making clothes.

The men then took us to two very large temples, one of which contained a huge Buddha. Three women followed us around much annoyed by our
Strange clothing and Ellsion's height. The side of the boat is rising and falling. It takes about 8 seconds for it to go from the lowest point to the highest. When the boat goes up, it almost hides the mountains. The men also took us to a museum of Nagasaki products - which were for sale, quite the it may seem.

Oh! I wish you could see these mountains. They are in the clouds now.

We tried to go to a camera shop, and the man took us to nine shops and candy shops and almost everything else except the right thing.

In the afternoon, we took the launch to get only Ellsion down shore. He had several adventures of which he may tell you.

I read "The Journey of Driggs" and watched the cooking. That was most interesting.

About 7:30 large boats filled with coal were hoisted up on each side of the boat. Ropes were connected by ropes from the coal boat to the ship. Each stick the Japanese stood so that formed a continuous line. Down below one man shouted into straw baskets, women lifted and passed - so quickly that some time fifty baskets passed in a minute. I put women stopped to feed their babies - who were strapped on the backs of younger children while the mother worked. All had their heads covered with the Japanese clothing, such as the woman is wound with at home. They wore a piece of dull-colored cloth for a skirt and covered this with an alborn. For a waist, they wore a garment like a cheap American shirt - not tucked in at all. It was a queer sight, and as one looked from a distance it seemed as if streams of people were climbing up and down the sides of the ship, so fast did the packet move.

Write a future postal card of this to Mr. Bickel and to the Sherburnes.

We sailed from Nagasaki at 5:00 on Tuesday and are expected to reach Manila by Saturday. I am feeling very good and claim almost recovery because it has been so enjoyable.
Many new passengers got on the boat at Kobe and Nagasaki. Taking the places of people whom we left at Yokohama. I am sitting now beside a man from North Scotland—who is evidently travelling for some business here. Beside him sits the American Consul from Kobe, who is taking a vacation trip.

It is after four o'clock and we are still close to the beautiful mountains of Formosa. To-morrow we shall see the outlying islands of the Philippines. Love to all.

Friday, October 31.

The ship is rolling a good deal to-day—more than at any other time that I remember. The rooms are quiet. Miss Evans likes to keep quietly.

By afternoon the Philippines have disappeared—they are high and green and lovely too.

Saturday AM. Nov. 1. 9:20

Beautiful day—a good breeze—we are close to shore.

Last evening we had quite a banquet in honor of the birthday of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan. We drank to his health in ginger ale and many drinks in Champagne. The dining room was decorated as it was on the night of the Captain's dinner.

Much love to you all,

Lottie.

I didn't see very much that afternoon at Nagasaki. Lottie went ashore along in the launch with me, but went right back to the Ferry on it while I stayed over one boat, looking about an hour and a quarter on shore. I bought a few postals.
and wish now that I had bought more. I saw a man making some sort of waffles in shapes like fish, octopus, etc. They didn't know any English, but when I asked the price they showed me a (ten piece half cent) and so I paid one for waffle just to show Lothe. I suppose probably the price is ten per dozen, because they all laughed as if they had done the foreginer in good shape.

I stopped at an open air store where a lot of men and women were making straw sandals and they began to fill the passers and forthest of them. They let me understand what they were doing to and she finished as much as an ever attend lady can. Happened to come back that way and they all remembered me. Strange isn't it?

Watched a man with a lathe turning out what looked like chess men, but I think were door knobs. I watched carpenters etc. Their saw is shaped about like this. They pull the plane instead of pushing it. But the chisel works about the same way and the results are about the same. That is all I remember now.

With love Illinoi.
Dear Ones All,

There is so much to tell that I hardly know where to begin! I have to go my folks to Manila Nov. 1. You know that Bob had a friend in the O.P.O., Don Wythe, whom I met in Glen Ridge. Well, his mother came down to the boat to meet us and invited us to dinner on Sunday and said that I on wanted for the evening. I that did seem good! Soon after dinner we went down in the harbor to look around at the wharf who were being bothered by customs and its leakage. Anna Rodgers do, M.C. & 2.

Don’s mother had just telephoned her, and of whom I called up—Anna Rodgers Wright. It sounded more good than I can say to have her answer “Is this the lady?” You see I had visited her in Albany and knew her father and mother who than died since—’and it seemed greatly good to each other to hear the other. She was very cordial in inviting us to come out and stay with her, and so when she came down for us at 3, so we jumped into the little two wheeled carriage, which one can hire for about $2 an hour, and drove toward the city. Manila consists of a little hilly town, which was largely built by the Spanish, and a large city outside. The wall is about 12 feet high, and filled with prison cells where prisoners were kept. In the older time, it was unusually high tide came in, it would siren the prisoners. We went in through one of the gates—massive red and old and then seemed to me as if we were in white man’s country again, for in saw large cathedral and American government buildings. Anna took us first to a large cathedral, high and stately. It stood tradition of Spanish outside but seemed like an American. Cathedral inside, a marble toiled floor—high wall, little red chairs on the sides—dark wood seats, and the alter etc. in front—all lighted by stained glass windows. As we came out, we caught right.

Stills of native women. The costume is very good. They wear shirts such as in years 15 or 15 years ago, many good shirts with bias shawls. Around the bottom, which forms quite a
a train behind. This skirt is often a very gay color—purple with green flowers on it—or pink with garnet flowers. It is often piped with a bright color too.

For a waist it is usual to correspond to a correct form with great flaring sleeves not gathered in. This waist is low necked but a sort of kerchief which sticks out at not 1/4 yard is thrown around the shoulders. The material is very soft and then and always bright colored.

This is starched stiff. The men sometimes wear only dark trousers and a shirt of this material. Shirts never inside of trousers.

The Chinese seem to hate to put their shirt inside the trousers and have seen a half of American shirts come outside.

The Chinese have all use little bracelets like bicycle guards around the bottoms of their trousers—so that they pull their socks up on the outside.

When learned the origin of almost every style I can remember.

Ama took us to another larger cathedral where many Filipino women and girls knelt in motingsers, and we were lucky to see a priest come in, lock himself into his little cubby hole, and start to hear confession from an American or Spanish woman. My brother around with a half-scared expression as we came along.

Beautiful paintings in this church.

We were shown the archbishop's residence—two blocks with a connecting bridge on the street—like Bananamakees.
By the way, the Archbishop got on the boat with us to come to Hong Kong. He was resplendent in black and crimson, but he would stay in the front of the boat while the wind blew his gown around, so that you couldn't really see his wrinkled white stockings circled.

Then Anna drove us to the model prison (about 3500 prisoners) to see their daily gymnastics. It was a wonderful sight. This prison has been very successful, yet it teaches the prisoner a trade and tries to help him so that he will no longer be a criminal. They open the gates only at a certain minute, and as, as we were a little early, we went to look at the prisoners' mahogany and richer chairs and couches, mahogany chairs and tables, silver ware, beautiful embroidery.

*cells for condemned prisoners*

*solitary confinement*

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We entered one gate, waited until gate behind closed, and...

3rd. They in climbed spiral stairs, walked across the bridge, to a little round building. We stood on the roof, at the call of the officer thousands of prisoners clad in blue, with umbrellas half a black show came out into the square of the wall. The band played good music and then three trombones forest blue clad.
Figures began to do gymnastics to the music. I never saw a traffic light.

Can you imagine thousands of brown arms rising simultaneously above brown faces and blue figures?

Can you imagine the same blue and brown figures, calling simultaneously diagonally upon the ground? There was something mad and uncanny about it—especially when one saw the blue legs and brown faces of the consumptives extended to the front of their open air partition so that they could see the right.

After about ten minutes the men formed into files again and marched for their revenge, returning with a ten dollar bill, and another of beans. (The 300 men earn less food in 15 minutes.)

The Philippines are as full of tuberculosis as California is, strange as it may seem. They keep all windows and doors tightly closed at night even the 12 or 15 are sleeping in a room because they fear the evil spirits. (Until they become Christianized.)

After eating this remarkable right we drove to Amy's little vine-clad bungalow and unloaded our suit case. Her husband is quite a public man in Manila. He has been head of the Presbyterian mission school for a long time. It is a Union college now.

The houses are open on large porches large doors, large sliding windows. You can see the ground this chinks in floors and plaster. The windows are covered up in front of windows are shut off from them and so they shade them from the sun and act as curtains or screens. All beds are completely covered with nets. Little insects come in drawn by electric lights, and liguids are almost always visible on the walls. They eat the little insects and so people welcome them and almost make pets of them.

P.S. Women go along the street smoking huge cigars or oil candles. They can afford to, for the habit is because tobacco is so cheap. Drinking is passe and a gay club ends.
Saturday evening Don took us to the cemetery celebration. I have written about it in a letter to Bob, but him to send it to Ruth and then pass around.

I wanted to write more but may send this in A.M. as we have no sustenance.

Oh I wanted to tell you some other thing about Japan.

Then we visited Kobe, we found several street filled with household goods and rubbish. We learned that the government orders house cleaning twice a year. Everybody help to put goods in street to wash the house. Policemen come to inspect and then people are put in order again and men remove the rubbish. Odd! When we went that there about to stay we left one month that you may well believe.

Rich should write me. Did I think China could not be beautiful?

The next day to the Hong Kong Mountains to day and saw the smallest of 317 little islands - in the bay - than I am sure to describe the beauty. I just wish you all could see it. Ever of love,

Cottie.

Dear Family in Holyoke, At Christmas time if anything will, we are sending you a rug bought in Kansasville. The hope that you haven't too many to enjoy this one. We cannot tell you how much I am sending with it. We shall think of you on Christmas day. If any delay should be the use to late remember that we planned it to go back in September and it ought to be all right. Deep of love to you all. Mind sending especially Cottie. for Mother and Father. Other little things will come for the rest.
I wish you could have gone up the mountain with us this PM. We took off about 3 pm up hill to the foot of the cable railroad. My it is the steepest thing I ever saw in places. Part of the way it isn’t six steep but quite a number of places it seems to be at least 45. But it has never had an accident. There are 500,000 feet = 20,700 feet for the round trip. The system sometimes will the Mt. This when you get to the upper station you are feet above sea level. Then we took a chair 200 feet to the top and it did make three chairmen pull and sweat. Each side of the chair is fastened to two bamboo poles which rest on the shoulders of 24 people in front and 2 behind. There is a cross bar to hold them in a tree and just against the back of the deck. It is hard work all night. At each step the messenger goes up and down? The bearers he is. They more he gets. But it is not an unpleasant motion as train. The 24 men will run with you on the level, but they can’t pull you up hill, so you have to take it slowly. Of course they only walk with you. They walk at foot of the mountain and they walk on rest and step very slowly. Their calf muscles are extremely developed. It is a most way to make a living all right. A ribbon man gets 50 for the first 10 hours. 25 for the 1st half hour. 15 for the 2nd half hour. Then 50 for hour. 100 for men. Any where I have wanted to go in Hong Kong I took a ribbon and the man has his farmer cent rep and walk off. I do more rather than paying a good fare. But in every place they are not so strict regulated you have a regular schedule every time you go to pay for your ride.
Friday Nov. 1, 1913.

In the Kweichow - just out of Hong Kong.

Manila

I am going to leave the interesting cemetery celebration out of this letter until the end at any rate. Trusting that Bob will send on this letter if I do not find time for it. What would you think if you had to get up for an early service at 6:00 on Sunday morning as well as every other day? That is what Mrs. Wright has to do. What would the American College youth do with chapel at 6:15? And breakfast at 6:45? They sit in the middle of the day when it is hot, and no they have to begin early while it is cool. We went to a church service for the natives at 8:00 A.M. The women in native custom sat in one section, the men in another. An American woman played the little folding organ, accompanied by a Filipino on a violin. Elliot offered the prayers, and Mrs. Wright preached against superstitions beliefs such as the natives have. Then he showed us over the theological seminary - a fairly well equipped building - but nothing in comparison with Kobe College. I and we went home to prepare for 10:40 A.M. church downtown. They have a nice little church which is attended by about a hundred foreigners. It seemed good to hear an organ - American singing by a good choir, and a speaking sermon twice again. When I put on that little flannel robe George said - "Oh, how nice and chilly you look." - People can't wear colored dresses in the tropics. I have been very thankful for that little white dress, Al, and I have blessed you for making so much of it.

That afternoon came. I lay down to rest out of my - how hot it was. I had the red red hot, and then began to melt. I got up, but didn't sleep and was thankful that I was not to live in Manila.

Mrs. Wright has another service about 5:00 in...
the native dialect. We simply looked in on that for a few minutes. They have s.s. classes for the deaf and dumb and blind too, and are doing a great work.

Well, not to tell you about the Filipinos. Just as we were ready to sit down to dinner on Saturday evening, in walked one of the Filipinos, one of whom wanted to be married. The man came in and jabbered away. Mrs. Wright got out a big book and began to write down the answers to his questions. Unfortunately, she came in, and I thought that the waiting must stop right there, for she almost refused to try to write. Finally coerced by her friends and helped along a little, she bravely made a sign for her name. She was only twenty years old, but dressed in black, for she was a widow with two children (one almost five years old), both of them with her.

Sunday Nov. 9. at Dr. Webster's home at Santa Cruz, took home pictures which I left at home. We went to visit the widow. We have a room overlooking the river, Santa Cruz.

The witnesses felt very important.

Usually they stood up.

The woman was very nervous, felt embarrassed, and she wouldn't look at us. The children were beautiful and hid behind their mothers' skirts.

Mr. Wright spoke partly in the native tongue and partly in Spanish. It was all very strange. Finally they both knelt down in a final prayer, and it was all over. Sunday night about 10:30 - two American Negroes came in to be married. But we had gone to bed, and so we did not hear much - and saw nothing.

In Bob's letter I told how Don Nyth came for us in a lovely carriage and took us to the Hitachi, a park where a very fine band
Nor giving a classical concert

Don't you for my sketch? &

A shawl of two lovely white horses.

Then we went to dinner at Don's home—quite a family party. His mother and her husband, his brother and wife, Don & Ed, & I; we all for Tuesday night supper. It seemed like a bit of home. I suppose you are interested in food, but in reality we haven't met many queer things yet. We have had a few fruits—peaches, apricots, and pears; and this is the fact that there is a temptation to use some kind of sauce which destroys the taste of fish or meat. Things are about the same. At Don's we had had—soup, lamb course with nine vegetables, and ice cream. After a pleasant evening we drove home in the carriage most characteristic of the place—a two wheel rig. I'd like if I can make a beautiful illustration.

By the way I was weighed last evening and I am easily managed. I weigh 135 1/2 pounds. Ellison weighs 173, and so I think the scales were right, as he had on his new white duck suit and no shirt. I have gained about eight pounds. Think of it! I guess you will be glad to hear. Don't press. Ellison hasn't gained, but the ocean does not make him feel as free as it makes me. The seas quite sick, the only thing to do is sail with Dr. Freeman when we come from Hong Kong to San Francisco and were put on, but that is something I cannot tell you.

Don't recline, not much.
about. We were rather relieved that we were on the last leg of our journey. It was calm and beautiful in the PM. If I looked only at the water, it seemed as if I were on the Cape Ann coming from Boston, for the ocean was just our color. The land was beautiful - the coast being higher and less rocky than our coast. At supper I met C.W. Knapp, a Boston man - who once spent three weeks in Rockport at Mr. Allen's. He knew Ben. I wonder if Mrs. Allen remembers him. He was a little boy of ten then and was recuperating from a broken leg. His mother was with him, and he was still using crutches. Well, Mr. Knapp joined our party in the evening and we sang while I played guitar. He was a Dartmouth and U.S. Navy man but had left college in 1909 coming to China in the interest of Standard Oil. Now he is with a San Francisco company. He has lived for a couple years in Swatow. We all felt safe and went to bed feeling the doors of our state room open for we wanted all the air. I awoke quite rough during the night, and everything not lying around - at 6:00 AM nothing and broke up a brisk when she got up - she could not find her bag. Then she discovered that Miss Northcott's had disappeared - and finally I waked up enough to look behind the door for mine. It was gone. We awoke sleepy and thought that perhaps someone had removed them for customs inspection - so we called the Chinese boy and told him to bring our bags. He looked blank. Finally I called another boy and he looked blank. Then I told him and Dr. Norman. In about twenty minutes a boy came with Mme. de Neuf and my bag. Everything was tip-top tidy and part of Mme. de Neuf's underwear was stuffed in mine. Thanks to my relief I found first one piece of jewelry and then another, until everything was in sight. Then they brought in Miss Northcott's bag - it had been cut open - a great right angled cut - 10 x 6 inches. I was ranch her bag. When the men found that their clothing had been rifled they began to get excited. One man found his watch gone, and everyone found all his Mexican money stolen less than 3.00 in our journey. The funny part of it was that Dr. Norman had slept very little and his bull dog Rebecca in the poop with them. None of the girls lost anything. Thank goodness! Everybody was excited. The captain lined up the stateroom passengers and
had them searched - and they inspected the
crew members - but no trace of the things was
found. I was more than not to take jewelry
you see. Luckily Allan put his gold and silver
matches into a case that he strapped around his
body at night. The border must have been
very light. I told him the bags were found in
the bath tub with some over there. A bottle of
dezoyn plum I had bought in Hong Kong had been
spilled in my bag - but it did not do much damage.
There was so much excitement that we did not
pay much attention to water as we approached
Sydney. I saw a Reef to know that it is
beautiful. The water is quite yellow in the bay
on account of mud brought down by the river,
but to day with the sun on it it looks
quite blue.

The birds are singing sweetly in the shade
below the porch where I am sitting. I am in full
view of the river and the mountains. At my
right is a large city on a barren rocky hill
which reminds me of a dog town elevated into a
hill. One of the town runs into a rock
that stands up like the
rock.

The view is a jugged
down to the river.

You could not help enjoying the

scene here.

Well after we left Manila, the time
seemed short to Hong Kong - about 40 hours.

The shores of Hong Kong rival that of Nagasaki.
It is perfectly wonderful. The high mountains
converge down to the ocean in a semicircle which
leaves room for a small flat city. We went
directly to the hotel house to stay. We had
two comfortable rooms with a private
balcony - fire place, two beds etc.

Our beds were feather and goose

feathers - I think - that project the two white
spreads over the mattresses - as it was warm
enough so that we needed only one sheet, and I slept perfectly, but some of the others did not. We shopped a little in the morning. I saw shop at 12½ a small(?) cake, and 70 yards of matting for about 10. So I think we have given some money. If we pay gold they give us extra money because Mexican money is of lower value now. I bought a felt hat as big as a desk fan. I think I will try this before. Clicson bought me a beautiful rose-colored scarf to wear on it for Christmas present — and I bought him a wrist watch — he sold his elongated — so each of us has a wrist watch and another watch.

Such a wonderful time as we had Thursday afternoon — we had ridden in a jinrikisha coach in the A.M., but in the P.M. we rode in a sedan because we were going up hill.

Shortly we came to a station where we took a car for the mountain trip. The car was something like the car going up Mt. toy, but oh — how stiff it was — and what wonderful view of mountain sides and sea below.

This is about the slant. Why it seems as if we were suspended in the air in a perpendicular line.

You see the car goes up only about 200 or 100 feet, and then gets to a sedan three to the top passing beautiful residences — all the way. Some of the houses are really palaces.
It seemed wicked to make the coolies work so, but it would have been a long hard climb for us. The muscles of their legs stand out just like cords. They wear trousers which are rolled up above the leg, and a coat which they remove as the work gets harder. It was approaching sunset time—so we wound in and out of the zigzag mountain road. Finally we had gone as far as the coolies would carry us, and Robie walked over toward the seacoast. —Well I doubt if any one could see a more beautiful sight—except in the Alps or Himalayas or Rockies or any high mountains. The mountain dropped very sharply to the ocean, which was crowded with small sailing ships—sailed in the ocean I counted at least thirty—one islands—all I suppose of volcanic origin—beautiful—high and low—as the sun dropped—the beautiful violet haze came in the valleys—the color—in the sky—shades—shades—shades.

We went to the boat fairly early on Friday, and you know the rest until we reached Suatoo. It is even more beautiful than you would think from the pictures—rugged, picturesque—and wonderfully green and luxuriant where they have planted trees and flowers. The roads are blooming beautifully, and we have fresh vegetables now. Trees grow up very quickly. Some that were planted four years ago are high now. The buildings are very good, and it seemed such a relief to have this settlement clean and beautiful away from the city and noise of the city. Mrs. Ackwley has worked as a landscape gardener to make
the mission beautiful. We are entertained in her home for a few days then we go to the next house while the Judeons are entertained here next week — Wednesday and Thursday — and then we go to live with Mrs. Water until about the first of December then we go into Mr. Page's home to stay at least a year. It is the smallest house on the compound — the picture that appears to have only one story. But in reality it is built over a cliff — and go is all right. It is has a wonderful view of the hills and the ocean. I shall probably be in it the time you receive this letter. Only two big boxes that came by way of they are here and our trunks — but the boxes that came by way of Steely Montgomery Ward are not yet here. We shall not need them yet. Mr. Page will leave most of his furniture including his organ for us and his servants — but the servants can speak very little English. I learned the word for bread to day — "pe pan" — and I tried to learn "What is this?" — but I don't get the tones right.

"Chi ka? Si si mi kia?" You really have to sing it. I asked the word for fig. It ends with the sound "kia" — I pronounced it "ke" and they said that "ke" was the word for devil. #$&$#

We shall probably be Mr. and Mrs. Hi. He pronounced "hee" the other here.

For breakfast we ate pomelo — much like our grapefruit — persimmons — red ones which my dad like tomatoes — and bananas. They had steamed prunes and figs — and cereal (créchet grain) — and raisins. They had cream but it had to be boiled and once it does not taste like real cream — not bad tho. The bread is good. The water is not bad. I have seen just two flies and one mosquito since we came.

Our room is very large and high — white plastered walls — a very big bed bed about 20 inches wider than our bedest. With cane woven head and foot board — and net covering. The bed has Japanese blue and white cover — also the table has — like what I gave Carol.
What would you think if you had to get up for an early service at 6:15 on Sunday morning, as well as every other day. That is what Mr. Wright of Manila has to do. What would the American college youth do most chapel at 6:15 and breakfast at 6:45, you see they rest in the middle of the day, when it is hot and so they have to begin early, when it is cool.

We went to a church service for the natives at 8:30 a.m. The women in native costume sat in one section, the men in another. An American woman played the little folding organ, accompanied by a Filipino on a violin. Mr. Allbritt offered the prayer and Mr. Wright preached against superstitions beliefs, such as the natives have.

Then he showed us over the Theological Seminary - a fairly well equipped building: but nothing in comparison with Robe College. Then we went home to
Prepare for 10 a.m. church down town. There is a nice little church, which is attended by about 100 foreigners. It seemed good to hear an organ, American singing by a good choir, and a rousing sermon again.

Mr. Wright has another service about 5 P.M., in the native dialect. They have S.S. classes for the deaf, dumb and blind and are doing a great work.

Did I tell you about the Filipino wedding just as we were ready to sit down to dinner on Sat. evening, in walked about 8 or 10 Filipinos, two of whom announced they were married. The men came in and jabbered away. Mr. Wright got out a big book and began to write the answers to his questions. By and by it became necessary for the girl to sign her name. Reluctantly she came in and I thought that the wedding must stop right there, for she almost refused to try to write. Finally, coaxed by her friends, and helped along a little, she bashfully made a sign for her name. She was only 20 yrs. old, but dressed in black, as she was a widow with 2 children (one almost 5 yrs. old). Both of them were motherless.
The woman was very nervous and embarrassed and wouldn’t look at us. The children were bashful and hid behind their mother’s skirts. Mr. Wright spoke partly in the native tongue and partly in Spanish.

After we left Manila, the time seemed short to Hong Kong—about 40 hrs.

The harbor of Hong Kong reminds that of Nagasaki. It is perfectly wonderful. The high mountains come down to the ocean in a reminiscence which leaves room for a small flat city. Thus, after we had a ride in a jinrikisha chair but in the P.M. we rode in a sedan chair because we were going up hill. At the station we took a car for the mountain top. The car was something like the ill-timed hot step. How steep it was—-it seemed as if we were suspended in the air in a perpendicular line and what wonderful views we had of mountain sides and the sea below. The car goes up only about 1000 to 1200 feet and then we took a sedan chair to the top passing beautiful residences all the way up—some of them were really palaces. It seemed weird to make it; the cobblestones work, so but it would have been a long hard climb for us. The muscles of their legs stand out just like cords
They wear trousers which are rolled up above the knees. A coat which they remove as the work gets harder.

It was approaching sunset time as we wound in and out of the zigzag mountain road. Finally we had walked as far as the cobbles would carry us and so we walked over toward the sunset. I doubt if any one could see a more beautiful sight except in the Alps or Kamayyes. The mountains dropped very abruptly to the ocean which was covered with small sailing ships nestled in the ocean. I counted 31 islands all of a piece. The volcano is beautiful—high and low. As the sun dropped, the beautiful violet haze came in the valleys. The colors in the sky—yellow most—deepened into orange and then pink—the blues became deep and we were speechless with the beauty.

The governor or at least a man who looked like a governor and came from his house came out into the yard and told us to go into his private garden and climb to his summer house. We availed ourselves of the privilege of going into the garden and climbing to the wireless station where we could see water, on three sides. The lights began to appear in the village below and as we came down the mountain the sight was something wonderful.

Swatow is even more beautiful than I imagined, think from the pictures. Rugged, picturesque and wonderfully green and luxuriant where they have planted trees and flowers. The roses are blooming beautifully and we have fresh vegetables now. Trees grow up very quickly. Some that were planted 4 years ago are high now. The buildings are very good and it means such a relief to have this settlement clean and neat, and away from the dirt and noise of the city. Miss -- has worked as a land girl.
...to make the mission beautiful. We are entertained in her house for a few days. Then we go to the Rest House while the Indian party is entertained here next week. We then return. The 1st of Dec we go into Mr. Page’s house to stay at least a year. This is the smallest house on the compound built over a cliff and it has a wonderful ocean & hill view.

Our two big boxes that came via sea way are here and on brims but those from Chicago have not arrived but we shall not need them yet. Mr. Page will have most of his furniture including his organ for us and his servants but they can speak very little English.

I learned the word for bread today (Ma Pan) and I tried to learn what is this but I don’t get the tones right “Chi Kai si si mi Kai” you really have to sing it. I asked the word for fig. It ends with the sound “iui”. I pronounced it “Here” and they read that “Here” was the word for devil.

We shall probably be Mr. and Mrs. Hi pronounced Hee over here.

For breakfast we ate pomelo (much like our grapefruit), persimmons (red ones which looked like tomatoes) and bananas. Then we had prune and fig and cereal (cracked wheat) and raisins. Then we had cream but it had to be boiled and so it does not taste like real cream though it is not bad. The bread is good – the meat must be bad. I have seen just a fly and one mosquito since we came.

Our room is very large and high has white plastered walls – a very wide bed (about 20 in. wider than our widest) with cane woven head and foot board and net covering. There is a large wardrobe and 3 tables beside it a little one by the bed. Two huge doors open out on the porch which looks a beautiful view.
To-day we went to St. A. W. church and you could have laughed to hear us speak a few words of greeting to the large Chinese audience (about 200) and to hear Dr. Ashmore interpret in Chinese it is queer work! If you don't believe it, try it.

"In my home state the leaves have fallen from the trees - the birds have gone south - the flowers are withered - the cool winds blow -
che kai hai ti aim -

I have come to the land where roses are blooming where the trees are in leaf where the sun is warm.

Pie sin ome fi -

God has given us sny passage as -

Some more Chinese

We hope you will have patience until we learn your language - - -

Chinese

Why, one's words sound utterly wrong when they have to be broken up that way!!!

Dr. Ashmore, Mr. Page, Mr. Baker, Miss Salmon, Miss Monkey, Mrs. Nates came over to meet us at the boat yesterday and came with us across the harbor. Mrs. Ashmore and old Dr. Scott came to meet us when we reached the compound. It was very touching to see old Dr. Scott, 75 years old, meet her granddaughter 24 yrs. old for whom she has been waiting so long. We all turned away for it seemed as if the old Dr. was too full of joy to be able to stand it. Her story sounds like a fairy tale as full of patience, endurance and
perseverance it is. Mrs. Shelmore also has some wonderful chapters in her history. She practically started the drama work for which Atmore is so famous and which brings in such a large revenue now. She raised $3,680 (Mexican) to build the girls school by this work.

She begin a class tomorrow at 9 - for it is so much better to get a little at a time - a few words a day - and one time will be much broken when the Indian party comes.

Everybody here is much excited over the probable closing of the central mission station in order to begin more concentrated work.

My first impressions are very pleasant. I feel well and happy. Ellen seems happy and will feel well as soon as gets into train after this last attack of sickness.

Started Nov. 7, 1913

Family

E. Naent

S. 11
Dear Ones,

Four days have passed since I wrote and in that time we have seen and done quite a little of the in here that we have had plenty of time for rest. Oh! before I forget it, if any of you are in Boston after this January party retakes (probably sometime in early 1914) by going to the rooms of the Women's Board on the 7th floor of the Old Bly and inquire for Mrs. Safford — you could ask questions about us and our home and surroundings.

I think, among else, that you would like to. There are so many things that I am sure you'd like to hear and they could be told as quickly. This morning she came in to see the house where we are staying now, and we told her of the days when we are to go in December. We know that she is also talking with Mr. Page about living here. He pays $60 a month to his cook. That is at $4.50 per week for rent, but it is not too bad.

Our class began on Monday, Nov. 9. Since we have gathered around the dining room table in the house where we are staying. Dr. Acheson introduced us to our Chinese teacher, a woman of about average size, whom I can pick out chiefly by her ear which consists of a gold band holding a small piece of jade.

Later: Oh joy! We have received some home mail. John's good letter written Sept. 25 from the ocean, before reaching Bermuda came, and Aunt Cole's (including the letter that I saw from Omaha and those from Jennie and Uncle George), and letters from Charlie and card from mother, and letters from Mr. Neubert — Oh! it was so good to hear. I didn't think I could wait much longer patiently.

I knew that you are waiting next to anxiously, at home. Have tried to figure out just when the letters would reach you and I see that perhaps there will be two mails of at least three weeks. I am sorry, but it could not be helped.

I will go on writing about our stay here and then will answer questions in the letter.
Well first we had to say "a" in 8 different ways.

- Middle tone sustained about the pitch of middle C (do).
- High "a" and descending.
- Low and ascending.
- Middle tone ascending.
- Low sustained.
- Low and very slow and quiet.
- High "a".

I wish you could hear those eight too particularly.

They do sound so funny - and if you could hear each one of us saying that succession of sounds after our good teacher, you would double up with laughter.

We had to laugh at one another sometimes, and sometimes the teacher herself is not convinced. I am so glad that the Chinese had known how to laugh. I didn't really realize exactly - real comfortably, real pleasant - and wonderfully beautiful. If you could see the moon rise behind the irregular shapes of the rocks on their hills, you would exclaim with me!

I can't tell any difference in some of those tones even when the teacher says them.

Then they make us say the same sounds over and over and over - and if you don't think it is hard, try it.

The next hard thing is to distinguish the difference in breath in the a's in a word like church and pronunciation church - perhaps, first with a sound made with.

It is mighty interesting, however, and I am surprised that there is nothing simple enough for us to begin on.

I was really quite enjoying it - for they gave us a list of 30 easy words to pronounce. Then I was given the book to saturate the other day, and I was trying to recall the list. Later I thought I should like a bath but we had no hot water. Finally I remembered the word for water boiled (said as if you were sneezing) - and then I remembered the word for hat - see. When the boy came to prepare our bed for the night (he drew up the covers and pulled down the net and tucked it in) I said "see - true", and he knew what I meant - although I couldn't remember which of the 8 tones to use - B. Well - I was so proud that I didn't know what to do - and I thought that I should like the Chinese language very well.
There is a large wardrobe and three tables beside the little table by the bed. Two huge doors open out upon the porch which has such a beautiful view. We have a little room for a private bath. Really it is quite luxurious and the other houses seem great as nice and homelike and pretty. Mrs. Waters has a piano.

We rested in P.M. then called on others and in the evening went over to Mr. Rho's house where Dr. Murmac is and listened to his Victrola. It was good. I talked some very awfully and poorly and Mr. Ashmore showed me a better way.

To-day we went to give a M. Church, and you must have laughed to hear us speak a few words of Chinese gifting to the large crowded audience. It is your wish! If you don't believe it, try it.

"In my home state - the leaves have fallen from the trees - the birds have gone south - the flowers are withered - the cold winds blow." Oh hai hai ti sun - etc.

"I am come to the land where roses are blooming, when the trees are in leaf - where the sun is warm - etc. Pe qui meu fi - etc.

"God has given us safe passage etc.

Some more Chinese -

"We hope you will have patience until we learn the language, so that we can help at the lack of teaching our Chinese - etc.

Chinese.

Why, this word sounds utterly inane when they have to be broken up that way!!!!"
Dr. Ashmore, Mr. Poe, Mr. Baker, Miss Solomon. Mrs. Ugley, Mrs. Waters came on to meet us at the boat yesterday—and came with us across the harbor in a Sampan. It was rather chilly, and the wind blew my pith hat—and my hair nearly fell down, so that I was mightily glad when I struck land. When we sat down at times I could feel the motion of the boat—very queer! Mrs. Ashmore and old Dr. Scott came to meet us when we reached the compound. It was very touching to see old Dr. Scott 75 years old—meet her niece for whom she has been nursing so long—I am turned away for it seemed as if the old doctor was too full of joy to be able to stand it. Her story sounds like a fairy tale—as full of patience and endurance and perseverance it is. Mrs. Ashmore also has some wonderful chapters in her history. She practically started the dress work for which Swatow is so famous—and which brings in such a large revenue now—she raised $3,500, Mexican to build the girls' School—by this work.

Well—I could go on writing all night—but it is about bed time.

We begin a class tomorrow at 9:00—for it is so much better to get it all at a time—a few words a day—and our time will be much broken when the Indian party comes on Wednesday. It will also be good to greet some of our fellow passengers again. Col. and Mrs. Dale and Mr. Hill and Mr. Scott—Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb and Miss Richardson.

Everybody here is much excited over the probable closing of the central mission station—in order to begin more concentrated work.

My first impressions are very pleasant.

I feel bold and happy. Ellamia seems happy and will feel fine as soon as he gets into them after this last little attack of sickness.

I think of you all every day—and am very anxious to hear—and letters which I've gotten for me last to Mrs. H— and I found 3 letters from college friends in America, but no letter to mail from home daily now.

Keeps of love,

Lothie.
Four days have passed since I wrote, and in that time we have seen and done quite a little. Also we have had plenty of time for rest. We were just now talking with Mr. Page about hiring his servants. He pays 7.00 a month to his cook. That is about 45.00 in American money. Almost every household has three servants, but we hope to get along with two if we have the washing and ironing done outside. The cook - the boy - 8.00 a month = 4.00 U.S. (the cook we shall not have.)

Our class began on Monday A.M. 9-11. First of us gathered around the dining room table in the house (east view) where we are staying. Dr. Ashmore introduced us to our Chinese teacher, a woman of about average size, whom I can pick out chiefly by her ear-rings which consist of a gold band holding a milegreen jade band. In class first we had to say "1" in 8 different ways:

- middle tone sustained, about the pitch of middle E
- high "
- descending "
- low descending
- middle tone ascending
- low sustained
- low and very sharp and quick

I wish you could hear those last two particularly. They do sound so funny!
and if you could hear each one of us saying that succession of sounds after our good teacher, you would double up with laughter. We have to laugh at one another sometimes, and sometimes the teacher herself is just convinced. I am so glad that the Chinese here know how to laugh. It is real jolly, real happy, real comfortable, real pleasant—and wonderfully beautiful. If you could see the moon rise behind the irregular shapes of the rocks on these hills, you would exclaim with me!

I can't tell any difference in some of these times even when the teacher says them. They make us say the same eight sounds winning them our nose—and if you don't think it is hard, try it.

The next hard thing is to distinguish the difference in breath in the 2 "ch" in a word like church and pronounce church—perhaps—first with and then with the 2 "ch". It is mighty interesting, however, and I am surprised that there is anything simple enough for us to learn. I was really quite enjoying it—for they gave us a list of 30 easy words to pronounce, and thereby changes a tale. Elliot.
took the book to Swatow the other day — and
I was trying to recall the list. Later — I
thought I should like a bath — but had
no list water. Finally I remembered the word
for water tin (said as if you were sneezing)
and then I remembered the word for hot-sie.
When the boy came to prepare our bed for
the night (He draws back the covers and pulls
down the net and tucks it in) I said
sah tin — and he knew what I meant.
Although I couldn't remember which of the
two to use! Well — I was so proud
that I didn't know what to do — and I
thought that I should like the Chinese
language very well. Mr. Baker tells me
that it is easy for about three months
and then it grows hard. Well — it is
better than I expected so far — because
there seems to be nothing impossible so
far. In the afternoon from 2 until 9.00
we have another teacher, a young mother
who speaks quite a little English. — I
forgot to say that in the afternoon we
are divided into 2 groups, Ellian, Dr.
Newman, and I sharing this girl teacher.
It is much more fun (I think) in the P. M. than in the A. M. (having had only one P.M. class so far and this is Thursday.)

I had no idea I could learn any language so soon. Why the day before I said six times, I said the Chinese word for two - "yi" - in an emergency - and they understood. Oh, it is fun! and even now in the Chinese speeches we recognize a few familiar words such as "ma" = my and "la" = come. Bô said in a low tone means hat - but in a high tone it means no or none. If you want water no hat, however you say bô bô in the same low tone. The word for I is "wà" and the word for I in Chinese pronounced as "wà" means he, she or it.

We stayed at Mrs. Ashmore's beautiful house until Tuesday. On Monday we went to the hospital and walked thru the seminary & academy - all substantial cement buildings with perfectly wonderful views. - The room overlooking out on the sea, the hill-side, oddly picturesque with their huge black colored rocks, the terrace place,
where crops are growing - fresh and green - you would exclaim with if you could see it - and say "Well Lottie do not boast anything in the way of natural beauty in going to Sunnys". I did not dream it could be so beautiful. They have planted a great many pine trees on some of the hillside, and that makes it seem all the more like home.

I have played tennis Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Wednesday. I really played a decent game for a person who has played but about one game in 1½ years but today I was quite satisfied of myself.

Mrs. Waters is very sociable and a good conversationalist and musical and stylish. She is the daughter of old Dr. Scott and therefore the aunt of young Dr. Mildred Scott who came out with us. By the way I like all the people who came with us to S.S. China.

Friday P.M.
It is rainy today and chilly. I am glad to have my wool dress on. We have had our lessons from 9.00 - 11.00 and from 2.00 - 4.00. Then we had tea with
Mrs. Waters and she entertained us for an hour or more with stories about her servants. Afternoon tea is quite a habit in this community.

Wednesday was a big day here. We expected the Judson party. The Judson party is a party of about 20 people who are travelling around the world, visiting missions and taking part in the celebration of the Judson Centennial in China. It now has a few additions of people who took a large part of the journey from San Francisco with us. Col. & Mrs. Cole, who entertained us royally at Honolulu, Mr. & Mrs. Newcomb (missionaries returning to India), Miss Richardson who knew Mary Dixon M.T. C'04 as well. It seemed like meeting old friends to see these people from whom we had been separated only a few days. Everybody here was all excitement to think of meeting so many people from the states. They had had committee meetings without number to decide who should entertain whom, how the party should be greeted, and what they should do while here. Finally it was decided that the bells here should
ring, when the signals went up across the bay to let us know that the steamer was approaching. Then three senparons (bells) from this side should go across the bay to get the people; a second bell here should ring as a signal for the different schools to assemble; then the schools should march down to the wharf (or land, as you call it here) and stand in double line while the party walked up. You would have been interested to see first the teachers and students of the theological seminary — and then the women of the Bible school in troncass and upper coats — then the staff from the hospital and the nurses’ class — the boys from the academy — the primary department, the kindergarten. The lines extended for at least an eighth of a mile. I was surprised at the appearance of the plant and the amount of work done, and yet we are not among the Chinese as a healthy disguise. It seems more like home with a few foreigners dwelling among us — except at church.
The foreigners on this side Nahchich are largely influenced by foreigners and many of their homes are very nice indeed - cement houses with windows decorated rose gardens. Some of the Chinese are fairly wealthy.

On Wednesday a Chinese pastor was ordained before starting as a missionary to Siam. It was quite an interesting ceremony held in the chapel, but it seemed rather long to us where cars got little or no mention from the Chinese words.

On Thursday A.M. the Chinese gave the Judson party a big reception. I think of going to a reception in 10 A.M. First we assembled in the church, where there were more Chinese speeches and singing by three different children's classes. Then we departed to the theological seminary. Here on an upper floor were three large tables - one for the ladies, one for the Chinese, and one for the men. A pair of chopsticks and a cup of tea were at each place, while in the centre were dishes of preserved fruits - and cakes and candy.
To candy they had peanuts with a white candy shell around them - and peanut brittle, little, and a sort of butter scotch with millet in it, and flaked rice candy - a little like our corn cakes, and preserved coconut and strips of some fruit that looked like citrus. The cakes were odd and interesting. Some of them looked very pale and deadly like half-side pei crust, but there was a very nice sponge cake and other things in dreary shapes.

In the afternoon came another two-hour service dedicating a fine new building for the women's work. Later tea and candy. It was Chinese tea of course - pale colored and unwatered.

I found out just yesterday that things here progressed so much that we can get ice here. They manufacture it - isn't that nice? They have electricity in Swatow across the bay but not here. The cooks do all the buying. They go to Swatow every afternoon to buy supplies - fish, fish - fairly good meat, very good fruit - nothing
oranges, pomelos, persimmons, bananas, etc.

I am surprised to see how few mosquitoes and flies there are. The houses are entirely unscreened, and yet I have seen only three or four flies and those large, fat ones. I have heard a few mosquitoes, and one night when we did not have the net a few troubled us. I have seen one large spider in a big closet unused. The body was over an inch long. I think in the hot weather poisonous snails are here but no Chinese name them. One on the compound has ever been bitten, and everybody carries a lantern at night.

The natives think that Elham must be very old. He is so tall—much older than Dr. Newman who is much shorter but really quite a little older. I suppose you are anxious to know about Dr. Newman. He is a typical new-fashioned missionary—athletic, bright, a good man—and yet giving up a practice of thousands of dollars to come here.
the hope of training the Chinese to become scientific Christian doctors. He has good ideas. You spoke, John, of a man who said missionaries went into the work to get money. I heard of two cases just here where doctors gave up big practices (one $7,000 a yr.) to come here.

They don't smell organs in all the buildings. Mrs. Page has one which she will teach for us. Mrs. Waters has a piano too. The Chinese like music but it plays strange with the tunes of their language, and they sing so slowly that I want to get up and push them. A Chinese stands up in front and waves his hand to make them keep up to time — but they drag even to this slow beat.

How beautiful these flowers are! The roses are just getting their prime and are also the chrysanthemums. They have here the poinsettia in its brilliant beauty, and the begonia.

of which the Californians are so proud. I picked a violet or two. We saw the beautiful moon flower night before last — fragrant, white, and large.
you would laugh to see the Chinese children's pig-tails. They wind a lot of wetted in their hair beginning at top of head and let it hang down about four or five inches at bottom making the hair appear longer than it really is.

This wetted is usually bright red which with no relation to the color of the dress which is as likely to be a dark purple or a bright scarlet so anything else.

The natives carry heavy burdens. We feel more safe to have them handle our trunks than to have our cases. They put ropes around the trunks, put a bamboo pole through the ropes & place the end of the stick on the shoulders of coolies; ten 74 then brought 5 is heavy box of books 750 lbs.

Did I tell you that while we were in Hong Kong Dr. Michael Scott & Miss Northcott had embroidered linen dresses made by Chinese tailors. Our was cut out in the evening and delivered the next morning at 8:00.

The other was done almost as swiftly. The tailors worked all night! They were quite remarkably cheap. I have found how much cost I think about 4.00 for making. Dress work at 2.00.

I am feeling fine & all goes well at the work yet we are both happy & settled down. We are in temporary quarters but hope our goods have come safely so far and everything seems better than we expected.