Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Folder label: LLH to Carrie and Everett Lane (parents), from Swatow

Dates: 1913 Nov 15-Dec

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515063
Nov. 19

It is evening just after dinner. E. is playing the violin and I am getting a few minutes to write to you.

We have had a good day. I studied from 9 to 11, then A. U. and from 2 to 4 on this P.M. We are going to put a few words together into easy sentences and to write easy words and read characters in a primer.

There! I have written all I know from memory and I am not perfectly sure even that they are right. So many resemble so many others.

We decided on Monday of this week to have another holiday, as two of our classmates were visiting another school, and do me who were here went around visiting schools here and the Juden party. The buildings of these lower schools seem dingy and dark in comparison with our American schools, and they do not smell very nice. The teachers are mostly Jewish Russian Chinese men. The classes range from 18 to 30 members. There is a boarding department too. The dining rooms of the grammar school boys has no light except what comes from the doors which open on to a porch and onto a room with lattice windows. The Chinese beds have a frame consisting of one single cot, a piece of wooden board and lath on this frame - a piece of thin matting on that. Then the people roll up in a comforter. For a pillow - if they have one - they use either a piece of wood or some kind of indelicate fabric. It is about 10 miles by 4 by 4.

The kindergarten was too clean for anything. So the regular teacher was a young girl about 20 yrs old, with very little experience had charge. About 20 children were sitting around the tables - all in dark
blue or black suits something like our overalls and always coat jackets—only that each khaki leg is made separate and they sometimes separate and fall so low that the little fat body has a good chance to get cold. When they played a game like droop the handkerchief one couldn't help realizing that children were the same the world over. A backwash. Some laughing, some very serious. They made sand horses and recited little verses for us too.

The early classes in arithmetic, in English and in geography. All the students rose as me entered and most of them did something for us—either chanted a hymn in read English or marked at its board.

In the dormitory we found 16 boys sleeping in a room with only 4 windows and the room was about 15' x 12'. I suppose the boys think that was a large amount of rain and light and a large amount of space. In the native villages where they are unconstrained by Christianity they have practically no ventilation—no windows, high few slits high up, in the wall and every body and everything including bugs and goats huddled into one room. One sees dung everywhere—black bugs whose backs rag like saddle bushes. They get in one way on the street in the villages but me and spared all that by being in Kalkki and away from the crowded, smells, dirty city. It really does not seem like living in a foreign place to be here.

In finished our holiday by going to Soman crossing in a sampan and sailing in junking to the Anglo-Chinese College which me visited to visit. 7 or 8 roads in a long line along the ocean line about 2 miles when me reached the college me found two young Scotch teachers who talked with a real Scotch accent. They, assisted by Chinese teachers keep a very good boarding school with a number of college subjects. After me had gone through the class rooms, dining rooms, and bedrooms...
(finally) we went to the rooms of the young Scotshman
(one known in a minute there was no woman in the
whole place) then we invited the Aston House Hotel
where a Hong Kong firm was having a sale and bought
a tennis racket and outfit for $5 - and a press for my
racket.

We have seen three women with little plumps &
feet. They cannot walk without a long stick to help
them and they often sit down to rest. It is awful
Do you know that they find granite in these hills
just as at home? Many things remind me I home. We
had some of the best fruit bowls. I have tasted its other
evenings - fish, chicken, curry, roasted rice, 
and success to you.

I have noticed how self possessed the Chinese are.
They never seem jaded. Even when Chinese momomers
are to address or large audiences without a number of
American present, they show no hesitation.

We are planning about our servants. We want at
first to get along with two but we shall probably have
to have three soon. I see what people mean when they
say men grow lazy in the East, I have not lifted my
finger to do a stroke of work except to reach a fine
material since I came. We expect to move to Mrs. Forre's
house tomorrow when the Judson party have left to
stay until about Dec. 16. We are to have a cook a boy
who will come Dec. 10 as he wants to start our garden
and then will clean house for us. We shall plant lettuce,
tomatoes, and whatever vegetables grow quickly and easily
here. Does it seem queer to be planting in December?

Tennis has been my chief diversion this week. I am
so glad to get a chance to practice almost daily.
I wish you could see the beautiful furniture
which we can have made here. I almost wish we
I want to buy everything here. In fact I do need and bad! The teak wood is beautiful something like the tamarind mahogany in appearance soft brown. It is quite expensive but Singapore pine looks almost like it to the uninitiated and is quite satisfactory. I went to see Mr. Solomon yesterday. She has been here about 11 years and has gathered a beautiful collection. She has book cases of teak wood with little diamond panses & glass. You can imagine how beautiful they are. She has a carved organ stool and many beautifully carved picture frames. The desk is large flat topped with long drawers at the left and one big drawer in the middle. In the dining room she has a combination sideboard and china closet. Really I am very much surprised at its beauty & everything. Even the chairs made here are pretty.

There is little to tell of feelings - they are just amazement at the beauty & comfort of life here. Of course I miss you all but I know it is inevitable and as I just try to write or read or even if I am tempted to long for you more than I ought. I know that it is so much work to be done here that one could be happy in work so much needed. Do I have to pinch myself? Well I guess I do several times a day. Why it seems so perfectly natural now that I am alarmed to think I can be 12000 miles away and feel as very much the same as in America.
Second Baptist Church
Appleton and Walnut Streets
Holyoke, Mass.

JOHN C. SYCAMORE, PH. D.
Minister
Parsonage 235 Oak St., Phone 1338-W
Church Phone 2472

Minister’s Assistant
Miss Myrtle M. Blight
175 Oak St., Phone 2697-W

On The Foreign Field
Rev. Ellison S. Hildreth
Swatow, China

CHURCH MOTTO FOR 1926:
“Certainly I Will be With Thee.” Exodus 3:12.

Hampden Male Quartet

MR. WILLIAM AKER, 1st Tenor
MR. ARTHUR BALLANCE, Bass
MR. T. F. LONDERGAN, 2nd Tenor
MR. B. A. WEBSTER, Baritone
MR. EMIL H. BEMIS, Organist

Greeting:
This is our Father’s House---
the home of praise, prayer, fellowship
and worship.
May all who enter here find
Pardon, Peace, and Power.
May they give
Reverence, Attention and Service.

The Minister will be glad to meet visitors and friends at the close of public worship, or by appointment. He is especially desirous of hearing of any who desire to unite with the Church or who need distinctive ministry during the week.
ORDER OF WORSHIP
SUNDAY, FEB. 7, 1926

10.20 A. M.—
Organ Selections
Allegretto
Andante

Calkin
Merkel

10.30 A. M.—
Call to Worship—(Congregation rising with the minister)
Minister. This is the hour for worship. “Exalt ye Jehovah our God and let us magnify His name together.”
Congregation. “O Lord, open Thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.”
Minister. “God be merciful to us and bless us.”
Congregation. “And cause His face to shine upon us.”
Minister. “Praise ye the Lord.”
Congregation. “The Lord’s name be praised.”

Doxology
Invocation and Lord’s Prayer. (Congregation Seated.)
Hymn 608
Responsive Reading—Selection 17, Page 22.
Gloria Patri—Choir and Congregation
Reading of the Scripture
Pastoral Prayer—Choir Response
Worship with Offerings
“All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee.”
Anthem—“Nearer My God to Thee.”
Presentation of the Offering
Hymn 587.
Sermon. THE PASTOR. “MISTaken MEASUREMENTS.”
Hymn 273.
Reception of Members
Memorial Supper of Our Lord.
The Singing of the Hymn 612.

10.30 A. M.—
Kindergarten Department of the Bible School

11.50 A. M.—
Bible School Session. Everyone heartily invited to remain.

6.00 P. M.—
Young People’s Society of Christian Endeavor in the Church Parlor.
Subject, “Can We Live Our Religion?” Roland Carlson will be the leader. All young people are invited.

7.00 P. M.—
Evening Worship in the Chapel. Views will be shown and the Pastor will give the talk on “Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles.” Everyone is invited to share this instructive and interesting lecture.

NOTES

Because we had no service last Thursday evening the “Living Message” this week will be from Ephesians. Be sure and read it and send your questions to the Pastor.

Mark your supper reservation cards today and leave them in the pews. A regional Bible and Missionary Conference will be held in the Park Memorial Church on Wednesday, Feb. 17. This is one of twelve such conferences to be held throughout the state. We should be present in large numbers. There will be afternoon and evening sessions. Supper served at the Church for 50 cents. Earnest messages from some of our missionaries, conferences and views will present our great missionary program. The detailed program may be seen in the vestibule. There will be no registration fee but all who can go are asked to register. Miss Blight has the cards for this purpose.

Friday, Feb. 19, will be observed as Day of Prayer for Missions by the women of the Churches of Holyoke. A union service will be held in the First Methodist Church at 3 o’clock. Miss Loraine Van Wagenen will be the speaker. Much time will be given to prayer. Further notice will be given next week.
MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK

MONDAY
7.30 P. M.—World Wide Guild Meeting in the Church Parlor. Every girl over fifteen is invited. See Notes.
7.30 P. M.—The King’s Daughters will meet at the home of Misses Blanche and Harriet Grant, 82 Nonotuck St. Members are asked to bring sewing materials.

TUESDAY
4.00 P. M.—Junior B. U. Meeting in the Church Parlor.

THURSDAY
2.30 P. M.—Thimble Club Meeting in the Junior Room. Work for the City Hospital, and White Cross. Many helpers are needed.
4.15 P. M.—The Brownies will meet in the Primary Room with Miss Frances Buckley.
4.30 P. M.—Important Meeting of the Woman’s League.

“CHURCH NIGHT”
6.00 P. M.—Supper served in the dining room for twenty-five cents.
6.45 P. M.—Interesting program in charge of Group II.
7.30 P. M.—Devotional Service led by the Pastor. The “Living Message” will be Ephesians.
8.30 P. M.—Meeting of the Advisory Council in the Men’s Class Room.

NOTES
All followers of the Lord Jesus are invited to gather for the Memorial Supper at the close of the service this morning.

Miss Sarah King of 77 Queen Street, will receive the Hand of Fellowship into Church membership this morning.

The World Wide Guild Meeting on Monday evening is an important one. Officers will be elected and interesting plans for the future will be outlined. Every girl over fifteen is cordially invited.

After much thought and an earnest discussion of the matter in their meeting last week, our young people have decided to organize as a Young People’s Society of Christian Endeavor. Christian Endeavor has meant much to the life of the Church and to the lives of many individuals. It is hoped that more of our young people will join with the group already meeting on Sunday evenings and help the new organization to count “For Christ and the Church.”

Beginning on Tuesday, February 16, a short course on “First Steps in the Christian Life” will be given in the Junior meetings. All boys and girls who are thinking of uniting with the Church are invited to attend this preparatory class conducted by Miss Blight. Parents are asked to encourage the attendance of their own children.

We are looking forward with pleasure to having with us next Sunday evening the colored singers of St. John’s Church in Springfield.

The call from time to eternity, from the earthly to the heavenly home has come to many of our families in the last few days. We shall miss the kindly presence of our brother, I. W. Cornwell. He has been among the most regular at all meetings of the Church. Mr. Spencer Marrs will be greatly missed in his home. Mrs. O. F. Carr, the sister of Mr. L. H. Foster, and Mr. George Hill, father of Mr. L. G. Hill of Maple Street, have all left vacancies in family circles. To those bereaved we extend our sincere Christian sympathy.

As surely as we see the nearness of Easter so surely may we take comfort from the precious truth it unfolds.

“The clouds hang heavy ‘round my way, I cannot see;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.

Through many a path of tears I go, But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me, My God, my Guide.
He leadeth me, and so I walk Quite satisfied,
To my blind eyes He may reveal No light at all;
But while I lean on His strong arm I cannot fall.”
Church Official Directory

Minister .................................. Rev. J. C. Sycamore, 225 Oak Street, Phone 1338-W.
Minister's Assistant ........ Miss Myrtle M. Blight, 175 Oak Street, Phone 2697-W.
Deacons—H. C. Freeman W. O. Harvey Thomas Mason G. D. Whitmore
E. S. Brooks M. L. Cramer G. E. Kingsbury H. S. Martin
Jos. Collingwood John Hildreth L. D. Horne A. J. Rand
Church Clerk .................................. Perle M. Mars, 644 Dwight Street.
Assistant Church Clerk ........ Merrill A. Downie, 258 Suffolk Street.
Church Treasurer .................... Herbert L. Frink, 228 Pine Street.
Assistant Church Treasurer .......... W. S. Stedman, Jr., 113 Dartmouth Street.
Collector Church Funds .............. L. H. Foster, 140 Lincoln Street.
Collectors Missionary .................. C. J. Ford, 114 Allyn Street.
Funds .................................. W. J. Waycott, 75 Linden Street.
Church Auditors ...................... C. R. Kingsbury and Wesley A. Lowry
Prudential ................................ C. A. Chase G. P. B. Alderman James Sangster
Committee .................. Elmer B. Cooley G. E. Hall
Trustees Benevolent Funds .......... C. P. Randall H. J. Frink W. J. Mills
Superintendent Bible School .......... E. E. Cornwell, 61 Lawler Street.
Assistant Supt. ....................... W. O. Harvey, 64 King Street.
Treasurer Bible School ............... A. C. Looke, 22 Clark Street
Secretary Bible School ............. Carl Aurnhammer, 473 South Street
Supt. Home Department ............. Mrs. M. L. Howe, 175 Oak Street.
Supt. Cradle Roll ................. Mrs. C. A. Tiff, 37 Clark Street
Chairman Music Committee ........... Charles E. Alderman.
Chairman Missionary Committee .... Charles P. Randall
Chairman Ushers' Committee .......... Charles A. Tiff
Chairman Welcoming Committee ..... C. R. Kingsbury
President Women's League .......... Mrs. Joshua, Taylor, Phone 1859-W.
President King's Daughters .......... Mrs. A. C. Looke, Phone 5964-M
President World Wide Guild .......... Miss Mary Phillips, Phone 2149
Sexton .................................. George N. Frissell, 39 Taylor St., Phone 6991-M

Church Organizations

Bible School with following departments: Home, Adult, Young People's, Intermediate, Junior, Primary, Kindergarten, Cradle Roll, Philathea, Men's, Women's classes in Adult Department have special organization.


Church Meetings

Lord's Day Public Worship 10.30 a. m., 7.00 p. m. Bible School 11.50 a. m.
Lord's Supper first Sunday morning of each month.

Wednesday: Meeting of Woman's League, 2.30 p. m.

Thursday 7.30 p. m.—Gathering for prayer, praise and Bible study.
Business meeting Thursday preceding last Sunday and Covenant meeting Thursday preceding first Sunday each month.

Church Finances

The church is supported by voluntary contributions. Every member and friend of the church is earnestly requested to contribute systematically towards current expenses and missions through the weekly offering system. All seats are free, but all locations for sitting and weekly offering envelopes can be secured from Mr. C. A. Chase, 159 Pearl Street, or Mr. L. H. Foster, 140 Lincoln Street.

Church Objects

The church building is for the worship of God. Here, all who attend its gatherings, should receive inspiration that will develop character, which reveals itself in love for God and service for man in all departments of life and in all parts of the world.

The Bible is our only creed and rule of faith and practise. The membership is composed of all who accept Christ Jesus as Saviour and Lord, and are baptized on profession of faith in Him.
Dear Ones All,

It is evening just after dinner, Ellijon is playing the violin and I am getting a few minutes to write you. A second mail was reached me this week on Saturday and Sunday was glad. Two letters were mailed (one in Vermont and one in Glen Ridge) on October 19 and I received them on Nov. 15. I was so amazed that I could hardly believe it. (One day is lost in coming, too.) isn’t that fine! Uplifted of in my week, with good luck, we can expect a letter to go in 29 days or 30 days—about 4 weeks. This was the first letter according to my new round robin scheme, that they made no word from Ruth, from George, or from Della. I felt a little disappointed—because I want to hear from each one. Then the letter can be sent around the family. Let me know what you think of this— and change the plan if you think best, but send a whole ounce (or 24th ounces if it is at all over eight). First ounce 05. Second 0.3.

Mrs. Waters received a package from Peterson yesterday by Parcel Post— and it cost only 24 cents to send it. I feel relieved about that too. I want some little thing I can send to you for it and have it sent G. P.

I feel like writing to each one on this list personally— but I see plainly that there isn’t going to be time, and so try to get every personal message as possible out of it and write me if you have any questions, so that I can answer them either in these long letters or in shorter notes. I wrote 3½ hours on the last letter and felt very much disappointed in the result when I read this. It gave you such a poor idea of things.

I am pinning a snapshot on the other page. It was taken at the Beverly Hills Hotel between Santa Monica and Los Angeles the day we called on Aunt Alice. Myrtle Brindle Nelson ’05 and I. See how fat I was even then! Missionary life agrees with me.

We have received word from Montgomery Ward & Co.
that our goods sailed Oct. 28 on Panama Mary. Will arrive early in December, I expect.

Thursday Nov. 20, 5:30.

How are you all to day? We have had a good day of study.

from 9 to 11:30 this A.M. and from 2:00 to 4:00 this P.M. We are beginning to put a few words together into easy sentences and to write easy words and read characters in a primer.

Here! I have written all I know from memory and I am not perfectly sure even that they are right. So many resemble so many others!

I told you that ice is manufactured here in Nakdich when I was Across the bay in Swatow they have electricity! What do you think about that! Progressive!!

Swatow is flat and hot. Nakdich is rocky and mountainous.

We decided on Monday of this week to have another holiday as two of our class mates were visiting relatives, and as we who were here must around visiting schools with the Indian party. The buildings of these lower schools seem dirty and dark in comparison with our American schools, and they do not smell very nice. The teachers are mostly Christian Chinels then - the classes range from 18 $30, month.

There is a boarding department too. The dining room of the gentlemen school boys has no light except that comes from the doors which open on to a porch, and on to a room with two
latticed windows. The Chinese beds are
made as follows: a frame something
like our single cot, flat pieces of emboss-
ment laid on this frame, a piece of straw
matting on that. Then they roll up in a
composter. For a pillow if they have one,
they use either a piece of wood or some
kind of inflated leather about this shape

It is about 10 inches by 4 by 4.
(Perhaps too small for their needs)

How would you like to sleep on one? I
rather use mine!

The Kindergarten was too clear for
anything: All the regular teacher had
been taken sick, a young girl of about
twenty with my little Arabesque red dress.
About twenty children were sitting around
the table all in dark blue or black suits
something like our overalls—and straight
shirt jackets—only that each trousers leg is
separate separately—and they sometimes
fall so low that the little fat bodies has
a good chance to get cold. When they
played a game like with the hankiechief,
and couldn’t well realizing that children
join the same the whole one some
laughful, some laughing some very serious.
They made sand houses and waited little mice
for us too.

A wonderful sunset is just fading
away and leaving me in darkness out
here on the porch. I must go inside and
write by the light of the kerosene lamp.
We saw classes in arithmetic in English,
and in geography. All the students wore as
their father, and most of them did something
for us—either chanted a hymn or said
English—or worked at the board. I see very
likely they do not intend to put me at
work at once even at English. We shall begin
our full time to study (and me need it).
Oh and before I forget let me tell you that
in her most beautiful sunrises ever. Almost
Every morning here at Glen Ridge, I
wake up for about three or four minutes
just at sunrise time (about 6:30 a.m.) and
then I go right to sleep again. Right from my bed
I can see Beautiful china above the rugged mountains
which enclose a beautiful valley— with the rice fields
and pond—I guess I told you before— and if
I raise my head just a little, I see the ocean to
the left dotted with the sailing sampans. They
look all hazy and ten colored in the morning
light on the blue smooth ocean and it
seems almost like a fairy picture.

Just now I went to the north west porch and
I saw the sunset sky above a corner of the
bay. I know you rejoice with me at the beauty
I saw. Sunday I walked for an hour over
the hills— in paths sometimes between solid rocks.
It is too picturesque for words. I must get Allan
to take some snap shots. He is a little slow at
getting at developing or printing even after he
"got hot" taking the picture! So you may have
to wait until next spring.

Now to continue that Monday trip in one
domitory—mission school remember. I found
sixteen boys sleeping in a room with only two
windows and the room only about 15 x 12. I
suppose the boys think that is a large amount
of air and light and a large amount of space! In
the native village they are uninfluenced
by Christians they have practically never ventilation
the windows— but a few slits high up in the wall.
And everybody and everything including pigs
and goats huddled into one room!
We see pigs everywhere— black,
pigs whose backs hang like saddle horses!
They get in one way on the street in the
village, but man shushed all that by being so
high chief—and away from the crowded,
dirty city. It really does not seem like
living in a foreign place to me.

On the afternoon Monday we finished our
holiday by going to Swatow, crossing up a
sandy road in a camo and riding in jinrikiahs to the
Bengzhou Chinese College which we started to visit.
Seven of us rode in a long line along the ocean shore—about two miles or more. When we reached the college we found two young Scotch teachers who talked with a real Scotch accent. They assisted by Chinese teachers kept a very good boarding school with a number of college subjects.

After we had gone through the clock room, dining room (where), and bedrooms—small—we went to the rooms of this young Scotchman—(one knew in a minute that was no women in the whole place). The Scotchman is quite a prack! I don't see why he isn't married. Then we visited the Aeta Hotel where a Hong Kong firm was having a sale and bought a tennis racket and outfit for $8— and a price for my racket. Then we came home at the beautiful sunset across the bay.

We have seen three women with the little house. They cannot walk without a long stick to help them—and they often sit down to rest. It is awful.

Do you know that they find granite in these hills that are at home? Many things remind me of home. He had some of the best fried oysters I ever tasted the other evening. It was delicious.

We fried oysters—oysters. Also, very good fish—fish—fish—larded, roasted, fried, and etc.

He has a cement tennis court—I never played in my life. The birds are beautiful too—just taking magnificently and more—delicate and antelope singing birds which I do not know—but quiet tame and lovely.

Have you ever read Molly Make Believe? I read it last Sunday E.M. and enjoyed it very much.

We are this week planning about our servants. We want at first to get along...
Fri. Nov. 21 - noon.

with tea and have the washing sent out. I don't that sound luxurious! But we shall soon have to have then probably. I see what people mean when they say we grow lazy in the East. I have not lifted my finger to do a stroke of work except to wash a little paint since I came. F. We are to have Mrs. Jay's experienced cook, but another lady - as my boy wants to go with Dr. Newman. This boy has experience this, and has been taking care of our room since in Has been living at East View. We expect to move to Mrs. Water's room tomorrow when the Sadler Party will have left. And to stay until about December 16. We have engaged our boy for Dec. 10 as he will want to start our garden and then clean house for us. We shall plant lettuce, tomatoes, and other vegetables grow quickly and easily here. Mrs. Water will tell me. The cook can make tomato pies yesterday and I think that I can get some roast Hong Kong, as the people usually send it to America for them. Doesn't it seem queer to be planting in December?

Mrs. Water's plays piano pretty well. She has a book of duets and we played from Beethoven, and another of Haydn's the other evening. That was nice! She has a piano but it has grown temperary in this climate from the it is a Henry & Miller. Then most decided what is best for us to do next winter has taken. Mrs. Pigg's organ looks so much that it is practically useless. Tennis has been my chief diversion this week. We are glad to get a chance to practice almost daily. I wish you could see the beautiful furniture which one can turn make here. I almost wish we had waited to buy everything now. In fact, I do wish we had. The Rosewood is beautiful - something like the Alcassar Walnut in appearance. soft brown. It is quite expensive, but Singapore pine looks almost like it to be unmatchable and is quite satisfactory. I want to see the furniture Miss Johnson yesterday. She is a single woman who has been living here about eleven years. Year by year she has gathered a beautiful collection. (I'll
reminds me quite a little of Lucy Elliott except that she looks quite entirely homely in a pith hat and heavy eyeglasses. She has both cases of tooth decay with little diamond pens of glasses. She drew the plan.

You can't imagine how beautiful it is.

She has a carved organ stool and many beautifully carved picture frames.

Her desk is large, flat topped with long drawers at the left and one big drawer in middle. On the right she has a false front which appears to be drawers. In reality, it is a closet with shelves that open from the end. Very convenient.

In the dining room she has a combination china and china closet.

Really I am very much surprised at the beauty of everything. Even the chairs and curtains are pretty.

I think that I shall order two new right away and decks perhaps, but I shall probably wait Singapore time at present.

I can hear the strains of the Sextet from Lucia which Dr. Norman is playing on the Victrola.
I suppose that by now Mary is in Petro. Take good care of yourself! Let me know your weight and just how of your temperature! Let me know if Dr. Harris examined you at times and the results.

How does Mr. Nell like H2O? How is Tom?

John in good health? Does George continue in Boston?

How is little June? and Queen?

"Laura Lane?

"Has Mother a machinewoman? I must tell the boys to be sure not to bring their machinewomen.

I am glad that Aunt Mary Babcock has had the money sent.

How is Card and school?

Virginia very comfortable here. I saw men's blue
dresses but often has a turquoise.

Have you had any snow?

"Aunt Celie there is little to tell of feelings— they are great arrangement at the beauty, and
comfort of life here. Of course I miss all you dear people—but I know it is inevitable
and so I just try to write or read or sew if it
took me to do just for you more than I do. I
know that there is so much work to be done
here that one could be happy in work—so much
needed.

Do you at home?

"Mr. Lamour whom you may have met at Board
rooms in Boston to her with the Judson party.

Dear Mother O's letter written to the Phil. voyage
reached me here yesterday. I was so glad to hear,
and thought how much it made the fingers
ache too. Speaking of Alice presence, the Wrights
of Manila say that more people know them
have any other stories given them. She has
the acquaintance of more people than any
one else who goes there.

Do I have to think myself? Well I guess I do several
times a day! Why it seems so perfectly natural now.
that I am almost to think I can be 2000 miles
away and feel so very much the same as in
America!

Do tell me—of nor do Daddy tell me how you are
now. Much love to everyone. Olette
Dear Family,

Today comes 16 envelopes of mail matter. I am going to count up the letters some time to see how many there really were. It took me all my spare time from morning classes until nearly 7:30 to read them, and I enjoyed every word. I am so glad to hear. Just now I am looking every day for some news from my dear adopted flower family.

On Wednesday evenings we have prayer-meeting at the different houses, but each when the Jewish party was here, they were kind enough to ask me to play the hymns. Of course I enjoyed having something to do. To-night the prayer-meeting is at Darwin Bungalow where Dr. Scott is rooted. You must get acquainted with all our people here. Dr. Scott is a charming white, being forty-seven, five years old. The story is as interesting as a book.

Saturday A.M., Nov. 29:

I write all last evening and until 10:00 this A.M. reading and commenting upon letters from home, and so I guess this letter will have to be done in shorter time than usual. I will try to write Dr. Scott's story at some other time.

I suppose people are just about going to bed at home. We are taking our breakfast:

- Papayas (grown here)
- Mandarin oranges " " delicious
- Sour oranges
- Oranges " in Amoy (like grapefruit a little)
- Bananas
- Apples

- Hammy

- Hot gents

- Coffee.

We have fruit here all the year round, and people eat a lot of it. Everybody eats at least two kinds at breakfast and often three. The Mandarin oranges are like our peal glaze oranges except that they are much larger, juicier and sweeter. They are brought in with the
yerns on and with a leaf or two also.

Mrs. Waters has given an organ lesson to the young girl who has charge of the kindergarten. The Chinese women play the organ very well. Mrs. Waters has a little Japanese folding organ which cost only $50.00. She uses it now and I go out into the country and of morning worship. I think that we shall buy one. We are still debating about a piano. I enjoy Mrs. Waters’ very much in the meantime.

You are we may be sent to one of the local stations next year and that would mean moving. So we do not dare buy very much.

My teaching has just come back. 46 pieces at $0.35 apiece (May). Think of that – all nicely ironed. That is less than $1.70 gold two marks.

Yesterday a widow with six children came to Mrs. Waters for work. She lives in the room in the house of our Chinese teacher. I hired her for two days a week – Wednesday and Thursday. To do my washing, ironing, and mending, at $0.30 a day. That is less than $5.50 a day.

She begins Oct. 13. When Mrs. Pagel goes.

Now I have a cook, a boy, and a woman.

I gave her a table cloth and a dozen napkins to him yesterday, as I am very well that I shall have the time if I play tennis every day. Mrs. Waters says that they hen why directly.

Yesterday you would have laughed to see me trying to order a bookcase from the little Chinese carpenter. He asks them that they look almost like a cat. He knows a little English – but he gets Chinese most of the time. Finally, I think I ordered a bookcase of Singapore pine. 6½ feet long with four glass doors and four drawers for 24.00.”
I am hoping to see him with an Anemio some day to see what I did tell him.

From Mr. Page who is going a way in here bought a bathtub, 3 nets for beds, 2 night lamps, some mats for a large sheet with 5 big drawers (free hand), all American costume, 6½ dozen rope in pots and some slips, a larger chair, a ricker table, 2 big baskets for travelling. Then we have bought also a record head a large wardrobe which gives plenty of room to put all of mine and all of Elizabeth's clothes very comfortably. It has a broom and the center and I am sure it was planned by a woman. The room is not very handsome but one door had a huge full length mirror which is perfectly grand. I never dreamed of such luxury! Last this for less than 15.00 gold.

The big chair of drawers which is fully 5 feet high I think cost less than 5.00 gold.

We are beginning to receive calls from the community people. Mrs. Gideon - Scotch - a Presbyterian missy came across the bay from Seward yesterday. Mrs. Butcher, a stunning English women whose husband is in shipping business I think, called yesterday and the day before Mrs. Scothen - a woman on 60 - foot boat and bright - with dark eyes and gray hair called. She reminds a little of Dr. Chilen and a little of Miss G teammate. Can you picture her?

It is wonderful to see how Mrs. Hlater's deaf and dumb cookie can understand and be understood. He is going to give me some slips from his notes which are the most beautiful and most successful on the compound. He makes up faces and uses his hands and grunts. He is very bright and very kind.

Mrs. Waters can understand everything he tries to say.

We had a holiday on Thanksgiving Day, the people here do not usually celebrate. Dr. Chilen made a big fuss said that he would just as soon I stay on Sunday as on
Thanksgiving Day and so-a holiday.

Mrs. Waters took up to Swatow in a taxi. The men had their hair cut and on did little errands—bought post cards, envelopes, mailing, glue, ink, castor oil for E's head; hair, cuff buttons and some pretty new matting. A crowd gathered at the door of every house in enthrall and gazed intently at us. Sometimes the mothers do not like to have us look at their children even in this enlightened city—and sometimes the children are frightened and cry.

Dr. and Mrs. B. H. were started last Monday for India where the great Indian Convention is being celebrated. Dr. B. H. is to take his place there. Ellison went yesterday with Dr. B. H. for a weekend trip to a distant village where there is to be a baptism and a communion service. The first day they go as far as Kitang by boat and back. Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. B. H. and then they go quite a distance farther. It will be interesting for him, and I am not lonesome as I am with Mrs. Waters—but I do miss him. It seemed so queer to come into my room all alone yesterday P.M. and lay down my foot as just as I used to after a day of teaching.

Oh—Thanksgiving afternoon. Slept in to quiet all night until tea time. Then I visited the Chinese prayer meeting for women. Chinese women lead and play organ, and sing. I am getting so that I can recognize some numbers in character and in sound. It is fun.

I have written 7 x 8 = 92.
8 x 9 = 72.

Nineteen.
Ellis has told you I think of the Thanksgiving dinner with turkey and cranberry sauce at Dr. Scott's at 7:00 in the evening. I enclose my place card and the violet I picked that day.

Well it is after 11:00 A.M. and I must stop writing.

Oh, I must tell you that Dr. Baker had a little girl born last evening. Dr. Newman and Dr. Scott officiating. It is the second child and they are very happy for the baby is a boy. Dr. Baker is nice to Mrs. Baker and she is very particular about her children. She said has the water for the bath sterilized?

One day another woman doctor came in and found that child biting the top of the mother's shoe while the water was being sterilized for the bath. It has always been a joke on the compound since that time.

Every child has an ahnumah or private nurse for several years. Mrs. Waters says it is really easier to bring up little baby children here than at home.

On Sunday we must to Chinese service and then to the community service in English.

Tennis and piano have been very enjoyable this week.

Well - Good by again - dear people.

Very much love to each one.

Lottie,

Haven't told you a quarter of what I want to.
Dear Family,

Today comes 16 envelopes of mail, which I am going to count up the letters some time. I do not know how many there really were. It took me all my spare time from morning class until 7:40 to read them, and I enjoyed every word. I am so glad to hear. Just now I am looking every day for some news from my dear adopted family.

On Wednesday evening we have prayer meeting at the different homes. Last week when the Indian party was here they were kind enough to ask me to play the hymns. Of course I enjoyed having something to do. Tonight the prayer meeting is at Shewin Bungalow where Dr. Scott is hostess. You must get acquainted with all our people here. Dr. Scott is a charming, white-haired lady, seventy-five years old. Her story is an interesting one.

Sat. Morn. Nov. 29

I suppose people are just about going to bed at home. We are through our breakfast.

Papaya (grown here)
Mandarin oranges
Sour oranges
Pomelo
Banana

Apples
Orange

Milk + coffee
we have fruit here all the year round and people eat a lot of it. Everybody eats at least two kinds at breakfast and often three. The mandarin oranges are like our kind found round except that they are much larger juicier and sweeter. They are brought in with the stems and with a leaf or two also. Very artistically Mrs. Waters has given an organ lesson to the young girl who has charge of the kindergarten. Mrs. Waters has a little Japanese folding organ which cost only $35.00 (mix). She uses it when she goes into the country and at morning worship. I think that we shall buy one. We are still debating about a piano. I enjoy Mrs. Waters very much in the meantime.

If we receive any more from the local stations next year and that would mean money. So we do not dare do much.

My washing lady just came back—46 pieces at 63 cents (mix) I think of that—all nicely ironed. That is less than 70 gold two weeks washing.

Yesterday a widow with six children came to Mrs. Waters for work. She lives in one room (7 people) in the house from Chinese teacher. I hired her for two days a week Wednesday and Thursday to do my washing morning and morning at $30 a day. That is less than $15 a day.
She begins after Dec 13 - when Mr. Page goes. Now I have a cook, a boy and a woman. I gave her a little doll and a dozen napkins to learn yesterday - she was very well & that what she has to do & if I play tennis every day! Mrs. waters says that they have very nicely (Ho)

Ho means good! X

yesterday you would have laughed to see me trying to ride a horse in a loose can from the little Chinese carpenter. He has whiskers so thin that they look almost like a cat's. He knows a very little English - but he speaks Chinese most of the time. Finally - I think I ordered a chestcase of Singapore pine 1/2 feet long with four glass doors and four drawers for 24.00 max. I am hoping to see him with an American someday to see what I did tell him!

From Mr. Page who is going away we have bought a lantern (3 mats for beds, a night lamp, some matting, a large chest with 5 big drawers, rice wood), an American commode, 12 dozen roses in pots and some slips, a wicker chair, a wicker table 2 big baskets for travelling. Then we have bought also second hand a large wardrobe which gives plenty of room to put all of mine and all of Illini's clothes very comfortably. It has a rod thru the center and I am sure it was planned by a woman! This room is not very handsome but one door has a huge full length mirror which is perfectly joined. I never dreamed
of such luxury! All the grandchildren for less than 15.00 gold. The big chest of drawers which is fully 5 ft high I think cost not less than 18.00 gold.

We are beginning to receive calls from the community people. Mrs. Gibson-Scott — a Presbyterian missionary came across the bay from Swatow yesterday. Mrs. Butcher, a stunning English woman whose husband is in shipping business, I think, called yesterday and the day before. Mrs. Facker (?), a woman over 60, but perky and bright, with dark eyes and gray hair.

It is wonderful to see how Mrs. Watts, deaf and dumb, could understand and be understood. He is going to give me some ship from his rooms which are the most beautiful and the most successful on the compound. He makes up for his faults and uses his hands and voice to understand everything he tries to say.

We had a holiday on Thanksgiving Day. All the people here do not usually celebrate. Dr. Johnson made a big fire and said that he would visit us soon and study on Sunday on Thanksgiving Day and so — a holiday. Mrs. Watts took us to Swatow in the morning. We had their cut and we did little errands — bought oil for E's hair, cuff buttons for E and some juice green matting. A crowd gathered at the door and gazed intently at us. Sometimes the mothers do not like.
to have a look at their children, even in this enlightened city—and sometimes the children are frightened and cry.

Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore started last Monday for India where the great Jordan centenary is being celebrated. Dr. Foster takes his place. Miss Ellison went yesterday with Dr. Foster for a week-end trip to a mission village where there is to be a baptism and a communion service. The first day they go as far as Kitgong by boat and have a Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. Bacon, and then they go quite a distance further. It will be interesting for him and I am not homesick as I am with Miss Walker—but I do miss him. It seemed so queer to come into my room all alone yesterday afternoon and lay down my books just as I used to after a day of teaching!

Thanksgiving afternoon I slept a little while until ten o'clock. Then I invited the Chinese prayer meeting for women Chinese and play the organ and sing. I am getting so that I can recognize some numbers in character and in sound. 37 is fun.

\[
\begin{align*}
\lambda &= 8 \\
\tau &= 97 \\
+ &= 10 \\
\text{Total} &= 192 \\
8 \times 9 &= 72 \\
\text{I don't see how they can do arithmetic.}
\end{align*}
\]
Oh I must tell you that Dr. Baker had a little
girl born last evening. Dr. Newman and Dr.
Scott officiating. It is her second child and
they are very happy for the first is a boy.
Dr. Baker is wife of Mr. Baker and she is
very particular about her children. She
even has the water for the bath sterilized!

One day another woman doctor came in and
found Mrs. B's child biting the tip of the
mothers shoe while the water was being
sterilized for the bath. It has always
been a joke on the compound since that
every child has an abomaal or print mark
for several years. Mrs. Waters says
it is really easier to bring up little
baby children here than at home.
On Sunday we went to Chinese
service and then to the community service
in English.

Tennis and piano have been very
enjoyable this week.

I haven't told you a quarter of what I want t.
I am afraid there will be a big gap between the last letter and this owing to our being too smart. We were told that in general the good mails leave at Radecliff closed on Wed. & Sat. and so we decided to take turns. Lottie wrote to you on the following Sat. and I was to wait over till the following Wed. Then we found our information had been inadequate. You have to have a steamer schedule to know. There was a gap, then two slow steamers and then an extra fast one which doesn't leave Hong Kong for 6 days. If I had caught the one about a week ago the letter might have reached you a day or so before this, but that mail was closed before I found out.

If you want to know when to mail letters to me it may be that Charlie can have a beautiful schedule of mails via Canadian Pacific, Pacific Mail, Togo Line, Natasha (Kaitaka?) and Siberian Railway which he would be glad to copy for you. It may be you can find some newspaper which every day announces the closing of mails for China.
If so by all means take advantage of it. I will tell you what I know of the first three. I can't tell you about the Siberian route except that we are told that if a letter from here to the Atlantic coast of the state goes by Siberia it sometimes saves time. But that's not very definite. Expresses run two or three times a week on the Siberian railway and the question of connections is important.

In regard to the other three lines the following facts are established: That the Canadian Pacific "Empress" boats can make the trip from the East to the Orient a week quicker than other good boats, due to a shorter route. The shortest way from San Francisco to Japan is much longer than the Canadian Pacific route from Vancouver to Japan, and the S. F. boats go a long way out of their course to call at Honolulu. An "Empress" boat leaves every two weeks, approximately, and if you address letters "via Vancouver, Empress of —" and finish out accurately how long it takes from Holyoke to Vancouver, you can make fast.
24 often pay to miss a mail via S.F. and land later via Vancouver. This is what I am doing now. The "Monteagle" is not so good as the Empress boats, but that too I think is quicker than the S.F. boat.

Oddly, that the Topa Union, Nootka and the Pacific Mail from S.F. have two classes of boats, the "other" being known as intermediate boats, the Nile and the Persia of the Pacific Mail and the Hong Kong Mail of the T.N.K., which are slower than the others.

I have only their last known schedule.

I think if father will call at the B. A. city ticket office on the south side of Main St. Springfield, he can get sailing lists of the Canadian Pacific, Pacific Mail & T.N.K. If not send a postal to T. M. Cook & Sons, N.Y. and they will come by return mail. Then study the schedule, find out from Clorinda how many days you ought to allow to be sure of connecting at S.F. & Vancouver, and you can put down on your date pad the date when the mail closes at 1866. Must for those respective boats. Save these dates in this end.
That's a lot about mail and very little news. It's Thanksgiving Day and I have been telling people "Kim jiff to Ni" which means that today in America is Thanksgiving Day. "Kim jiff" means feel grateful or feeling gratitude and is the emotion expression for 'Thank you'.

We are all going to have dinner tonight with Dr. Anna Scott, the old veteran whose grandson came out with me. Everyone on the compound will be there except a man and wife who have an illness in the family and Gittle and I will be the only men there.

The party will be Dr. Scott's, widow, Dr. Scott's maid, Edna Selman, Miss Northcutt, Mrs. Page, and Dr. Foster, whose wife is in the States, Mrs. Waters whose husband is in Central China on mission business, Mrs. Morley widow, Dr. Newman bachelor, etc. I too and the other two count, so that makes it 13.

Tomorrow at 11 I am going inland with Dr. Trotter, Miss Northcutt, you with us so far as I know. I visit Dr. Edythe Bacon with whom she & works & ed. and by.

Friday it is threatening & rains but I guess when we get inland it will All right. I am sorry not to be able to write more but things unfolded yesterday afternoon contrary to what I could have had. I am in good heart. B
Nov. 28, 1913

Comments and answers – for family only.

Dear Papa,

Will you please send me word about that mortgage? I haven’t heard anything yet from you and I think I wrote before I left San Francisco Oct. 7. I was awfully glad to see your letter to Marion. It was as full of fun and just like you. We all appreciate all you get time to write. You read and read your letter of October 26. You would be interested in this country but I expect you would say that good old Cape Ann would do for you. But since we have to be here, I am mighty glad that we are in a good part of it.

I am sorry that Laura Lane is in such a condition. It is very sad.

How is Anne Rose and her mother?
Where are you storing the goods that you took from the little store opposite the Chateau House?

How is the insurance going now?

Dear John,

Thank you for writing. Since I arrived I received your letter written just before you reached the Jamaica ( ) and then the letter of Oct. 26. Haven’t we a rather small crop of apples?
No. I didn’t get up in the pilot house. The American ambassador to China, Mr. Reineck, was the only man who was allowed up on that deck.

Foreign countries certainly are dirty, but haven’t seen very much of the dirty part yet. Great Plains of Yoke Japan and some of the dirty business streets of Swatow. I think that they are going to begin a campaign for sanitation.

I was awfully glad to hear from you about Ed Nelles. Sorry Mother could not go to Majorie’s wedding. Aunt San went I think. Mather dear will you try to see that the Nelles and the Salsburgers are some of my letters when they have been all around. Hope that these will see them too because the poor girl is having a hard time getting well. She will probably all winter in Waltham.

Congratulations on standing first, John. I think you had better not talk of giving up the winter of the QBM unless it is positively pressuring you. It will mean much more to you in the end if you stick it out better positions you
know. So don't give it up—unless there is some good reason. It would spoil all the efforts of this year's work if you should give it up now.

Mother dear,

Your letter was lovely. How are you feeling and sleeping? Is Carol in her room again? How does the furnace work? I cannot realize that it is cold at home. I picked a violet and a lot of roses yesterday.

What is Carol doing for dresses? One dark school dress with a contrasting collar would be sufficient. Perhaps she is wearing that pretty blue dress.

It seems a wicked shame for me to receive no letters and not send them out, but I really think we shall have to change our system somewhat. Perhaps you would be willing to write from home once a week—sending anything that Pat, Carol, or John—or Berta—wants to send—and perhaps someone at B.H.2.0 would be willing to write once a week explaining anything that the others might mitt. They could write to Bertha, Helen, Anya, etc.

They let B. Rockport & B. H.2.0 and enclose any letters that had been entirely round that seemed particularly worth sending. I do not insist this stamp business to become too expensive for you—Ruth's letters would reach me in this way, and there if he is willing could keep me fully and accurately with his inexpressible activities carried on by themselves or after a trip to someone else. This makes it absolutely necessary for the family to sign initials to letters as you and I do. Cross out your initials if somebody else has written them for you.

I received two letters this week which I had signed my initials to and read them either in Boston or San Francisco, so be careful.

Ruth could write me specially once a month or when anything came up, that she especially wanted to write about.
In this way I should hear personally from Mary and I think it would be more satisfactory to all.

Carol must not let her practising go by, or I am afraid they will take away the privilidge of substituting music for a study. Hope you to shell, and enjoy school, not wishing too hagg, and warmly shield B— quite a list. I think E— each one daily and imagine what you are doing— It is now 6:30 P.M. I sit beside the table writing in a pleasant sitting room— It is about 7:30 P.M. Home and Carol is perhaps taking the Car for Gloucester. Wish you could come in here and see how cozy it is. It looks just like a comfortable little American home— except that here and there is a little bit of grass wall or drawn work—which would show that the owner of the American home had travelled. Of course the homes vary a little more like our summer homes in their furnishings— maker chairs and pretty green seatings for carpeis— as the climate is warm. The wind is blowing quite strongly outside.

Have you check the blue serge dress for Carol. Who will make it?

Climate is certainly ideal here now—a days— perfectly beautiful— almost been and sharp at times.

George! Dear your letter kept us howling— It was hurtfully good to hear! I said in my last letter that there was no word from you on that first letter— Oct 12— 19. It evidently wasn’t yours fault. I guess there was a misunderstanding of some kind. Think we shall have to change the plans— and you either write us direct or enclose your letter to mother— or H. O. group.

Please don’t forget the tuition when the second bill comes due— I left 2.00 for Carol’s folder—I hate to let it hang out from her having long a took lastly will you send let me know. Perhaps I can help her some more.

Don’t forget to save for the rainy day— when the work is slack.

You must love to go duck shooting here— Flaubis by the thousand. Actually I can’t read that fox hunting story!
Glad to hear of Earl's wedding. When is he to live? That was some forecast you had on the wedding day!

Send me your new address. You will probably have moved by the time I get it, at any rate.

Thank you Ruth for good summaries. You'll see that this letter I have suggested a more

simple and I think a better plan.

Thank you for writing as fully of Bob's letters.

I am always interested.

And you have been sleeping out doors. I thesis

one to stand school work better.

A great many Baptist Churches do not

have close communion now. It certainly

is wrong! I guess only a small percentage

retain it.

Marion, I suppose, is in Beth. O now. Hope she
can find sufficient air. How are the expenses

going?

I am not yet sure what was the matter with

Ester. I suppose that letters coming this

may explain it. Of course I realize that she

held a sore in her ear, but it seems as if

something else was the trouble too, by the

letters.

It was awfully good to see Jennie's letters

and get the little note all for myself. I am

so glad she could come on this summer;

and these pictures! Almost every day I

take them out and look them all over.

Weren't the Bakersfield gossip, rich - Ruth?

Such a mishap!

I did not feel any queer sensations at

landing Aunt Celie except here at Shattow when

I sat down I felt as if I was swaying to one side - twice.

I think - that was after the rough night when we were

shook. I think I was glad to get on land. Finally

after it was all over. I was tired of the rich food.

And even the I guessed on it. It was not good for
my face—ever the I was careful. But Suster
seems to agree with me.

I wish I knew how many steamer letters
I received—but I destroyed or sent away
as many on October 7—that I did not think
of counting—and I destroyed nearly all of
those I read on the trip because of need of
space.

I think that I will send letters directly
to Bro H.O. if you prefer it for awhile having
Ellison write directly home—and my letters to
you later. It will make it over a much later, I suppose
for the Kildeths. I wish I knew how long the
letter is delayed in reaching you when I send to
them. Will you please let me know as soon
as possible.

So glad you saw Mr. and Mrs. Kildeth in Boston.
You’ll see, Aunt Celie, that I do find the
summarizing business a little unsatisfactory
and am suggesting a new plan. From Bro. H.O.
people might take turns in writing the main letter
and others put in notes long or short as they feel
inclined.

Some thing could be done at home. There are four
grown ups to write from Bro. H.O. and four at home.

Then a picture of Dr. Huntley and family
which I think I will send to you.

How do you like the typewriter, Jennie?
Yes, Ellison will use this when it comes.
I used the cold cream every time I went
into a city—but I did not think of it on the
boat. It was such a relief to have everything
clean—My nails would stay clean for days at a
time, and my pockets were not infested
with even at the end of the trip after four
weeks of man. Think of that! Even guy in Saint
than is in dust or grime, and I feel that one’s
lungs are not at all clogged up.

I will try it here also. See what it does.
My face has become quite clear since I
reached Staple.

Has Papa had the Mail 1st been shuffled?

Now I’ll begin general letter. Goodbye. Love.

Sister.
Wilfred Throntly
4½ yrs old.
1913.

Tonyo Marx
Dear Ones All,

It is quite cool here this week; that means merely that our noses and feet and hands feel cool. We have no fires in the house of course and the flowers are blooming as gayly as ever.

We have received no mail since that record breaking lot which came last week Wednesday, and so we are looking for more every day now.

The time is drawing near when we shall go to house keeping and I am wondering how I shall be able to run a house knowing so few Chinese words so fast.

Oh good! Our freight from Montgomery Ward is here and that means that we shall be able to settle Mr. Page's house just as soon as we can get in. We are hoping to sell one of our three brass beds. It has cost us more than half the original cost to get it here!

I am anxiously to get unpacked!

Ellison again going off with Dr. Foster at this week end; the middle of next week he is to speak at a Chinese Convention.

We shall have twenty five boxes to unpack I think!

Saturday Dec. 6, 1913.

Ellison is cleaning up after unpacking his typewriter. He decided on the advice of Mr. and Mrs. Miles not to go off with Dr. Foster this week end as it would cut into his studies so much. The letters have not yet come but I expect they will come to-day.

Life has begun to settle down into routine here. Mr. Water's returned on Wednesday I think after spending about a month in Central China where the field has been transferring our work to another mission. He is a fine looking man and very pleasant. He has the appearance of a prosperous gentleman-business man. He is very busy with the work of the mission. Ellison found him a good tennis player yesterday.

Our class has been somewhat small this
week as Miss Northcott has been on a country trip with Dr. Bauch with whom she will probably work later and Dr. Newman has gone to Hope where he hopes to do hospital work in a few years. So we have had three in the morning class and two in the afternoon.

Did I tell you that when we came into Swatow forty weeks ago to-day, the missionaries saw Ellicott leaning and and looking down toward the water.

They confess now that they said, "Do you suppose that that rich man belongs to our party?" (He had been rich that P.M. and was my face) - "Hope he is not the doctor!"

Mr. Waters saw a foot-ball game in Tanagri. When the two teams came upon the field, the workers! band struck up "God be with you till we meet again".

I was nearly convulsed when he told me about it! - Could anything be funnier?

I wish you could attend one of the women's prayer meetings on Thursday P.M. About 60 or 70 come. I think and many bring their babies. Just now the babies, hard with brightly colored and decorated wooden caps to keep them warm and the women near many layers of clothing. All the people have black hair and it is usually as neat as a pin.

The other day in prayer meeting I tried to sketch the most common form of hair dressing.

\[\text{[Sketch of woman's head with hair up in a bun]}\]
On Monday the last of the missionaries who were to return this year came back. The Brookes, whom we met in Detroit last spring, and their two pretty children, a boy and a girl. The Lefens, with whom we had corresponded about furniture etc., and their two little children, a boy and a girl. Miss Traver, a kind and refined — (that means unmarried) — gentleman, eldest children of Mr. Lewis.

The Brookes live about ten miles from here and the Lewis's about a half day's journey, but the Lefens are on the compound. Mr. Lefen, they say, is a very popular man — very sick, he has a very good timer voice — and Mrs. Lefen is very quiet and refined. She reminds me a little of Mayme Tarr. By the way, I wonder, if Mayme Tarr received the letter which I returned to her from California. If she ever speaks of them, please let me know. If you feel inclined to send portions of articles from with local news in an envelope by themselves after they have accumulated, you can do it quite cheaply, and we should enjoy it.

I wish you could see Mr. Lewis of Hing Kong. He looks something like Tom, but he is very different. He appears to have stepped right out of a book of Dickens. He apologizes for everything that he does — almost for breathing — he has five or six children, the eldest of whom is only 8 or 9 I think. "I hardly dare open my mouth about it." "Excuse me for interfering." "I am sorry to be late, but"

These expressions and others like them are always on his lips.

I am going to see Dr. Milhijed now to find out if she wants to see our beds. If so, we can unpack it to-day.

Oh! that reminds me — a girl at the hospital. A heathen woman young and with 3 children came to the hospital about two months ago with a sore on her throat. It
seemed as if an operation was necessary. She listened to the story of Christ with a great deal of interest as Mrs. Waters talked to her. Every afternoon Mrs. Waters visits the hospital patients. Only yesterday it was found out that she had cancer of the tongue, that the operation would probably be fatal but that she might live two years if she did not have it. She has decided to choose the two years, and says that every hope on earth has gone from her. She bore the news with great courage. I was amazed.

Many Korean women come to the hospital and the news of the Christ story is spread in that way. But a Christian has to endure much persecution if he or she is the first of the family. Beating is one of the simplest forms of persecution I believe.

Well, goodbye for now. I hope you are all well. I am so anxious to hear from my flower family. A letter from Mrs. B. was forwarded from Manila, but that is all I have heard for two months.

Christmas is coming, we shall probably stay right here. I hear word from Harriet Allen. She has just arrived at Canton after her trip by way of Europe and Siberia.

Much love to all. Hope you will all get your presents all right. Let me know about the money, nothing please. Also please send me word about the cost of the glasses.

Return to Edna.
Rockport, Mass.
It is quite cool here this week. That means merely that our noses and hands and feet feel cool. We have no flies in the house but the flowers are blooming as gaily as ever.

The time is drawing near when we shall go to housekeeping and I am wondering how I shall be able to run a house knowing so few Chinese words as I do.

Out on the back porch Elihu is cleaning up after unpacking his type writer. He decided not to go off with Mr. Foote this week, and as it would cut into his studies so much he has begun to settle down into routine here. Dr. Watters returned on Wed. I think after spending about a month in central China where the Board has been transferring our work to another mission. He is a fine looking man and very pleasant. He has the appearance of a prosperous business man. He is very busy with the work of the Mission. Elihu found him a good tennis player yesterday I think.

Our class has been somewhat small this week as Miss Noithcott has been off on a country trip with Dr. Bacon, with whom she will probably work later and Dr. Newman has gone to Hrops, where he hopes to do hospital work in a few years. So we have had three in the A.M. class and two in the P.M.

Did I tell you that when we came into Smokey four weeks ago today, the missionaries saw Elihu.
leaning over and looking down toward it made
They confess now, that they said "Do you suppose
that that sick man belongs to our party" (he
had been sick that A.M. and was very pale) I hope
he is not the doctor.
Mr. Matres saw a foot-ball game in Nanjing
when the two teams came upon the field he
shouted, "Land ah! and struck up "God bless you till
we meet again." I was nearly unraveled when he
told me about it - could anything he fumiliar.
I wish you could attend one of the morning
prayer meetings on Thurs. P.M. About 60 or 70
time I think and many bring their babies. Just
now the babies have in highly colored and decocled
mossel caps to keep their ears, and the women
wear many layers of clothing. All the people have
black hair and its usually as neat as a pin.

The other day I tried to sketch the most
common form of hair dressing

hair may down over ears.

On Monday the last of the Miss. who
are to return this year came back. The Enrochett
whom we met at Detroit last spring and their
two pretty children a boy and a girl. The Enrochett
wrote whom we had corresponded about
furniture etc., and their two children (boy, girl).
Miss Travers, a Kronich worker (that means unmarried
and the two eldest children of Mr. Lewis
The Brosheicks live about 10 miles from here and the Levis about ½ day's journey, but the Logans are on the compound. Mr. Logan says, is a very popular man—very sociable. He has a very good tenor voice—and Mrs. B. is very sweet and refined.

I wish I could see Mr. Lewis of Young Pheon. He seems to have stepped right out of a book by Dickens. He apologizes for everything that he does almost for breathing. He has 5 or 6 children the oldest of whom is only 8 or 9.

"I hardly dared open my mouth about it."

"Excuse me for interrupting."

"I am sorry to be late but..." and others like them are always on his lips.

I am going to see Dr. Mildred Scott now to find out if she wants to see us buy one of our beds if we can unpack it today. Oh, that reminds me of a bad case at the hospital. A beautiful woman, young and with 3 children came to the hospital about 2 weeks ago with a sore on her throat. It seemed as if an operation was necessary. She listened to the story of Christ with a great deal of interest, as Mrs. Hales talked to her. Every P.M. Mrs. Hales talks to the hospital patients. Only yesterday it was found out that she had cancer of the tongue, that the operation would probably be fatal, but that she might live two years if she did not have it. She has decided to choose the two years and says that every hope on earth has gone from her. She has decided to choose the two years and says that every hope on earth has gone from her.
Many heathen women come to the hospital and
the news of the Christ story is spread in that
way. But a Christian has to endure much
persecution if he or she is the first of the family
to believe. Reading is one of the simplest forms of
persecution I believe.

Well, goodbye for now. I hope you are all
well. I am so anxious to hear from you.

Christmas is approaching. We shall probably
stay right here.
This is a rather dull Friday & yesterday was actually raining for a wonder.

Sat. A.M., Dec. 13

It is just about bed time Friday night at home. Ruth's head, I suppose, are glad that the week's work is over and even I am glad to have a whole day free from study so that I can spend a little time in our house. This age seems to agree with me immensely. I am so much stouter than at Glen Ridge (when I weighed 124 lbs.) that I am setting all the hooks and eyes off and buttoning buttonholes. It is just like going to college and I have to laugh every time I look at myself in the glass. 137½ lbs.

Now I am in our new house sitting in a macker chair which we have bought from Mr. Page and sitting on the macker table which we have also bought. He departs today and he is almost crazy doing the last little jobs and being interrupted continually by people and messages.

There are 8 marmalade busy painting, whitewashing, carpentering etc. I tell you it makes me feel good to see them moving things along so fast, for I know that we shall get in as much as we can, perhaps by Christmas time. It almost sounds so if I meant I were here to stay—by the words at the beginning of the paragraphs but really I am just around seeing what is going on and trying to direct my boy in surveying the walls, washing windows, and floors. I have been much interested in watching the carpenters, the white washers, the masons, and the plumbers.
in painting one fellow goes around with cotton waste dipped in the paint. He puts on the first coat. Then two other men follow him putting on the second coat with what looks like a little piece of soft wood; but it really has a few hairs at its end.

You can imagine the hand of the first man, just covered with paint of a steel blue color, which he is putting on the piazza rails and the shutters. Except for the hand of this one man the bodies and clothing of the others are remarkably free from dabs. I don't see how they can keep so clean.

$50.00 Mexican gold - appropriated by the Board - the carpenters are going to put grey-blue paint on all the shutters, and piazza rails and pantry floor, and borders of all doors in the house - and both room floor. Then they are going to mend the piazza floor in three places, replace two rails and mend all cracks in piazza plastered roof. Also they are going to mend a shutter, replace 2 panes of glass, replace about a dozen windows here, whitewash the ceilings of these rooms and several small down-stairs rooms, whitewash both room and pantry and escutcheons and whitewash the kitchen, mend the plumbing, replace a stair post, and retire most expensive here, because the paint does so impact, and white paint is much more costly than any other kind.
Ellison has been away on a short trip this week. On Wednesday he left with Dr. Folsom to attend a Chinese convention where he spoke in the evening. So from Wednesday until Thursday, I would have been alone in the house, if it had not been for the fact that Dr. Newman began taking his meals with the Waters on Wednesday and that I was invited over to Sherwin Bungalow for the night. We decided to have a celebration in the evening and all the missionaries and Miss Solomon got together at our house (the Waters) and made candy and had a jolly time. Miss Roosevelt brought her new china dish—mine is not unpacked yet. Dr. Newman and Miss Solomon brought lumps and bits. We started making peppermint in one dish and maple cream in the other. Each one being contributed some of the provisions so we were cracking English cricket and tea and dumplings, which came in and some we were using an American cut baseball. How she laughed! And then by sign language she indicated that we could get the nuts out nice and whole, if we would use a hammer and iron. It is great fun to talk to them, because she is so bright and clever. She told us with motions of course what our Chinese boy was trying to tell us in words that other evening; that is, she acted as interpreter.
between our Chinese boy and me, telling me that
we must plant tomatoes close together, and then
transplant them when they are about eighteen
inches high, and then put fertilizer on, and they
would grow high and make big tomatoes. When
he wanted to show us what the fertilizer was,
he held his nose while he pretended to put it
into the ground. I had to laugh at his ingenuity!

Well it go back to our candy making—
we kept the three alcohol lamps working all
the time and while the candy boiled, we wrote
a few notes and sang. “Take me up along with
you, my darling do, etc. and some songs from
the plays of the University of Michigan which
Doctor Mildred had brought along—good jolly
songs. Really it was quite like home and we
all had a jolly time, even if the candy
was too soft to eat except with a spoon,
and still softer the next morning for the
climate is not suited to hardening candy!!

The deaf and dumb woman had another
good laugh in the morning when she saw
the candy! She told me that if we had used
icing sugar instead of granulated, and
stirred it longer it would have hardened
all right and been so that we could take it
up in our fingers & eat. When Mrs. Waters
came home Friday she took her to the shop
the first thing and showed it to her, laughing
in great glee.

Last Sunday was pleasant. I went
to Chinese and English services but it
get a little serious. I counted that by 1.000s.
I had heard 9 prayers! Naughty Father!
Dec. 12, 1913

Also there was a particularly long sermon at the English service. The nicest part of the day was when Mr. Waters came to the piano and began to play hymns just as Daddy B. used to about 5 o'clock, and we all sang. It seemed so good, and we all sang in the evening too. Mr. Cape, who has just returned here, has a beautiful tenor voice, and we are going to have a big sing some time probably Christmas evening. Ellison played the violin while 1 played piano on Friday and Tuesday. He did very well and enjoyed it immensely.

Really one can buy much more here than I expected - even tooth paste we can find, and Peaches that Marion used once I think is cheaper here than in America.

Last evening we were all invited out to dinner at Mrs. Morley's. It is customary here to take one's boy when one is invited, and then he helps wait on table and do dishes. So we had three waiters - Mrs. Waters' boy and my boy called Ah Pem or rich one. The dinner was dainty - the dinner delicious and we had a jolly good time.

Soup - cream of tomato
Fish baked
Chicken Pie
Mashed potato
Stewed chestnuts
Tomato jelly
Corn on the cob
Tomato jelly salad
Corned beef
Chocolate cake
Coffee
Swatow, China
Dec. 12, 1913.

Dear Ones All,

This is a rather dull Friday and yesterday was actually rainy for a wonder. I am wondering whether John is back at school again, and if he is well and happy, and I am wondering if he is getting on. I am expecting a big mail soon, for it is seventeen days since we have had any mail from home. I have had one from Ruth, one from Evelyn, and two others in that time, in addition to a little Chinese mail. I am so anxious to hear from the Bartholomews!

Dec. 13. Saturday morning — It is just about bedtime Friday night at home. Ruth and Carol, I suppose, are glad that the week’s work is over, and even I am glad to have a whole day free from study, so that I can spend a little time in our house. This life seems to agree with me immensely. I am so much better than at Glen Ridge when I weighed 124 — that I am splitting all the hostes and eyes and buttons, etc. It is just like going to college, and I hope to laugh every time I look at myself in the glass.

Now I am in our new house sitting in a wicked chair much more bought from Mrs. Page and writing on the weaker table which she also bought. We depart to-day, and he is almost crazy doing the least little jobs and being interrupted continually by people and messages. There are 8 workmen busy painting, white washing, carpentering etc. I tell you it makes me feel good to see them doing things along so fast, for I know that we shall not get in as much the sooner, perhaps by Christmas time. It almost sounds as if I meant I were here to stay — by the works at the beginning of the paragraph, but really I am just around every day to get on and trying to direct my stay in reupholster the walls, hang the windows and floors.
I have been much interested in watching the carpenters, the white washing, the masonry, and the plumbers.

In painting one fellow goes around with cotton waste dipped in the paint. He puts on the first coat. Then two other men follow him putting on the second coat with what looks like a little piece of soft wood, but it really has a few hairs at the end.

You can imagine the kind of brush the first man just worried with paint, a dull blue color which he is rubbing on the piazza rails and the shutters. Except for the hand of this one man, the bodies and clothing of the others are remarkably free from daub. I don't see how they can keep so clean.

For $30.00 Mexican — appropriated by the Board — the carpenters are going to put gray blue paint on all the shutters and piazza rails and pantry floor and ceiling of all floors in the house, and bathroom floor. Then they are going to mend the piazza floor in three places, replace two rails, and mend all cracks in piazza skeleton. Also they are going to mend a shutter, replace two panes of glass, replace about a dozen window boxes, whiten the ceilings of three rooms, and several small down-stair rooms, whitewash the bathroom and pantry, and scrape and whitewash the kitchen, mend the plumbing, replace a stair post, and retape the Harlan walls.

Isn't that a lot? Painting is most expensive here, because the paint has to be imported, and must paint is much more costly than any other kind.
Oh, if you read in the papers about robberies and looting or anything unfortunat
that it isn't anywhere in this neighborhood.
Even if you hear anything about Canton, it
is too far away to affect us here, or even to
affect the missionaries in the city of Canton
itself.

Ellison has been away on a short trip this
week. On Wednesday, he left with Dr. Foster to
take a Chinese Convention where he spoke
in the evening. He took his meals with Mr.
and Mrs. White in the house boat, and slept,
I think, in the Chapel with Dr. F. He will tell
you all about it and about the Clan fight he
witnessed, I am sure.

So from Wednesday until Thursday, I would
have been alone in the house, if it had not been
for the fact that Dr. Newman began taking
his meals with the Wateres on Wednesday, and
that I was invited over to Shenxin Bungalow
for the night. We decided to have a
celebration in the evening, and so the new
missionaries and Miss Selman got together at
our house (the Wateres') and made candy and had
a jolly time. Miss Northcott brought her
new Chinese dishes. Mine is not unpacked yet.
Dr. Newman and Miss Selman bought candy and
time. We started making peppermint in
one pot and maple cream in the other,
each one having contributed some of
the provisions. As we were cracking
English walnuts the deaf and dumb cooie
came in and saw us using an American
nut cracker. Do you know the variety. How he
laughed! And then by sign language
he indicated that if we could get the nuts out
nicely and whole, he would be a happy man.

It is great fun to talk to him because
he is so bright and clever! He told us with
motion of course what our Chinese boy
was trying to tell us in words the other evening
that if he acted as interpreter between our
Chinese boy and us, telling us that we
must plant tomatoes close together, and
then transplant them when they were about
eight inches high, and then put fertilizer on, and they would grow high and make big tomatoes. When she wanted to show us what the fertilizer was, he held his nose while he pretended to put it into the ground. I had to laugh at his ingenuity.

Well to go back to our candy making—We kept the three of us that made working all the time, and while the candy boiled we went into the piano and sang—

"Take me up along with you, my darling, etc.—and some songs from the plays of the University of Michigan, which Dr. Gilbert had brought along. Good old songs. Really it was quite like home. And we all had a dandy time even if the candy was too soft to eat except with a spoon, and still after the next morning, for the climate is not suited to hardening candy!!

The chief and dumb cooie had another good laugh on the morning when he saw the candy. He told me that if we had used icing sugar instead of granulated, and stirred it longer, it would have hardened all right and been so that we could take it up in our fingers to eat. When Mrs. Bates came home Friday, she took me to the street the first thing and showed it to her, laughing in great glee.

One good result of Dr. Newman's coming to the house is that my face was mentioned casually, and the things he can do something to help. I am glad—It is not very bad, but just enough so to be annoying.

I must hurry my letter now, for it is just about lunch time.

Last Sunday was pleasant. I went to Chinese and to English service, but it got a little tiresome. I counted that by 11:10 P.M. I had heard 9 prayers!!

Naughty little!
Also there was a particularly long sermon at the English service. The
most part of the day was when Mrs.
Walker came to the piano and began
to play hymns just as Daddy Baud
did about 4:30 p.m., and it seemed so good. And we sang in the
evening too. Mrs. Capen, who has just
returned from here, has a beautiful tenor voice,
and we are going to have a big sing
sometime probably Christmas evening.
Ellieon played while I played
piano on Mrs. and Tuce. We did very
well and I enjoyed it immensely.

Really one can buy much more here than
expected - even tooth paste we can and
Pepco? that Mamie wants me I think is
cheaper here than in America.

Last evening we all invaded out to
dinner at Mrs. Harrells. It is customary
here to take one toy when one is invited,
and then to help set the table and do
dishes. So we had three waiters - Mrs. Water
try and my boy called at 7:30. "the nice one"!
The chins was delectable - the dinner delicious
and we had a jolly good time:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stout</th>
<th>Cream</th>
<th>Tomato</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fish</td>
<td>Baked</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chicken pie</td>
<td>Meatloaf</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tomato jelly salad</td>
<td>Canned fruit</td>
<td>Chocolate cake</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Oh dear, there is much more I could
say but I must stop.

Heaps of love,

Lothi
Return to E. Lake
Rockport
Mass
Dear ones all,

It is nearly time for supper with us, and so nearly getting up time of the same day for you I do take it.

Yesterday came that long looked for mail from home and the Allen family—four letters from them - Daddy B, Polly Mother B and Peggie B, then K.R. letter. I just read them frantically and the full letter from home with word from Papa, Pew, John, Carol, Mother, Aunt Celina. Oh, I was happy!

Now Delta, I want to have just a little line from you—yes all your own. I know you are busy but I want a word or two.

Dec 16—day 3—Friday—morning—just after breakfast. If I don’t look out, I shall fill up a letter telling what day it is.

Oh! It is so exciting unpacking boxes. We have unpacked three and I have a whole chest full of the loveliest kitchen things and a whole set of dishes, and our rocking chairs - the lovely brown rocker one which the Bartolomeos gave us the money for, and a mission rocker with a wooden seat specially for Elie's benefit, and a little sewing rocker for me and a little sewing table and a big round dining room table, and six mission chairs, and lamps and packing things and canneled goods. Not one thing left to un except a can of beans which I must nail next thing.

He is so interested! He knows the English word for almost everything which I take out. He and the boy have been working hard all day cleaning the paint and washing floors and helping me put things away. You know I never really dreamed that I should own a house to live in - and it didn't come to me as a fact when I was married and so now I am doubly happy.

A visit from yesterday, still Christmas. Most of our guests are not coming out.

Dearest Dr. Scott - Dr. Mildred - Dr. Reesman.
Mrs. Waters and I have just been talking over what we should have and we have decided on this:

- **Cream of Tomato Soup**
- **Biscuits**
- **Turkey dressing gravy**
- **Mashed potatoes**
- **Corn or peas**
- **Cranberry sauce**
- **Celery**
- **Salad** - oranges, pomegranates, bananas, chestnuts, olives

**Steamed pudding and sauce.**

**Fruit** - nuts, raisins

**Coffee** - cheese

Candy - fudge and cream candies.

There! Doesn't that sound good?

We shall have a small Christmas tree or a bunch of pine needles (?) for our center piece and pretty Japanese place cards. On the 23rd last Sunday afternoon a pretty shrub that looked much like camelia, and Sunday I hope to gather some of the leaves to make wreaths out of.

I am sitting by a pretty grate fire now, and Ellen is sitting by the center table writing her.

We have had quite a little tennis this week. Good!

Last Sunday I picked a bunch of pretty rocks from our own beaches to take to Mrs. Baker whose dear little girl baby is only two weeks old.

Mr. Allen dear, you know that little collection of four songs which you gave me, of whom I had hardly time to appreciate them, but here I have played them and enjoyed them very much. Mr. Benson is pretty much about singing and is coming over & Peggy some evening.
Ruth's Halloween entertainment was very elaborate and very clever. Don't try to write especially to me.

Ruth, except--on special occasions. Yes, Auntie,

I like your new folder. It is good of you to supply the family. So this hard to read?

Next year I would appreciate it if you could send me a few seeds of my vegetables you particularly liked--as we plant about Nov. 7.

Peas will not grow well here, but almost any
ting can.

We do not bother to plant string beans--peas, potatoes, white or sweet, as we can get nothing but no plant corn, lettuce, tomato, celery, cauliflower, cabbage, etc. I guess I will have to inquire about it.

Dear Mama, your dear Xmas gift arrived safely. I am so grateful for your pretty necklace.

Think of my red fire--A Year of Ideas,
it be himself, doesn't feel like writing. Tell him I love him, and thank of him and what he said that last day in Boston at No. Station--very much. Udvarin bought me some violet stuff. I never appreciated flowers any more in my life than at that time!

(1901)

Glad Carol was in fair. Our clasp started it isn't Monday too hard a day for you, Carol? Glad you like it didn't tell too.

George, your Christmas book is certainly great! We have had many a good laugh over it, and expect many more. It must have taken a long time to make so many! And the original ones especially are very good.

How cold is it at home now?

Thank you, Pegy, for good letter and word about the mortgage. Don't glad to hear it was not forgotten.

Glad to hear another of your trip to the and your nice walk. No, I don't see times. Should be glad to have you cut out Rockport items or items of interest since in awhile.

How is Aunt Nellie?

Please send me an account of knee expenses for me. I am sure I must sue you something. Maidie is awfully good, isn't she? I want to send for a priest when I get around to it.

It is Kakehich, but Kakehich, but Swator alone reaches us all right. Kakehich bears the same relation to Swator as Pigeon Cove to Rockport except that Swator is necessary in the address.

Ruth, don't mention that letter. It was buried! I may send some other old place to Carol, good stuff to wear to school perhaps, but will not keep out here in this climate.

Remember we are ahead of you in time between about 12 hrs.

For dinner-day - Monday we had- Delicious chicken soup. Toast.

Stripped chicken, mashed potatoes.

Strings, tans, Cauliflower pancakes.

Indian pudding.

Ruth, what is your recipe for peppermint. Tell Maidie, my cook used some of that sage in the dressing for the
Dear Ones,

Today opens an eventful week — for we hope to get into our house and Christmas comes! This morning Ellen and I walked out on the hill and picked greens which look much like laurel leaves and made a pretty wreath and put a red pinwheel (?) at one side of it. A small one and it looked so pretty — almost like home! Then Ellen preached her first sermon in the English church — very good — lessons from Elijah. After S.S. Class met for the second time this afternoon — We are beginning a study of the "Harmony of the Gospels" and shall enjoy it much I think. I have played piano a little too. I am so thankful Mrs. Waters has a piano. We have not yet done anything about getting one. In fact we have not yet spent much about such a thing. Then played guitar a little too and written my first letter to the Bartholomews since reaching Swatow. I have not written much here so that little band book with pictures of S.S. Teapo still in existence? Did it go to S.R. at all? I went and easily available, I wish it could.

It was awfully good to get word from each one last week and that paper was good too, because you could send so many letters in one envelope. Hope that you will all have a happy Christmas.

Monday. Bless your heart, Mother! We found that aunt chocolate 2 1/2 day and we were too happy for words. Mmm! it did taste good! We have unpacked two boxes to-day, and Ellen has just working on a tool chest. He has a splendid assortment of tools. Our thermos bottles, thermos carafe, and trench clock and chafing dish etc. all came safely and I am so happy to have them.

Dec. 25, 1913. Evening
We had such a beautiful day — that I must write you a few words before going to bed. The first thing from I made up and went with the bath room — opened two stockings, stuffed full of things which Ellinor had bought for me — although it really gave me my Christmas present when we were at Hong Kong and I gave them his in a little white rattle that 'went to chief to chief' — 50 c. Mexican. I thought it was something
like an Ingalls, but also no— it is not as
reliable. Well, that stocking, or rather those
stockings were such fun! First there were
two bright tassel stars—and then I began
receiving things— oh, I forget to say that
there was a nice new tea-set too big to go
into the stocking! Then I found real American
Chocolate candy done up in silver paper, and
a lovely new flash light to use when Ellserey
goes off to the country and I have to stay alone.
(Our dog, one needs a few battery incidentally) and
then I found a little statuette of a wrigling scotch
bottle of perfume, some glee, a Chinese
figure of a priest, a little American doll, a
small dog etc. cute little things that were
just a lot of fun. He had heard me say that
I always had stockings at Christmas, and
so always he was very busy unpacking the
next to Saturday Christmas afternoon and
sent all these things—How he ever got half
of my stockings and made all his preparation
and got the "I hanging up—without my
surprises even, I can not tell! He is
awfully good to me— all the time— and
married life is as much happier and finer
than I thought it possibly could be, and king
and more Westphalite as few hardships (safe).
So to those that I expected, that I am
delightfully surprised all the time. I know
that this will make you all happy—and I
know that you will know that I miss you
all and feel it a great deal—and yet since
the separation is necessary, I do not let my
mind dwell on it, and I just make the best of
it. I suppose that I think of you each one
individually every day, and do in hope that things
are going well with you. I am so sorry that I
am too far away to be of much assistance to
any of you.

My boy has just brought hot water for
my baths and said must say "Good night" but
I'll write more at another time.

We had a lot of other presents—
My house—try & very good— and willing. Really I
shall grow lazy with so little actual work to do. Love.
Dear Folks at Home,

I am a "love indoor" tonight. But as usual, I am a luneyone. I expected to write about a dozen Christmas notes, but instead I spent nearly all the evening clearing up my desk, beginning my household accounts, and straightening out letters and finishing partly written ones.

I have a big job under the pillow that I don't like on -3- and an electric flash so that I feel as if I had taken all precautions. I know that I shall have to be alone some and so. I had thee invitations out, and Elliot almost begged me to go. I decided to stay here and so that I could see all right come night when I really have to stay alone.

I didn't finish telling you about Christmas Day did I? I expected to visit Sunday, but I was simply lazy and swelled in the pile of new magazines which had come. Everybody is altogether too good to us. They have more magazines than I ever had before in my life, and I expect you will all suffer because I shall be tempted to read them. I just went out to the kitchen to get some hot water, and saw so many bugs of every kind!!! I couldn't tell you that I know you want to hear everything, and they say that there is no kitchen here without cockroaches, rats, bugs, etc.

My house is gradually getting settled - and I am glad that I have quite ready to - if the cook hadn't disappeared this AM. when I wanted him to tackle down the last mating!!!

Well Good Night - Sweet dreams! You are just beginning the day's work - or rather the part in the evening's work. Probably Marion is up at aunt Calle's reading a letter to her - I think you had better keep a diary to see if any of my notes are come true for sometimes I am almost certain that I catch your thoughts. Daddy may be reading the same letter of to me. It is awfully nice to hear!!

Well Good Night again. Love all.

Oh! I just must write how much we enjoy the rooms, rooms which Jennie gave us. They are not only beautiful, but just the right shape to be comfortable.

I have a hot bath in the hot and nice blankets on. - Yvonne.
Saturday Jan. 3, 1914

You dear people, how I do neglect you! Every Thursday and Friday evening when I mean to write, something happens, and Saturday morning is not the most ideal time to write— for we have chairs to put together, and pictures to put up, and little errands to do here and there.

I haven't even told you about Christmas Day. I went up to Mrs. Waters early to trim up the little tree which she

Must send this. Am sorry.