Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dear Ones All,

My housekeeping is over! This morning I turned over the ruins to Mr. Griffin and I am glad. I like housekeeping at home, but here with these people I am not as happy as I was at home. It cannot be helped, and until I can return to your kindly home I must enjoy myself as much as I can.

Mr. Griffin is to have a vacation without pay during August, and then I do not know whether he shall take him back or not. We shall probably stay at Taityong a few days into September, possibly two weeks, but it is difficult to arrange the matter of a teacher if we stay very long, and our next exam will come before the middle of November probably.

The conference this year will come in December, I believe, instead of February.

I shall be so glad to hear about the summer at home. When I woke up this morning I thought of you all—the first thing I thought of were the things you all did at the supper table including Uncle and Marion, and then I thought you all had the nice music in the evening. We had some good music last evening on the Victrola, but I long to get my first still-f narrative upon a piano again.

I am so glad that we are at Taityong. They say that it has been hotter at Swatow than it has been for twenty or thirty years. The temperature I believe in the shade has gone only to 100 or possibly a point lower. But it was very uncomfortable there at 89°. I thought and what would it be at 95° and 100°.

Sighing!!!

We expect Mr. Griffin to day sometime. Three or four men came up yesterday—one the husband of the woman whom we married in Swatow, in spite of some time this spring. Hop and Mrs. Chalmers, also the husband of Miss. James, who was married in Hong Kong shortly after we arrived in China. They had dinner at Mrs. Dais’s the night we were there, and are both very attractive. So you see the two couples here...
who were married later than me. The Chalmers are older than me, but the Jameses are about the same age. Everybody had quite a little fuss over them as both wives seemed so lovely. The few days before their husband arrived, Mrs. Chalmers: Oh, I can hardly wait; how do you get along without your husband?” to Mrs. James was quoted all over the place, and the fact that Mrs. James started out several different times on twenty-four hours to meet her husband was noted by eager eyes all over the valley. $Gossip.$

It is a foggy day to-day and yesterday it had heavy rains, the day before it had snowed, but before that that wonderful spell of good weather still lasted.

I had one good letter this week from Ruth and I learned to my surprise that she and her family started for Europe in May sometime. She said that she hadn’t heard from any of our family for a long time!” Martha! That both of she and Edith are in Switzerland today.

"And just think," Ruth wrote, "I shall be on the same piece of land with you!" It almost startled me for a minute, but it’s really true.

Even as early as this, E and I have been talking of what may or shall come home. Only air castles, because one cannot tell so far ahead, but it is fun to plan. There is a choice. I think of Europe by way of Russia or Mediterranean, by Pacific by way of Canada or San Francisco — and probably the Panama Canal.

Our Sunday evening rains are very pleasant. We go to Mr. Paton’s house on the hill across the river and sit on the back when he has chairs and light his little cigar etc. Also Miss Stanley to tea with her mother. She plays the cello at home in London, but here she cannot have her rare old instrument. She is a most interesting girl and I like her immensely. I do not know her at all. She is an honorary missionary. That means that she pays her own salary.
Dear One All,

Such a nice lot of mail came yesterday - written about the end of July, and giving me such a good account of Adelaide’s wedding etc. and such a vivid picture of life at the Inn - with Marion waving her fingers off for the others, and Ruth cooking, dancing and draining Kiddie happy, and Mother highest of all unless it is Daddy - and the boys negleged to get home at the week end but when does everybody play - and how does Carol get along? She does of the Brown girl's now!!! Aunt Celia is with you now yesterday's letter said she would start the 2nd or 3rd. Now lovely it must be. You let me know you all.

But really, outside my own country where clear air get at you I can't think of any more lovely place to be in - and I certainly would not send me of a rest. The people too, are very pleasant. But I just want to come in and helph you do have too much to do at Jan's Inn. Could I would like to have a good full breath of the salt air.

The letters were all very full of interest to me Ruth's own - and the letter via Jennie and Aunt Celia came at the same time. The only thing I want is a little more news of "Honeymoon" - George added a vivid touch in mentioning his eager interest in things and I do want some snap shots of the crew and him. Did Mother get to see Charlotte Sr.?

Sam disappointed, Aunt Celia, that you had the hard trip in to Boston, and then did not see the Hildreths, or Dr. Foster, or Mr. Spiecker, or Miss Cully, who is to come too, or Mrs. Sanford or Mrs. Page. It is a perfect shame when you wanted to so much. Next time units Hilithreths right hand and they will tell you to find people.

Yesterday too, came news of the awful mix up in Europe! The telegraphic news will come to the coast all right, but we shall get the news here not more than twice a month. Martial law is declared at Hong Kong. Your German war ships are in Scuttled harbor afraid to move and it is rumored that a German boat has been taken by the French or vice versa somewhere off Hong Kong.
Everybody is horrified here - the men especially. It is very interesting to hear the Englishmen - mostly young men - talking over the situation. They feel very bitter against Germany as the cause of the whole trouble.

Thank you, Papa and Carol, for good papers. I was glad to see details of that awful Selma fire. The Miss Woodbury home was not hurt. There was one duplicate among the papers - the one about graduation. I just mention so that you may know. Sorry Mr. Beuhler must resign. Who will be principal now? The graduations both at Gloucester and Rockport must have been most interesting.

It seemed good to hear of your festivities Marion. How I wish I could hear Hannah's quartette. Please remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Emery. We always feel safe with their medicine case. It is funny but just now at Theresa we have four new doctors and three women doctors. Every house except the patron has a doctor. We are usually not so fortunate.

Dr. Emery's machine still in commission, or does he keep it here all the time - rather confused question.

Now all tell me what you are wearing. What new waist or dress has Aunt Lettie and how are all the wardrobes of mother, Carol, Ruth, Marion, or myself? I have needed dressing new. I have had one extra white shirt made in case I needed it - and I put a fezplum on my open crepe - because it was too heavy to wear all in one. Then instead of wearing the deep blue collar with it, I put on the logy affair that Beth gave me for xmas. It is so pretty that I wear it to church and for afternoon calls here in the day. The carpenter changes on the bungalow will certainly make a great improvement.

Don't be very anxious to hear about the visit to the San. I can hardly believe that you have been married ten years, Marion. Was the date July 7? The Roman strip girls must be disappointed.

Awfully pretty sample.

It was good to get your letter, Carol. I could just see you all in the sitting chair rocking.

Who sleeps up in my little parlor?
Dr. Mildred says that Miss L. has spent many summers in the Swiss Alps and that she too a very good mountaineer climber. She has a walking costume here which is quite a little more presentable than a bathing suit!! She made it of Chinese Cloth.

The costume is black lightened by satin and embroidered in red and green.

To go back to the Sunday evenings. Each one chooses a hymn- and then sometimes to hear a quartette or selection on the Victrola - but always it is English music by English singers - it is all very interesting.

The girls from the other house and Mrs. James came over Monday evening and we played Halma and checkers. We also played Checkers with E- several times- winning only about once in four games this.

We had a nice walk to the Belvedere on Tuesday. Mr. Baker being guide- good climb and beautiful view.

Well, I wonder what else you would like to hear about if anything. I am reading "The Fortune of Oliver Horn" by T. H. Kinsman Smith.

Hope you are all very well, very happy. I'll send you messages by the next mail which will be full within the week. Oh, Ellicott and I have changed our room around again. By the way we are making it all very very nice. It is for sale and we are quite well satisfied. It with the furniture and the rooms below and 1/3 share in
the dining room, pantry and kitchen, and servants' quarters cost 250 gold I think. We would have to take money from the bank and pay it back as we could earn it. Property and rooms are in demand here. We would be glad to have a place which we could be able of having for summer and we could rent it if we did not care to come.

Plan map:

East

There are two separate rooms under these two. Which are really one by one. We like this arrangement very much.

North

West.

Hell, I'll say Goodby for now. Shall be glad to hear that bank is continuing twelve and school this winter.

Wish Papa and Mamma are feeling fine. I do enjoy your letters so much. Note Aunt and will fill much improved by time at Peacraft. I hope in two weeks. Also wish tennis ton, s children, Spiro, Charlie & children can get good rest. Hope boys can have vacation. I wish safe. Love to all cousins and neighbours and uncle.

Keeps v tons of love

Love to all cousins and neighbors and uncle.
Dear Family, I have certainly spent too long commenting on letters, for I wanted to tell you in full of the splendid trips we have had this week. Of course last week when it was appalling to think of all August without study or housekeeping! Well, if all goes to this week has done, I shall not get even the first detail of what I had planned, accomplished that is to catch up in my correspondence.

On Wednesday we were up with the light, had breakfast, packed a lunch and started off with Dr. Soper, Ashmore and the two Koonis: Misses Tart and Chehelen, for the Canyon—really the finest trip of the summer I suppose. It was so early that the sun shone only thru the Valley at us—and had not reached above the tops of the hills or whose sides we were travelling, and at 8:00 arrived at the top of a great cliff from 500 to 600 feet deep. The sides were almost up and down, but finally following a sure leader (who knew the trail) and using our sticks to be sure that we had a footing, we made our way slowly down the sides—which was unlike most of the mountains because of the luxuriant growth of grass, tall grass, wild banana types, wild ivy, little bamboo, gingerbread vine, etc., etc. Toward the end we would sit down and putting our hands one each on the shoulder & a foot would jump down to the next level—all very interesting—and not dangerous even tho' we were so close to the perpendicular drop. If it had not been for my big wish that I should have enjoyed it for little more. It was lucky that there was the luxuriant growth on the side, for we could not see over the cliff. & if we had fallen, there would have been something to cling to. Finally we reached the bottom of most inviting shady with a cool nice stream flowing between
Gray rocks leaped up in all imaginable shanks. Looming on one side, there was a sheer rugged side, but on the side where we came down, it was a little better. The scenery as you can imagine was magnificent! We fell and ate a second breakfast. I forgot to say that as we came along the closed were wonderful. We could see the beautiful white masses folded in between the green hills. Once in a while they would float and sail around the top of a hill. The only thing similar to it that I had seen was the view from Mt. Holyoke before sunrise on our mountain day— and the fog around the islands at Bar Harbor.

Dr. Leach asked us if we wanted to visit the bat cave about 1/2 hour’s walk down the river—and most of us decided to go. One of our boys was along to carry the food. We stayed behind.

So into our bathing suits we got put on Chinese straw-sandals and started out. It certainly would not have taken Dr. Leach more than 1/2 hour, for he is as agile as an animal. But we three old ladies traveled rather slowly. After home on sneakers I am fairly good on the rocks, and then Dr. Leach, after helping all of us over a hard place would take my hand and run along with me, I hopped as quickly as at home but either the strangeness of the rocks or the differences of some of the rocks just caused me to stick, or the noise of the frequent falls made it difficult, and we all progressed slowly and surely. First two decided to go no farther and then two more, but Miss Tait and I William and Dr. Leach kept on to the end and finally came to the bat case. It really was hard climbing to get there. Two huge rocks met forming a canopy on the third, and last year hundreds of bats were sleeping in the roof. But this year not a bat was to be seen. So after a peek at the case we started back. Where are we to climb, something? I would be up on the huge rock or Dr. Leach at bottom. We would put our feet in Dr. Leach’s hand, and our hands
in E's and get pulled up that way. I wouldn't have noticed the climbs for anything—but oh, my, what sore shoulder muscles the next day! Finally, about noon we arrived at the starting place and only to find that the men wanted to go up to a safer place before eating lunch. If a sudden thunder storm arose, the water rises alarmingly fast, and one must not be caught in the canyon. "Oh, just give us one sandwich" we said, but the men seemed to think that we could delay too long if we opened the boxes, and so we started on another 18 hour trip which actually took us until 4:00 a.m. Sometimes we waded up to our waists in water and once we found a lovely pool in which I had a refreshing swim. Once we climbed up to the top of a rock and then Dr. L climbed up to the top, hitched a rope around a tree, and we pulled ourselves up the precipitous side, only to find that in had to descend first as there was no place on the other side. The only way to do this was to face the cliff, take all hand baggage down and holding on to the rope, step with feet at almost a right angle to the rock.

But finally we reached a safe place and enjoyed a large bunch of bananas, pickles, sandwiches, chocolate, etc. There we saw some beautiful falls about 100 feet high, and had already seen one other set just as beautiful before this climb.

People usually go in between at the pool at the foot, but we decided not to do this yet. Finally, it looked as if we could not go to a roof farther because of the precipitous sides and the falls ahead, but Dr. L—
jumped up the face of the rock and again
stepped his reliable rock to a stump.

Then Ellien pushed us up the first
rock. Dr. Atcher was leading us and
giving us a boost to Mr. Griffen.

They met us at the top.

It was steep ahead and
steep at the right and we
could hear the water of
the falls just below us.

I hope I haven’t made it
sound dangerous, because
it wasn’t, but it was still.

exciting, and interesting and new. The path above
the falls was overgrown and narrow and there
was much rough grass. Which you all
could see that wonderful canyon lake, with
at least three sets of beautiful big falls, and
with countless little falls. With its steep sides
perfectly upright on places. And the gray
rocks surrounded with beautiful ferns and
ivy etc. We saw a few flowers but not nearly
as many as you would expect.

We got home about 7:30. Had a hot bath,
ate supper and went to bed — not very tired;
for we rested in the way home — and were in the
shade all the way, but the next day we all
were stiff. Poor Mrs. Griffen had fallen three
times and bumped her nose and her fences, etc.

Mrs. Outland walked like a woman of fifty. Her shoulder
was pretty stiff. I strained it a little. I think.

The next day the people started on a hike at 4:00 A.M.
but I decided to wait a day and I was glad.
I did for the suggestion came that morn to
the Ellien on the Ferris day and I wouldn’t miss that.
That was a comparatively easy trip, but I
and I got behind the others and took
the wrong road — walking several miles longer
than necessary, this thru beautiful country.
The Flume is a little like the canyon but not
on nearly as grand a scale, and it extends
only a short distance, but it has wonderful
falls over 110 feet high which spread over the
gray rocks. We sat down in the pool at the
foot, and had a good swim, and the men
went up under the falls.

Beautiful day.
Mrs. Griffin is celebrating her tenth anniversary today! All try to remember to write her next week.

We saw a funeral funeral this last week that was very interesting. They had a torch in front of it it was plain daylight. They were beating drums on dish pans and kept it up at intervals all night. Many wore gauzy black cloth and sheet cloth on head. They shot off fire crackers and carried red banners.

Message is here and so I have been hurryin.

May make some difference in your getting your mail, so don’t be alarmed if it is slow.

Mrs. Griffin served us a Chinese dinner the other day, and I quote with chopsticks. It had ten courses. I can’t remember all, but we had chicken, fish, pork, cuttle fish, rice, peas, noodles, ginger, salt vegetables, sauce, etc. And everybody had to eat out of the same bowl. 

Imagine us eating rice with chopsticks.

Meet up soon.

Keep it up, Lottie.
The water here is nice and warm, so bathing without one goes in before the sun is up. The English here say, "I am going to bath." It sounds so queer. And they say, "With the baby." Let me hear how the tennis and dancing fared this summer, Carol.

I am wondering how Beth, Edith, and Jack will be affected by the war.

How is Carl getting along? How are Uncle Charlie and Uncle George? Is Etta coming to Cape Ann this summer? Would you like to see Stella's new house. How she will enjoy it!

Secured Papa has tenants. Let me congratulate you too, Papa, on settling with Hopper. It certainly must be a great relief. Just the day when I received your letter, I looked at my diary and found that a year ago at this time, we were looking over the hills.

I think you had better put the Cooperates names in Ellinor's name.

Turn over the notices from B.A.S. to George, and advise him whether to pay or not. I turned over the check for $5.00 to him, and I judged that he intended to start payment. I think it is best for him to pay.

Thank you for the paper.

Ruth — your long letter was a jolly, short one also. I was so anxious to hear details of long one. I was especially pleased. Sorry you couldn't get N.Y. and to see Mrs. B. — I want to hear how she is, and to know what Bob is doing. Ruth wrote that he might go to a house party on Lake Champlain toward end of August. Hope he can get on to Rockport for a few days in the change. The other to cheer you all up. Yes, dear glad A.K.S. did not end institution. Thought she was going to have a big wedding.

I am sorry that your school begins so early. Do you play quite a little, Ruth? Have you made enough?

Ruth, don't bother to反馈 these unfinished letters. I am not sending them on. Read them all eagerly and enjoy them so much.
Two days to your birthday. I hope you will have the best of your life, and the best year to follow. I am writing. Ellison is reading Technic’s enthusiastic letter from Silver Bay. The Victoria is playing “Raggedy” out on the porch. It is nice, but I’d like to pick in at Kane’s Van. Tell me what Polly says and does. And you can’t say too much of little Charlton. George—those Englishmen all wear short white knee trouses—and wool stockings which come almost to the knee, tied with a piece of bright colored tape. They look quite “shifty,” and the cane shoes do not seem to bother them. I wonder if you would like the costume for the woods? Does little Charlton like the water? So he very sensitive? Give him lots of love for me.

The blue flannel oster must be a great blessing. Does milk cost 29 a quart now?

Miss Woodbury’s address was 265 Chestnut St.
The boys must love the puppies.

John, I was glad to get your good letter, and to know that you rode safely to Boston on that cold Monday morning. I was surprised to hear that the Ranger was in Gloucester harbor. Do you know where Edward Hinkle is? It would be more exciting in European harbors this year. Wonder if they started out a second time.

Aunt Ada, you are a good angel writing other people to write to me, and your own good letters. I believe I look for so much. Do you look for mine? How are your eyes? Do you suffer every time you write? Yes, I had an attack at least 10 days in the hill. When you write, I didn’t read any comforts except music and fresh milk. July “Missions” has arrived.

10.56 in picture. Bad news of selling farm at East_vvick Choke whose good wife has taught an afternoon. Her name is Sarah Choke. Next to him is Mr. Baker, and beyond him is Mr. Page.

Isn’t it a good picture of the Campbell family? 365. There must be oldest girl. She better sister.
Dear Family,

Now I would like to see you in this month of birthdays! And I am anxious to hear all about them. Came good mail Thursday with very welcome letters from George, Aunt Celia and postal from Mother—all containing good news from and foremost among the pronounces well. I am so thankful.

Then Papa has sold the house at Pium Cool (I am anxious to hear details). I don't happen to mention it, or I would not have understood Mother's postal.) I am very glad!

Then the bungalow is nearing completion, and Carol received the little watch on her birthday.

What a lot of accidents at Cape Town! I trust they were not people known to me, or George would have mentioned it.

I am glad Carol is out again. It seems soon, but I suppose it is really a long time. You still speak a Yonase box. I don't know whether the idea is at all practical or not—nor how much it will cost. With this war on perhaps it would not be safe. But then when you talk it over with the trouble you will probably think of these things. I shall not expect it, however.

Did you take Katherine to ride, George? Have you any pictures of little Charlton? I hope we will get better via Siberia. But, I have my doubts. No, it was not too bad that I should urge you to send that way just at the time of the war. We get only telegraphic news of the war and that is not very reliable. I must. Does little Charlton like to go in bathing? Where do the people? Where have you all been? When did Bertha go to Uncle Charlie's and how was she able to persuade her to go?
None of you have spoken of having invited baby, but Mrs. R. mentioned it. Hoping he will arrive safely and have a grand time.

I shall be anxious to hear from you. Charlie, if you and Mother get away for a few days, I thought of you much those days that we were in N. W. together. Doesn't it rain! The night of the beautiful sunset we had was just too-- and it just happened to see it from tree trunks, that reminded me of the N. W. glory. It was the night before the typhoon.

Glad Charlie could go to Rockport and hope he will have a grand good time.

Do Marion still in bungalow?

What a good time Charlie and the girls must have had picking berries. I wonder that there is not more wild fruit here-- but we find only a very few kind growing, and that is all.

Dear Celie-- please do notice that according to custom, I have to stay only 6 1/2 years. Not seven. And by next spring it will be only five years more.

Yes, I seem to be always well. Of course there are frequent times when I have to take things easy but that would be so anywhere. I will tell you all. Sometimes I omit a few details that are perfectly harmless in themselves, but which might sound bad about life here. But I usually find that they get into some letters, so I guess even that is not necessary.

Yes the stoaching have arrived and Mr. Butler will send you the money for them.

I had a letter from Treasury Dept. about watch, etc. and it was liable to duty on account of it being made in Switzerland. They informed me of a few of the rules, and I shall know better next time. When it is small returned-- it can be called 2nd hand goods and no value placed. I really don't know whether it will be best to send R. P. or registered mail.
We have just taken a six months account of stock land and while we have a little balance on hand we find that we have lived on more of our salary than would be wise if conditions were not a little unusual. We have bought a large amount of furniture—over 200 Mexican upholstered—that is necessary and would feel quite well satisfied under the circumstances for we have paid our insurance, and begun our Cooperative Bank account of course.

We took a small insurance on factory so that we could have a Cooperative account which could be available for educational purposes if necessary.

So glad Papa has a new suit! Does Marion sleep on the porch? It must be great!

I have not seen any letters from Cecil for quite a while all the news of him and I suppose that was lost in the last lot. And I think the one that Marion spoke of as being left off in the middle of—has not arrived. So bad!

Please to our plan of Bungalow, Marion. Do the rooms seem small? Do the screened room at the east end? The letter about Rutland trip via Auntie's and Jen will arrive some day and I suppose it must be nice to have the Dodge court available.

Yes Marion, I did think of Polly's birthday when I saw it in the diary but, to my shame, too late to do any good. I think you know more than I did that day at the hospital in spite of what you say. I did not realize at all. Certainly haven't done much. You probably would have done better more in my position. That is all chance.

Are Evelyn and Georgia married yet? Do the kiddies help you with chores and house work?

I had a letter from Rose but have not had time to answer it. Interesting wish for this, but I imagine she is a little homesick.

I am hoping Bob is with you all this week.
I know Ruth has been behind the machinery this summer. I hope it has not been too hard!

So Ted wants to buy Gene. What does Gene say? I'd like to see the little rascal with his angel face! #

If Ruth is this queen, surely he has forgiven her after forgetting that "boys are bottomless pits." #

Did I tell you that Mr. Giffin cut & sheared for him up there? He did it, too.

Jennie deserves a good letter all by herself, but I do not know when I shall get around to it. Vacation is almost over and, as usual, I have not caught up in my correspondence. It is awfully good of you, Jennie, to send me the letters. Your father often gave me bits of news that I do not get in the other letters.

Mississauga

1917. Death of Mr. Kemp, who examined E. E. me for first six months under.
1917. Miss Esther Lindenblad visited Kedekush this summer. Also Dr. Scott & Miss Waters.
1917. Mr. Archie Adams, brother of Mr. Adams who visited us.

Thank you, John, for your good letter. I like to much to hear. I am glad you are paying Dr. Emery. Keep up your saving habit. Why change to a ship in Gloucester if your work in Boston is good? You have a tendency to desire change, I think. And I don't believe you should give up to it until there is sufficient reason. And don't build on quick expectations. Have you ever read the book? Had you read "A Tale Of Two Cities? Are you interested in the war?

Much love to all,

Lotta
Dear Ones All,

Two days to Marion's birthday.

Last year I was with her at least part of the time. We have had two weeks or more of beautiful weather but today the wind has risen until now the sheets are beating against the roof and we are in for a good North Eastern. So today we had a prayer-meeting the first one of the summer, the special object being to pray for peace from this terrible European war. It seems too horrible to think of. I hope that you will be able to get our boys all right.

Yesterday evening and it took a day off for ourselves exploring the river and having the grand picnic. We had early breakfast so that our walk would be already ended in the heat of the day.

August 15, 1914

Still raining quite heavily, and it blew a good deal in the night. Ellison too, just called me to look at the river. It has risen two or three feet, and looks quite like a river now. It was very low and narrow yesterday. Well, to go back to our picnic. We travelled along croaking and crossing the stream sometimes nudging in a few inches of water, sometimes crossing on rocks, sometimes seeing an old brown thatched cottage (once with a pretty verandah and bright yellow flowers all over it) sometimes seeing a hole where men burn charcoal, an empty hole with arms containing dead men's bones (people too poor to have regular burial place) but almost always seeing only the mountains and hills that remained up in. Once when we went away from the river for a little we came to a little gap between two hills and right in the gap against the beautiful blue sky was a white cloud. When we came to the top of the hill, perfect amphitheatre down below us.
all surrounded by mountains. The floor was
next green rice fields and around them
wound the river in a gray rocky bed.
We descended to the river and sitting right down
on the rocks we got in bathing - and then
built a fire to heat Campbells coffee - for the first
course of my lunch. After a little rest we travelled
along further by water falls and springs by
chocolate pot holes - once in a while we caught
a glimpse of the big valley beyond the mountains
all blue in the distance like the ocean.
We went in batting again, rested awhile, read
the Outlook - and finally when the sun was
hidden except on the top of the hills we
turned back towards home with some lovely
peaks and a few flowers. There are surprizing
new flowers now - but in the spring the hills and
ranches are very beautiful - many say.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffin celebrated their tin wedding
on Monday. They had invitations on sheets of tin,
had little tin cups for raspberry or rather
mulberry shrub seeded cake in tin and had
tin plates. They also had had little tin boxes made
just large enough to hold a match box - and in
these they placed wedding cake. The victrola
furnished us with good music and
finally after refreshments we played a
game on two of our nice lawn and then
it was all over - really a very jolly time.

The next day Mr. Griffin entertained the
children at a little party. It was such fun
for them to unwind a little cabinet - and
to see them eat. Mrs. G. had hot chocolate
on some round cookies to represent the man
in the moon, and the children certainly did
enjoy these. Finally a few drkgs cream made
all hurry away before we had a chance to see
them drink as much as we wished to. The
two babies - Beezie Louie (Mrs. Baker's 9 months old
baby) and Peggy who is about 7 months and
belongs to the Miller-Smith's - were here. In
all there were thirteen children. I think.
Oh, the day we had our picnic down
the river we expected to see hardly
a soul, but it happens once during the
summer that a whole village goes fishing
and this was the day we chose. It was
funny so they were very curious about us and
our boat and utensile. They carried a net,
a flat basket with a narrow neck, and a long
pair of scissors with teeth like a saw at the end.
I presume the latter did not quite meet.
They would stand around us in a circle
just as if we were animals at a far
pointing at this and that and laughing at
us, and trying to ask us questions in
Chinese that I could not understand.

The rest of the week has disappeared. Of
course we got vines and ferns and helped
decorate for the festivities of Monday and Tuesday,
so that in those days there was little time. On
Wednesday I went to the canyon again but
I decided against the long trip and adventure of our
plans for the next day. I am reading Dr. Gilson's
book on "Mission Problems and Mission Methods
in South China": a book required in our course of
study. I find a few bits of mending - I try to
read a chapter in Chinese (Mandarin) every day -and
to print a hymn for my hymn book. Also
it is my ambition to catch up a little on
letters which have been long unanswered, but
when husband sees me working he makes me
play checkers or do some thing equally serious,
and I do not accomplish anything.

Jane writes that she has not seen any letters for
a long time.

Edwin Powers sent me a Glen Ridge Clas
Book which I was very glad to see, and Mr.
Blake very often sent portions of the columns
of the New York Times and the Montclair
Times.

I have washed my hair this week, too.
There is not so much dust here as in
America - strange to say.

Well, I guess I am good by now. And
knees and knees and knees of love to my
very dear family - everyone.

Love.
I'm going home by Sept 10. Perhaps earlier, perhaps later - and I may move about - but half of a large house or the whole of another. I will not be decided until Sept 11. at meeting of reference committee.

Mail was held up somewhere this week. I can not realize that your summer at home is coming so near to an end. Note it has been ideal in every way. Hope Marion is well.

Rochester

Have anything been seen of E's bathing suit? It was black & thin, and we have not seen it since she left home.

Mrs. Griffin has read "Uncle Micawber and William Rosen Hall" by Calhoun to us. Very funny.

Mom, At home it is the evening of Marion's Birthday and I am sure you are all edging in the parlor...and I'm with you, too.

Yesterday Pm came a little mail and one big envelope from Daddy B. In it she said that Mother had invited Bob for dinner and that she was going. If I am so glad you will have...or better will have had...a further time. Sums of love.

Lettie
Aug. 29, 1914

T’ai-yang, China

Dear Boys, All: A number of people have gone off to spend the day at the Trident Falls, but they were not to start until about 9:30 and we decided we would rather stay at home than take the hot walk, and so we have been writing a little and planning our orders for the fall, and seeing people about their plans. Mrs. Griffin leaves on Monday, August 31, and as we plan now, we shall probably leave on Thursday, Sept. 4. The next wish occurs the reference committee meeting which will decide where we are to live next. I hope we can move fairly soon so as not to have to settle the house completely when we go back.

When I last wrote the big typhoon was just fading away. We could not use the bridge across the river, because the water spread over too much territory, and so Dr. Gill hired a Chinese chair which took the eighteen people from this side across the river. It would have been a strange sight to you, to see the Chinese men with their dark blue cotton trousers rolled to their knees and a piece of dark linen across their shoulders, take up the chair after a person seated in it, carry it across to the other side, deposit the person carefully, and then return for the next one. We did not go out again in the evening for a song at Mr. Pyron’s as we usually had, but sang a while by ourselves.

Well, that fog and heavy rain lasted on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, until Thursday when it cleared and then we all began to see how ugly it is to have the weather stop the fun. For we were extremely glad to see it. Our boy washed and ironed all the clothes, and everybody went out to see everybody else. The next day we cleaned everything in our room and had the floor scrubbed. — We bought up one of the tiny rugs and have enjoyed
I do not remember whether I mentioned it before or not. I just wish we could take some pictures of the beautiful places we have seen this summer. We went again this week on afternoon walks to Meer Falls and to Williams' Horn. At the first place the falls were more beautiful than before because there was more water from the heavy rains, and at the second place the view of the plain was much more beautiful because it was a little later in the day and the hills looked like velvet and the plain had every variety of shade of green, and brown and purple and blue.

A year ago today Daddy B. was with us and we went fishing down on the rocks. Do you remember? I am so glad it could come. I am wondering if you have been around the cape yet.

We have sent a preliminary letter toward buying this house, but of course do not know whether it will succeed or not.

Well, I do not think of anything more to write just now and so will drop this letter until Monday. Hugs of love to you all. (We have had some good swims this week too.

Have I told you how dependent the English are on tea? Some of them have it in bed before rising, again about 11:30, then they have elaborate tea at 4:00 and 7:30, and once in a while again before retiring. They would rather go without dinner than without tea.

The Chinese are very cruel if they capture a Chinaman in a war fight. They sometimes strike his face off until he bleeds. Sometimes they kill him and then hack him to pieces. It is terrible. L.
I have not told you anything of 
Mrs. White’s experiences in the typhoon, have? 
She had gone down to Sealam to spend 
a few days with her husband and started back 
Saturday—the day when the typhoon arrived. 
She started early in the morning, however, before 
the storm arrived. Her Chinese boy is somewhat 
slow and went off the boat a few minutes to eat 
while the boat started. Of course he was 
left behind. Having arrived at Kitiyang, the only 
thing for her to do seemed to be to go ahead 
alone, since she had a small supply of food. She 
found boatmen afraid to take the trip of the 
time, and so she tried to take passage on 
a launch which went half way. A Chinaman, 
however, had chartered this for the day. Finally 
after much bargaining the secured passage. 

“Toward night, the typhoon came on, the river 
rose, and to escape being caught in the 
flows they went out of the channel and 
found themselves in the morning in a sugar cane 
field. When they tried to hire men to get 
the boat back into the river about twelve men 
came and then more and more with sticks 
and machetes, and they began to demand 
about $100 for the damage to the field. 
Finally they began to take away the rudder 
and the oars. Mrs. White who had kept out of 
sight said that she must do something to these 
and go. She went out and talked to them in 
her best style.

“Why,” she exclaimed, “you foreigners aren’t afraid 
of anything!”—and finally after a long time 
they came down in their demands, returned the 
rudder and let them go for some five or six dollars.

But I forgot the most exciting part of the 
evening before. At first they told off for the 
night. All at once they were alarmed to 
find that they had broken loose and were 
filtering down in the rapid river. A boat decided 
to take them back to the bottom. You can imagine 
Mrs. White’s terror. Finally they got their boat 
out of the current and it was then they got into the field 
of cane.
I have not heard this directly from Mrs. White but the account is somewhat confused but I think that most of the details are right. When she finally got off the launch she had to walk three or four miles in a pouring rain to a Christian church. There the people were awfully good to her and arranged a chair to carry her in, but they had no men who knew how to carry. Two of the Christians offered to do it, but it was so hard for her to sit in the chair, because it might go from this experience, that she finally got out and walked again in the rain. You may be sure she was highly thankful when she arrived home again and I guess she won’t go off in a hurry again all alone.

It may say that Mrs. White is always having difficulties and that it is just like her but it makes a thrilling story!

August 27, 1914.

Much love to all.

[Signature]

P.S. Do you realize that we have very few flies here? I saw one to-day for the first time for weeks. The mosquitoes are bothersome only in the evening and we can avoid them by the use of citronella. They seem not to increase in number. In the day time they hide in dark corners.
Dear Family,

Hope you realized that it was not wise to send letters via Siberia after the war broke out. Ellis has been working on a sermon this morning and I have been writing. How I need to hang on to the days last summer and wish that each one were trilled.

I have learned the strangest custom here. When new babies are born, mothers do not give them their milk for three days, but feed them with bananas and cockroach tea. It is true but I cannot believe it. If you could see the awful cockroaches, you would feel worse about it. The infants live, too. Think of that!

We are expecting to leave here next Thursday, September 3. Some people are going down then. We haven't many provisions here and we have no cook of course. Then the typhoon knocked my dressing room wall and we want to have it repaired, and see that everything is unharmed. So considering everything it seemed best to go then.

I had one more trip to the canyon this week, with three other men. A little Chinese boy who went with them got lost on the way home. The men wanted to search for him that night, but others thought it was safe with friends. When he did not return in the morning, they were worried, and started out to search for him. They hunted from 10:00 till 2:00 in the heat, only to return and find that he had appeared about an hour after they left.

The boy, lost, had played in a village but instead of starting home early in the next morning as he should have done, he lingered around, hid a man, to show him the way back and carry his tasshet and came in. The people scolded him and I don't
flame them much. The boy has a rather strange history. In a big clan feud he threw a rock which killed another boy, a man. All the clan had been throwing, and it had meant to kill anybody, the other clan demanded his life. The boy was secretly hurried away and his land with the missionaries ever since, an exile from his clan. A rather hard experience for a young boy.

I am going for a walk to "The Elephant" now and stay there by for awhile.

Much love,

Letter.

Sunday AM: August 30.

Such a strong north wind blowing that we can't keep north windows closed. I can hardly believe that in January under blankets practically all the time since coming to Thayenge.

So glad you could be with Miss Mahny, Marion. It was very hard for her. How long since her mother died? Has she brothers or sisters?
Dear Family,

Your letters came to us while we were at a tea party this week. Such fun! Mrs. James had invited Dr. Fielden & wife & a few others for tea at 4:30 pm, but as our messenger had not arrived at noon as we expected, we kept watching all who appeared on the path from Wu King via. (By the way, I have traced a rather poor map of this country and will send it.)

We were fooled two or three times, but finally the spy glass showed us that our man had appeared. We dashed out on the lawn and began sorting the mail right there. The quickness with which this mail has come is phenomenal. One letter started from Jennie in Ulica on August 2, and reached me at Thaiyong August 27 (Only 25 days and it takes ten extra days or so to get up here!)

Other letters started July 30 and one started July 16. Think of that! Probably the steamers were afraid to stop at Shanghai and the account for the great war is. The good result of the war!

But I must have lost some mail too. For this letter speaks of Carol as convalescing from a men's illness - and I had not heard a word about it! I was not exactly worried, but I did so want to hear what had been the matter. It was tantalizing.

Then I wanted to hear more of Raphael's sale of Happy Cove House mentioned in previous letter, but not a word! Be sure to tell me all about Carol.

Since April I have been keeping a list of mail as it comes and I think it would be well for you to keep list as you send. Then we can find of letters are lost. About any letters, you can be sure that I will write every week or else I shall not find it. This letter may be a little unwrung as we shall not hear a messenger next week.

To continue - I have not heard anything more of the Hindoos than a word in George's letter saying that they wanted to ride on the m. & c.

Then too, I want to hear how Wingersheek looked, and if you have been to Pigeon Hill.
The pageant must have been very interesting indeed. So glad to hear a few more details of little Charleton. Marion's words were especially vivid about him.

Dear Caleb, you certainly did a lot in those first five days! Hope you can keep it up. I certainly am thankful that your eyes are no worse. You speak of "missing" and Mother says "It is harder for the two of us." Or is it we are harder for you all and you think? Of course I have the combined longing for you all and each individual pulling along a long, hard pull, whereas you people all have the individual longing for me which ought not to be quite as great, but it is the same. I miss you, and I know that you know how you miss me, and I know that you know that I miss you, but alas! I am well aware that I must not let myself dwell on it and so I cannot indulge myself in all the feelings I should like to. Sometimes I am caught unaware, the other night E. and I were reminiscing in a most happy frame of mind, and I happened to think of going home that Saturday and having a baked bean supper with Mother and the family, and I burst right out crying! It did not mean any real pain, just a relief, and I was glad I did! E. is awfully good to me all the time. I do not tell mentioning it, because it would get to be an old story, but he continues steadily to be well. He is tender, considerate and kind, and entertaining, and thoughtful, and our life goes much beyond all my expectations of what it might be.

I wonder if I have mentioned all this except that I know you are eager to hear — while you don't want me to be homesick (and I am not) — you do want to know how much I love you and miss you all.
Swarow, China.
September 3, 1914

Dear Family,

You will see by the address that we are at last in our little home again! How luxurious it seems! And such a beautiful view as we have from it! I had almost forgotten, but it really is more beautiful than the Thaingy valley. Here we have such an expansive water and such picturesque hills, and such views of sunset and moonlight and such a comfortable porch to enjoy them from. That does not mean that the Thaingy isn’t wonderfully beautiful and a heaven of rest to stay in, for it is. There, however, one must walk a little distance to get to the most wonderful scenery, unlike the ordinary view nearby, but Kehchik is unusual!

I am sitting at my desk in the dining room, while a mild breeze comes in through the shutters. We have been unusually fortunate in weather.

But to get back to our trip, we intended to come down on Thursday. Such a big rain storm came on Wednesday and lasted into Thursday that the river rose; the carriers feared it would be slippery, and all in all, we decided to wait another day although we were all packed and ready to go. Mrs. James whom I have mentioned before, was good enough to invite us all over for the next three nights—and to supply us with fresh chickens for the journey down. It was still so cloudy and threatening that we decided to walk to Wu King Fu (from eight to ten miles) instead of trustees our selves to chairs on the slipping bridge. So we girls & Dr. Mildred, Miss Chisholm, Miss Tait, and I had a chair between us, taking turns in riding—and walked the rest of the way through beautiful scenery and without feeling tired (in good time, you see) until we reached our boat. Then we transferred our baggage (we had 19 packs of baggage) to the boat and started on a delightful trip down the river. Had thought
that it would be warm, but there was a fresh cool breeze, and we really enjoyed sitting luxuriously in our comfortable camp chairs under the canvas of the boat. The boy who had been doing my cooking since Sunday when Max Saffen went got a good dinner and supper for us, and made us our beds so that we could rest, but just after supper there was such a fairy picture that we could hardly tear ourselves away to go to bed.

The full moon rose over the river which was rippling just like the ocean in a stiff breeze. Mountains in the background - most beautiful sight since last fall. Send messages to each one of you by it.

In 2 days I must get air and this will try it the better next week.

Hope you are all well.

Love to each one.

Lettie.
Dear Family,

You see I am moving around these days. Everybody urged us to come to this Chinese convention, and so we picked up bag and baggage on Wednesday, this morning, and started-planning to stay until Friday A. M. We had a beautiful windy trip up here coming on the launch which left at 11.30.

Now in the last letter I did not half tell you about things and I am not sure that I can now, for it seems ages ago. (That last week at Thaigyong).

We were invited out for tea by Mrs. James and Mrs. Melles-Smith both young married people. We made farewell calls on all the people. That seems to be a custom here. Whenever the English people are going away, they come to call and leave cards (marked p. p. c. in the corner). We didn't leave any cards but said our Goodbyes on Monday and Tuesday, and it was lucky that we did, for it began to rain very very hard on Wednesday, so that it would have been difficult to cross the river on foot, and the bridge was out of the question. We still hoped to go Thursday A. M. and the men (chairmen and carriers) whom the Giffins had had earlier in the week came back to us-16 men in all-invading our kitchen, cooking rice, and jabbering all the time so that it sounded like a crowd of Italians or Finns on a strike. They really did not want to go in the rain, and so finally we told them that we would get along without chairs and use Thaigyong men for carriers. This we accomplished successfully on the next day walking 8 or 10 miles in our bathing suits and fully enjoying it. When the evening came, we had the full moon as I told you, but I think I did not mention that there was an eclipse, and we could hear the villagers on both sides of the river beating drums and tom-toms to frighten away the dog that was eating up the moon.

Once, during the time when everything was most beautiful, I heard a gunshot—and then another, and I saw the flash of the second. Our boatmen called out. It seems that there was a clan fight between villages on opposite sides of river and they were doing patrol duty, stopping all boats—(by firing near them)—in order to see who was on them. I had thought of thieves and was frightened for a minute.

That night we slept on the boat and so saw a most wonderful sunrise when we had to arise at dawn the next morning. I never dressed in such a public place before in my life. Ellison hung up our raincoats and other things, but we moved close up beside the Kityyang launch in order to get our baggage on, and so I could see curious faces peering in at the most inopportune times. However I finally was robbed and went over to Dr. Bacon's for breakfast—I was continually surprised at the comparatively cool breezes. The boat trip down was very pleasant and comfortable and when we reached home there were delightful breezes. Sunday and Monday following were hot, but all the days since then have been delightful, like our fairly cool, comfortable summer days at home. It was just a year ago to-day that I left. I can remember each one of those days so well, and I have been living them all over again.

Home seemed luxurious when we arrived at Kahchih—Sept. 5. Our rooms seemed so big and pleasant, our dining room so pretty, our books so inviting, our beds so comfortable, our nets so high and neat, our mirrors such a comfort, that we were
pleased just to go around from one thing to another looking at each piece of furniture over and over again, and playing a few chords on the organ whenever I came near it. I played the whole evening long out on the porch.

On Monday we began tennis again and that seemed good. We found that the big typhoon of August had so loosened the tiles on the roof and the wall of my sewing room that they will have to be repaired, but we suffered less than almost any other house.

On Wednesday, Sept. 9, we started for Kityang and I had my first experience of a conference of Chinese Churches. Guess how many were there? More than 270 Chinese women and I don't know how many men, but quite a number more than women. During the meetings I sat beside some one who knew both English and Chinese, so that I could ask the meaning of phrases and I learned quite a lot that way.

On Thursday, A. M. after the 1st session, Miss Traver took me to call on a Chinese family. First we went in a boat for fifteen minutes and then we walked about five minutes. The house was arranged like this only that I have not put in enough rooms. There were probably at least 10 or 12 families all of the same surname, for I counted over 28 children from about 10 years down to babies in arms crowding around us. This is a dwelling of the wealthier type. We sat on a bench in the narrow passage which was open to the sky. In front of me was an open room, the Chief piece of furniture being the bed - a caned frame on horses - The people made tea for us and passed it around. The cups were the size of our little individual salt dishes and had no handles. The tea had neither sugar nor milk. Almost each room or at least every two or three had a pig tied with a string around its waist, and several chickens. The children even in these well-to-do families did not seem healthy. One had an abscess in its ear- and several had ugly looking sores. One had trouble with eyelids which Miss Northcott said would cause blindness unless it was seen to, and so she asked them to send child to Hospital on the morrow. (They said they would). At this home we visited particularly the second wife, (first still living of course), of a wealthy man. While we were there, another woman came in and wanted us to visit another family where the man had about ten wives. Miss Traver did not want to go at all, for she has broken the arches of her feet and they ached terribly, but she finally did. Two little girls about fourteen and fifteen with charming faces came along with us and one confidently slipped her hand in mine as we walked along. We only went into the open court of the next house, for we had to hurry, Miss Traver talking to the group. The little girls whom I mentioned had rather long finger nails signifying that they did not have to work, but one man in convention had finger nails two inches long on his left hand. Isn't that awful?

After the session in P. M., Miss Sollman took E. & me to call at the Old Ladies Home. After a long walk through rice fields, we arrived at a dark passage and finally entered a dark evil smelling room full of mosquitoes. On the bed was a woman bed-ridden. Her face lighted with delight when she saw and heard Miss Sollman. When Miss S. told her who we were, she exclaimed, "Thank God, Thank Jesus, Thank The Holy Spirit," and she said it many times while we were there. Another bent little old lady who really takes care of the others was as bright as a dollar. She took us into her room where her little bed was half covered with little boxes which she did not dare put on
the floor on account of white ants. How she ever found place to sleep, I don't know. Then the roof leaked almost everywhere, so that there was hardly a spot where she could be dry during rain. Her room was neat tho'. Another old man and woman were the only other occupants.

You will be glad to hear that the Chinese themselves have subscribed money to build a new home in a much pleasanter spot nearer the compound. Then the people will be better cared for and more can come. They hate to go to a place like that however and their relatives even tho' they don't help them are unwilling to let them go. Proud.

We had a beautiful trip back on Friday morning early 6:30 A. M.--10:30 on the water, and we arrived burned by the wind.

On Saturday A. M. the dentist and his wife arrived and as all houses are full, we took them in with us. They have only breakfast and tea with us but take dinner and supper with Mrs. Baker. The dentist was married only last Spring and his wife is a Philadelphia girl very pleasant. They live in Canton and have met Harriet Allyn, '05, M. H. C. It is nice to have them here for this little while. I began studying this A. M., but teacher did not come in P. M.

Reference Com. going on now and many things may develop. Mr. Waters has to go home six months before furlough, because of severe bronchial trouble, which threatens to become serious. He will leave within three weeks I believe.
Dear Family,

You see that I am moving around these days. Everybody urged us to come to this Chinese convention, and so we picked up bag and baggage on Wednesday, this morning, and started planning to stay until Friday. We had a beautiful journey up the river on the launch. We left at 11:30.

In the last letter I did not half tell you about things and I am not sure that I can now, for it seems ages ago. (That last week at Taoyong)

We were invited out for tea by Mr. James and Mrs. Milles-Smith. We made farewell calls on all the people. That seems to be a custom here. Whereas the English people are going away, they come to call and leave cards (stamped P.F.C in the corner). We didn’t leave any cards but said our good-byes Monday and Tuesday, and it was lucky that we did, for it began to rain very very hard on Wednesday so that it would have been difficult to cross the river on foot, and the bridge was out of the question. We still hoped to go Thursday, but the men (claymen and carriers) whom the Giffins had had earlier in the week came back to yes. 16 men in all—invading our kitchen, cooking piec and gathering all the time so that it sounded like a crowd of Italians or Italians on a strike. They really did not want to go in the rain, and so finally we told them that we would get along without chairs and use Taoyong men for carriers. This we accomplished successfully on the next day walking the 50 miles in our tethering suits and fully enjoying it.

When the evening came we had the full moon as I told you, but I think I did not mention that there was an eclipse, and we could see villages on both sides of the river.
Drums and tom-toms to frighten away the dog that was eating up the moon.

I once, during the time when everything was most beautiful, heard a gun shot— and then another, and I saw the flake of the second. Our boatmen called out! It seems that there was a clear fight between villages on opposite sides of river and they were doing patrol duty, stopping all boats—by firing near them— in order to see who was on them. I had thought of thieves and was frightened for a minute.

That night we slept on the boat and so saw a most wonderful sunrise when we had to arise at dawn the next morning. I never dressed in such a public place before in my life. Ellison hung up our raincoats and other things but we stood close up beside the Katygang launch in order to get our baggage on, and so I could see curious faces peering in at most in the twilight. Breakfast I finally was robbed and sent over to Dr. Bacon's for breakfast. I was continually surprised at the comparatively cool breezes. The boat trip down was very pleasant and comfortable and when we reached home there were delightful breezes Sunday and Monday following nine hot but all the days since then have been delightful. Life out fairly cool comfortably summer days at home. It was just a year ago to that day that I left. I can个百分点 each one of those days as well and I have been living them all over again.

Home seemed luxurious when we arrived at Kachchh. Our rooms seemed so big and pleasant, our dining room so sunny, our books so inviting, our beds so comfortable, our shafts so high and neat, our mirrors such a comfort, that we were pleased just to go around from one thing to another. Looking at each piece of furniture over and over again and playing a few chords on the organ whenever I came across it. Played the whole evening long on the porch.
On the bed was a woman. Her face lighted with delight when she saw me and heard Miss Solomon. When Miss S told her who I was, she exclaimed, "Shan sian see you! Thank God!"

"Sir, see, Sian sian!" Jesus The Holy Spirit.

and she said it many times while we were there. Another kind little old lady who really takes care of the others was as bright as a dollar. She took me into her room where her little bed was half covered with little boxes which she did not dare put on the floor or account it white unto her. Now she can find place to sleep. I don't know. Then the roof leaked almost everywhere so that there was hardly a spot where she could be dry during rain. The room was near the old man and woman were the only other occupants.

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On Saturday the dentist and his wife arrived and as all houses are full we took them in with us. They had only breakfast and tea with us but took dinner and supper with Mr. Baker. The dentist was married only last spring and his wife is a Philadephia girl. Very pleasant.
They live in Canton and have met Harriet Albyn. ’85 M. H. C. It is nice to have them here for this little while.

I began studying this fall but teacher did not come in P.M.

I am anxious to hear from home. No letters since we left Fall River. It is over two weeks now I think.

But the Boston Post of August 3 came from Papa and I was glad enuf to get that. It makes me wonder all the more how Betta and Edith and Jack got home!

We are very still and entering upon the loveliest six months of the year, they say. The prospects of moving yet.

Reference copy. going on now and many things may develop. Mr. Waters has to go home six months before furlough because I have bronchial trouble which threatens to become serious. He will lean neither three weeks I believe.

Now best love to each and every individual one.

Remember I think of you all even tho’ I simply can’t write.

I must go to dentist I expect. Say!

Love again.

Julie.
Dear Ruth,

Here you are with Bob's visit all over and back at school before I get your letter of August 11. You have had a frightfully busy summer but happily I should judge too. How many times did you get in batting? As you get back at school and have a moment for reflection, write and tell me just how George and John are. Have you had any pets taken this summer?

Did Bob planned for the winter? Perhaps he could scare it away with such forethought.

Certainly for guest rooms and bath—room very pretty. Did you keep up the gray ones or not? Dining room sweet? In pretty too? Have you still the old rug there? Did George get new cloth for the hall and their carpeting and boxes and what kind was it?

Where did little Charley sleep?

You feel of your and Carla's changes in crepe. What does that mean? Cotton crepe?

Do you still wear that pretty blue dress you bought last summer? The one that was the advanced style for Vermont.

Miss Webb of Glen Ridge is quite a wonderful lady. Her illustrations for books are cleanly and lovely. Have you seen any? When did you get the Tung Oil for Vellie? Did Aunt Olive like her?

Did Mrs. Emery give the dancing party?

Can you use blinds with full length sashes?

Thank you, Papa and mamma, for nice birthday letters.

Foods are high here now. Bee ! Sugar ten cents for 1.35 lb. That is about .07 a pound a lb.

Butter and flour are high too.

The bungalows must look very pretty.

When I look back to Chicago a year ago to day, I can hardly believe that it was so cold that I needed my winter suit!
The Carol has begun school.

Has Rachel been home?

What a washing of blankets you had, Mother! And what big washings you must have had all summer!

Have my letters come regularly this summer?

Has Isabel been at home this summer?

Now heaps of love to each and everyone.

Lottie.
Swatow, China,
September 19, 1914.

This week has not been a good one for study. Too many people and things. The reference committee did not get through its work until Wednesday. Dr. and Mrs. Smith have been here all the time. The Campbells arrived from America, and various people have been around to see the dentist.

The Smiths are awfully nice and thanks to Mrs. Smith and Aunt Cele fashion book, I am getting quite interested in clothes again. There is really not very much incentive to interest so long as one is clean and neat here. They (Smiths) are having a new and very attractive bungalow made ready for them in Canton and we have been much interested in the plans. They are on their way home from a summer at Kuliang and we have also been interested in the pictures and news of this other summer resort which has about a hundred homes, but in other ways hardly seems equal to Thalyyong.

I have had the Smiths take breakfast and afternoon tea with us each day, and so we have had a little time to get acquainted, altho while the Ref. Com. met one person served tea for the rest. I served on Wednesday and enjoyed it altho it took nearly all of my day to prepare for it. On the back porch I put a little tea-poy (which is a small lacquered table) between each arch on the porch, and then, I arranged two chairs at each table. Near the dining room I had 2 larger tables covered with white linen. On one I had a tray on which was milk, sugar, and sliced green oranges. On that table I also had Rachel's pretty sandwich plate covered with the cutest little biscuit and they tasted good too; and a plate of chocolate layer cake, a plate of paples biscuit and peanut cookies. On the other table I had my much admired silver tea service and the cups and plates and spoons. It really looked very inviting, and I think the porch with its high arches enclosing the beautiful view of the sea, is just one perfect place to entertain in. It is lovely at most any time.

Last evening E. and I sat out there making out a food order for M. Ward & Co. The lamp was in the lamp house. I was stretched out in the wicker steamer chair which is very comfortable, and E. sat at my little sewing table. Some of you will surely have to come out and see us and enjoy some of the beauty and comfort.

The carpenters and masons are going to repair my sewing room wall and they began before we were up this morning. The house will be somewhat upset for a few days.

La Phoh Chi is sewing for me to-day. She has spent all A. M. darning seven pairs of stockings. She was very sleepy, and perhaps she took a little nap. I imagine her hunchback boy keeps her awake nights. I am going to have her an extra day every week now that washing is so big. (Hot days).

On Friday Dr. Mildred kidnapped us, teacher and all, and took us to Swatow to see the festival of the worship of the ancestors.

As we approached the place, a crowd of people closed in upon us and they were diving in and out, darting here and there, to get a vantage ground
from which they could see the foreigners—quite a frenzied mob—all wanting to
be at the front—and so we could not see quite so much as we would have other-
wise.

The exhibition was along the water front where there is a wide open space.
On one side were booths in which scenes from the Chinese theatre were rep-
resented by wax figures. The walls behind were all decorated with tinsel and
bright colored papers and ugly figures, in a most oriental fashion and between
each booth was hung up a gigantic paper dress all decorated to represent jewels
etc. The wax figures were quite true to life. E. took some pictures I think.

On the side opposite from the booths were large ( ) about 8 feet
high and covered with paper dresses or papers with drawings of dresses on them.
Others were covered with gilt paper to represent money, and still others with
silver discs to represent dollars. Then there were two gilt boats full of
flowers and further on an enclosed space in which were larger tables covered
with dainty dishes of good-looking food. All these clothes, the food, and the
money were for the use of the departed spirits. Still further along was a high
place reached by a ladder on which were six Confucian priests with crowns on
their heads and robes much like those worn by our Episcopal or Catholic priests.
They were back to the audience, doing some pounding or talking. Other priests
were beating drums and withal it was a very strange site.

The Chinese crowded around us so much that I was thankful to get out.
Oh I forgot to say that there were huge sticks of incense with as big a
diameter as this paper is wide, if not bigger, burning all the time. The in-

cense is such as we use to keep mosquitoes away on summer nights.
The Smiths are going to Chaoyang today and to Wu King Tu—on Monday—so they
will not be with us very much from now on.
Dear One All,

This week brought the long looked for letter from home, and I was indeed glad to hear it. It arrived Sept. 18 and started Aug. 13. Notes from Ruth, Carol, Mamma, and PAPA! Good!

Also came fashion chart from Aunt Gila and I cut some out glad to see that! I will write her about how much it has already helped us.

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The Smiths are awfully nice, and thanks to Mrs. Smith and Aunt Edie Fashion Book, I am getting quite interested in clothes again! There is really not very much incentive to interest so long as one is clean and neat. We are having a new and very attractive bungalow made ready for them in Canton. We have been much interested in the plans. They are on their way home from a vacation at Kuling and we have been interested in the pictures and news of this other summer resort which has about a hundred homes, but in other ways hardly seems equal to Thabeng.

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At each table. Near the dining room I had 2 larger tables covered with white linen. On one I had a tray on which was milk, sugar, and sliced green oranges. On that table I also had Rachel's pretty sandwich plate covered with the cutest little Raisin and they tasted good too; and a plate of chocolate layer cake, a plate of Naples Raisin, and peanut cookies. On the other table I had my much admired silver tea service and the cups and plates and spoons. It really looked very inviting, and I think the porch with its high arches enclosing the beautiful view of the sea, is just one perfect place to entertain in. It is lovely at most any time. Last evening E and I sat out there making out a larder order for Mr. Ward & Co. The lamp was in the lamp house; I was stretched out in the wicker recliner chair which is very comfortable, and E sat at my little serving table. Some of you will surely have to come out and see us and enjoy some of the beauty and comfort. In most days this is the coolest September he has ever known. It certainly has been pleasant and cool except for two days. That means that we do not freeze - it is like comfortable summer days at home when one is dressed cool.

I was so thankful when the dentist found that I still did not need any work except to have my teeth cleaned, and Filled nicely, the cleaning and one small filling. Blessings on Dr. Newell! He certainly tried to fix me up so that I would not need work for 4 years and he did it well. The dentist admired the work on my two front teeth also! A remark entirely unrequested on my part. It is all the more remarkable as my teeth are naturally poor and have always bothered me, and I really think I have worn as long before without needing work, and this climate is the most possible climate for teeth.

My try has been making the glass in our bay front windows all the morning. Winterfold
and made him use chiffon and declined the Chamois cloth - and as it has taken him a long time, albeit he did it almost as well before I showed him my way. "The less said the better" we often say these days.

The carpenters and masons are going to repair my new room wall and they began before we drove up this morning. The house will be somewhat upset for a few days.

So Phok Chi is having for me today. She has spent all the dancing seven pairs of stockings! She was very sleepy and perhaps she took a little nap. I imagine her, head back, legs spread wide, feet off the bed. I am going to have her arrange my new room so that it looks as big as possible.

The Friday Mr. Hadfield kidnapped us, teacher and all, and took us to Swatow to see the festival of the worship of the ancestors!

As we approached the place a crowd of people closed in upon us and they were doing in and out, dancing here and there, to get a vantage ground from which they could see the foreigners. Quite a friendly mob, all wanting to be at the front and as we could not see quite so much as we would have otherwise.

The exhibition was along the waterfront when there is a wide open space. On one side were the booths which were scenes from the Chinese, represented by wax figures. The walls behind were all decorated with intricate and brightly colored pictures and ugly figures, in a most oriental fashion and between each booth was hung up a gigantic paper dress all decorated to represent jewels etc. The wax figures were quite true to life. I took some pictures I think.

On the side opposite from the booths was a large about 5 feet high and covered with paper dresses or paper with drawings of dresses on them. Others were made with gilt paper to represent money, and still others with silver dollars to represent dollars.
Thus there were two gilt boats full of flowers and further on an enclosed hall in which were large tables covered with dainty dishes of good-looking food. All these clothes, the food, and the money were for the use of the departed spirits. Still further along was a high place reached by a ladder on which were six Confucian priests with crowns on their heads and robes much like those worn by our Episcopal or Catholic priests. They were back to the audience doing some pounding or talking. Other priests were beating drums and withal it was a very strange sight.

The Chinese crowded around as much that I was thankful to get out.

Oh! I forget to say that there were huge sticks of incence about as big a diameter as this paper is wide if not bigger, burning all the time. The incense is such as we use to keep the mosquitos away on summer nights.

The Smiths are going to Chaoyang today and to Wuking T'ien on Monday. So they will not be with us very much from now on.

Love to all the Kencons and all the Nikes.

Sottie.
Dear Ones All,

A year ago today I was in

Pomona, that is, I arrived late in the afternoon

after traveling all day. This beautiful

county and today I have already celebrated

by having three small amalgam fillings placed

in my wisdom teeth. I'm afraid that Dr. Smith

is not a very careful or he would have found

these places sooner when he examined me when

he cleaned my teeth. I found one myself, and

then of course he looked more closely and

found the other two.

He and Mrs. Smith started for Wuking the

last Monday in a pouring rain — almost a

typhoon — and while they were there they

did not return until yesterday (Friday). Mrs. Smith

made the trip to Hanyang and met Mrs.

Levin, Mrs. Melik Smith and Mrs. Stewart

who are still there. Mrs. Smith says that it was

quite cold up there. Think of it!

What do you think? Most of your letters

have arrived for my birthday and last

night (not on time) came Charlie's huge

package - over ten pounds. I think of it!

I was so delighted. I just had

them all out on the table in different piles

and made several different arrangements and showed them to the boys, who

I'm afraid said 'Chinm' - which means that

he was thinking of the hard work of caring for

such a big garden! I was just too pleased

for words. Now if I can only find out where

we are going to live, we can have a nice garden.

It will be so good to eat nice American

vegetables. Up here had only onions and potatoes.

Besides Chinese vegetables since we came back.

Lettuce is one of the Chinese vegetables something

like a potato only it has a slight tinge of

violet color. We have it raw and served

vegetables something like spinach. and oh, we

never had cucumbers, but we had them boiled and
covered with cream sauce. Then there is another vegetable something like egg plant.

We have enjoyed Etude so much! And I have been playing violin and for a half hour or so almost every evening, and we have appreciated the new music. It really has improved wonderfully in distinguishing tones. At first it was awfully hard to listen even, let alone play, but within the last three or four months he has begun to distinguish tones in singing, and do he picks up the violin again! I sometimes find him more critical than I am. You can imagine how much pleasure it gives us. He had made up his mind at one time that he could not keep the instrument in this climate and that it would be best to exchange with Carol - not least to send his home in exchanges, but we decided not to, and now it is of course. We both hope that she can have a nicer instrument some day. She decided to keep violin in the bag during entire damp season, as an experiment and that is how we have been able to keep it so long!).

We have made an offer of $100 gold to Mr. Waters for the piano. He wants to sell and offered for $240. We - but the tone is really still gone, and I felt that $100 was all we could pay for such an instrument. It was originally a very good piano, a Chickering, I think - and they have paid out about $200 on it since it has been in this country, I do not know whether he will take it or not. We thought that we could get a good deal ^ A in comfort out of it, and then possibly sell, when opportunity came to obtain a better instrument. I am very glad that I cancelled order for piano - And piano. Which might have been coming out just during these perilous war times. Lucky escape!
On Monday we began tennis again and that seemed good.

We found that the big typhoon of August had loosened the tiles on the roof and the wall of my sewing room that they will have to be repaired, but we suffered less than almost any other house.

Our Wednesday we started to visit and had my first experience of a Conference of Chinese Churches. Guess how many were there? More than 270 Chinese women, and I don't know how many men, but quite a number more than women. During the meetings I sat beside someone who knew both English and Chinese so that I could ask the meaning of phrases and I learned quite a lot that way.

Our Thursday 4th, after the 3rd session, Miss Ferner took me to call on a Chinese family. First we went in a boat for fifteen minutes and then we walked about five minutes. The house was arranged like this.

They were probably at least 10 or 12 families all of the same surname for around were 28 children from about 10 years down to babies in arms crowding around us. There is a dwelling of the wretched type. We sat on benches in the narrow passage which was open to the sky. In front of me there was a shelf, the chief piece of furniture being the bed, a caned frame on boxes.
The people made tea for us and passed it around. The cups were the size of small individual salt dishes and had no handles. The tea had neither sugar nor milk. Almost each room, or at least every two or three, had a fig tree with a string around its trunk, and several chickens. The children born in these will-to-do families did not seem healthy. One had an abscess in its ear, and several had ugly looking sores. One had trouble with syphilis which Miss McLeod said would cause blindness unless it was seen to, and so she asked them to send child to hospital in the morning (They said they would).

At this home we visited particularly the second wife (first still living & a cousin) of a wealthy man. While we were there her sister-in-law came in and wanted us to visit another family where the man had about ten miles. Miss Gruenried did not want to go at all for she had broken the arches of her feet and they ached terribly, but she finally did. Two little girls, about fourteen and fifteen years, with charming faces came along with her and one confidently slipped her hand in mine as we walked along.

I took some into the open court of the next house, too, we had to hurry, Miss Gruenried talking to the group. The little girls whom I mentioned had rather long fingers, noting that they did not seem to work, that the man in convention had fingers two inches long on his left hand. Don't that awful!

After the occasion in P.M., Miss Rollman took me to call on the Old Ladies Home. After a long walk thru rice fields, we arrived at the dark passage and finally entered a dark and smelling room full of mosquitoes.
A year ago to-day I was in Pomona, that is, I arrived late in the afternoon after travelling all day thru beautiful barren country and to-day I have already celebrated by having three small amalgam fillings placed on my wisdom teeth. I am afraid that Dr. Smith is not awfully careful or he would have found these places, either when he examined or when he cleaned my teeth. I found one myself and then of course he looked more closely and found the other two. He and Mrs. Smith started for Wu King fu last Monday in a pouring rain-almost a typhoon, and while they were there (they did not return until yesterday, Friday), Mrs. Smith made the trip to Thaityong and met Mrs. Leisher, Mrs. M. Smith and Mrs. Stewart, who are still there. Mrs. Smith says that it was quite cold up there. Think of it.

What do you think? Most of your letters have arrived for my birthday and last night (just on time) came Charlie's huge package of seeds- over ten pounds- Think of it. I was so delighted. I just spread them all out on the table in different piles and then made several different arrangements and showed them to the boy, who I am afraid said "Chham" which means that he was thinking of the hard work of caring for such a big garden. I was just too pleased for words. Now if I can only find out where we are going to live, we can have a nice garden. It will be so good to taste nice American vegetables. We have had only onions and potatoes, beside Chinese vegetables, something like a potato, only it has a slight tinge of violet color. We have had taro, and some vegetables something like spinach, and oh, we have had cucumbers, but we have them boiled and covered with cream sauce. Then there is another vegetable something like egg plant.

We have enjoyed Etude so much. E. and I have been playing violin and organ for a half hour or so, almost every evening, and we have appreciated the new music. He really has improved wonderfully in distinguishing tones. At first it was awfully hard to listen even, let alone play with him, but within the last three or four months he has begun to distinguish tones in singing, and as he picks up his violin again, I sometimes find him more critical than I am. You can imagine how much pleasure it gives us. He had made up his mind at one time that he could not keep the instrument in this climate and that it would be best to exchange with Carol-or at least to send his home in her charge, but we decided not to, and now it is likely to be one of our chiefest pleasures-altho Carol's loss of course. We both hope that she can have a nicer instrument some day. (Oh we decided to keep violin in tin box during the entire damp season, as an experiment and that is how we have been able to keep it so long.)

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