Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dear Ones All,

This is the Chinese Fourth of July and I can hear the drum beating and the bugle blowing. A little boy's school near by is singing a hymn, but they are straining and fluttering the notes worse and worse every minute. I have enclosed the invitation that we have just received from the boys' school when we teach. They are going to celebrate today.

Ellison is going, but I think that I will stay at home as I have a strange boy in the house (my boy started on a week's vacation this morning). I have two men here to see to whilst washing the parts of the evening room wall that has just been repaired.

We had a delightfully cool day yesterday. Dr. Mildred had to ask for a chafarice as we were sitting on the porch studying and even I felt a little cool. This morning is delightful too, but a bright sun makes it just a little warmer, Dr. Mildred would call it more comfortable.

Before Mr. Waters went away he spoke to us again about his piano. I had given up all idea of taking it, but we happened to think that we might buy it and then sell it when we were ready to buy a new and better one and so we decided to make him an offer of $100.00 gold for it. That was a little less than his offer of $250. Mexican. I really thought he would take it, but I really did not think the piano was worth more. But he received a letter from Mrs. Waters telling him to get rid of the piano if he possibly could and so he has said we may have it. Dr. Mildred has it now and I am sorry to take it from him, but it will be a comfort to have a piano, even if its tone is not what could be desired. Somewhere we can get a good deal of joy out of it.

We shall probably have it brought here next week by about eight men!
Last week end we spent at the Greensbecks going over Saturday morning on the morning
train - or rather trying to for the train started about 35 minutes late (a way they have
here in China) and we missed it. But we induced
the men who brought us across the bay to sail
with us to Kao-gang and although we paid a little
more we had a comfortable little boat all to
ourselves and with wind and tide favorable
arrived there almost as soon as the launch did.

At the Greensbecks, we had a feast
of literature, - for there was practically nothing
left to do - and we read magazines and books to
our heart's content - Galaxy, Harper's Weekly, the
Good Housekeeping, Youth's Companion, Ladies' Home
Journal, etc.

I started to read, "Twenty Years at Hull House"
by Jane Addams, and brought it home with me.
Has you read it, Aunt Celie? I am
sure you all would like it.

When I read it I think, "Mr. Pratt's Patients:
and some of Josephine
Daskam's Stories in the book entitled "The Meaness
of Philip." That is very funny, too. I picked out
several others to dip into, but there is a limit
to time even at a week end, and finally
came and we had to tear myself away
Monday afternoon.

The Greensbecks started off on a months
trip later in the week. Dr. G. doing missionary
work and Mrs. G. and the ten children, Mary
and Katherine, accompanying him some of the
time and visiting the rest of the time. They
will go into Waheka country and all the
Adairses and Tiffins.

The children are unusually attractive and
amuse themselves so well. They are much
interested in bugs and butterflies and trees,
and wees and flowers, and goats and birds,
etc. They both read a good deal too, all the Tiffins
is only six or seven.

Monday we took up the busy life here
again. (Chin hares & fire crackers going off.)
The Chinese don't set off one or two at a time, but use about 100 at once.

At Chongyang in the afternoon, they had communion service. It was the first one I had seen as I never had been there in Shantung, since they use a single cup for everybody, hospital patients and all.

Then we came in to the service. Dr. Grovebeck was calling the roll of the church members! Then he preached—there was a hymn or two. A white cloth was laid folded across a large bare table and then two trays covered with little Chinese tea plates (small individual salt dishes) was placed on it. From an earthen pitcher, Dr. Grovebeck poured some water, with a little vinegar and sugar in it. He broke the bread. He could keep bread and dishes pretty well covered with a napkin, but the flies would gather over the cups. The whole thing seemed very crude and one wondered if they had any idea of its meaning. They seized very present, hopped, and shaggy—except the Reuther in the back whose eyes flashed out with curiosity. In a corner of the chapel was a lot of new furniture which Dr. Reuther has been having made for the dispensary that he is going to open in the chapel. A case for drugs, a table, a cupboard, benches, etc.

We hurried to start new garden on our return and as our boy was sick we hired a man to do the hard work of preparing the soil by hand. By night, hard day, in mere misery and forget to put in tomatoes, beans, peas, radishes, lettuce, beets, spinach, squashes, corn, and the next morning Christmas day we finished the job except for what we are to put into boxes for melons, taro, squashes, and cucumbers to be planted in the spring.

They tell us that seeds in this country are no good after having reached the summer season—and so I am disappointed. We shall see all I can now and again in the spring and then shall probably have a little package to send back to be used in America. Then asked
several people and they all agree that
the seeds should be planted after
plutonizing the potatoes the other
night. Of course, the pieces were left and
I had them boiled for breakfast. You can’t tell
how good those potatoes tasted! They would
eat them all alone without any butter or meat or
fish and call them delicious! They have more
flavor than Chinese potatoes.

Dr. Greenback was here over Thursday night, Dr.
Bacon and Miss Sollman had supper with us
last evening.

- Roast chicken
  - Chicken soup
  - Chicken potatoes
  - Tomatoes stuffed
  - Cranberry sauce
  - Peach shortcake
  - Coffee

Dr. Bacon came down again for breakfast
this morning.

Thus ends the week!

I was very glad to receive Mother’s postal.
Don’t forget, Mother, to put the extra penny
stamp on it, so we can’t pay double but
here. Strange custom! That is, they charged 10 cents
Mexican for a postcard that comes with one
American cent. I don’t understand it.

Has Carol been in baton only five times
this year? That is a shame! Did it
mean only five times at Old Garden—and
several more on the Wood Beach

What a nice time Stella will have at Bar
Harbor. I am anxious to hear all about it.

We get very little war news here. The
Japanese are attacking Peiping—a town about
1000 miles north, but we don’t hear much
even about that.
So glad Carol is going to school. You say
that she will attend P.M. session. Does that
mean that Gloucester must have two
sessions to accommodate the pupils?
Will some teachers work A.M. and P.M.?

Very anxious to hear how George enjoys
the White Mountains. It seems as if I
have not heard from him and John for quite
a long while. I miss their letters when they
don’t come.

You say Rachel and Walter next Sunday. Who
is Walter? Tell me all about him.

How much love to all. each one. I
think if you individually even this I write
collectively.

Lottie

It seems to me that I asked somebody
to buy some tartaric acid for me.

I really want some very much and hope
that Phynes sells it. Should it be too much
trouble to write them to send me a pound?
I want to make my own Pickling儒家
as it is very expensive out here.

Missions for September.
P. 704 - 5.
Dr. Goodchild was here last fall.
P. 745.
Our people.
P. 749.
Miss Withers is one of our workers, a
fast, jolly girl. She has been transferred
to Framon/Clanton and will go soon. She is
here now on compound and I shall probably
have her for dinner before she goes.

She goes home on furlough now.
Dear Ones All,

What do you think! I have been looking over my lists and supplies today, and I find that enough for which I am very grateful! I know shopping will not be a hardship this year. 

I have not decided just how to send. I rather think that I shall put small things in as far as possible in letters but many things I cannot do that with. I hope the things will reach you all right. I shall probably send the first week in November. Unless I am too busy preparing for exams!!!! 

Work is going pretty well - I am very slow, but I see a little progress, and no certainly know more than I did a year ago.

Our boy came home today from a week's vacation, and he looked as happy as a child to come back. He has not much enjoyed having a strange boy in the house. A girl rules my room and the dining room (after a fashion) every day, but this boy I think, carts about once a week, and he used to throw matches on the floor.

Bed time - and I guess I'll make the start!!! In hope to go to 10 o'clock to-morrow and also to get the plans in.

Sunday October 15

Long letter from Ruth just came via F.M.M. I was so glad to see it! Then I could see events so much more clearly. I am going to read it over with my diary and see just what we were doing at the same time!!

Nice letter from George about N.H. & Me trip. Fine!!! So glad to hear!

This letter from Mother with home news made vivid. What should I do without letters??? But it seems too soon to be out of the confusion, and need, and
busy care! Everything is so quiet here! The house is large for just two. Everything is pretty well in order. I get a little work done every day, and go to bed early at night, and don't have any dishwashing or anything. I do have a little dusting here and there.) But it isn't house- and nothing is except just Jan's house and the Cape with Daddy and Mother and the piano and the tent and everything moving and people running around. You just wait until the next 5 1/2 years is over and we'll get into it again—we hope!!!

I feel that I neglected the August birthday wonderfully but hope that you will all forgive me. I had to let that rheumatic fox do for the whole "feminine" crowd and I meant to write you but didn't put in the personnel as I had hoped to do. Thus...

Aug. 20. Aunt Alonzo & Daddy came.
Aug. 23. Church. Call on meters.
Aug. 25. Trip home. Radell's up for music. When did you mail the ice cream??
Aug. 26. Sam sure I had thought transferring.

Play dominated & for some unaccountable reason I am sure you will a B & H in this right—probably because you are planning for it. They're having the days before it comes to us and it was just all the time withomo out & over.
Aug. 26. I can't get the time straight. Eventually stopped writing and went to bed.

Aug. 26. Did you get a good fire? Did you have bacon as of yet?

Aug. 27. Played Halma.


Aug. 29. Surf. from Bean Rock & Co.


Are you living in hotel or dormitory, Ruth? Is it the same as last year or not?

So glad Papa went to Bridgwater and glad that he found a suit. Things are certainly good for some things.

Certainly thought of you on Sept. 7th, Mother, but I forgot about rising meeting. That was the night I was on the run coming down from Taung, It was very beautiful.
Methus stumps, just in by mistake I guess.

So glad you saw the Hildreths. I was beginning to feel worried because I had heard nothing about your meeting in any way and I was afraid that you ought to have called first. Did you talk about us? 

I don't believe you had better bother to send now in this way time. Perhaps you can come safely and easily now or later, but you surely need money. I do enjoy all I have but I don't know what house it shall be in next, and maybe there won't be so much room.

What kind of race is it that John is to go in George? I'll make me afraid. Does he have to ride fast? Your letter about your trip was postmarked New Hampshire! I wish you could have seen them in Enfield, or the mother in Wolfeboro; I wish John would write me of his trip over Labor Day— if he took it. Perhaps he did not go, but I shall be glad to hear at any rate.

Labor Day is no holiday here, mother. It was just like all other days—all very warm as I remember it.

Hope Marion has recovered from the strenuous days getting home. Don't see how she ever managed!

Della, I am anxious to hear of your Bar Harbor trip. Did you enjoy yourself on the boat? And isn't it beautiful?

What are Carol's hours and studies at school? Who is principal and has she new teachers or not? So she strong enough to carry on work. I would not think of urging it for a minute if she isn't.

Why is Queen shut up for three weeks? Then did the Dogtown trip take place and did you go to Mount and Uncle Cile?

Awfully good of you all to spend a sleepless night on Pigeon hill just for me.
Here, Jennie, I have read Ruth’s letter three times and put it in an envelope for you. Now I sent others back to you? I remember having an envelope addressed but don’t recall sending, yet I can’t find envelope now. So good to get a few lines from you. Sorry you did not get to Rockford.

Summer doesn’t seem complete without you there. Your father’s letter always adds some news that I am glad to hear.

Now, George, do tell me who is Mr. Ash, and why there any others on your m.e. trip? Your letter are a continual joy.

Trouble between Japan and China is about as far from us as the European war is. We really would probably see none of it even if Japan & China went to war.

Boston Nationals must be some great team!

Carol, what do you think? Your letter written July 26. reached me this week Oct. 14 or 15. Nearly three months. I can only account for it by thinking that it went to England or Germany and then was returned and sent this way, as “via Siberia” was crossed out on it by blue pencil.

Well, I was very glad to read that letter! It was just as good as it could be, and told me just what I wanted to know about your illness. Now just as soon as you read this, I want you to copy off the rest of your weights for my records this summer, and send them to me! Will you please? Also, tell me if you feel strong now, or if you even have headaches etc.? How do you like school? When you can spare a little time I shall be very glad to hear.

Thank you as much for pictures! I was awfully glad to see. I intend some day to send some money to mother to pay for prints that have been sent, and those that shall be taken in the near future. I’ll try not to forget. Don’t see why you cut off your feet. They’re all right. When you asked long ago, I sent you it, and then you put it back inside.

I am wondering if Ruth was able to find Soren’s tennis shoes for me marked down at end of season.
Little Charlton looks almost a man in the pit.
Aunt Ed. Shaw not returned some of your pictures yet, because there isn't any duplicates of some yet.

How did you happen to start insurance, Ruth? With whom insured?
What is shape of your Panama hat? When buy?

Carol dear, does watch go all right? It did not go very well in this climate, but we thought it would be better at home and thought that you would like it.

Was your throat sore when you were sick? Have you played tennis any?
Your letter was just great!

On Wednesday we had dinner with Mrs. Worley and that was a mighty good dinner.

I go out to my garden almost every day and watch stalk plants.
I have up now - corn, summer squash, radishes, string beans, (2 kinds), Lima beans, 3 kinds, broccoli, lettuce, head (3 heads) okra, plants, but, onions, every few potatoes, a little spinach, and I am keeping some tomatoes have come up in the box we planted. They seemed to have been killed by ants in the garden itself. Maybe I have a few more things yet. But I can't remember. The asparagus and radish have not appeared as yet.

I held a prayer meeting for consecration, I was today.
Sorry Arthur has fallen! Dr. Adkins explained about the war in China and I understood a large part of what he said!!!

Keeps of love to each and everyone.

Lettie.
Now, after three pages of talk - I'll try to write you a little of our trip. First of all, we had the piano come over yesterday! It does look nice in our parlor, and I spent every minute of last evening playing. It certainly did seem good, and Edna said that it sounds much better than she expected. It is pretty good except that you cannot get soft tones - and as I am especially fond of those, I miss that quality. However, it will be a great great pleasure to us, and if we get half the fun out of it that our family has gotten out of our little piano, we will be happy and satisfied.

Eight men brought it over from Shawin Bridge, and they made more noise than they would have if they had been moving a house. In gave them the magnificent sum of $20 each (big pay) - less than 10 gold pieces. Our living room seems even more cozy and home-like now with the piano.

E. and I went shopping in Swatow yesterday AM. It was a beautiful day, so bright that I wore dark glasses when in the sun. After ordering some prints from our films, I ordered three frames for some pictures of the prophets which I had as a birthday present to me. Isn't that nice! Now I shall have good copies of the entire group of prophets as they are in the Boston Public Library. We really have beautiful pictures.

We have motioned the large oil painting of "Mike's Pint" - so that it hanges over the piano and I can look at it as I play. It certainly looks lovely there. The oil which Edna gave us is a continual delight also. The evening light makes it just too beautiful to be true - except that I know that it is, for I have seen it.

That makes me think that I must answer Etta's good letter to me. You must have had a nice visit with them this summer. So glad she could come home. Has Clare gotten well?
Indo

Shop—that means an Indian shop.
You should have seen the queer dark-skinned man who came to wait on us. He had foreign shoes, white trousers, and above that!!! was hanging a shirt with all the part that is generally inside—on the outside! and over the shirt he wore a vest!!! Well, it was
funnier than the suit of underclothes
of Japan, and the queer combinations
of the Chinese!!!

I bought a pair of suspenders, helped along
by the assurances of a big, villainous
fat man who was evidently proprietor of
the shop. Then we looked at pajamas.
They brought out beautiful bright red,
Cochee things—that no man would think of
wearing—and they swore they were big—en
ty for 6. when they weren’t big enough
for me, and they would—that they were fine
and beautiful! In then looked at cloth
but all the they had—good cloth, they
charged too much for it, and we later
went to a Chinese shop and bought much
nice Shanghai cloth at a reasonable price.
I was surprised to see the great quantities
of cotton and silk goods they had.

We bought envelopes, pads, note books, nails,
etc. and finally called home (a delightful try
when smooth like yesterday) just in time for
dinner.

The cook gave us a very nice dinner

day,

Soup,
Sliced tongue
String beans. (very good)
Crocked chestnuts
Snow pudding
Cookies.

That where I done the rest of the
Oh—we had a Victory concert
(Christmas concert—of the church. Thursday
evening. A Mrs. Hodsdon from the
community offered to give it, and
we were pleased. But,

Much love to all

Sister
Swatow, China.
October 29, 1914.

Dear Ones All,

Saturday afternoon has come again. It hardly seems as if the week begins before the end comes. We have had a rather confused day. On Thursday Mrs. MacGowan from the community came to call. We finally talked about music and I asked her to play. She was glad to do it even on our piano, and we had a real treat. Evidently she is not only musical but has had a splendid training and can sit down and play just as Marion does—well. I just enjoyed myself to the full. We spoke of the piano room that I was going to open up and she offered to help, too. I had already opened hers and doctor it up a little. Well, in expected her here this morning but a bad cold that she had the other day has become worse and so she asked if she might come Monday instead. I have invited her for tea on Monday, but told her to wait longer if she was not entirely well. I shall be so glad. I know that he can do a few things & clean up the view from upstairs even if we can not soften the tone as we hope to do. The instrument has already been a great joy to both E. and me. It does make a big difference.

Well, this morning, expecting her I was hurrying around putting up the curtains (white draperies) which I had not got out since June. Shaking, making the quiet room presentable, I had also filled of the parlor when E. and I had been investigating our pictures which have been attacked by silver flies. Nothing serious, but we knew that they might destroy not only the paper in the wall but the pictures themselves if we let them go on. I've cut out all the pictures—some of them later. It sounds all as if my house were very disorderly doesn't it? Well, E. had been conferring about a shutter in the quiet room four rooms and the job would consequently...
dirt) was not quite finished and out of the way. My boy was doing his through Saturday cleaning - and the things to do were so small and numerous that it would have taken more time to tell him (even if desired) than to do them myself.

Then, too, when I have no guests, I do not keep good linen in the guest room as it rolls or milders (if on the bamboo rod where I keep towels). By the way bamboo is extremely valuable to have around the house. The Chinese use it in a hundred ways - and we find a good many uses for it ourselves.

Just called away to see my sewing woman. She is making a pair of pajamas for E. and she has sewn the trousers of back and front - Chinese fashion. &c. I have measured them now.

Well - after clearing some, I taught a seminary student on the organ for thirty minutes - and then it was about ready for the finishing touches. Ellygan had been telling me all the time. He is very good. Well - soon Mrs. Maclean's noteaching she could not come, arrived, and so E. and I went to work on the pictures again - but not in the parlor this time, but in his study. I should have looked upon it as an awful task, but he was as cheerful as could be about it. He took down all the pictures where we found traces of living flesh - and that was about 90% and he opened them up - not only getting off the liner - but talking out everything. Then I brushed the frame with a camel's hair brush - then put it in - but not only putting in the liner - but talking out everything. Then E. put the picture back, fastened it in - and made it ready for the final painting of the liner. We found that the pictures which I had framed and a few others which were framed in frames etc. had been untouched - probably because good
staff, after you used on the back, and so in hope to avoid repeating the process by using good strong paper this time. The job is only about half done, but we have made good progress. Then this afternoon after my neat—cut out (without a pattern) a pair of pajamas for E. I hope they'll be fit the was. I first thought I could cut the trousers—so I did—and cut two for the same leg! &. Well—luckily they were so big I that I could wear the sandal prive by blemishing it a little—That difficult was over. The trousers seemed so easy that I decided to try a paper waist pattern that fitted so well that I cut it out of the cloth and then I could not still without trying unseen, and so now I have cut out the whole suit, and have hopes that it will be fit to wear.

We are having beautiful roses as ever. Now I cut the bushes down and let them rest a little but I really don't know exactly how to do it and so haven't. Then had the boy divide the pins, and make cuttings from the marigolds.

My vegetable garden has been improving this week. The peas are up about 8 inches. I picked a radish (small, young) yesterday and the squash and beans look well. The corn too looks quite flourishing, as the people say it is not the right time of year to plant.

Several days this week it was quite cool but the day is warm again—and Ellison's to preach at the Chapel. He will have to wear a white suit, & and the man who asked him to preach guaranteed that it would be cool enough for him to wear a Prince Albert. My white suit is not quite the thing to preach in.

My birthday is still continuing. The other day came the beautiful pictures of the prophet which Ellison had had framed.
for me. They were only taken from the
New York Times—but they look very well
indeed. I am so pleased!

Then came a package of fine wood in
a tin with enclosures from Katherine K.
And Mrs. P. writes that she is sending
something. People are too good to me.
That box from home. Oh my! The Clottes shut
up to a year at once—and they are blessings.
Everything else is very very useful to me.

We finally got our hands on Seeno
this week— and we kept about our book-
case—which he promised to have ready upon
our return. Well, we said—excuse by the
hundred. There had been a big typhoon and
too much work—and the wood was
rare—but that was all. It could not have
arrived before another month—and that probably
means three!!, ’70.

We went down to Mrs. Kodoskis one
Thursday evening and heard some more
Victrola—violin duos—band—orchestra—etc.
 OPERA—many and light. Very enjoyable.

A little tennis this week, too, but I don’t
improve as fast as I would like. Has Carol had a chance to play this
summer?

Be sure and send me the list of
your weights as you have given them to
Doctor, Cahel.

Such lovely letters came on Wed and Thurs.
from the Bartholomew—Jennie, Accent City,
Ridgeway, Marin, Della. Very glad to hear
All answers on personal sheet.

Lot to each and
every one. That means you

Lotte.
Dear Ones All,

This is a beautiful November morning with just the slightest indication of chill in the atmosphere, but just like summer, you're in a sentimental dress at my table by the big open French windows and get up every once in a while to whom away the birds who come to eat up my precious garden. The corn is nearly a foot tall and we have eaten radishes and sent some to our neighbors already. The boy has transplanted the summer squash which seemed too thick. The beans look very flourishing too and the peas are climbing up the little bamboo sticks which the boy has placed in the garden.

Church bell is ringing at 8:45 and I must away.

I prepared four packages for home yesterday, one for Hoppy, Bridgewater, Rockport, and New York. When Ellicott got them over to the other side he found that it was the Japanese Emperor's or somebody's birthday and as the PO would not accept packages so I shall have to wait until Monday before sending. Too bad! I hope they will arrive all right and that there will be no delay in the mail, for it should feel badly to have them arrive when I send them two months or rather almost six weeks ahead of time.

10:05.

Home again. Ellicott is shaving preparatory to going to English church but I want to write as I did last night and any time yesterday.
This is week as I forecasted has been busy and full.

Mrs. Macgowan really arrived on Monday. After tea, Chris took the piano apart, dusted it, oiled the metal parts, softened the felt where possible, and put everything back. There was a small improvement but not very much. However, the piano tuner from Hy's Hong is coming up the first of December and we shall have him do some work on it, I think.

Mrs. Macgowan played for quite awhile after we put the piano together, and then we walked down to her home with her. Went down again on Monday for tea.

Guess I have told you that she lives in the house that Mr. X the owner of a large business firm her, and it is the largest storehouse in the area. Mrs. M. herself is a thin, sharp nosed, freckled little Irish lady with a very sharp wit. I am too stupid to get along with such people, but if she will only sit and play I am satisfied.

Her house is entirely surrounded by a broad porch about 10 by 15 feet wide, and there she served tea on a table covered with a lace tea cloth which she herself had made. The English rain many little customs different from ours. For instance they have a little brass stand with four shelves on which they keep their cutlery boxes (P. Stair) under brass con.

layer cake
scones
sardines etc.

They always have the little silver bowl into which they pour the remains from the first cup. Almost always they use a tea cozy.

They almost always serve tea very strong and with milk.

Out here in China they have little individual tea cakes called tea buns and they are very nice. You come in one group, and they sit under one another so that they take little space then sit in.
After tea we went inside through a broad hall into a huge reception room or drawing room. It must have been 30 feet long by about 15 or 20 wide. I stayed near the lights and so did not see very many details, but the room looked more like a hotel parlor with a dark well oiled hardwood floor, then a formal room.

As I passed this the hall again I saw a large billiard room, etc. I should hardly say for the responsibility of such a large house.

Well on Tuesday, we went down to Mrs. Lay's for tennis, in wood hard and dry, because so many good players are there, and so many community people. Mrs. Lay quotes you, servants being two, and then she says, well you play in such and such a person for the next game. I played with Mrs. McGowen, and played with Tom Gibson missionally from the other side. I was as excited that my hands and arms trembled until I got into the game. I made me nervous to think I was playing there and with so many people looking on. I have forgotten how the score came out. I rather think I won. I know that we did them off in the next game when I played with Mrs. Lay's son, Kitson (clearly playing going by) and I played with Mrs. Clark who I had not met before. At any rate I enjoyed it immensely and did not feel the any work as they had limited chance at each corner of the court to pick up the balls. It does save time and strength! Then we had some ice cream and hot drinks and everyone they ran grape juice there. I didn't play quite as well as he usually does, I think. I lost, because he is a very good player.

Then again on Thursday, we dressed up with shoes and in a suite suit, and it was in my little flannel slate and went for dinner at the days of PM.
"Pat lick" they called it but it was the best I had tasted for a long time.

She had soup, green peas, chicken, boiled potatoes, fresh young peas, mashed potatoes, baby jellies, and custard fruit.

Everything was delicious.

There was one other guest, Mrs. Shaw... who came very nicely. Then too we had a chance to meet Mrs. Stag's brother Mr. Craig from Scotland. He is visiting Mrs. Stag and touring the corn set during his visit. Mr. Craig and Astuten are to return on Dec 5. Mr. Craig brings ten (10) had Arthur played tennis and billiards piano beautifully. He played a sonata from Beethoven and something from Mendelssohn as if he really loved it. His piano, it is a pleasure to touch. It is the only soft-tuned one I have heard in China. It is English made I think but prepared in this climate. She had it tuned every month when she lived at Canton.

Well we had to finish out the week and so we invited Mr. Carman who is a young missionary boy. We just arrived America to help for two years in the English work in the Academy to here with us. To make a climax Dr. Adams dropped in just before tea asking if he might stay over night and we all excelled ended on Sat. Then when we sent him off with a lunch, then we worked on Xmas packages. I am glad that all the big ones are ready now the little ones will not be as much work.

Events of Saturday: Mr. Carman calling on the Houselites, and played tennis with Mrs. Housel after 5:10.
Dear Family Mine, I have had a sweater on all day, although a year ago today, I wore my thin woollen dress (it being our first Sunday in Swatow). It has rained all day—an unusual thing for this time of year.

Well, you will be glad to know that we do not have to teach English any more in the Academy as Mr. Carson (23 yrs old) has come out to help with the English for two years. We are pleased as it will give us more time for study and every bit of that is valuable. It is such an encouragement to feel that one progresses even a little bit. I can understand many phrases in the Chinese sermons now and I can say a few simple things. We are required to write to read the whole gospel of Mark in character and my can do this except for a few difficult characters. It is very interesting. We expect our exam at the end of next week, and shall be glad to have it over with.

Be sure to let me know by packet about Xmas packages as soon as they arrive and let me know if you have to pay duty on any.

I told you Mr. Adams was here a week ago, but did I tell you the story he told us of his house? The Chinese are very superstitious and very ignorant about foreigners and foreign ways. When he built his house, it seemed like a palace to them, and the Thian religion seemed like some fearful unknown thing. He started the story that the Thians had buried a little girl alive at each of the four corners of the house as a sacrifice to their God. And then later they said that the house was so strong and so big that it would be used as a fortress against them. If you could see the little Chinese
houses, and realize how ignorant the masses are; and then think how even we are somewhat suspicious and fearful in a strange country, you would not think them stories strange.

Have had good tennis this week. We have eaten the last of our radishes to-night and they have tasted good. I think I shall have the boy plant some more. I have been out for two days picking little green umbels off the lettuce, those tenderest green leaves they are very fond of. I eat as a few pea pods and squashed already. It is a great delight to watch them. The beans are in blossom. The asparagus has at last come up.

Have you heard about the wonderful Christmas campaign which has been carried on in Shanghai and Amoy. We are hearing of it constantly and hope to imitate some day.

We have a new Chinese woman teaching us in the afternoon as our teacher was long the needed a rest. She has two little children and it has been hard for her.

I got hungry for fudge the other day; so I did have been for weeks — except we had Ruthi — and so I got busy and made some — as luck would have it — it was good. How we did enjoy it! Then yesterday we had some good peppermint, wintergreen, and Kinetek tea which Mrs. Bevis gave in honor of Mr. Carmen’s birthday and we tonight some hard chocolate in Sweatow. So we have had a feast.

We gave exams in our English class this week and Mr. Carmen begins to morrow.

E’s pajamas are all finished and look very well.
I have her started on a chemise now, not that I need it very much, but she needs the sewing.

You will think it strange that the lettres written late in July reached me this week, Nov. 2. It was from "Germany" (in Germany) which means backward. I was very glad to hear and thank Father again for getting everybody to write. There was Marshall's good note telling about the tangle and John's carving the chicken; and Mother's telling about the long dining room table and S. J.'s picnic; and Father's telling of the sale of the Bay View House, and tenants etc.; and Ruth's telling of a nice walk, and Rob's expected arrival, and tennis with Mr. E. P. Then there were the very nice notes from Tom and Charlie. I certainly was glad to get them.

Tom wishes to know the bright spots in the civilization of China. It is hard to think at first - I think I would say that it is pleasing to see that their morality seems above our American morality, largely due to the retired and protected life of the women I suppose. Then there's cleanliness of the young and old in their desire to learn. This certainly is a great help.

I have been struck to see the fact that practically every Chinese man, woman, and child join in active work of some kind without shame or self-consciousness. It seems strange that there are some in our enlightened country who can live a life without hard toil and who even dare to live without any work. It seems almost unbelievable to me when I realize how universal a habit it is here.

Business was not as busy as I had feared, so I introduced in many instances. A large percentage of the young men do not lead clean lives, and men take unfair...
means of forcing cigarettes and opium
on the people.
Foreign trade is springing up and there
is a great field for it. The Chinese do not even
know the value of pens. They do not use
buttons, or hooks and eyes. They were no under-
clothes different from outside garments except
as they have learned foreign ways.

I wish I had time to write you more fully
Tom. Write me more questions. They are
interesting. Remember me to Miss. I am very
kindly please if you ever have opportunity.

Thank you to Charlie for your good note,
with its fieldsend reference to our nice
walk. Yes. Charlie, you and Ellison are
about the same weight. Think of it!
How nice the gas range must be? Than you
gas light, too?

Yes, we had a pleasant summer and
most especially grateful for the coolness, but
no summer wind. Compare with a Boston
summer, I believe.

Now - I must send off a few
Christmas notes, play a song or two
for my husband, and then put in
a full nights rest before exam week.

I am still as enthusiastic as ever
over my husband. He grows better
every day! I think everything that has
ever happened, everything important,
happened better than I expected. How
fortunate I have been! I wish all of you
could share my blessings and that I
could take some of your burdens instead.
If it could be a fair exchange it would be
all right.

How much love to each one to the
boys to whom I have hardly mentioned,
I want to hear to especially from John now.
And to Bridgewater feminine gender.
Who has been neglected in this letter.
Tom
Swatow, China
November 15, 1914.

Dear Ones All,

Second Exam all over!

Hooray! I certainly am glad! We had a small one this time only Ellion and me to be examined by Dr. Ashmore, Mrs. Worley, and Lou Sin-sen-listening! You see Dr. Scott (mildred) is still at Mrs. Lehel’s waiting for the stock to arrive; hence this smaller exam. Dr. Mildred and Mrs. Northeast will have an exam together later on.

What was it like? Oh—read a little from the short stories in Romanized; then read a little from Mark in character; then illustrate parts of speech in sentences (Romanized) and write a short account of a trip across the bay. Write a few important characters; read from the 2nd volume of the primes in character, and answer a few questions about a book written by Dr. Gibber on the other side—a very good book. By the way, I do not remember its exact title—perhaps it is Missionary Methods.

That was all.

Monday, Aug.

Merry Christmas to you all.

I suppose this will reach you about them and I only hope that my packages will arrive too.

We shall probably have company in the house and the compound will probably divide and have two big dinner alleys they may try to have one. I don’t know.

I have invited Harriet Allen to come here for Thanksgiving but I don’t know whether she can or not. I hope she can.

Have I told you that for evening prayers now I read the English Bible out loud and Ellion follows in his Greek Testament. It is
right fun! Ellion is reading quite a little from Matthew Arnold's Essays now, and he regales me with it at meal time and bed time, and I give him Rucker in return. I believe I give Rucker, but of course, I know he reads my books better. We are anxious to get into our ten-lined box and be able to see some of our other books.

I am taking a vacation from study this AM to see to Christmas mail and to begin a vigorous cleaning of corners which the boy is tempted to obliterate. I want to clean out all my boxes and drawers too. I have felt that I knew these things were since I returned from Hsiang, and once in a while I get a surmise. Yesterday morning I took out my winter coat from closet—the old gray flannel coat—and found that the nice nickel buttons which supported it were all rusty. I had trusted that implicitly—then the lower part of the coat was all wet. I could not understand that at all, for there was no water in any kind of wardrobe. Then I remembered that that coat had been wet by many salt storms before it made the trip across the ocean, and so probably was saturated with salt enough to moisten it. A little sun will do it good.

I am so tired of thinking of desserts (and eating them too). I wish you would give me a list of ten or twelve things you use if you use anything outside of pies, bread pudding, rice pudding, custards, tapioca pudding, Boston Betty, India confections, and custards. I got desperate today and opened a can of grape berries which I bought from Shanghai, and told the cook to make gooseberry tart. He is also making orange chelsee but he has not yet made a great success of that. He ought to know now!

Will mother send her receipt for Beef Cranberry pie. I would like to have him try that.
Dear Ursula,

What do you suppose Sally is doing this Saturday morning? Skating out in the garden again. You are a small American! Because the "Wilmingston" came into port the other day and the men have invited the officers to have tea and tennis. (That "we" means the mission.) And since the judge was out in the garden when I thought I'd see him, I could hardly believe it was ours. Well, I ran and got the telescope only to discover that it was a really lovely American flag. Then I called the house and the boy, and the teacher, and the gentlemen followed—and sent word to tell the servants. Then I rushed to pull our beautiful big flag out of the tea box and we hung it up just as best as we could. A gale went off just as soon as it began to rain. It rained, but we soon realized that we were a salute to the consul. By the way, he does find this fall nice.

It began to rain a little last night and is dripping today. Too bad.

Sunday Nov. 22, 1914

Well that party yesterday had to be a little changed. When I went over to the lawn to spread the table cloth it began to sprinkle and so I returned thinking it best to prepare our own house in case of uncertainty. Well, it did some quick work. We put the little tea pies out on the back porch—and arranged tea chairs at each one. Then we arranged three large tables with white covers and flower center pieces (Mr. Weekly sent us some beautiful chrysanthemums and roses.) We put some flower pots by the pillars and some cushion in the corners. Then I hung up a small American flag and draped over big one in the hall.
Well, there were, of course, a few other details, but it was finally all nice when the men arrived: Capt. HUFF, Dr. BUTTS, Mr. BARNES, and Mr. EDMUNDS. They had a “real sociable time” drinking tea, eating sandwiches, lady fingers, mocha cake, and judge frufru, and white candy. We then appreciated the candy and the children—most of all I think. Mr. EDMUNDS who came from Mississippi exclaimed, “Why, I haven’t tasted jujubes for three years!”

The Wilmington is a white ship and does not go home to America, but stays five in foreign waters all the time. It comes in here once or twice a year I think. Later they went over to the court and played some tennis. Nice time!

We had heard the saddest news from Chao-Long. Poor Mrs. skiner’s baby was still born. They were so happy and so expectant about it, that it seems almost heart-breaking. Their other little girl is about four or five years old—perhaps she is six. Everybody is very sad about it. The little boy will be brought over here to-morrow. The Chinese will not bring a coffin on the boat but men think they will be willing to tow a boat and so we expect them at noon to-morrow. Can’t it too bad!!

Mrs. Capper and little Helen Capper have to go to Hong Kong this week to see about their Ayes, and so Mrs. CARMAN who has been living with them is going to take dinners and supplies with her for a week. She began this noon.

We had  Chicken soup,  Baked chicken with sauce,  String beans from our own garden,  White and sweet potatoes,  Century sauce,  Sausage pie and cheese.
This week has been wonderful for mail. We have had four mails I think, and although we have not had a great quantity in any one, we have had something of everyone. So they came back. Nice letters from O. R. Abby the way you need not send any letters to them any more unless they ask for them. Tell you and Irene says she has not heard from a long time too. Oct 23 yesterday came lovely letter from Aunt Molly and before that sister me another letter from her written Oct. 15. Then there was a good envelope from mother and a second letter from John. I certainly was glad to hear also a very nice letter from George. Say George your letters are too nice to stop. Do write me once in two weeks and then John can write me between! And a person can. I don't say I do get homesick even after the first year. I just love to hear from you.

There was a lovely letter from Marion's in Aunt Alice. Dear Marion I feel as if if you can find time to write in your blank poetry days I ought to find time to write individual letters to the family. But somehow I don't get around to it and I don't think I can get close to say when I am thru with this week's column. Ellison has had awfully good letters from his mother and Jennie too.

Before I forgot it, I want to mention the paper that O. R. sent. That Trane wrote half the liveliest poetry in it! I think land I read every word of it either as much as when we were dating. At noon, and I cut it out some to put in my scrapbook. It was interesting to see the other things too. In but them often in the reading room at Mrs. Work's house when we went there with them so that all could see them.

I haven't studied a single morning this week, but have been cleaning and doing chores and making the boy do more cleaning. It was a longer work than I expected. But is fairly complete now.
I still must make him wash windows and paint. I still have quite a job to do in arranging a new system of keeping our accounts. Also must wash hair, dye my clothes, take a little more responsibility in the kitchen, etc. From this time on I intend to get the study drop a little, making a big effort to learn and check, but not being so intent on preparing for an examination, for some of the things while necessary for the men, are not so essential to the women. I shall be glad, too, for I have enjoyed the work of this with both of them in study very much. I like to be busy in a house. Ellen has made me rest every day, too, so that I can't get over-tired. The house had some good tennis so, and had very pleasant dinner with the Bakers on Thursday (at which I wore the pretty waist that made me for). I prize every stitch in it.

They in turn came and took supper with us on Friday (and a few other men including Dr. Water). Mrs. has just come back from America and visited Mr. Wm. Hitchcock at Hights. Dropped in about 9:00 and stayed until nearly 11:00. That hour is unheard of among missionaries in China, you know! But we did have a good time.

The tailor is putting a ruffle or two on my silk dress to make it a little more up to date. I really see to have him make a warm dress for every day, as I don't want to dry my blue suit in good condition for several years, that have not made up my mind to it yet.

Mr. Cargman has arrived, no suffer

Time is now. Good night.

Din. All the played--and sang all the evening very well. I gained all night. Dr. Raymond says this is the queerest fall he has ever known--to have had rain quite frequently.
Dear Mr. E.,

For all my postal, Sam still at Ricketts to-night. You see, this morning at 4:45 (when we were supposed to get up) it was raining very hard, and the wind was blowing heavily. So we decided to write Mr. Lewis and phone our trip and telephone to Mr. deans that we could not visit him at Ngong this week-end. You see, Ngong is the farthest away of our table stations. We have to take a steam-going launch, and then take chairs for a long distance (two or three hours); or stay on the launch longer, and then take a crowded ferry. And then take chairs for a short distance. At any rate, the trip is likely to last from 6:30 A.M. until 9:00 P.M., and we hardly liked the idea of getting soaked in the pouring rain. But what did we do but change at 6:30 A.M. and the launch which is a half-hour earlier than ours, that is at least half an hour later this morning. And we could have gone as well as not, if we had only known. Too bad! And to catch the Clinton with the telegram unsealed! No station at Ngong!!!!

We had told our teachers not to come, at least, Ellis thought so; but they did and found that they didn't. He gave us our next word on his dictionary. But I wanted to write and work on my accounts, and so I was glad not to study. We played tennis too.

A telegram came from Hong Kong saying that the McGlashan would shortly go to Tsingtau. They will be put into Mr. Waters' house. We have been expected to be put for the time being at least.

We have decided if all goes well, to go to Chaozhou to-morrow with Mr. Baker and will write about that more later.
Mr. Carman has been taking dinners and suppers with us this week, and we have had some jolly music, which Mr. Ellison could only enjoy in listening. He does so want to sing and play. It seems a pity his ear did not develop earlier so that he could have the full fruition of it now.

We have had more rain than we need to! Guess I have had more free vacations, mornings writing, cooking, making the boy clean &c. I really have enjoyed it immensely.

We did have a nice quiet Thanksgiving. I changed the dinner hour to noon on account of our expected trip to NY. Mr. Carman was here and Mrs. Worley and her little son, Edwin, came about 1 P.M.

Dec. 2. I wanted fruit at first and also mayonnaise dressing for the salad, but I didn't have time to prepare those, and so we had:

- Roast duck
- Squash
- Cranberry sauce
- Cranberry sauce
- Squash pie
- Squash pie
- Fruit salad - American saltines
- Salted peanuts

- Steamed pudding - sauce
- Steamed pudding - sauce

Everything was quite good - especially the pudding, which I was very thankful for, because a few of our own steamed puddings have been failures.

Oh, to-day I pulled a turnip out of the garden I had it was delicious. Must next one I ever ate.

Mrs. Worley.

The squash leaves seem to be molding a little and some of the squashes are rotting. I am so sorry for I have looked forward to those mild sweet squash. The corn is coming along well, and the hens have lovely string plums. Expect to have pies to-morrow.
Mr. Kemp's and Mr. Baker's houses are close together and have wonderful views. Mountains close by - River at the foot of hills. The river is crossed by a suspension bridge.

Well - more of it - if we are assigned there.

There is a mission across the river - a full time mission. The Jameses of Thatong family. We took dinner with them on Sunday. Another mission in the huge city as far as I know.

We bought a lot of Mr. Kemp's things thinking that we might possibly be assigned to his house. Among the things is a huge bed 5'1/2 by 6'1/2 feet made especially for this climate and in which I have been very comfortable.

The Chinese having heard that things were for sale - came in a rush on Sunday. Mr. Baker was busy dispersing of things all morning and afternoon. He had to wait until next train to return.

One train knocked a woman and baby off a bridge over a river - it was terrible, but later word came that neither was killed and we were relieved. It was almost dusk when it happened. Chinese are very careless about walking on the tracks.

Now I think I'll close this long epistle to answer some of the personal letters.

I received splendid mail when I returned on Monday - magazines galore and nice letters. I wish I could talk to you and earn you from something so much writing.

Thank you Pops as much for the pictures. I am glad to have them. Nothing could please me more. I take them out and look at them again and again.

Ellison is making a scrap book of poetry. He loves it! He has some good ones.
The expect to go to Nothe on Thursday. Hope to finish this some day.

Meet go to bed. Tea on the lawn to-morrow and an invitation out to dinner. So not much time before Saturday.

It is so funny— that packages came from Betti—but birthday package from Mrs. Halsey has not yet come. I am so disappointed, for I fear it is lost! So bad. I ought not to be disappointed. Then I'll hope it will turn up and that someone else will get some joy from it.

A loving Goodnight to each one.

Lotti

Sat. Am.

At the City. Carpenter's wife came to me and said that several years ago there was a great rain and flood and consequent famine. She had nothing to eat and her husband was without any work. She sold her little girl for $50.00. Now she would so much like to get her back but the people wanted $100.00 for her and she had no money. Frantic! She cried. I gave $10.00 so as to $120.00, I guess to us. It is hard to know what to do in such a case. She is very poor and has 3 other children.

$1.40. $1.40 means about 60c. 65c.

Dear Charlie, summer squash leaves look moldy and some of the squash are rotting. Do you know the reason? I have used fertilizer on them and lifted the squashes from the ground.

Love & W. Lotti.
A telegram came from Hong Kong saying that the McGlashans would arrive tomorrow. They will be put into Mr. Water's house for the present.

We have decided, if all goes well, to go to Shanghai tomorrow with Mr. Baker.

He had a nice quiet Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Basman was here and Mrs. Money and her little son Edvin. They came about 11 A.M. and everything about the dinner was good.

On Sat. we met the McGlashans, Mr. & Mrs., and their two fine boys, about 6 and 4 yrs. old, I guess. They are nice people to add to our mission.

In the P.M. we started for Shanghai (the city) with Mr. Baker. We carried 1 big bag (basket), clothes, a gun and a box. After a sail across the bay, we took the McGlashans to the R.R. Station. You may well believe it looked nice to me to see the smoke of a train again. The train was a long line of cars, small and brown, and rather dingy looking - so if they were rather old cars. There was one 1st class car, one 2nd class, and about a dozen 3rd class. We got into the 2nd class car, and found rather soiled, dark blue cushioned seats. Two rows of seats - one side holding 3 people, the other 2, placed back to back, and very straight.
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The Chinamen, if the car is not full, stretch out
with their feet towards the aisle, and back
against the side of the car.

The important thing in this car seems to be the
mirrors— one at each end. The most-
popular seat, the one opposite the mirror.

Funny to see it!

Little dingy kerosene lamps are used —
and what do you think? A man has to get
up on the top of the car and drop the lamps
into a hole ready for them. Isn't it seem so
 queer!!! (The R.R. line is Japanese)

We went through miles and miles of rice
fields, and then through sugar cane fields
and beautiful orange groves, until oranges
almost ready to pick.

Sometimes the country seemed almost
like home. The straw was stacked up in the
fields, as our corn stalks are stacked and
there were large and beautiful trees in the
distance.

On arriving at the city, we were almost
besieged by the crowd of cookies anxious for
the job of carrying us. It looked like an angry
mob of people, as they rushed toward the train
with their bamboo carrying poles! Soon they
were pacified, and we started to walk across
the city.

How big is a big city! We walked...
this narrow, dirty, crowded, smelly streets, getting glimpses of all kinds of interesting shops and seeing all kinds of goods. Finally we passed through the walls of the city—walls 30 or 40 feet thick I believe, and at last came to a huge, huge bridge over the river. It is made of strong piers connected by wood or stone. I think that the single blocks of stone are over 30 feet long—all smooth and worn by the passage of thousands of feet. It was a wonderful feat to quarry them that size, not to mention bringing them there and putting them into place.

We found the piers disconnected in about 16 places—destroyed by a big flood in the spring, and so we had to ferry across standing up in a rather small boat.

When across the river, we marched up a hill and came to two beautifully situated foreign houses. Mr. Bakers and the one formerly occupied by Mr. Kemp. The latter house, where we were to sleep, is a big house.

We were much interested in the city and its chapel services on Sunday where there was only a small weak congregation—no organ and not a small school. The property for a hospital is bought, but there is no building on it. The city is huge and there is opportunity for a big walk. The scholarly class has not been reached at all. We saw splendid samples of the inhabitants in the train coming home.
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Many most splendid faces, dressed for the most part in a most charming Chinese costume of blue or royal purple figured silk - black silk, tight-fitting, stiff hat - trousers fastened like bicycle trousers - neat black shoes.

Mr. Kemps and Mr. Bakeis' houses are close together and have wonderful views, mountains close by, river at the foot of the hill - mountains across the river.

There is a Presbyterian Mission across the river - very nice people there - some we met at Thaizong. No other Mission in the city, as far as I know.

Hearing that Mr. Kemp's things were for sale, the Chinese came in a rush for them. Mon. and Mr. Bake was so busy with the sale that we had to wait till the last train to return home. On the way our train knocked a woman and baby off a bridge into the river. It was terrible! But later we heard that neither were killed, so we were relieved. It was almost dusk when it happened, and the Chinese are very careless about walking on tracks.

At the city, the caretaker's wife came to me and said that several years ago there was a great rain and flood and consequent famine. She had nothing to eat, and her
Nov. 27

Her husband had no work so she sold her little girl for $60.00. Now she wanted to get her back but the people wanted $140.00 for her and she had no money. Isn't it tragic? That $140.00 is as big to the poor woman as $1200 or $1500.00 to us. It is hard to know what to say or do in such a case - the woman is very poor and has 8 other children. The $140.00 means about $60 or 65 in gold. I am so sorry for the poor woman.
The trip which I have written about was delightful. I wish you could see Mrs. Lewis's children. Six of them under 9 yrs. old.

- Charlotte, 8+ long eyelashes, delicate color, a little勾ena to baby.
- Mary, 7 - rather irresponsible, but very nice & quiet.
- Margaret, 6 this week. A perfect beauty with auburn hair and big brown eyes. Very clever, reads exceedingly well already.
- David, 4 looks almost like Margaret and a responsive lovable child.
- George, 2½, not very good looking and still Mother's baby, but very nice.
- Baby Edie, 8 months - a perfect little fairy good all the time.

It seemed something like home to have so many children around. Mrs. Lewis of course had some nerves, but she got along so well with the children. If they misbehaved in the slightest - the child disappeared and we knew no more until he or she came back perfectly good. Little David is such a dear that they have to be very severe with him to keep from being partial! The smiles during prayers me
right and his father made him come and stand before him for the rest of the time. I wish you could have seen the little fellow, with the light shining on his golden hair, standing back to us, on one foot, the other twisted around the first, his hands behind his back. It was a picture for an artist.

At prayers each child prays, "Now I lay me in a very clear sweet voice and then adds his own sentiments including the blessing of all members of the family and even guests. They are entirely unself-consciousness about it and their prayers were just too dear for words." Then at table too, they often say the blessing all together - sometimes only one says it.

Father, we thank Thee for this food.
This Thy grace we all are fed.
As each new day our wants return.
Grant us, oh Lord, our daily bread.
It was a revelation to me: it will mean a good deal to them when they grow up, I think.

Mrs. Lewis had been working hard on setting and Christmas presents. She showed me the dresses she had made - and suits and other things and I held up my hands in holy horror!! There were at least 10 dresses for the three older girls, and I don't know what not for the three younger children. Besides that she had made jumping jacks for all the...
children in the Mission 15 or 20 of them. It took 1 hour to make each jack. I feel so lazy that I was ashamed to death as the Chinese say.

The Sat. after we got home I went to Swatow and bought a few things which Mrs. Lewis wanted for her Christmas gifts to the family.

Christmas gifts have come and then arrived and we put them away for the 25th.

Read in Nov. Missions

P.929 Mr. Barroquel's article on " convertio his thing to pass"

P.923 Letter from Miss Muller at Yangking

P.877 Think "Travel in Interno" must have been written by Mr. Reman who is at Shanghai now. Wasn't it a phrase

P.861 Article mention of Joe Taylor who was on the boat with us coming out

Time now for guests - just two studying Ellision has gone to Swatow to help Mr. Blackham get his boxes through customs
Dear Aine,

How I have neglected you! Well, just this minute finished a fine large account of our trip to Longhong which I am going to ask Ellinor to type up. He has been busy all day cleaning out his carpenter shop and is straightening out his study this evening! Then he is anxious to put a second edition of his weekly news. He thinks he has written ten or twelve copies, but this editor has seen only one that she can remember.

Oh family! What do you think! The piano tuner has been here and he has not only tuned our piano but fixed it somehow so that the tone is softened and improved that it is a delight to touch it! I am tickled to pieces about it!!! Aren't you happy too!!

You must go to bed. Will try to write tomorrow.


I am wondering when Ruth's and Carol's vacations come. I hope that they can have long ones and enjoy them.

The Longhong trip which I have written about (Ellinor is going to type it) was delightful. I wish you could see Mrs. Lewis's children. Six of them. Sunday 9 years old.

2. Mary: 7 - rather irresponsible but very nice quiet.
3. Margaret: This week a perfect beauty white and big brown eyes. Very clever - reads exceedingly well already.
4. David: Looks almost like Margaret - and a responsive lovely child. Something like little Charlotte. He is just as beautiful and clever can be.
5. George: 2î - not very good looking and still mother's baby, but very nice.
6. Baby Lawell 8 months - a perfect little fairy - good all the time.
It seemed some thing like home to me. So many children and so many quite proper. Mrs. Lewis, of course, had come across but she got along as well with them. Of course, in the slightest the odd child disappeared—and we knew no more until he or she came back. Perhaps good. Little David is such a dear that they had to be very severe with him to keep him from being spoiled. He smiled during prayers and then his father made him come stand before him for the rest of the time. I wish you could have seen the little fellow with the light shining on his golden hair, standing back to back—somehow just the right tinted around the face and his hands behind his back. It was a picture for an artist. At prayers each child prayed "Bless this house and this family: and may we have a blessing on each morsel our wants be provided for our daily bread!"

It was a revelation to me.  It bewildered me a great deal to think what they grew up to be.

Mrs. Lewis had been working hard on sewing and some presents. She showed me the dresses she had made, and suits—and flowers and helped up my hands in holy honor!! There were at least ten dresses for the three older girls and I don't know what not for the three younger children. Beside that she had made pajama suits for all the children in the mission fifteen or twenty. I took one hour to make each pajama suit. I felt so lazy that I was ashamed to death. I just think how I have toiled around this whole year!
On Sunday we walked out and we saw a group of girls approaching us, in the centre walking with difficulty and seeming pale with her arms on her shoulders. Two poorly clad girls was a richly dressed girl with painted face, darkened eyebrows and painted lips. I saw a man and also at the steady fat girl clad in long scholar robe, she came behind her, but she certainly returned the compliment stopping still in the road and turning around to look at us. She evidently was a vitality girl with bound feet, and she was returning from seeing the Chinese theatre in the dirt of village. The two girls with her were slave girls. All about Carol's age. It gave me a shock such as I have not had in China.

The next day I saw a whole boat load of trunks which the theatrical company had. They were on their way to the island of Nansha. This evening we have invited the compound to come over to sing hymns with us.

Last Friday I made apple biscuit (and bake and lard) and Thursday evening had sandwich time, to prepare for a little tea from 4-6. I invited the compound, also all for the Anglo Chinese College, our Consul General, Mrs. Mcgovern and Mr. and Mrs. Cagley as well as the English vice-consul and his wife. For one reason or another no one except English vice-consul and his wife came, but I was very glad to have them and we had a very nice time with them and golf croquet. I was very thankful again for the little tea service.

On Saturday I went to Sertao and bought a few things which Mrs. Lewis wanted for her Xmas presents to family.

Finally haven't studied much this week. Too busy. We expect to have a quiet Xmas and shall look forward to hearing from you all again at home. The things have come safely, but don't send any
more for the present at least. I haven’t opened them because I want to save them for Christmas but I could see at the ends. We are very grateful for them indeed. There is also a nice comfortable from Mrs. Hildreth. They ran a delightful way of knowing the end at customs exam, and so I can’t help seeing that comes in big packages all the I don’t need until Kona. Several small packages came one from Aunt Cely, one from Mr. B. H., one from Merrill & Co., one from New York. One also the Cartoon Magazine which I suppose George must have sent. It is a splendid number and I have enjoyed it much already. Also The Ladies Home Journal from Aunt Cely, and Little from Delta and Charlie. The amount of money has also continued to come and my diary, Fannie has renewed our subscription. Our friends are too good to us.

There is also a book of snapshots of Patrick family which is perfectly great. I am very pleased. I have placed everything in a big basket.

Time for guests must stop.

Much love to each member.

Of John’s handkerchief arrived yesterday and pleased me immensely. Can’t help seeing it.

Hope my things reach you all safely.

Monday - Just three studying. Ellin has gone to Swanton to help Mr. McPherson get his 25 boxes from home.

Missouri - November

P. 924.

P. 929. Mr. Boursefield’s article on the Chinese.

P. 924a.

P. 929b. From Miss Arthurs at London.

P. 977. A letter from Mr. Holmes who is at Shanghai from U.S. Went to Shanghai.

P. 981. Dr. Taylor - in town on train with him.
I did not think I was going to write so much when I began. Excuse it.

So glad Mother and Carol could go to Br. H. O. How long did you stay?

Will Mr. McLane's shoe shop be continued or not?

Thank you, Papa, for so much news. I was glad to hear about widening of street, and saw will at Bingham.

Rich Mother and you would go to Vermont, Georgia.

How many puppies will be left when Dr. Enny and Clifton are supplied?

We should change characters to our teacher. He couldn't read them!!! % But he laughed.

Thank you so much, John, for your letter. I was awfully glad to hear! So sorry about your pocket book. I hope that it will be returned to you. I am glad you don't want to learn better or mother and Carol.

I want to hear about the smash up with the Ford out. What happened and how much damage was done? Do tell me. What does a perfect storm mean?

The words don't change here in Swatow. But rather there aren't any words. In the coast line foreigners have planted pine trees and there are a few banana and cacao trees, but they slowly put out new branches while the others are still green. The woodland on the front of the house changes color a little.

Ellison lost so many jack knives that he has tied a string around a finger to his knife and so he is able to keep it. Better try it. Good idea!

John, what would you like for a birthday present? So that some books you would like? Please tell me.
If you just how much you enjoyed buying the hat! Remember when you helped me shop in Boston that last day? You were very patient. Thank you for good little song sheet! Such a lovely long letter from Mother Oct. 6th. Tell me if you appreciated it very much! Can it wonderful, mother! How well she has kept fairly well in style? I didn't think when we made that overskirt that it would be just the thing!

So sorry about Carol's sore throat. Suppose it must have improved so she could not have gone to Bridgewater! Send me that table of weights, Carol. Did Carol have any fever with the sore throat?

Wish you could get to Bahama field, mother. I know you would enjoy it. I'm glad about suit.

No mother it, I do not need a suit.

It seems nice to hear of Bertha going out! So glad I beta has new home.

Had nice letter from Emma to insubscribe the other day.

Very glad Margaret Allen is at college. I looked forward to lookin her up.

Has Ruth actually written me back? I want to know about it. That makes me think I haven't been but two of Ruth's letters since she went back, and as she is too busy to write me especially, I think she intends them to come to me. Please send.

My hurry about my watch as long as it is safe.

Dear Aunt Cile, yours and Memnon's letters deserve a good answer but I can afraid must get ready to go down for funeral of baby now. Maybe there will be time when I get ready. In a week I come back.

To my much love to all.

Love.
A trip to Ungkung.

I rubbed my eyes sleepily. "What time is it?" "4.45." I groaned; breakfast was to be at five. It was as dark as Egypt and the cold of the dawn penetrated any part of the body exposed to it. However we actually did arise, eat, and set forth, a carrier having called for our two large baskets containing food, clothing and bedding; and our boy who was to accompany us, carrying his own things and the long poles of the camp bed.

Many boats were quietly resting beside the wharf, but there was a quiet that boded ill for a hurried departure. "Tai-kong a" shouted the boy, "tai-kong a (boatman)" It took several shouts to obtain even a refusal to take us to our launch, and it was many minutes before we succeeded in getting a boatman to wake up, take the covers off his boat and take us across the bay. A half hour at least it took us to get across, and before arrival we were somewhat worried when we heard the whistle of the steam launches, for Chinese boats, altho they have a schedule, prefer to go when they get ready, and we had learned this by actual experience.

An hour or two later we were outside the bay in the China Sea, seated in our own camp chairs in the windiest part of the boat, which was tossing both ways, to the side and forward. It was truly a superhuman task to keep one's equilibrium. The launch started at 7.45 (3/4 Hr. late) and we did not get off until 11.30 when we disembarked to a small boat and were rowed lazily along up a little inlet to the shore. There we were not able to approach within four or five feet of land, and even that was not dry land, but wet, muddy, dirty sea bottom uncovered by the tide. We watched one man carried ashore on the back of Chinese, but not fancying that method, we boldly asked for the rudder as a gang-plank, and then walked thro the mud (not so deep as it looked) to the shore.

There was a wide street by the shore, but it was the filthiest, or smelled smelliest street I have seen in China. On inquiring for the Christian
Chapel, we were led along the streets and others still narrower but equally filthy by an old biddy who finally left us, pointing to our destination. On thro the black fat pigs and chickens and half naked children we went to the chapel, which we found to be a little room in which the preacher and his family lived. On the bed in the corner he lay, asleep. Our entrance awakened him and he arose, apologizing profusely, explaining how he had severe toothache and calling for his two children to bring him his sox, all in the same breath. The yellow sox and Chinese slippers were brought and put on in our presence. In the meantime we had to him that we had expected chairs to meet us here, but we had not found them. He sent his children out to scour the town, and himself called for his blue cotton scholar's gown and foreign hat, so that he could also search, but he had not gone far when he found the chair bearers searching for us. When they saw my tall husband, exclamations went up from every side, and they proved to be well founded, for we had not reached the outside of the village before one chair pole broke. Hundreds of people gathered around us so close that the heat became unpleasant, not a very hot day, either; I counted over sixty children right beside us, and there were women and men, in addition. I was glad when the new pole was in place and we could hurry along on our nine mile ride over a road three feet wide and mostly in the open country. One never sees scattered houses in this region. The houses jostle one another for room and the only yard room is in the open court inside, if the family is wealthy enough to own one.

Twice we had to ferry across small rivers and they charged us as much as ten cents U.S. money for our two chairs and seven people (including chair bearers) and exorbitant sum in China. The ordinary fare is two cash or one tenth of an American cent. But there was no really exciting incident or sight until we came to the city of Ungkung. There children kept running ahead to look at us and the streets were nearly full of mats covered with drying grain. The chairmen would shout to people to get out
the way, but our chair struck the end of a stick which one very old washerman
with bound feet was using to rake the rice and she fell very heavily on the
hard stones. A man ran to her help, and I made an expression of sorrow and tur-
looked back, only to see excited women rushing to the door and shouting.
I tried to make my chairman stop, but they went all the faster, probably
knowing that they would be held responsible. I hope the poor old lady was
no more than slightly bruised, but she certainly had a bad fall.

About 4.30, after ten hours we finally arrived at Mr. Lewis's house,
and then our eyes opened wide in admiration to see his six beautiful
children, each differing from the others, but every one lovely and lovable
beyond words.

Six children! That is enough of a task to keep anyone busy, but to my
great astonishment Mrs. Lewis was training the boys to sing a Christmas hymn.
The next day she took me to a prayer meeting where she played the organ.
Then she gave a music lesson to a teacher who was very anxious to learn how
to play hymns. A little later she took accounts with the head of the girls'
school. The next day she taught Sunday School, and as the days went on my
wonder and admiration grew apace. I said to myself again and again as I saw
her making dresses or Christmas candy or presents, "the busiest people can
always find leisure to do something extra". Here was proof!

That girls' school! I wish you could have seen it. They have three or
four little rooms. The girls sleep three in a bed only three or four feet
wide, there are twenty-one and they have three beds in a little room about
eight by ten or eleven feet. And the school room, oh that is delightful! It
is lighted by raising a square yard or two of tiles about eight inches from the
roof. Of course they can't see anything unless the big barn-like doors are
open, there is not one window in the place. And then cold! I was afraid
to sit down there, even tho I had on a coat and rain-coat and sweater. The
sea breeze nipped their noses and froze their toes. I think the temperature
was about 45 or 48. Isn't it a shame that these nice girls and their two
teachers cannot have a better building?
As I was walking along the road one afternoon I saw approaching a queer group. In the center, walking painfully, with her arms on the shoulders of two poorly clad girls, was a richly dressed girl, with painted face, darkened eyebrows, and colored lips. I am afraid I stared at her, and at her stately father, clad in the long scholar's robe, who came behind her; but she certainly returned the compliment, stopping still in the road and turning around to look. She evidently was a wealthy girl with bound feet, and she was returning from seeing Chinese theater and the dirty village just outside Ungkung. Mrs. Lewis said that the two little girls were undoubtedly her slave girls.

We stayed in Ungkung four whole days besides the days of arrival and When we left we had to get up before dawn and walk three miles to the boat. But "boat doesn't mean the steam launch; oh, no! First we took a very shallow boat which had to be dragged across sand bars and thro' shallows for an hour. A gang of men was kept busy ahead of the boat digging out a channel with a scraper. Then we transferred to a sailboat, down where the water was deeper, but there was no wind, so we were rowed for two hours to where the steamer usually takes on passengers. But we had to wait nearly an hour and a half more before the steamer came, at about 12.20. This launch was a very nice English boat and we had a very comfortable trip out into the open sea and home, with a blue sky and white seagulls and beautiful mountainous islands to satisfy our eyes. Really it was as beautiful as the Japanese Inland Sea of which we hear so much.

Home again, to study Chinese with a new zest. There is nothing like a country trip to pick up new expressions to increase one's interest.

I forgot to say that my husband accompanied Mr. Lewis on a two days' preaching tour, where they visited many homes, and husband without any preparation made a ten minute speech in Chinese. I surely could not do that.

To E. Lane, Rockport, Mass.

Finally...
Dear family of mine,

It is already 3:15 P.M. Monday and your letters not written yet. Study goes to the winds, these days. Glad now for our rainy Christmas!

First let me say - Mrs. Millhouse sends me a little package for birthday addressed Kafchidch, Swatow and they sent it back saying no such place. and as I would address letters.

E. S. N.

% American Baptist Mission
Swatow, China.

(This is best)

We have had a very rainy and foggy week. From Tuesday last there have been intermittent rains which have made the house cold and damp so that we have been glad of a fire.

I studied last Monday, played tennis, played the organ for Mrs. Holly and met with committee to plan some dinner in ear.

Tuesday my machineman was giving me an extra day but I thought it too wet to wash, also! and as I worked hard keeping mending and sewing ready ahead of the time so Bob Chi wanted it. It takes a little planning as one has to get everything ready so that she can put the muddle immediately on. By old again I was doing the same thing as it was too many to match when about 1100 E. called me and there I saw three girls, one of whom I recognized as Laura Ward Mount Holyoke 1908 with her was Miss Cord a southern Vermont girl of Middlebury College, and Miss Perkins a Maine girl, the first coming out on his first trip and the second returning from furlough. You may well believe I greeted them cordially, and just flew around having the guest room just in order (we had been stacking some things in there) and getting the cook to enlange and change the dinner a little. And I was glad enough to set up an extra cot in the guest room and han them all three stay with me until the next afternoon when they had to start o
toward Iovehow. They had to spend that rainy Christmas on the miserable boat. Wasn't that a shame!

We didn't do much—there was not much to do. We waited the three of the big schools on the compound, and entertained three lots of drawn work and read and played. Luckily prayer meeting was at our house instead of some other, and so the girls met all our people.

Christmas Day dawned gray and dismal—drew at 5:00 but E. was sleeping so soundly that I did not want to awaken him, and as I lay they trying to go to sleep again, but all the time with my head too full of thoughts of you people and the excitement of Christmas to go to Dreamland again.

Finally we opened our stockings just about breakfast time and it was such fun. I'll make a list for I know you want to know.

Comfortable from Miss Hildreth.

Greetings from mother.

Pups from Papa.

Thank you from Marion story. photo cards of Mr. Tom. Senn lot from Helen story. Snakes. shrine. Dr. Young's picture from the Nord.

Socks tied & handkerchiefs for E. from Auntie Abu. Ladies Home Journal from Auntie Cele

Photo from Arthur Holley fine.

Post cards from missionaries etc.

Post from Miss Sollman.

Small boy — Dr. Resman

Cardal stick from Mr. and Mrs. Adams.

Sweet smell from the Greenland.

Bird (The Woman) Dr. Bacon.

Adorable Miss Capen.


Calendar. Leather.

Dream book from A. Kline.

Newly serving tray from E.

Match box for E. from Carpenter.

Pineapple table for E. — me.

Thickening blanket E. not yet arrived.

Also 10:00 from Miss Hildreth.

1:15 " Clear sky."
Polly sent some photos of Baby and self.
Dr. sent a little Christmas ornament.
Mrs. B. sent lovely white silk gloves.
Daddy B. had already sent book & photos to family & house.

Beth and Ruth sent me the college hymn book—Handel.
Jennie sent Mt. Holyoke.
Ruth sent long white gloves.
Mrs. Kendig made a coat collar with lace edging for Betty and Spring holder other things to follow later.

John sent a "red.

Story "Cotton.

Mama and not only and L. H. J. but helps for me and lovely more Carson, and a dainty white silk end.
Mr. & Mrs. sent a game of Riddles.

Kiddie "Clothings.

Della & Charlie sent a trifle.

There is sending a thing.

So you can see what a big pile of things we had—20th parcel from brother & Carol on the way.

Everybody does too much for us.

We attended services Christmas morning and decorated Christmas trees all AM.
Papa E. was not invited it being women's work but he enjoyed games with Mrs. Ingleson.
For Mrs. The fleshman is still sick and uncomfortable.

The xmas trees were so pretty and it was such a revelation to see the little boys buy the dolls and tenderly and so happy to hold one.
The little brachter toy and a little tubersen girl who cannot sit up was made happy this could be by little gifts of dolls etc.

They were thirty and children at the biggest tree and they were allowed to choose their dolls. Of

The children had to see them circle around the tree looking at this one or that. They certainly did not choose for style but according to shoes and stockings and eyes. Some of the about stylishly dressed and not taken until the end. and the little dolls in long baby dresses were not at all pretty.

Our big dinner on Saturday ad Mrs. Copley 1920.
A grand success except that our chief guests, the Brusfield's did not arrive. They had had 9 days of rain to contend with on their long trip by train and boat. It has been a very hard for them.

At dinner on that night:

Cheeseman soup.

Turkey (very tender and delicious) gravy.

Masked potatoes - new potatoes.

Peas.

Pickles.

Beets.

Tomato salad

Salad (pickled)

Plum pudding.

Curly wuri, nuts, raisins, dates.

Pumpkin pie.

Mince pie.

Coffee.

Jousts.

Husband had to give one.

I had several over to sing Xmas hymns Thursday night and had of toast. - Husband - left for another. Sunday night.

Taken all in all, the week has been very full. I have been marking my old books and putting winter clothes in order.

To-day must wash my dentures - also my hair. And write a few important notes.

On Dec. 31, a little dance or big supper is given at Mrs. Margarlene's. Must change that chiffon cape for chiffon dress that I wore at Folgy's. All well. The inside looks all sunny and so rotten that my finger goes thus at any place, but otherwise it is very respectable.

Think I shall try a Lamb's Dreamer's form for the usual Christmas. At Hong Kong.

Wish you all, all the friends for all the Xmas presents and heaps of love for the New Year. LPH.