Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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

Dates: 1914 Jan-Feb

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I have just written a letter to Japan ordering a little organ of 4 octaves one that can be carried around on top. I can hardly wait for it. It may be 6 weeks and it may be nearly as many months before we get it.

I have just brought my table desk into the parlor sacrificing the beautiful view of the bay to the warmth of the grate fire. When it gets warm again I will take it back. It seems queer to have roses blooming and trees green and windows wide open in church and yet to need our warmest clothing and a fire in the house. I really like this weather tho, it is such a contrast to what I expected.

Now to go back to Christmas Day. Mrs. Waters had a baby Christmas tree for a center piece. This tree decorated in true German style with fancy toys and fruit and tinsel. Then we put wreaths at the windows and greens around the mantel and over the pictures. We had found a little vine that looked something like mistletoe and we used that plentifully too. I think I gave you our menu. It was particularly nice to have turkey and cranberry sauce. The cranberry sauce of course was canned but it was mighty good for all that. The pudding too a steamed one was delicious very much like the one that Mrs. Hildebrecht makes. We had real American candies too chocolates done up in ash papers. After dinner everybody was too full for refreshment, but to preserve our life we had to play some foolish games like "pin the bone" which made us jump quickly. Poor Dr. Newman groaned audibly at every move. We played our
little dancing man which has made quite a hit, and
sang "Take me up along with me my Darling do etc.
That also is quite popular. It was dark when the
party of eleven broke up. In the evening Ellia went
to Simnel to attend the F. M. B. A. but I went to bed
early for I was tired.

Since I wrote last, we have been invited out a good
deal for meals. On the 26th we had supper with Mr.
Mrs. Baker. They have their own cow and so they
have delicious milk, cream and butter. They have to
have the cow because of their two little children
one 2 yrs. and the other about 5 weeks old. We are
still playing tennis and enjoying it.

I knew that E. went on a hunting trip last
week from Monday until Thursday. Do you know E. was
as anxious to try his new gun as Daddy B. is to
go fishing at Lake Wobegon. I do believe, I was so
interested in settling the house that I could not
bear to go away even for the night and so I played
here alone except for the boy who was in bed. I was not a bit afraid. I had Ellia's loaded
revolver (simply as a mind pacifier) and so I slept
like a log in perfect confidence. East View is right
close by and Mrs. Waters just across that and
really there is nothing to be afraid of.

This night I spent with Mrs. Baker at the Real
for washing ironing, cleaning and mending. I had
her been a little cold and hemstitch the front of

I had dinner with Mrs. Waters one day.

The day E. came home from hunting (Thursday)
we again had dinner with the Bakers to celebrate
the shooting of the goose. My! it was good! I think
that George would enjoy goose hunting.
It was awfully good of George to present the Hall carpet. I appreciate that very much indeed as if it were present to me! I am so glad we bought rugs. They are invaluable. Small ones are just as good as large ones for us. By the way Mother I wish you would have the firm woman make 2 or 3 more for us about 1½ yds or even 1 yd long without any reversal in blues or greens or greys and blacks and then if you and the Halletts together send a box in late Aug. or early Sept. they could come in clot.

I guess E. has told you of his hunt, although he is going to write more. On Fri. we had supper with the Halletts. Some brandy & mild birds very good indeed. Mrs. E. is just back from her first furlough and I was interested enough to see her home. She has beautiful china, and some very lovely pieces of furniture. I think we do enjoy our round dining room table so much. I only hope it won't wear as time goes on.

I went to Dumfries with Mr. Hallett and Dr. Newman to call on the Presbyterian Miss. on Fri. we sailed across the bay in a canoan. It was pleasant as could be, and I quite enjoyed being on the water. It was interesting to go into the English homes—(really Scotch) we had tea at the Ribbons and they had a most wonderful holiday cake with seeing all over it and pink flowers and green leaves in delicate color. When we sailed home the sun was setting behind the mountains in the west in a beautiful golden haze. It was wonderfully lovely and made me think of you all. We are certainly fortunate to have such beautiful surroundings. In this house when I make up in the morning I can look right.
out on a rugged pile of rocks and on to the bay. It is beautiful. We have a queer combination of bamboo trees and a few pines on two sides of the house, about 70 pots of roses in front and a little garden and plot of grass and some papaya trees behind. Ten papayas are growing on the trees. I only hope that we get them. It is a milk fruit, but most people have to learn to like them. They look something like a ripe orange colored melon inside.

E. I put up pictures and he put chairs together on Sat. A. M. but in the afternoon he took me to Ayamonte on a shopping trip. We had the money we had only less than a Mexican dollar in change and a check. We intended to go to the bank, but to our surprise we found it closed and we could not draw our money! Well we walked through the narrow streets until at least we came to a book-store where E. thought he was known, but a strange clerk was there. He sent us to a money changer. They refused to cash our check around (small me) gathered and followed us around interested as I could be. We went back to the book store. E. finally wrote the Chinese for the sum just as the clerk was looking over the Anglicized form.

\[
\begin{align*}
10 & = 4 \\
\text{ngun dollars} & = 14.73 \\
\text{chitt} & = 70 \\
\text{rail} & = 13
\end{align*}
\]

and we got our money.

Before this Mrs. Maties cook had taken us to Mr. Club's to order a blank music book for hymns, and to a picture framers where we ordered nice frames for 6 pictures, one that long picture of the steps over 17 1/2 long frame 11 1/2 in wide.
all 5 frames glass & everything for $4.30 Mexican which is $2.75. It is very cheap. I expect to have several more framed. I got 6 more colored pictures from Rome that Miss Williams gave me.

It is so good to have our pictures up (not all)
The oil painting that Stella gave us is beautiful and the one that Papa gave I am very proud of. Oh! they all do look so pretty! Our mantle in dining room and parlor are stained a delicate cream buff and that furnishes a fine back ground.

I promised you a plan of furniture - well we have oil paintings in parlor and some of the big black framed pictures. In dining room we have Syrian and some ocean pictures. In our bedroom family portraits, Madonnas and present friends. You would certainly like to look in on us and some day we'll have some pictures.

Be sure to let me know how fast this mail by Selicia is. Your letters were sent Dec. 1 and reached me Jan. 4 - are we not blessed to have mail come so promptly.

I must stop now. I am awfully pleased with the statue as is E. except me feel it is too big a present for us.

Blessings on each one of you. Oh you will all want to know that I am more in love with my husband every day. He is so good to me. I can't help it.

Everything is as nice.

Heaps of love

Lottie
Dear Ames All,

Guess how much I weigh! I can't believe it, even the other people are all too small! E. weighs 146 1/2 lbs. and I weigh 146 without coat or hat. The scales were those we were weighed on when we first came. Then E. weighed 174 and I 138. Very good for me. I never weighed as much as 146 in my life that I can remember. I wish Marion weighed as much.

Oh! how I wish you could all look in at our home. I can't keep my eyes off it. This eve. before E. and I went out to Dr. Foster's on an errand, I made him take me into every room to look at it. Things begin to look as home, and everything is going as nicely. I have been a little troubled by thinking that our boy liked to work in the garden better than he liked to sweep and dust, but now we are getting settled he has begun a regular routine, and today he swept and dusted and thoroughly cleaned the dining room. He certainly has plenty to do—finishing errands, securing the mail, is responsible for the house, waters the roses, cares for the garden, does our chamber work, sweeping and dusting our room each day, sweeps the melons, makes the beds, cleans the lamps, carries all our water, makes the great fires and all the extra things we ask of him, but he is a good boy and I like him. His name is A. Pui—meaning the rich one, and our cook's man is A. in the study one. He is a pretty good cook too. I think, but I can't get used to doing housework if not working. Of course there is plenty to do—you know that time doesn't hang heavy—but no sweeping no dusting, no dishes, no cooking—why I just feel as if I were not the one to have these advantages and I know I shall grow too fat altogether!!! Well enough of that. I was so pleased to get a whole envelope full of letters from Jennie this week.
and such a big envelope from my dear Bartholomew family, and such a pretty present—some lace film unprecedented garment from Edith Burland, also dear—and she put in the prettiest match case for E.

Some of our pictures which were framed in storage have just come to us and we are so pleased. That lovely picture of the Alps which I had looked forward to on our big wall, and those two colored pictures of Angel with violin and mandolin which Miss Williams sent me as wedding gifts—look beautiful in gilt frames. Then the beautiful picture—the view from Ledge cottage which Cousin Jane gave us—is very effective and even the Madonna which I have brought me so long ago from Rome looks wonderfully lovely with a wide mat and gilt frame. If only we could have pictures that would do justice to these I should be glad.

School has gone on as usual this week perhaps with fewer interruptions, since there is less need of supervision here at the house. Tennis has been good. There have been two prayer meetings on account of the week of prayer, one being held on the other side at the Presbyterian Mission, and one here today led by E.

This week—our dining room chairs are all together; the carpenter has brought the frames to hold up the mosquito netting on our bed. The painter put on another coat of paint today, however and they are not yet dry. Question where shall we sleep tonight? Luckily Mr. Page left a folding cot here that looks very comfortable and I think we shall try that tonight. We have asked our carpenter “Bees” (who is making our bookcase) in order that we may order an ironing board in a buffet, etc.
It is annoying hard to get hold of the men when we want to talk to them.

I have had a woman mending and making curtains all day today. I am so sorry that I did not buy some pretty draperies before leaving home, for now all that I have is some white and some coral Japanese scarves. However, I think that I shall make that do until I can send my next order home and get materials for the house which we shall probably move to next Dec. or Jan. Don’t know where yet. The same woman is coming tomorrow to person on curtains. She mends very well too. I pay her 30 Naps. = 15 gold a day. That is cheaper than my time isn’t it?

A woman was brought to the hospital day before yesterday with a badly cut throat and tongue. She had had a quarrel with her neighbors. She wanted to make them suffer and so she attempted suicide, cutting her throat, and then almost biting her tongue off so that she had to be sewed up. She is improving. I think and wants to live now. She must have been rather cross. I guess now she will be talked about all over the village, and people will sympathize with her etc. Aren’t Chinese ideas queer?

Oh, this language! I get all mixed up in it.

Yesterday I said to the cook and the boy “Ua ai Khun than thien lite” and I should (I am going to prayer meeting) have said

Ua ai nhun (khe thane) lite. At Glenridge one day I spoke of Sheetro and Shelley when I meant Keats and Shelley, and this mistake is on the same order.

Our characters are getting more complicated.

The strokes have to be made in a certain order
to remember. I do not make them very well yet. The character for good is a combination of a woman and a child. He/Low last. He stands for Harold. Louis but really is the short word for Ruth. I rather like this idea. The boy calls me Moki. Ruin which means Pastor's wife. The children call me Sam. Riin which is about the same as Mrs. but quite frequently they short out "Konei" Pieng An which means "Unnamed woman. How do you do?" They say I look like a Konei.

Here is the character for old, aged 60.

It is no fun to remember them all, but I grow

I sat on it.

Oh Aunt Belle, for quite a while yet I am

get the fashions I need out of Good Housekeeping

and a National catalogue or something like that. I don't expect to have many clothes until it is
time to come home. No. I don't feel I shall

have to remodel those even that I could last

summer unless I grow thinner soon, but the

advertisements in the New York Times for a year or two.

Thank you for thinking of it.

It is Kakechiik to: Hakechiik and it means

"rocky corner."

Aunt Belle, I do appreciate your letters so

much. Don't work those eyes too hard. I do even for

me. The mail seems quiet quick when letters

reach me in a month. I can hardly believe it is

tine. I sent a letter via Siberia on May 10th

and I hope I shall hear by the time it makes and whether

there are irregularities. I try to send regularly every

Sat. Am. but just boats go every two weeks and

that may make irregularities
Sometimes I can almost see you people at home
as you are doing one thing or another. I wish you
had as vivid a picture here. Just now I have on
a blue-white tailored child-maid that Mrs.
Hendrix made for me and it's about 6 of my older
blue sheet - which is rapidly becoming impossible
around the maid. I haven't used the
best evenings.

Now we do enjoy Jennie's soup spoons. I
leam out them every day for me use them for cereal
and very often the cook gives us soup for dinner
or supper. I don't pay any attention to meals quite
often and he plans nicely. It is a great relief
He made cake and bread today without
saying anything and he served dinner and supper
without my giving any orders at all.

**Supper**

- Fried fish
- Rice
- Macaroni and cheese
- Baked meat and potatoes
- Beets - sweet
- Carrots
- Indian pudding

**Dinner**

- Tomato soup
- Sea in the poultry pot 1.5 gives us
- Bread and peanut butter (where have it)
- Cake

We have afternoon tea served on our pretty round table
every day at 4.00

Have any of you read Pollyanna? Mrs. Hendrix sent it to me
and it is very bright and interesting.

Ruth how are you? Hope not all tired out? Don't be
discouraged if a class recitation seems poor when principal
visits. I have been down in the dumps for days about it,
and then found it didn't impress critics at all.

Lollie
Send as usual.

To-day we took a walk in the fields. The sky was blue and clear. We passed a large apple orchard. It was a beautiful sight. We found that apples are not much grown in this country. Do you know of any rich crops of apples in your country?

Swatow, China
January 4, 1914

Dear "Folks At Home,"

I have just looked through all the snap shots that I took this summer. They are such a comfort! You must have some new ones taken next summer! I have also just written a letter to Japan ordering a little organ of four octaves - one that can be carried around on trips. I can hardly wait for it. It may be late now and it may be ready as many months before we get it.

I have just brought my table desk into the parlor. Sacrificing the beautiful view of the bay to the warmth of the grate fire. When the days grow warmer again I will take it back. It seems queer to have roses blooming and two green windows wide open in China, and yet to need our warmest clothing and a fire in the house. I really like the weather here; it is such a contrast to what we expected.

I was so sorry not to write better letters last week and this, but I will send this by way of Siberia. Please notice date of sailing and date of arrival, as I should like to know how long it takes to send this way.

Enclosed: Oh, Auntie, you will remember that Mrs. Schmerchuer from Kennett Square, Pennsylvania sent us a present not to be opened until we reached China. We were pleased enough to find that the package contained a box of candy and the gift of a brown dog. We had been told that people here did not want them, but we found that some here found it necessary, and so your dear gift has been sent back on hand at any rate. - A very nice present, I think.

How to go back to Christmas Day? - Mrs. Matao had a truly lovely tree for center piece. This was decorated in true German style with fancy toys and fruit, and tinsel etc. Then we just scattered at the window and greens around the mantels and
over the pictures. We had found a little vine that looked something like mistletoe and we thought it plentifully too. I think I gave you our menu. It was particularly nice to have turkey and cranberry sauce. The cranberry sauce of course was canned but it was mighty good for all that. The pudding - a steamed one - was delicious, very lush, like the one that Mrs. Nielson makes. We had real American candy too - chocolate done up in silver papers.

After dinner everybody was too full for utterance, but to preserve our life - we had to play some foolish games like "Find the Cove" - which made us jump quickly. Then Dr. Nielson trained quickly at every move. He played our little dancing game which has made quite a hit, and sang "Take me up along with you my darling," - etc., etc., etc. - that also is quite popular.

It was such when the party of eleven broke up. In the evening Elliston went to Princeton to attend the Y.M.C.A. - but I went to bed early, for I was tired.

Since last I wrote we have been invited out a good deal for meals - on the 26th we had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Baker. They have their own cow and so they have delicious milk, cream and butter. They have to hand the cow because of their two little children, one two years old and one along five and six. We are still playing tennis and enjoy it. You know that Ellison and me are hunting and last week from Monday until Thursday, no gun. He was so anxious to try his new gun as Daddy B is to go pheasant at Woodlawn's, I do believe! I was so interested in setting the house that I could not bear to go away for the night and so stayed there alone except for the boy, Monday and Thursday nights and was not afraid.

Last night is night close by to Mrs. Waters' house just above that - and really there is nothing to be afraid of.
Tuesday night I spent with Mrs. Baker at the Red House. You will see it in the postal agent. My machinist man came Wednesday, Thursday and Friday for making, ironing, sewing and mending. I had my own tablecloth and made unfinished the front door curtains.

I had dinner with Mrs. Waters every day. The day Ellyson came home from hunting (hogs) we again had dinner with Baker to celebrate the shooting of the boar. My! It was good! I think that Bade could enjoy hog's hunting. I do enjoy Eugene's letters so much! Gert to change the soil just a bit. It is perfectly good. I am to clean out the Hall carpet. Tell you to appreciate that very much just as if it were a present to me.

I am so glad to hear you are well. They are invaluable small ones. I am just as good as long as you. By the way, Mother - I wish you could have the flower woman more than three times a year - about one each Sunday and a half or even a yard long - without any red - in blues or greens of gray and greens. And then if you could have the Wildflowers together send us a box like late August or early September, they could come in that.

I guess Ellyson has told you of his rights, although she is going to write more. One Sunday we had supper with the Lebrons - some kind of wild birds. Very good indeed. Mrs. Lebron is just back from the first furlough, and I was invited enough to ask her home. She has a beautiful China, and some very lovely pieces of furniture of tail. We enjoy our round dining room with so much. Only hope it won't be too time gone.

I spent the Saturday with Mrs. Waters and Mr. to call on Presbyterian missionaries. They are sailed across the bay in a canoan. If the pleasant ones could be, and I quite enjoyed being on the water. It was interesting to go onto the English homes really Scotch. We had tea with the Gilmans and they had a most wonderful holiday cake. We had all on it and pink flowers and green leaves in delicate colors.
When we sailed home the scenery getting behind the mountains in the west was beautiful, golden, and made me think of you all. We are certainly lucky to have such beautiful surroundings. In the house, when I wake up in the morning, I can look right out for a rugged pile of rocks ahead of us to the bay. It is beautiful. We have a Queen combination of bamboo trees and a few junc on both sides of the house almost 70 feet of roses in front and a little garden and that I guess and some pahaya trees behind. Ten pahayas are growing. I only note that we get them. It is a nice fruit but most people have to learn to like them. They look something like a ripe orange colored melon inside.

Ellison and I put up pictures and the fruits were together on Saturday morning, but in the afternoon he took me to Swallow on a fishing trip. All the money we had was less than a Mission dollar in change and a check. We intended to go to the bank, but to our surprise we found it closed and we could not draw our money. Well we walked into the narrow streets until at least we came to a book store where Ellison thought he was known — but a strange clerk was there. He sent us to a money change. They wished to cash our check — A crowd (outside) gathered — and followed us around interested we could not. We went back to the book store. Ellison finally wrote the Chinese for the same. Here is the clerk's labelling over the anglicised form.

\[4 \times 4 = 14, \quad 7 \times 3 = 21\] 

\[\text{yen} \quad \text{dollars} = \text{\$14.73}\]

And we got our money. Before this trip, Pat's brother had taken us to a printer to order a blank music book for hymns and to a picture frames store to order nice frames for five pictures — one that long picture.
Also... all five frames glass and everything for 7.30 hundred... which is 2.15.
It is awfully cheap. I expect to have several more frames.
Two of the five are those colored pictures from Rome that Miss Williams gave me. Mr. ordan's gift frames for those.

It is so good to have our pictures up... not all.
But a large number. The oil painting that Stella gave us is beautiful and the one that Papa gave us I am very proud of. Oh, they all do look so pretty! Our tiles in dining room and public are attain a delicate yellow... cream buff... and it furnishes a fine background.

I promised you a new furniture... will ten go...
We have all paintings in parlor and some of the big back framed pictures. In dining room...
We have Swiss pictures and some ocean pictures.
In our bedroom we have family portraits and widows and personal friends.

You would certainly like to look in on us and some day will have some pictures.

To-day Sunday... come your letters!
Yes, glad to hear from Aunt Lily, George, Betty, sister's friends. Betty was
written so faithfully. Helps her heart...
And dear aunt all. I know it hurts
your eye. Oh, I do appreciate those letters.
Be sure to let me know how
fast this mail by Siberia is.
Your letters mail won't do. I'm reached
out Jan 4. Are we not blessed to have
mail come so quickly!!!
Blessings on each one of you. Oh,
you will all want to know that I am
home in love with my husband. every day. It
is so good to me... I can't help it.
Everything is so nice.

Hello! Love!
Lettie.
Dear Home Folks,

Can you forgive me? The last letter did not get written last Saturday, Sunday, or Monday or Tuesday — and now it is Thursday. The letters started ten days ago but I don't remember. First came Christmas, then New Year's Day, and then the conference followed by the Recital. I'm sure that this has been absolutely no leisure! I hardly know when to begin.

The Adamses arrived last week Wednesday, left you forgot - they are Mr. and Mrs. Adams of English Parliament, or at least in China. Mrs. Adams born in England — a sweet girl who seems younger than Jane after the brother of four children. She reminds me of you, Maria, in many ways. She is so jolly and cheerful.

I have since learned that she is in her age. Her father, mother, and sisters died of tuberculosis, but she herself is much better in this country than in England.

They have the children in England and two here. Stella and Norman Adams you remember seeing there the forms among the conference children last year. They are about the only children in the mission who have the reputation of not minding, but they seem very good to me. Stella is only five or six and Norman about three. They are all in one room of course and find it rather crowded I imagine.

By Thursday there were more than thirty men and women, and more than a dozen — oh, really about 18 children I think.

This year is not only a mission conference but also a retreat and enjoy things more. We have a very good chairman — red haired Mr. Lewis. Last year he told me for the first time I thought him the most apologetic man I have seen and just like a character out of Dickens, but this
year I find he has a lot of good common sense and makes an excellent chairman— a man who does not allow futilities discussions, but what values time.

The spirit of this conference has been very helpful. Hours 9:00-12:00 - 2:00-4:00 and 4:30-5:00. The services were unusually helpful too. I feel greatly impressed by the ladies, especially the women. Several of them are giving themselves as fully and as freely to the people. It just gives one an uplift to hear them talk. I think I could describe it to you— but the atmosphere of sincerity, self-sacrifice, joy in service, communion with God, is too elusive to express vividly.

Mrs. Bousfield— who had a perfectly beautiful twin down (nine days! even)— was restless and sick for days. (They live farther off). They took a wonderful walk among the women. She took her two boys off with her to visit a city. Each morning she taught her boys, but afternoon and evening she preached to men and women.

It is an unusual thing to be able to reach them in the evening. But the people in the district do not seem afraid to go out. They came in groups— and finally forty women decided to be Christians. I think, and some men.

This conference has been unique in allowing reports from each of the fields. Much discussion has covered such reports as before, and everybody has been immensely pleased and inspired by them.

Mrs. Adams told of a young girl in her school who is betrothed to a man with a child's mind. In her part of the country betrothal betrothal is considered just as sacred as marriage. Of course she was betrothed before they knew the man was foolish. So strong is public opinion on this subject that the people still believe that this girl should marry this poor idiot— and she herself feels that she ought. Mrs. Adams was praying for money to buy her and educate her. So small people said when it would come.
out all right. Just to-day in the mail came a letter announcing $50.00 gold to buy this girl. Wasn't that wonderful!

There are hundreds of other instances, some discouraging, some encouraging, but all make us eager to help along the work, and glad that we can add our small efforts in the future - we hope. Then we'll hope to have some stories first hand.

We have had much pleasure from our piano during Christmas. Sunday afternoon, Mr. Allen came in and played the violin a little, and Mrs. Cully sang. In all we had a very very nice time. All love our Christmas hymn - "There came threesings."

On New Years Eve - we dined in our glad rags and had a grand party in the community at Mrs. McGowan's.

When I started to try on that pink & blue chiffon dress, crepe de chine dress (with lace ruch). I found the lining very stiff and dry and when I started to hook it up my fingers went this at almost every hook. However it did not show much!

The line was arranged in a very efficient back and front, but I pulled it around the back like an old skirt and arranged the waist to match a little better and it really looked quite dainty and not such bad style that I was ashamed.

Mrs. McGowan and some community people had arranged a little three act piece. Mrs. Boy sang little - but it really was long and elaborate for a house play. The scenery was changed three times. It was very amusing
and I think in all felt the letter first. even the time was a thing of coarseness mixed in. After the play, Mrs. Macgowan served an elaborate supper, and then they took a dance. Just at midnight and just before we set down the eat, we heard gun sounds outside, and found that a little Chinese orchestra was playing and Chinese fire crackers (19090 at least I believe) were going off, and rockets were shooting out of a Duck. Evidently packed well. There was some different duck. We had a bird built in different things - ducks flying, rockets shooting etc, and they kept busy for at least ten minutes. It was a very novel and entertaining. Of course a large party of missionaries was present, because it was our conference time and Mrs. Macgowan was kind enough to invite them all. She had some charming new clothes for the play, too.

I thought if you all it was day time at home.

Well in all probability we shall be moved to Cherochomph when you receive this. There seems to be no opposition going on. The Yankees go with us to occupy our house, but they go home on furlough this spring.

I have a new hand (Chinese D. S.) Oct 15 this year. Because they have to find a missionary each month. For all the days they have lived in the past few years. This month correspond to the moon. During this hunt, they usually a house party for the girls. Mrs. White has invited me to her house and I am very much pleased that she invited me, all the more as the new house.

I should like to think of me very plain and big redrobes - housecoats, dishes etc, bed, feeling, dishes - but the fact that we shall not have to move again soon, no forming can begin uro, homed.
Dear Ones All,

I just have to tell you how much we weigh! I can’t believe it, even my skirts all add up to a total of 156 lbs. and I weigh one hundred and forty-six without coat or dress. The scales are there in the house, in the new place, and when we first came. Then we weighed 174 and I weighed 138 — very good for me — but never weighed as much as 146 in my life that I can remember. — I wish Marion weighed as much.

Now, how I wish you could all look in at our home! I can’t keep my eyes off it. This evening before Ellison and I went out to Dr. Hootie’s for an errand, I made him take me into every room to look at it. Things begin to look good, and everything is being done nicely. I had been a little troubled by thinking that our boy liked to work in the garden, better than he is used to work and do the best. But now that we are getting settled, he has begun to work and do the dusting and everything else. He certainly has plenty to do — for he runs errands, also to the store, is responsible for the house, waters the roses, cares for the garden, does our chamberwork, etc. He makes the dishes, washes them, and does the laundry, too. He is a good boy, and I like him. His name is A. R. — meaning the rich one, and our cook’s name is A. — the steady one. He is a pretty good cook, too, I think, but I can’t get used to this luxury of not doing it. Of course there is plenty to do — you know that time doesn’t hang heavy, but no denying, no doing dishes, no cooking. Why — I just pull as if I was not the one to help these advantages. I know I shall grow too fat altogether!!!

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Szteow, China
January 5, 1915
And she put in the prettiest match safe for us.

Friday evening.

Some of our pictures which we framed in China ran just come to us and we are so pleased! That long picture of the Alps which Ellcos had bought brilliantly burned on our big wall, and those two colored pictures of "Angels with violins and mandolins" which Miss Williams sent me as wedding gifts — both beautiful in gilt frames.

Then the beautiful picture, the view from Idyl Cottage, Rocky Neck, which Ellcos is going to give us, is very effective — and even the Madonna which I saw brought me so long ago from Rome looks wonderful lovely with a nice mat and gilt frame. If only we could take pictures that would do justice to these I should be glad.

School has gone on as usual this week, perhaps with fewer interruptions, since there is less need of supervision now at the house; seems to have been good. There have been two prayer meetings. They are held on the other side of the Presbyterian Mission, and are here today led by Ellcos.

This week our dining room chairs are all together; the carpenter has bought the frames and all the mosquito nettings on his list. They painted first on a second coat of paint to-day, however, and they are not yet dry.

Lucy says she has a place to-night. Luckily Mr. Forre left a folding cot here that looks very comfortable, and I think that we shall try that to-night. We have asked the carpenter to do a few odd jobs, painting a ceiling, a table, the lining of my hammock cot, and putting up the Swedish hammock, and putting a cover on a ten-finger top.

How we have spent three times for the other carpenter "rooms" (also is making our book case), in order that we may order an ironing board and a buffet, etc. It is difficult now to get help of the men. Many in mind to take it to church.

Then there was a woman mending and making curtains all day to-day. I am so sorry that I did
A woman was brought into the dispensary day before yesterday with a badly cut throat and tongue. She had had a quarrel with her neighbors. She wanted to make them suffer and so she attempted suicide, cutting her throat very badly, and then almost biting her tongue off—so that it had to be sewed up. She is improving I think, and wants to live now. She must have been rather cross! You see now she will be talked about all over the village, and people will sympathize with her, etc. Aren’t Chinese ideas queer?

Oh, this language! I get all mixed up in it.

Yesterday I said to the boy, "Wah chye, they kih teah!" And I should have said, "Wah aih, kheh (khi teah) teah."

At school one day I asked the boy if sheets and Kelley, when I meant Keats and Shelley, and this mistake is on the same order. 😭

Our characters are getting more complicated.

The strokes have to be made in a certain order

-1-17- and so that makes an extra thing to remember. I do not make them very well yet. The character for good is a combination of a woman and a child. 🧑‍👩‍👧‍👦 夫 = woman = ไส = good = 老公

earth
My name will probably be

"Re" not "Re".
"Re" stands for Ruth.
"Re" not "Re" but really is the Chinese
word for Ruth. I rather like the idea.

The boy calls me "Konek" which means
Paster's wife. The children call me "Sim" which
is about the same as Mrs. But quite
frequently they shout out "Konek, Peng ten,"
which means "unmarried woman. How do you do?"
They say I look like a Konek.

Here is the character for old, aged.

""""" young

It is no fun to remember them all, but I grow
fat on it.

Why Aunt Ale, for quite a while yet I
can get all the fashions I need out of
"Good Housekeeping" and a national Catalogue, or
something like that. I don't expect to have
many clothes until it is time to come home.

But that is different for I shall then have
nothing to wear until I wear the dresses unless I
grow thinner soon, but the advertisements etc.
will do my neck for a year or two. Thank you
for thinking of it.

Did hand enjoy her day at Lynn? And was she
happy enough?

What kind of carpet did George select for hall?
Did Uncle Charles have a good time in Missouri?
Mother don't wish too bad! I do feel so mean to be
having things so easy! [Fra]

It is Konek not Konek and it means "rocky corner"-

Dear Ale, I do appreciate your letters so much.
Don't work those eyes too hard, they, even for me?
The mail seems quite quick this letters reach me in a
month. I can hardly believe it true I sent a letter
Via Siberia on Monday-- Let me know what time it makes
and whether there are irregularities. I try to send
regularly every Sat. A Mr. got first class on every two week
and that may make irregularities.

Sight still seems stronger, and to hear a little more
of Esther's pictures. Hope she is very well now!

Mother's love to all Charles family.
Did she get into kindergarten?
Did you hear of Toma and Marion always, and in detail when possible.

Did my rug get around for Xmas?
Sometimes I can almost see you people at home as you are doing one thing or another. I wish you had a vivid picture here. Just now I saw a blue and white tailed shirt waist that Mrs. Rynagad made for me and the shirt of my old blue suit - which is rapidly becoming impossible around the waist. I have to un-belt the belt even more.

They will help, aren't we, much better than the other.
Mrs. B. writes that she is stronger, but her girl has left, and I fear it will be too much for her. I do feel as much for them - how lonely it must be! Alice has gone to housekeeping, I think, as she was not strong and needed a change. I'd like to look in on them all.

The house must be very attractive as they have rearranged it, and the letters describe it so fully that I can almost see it.

Wt, George, you asked me how I was at Thanksgiving. I was fine taking dinner at Aunt's. I hope all your questions will be answered.

Edward Drum is certainly taking a long cruise! I should like to see him.

Is John at school? Let me know all about it.
Your page seems very good! Be sure to bring it here. I know I don't need to mention that, but I had it on my mind, and I almost want to try to do it, if you couldn't or should happen to wish it for any reason. - I do appreciate your steady letters very much. They are very entertaining!

How does the farmwork this winter? Does Carol seem strong and well? Also John, and Papa, and mamma.

Sorry don't you? A Course in Cartooning!

"Dr. Hill" - that is good!

Mother, what are you going to do with a bunch of approaches!!!

How we enjoy Jennie's soup spoons. I can use them every day for the land, for cereal - and very often they both give us soup for dinner or supper. I don't pay any attention to meals quite often, and he plans nicely. It is a great relief.

It made cake and bread 2 day without saying anything and to avoid supper and dinner without my giving any
ordered all.
Supper:
- Fried fish
- Rice
- Macaroni & cheese
- Glazed shoe meat, fruit, egret from yesterday.
- Goose
- Tomato
- Baked meat & potatoes
- Meat: Sweet potatoes
- Carrots
- Potato pudding

We had afternoon tea served on our pretty round table every day at 4:00.

I am glad to receive the extra letters but hide the others as they are more than this. Let them go the round of them. Jennie perhaps or Ruth could send me on George might have one to enclose once in awhile.

Will Norman be put? How is his weight?
Does she play much?
We are going to enjoy Eliza is much!

Have any of you read Pollyanna. Mrs. Hildreth sent it to me, and it is very bright and interesting. Dallas read it & found it great, full of news.

The December Current Opinion has come Aunt Celie & how I am enjoying immensely.

How clean you are, mother! to make a hat!

Do you have a Chautauqua Home now?

Ruth, how are you? Are not all tired out? Your new mantles must be pretty. Don't be discouraged if a classification seems poor many principal visits. Have been down to the dumps for days about it, and then found it didn't impress others at all.

Now Delia and Charlie, I was going to write a letter to you and many more, but this evening has gone on this letter and time seems limited. Can't you show it to thanks for the letter, and pray your good letter. Keep any letter.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter
Dear Father,

I know that Ellison is writing you to thank you for our very nice Christmas present, and I want to join in hearty thanks for your thought for us. It certainly will be of great aid at this time, for we have had to buy a good many things in preparation for moving and the moving expenses themselves are heavy. The society allows us to take those expenses from the travelling fund provided we can get along with the remainder. That does not mean that we intend nice Christmas money into just moving—but I want you to know that it is very comforting.
for us to feel that we can rely on this to fall back on in case of need. And, we are doubly grateful at this time.

Just think, for the first time, in shall be in a house where all the furniture will belong to us. I do just hope that in shall not have to move again soon, but one can never tell.

I worked hard all day yesterday and am at it again to-day. The dining room table is all packed and the books and many little things such as chafing dish etc. It is a big task and I dread it.

You will forgive me, therefore, if I do not write a long letter, but hurry so as to help my good husband with my share. I have received very pleasant cards and postcards from your Sunday School class. It was very dear of you all to think of us. Lovingly yours, Lottie.
In three days now a German warship has been out in the harbor and it has looked almost like home. Tonight their search light was turned on land, and that was good, but when I heard a big crowd of the sailors singing part-songs, just like a college Choral, it nearly took me off my feet! I thought at first that I was hearing by telepathy, but I soon found that it was really truly music. How good it did sound! I was not near enough to hear the words only the clear, strong harmony.

I wish you could see our roses! On the month now is more than four inches across, and the bouquet of six on the table is simply exquisite. We have many beds and blossoms out doors, and I love to look at them and smell them, and eat them almost every day. I had thought that a good many of our 70 rose plants were not going to blossom, but most of them have beds now.

Ellison is sitting in “Mr. Bartholomew’s round” beside me, writing— and I am...
at my table which we have moved into the dining room from the dining room. It is a large table with two drawers and an under shelf, so that I get along very comfortably. Eleanor has me feel like it in the study. A cheerful fire is blazing in the grate. I know you would all like to look in. I have draperies at most of the windows except those in the guestroom.

Mrs. Waters had some coarse Japanese silk, about three yards wide. She sold me all she had—about 5 1/2 or 6 yards and by making the curtains straight instead of gathered, I have succeeded in covering almost everything. I had my seamstress hemstitch them and they look real pretty. The windows really do, don't you think, seat in this way.

From the waist inside the straight piece is a yard long and about a yard wide: change. We can not have long or thick curtains in account of the heat later in the year.

It is not quite as cold as it was, but I still find woollen clothing very comfortable!

This week Wednesday we entertained our first guests—Mr. & Mrs. Waters at a very simply dinner. We had Dr. Newman
for breakfast one day but we can hardly exist.

We had a shining new tablecloth on our pretty round table, and shining new silver on that. It did look so pretty with a single pink rose in a slender silver vase for a centerpiece. I keep it always there even at afternoon tea, when the toy capricos is forgotten. I've not yet got into the regular daily I suppose.

I'm in indicated salts and peppers are so nice! The silver one from May Workby and the two silver ones blue glass which Mrs. Alland Dodd gave us. They last match our dishes and our carpet, and

I'm very proud of them!

Well the cook made perfectly delicious chicken soup with artichokes. He also made a fricassee of chicken very tender and appetizing. Then I believe we had cornflakes and macaroni and cheese served from our Rochester器皿s. Desert was fruit jelly (figs, dates, oranges, banana etc.) cake and candy.

I wanted to see how things went off and we delighted to see that there was nothing wrong. Now I shall feel safe to invite guests whenever I wish. All are

on.
my cook is really very good and misses me from thinking. This week I did not give my directions at all (I hardly ever do now) and he sends Tomatoes soup, roast beef—very good, fried cauliflower, pancakes, delicious sweet potatoes, beets and !!!! cleary, !!!! (but he used it) pineapple pie — of fresh pineapple. We try to keep peaches on hand and also have held sweet chocolate. The bread is so far

Tennis is still as great a sport as ever. I have played every day but Wednesday this week. I always dress in white when 1 play and do not feel cold, without many sweaters. During the game did not breath and so I wanted to

We had a lovely walk with Mr. and Mrs. Waters last Sunday afternoon to Pete's Grove — a beautiful place on the side of a hill where a man has built a frame and had a house for picnic parties so that his wife's spirit will not be lonely. Beautiful palm trees have been planted here and there and we found
A cherry tree in full blossom. The cherry
groves are scattered all over the hills and
make them look more picturesque than they
tonaturally are. I must get illion to take
a picture of me. The cherry, like the apple,
with a great deal of care and wind and
water have a great influence on the peace
of the plums.

I bought some alcohol at the hospital
and used my new chafing dish this week.
I am so proud of it! It took me quite a
while (40 minutes or more) to make it burn
and I have no idea that this native alcohol
is not so good for it as American. I shall
try to get some other.

Oh! I tried to make peppermint.
When we made them at Miss Waters
they did not harden and so I wanted to
be sure to harden them cooked sufficiently,
but here my chafing dish was so fine
and the dome so strong that my sugar and
water boiled vigorously — and before the
time was up I had to take it off. I
learned to put the peppermint in, only
to find that I had used cinnamon. It's
countered that I put in some mol
and then peppermint but by that time the mixture had crystallized and was as hard as a rock!!! Well the next day I melted it, and we used it for syrup or pried much, but all we could taste was rose flavoring - strong and yet delicate and it hardly seemed appropriate for corn and cake.

Another mail came this week Wednesday, bringing much welcomed letters as well as a very lovely collar and cuff set from Marion Sloan, also some very neat and attractive book plates for Elsie's a Pyle me calender with a post card attached to each month, and a copy of the New York Sunday Times. It did seem good to see a N.Y. paper and will at a copy in color of Sargent's Prophets. It is beautiful enough to frame and I am hoping to find it framed some day! Also, there were sheets of beauty American women in soft brown and other pictures besides. I showed the women's pictures to our Chinese teacher and she said, "Si mihi i see," "What is the meaning?"

Sat. A.M. Elsie has been busy clearing the zaiza and putting up shelves
and bundler socks in preparation for my quirt
next week I have been sewing on the
machine a little, making matting rugs.
Taking accounts with the cook, paying
bills, etc. The time flies before you know it.
Mrs. Ashman came over to call one night to
see our house and things incidentally.
She played tennis with us yesterday,
and all that she must be about 60, she
played a very good game.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Smoley took me
to Mrs. Day's. At home she is trying to
be the wife of the commodore of customs
who lives in a large house down on the
bound - at the water's edge. So they have
two tennis courts, the afternoon tea is for
from 2 to 4 - people coming and going
swiftly to make up new sets and tea
being served & to the overlookers out door.

The American cousin - Mr. Krael - a
young fellow perhaps 25, I was glad to
meet as well as the English cousin Mr.
Pitigliano, and two or three English
girls here on a visit, girls from York
shire, one of whom I now know, went to
school in Bradford - Mr. Wallbridge's home.

nurse beside me, writing and warm...
Dear One All,

For three days now a German warship has been out in the harbor and it has looked almost like home. It was a warship and it had its searchlights turned on and that was good, but when I heard a big crowd of the sailors singing part-songs just like a college glee club, it nearly took me off my feet! I thought at first that I was hearing the telegraph, but I soon found that it was really true music — how good it did sound! I was not near enough to hear the words — only the dear strong part-songs.

I wish you could see our roses! One on the mantle now is more than four inches across, and the bouquet of six on the table is simply exquisite. We have many buds and blossoms out doors, and I look to look at them and smell them and cut them almost every day. I had thought that a good many of our 70 or 80 plants were not going to bloom, but most of them have budged.

Ellison is sitting in "our Bartolomeo rocker" beside me writing — and I am at my table which we have moved into the living room from the dining room. It is a large table with two chairs and I am under a shelf, so that I sit along my comfortably. Ellison has me just like it in the study. A cheerful fire is glowing in the grate! I know you would all like to look in. I have ashes at most of the windows, except three in the guest room now. Mrs. Oakes had some coarse Japanese paper about three yards wide. She sold me all she had — about 30 yards, and by fringing the curtains instead of gathering, I have succeeded in covering almost everything. I had my Frenchwoman trim them and they look real pretty. The windows really are done up now — not in this way from the side into the straight pieces 2½ yards long and about a yard wide hemp. We can not have long ones curtailed or account of the heat later this year.

It is not quite as cold as it was, but I still
The week Wednesday, we entertained our first guests Mr. and Mrs. Waters at a very simple dinner — (we had had Dr. Newman over for breakfast one day, but we hardly count that.) He had a shiny new table cloth on our pretty round table, and shiny new silver on that. It did look so pretty with a single pink rose in a slender silver vase for a centerpiece. I keep it always there even at afternoon tea, when the boys insist on forgetting it — because he has put down the last daily newspaper. Our individual salts and peppers are so nice! — our silver rosettes from May Hordbury, and the two silver corn blue glass which Mr. and Mrs. Allison Dodd gave us. These last match our dishes and our carpet, and I am very proud of them.

I yield the coast-made perfectly delicious chicken soup with croutons — He also made the fricassee of chicken — very tender and appetizing — Then I believe I had cauliflower, and macaroni and cheese served from our Rochester casserole —

A dessert was fruit jelly, figs, cake, oranges, bananas, etc., cake, and candy.

I was delighted to see that there were no mistakes, and was delighted to see that there were no mistakes. Now I shall feel safe to invite guests whenever I wish. All come along. My cook is really very good, and saved the house thinking. This year, I did not give any directions at all — (Hardly ever did) and it served

To make soup —
Great loaf of cold bread
Fried cauliflower
Biscuits
Smalt potatoes
Butter and good old cabbage — (but I made it)
Pineapple pie — made out of grill pineapple

We try to keep plums on hand — and also seedless raisins. Chocolate — the hard kind — so far.

Jennie is still as quaint a sport as ever — I have played every day but Wednesday this week.
I always dress in white when I play— and do not feel cold without my sweater during the game.

He had a lovely walk with Mr. and Mrs. Waters last Sunday afternoon to Hiko Trace—a beautiful place on the side of a hill where a man has built an arbor and the house for picnic parties, so that his wife's spirit will not be lonesome. Beautiful palm trees have been planted here and there and we found a cherry tree in full blossom. The Chinese garden are scattered all over these hills, and make them even more picturesque than they naturally are. I must get Ellen to take a picture of one. The Chinese choose the site with a great deal of care as wind and water have a great influence on the peace of the departed.

I bought some alcohol at the hospital and used my new chafing dish. I am so proud of it! It took me quite a while (10 minutes or more) to make it burn—and I have an idea that this native alcohol is not so good for it as American. I shall try to get something better.

Ah! I tried to make peppermints! When we made them at Mrs. Water's they did not harden and so I wanted to be sure to have them cooked sufficiently, but here my chafing dish was so fine and the lamp so strong, that my sugar and water boiled furiously—and before the time was up, I had to take it off. I tried to put the peppermint in only to find that it had used cinnamon. So counterfeit that I put in some rose, and then peppermint, but by that time the mixture had crystallized and was as hard as a rock!!! Well, the next day I melted it and we had it for supper on fried mush, but all we could taste was rose flavor—strong and yet delicate, and it nearly spoiled apparatus for cornmeal cake.

Another mail came this week—inday bringing much welcomed letters, as well as a very dainty collar and cuff set from Marion; also some 'Empress' new silk and an 'Empress' note book. Plato for Ellen; a little note from Miss M. of New Ridge (with a postcard attached to each month) and a copy of the New York Sunday Times from Hello Blakes. I did feel good to see a New York paper—and with it a son...
Copy in colors of Sargent's prophets. It is beautiful enough to frame--and I am hoping to find it framed--some birthday. Also there were sheets of beautiful American women in soft brown and other pictures besides. I showed the women's picture to our Chinese teacher and she said, "Si mihi i aci, "What is the meaning?"

Saturday A.M.
Ellison has been busy clearing the piazza, and putting up shelves and bamboo rods! in preparation for our guests next week. Then been working on the machine a little, making matting mats, taking account with the cork, paying bills etc. The time flies before you know it. Now it is nearly dinner time. Mrs. A. chinese came over to call, and to see our house and things incidentally. She played tennis with us yesterday, and at the she must be about 60, she played a very good game.

Ruth, you mentioned a poem by Alfred Joyce Kent. I sent me a whole book of his poems. Think of that! Some of them are very beautiful.

Your travelling troupe must have been very busy, and very tired. What a lot you accomplished! What elaborate costumes, too!

I was pleased to get pretty card from Stella and George's letter as usual was a great treat.

When you receive this it will be February something--here the trees are beginning to bud and bloom. We hear of the great snow storms--I am reading today of the great blizzard in the west in early December.

How and where is John? No, George. I don't know the ideal conditions for a home yet--I am as happy as mine that I great wish you had one, too. Put a high ideal before you and some day it will come true - Begin to work for it now. It is such fun to have your own furnishings and special rooms reserved for one. You can get a little capital, you know, if you only try.
Lottie

Miss. meeting Jan. 22-19

It is just about 7 and we are waiting for our guests to come to dinner. Mrs. Adams, Estelle & Norman are to be with us a week while we have conference here at Kankakee. We met them on the boat from Hong Kong to Shanghai, and so it is much nicer than if we had to entertain strangers. The children are about 4 1/2 respectively, and as we enjoy them too.

rosey cheeked, golden haired English children.

What a treat school. Their arrival about 4:20 and one or two informal callers, we have had a busy afternoon.

I suppose that if you want to know what conference is! It is an annual meeting of all the missionaries in the East China field to do business, to talk over affairs, and to gain unity, inspiration. The first people to arrive were Mr. Bangfield and the only person distant I was very glad to see them, for I knew I could ask...
Mr. B. to lead prayer meeting for me. The leaders B prayer meetings are chosen in alphabetical order and my turn came early because I was married. 

Well, luck was with me & Mr. B. cancelled. The meeting was very interesting and entertaining. He told of his work and his wife told of hers. They work in a region where the people are meatly influential and hungry for the gospel. Men in military or educational work come to them to learn. Mrs. B. interested me by letting of one woman who used to be a "holy terror" as she expressed it. This woman used to have fights with her neighbors and one day it is said had as many as 5.

This woman was influenced by Christianity and her life was so entirely changed that the Chinese came to Mr. B. asking him what happened to her in the water. She no longer fought or quarreled & seemed to have entirely changed her way of life.
They told other stories—one was of a man who although he confessed that he was not a Christian said that what China needed was moral backbone and only Christianity could supply it. Neither Buddhism, nor Taoism would do.

The work at the station where the Bardsfields are seems very live and active! As we study the language we feel very inefficient and powerless. E. is getting along beautifully with the language. He is keenly interested, alert, has an intuitive sense which helps him pick out the strings essential to remember. I am a slow plodder as usual.

In class we are beginning the study of the gospel of Mark. We took one verse the 1st day and are the two following days and are still working on it. 1/11
We have Scrubbers current Opining Mt. Holyoke, Ethel, Missims. The Helping Hand & Good Housekeeping.
Dear Family,

It is just about 7:00 and we are waiting for our guests to come to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Adams and two children, Estelle and Norman, are to be with us a week while in their conference here at Kachchik. We met them on the boat from Hong Kong to Swatow, and so it is much nicer than if we had to entertain strangers. The children are about four and two respectively, and so we enjoy them too - rosy-cheeked, golden-haired English children. What with school, and their arrival about 4:20 and one or two informal callers, we have had a busy afternoon.

I suppose that you want to know what conference is! It is an annual meeting of all the missionaries in the South China fields, to do business, to talk over affairs, and to gain unity and inspiration. The first people to arrive were the Baasfields - who are the furthest distant. You might guess to see them, for I knew I could ask Mr. Baasfield to lead prayer meeting for me. (The leaders of prayer meeting are chosen in alphabetical order and my turn came early; because I was married), and Mr. Baasfield consented. The meeting was very interesting and entertaining. He told of his work and his wife told of theirs. They work in a region where the people are wealthy, influential, and hungry for the gospel! Many military and educational work come to them to learn.

Mrs. Baasfield interested me by telling of one woman who used to be a "very tough" as she expressed it. This woman used to have fights with her neighbors and one day, it is said, she did as many as five. This woman became influenced by Christianity, and her life so entirely changed that the Chinese came to Mr. Baasfield asking him what happened to her in the water. She no longer fought...
or quarrelled and seemed to have entirely changed her way of life!

They told other stories—one was of a man—a brilliant orator—who, after he confessed, that he was not a Christian, said that what thing needed was moral backbone and only Christianity could supply it. Neither Confucianism, Buddhism or Taoism could do it.

The work at the station where the boys lived was very live and active. As we study the language we feel very inefficient and powerless—Ellison is getting along beautifully with the language. He is keenly interested, alert, and has an intuitive sense which helps him pick out the things essential to remember. I soon a slow plodder as usual!

I am sending you the cover and first leaf of my calendar—Ellison bought one from Swanton the other day.

It is bed-time now, and so I'll stop.

Good night all. This is Aunt Celie's birthday. And the day is just beginning with her. I hope it will be a happy one.

Friday noon. Waiting for Mr. Adams to return from Utica.

Can you find these in my table and the long table cloth that Aunt Celie gave me? It looks so shiny and pretty and is long enough even if I used two leaves more. I'm sure Aunt Celie was thinking of big families. In Chinese class, we are beginning the study of the gospel of Mark. We took one verse the first day and on the two following days and are still working on the first...

Ellison and I had a delightful walk around the plateau last Sunday. At one place we had a view which reminded me of the view from Pigeon Hill. It could not be any extent of water but it was near. One part corresponded to Rockford harbor, and one to Franklin Bay, and the sun was setting over Franklin Bay just as at home. It certainly was beautiful.
John is one John Reid if he succeeded in moving that safe! I really don't see how he can do it.

Yes - 12000 miles is a long distance - but it doesn't seem so far when I see the moon, and know that you saw it only twelve hours before. That seems more real than the sun.

I was glad to hear of Papa's insurance. I don't understand it very well.

He had Scribner, Current Opinion, The Mount Holyoke, Etude, Missions, The Helping Hand, and Ford Housekeeping and a show in a Shanghai newspaper for the compound. If anyone is taking the Cadillac and doesn't care to make the ride with them, I should be glad enough to have it sent with advertisement cut out. Will write later, if we want any such plan.

Marion's letter Dec. 7 arrived same time with Ruth's Oct. 15th and George's Oct. 10th.

I certainly am interested in your letters, Marion. The dear word pictures of Polly and the children are a great pleasure to me, and nothing can be too hum drum to interest me.

I like even to know what time you get up, what you are eating, what you are reading, etc. so that I can picture you all vividly.

The don't seem to be very attractive! Very glad there can be a kindergarten, and for other things you mentioned. Durham bed must be great.

Thank you dear for the little necklace. It is very pretty and means a lot to me.

Glad to hear from Beryl, and so glad that she still likes High School. You glad I urged you to go, teacher.

Give my love to Hannah and the Randalls, please.

Would like to see the attic? Can't it cold, tho'

Glad to have diagram of coat, hat, etc. skirt, too.

You must begin to see if your fancy clothes are in season.

It is too cold here to enjoy swimming now. The water is too muddy right now, but at Double Island how some people go in the summer, it is very good fun.

Hadn't sent those plans for Beryl yet. Must send soon. They are not much good without of them.
And Ruth - you even suggest that I might be exempt from Xmas presents! That’s a lot of pleasure in the first place, and in the second place - that I not envy luxuries now without deserving more! Such a "fat" husband! Such a wife! Such good servants, such pretty roses, and beautiful scenery - and tennis - etc! etc! - Gracious! I must wish everybody else had some of my blessings.

I feel wicked throwing away all your good letters without sharing them with some one. Only any of you like to have me send some of the hardships or sufferings they would be altogether too old - well - Digress I must enjoy them alone except for Ella and Ruth.

Your candy, Ruth, must be very nice.

Are you joining an agency, or is it too much bother? Let me know about pattern of stair carpet.

Poor -- you have not sent me bill for glasses. Please do. Much love to you. I think if you write to you everyday. I know that you are wishing for warmer weather now.

I was glad to hear about the rugs, mother. (By the way, I did the manicure case for Aunt Jane, and now they will sell it.)

I expect it will take more than the rest to the money to send all the rugs and all the Xmas presents I left. I trust - if of course I should be delighted to have one or two or even three small area rugs. They work in very nicely on the painted border bath rooms in front of doors. I am so glad we brought some with us.

Our floor of the room is not covered entirely with matting and painted a still blue gray - and so I like to have the rugs without much red - soft neutral tint.

Sorry to hear of Annie Rose's accident.

Hard on the mother. Have you many apples? How are the Shermans?

I am glad you did not try to send me for shoes. I have had enough already.

I am glad to see you live in a new house. It is a lovely home. Rookie enjoys it so much! It has a really good kitchen - and it is really good for the kids - and Charlie and Ella.
On Tuesday Mrs. Yardley took me to Mrs. Lay's At Home, Mrs. Lay being the wife of the Commissioner of Customs, who lives in a large house down on the beach at the water's edge. So they had two tennis courts the afternoon tea was far from dead. People coming and going swiftly to make up new sets and tea being served to the male guests out doors. The American consul Mr. Breiel a young fellow perhaps 25 or more to meet, as well as the English consul Mr. Pittkier and three or three English girls here on a visit - girls from Yorkshire, one of whom has just gone to school in Bradford, Mr. Kildew's home.

Cut off this after the afternoon round of family.

Mail came about 11:00 during the conference and I skipped out - because I couldn't wait to read it. It is so good to hear of Xmas. I am so glad that you had such a nice day - and to hear of the presents and the walk to Paradise cliff was just great! What nice presents you told - especially Ruth, and Carol - just the things that you needed even to that fun Ruth. That is grand.

Ellie is secretory of the conference and so she hasn't had a chance to open his mail yet.

In mail came two pretty calendars for me too - both with nice sayings on them. I shall enjoy them.

Ruth - I believe oldest daughter is called "Miss Lane" but I like Ruth better than Lane very much.

So glad you had the longsings early. I don't know but that I was sleeping just at the minute - but I had thought about it and wondered. The picture of Tattee & Carol must be lovely. I have the little picture in a gray holder and frame on the wall. It wouldn't do any good to keep American time stuff - I could just think my watch was an hour slow and forget the 12 hours difference. &c.
So glad Jennie can go to N.Y. In times
I wish she could tell Mary how much I
enjoy the table corn she gave me. It
looks very pretty on my bedroom table
and I am very proud of it. I can't imagine
that Jennie and Dana can keep house
again. I begin to know how much it means.
I struck 12:10 noon.
So glad Ruth remembered Uncle Charlie, Uncle
gene and Frank. I wanted too, but hadn't
time to think.
So glad rugs were sent too. And that they
may be pretty. Are you like yours, Mother?
Sorry Aunt Jennie's manicure case did not come.
 perpetual very interesting.
The little book, " ldbal", George gave me
originally, but I know that the style you
very different here, and so I thought he could
be glad to have you have it. I am so glad
that you have a camera. Now I shall see
pictures of you all once in awhile.
Glad you like the orchestra better.
ADD to get your good letter, Aunt Cel.
That you can look at my being here
in such a way makes me very very
happy. I hope that it will mean blessing
instead of hardship in the end.
Sorry Stella has had so much neuralgia
and that Esther's ear is not entirely healed.
Such things could be easier. In March,
Hope you had a nice visit with Ruth. It isn't
quite so convenient for her as it was for me.

Closing Central China - was closing station
in Central China. Map given in handbook that
you have.

Yes Ellis has recovered from
sicknesses. Both feel very well, especially.
I was glad to hear Mrs. Campbell get
mended. I did not know it before.

Kisses. Love. Sealed letter reached us to-day.

Dear people at Holyoke, I was going to write in Ellis's letter but he
forfeited and sealed it. Some day I'll put in a little into him and just
carry my two. Letter.
Dear Ones,

This is vacation week in one sense, for we do not have any lessons. Although we have conference meetings morning and afternoon, one does not have to go all the time. As we new members cannot vote, I spend my time (when I am there) listening while I tap on copy notes into the hymn book which I am making. That is, I have a blank hymn book into which I am copying those hymns which are not yet printed, and I hope to have in those which I can find in other books. It takes a long time to copy the music.

Well, at least I have seen all the missionaries in the south China field with the exception of Mrs. Lewis if hangs, and it is a very nice number of people, as we realized when we had a social evening last night. I will enclose the program. It was rather long, for almost everything was encored. Mrs. Bousfield played a very melodic one, the open one by from the porch, or had her play the wedding march, and you could have laughed to see Dr. Swords and Dr. Capen March in as bride and groom followed by Dr. Foster and Dr. Keeler. Those men who were so serious in conference were full of fun in the evening, and it was good to see the mischievous side. Mrs. Capen mimicked and shouted at every good thing, in spite of the fact that he is one of our most cultured gentlemen.

The little Gibson boy played remarkably well. Miss Campbell is his teacher, and a good one. She has a Chickering piano, and her, and she is taking such good care of it, that it has stood the climate so far. I have tried to write more now. The first part received a call from English course...
and wife

Friday evening, Jan 30.

It is nearly nine o'clock and we are all assembled for conference. I had intended to write all the time but things were so interesting that I listened. They were making appropriations for next year work - individual and collective.

The rain had a rather interesting week - I have not written much during most of the meeting - glad it has stopped. I am staying home quite a bit reading and writing and doing three jobs that I had.

Ellen picked up Pollyanna this week and is much interested in it for a wonder. She has scorned reading Laddie - I love "Pollyanna". It was so glad! - Have you read it?

Carol, you remember I spoke of sending my old shoes to you. I sent them to English P.O. and they are going to charge me $1.80 to send them. That is 90c more than I am holding them until I find out more about it. If someone wants them I would say 90c on it and 10c little competitively from America to China.

I am still gaining weight and so is Ellen - We lost 155 to 149 and I reach the awful height of 148. I can get into almost all of my dresses now! I beg to change one to day - if you would advise me. Ellen to be red will too. During a most solemn prayer the other day - I made two incorrect proverbs - cause I peeled out of the column of my eye.

Tonight the committee enlarged Ellin's request for travelling expenses for next year from 25.75 to 50.00. When the announcement was made somebody shouted with "Yes - he needs three men to a chair!" - they also for men usually carry a sedan chair, but big men to require three.

Had such a nice surprise yesterday! Came a package from Tiffany's.

Mrs. E. J. P. E.

Jan 30
And inside I found a beautiful Mount Holyoke graduate pin. I had always wanted one, but never felt that I could afford it. It has a blue center and is surrounded by pearls. I am so glad to own one. Ellinor said it was a surprise for me.

Each day during conference some one of our ladies had served tea. Thursday was my day -- the nearly mid -- with traveling. Mr. Buxton brought me his tea cup and saucer with great pride to the house where we are holding meetings. Mrs. Baker's cook made some chocolate cakes for me and my cook made two loaves of rural cake as I asked him to. But he did more -- he frosted it and I did not want any icing. I cut it at any rate and ate all of it. When it was cut and filed off. I also took corn meal muffins which I thought he was making for supper. I found coming up with a saucer scalded looking dish towel over them. Mrs. Baker was not pleased. I did not want to displease the cook and I shall make him make corn meal muffins instead of baking hard biscuits as he had made -- misunderstanding his request. Well, I finally decided not to let the muffins appear and so dinner, breakfast, supper, how we have corn meal muffins to eat.

Ellinor took me on a nice walk to day, out where we had a beautiful view of bay and hill and mountain. We have not played much tennis because we want the guests to have a chance. Well, I am going out to get some air. Kerosene lamps do not keep the atmosphere clear!!! Love all.

Letter
Mrs. Safford will probably not reach home before March, Aunt Cel.

How is John?

Your word picture of the children, Aunt Cel, is very dear.

Lucy Elliott, Address, Trotter, is 107 N. Monroe, Columbus, Ohio.

Love to Uncle Charly and all.

Was dear of Stella to send a card! Hope they are all well.

Thank your guest lists. Have had Ruth's and Carol's and it was mighty interesting. Think you can mine in piece mail.

Had another letter Chinese, this week, but I must get to work again, for married ladies have a bad reputation about learning the language.

Thank you Ruthy for doing up pictures for girls. And thank you again, Aunt Cel and Stella for doing all you did for me.

What is your recipe for peppermints, Ruth?

Love to everyone. Is the winter bad, Papa—And is it all right for Carol to be in H. S.?

Are you all well?

Love, Lettie.

Does Uncle come home every week?

Betti's grandmother has just died. She was a dear woman.
Dear Ones at Holyoke,

Ellison has been so busy this week that he fears he will need to write only a short note—and so I am going to add a little I stay home during the first part of the conference by A.M. and attend to the things which must be done, but as he is secretary, he has to be on hand all the time. The conference is in session and other times too.

Well, Dr. Newman is to be transferred to Canton Christian College where he will become a professor of medicine; his chief desire. He definitely stated that he wanted to teach when he came here. Miss Northcott who came out with us is to reside with Dr. Bacon for six months at any rate looking to a permanent arrangement. And as our class is reduced to Dr. Mildred Brett, and Ellison and me. I don't know what we shall do about it.

Four children are in the next room during the time of their life because they have found a few pence to buy.

Our designation is to be Kakechek for the year anyway, and I am relieved, because I did not enjoy even the vague possibility of picking up and leaving my little home which I enjoy so much.

I wish you could see Ellison! He looks so well. Better I think than I have ever seen him.

The children are shooting and pulling so that I can hardly think. Little Stelly is asking if she may duct Ellison's type writer and I have gladly given permission.

The weather is still beautiful although we are expecting a damp cloudy season at almost any time now. Ornella in our beautiful room.

Last evening we exchanged guests with Mrs. Berley and so we had two of the men guests instead of the Adams in.

Ellison has had the good game of tennis this
weeks and several nice walks.

By the way—that time when I was writing so much—I urged Ellison to write but he seemed busy and put it off, and finally the only way I could work it was to say that I was going to send my home letter to Bridgewater. He didn't quite like that, but I saw that it made it much easier for him to write, and he has grown quite reconciled. He says that writing home makes him think of home and I think makes him feel a little homesick, but he will get over that and he certainly will feel better than he would if he just left off. Several weeks ago I wrote an apologetic letter and felt truly homesick.

I am sorry the crocheted bag had not yet come, and hope that it will have been when you receive this. Mother writes too, that the little manicure case which I had ordered for Aunt Sue had not come. It may take a long time for me to find and send that—but one day we will know, and in the meantime Hope Aunt Sue will not be too disappointed—and may know that we planned all right.

Must stop now for awhile.

Very much love to you all.

Lotta.

I think of you daily.

Thank you for the good letters.
Dear Ones All,

You see that at last I have started to visit a little in this big country. Since we arrived early in November I had been only to Suatow, and so when Ellion decided to come up here to help Dr. Foster get ready for a trip to Siam, I finally decided to come too, although now I have to leave my class in English. Did I tell you that I am to take Miss Ballman's class in beginning English (six pupils) while she goes off to do country work? I have taught it only one day, but I did enjoy that very much.

Dr. Mildred Scott of ferred to teach it for me so that I could come here, and I thought that it would not make very much difference right at the beginning.
He had to rush quite a little to get away
our guests, the Adamses stayed on until
Tuesday, and so in the morning I had to
put up a big lunch for seven people, get
the rash ready for the wachemawoman to-day,
give the cook orders, put the silver away etc.
etc., and get off at 10:30. No school as you
can imagine.

It was a very windy day and the sea
was as choppy, Ruth, as that day when
in we cut with Daddy B. in Penwood's boat,
that
only this water in the harbor is a muddy yellow
because so many rivers empty into it.

We all got into a big boat — we — included
the 4 Adamses, Mr. and Mrs. Brucefield and
two boys and their servants (3), and two men to
sail the boat — and they had head and
heels of baggage for our boat, even then
another boat was loaded entirely with
baggage — and the servants of Mr. and Mrs.
Adams & men, his pretty Wife and ten
children, one a baby only two months old, strapped on its mother's back. I thought it was just a bundle until we had been on our way an hour or two. 

We did tow around in that harbor a good deal but finally came to the launch, as large as a small steamboat at home — large enough to have two decks. We rushed for the seats and what do you suppose they were? just ordinary horses. (Do you call them?) very narrow and a little too high for comfort. As there were only three we really took all the seats and the dozen or so Chinese who travelled fireless lolled around on the deck and in the baggage. They stared curiously at us, and watched everything we did, especially our eating — and they smiled in an amused and interested way, just as we do when we see Japanese or Chinese at home.

We went from the Swatow harbor up the river for about three and a half hours.
The scenery is attractive all along the way. Close to the river the land is quite flat and gives chance for big floods, but a short distance back, low hills rise into high mountains, barren for the most part and rocky. When the river began to get narrow it could see many villages some large, some small—always the houses are built without any space between and the streets are narrow and dirty. A huge population can thus occupy a very small space comparatively speaking.

In several villages he could see processions when people seemed to be dancing and carrying banners with pink streamers on red. They looked very gay and at first
we thought that there must be a wedding, but someone soon told me of the men that this was the day when they were rowshipping the devil, and they certainly had a good time at it. He looked through glasses at them, and saw them quite plainly.

At one place we saw a man and boy on a treadmill arrangement, and later learned that they were pumping water into the rice fields. What a tiresome job all day long to walk, and not to get anywhere. In the village of Kituyi we saw men grinding flour pounding it almost as our quarrymen pounded a drill into a big rock.

Said that we were on the upper deck. Ellison took me down below just for fun and I wish you could have walked this third narrow, dirty, dark, crowded place just to see the crowd of travelers. The boat does not actually stop at any place half ten or three times on the trip at big villages it slows down so that boats
washed with a flag and carrying passengers may come alongside. Then comes a swift exchange of passengers, the people from the big boat fairly tumbling into the small flat, and the small boat's passengers wriggling themselves like spiders up and over the rail, while we are moving along all the time.

The river boats are much like the harbor sampans except that they have a rush cover to protect people from the sun. This cover may be put down low at night to protect one from wind.

People can sleep in these boats. The Adamees and the Bensfield's got off the launch here with us, took tea with Dr. Bacon, and then took separate boats to their separate destinations, the Bensfield travelling first by boat, then by chair, then by boat, and the Adamees going...
by boat all night and then by chair all day. It is quite an undertaking I realize to bring all these people in for a conference.

at Kiating

This compound is right on the river, and consists of two nice homes—one for Dr. Foster, and one for Dr. Bacon, a large boys school with only foreign teachers at present, a chapel, and a large and finely equipped and clean hospital. You know it is quite an unusual thing, at least our missionaries say it is, to find a clean hospital in China. It is so hard to teach the natives to use sanitary methods.

To illustrate—there was with my boy running along the road stubbed his toe so badly on a rock that he cut the end right off. Dr. Newman bandaged it up nicely for him—but either the bandage was too bulky or...
uncomfortable, for soon after I noticed that only the toe bandage remained and that looked as if it had been put on again.

Tell this hospital if Dr. Bacon’s is absolutely perfect. The shelves in the drug room are scrubbed with soap and water three times a week. The operating rooms are in splendid condition and all can do work in a proper way. Last year they treated over 26,000 cases. Think of that!

I have not mentioned curry, have I? Well, I have been initiated. I did not try it on the beef for fear that it would be too strong—but he had it at Mrs. Waters and last evening I had curried eggs for supper. I am beginning to like it all right, although I do not like pepper at all.

It is nearly ten o’clock and as I must be up for horse between eleven and twelve, I think that I will go over to Dr. Fenter and see how illicon is getting along.

Love to all.

Lottie
Saratow. Feb. 6, 1914.

Home again, you see, and safely too. He had a pleasant trip down—about the same length as a trip from Boston to Gloucester, perhaps a bit longer—40 miles in accordance with winds and weather, and in a launch about 4¾ so big as the City of Gloucester. We studied Chinese part of the way down—and attracted a crowd of about six Chinese boys who crowded so close that one little fellow stepped on my toe.

We bought in Saratow some little salt dishes (it is almost impossible to wear silk in this climate because the salt eats into them) and a beautiful flower vase with some money which Consul Haywood sent me for Christmas. I am so glad to have it, for there needed vases for my beautiful roses and this is a particularly pretty one.
Only letters from the Bartholomew came to-day—and last week came a letter with enclosures from Jennie. I have enjoyed them so much.

We have had two grand games of tennis since we returned from Kitang.

Our Chinese class is rather broken up as Dr. Herman is going to teach at the college at Canton and Miss Northcott has gone to Kitang to live with Dr. Bucun.

I invite Dr. Mildred to come over here and study with us. Yesterday we met in Ellison's study, but today we met in the corner of the hall in front of the couch. We had an open fire in the grate—which is larger than the parlor grate, and we enjoyed it very much—cozy and home-like. Sam
sitting by the grate fire now, still in my tennis clothes. Ohan the sewing table, and Ellinore has bought his deck table out to use for his typewriter which he is using right now. 

Now see it is Friday morning now with you all. I think almost every week and how happy Carol and Ruth must be to have Saturday approaching.

Yours John?

I am so glad that I can picture you all, and I just wish that you all had had a look at my house so that you could see us here.

Did I tell you that we found the cork nick when we came home from Kityang. I went out into kitchen and said Here there’s the cork - and Cook not here - he came up stairs from the boy's
room where he had been lying down. He could hardly stand and does not want to go to paint - but he will get up for us, and came again Thursday morning. He told him to go home and go to bed - and finally he did but sent his son to take his place, and we are getting very nicely. The boy is lame today too - cut his foot again on the bottoms this time.

I wish you could see the beautiful valla lilies here now, and marguerites and heliotrope - beautiful! My roses still blooming.

It has rained a little for two nights now and been damp - but the days have been nice.

How is Della? Hope she is better. So glad to see Uncle George's letters, Jennie. And to have the note from you. Please excuse me for not writing specially to you!

Very much love to all.

Lottie
Dear Ones all,

It is pouring outside and has been nearly all day, but this is only the second entirely rainy day we have had since we reached China, and so I don't think we have cause to complain — and even if the rest of the year should be unpleasant, we certainly had had almost four months of very enjoyable weather. I wish you all could have had it instead of your cold, cold winter. Hope no more pipes have frozen!

Mrs. Nurrell wrote me telling of the awful damage that was done at the house by the weather.

I am enclosing two snap shots and will send more when I get them finished. These speak for themselves. Can't you just see the 149 pounds on me! Eliza's dark glasses rather obscure his face, but you can see that he looks well. He has on his Chinese suit and his camera is strapped on his shoulder.

Well, I made my first Chinese calls yesterday. Miss Fother and Dr. Wilder took me along with them to make some polite calls on some of our English community, and we finished up with the others.

First, I went to find scenes, the carpenter. He has his repair shop in a very large shed that belongs to the missionaries. There was so much space there, and it was such a well-protected place that many Chinese families practically became squatters.

As we were walking along, it began to rain a little, and an old man in a patched old coat with ear flaps, came out and invited us to find protection under their roof. The house was made from old boards evidently discarded by the carpenter. Our own house would be a palace beside — even the boys' hut must be, and it was no larger (if so large as) the boys' hut about 7' X 9' or 10' felt I guessed.
Thank you, John, for letter. It was so good to hear. It was nice to enjoy your letter last year, too!

I don’t remember seeing any windows, but you could see in between all the boards.

The door opened and a little woman stepped out welcoming me heartily. When she opened the door, I could see a narrow bench for us to sit on. I could see inside a very bare room with practically no furniture except a native bed which is a piece of wood about as big as a door, upon which is stretched a piece of netting. Sometimes whole families sleep on these beds. I could see a small pile of black kettles and the earth floor. I wonder how they can live in this hearty rain. They looked clean and good—true Christians, but very, very poor and quite old.

From there we went into the village and stepped into one of the houses in the main street. A mother with eight children (one of whom has married) lived downstairs, and upstairs lived her mother, and another family consisting of the first woman’s son, his wife (who had formerly been a Buddhist priest but who had been reconciled by Miss France) and their little baby. This house had two rooms downstairs and two up.

The diagram illustrates the floor plan:

[Diagram of floor plan]

Probably at least six people live in this little downstairs room about 10 x 8.

On the bed (X) was sitting the mother of the 8 children with her youngest baby (about one month old) in her arms, and near her was a daughter about seventeen sixteen years old. She looked about fourteen and she was sitting on rinsing clothing, pulling threads and preparing to do drawn work—private support.
Her face was bright and interesting, and she looked not at all disturbed to stop her work and pick up a dirty baby, to clean it and stop its crying. A crowd of children had followed us in, but soon the mother walked in and quietly "shoved" out the children who did not belong.

We were invited up stairs by the girl who had been a Buddhist priestess. She had her young baby in her arms, and she looked as flushed and pleased as could be when we came up to see her apartments. In the back room was her bed and the grandmother's bed, and in one corner was a real bureau.

In the front room was a table, and some banners hung on the wall. I could imagine the bedlam above stairs later in a bad storm.

Then we went along a side street to a more pretentious home which had a little yard space and a few flower pots. Here the young fellow who talks theology with Ellison on Thursday evenings boards with his wife and two children. This house was larger, had several rooms, and not so many children, but it was too dark for us to see whether the benches upon which we were to sit, were clean or not.

Last Sunday, Feb. 22. Dr. Eldredge, E. and I took an exhilarating walk over the hills. We started to go around the plateau as they call it, but branched off into an entirely new path that brought us down the mountainside to where we could see a large garden of white poppies. It is against the law to grow them now you know, and so we felt quite excited to come upon this well hidden patch - high mountains on three sides of it - On the hillside were two huttes overshadowing one of them was an orange tree, with some ripe oranges. Of course I have told you that we eat the native orange - one kind is loose skinned - like our Tangerines - only much larger, zestier and juicier - the other kind a tight skinned rather sour orange small, like our winter orange in Rockport.
After we passed the chimney valley we came to a place called stone cutters valley. We did not go down into it but we could see where they cut granite and we could hear their dogs barking at us. They are afraid to come near from a distance, and we could see their stone mutes, for stone is a much cheaper material for them then wood or the cement which the people here use. Then too we saw a large Chinese fort, but we could not get into it - and I was glad for they say that the Chinese soldiers are a rough set. The scenery was beautiful, and the air fresh and cold during our whole walk.

Last Sunday we put up the beautiful American flag which Aunt Minnie and Uncle William gave us. It looked so pretty, that we took every lady who came to see us, out to see it. I think that it is the nicest flag on the compound. It was hung on a big rope which ran from the aspica tree to our back porch. We put it out there because we could have it hang down and still be several feet above the bushes and little mulberry trees, and because everybody in the harbor and even those in the shore of Swallow could see it.

I wish you could see some of the beautiful large ferns that we saw Sunday. They grow very large and their huge roots sometimes climb about high rocks so that the tree can be in an advantageous position. The foliage is very thick and wide spread and forms a splendid shade in summer. The bark is gray like our beech trees. Our aspica tree is a very pretty tree also and quite large. Uncle sent us film to the Japanese photographer. He will print one of each for us and then we will send home those of them that you may be interested in. We can not get very good paper here to print the pictures.

The community people are pressing us to join with them in introducing electricity on this side of the bay, but the initial cost is so great that we do not feel that we can afford it.
I have just written a letter to my girl, describing a typical day and realize that perhaps you do not know that Elsie gets up by alarm clock every A.M. at exactly 6:15. She is usually sound asleep, but the minute that goes off, she pulls out the mosquito net, which is tucked in under the mattress, and jumps for the clock. I quietly objected to an alarm at first, but I find it is so much easier and regular that I no longer object. I am taking cold sponge baths every morning as I find there is little tendency to take cold. I had one cold in early December I think, and have had no threatenings of three times since, especially when I get cool after tennis, but with cold baths, I do not have even the threatenings! It is as good as Ruth's deep breathing exercises.

We have so much enjoyed the Gloucester Times and the Transcript which Papa sent, and eagerly scanned everything, but especially the parts that Papa marked. I was sorry to notice the death of Andrew Robb. Elsie also reads something funny on a newspaper to me at breakfast, and at dinner we have been picking up sentences and reading a continued story 'Maja', which we both liked much. We do have a good time together. I guess my face shows it in the picture, don't I?

Last Sunday I played the organ again and liked it even if we did have queer Scotch tunes, and expect to try again this Sunday.

At Chinese church I noticed a certain lack of enthusiasm in the audience. It is a large audience, but one accustomed to hearing the Gospel preached, and so it reminds me of a gospel-hardened audience at home. The little children quiet often get restlessly, and the people gaze and stare particularly in the back rows, half asleep, while the good preachers talk on and on.

He had the best game of tennis of the season on Monday when Elsie and I held Mr. and Mrs. Gfindt 1-1, 2-2, 3-3, 4-4, and then they won the set. It was great fun!
Last Saturday came another large mail about twelve letters which I was very glad to see.

Well, George, we can show him once in a while even tho’ we don’t have you over. I am very glad John is at home to help mother.

I would like to hear a little more about Long Johnoom. You say you told me about her, but I do not remember. I wish I could remember this Brenda. I have seen her in the store, but do not recall her. Wish I could go on a hunt with you. I have always wanted to. How is June? The music at the Casino must have been great! Nancy is beautiful. Who plays which. I seem to like Chinese language so far.

The small man has great talent.

Your living expenses, George, depend somewhat on how much brand you have to pay, and how many car-faces. If I know price of board, I could tell better about average amount. If matter does your washing here to leave some money with her for it (aren’t you?), because it is very good of her to do it. Don’t forget to put a little in the bank each month. It will mean much to you later.

Was much pleased to get Ruth Benson’s letter on the end of Aunt Celie’s, and hear all about your presents, and school.

So glad you can read some, Aunt Celie. I was glad to hear so and about Mrs. Parshall. It always wanted to hear her letter, and enjoyed very much every minute I ever had with her. Glad Marion looks well and enjoys the bed. Yes, I have remodelled two sheets to suit my added weight, and find much to my delight that I did get into think of my other dresses with only slight changes!! Praise be!!

I think I have received all mail—but cannot from it as I am making a practice of destroying as much as possible (after reading three or four times)—on account of climate.

The English service is for English-speaking people. English Presbytians from across bay, English community people (100 or more families) and our missionaries, some Japanese people, and mixed in part attend—audience averages 15-40 I guess. Off-spine folks seem to be the machine!
Dear Papa,

Thank you for good letter. Enclosed you will find check for glasses. Thank you for getting them for me.

It is Saturday morning, the last day in February. I have a woman sewing for me, not because I need her very much, but because the woman who usually has her does not want her to-day, and the sewing woman is so poor that she needs the money. She is a widow with five children, one of whom is a hunch back and cannot walk. They live in one room.

Well, I must get to work. Best to both and lots of love. Hope you will have had a nice birthday when this reaches you.

Lottie.

Feb. 28, 1914.
Please find enclosed in this letter.

Mr. Everett Lane
Rockport
Mass.

I don't know what to do about the money. If you need it, I should sell it.