Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Folder label: LLH to Carrie and Everett Lane (parents), from Chaochowfu, Peking, Peitaiho

Dates: 1922-1924

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Choo chow for via Swatow
January 1, 1922.

Dear Father,

I sent a letter to-day with seven or eight snapshots in envelope, and when been worrying ever since for fear the envelope was not strong enough to hold them. Do send me a postal soon after you receive this, telling me whether mother has received the envelope containing pictures taken in December at Khachich? Ask mother to send my letters to George if does not get home to see them. Hope
Dear Ones All,

Monday morning I began getting the house ready for company. I cleared out a bureau and had it put into the guest room where I had neither bureau nor wardrobe. I also changed around the furniture in our big big bedroom making it so that a bed was visible when the door was open, instead of a whole lot of windows! Then there were times papers and boxes and strange from yesterday's parcels to be put away.

I had been to a funeral in the morning and came home for a late dinner, dump with the first rain of the season. The children had to be in the house most of the day, and got along nicely. I,ogan Howard and music lessons and in all that, for us, including Alice, we had to wash the dress man, fill a piece of glass in the garden, and finish painting the picture in the picture frames. I found myself by painting infected both with bookworm medicine. The servants were supposed to have done it last spring, but they either did not do a good job or they got in again?

On Tuesday I again worked on the books, practically finishing the job in the evening with Bob's help. The worn books are thrown outside, others are painted. In two the advertisements and covers of good magazines (such as the National Geographic) and then paint them. My cheeses also received a little attention.

The next day I went a little more, did the final picking up— and kept myself busy including ands who offered himself for any small job that may have been waiting for him. In the afternoon Mrs. Pollock of Swarts with her two children came with Mrs. Baker for tea, and me. All morn. I also took accounts with the cook and wrote some.

Please excuse this diary form of letter. I get more monotone.
but it comes from my having started on these calendar sheets and not being able to go on, because the sheets were missing.

Yesterday (Thursday) towards eleven came again. Oh, I forgot to say that on Wednesday it turned cold and the north wind blew and nearly everyone said, 'Oh, we are tired of the warm winter.' We had a fire in the fireplace there last fortnight and hot water bottle in the bed at night. Then made sleeping bags for horse at night, and we all manage to keep comfortable with the temperature around 50°. I suppose. I have not put on any heavy underwear yet and hope not to.

Mrs. Stuart of Wabunqua, who used with her husband to live in Labrador (in Dr. Grenfell and Atkinson) came here Thursday. Her husband, Mr. Stuart, is taking the place of the post doctor at Nain. Mr. Stuart took over charge of a hospital in Czechoslovakia during part of the war and all in all, they have both had very interesting experiences. Mrs. Stuart has three children: a girl in England, two girls and a boy, the oldest about thirteen and the youngest about six or seven. I guess I just happened to think about the money Uncle Charlie gave Ellis when he returned from the war here. I am using it to help educate a boy to become a preacher. He seems bright and quite promising and so we hope it will do a lot of good. He went him to Kitchick's Academy and Seminary. The fellow don't have enough money to buy food, but is coming out to help and earn money before he goes.

The money which Fannie Kilduth's class sent we are using to start an industry of tatting and lace making for the students who need to earn money in order to attend school and hear about Christianity. I'll try to write Fannie myself sometime.

With love,

Mary

Note: This note is for Jan 20, 21, and is the chronological ordn.
Dear folks at home,

This has been a rather uneventful week, and you
will see from the calendar that Social events are
the thing for this week around Chinese New Year. The men begin visiting in the very day, but
women have to wait nearly a week before it is fitting to go out. Some
expecting Mrs. Pang and her six-year-old son Howard to come up on Wednesday,
and she will do some of the visiting with us.

I am enclosing a clipping from the North China Star, the information
for the article given by the Anti-opium Society, I think. Another article
followed it, and I have seen articles, etc., references to this condition from
other sources. This clipping might be sent to the Missionary Society.

The Japanese are responsible for this importation of drugs.

Today (Jan. 30) is a dull rainy day colder than it has been for several
days all the weather. I thought of Aunt Cal's birthday, and mother
and daddy's anniversary, and uncle Charlie's birthday when they
came, and wondered what kind of day you all had, and hoped they
were very happy.

I had a lovely photograph of Bob and Beth, and their two
children, Alice and Ralph, come yesterday. It is a group where little
Alice is the most prominent. At the right, Beth holds her on his left
knee, while Alice is chair close to him, then Beth with Baby Ralph
near by close, the chair close to him, then Beth with Baby Ralph
very close to him to her left. Beth is leaning over rather too much
from to get a good look at her face, but that is my only criticism
of the picture.
The Christmas box from George and Eula was a great joy to the children. John was entranced by the whistle which he experimented with in connection with the cat 😻 and the new toy etc. etc. I wish you all could have seen the cute little doll Alice with its little tiny crocheted bonnet and shirt and its cute clothes. There was some delicious candy, too, and a pretty rectory for E.S.H., and a mammy recipe notebook for me which I feel I do not at all to keep, even tho it was the very thing I needed to make my undressing complete. I must ask you all not to be too good to us. Just see what I have had just in the way of clothes if only I can remember it all: white skirt, white petticoat, milk waist. 1 apron, 1 flannelette dress, 1 summer dress, 1 nightgown, 2 chemises, 2 pairs of shoes, 1 metal belt, 1 reticule bag, 1 pair of white stockings.

To mention me other George's vest which is said to be coming but which has not yet arrived.

Now if I should add the list of children's clothing you would see what a lot. I shall really have to make very little for Alice this spring, but I cannot tell about John until I see how much he has grown.

Ellen is reading for a sermon to have to give in about 10 weeks. He is studying up about "mysticism," because he has no faith in it. He is interested in it, partly because one or more has been a mystic, another partly, and partly because it is mysticism among the girls who have recently come out, seems to be mysticism. "Isn't it queer, world!"

I wish more and more that Aunt Cell could come out for 4 years or so, or longer if she found it agreeable. I find that living conditions are much more normal now that we have the neighbors and the children, too. We have not suffered with cold at all this winter.
Rock Hill, South Carolina, Feb 25, 1922

Deer Am. lil Worcester

Charles B. and Pearl

I dreamed last night that there was a big snowstorm at home, and I wonder if there was. It came on like a squall and was wonderful right to see. I remember trying to telephone and I suppose the house was my father's and I suppose I was telephoning Daddy to come home at once, but it is all indistinct except that view of the snow laden sky and the first much which was more like the surf of the sea than an ordinary storm. I hope there has not been too much hard cold weather for you all. It certainly has been warm here. We did not even thought of putting on heavy underwear.

Congratulations, Daddy, on your increase in salary! They ought to raise it $400 the next time, but perhaps they would prefer to do it gradually. I am certainly glad. If you get what you deserve it would be nearer $500. — but that does not mean true desert either, for those cannot be valued in dollars.

I hate to think of Aunt Celie going on an actual case. It doesn't seem right for her to have any hard work to do.
Ellen brought home some letters today, and I was sincerely glad— a letter from John is a rare thing and I thoroughly enjoyed. I thought there was one from him in the previous mail, but it turned out to be from Miss Tingley (isn’t she good to write?) and altogether I was pleased to hear from her. I was disappointed that I didn’t hear from John. Now I can’t wait and also I have a note from Gladys. I really haven’t written her, especially, but I am not sure whether or not. Her note was very dear and I think she must be all that John says. I am so glad!

Then there was a lovely letter from mother telling just the things I wanted to know. Annie’s love affairs are like a serial story and I can hardly wait for the next development in the next issue.

Fannie gave us the “American Magazine” last year and for months there has been a most engrossing mystery story in it, entitled “The Blue Circle.” Although our last number came a day or two ago, the story is not finished, and I believe I will continue our subscription until it ends.
Charlie and the family is sending us the Youths' Companion and we find it very entertaining. John will love it as he gets older.

My nurse is to go to Kittyang (starting Monday) for a much needed operation on her nose and throat. I expect she will be away about three weeks. I shall be quite tired and shall enjoy doing for the children myself lots of the things that I let the nurse do now. John, of course, does not require so much care as he used to. He eats with us, and I dare let him out of my sight sometimes for a half hour at a time, although I like to be where I can run look at him or hear his voice. Once or twice he has gone outside the big gate, saying that he was going to find Daddy. And Alice is very good. She will sit and play by herself very contentedly. But if she and John are together, they must be constantly watched or
Monday eve., Feb. 27th

Now a good letter has come from Aunt Cole telling me lots of details that I wanted to hear about her work in Shanghai. I shall write her especially there, if I can get to it to-night.

My nurse has started for Nanking and I have spent a very pleasant day with the children. Before she went, I gave Hannah a half hour music lesson, and wrote your notes for her to take.

Miss Wells and Miss Chadburn came over for tea and they Miss Chadburn play Beethoven’s Symphony (No. 1) with me. She reads very well and it is a pleasure to play with her. Am I not lucky to have her in the City for awhile? She is the only satisfactory player I have found so far. But there are two other girls who I think can do it fairly well.

I started in playing the little organ at the Chi-then (religiously) morning service. I shall (hope) do that regularly now, and Mrs. Baker will take charge of the afternoon Sunday School.

I was very glad to get that picture and letter from the Philippines.
Tuesday ev. Feb. 28.

It is 9:20 already— and I am disappointed. The nurse being away, I must to get John and Alice into bed before we have supper, and it means a 7:10 P.M. or 7:45 meal— and so no time to write in. Alas!

I have Daddy's good letter of Jan. 1 before me. It was so good to hear from him directly.

What was the matter with Nuttie grey? Had she been sick? Did she die suddenly of heart failure? I was very sad.

Ellen, loves the poems of Edgar A. Guest. He has read me some from a book called "The Path to Home." They are full of love and reality and home spirit.

The afghan must be very nice and warm for Daddy; I am so glad he has it. And the electric lamp must be nice too.

I found an American dime in Mother's last letter. I shall have to save that for furco.

I am so glad the dress I made for Mattie finally arrived. I had worried so for fear you couldn't find a high duty on it!

Wasn't it lovely that Marion came in? Could get home and come to Bingham too!

That is because of automobiles! It is wonderful
What is Annie's Beach case? I do hope she will marry this man and I do want to know about it and send her a pretty wedding present. By the way I could send things home for other members of the family to buy and give if they want me to. Forget much more for money buying Chinese or other than other ways where you have to pay full retail price.

I mentioned that I left the dozen film spoons (which were originally Hattie's) for John and Carol, didn't I? Father has them in the bank, I think.

Now it is about 10:10 P.M. and I'm going to bed early as I have a cold strengthen. Haven't had a mine this winter.

Much much love to yourself.

Lettie.

Uncle Aunt Cele last night, but shall have to write it over as I did a lot of thinking on paper. I don't want her to work unless she has an easy, pleasant job which does not require much of her.
Virginia Aunt Alice would advertise for position as companion on mother’s return across continent and Pacific. Virginia Aunt Alice would go wherever she came and here brief and bring Aunt Alice along. Love, L.
Dear Mother,

We have had more comfortable weather for three days now, and it is such a relief! The other night Ellison took 500 mosquitoes off our mosquito nets before we went to bed. They have been continually getting inside when we get in, and no wonder with such a crowd inside the house.

John has been having such fun with the silkworms. He has fed them mulberry leaves until they are fat and full, and then watched them spin a cocoon. Some of them he has kept to spin a cocoon for a lantern, and now they have got to the stage where they come out as white moths and are laying eggs. He is also very much interested in listening to an insect book about grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, butterflies, ants, bees, etc. He wants me to read a chapter in it every day.

I am putting a sample of the heavy pongee silk which I have bought for a suit for Ellison. I get it for 80 gold a yard, I think.
We have had more busy days. Yesterday I took the children to Rochester to make hood tests for Maria. Alice has had a good deal of fever lately, and we find she has malarial. John also still has a little. Than the least of the whole bunch - us.

John and Alice were glad for the chance to have a little while to play with Kenneth Garman. He and Alice are very much devoted to one another.

I came home for luncheon, because Miss Borz was here. She came down Friday night for the week-end. On Friday evening we had three sailors in for dinner. One was from St. Augustine, one from New Jersey, and one from New York. Maxim Boz sang for them, and they sang some, and we surely did enjoy it.

I had been out for tea at Mrs. Engerman's in the afternoon. She is a German woman who has been very lonely, and whose baby boy died shortly after the typhus last summer (he had delicious ice cream there). That is always a big celebration in this climate.
Saturday afternoon I made several calls with Mrs. Berg and intended going to movies on the "Asheville" in the evening, but I was greatly relieved when I docked the boat, and so had a little time to clean up my deck and do a few things.

Then received Mrs. Eldredge two nice letters (on the same mail) and had already sent her an envelope B sample handkerchiefs, chiefly because there is no duty on samples. It will take me a little longer to get the others off as I have to measure off the tatting, and it takes time. Her P.O. order came alright, I have not cashed it yet, but will soon.

The U.S.S. Asheville has had several baseball games, but the most interesting one for the championship took place yesterday P.M. I wished it could go, but I couldn't. I haven't seen a game since I can remember.

He has loaded our cooie. He was accursed by the mule.
of doing something very wrong, and he did not dare stand the investigation. Our boy was sick with fear, too, and so we were rather short-handed.

I had three Chinese here for dinner on Wednesday evening. They could all speak good English and it was so interesting. All of them had been persecuted for becoming Christians. All of them (being well-to-do) had been urged by their fathers to take a second wife or concubine, but not one of them had done so.

Chinese fathers can bring a good deal of pressure to bear on their children. They want many descendants to worship them.) I had called in the homes of two of these Chinese the day before. Mr. Sing is wealthy and has a very beautiful home with a pond of water in the spacious grounds. Mr. Tang rents an apartment in Mr. Sing's home.

I had a rather strange experience last Tuesday. A pert, callowess, but otherwise decently dressed, except that he smoked badly and talked poor English) came to the house.
And asked for dinner. He said that he was on his way to Canton to get work. He said that he had been in China three years, and that he had not heard from his mother, and his father (whom he heard from) during that time. (Was he a clergyman?)—during that time. He does not often meet a world-tramp out here, but that is what he seemed to be.

The same day I had a call from Mr. Coulter (Sun Made Raius). Ellison went along and called on his wife and took them both to the beach with the children, while I went off for a swim and picnic, and we had a double dinner with Kakehick. Ellison has gained four pounds. "Troxay! It might be 1/6." Military operations are going on as usual, but we do not know much about them. Any tie in with
about 400 men (the men formerly garrisoned of this district) drove out Khoo Shong Tú who had about 4000. There was no fighting except a few stray shots of bees against those who were slow in getting away. General Hau is said to be an opium friend. Gambling has started again openly on the streets.

As I sit here at my desk, I get a very good view of the streets along the water front. Richbears with their tinkling bells (something like sleigh bells) are constantly passing. Coolies carrying water or other things are constantly passing too.

A few minutes later - the advance guard of a new army has passed since I last wrote, and they are glad to find a place to settle in for the night. I have seen them carrying boards to use as beds. Goodness knows where they stole them.
The children are on the roof of the veranda with the nurse. 

They just took them a lunch of fruit juice and crackers.

Then Mother's letters of April 16 and 24 which are much appreciated. I was glad to hear of the baptisms.

Congratulate Daddy on his reelection at the Bank. This is the 37th year, is it? A long and good service faithfully done.

Tom has a new enclosed car, has he? Isn't that good? I am so glad!

I don't understand at all about Ralph Nordstrom's death. 

Was he a deserter from the army? Was he imprisoned? Was he shot while trying to escape? If so, why was anyone to blame?

Mr. Harvey has certainly done a lot for the church and I see to be very grateful. Will you give the dollar to

Eldredge for some thing, mother, at the church or something else needy? Perhaps Marion needs it more than anybody. Use it just as you see fit.
Did I send film & pictures taken in Boston during furlough to Aunt Celia?

Aunt Fan wants copies of herself driving John, and the group taken on Mr. Holyoke. We haven't any films yet, and I can't remember whether we have them at C'hao-ch'ou-fu or not.

Is Mrs. Richardson at home for any length of time? How are Elsie, Henry, and Marie?

How interesting to see the history of the Pickering house. So Dad has sold it again, and the Bear Skin Neck property, too. Good for him!

You will miss Isabel in the church, won't you? She certainly is energetic!

I feel pretty well. I am thin, but very much better than I was.

I am anxious to hear what you think of the pictures Mr. Adams took.

Now it is 5:10 P.M. It threatened to rain sprinkled, and so we did not take the children to the beach as we had planned. I am delighted to get a few minutes to write. Keep your notebook, etc.

Love, Uncle Charlie, Stella

Lettie, Helen glad you are better. Her desire to write is strong.
Sept. 8, 1922.

Dear Folks,

Is Aunt Cece in Hingham, and is Ruth teaching again? The last I heard, Ruth was starting on that Maine trip, and I know that she must have had a lovely time. How did all the birthday go? Has Mrs. Page yet sent on the things for Marion and Ruth? I wonder that the duty on drawn work is to be 90%. Isn't that awful!

I have been pleased to get the home letters. It was a tragic story across the street, wasn't it? I certainly rather hear, than to hear it just come out in allusions in letters. Then Aunt Cece always knows how to tell a thing in such a way that it shocks one as little as possible.

Well, folks, I am on a steamer going north to Shanghai. And how did it all come about?

Well, there was to be a noted gynecologist (woman's doctor) from U.S.A., in Peking this month of September, and although I did not need to go at once, Mrs. Leach...
thought that I ought not to lose this opportunity to get the best advice and treatment (possibly an operation) while this man was in the country.

And came to me in August about him, but I decided that I just couldn't go so far and leave the children and Ellison. However, we let Dr. Everham write up to find if I could be received and attended to, even if I did come. They telegraphed back, "Bring patient to missionary rates." Now this answer which we had thought would be negative, and which we had feared would be very late on account of the typhoon, came very promptly, so that it would give me time to go back to Chefoo, pack up, go to Swatow etc. and get on the boat with our American children who were going to Shanghai to school for the winter, and to arrive in Peking while the specialist was there, and also while two of our doctors (Dr. Marguerite Everham, and Dr. C. B. Leake) were
[Handwritten text not legible]
Dear Mother and Daddy,

You, doubtless, have my letter from Shanghai telling you of my unexpected trip here. Well, I came straight along on Monday the 11th, because Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were coming then, and I could come along. As it was a trip of ten days and a night in strange country under strange conditions, I was very glad to come with folks whom Mr. Ether knew, and whom I knew the friends. The train from Shanghai to Peking is a very good one for China, but one has to stop at Nanjing, go across a ferry, and get on another train, and some trains have to stop at Tientsin, thus necessitating another change, and I felt rather green. The trains are English built with compartments for four people going across the car. I went 2nd class, which is not luxurious, but comfortable except as to toilet and washing arrangements, and these are very bad. I came straight to the hospital as you will find in Ellin's letter, and yesterday the doctors relieved us by saying that they could give me radium treatment instead of an operation. This is the plan. I am to stay around in bed a good part of the time in a week, but allowed to go out for exercise every day and then on my birthday Sept. 26, I celebrate by having the use of 50 milligrams of radium (with 5000) under ether. Well, I am mighty thankful to escape worse. I have merely a small fibroid tumor and they are getting it while it is young!

In the meantime, I am away from my family and miss them very much. Try not to worry about the children, but I know it must be hard on Mrs. Baker. I have not yet been able to receive any mail since I left, but expect some soon.
Streets are very wide, and there are many trees. I suppose perhaps that streets are not wide in the Chinese city, but in the节日 parts they are

Peking is a most interesting city. I wish I could see it thoroughly, but I probably shall get only a few glimpses. Although I am right in the center of political happenings, I hear less than I did in the South.

Close the coldness! The first night I arrived my room was 80° and it rained 78° in the am, and I was disappointed to have come 1200 miles more or less and find only six or eight degrees difference. But each day since, it has been about 10 degrees cooler so that this morning it was about 64° and I was Joyce. Now they have gone and put on the steam heat and it is warm, even the I have turned it off, and put up the window! I am enjoying all the comforts of the best hospital at home. I am sitting in a Morris chair writing by the light of a shaded electric light. Then I have enjoyed the change in food very much. We have had fresh fruit—real pears, apples, peaches, plums, etc. They are delicious.

Dr. Everham took me to church this morning at the British Legation. It was an Episcopal service, but the preacher was extremely interesting in a fifteen or twenty minute talk. While we were out, we got glimpses of the Forbidden City with its yellow (imperial color) roofs. It is surrounded by massive yellow-tinted walls and formerly when the Manchus ruled, no one was allowed to enter. Even now the Prince lives there, they say, and men bow to him every day! But the wall of the Forbidden City is nothing in size to the great walls which surround the City—60 feet broad at base and 50 feet high! They are the greatest walls I have ever seen!
I'm coming to Peking from Shanghai. We crossed the Yangtze and the Hoang Ho or Yellow River. The Yangtze was muddy, but the Yellow River was the dirtiest, muddiest, chocolate-colored river (and not very wide at that) I ever saw. When in flood it is miles and miles wide.

People in the North (Chinese) are taller and of bigger physique than those in the South. A coolie with this morning's appearance had a pigtail pulled on his rickshaw home. He was in no rags too! Poor man! That is why I took his rickshaw. One pays ten pennies for riding a mile or so. The rickshaws are very comfortable because they have springs and the wheels are rubber-tired. Great improvement over Swatow rickshaws.

I wish you people could see all that I am seeing. I went to a flower and fruit bazaar on Thursday, and that was very beautiful and fragrant, and picturesque.

This Rockefeller Hospital is a wonderful institution and will save many lives to China. Beautiful rugs are made here of camel's hair.
As I listened to the music yesterday, it was interrupted by the squeakiness of the big wheelbarrows (which take the place of our express wagons at home). By street cries, by automobiles and the muffled pat, pat, pat of mule-drawn carriages running along.

I saw singleless two-wheeled wagons, some uncovered, and some covered with a cloth like our ancient prairie wagons.

I saw men riding in little brocanteos or donkey-burros; I don't know what to call the cunning thing. There are horses and horse-drawn carriages, but the horses are larger than the southern horses; are not very large, and not that I have seen are big.

Good night to every dear one of you. I love you lots. I hope that you are all well. Take good care of yourselves.

Sottie
American Board C.P.D.  
Peking—December 16, 1923.

Dear Dad,

It was good of you to send Marion's nice long letter to me, and I am sending it back promptly to show how much I appreciate it. It is 6:20 on Sunday evening, and I suppose that the day is just beginning with you in U.S.A.

Here it is windy just now. You never saw anything like Peking dust. If the wind blows and it frequently does, the sky is clouded by it, and in a real dust storm, even when the windows are shut tight, the dust blows in, in gusts that you can see.

When I came in from a short trip yesterday, there was black dust on my eyelids, and in the corners of my eyes, and a great black streak down one side of my nose, where my eye had watered and caught all the dust!! Somuch for dust! Oh, one doctor says that one should use an antiseptic eye wash every day, if one wants to keep one's eye in good condition—free from dust germs!
Yesterday I saw Chinese making Cloisonne. Do you know what it is like? A design in fine brass wire is made on a thin brass base or bowl or napkin ring, or salt celler. Then crushed rock I think is beaten in and colored is added. Maybe there is a green dragon on a dark background. Then the whole thing is filed smooth and polished so that the wire glistens in the design. The wire is just as fine as I almost as fine as I draw it on this drawing. It is delicate and skilled work.

I went to another shop where they make beautiful electric lights and lamp shades and lanterns to hold candles. The design is painted on silk which is stretched over a black wood frame. One design was line of camels going along a road in sight of the great wall of China, or the great walls of Peking. The camel and wall wire painted in black on an orange silk background. They were
very beautiful.

This morning, I went to church at the auditorium of the Hospital, and beside me sat a Russian girl, who knew so little English that she found difficulty in finding the hymn in the hymn book. I think she was a Russian refugee. I got her name and address, but do not know whether I shall see her again or not.

Your letter was mailed to me on the day of my operation. You would have been interested to know when you mailed it, wouldn't you?

I have a comfortable room here with electric lights and steam heat—but my! wouldn't I love to be home when I have to be away from the kiddies and clean at any rate. I could go back to Swallow for the winter months, but the doctor
think that it would be too crowded and that I would make myself too busy or too worried or something.

Well, I have made up my mind to make the best of it. I shall learn all I can of mission work, take and visit the Y.W.C.A. and the Salvation Army - and try some important dental work done, and read and write, and play piano, and help busy people, and the time will be gone before I know it - and half the things I planned will be undone, I fear.

I went home from church this A.M., and walked to Yenching College to visit Chinese girls from Suan Soo and back again this P.M.

The day when your letter came, I had ten letters. Wasn't that nice? We got two letters in letters here. One day we have a great many ten maybe there are only two or the for ten days or two weeks again.

I hope you'll have a happy Xmas and New Year and lots of love.

S Art.
Dear Dad,

I'll send this letter to you, as it has the card for Miss Day in it.

Thank you lots for newspapers and little enclosures in letters. I am always so glad to hear.

I wish you could visit Peking for a month or two, and ride in a rickshaw!

Very much love to you, dear Daddy,

I wish I could see you oftener.

Seddie.

Jan 3, 1924.
The most interesting trip this week has been a visit to the Forbidden City, Peking. It is a series of yellow-tiled-roofed buildings covering a large space, separated by paved court yards and surrounded by a high thick wall. It was formerly the winter palace. Even now in a corner of it where guards prevent anyone from entering, lives the Manchu prince and his household. He still has a good deal of social position, and there is much pomp and ceremony.

The Chinese treatment of him is quite different from the Russian treatment of the former Czar.

The whole spacious area is arranged with a view to avoid any crowding such as one sees in a Chinese city, for instance. Curved marble bridges cover a narrow stream of water. There are three together, instead of one broad one. Three pairs of carved marble stairs (ignoring the central one is marble, but the side pieces are all a soft sparkling white or creamy marble such as I have never seen in U.S.A.) lead to a terrace paved with stone. Two more sets of carved stairs with carved pieces between them lead to two other terraces and then above that is a huge building - about 60-90 feet high inside - called the throne room. This big pillars support a roof magnificently painted in soft colors green, blue, gold - etc. The pillars themselves are mostly dull red, except for the few around the raised throne which seem to be covered with gold lacquers.

A wonderful carved screen in dark wood is placed
behind the throne.

I must not go into such detail, or I'll never get there.

This room must be more than a hundred feet long and

ra
tilled around it are my precious bits of furniture.

carved wardrobes ten or twelve feet high. Even the brass things
in it about ten inches high are carved - beautiful dark wood.

carved jade - (jade is very hard). Screens and chairs.

Rich and gaudy furniture.

Dinahorn chairs.

Choice enameled sets of bells and ornaments.

Long panels with paintings of emperors and empresses.

Painted glass and silk screens.

The furniture is worth about "30,000,000.00" at least.

Then we passed our courtyards room by room for

thousands of years - to several buildings which

now from a museum of things collected by Yuan

Shih K'ai. Right amidst these wonderful examples

of Chinese art are four large pieces of Gobelin

tapestry presented to the Chinese emperor by Louis

XVII of France. They are wonderful things. One worker

is kept busy a year making 1 yard and 1/2 half. The colors

are beautiful and from a distance the thing looks like a

painting. Even near, the faces of the figures are not

grottesque. It is perfectly wonderful that they can

mean the human face in cloth. They even put in shadows.

The paintings were much better than I have ever seen before, and I came away with a higher respect for Chinese art, and industry, and skill than I have ever had before.

On the terrace approaching the throne room were large bronze turtles, storks, horses, two each. There was a marble sundial on a carved marble stand. Brass urns from four to six feet high were all around in almost every corner, and on each side of this big hall were huge brass urns so big that I could barely look over the top when I pulled myself up.

I wish you could all see it.
Ryss

217 East Cliff, Pituaiho, Chilili Proo.
June 14, 1924.

Dear One,

I rather feel as if I had neglected you recently. I always become confused when I move, and time passes for more swiftly than I realize.

Now this week we have arrived at Pituaiho, and are fairly well settled - although it took longer than usual because my baggage did not arrive for two days.

We are charmed with the place and I cannot tell you how grateful I am for such a wonderful summer in the north, in a screened cottage within sight of the sea and mountains. As I write I hear the waves lapping the beach. I am so glad for the children to know what a nice beach and shells and sea bathing are!!

Oh, it is wonderful!

I believe I have sent you pictures making our room with a crown. The heart of the house is the big verandah. Our end is 12 x 17 feet and altho' it is common to the whole house we get the most use of it.
The long twilight of the north are a joy too. I am so hoping that Aunt Dido will come soon enough to see and enjoy this lovely spot.

There is a beautiful safe beach for the children to play with quantities of shells, and when the tide goes down, one can find many kinds of shell fish moving about. One has to walk a long distance in order to get a place deep enough to swim. John is very anxious to learn to swim. Alice is a little more timid. John buried a shell the other day and said, "Now there will be a big tree covered with shells."

There are rocks for them to climb over too, and there is another beach near by where there is real deep water for swimming. There are many cottages near by but I think they are not too crowded for comfort. Soon there will be hundreds of Americans and Brits here, as well as some other nationalities. I find that Mrs. Larabees is of Swiss parentage — and her husband must be of German origin, but one would never know it. They are both very nice people. I've been having very good food with plenty of strawberries. I know that you will be glad for that.
In left Tunghein Thursday 8th at 5:15 and at Peking were
hoped by Mr. Burton a former schoolmate (Union) of Ellerton. He made
it very easy for me and other friends met us at this end. We went on
the night train, and so did not mind the long train journey at all—in fact it
was quite luxurious travelling in a little room with two berths and a seat
and table (folding up against wall) and a little toilette washroom in one corner. I never
have had such a nice place in China before, and never in U.S.A. except once
when we had a state room.

Everybody was very nice to us at Tunghein, and we were really
sorry to leave the nice friends we have made there. My class of
Chinese boys came (on a large number of them) to see us off at the
station.

I wish I could make this scene more vivid to you so that
you could picture us. Imagine we had a bungalow at South End
near the beaches and about three hundred yards from shore but still
with a broad expanse of water visible—and mountains, too, in the
distance in the side.
We had lovely birds at Tranghaian, but there are few trees here. The wild flowers, however, are lovely—yellow lilies wild in the grass, and red-carnations (?) and a pretty white flower.

There will be a kindergarten for the children later. You will see by the snapshots I sent how the children are growing. John seems only about six inches from my shoulder. He weighs 47 and Alice 39 lbs. She, too, is getting to be almost as tall as John. They are good companions, Ethel, she enjoys children of her own age, as John does, too.

We are having goat's milk to drink and that is very good for them. I could not tell it from cow's milk.

On this end of the verandah we have 4 hammocks, a straw rug, a long steamer chair, a caneswing, two rattan chairs, a deck chair, and two tall wire mesh baskets and my suitcases with writing material in them.

The big arched door is about ten feet from the ground, and that is a convenient place for the children to put their hats, or shells, or pebbles, or play things.

My nurse is very happy here, because she can get fresh fish & shell fish. She & John & Alice catch fresh crabs every day, and eat them—little sea ones. We all like them but there is very little meat to them.
I am so sorry to hear that Marion has had the rheumatism or sciatica—she is as painful as the other. I learned this in the mail which found waiting for me when I arrived, I was so glad to get it! The parcel from Ruth (count) was fine too.

I am troubled that Aunt Cele should have so much trouble with teeth and smallpox vaccination. Hate to think of her suffering with them. Wish I knew what she needed but it seems foolish to send things when duty will have to be paid on them and I can have them waiting here.

How is Della? I try to write her and expect I shall get it now.

I was much interested in Esther's desire to come to China. Wish she could come with Aunt Cele on a three year contract. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

Wouldn't it be lovely too, if Ruth B. could go to France. I hope someone will stay at home and help Della too, for she ought to have a complete rest and change for a little while.

I wish I could see Ruth's kitchen, and shall be interested in the score.

Who is Margaret Salmon Delano, Ruth?
Thank you, mother, dear for your letter of May 8.
I think I shall have some more clothes to send
Vinge before the summer is over, but I can't
be sure yet. Weather changes so fast after it.
John has worn his things out pretty well.
Alice has much more than John.
Hope Dad's cough has gone? Does he
enjoy the "Vic" as much as ever? It
was nice to hear Marion home. Hope her
rheumatism will not hang on.
Sorry about Mrs. Currie. She was always
so kind and dear. I liked her.

Did I tell Mrs. Eldridge that the
O. O. refused to let me send those
handkerchiefs anyway except by
letter post. I hope she received them
all right and that the duty was O.K.

I don't need to spend nearly so much
time looking out for children as formerly.
They amuse themselves a good deal and
are learning not to quarrel. They
love the beach!

Very much love to the dearest
Mother and Daddy in the world. Will
I could see you too. Lottie.
June 8th

Dear Alice,

I am all excited to hear Aunt Celis plans more definitely.

June 9th

We are nearly packed up, etc.,
but there has been little time to write these last days.

The Commencement Exercises at the O. Ch. G. School were very interesting, some lovely plays, a good concert, an interesting speech, a tea, etc.

Final exam in my class and arranges, and marks have taken a little time.

Then both Alice and John have had fever—nothing serious. We think Alice had the three day fever which may come from the heat of the sand? pleased it was followed by a very severe cold—the first one since they came. Then John came down with sore throat and fever and now has a severe cold, but not so
bad as Alice. I rather hate to have them start on a journey with cold.
The weather which has been very hot—up to 97° in the shade became cooler
on Sunday when rain came for the second time this spring. This surely
is a dry country.

To-morrow we shall take the night train and
land at Peitaiho the following morning—a far earlier trip than
the one to T'ai-yang. Mrs. Burgess is going to meet me in Peking and
help me with our baggage. She was in Union Sem. at the same
time & was & Mrs. Burgess has been awfully nice to me.

I've met lots of nice folks
and part from them with regret.
Mr. & Mrs. Martin, who have the
big school for Chinese boys have
given me a picture of the beautiful
I was here at Tungchow and the Chinese boy
man had a picture of the class taken with Alice, John
and me in the centre of it! I was surprised enough.
I am so hoping that Aunt Cole will arrive in time
to come north, and so see just so much more of this
wonderful land.

I had a delightful letter from George to-day and
I was glad to hear. I was rather anxious to hear from
him, for I was glad to hear. I was rather anxious to hear, I trust he
was glad to hear. I was rather anxious to hear, I trust he
is long over that attack of grip.

Tell George not to hurry the new York film, or
sometimes takes years.

Believe how dear. It should feel very much
to turn on—and it should feel very much
annoyed if he should hurry them. I don’t
care whether he says me ren. Give years from now,
Altho I expect it will be sooner—but surely give them a year to turn the things. Please don't worry about them.

Now, please excuse this short notice.

I am thinking of you all every day, and wishing for you a very happy summer. It will surely not be so happy with Aunt Elle away, but you will all rejoice in our happiness, and I'll try not to keep her too long. Won't it be wonderful when she comes back!

Now much much love again to Mother dear and Daddie dear and each sister and brother. I believe there's a gift for Carol's birthday, and I'll think of the others after I get to Beitania.

Lotti.
Dear Ones All, I did not begin this the other night, and now it is the night before the Fourth — and Mother's good letter of June 9 arrived. I was delighted to hear that Mother had the nice visit to Stoneham with Mrs. Eldrige, and that Aunt Cale could go the round — visiting Bridgewater, Norton, Framingham, Stoneham, and Bingham. That is very nice. And poor old Miss Curtis is gone! They will miss her, but it will seem good that her loneliness and blindness is no more. It is nice to hear that Aunt Cale looks so much better. I am so happy! I had hoped she could get here to spend a month at Peiteebo with us, and come on the boat with those three American Board girls, but if plans do not work out that way, it will surely be for a good reason. Maybe there will be people on her boat who are coming
to Swatow.

I am delighted that you got free Carol and Ruth, Mother, on the day you wanted to see Marim. That was nice.

Th

Sunday, July 6.

There not means to be so long writing this letter, but there are lot of interruptions then come upon the verandah to sell baskets, ills, embroideries, jewelry, cloth, fruit, etc., etc. Boat come around with frog legs, crab, shrimp etc., other folks come to call, and so we stop and chat a little while picking up a bit of knitting or some other sewing if it happens thinner by.

I'm had a nice Fourth. The folks who are studying (four of them) took a holiday, and the kindergarten had a recess, too, although I did not find it out until after John and Alice were dressed and had gone. Alas!

Unpacked my steamer trunk which was full of woolen things, looking for buffalo bugs which I found at Turkish, just and was packing up to come here.
Luckily I found no more... and so just packed the things back with moth balls and hope that the things will keep dry and as well here as they would in damp South China. There have been two heavy showers here and everyone has been glad because the wells were getting low.

We joined with another family near by in a picnic supper which all enjoyed on a veranda overlooking the broad Pacific. (Things were still wet from the storm). Later I took the children to the fireworks which were quite remarkable. Two or three set pieces were more wonderful than anything I ever seen, and I think that the children will remember the good time. We seem to be situated very near to tennis club, bathing beaches, church services, kindergarten, grocery stores etc. It is fortunate for us.

The children lost the kindergarten, and I am so glad that they threw the opportunity of attending.

Then the ocean where we bathe is almost always comfortably warm, and we surely appreciate that, for I expected it would be cold at this latitude.
July 2. John waking up from nap.
"If she [the maharajah] doesn't come, we'll go to another place."

The children went on a little donkey ride yesterday morning. I paid what is equivalent to .05 (American money), and they each had a donkey and a man for about fifteen minutes. The donkeys walked and they looked as proud as could be. Mr. P. took some pictures and if they come out, I'll send.

Letters from E said that he would start about July 14. It will take him nearly a week to get here, if not quite - 3 days on a boat and two days and nights on train with at least a day in Shanghai where he must have his teeth X rayed. He won't be able to arrive for his birthday. I am sorry to say, but we shall celebrate after he arrives.

Children are having lovely naps in the P.M. now, and do not go to bed until about 9:00 P.M.
Dear Ones All,

July 16. Here it is Wednesday and I haven't really started you letter yet. I stopped to write one to Ruth and then did other things. So day came Aunt Celie's letter saying that she might come with Mrs. Waters, and I do think that that probably is the simplest and swiftest way to get here. Mrs. Waters has been over the road many times. She is thoughtful and interesting and goes almost to the journey's end. It surely will be fine! She talks a great deal but is usually very interesting. She is inclined to look on the dark side of things at times altho she is not inclined at all to be melancholy, just a little pessimistic, I think. She has two big fellows at school at home, boys who have already made their mark in scholarship and athletics.

Well, the girls want to go to bed, and I'll say good night.

July 17. A very wet day with heavy showers. The country (not here but around Kalgan, Peking, Pasinger and Trenton) is already flooded and I do not know what this additional water will do.
We are so happy that Aunt Celi is really coming, and it will be much easier to plan now that we have the definite time to plan for. It is far better to take the Southern route in October and November, I think, as the Northern passage is often very rough at that time. Of course it requires a longer time on the sea, and one gets tired of the rich food, but there are always plenty of oranges and apples. Vegetables will probably be plentiful on an American boat too. The President Lincoln is a wonderful boat and there is very comfortable in the state-rooms. It will be a little rough outside of San Francisco, but if Aunt Celi will stay in bed, and have her meals brought to her, she will probably be fairly comfortable. You have to give the boy in the morning to bring your fruit, and then he will do it every morning if you ask him to. Taro will know all about those little
thing. You will be interested to see Honolulu. It is a
lovely spot.
Now I shall have plenty of time to get home and get things
settled and get the new servants before Aunt Lila arrives.
That will be more comfortable for her than it would have been.

I wonder how the teeth are getting on — it is too bad to have so much to suffer
in the way of getting here, teeth, inoculations, vaccinations,
sea-sickness - etc. etc.

I have heard the Mildred Scott Carman's father and mother are
coming out to spend the winter with Mildred, and they might easily
be on the same boat. They come from Chicago. I met Mildred's
mother in 1913, and she was very dear and sweet. I would
make a nice party for you.
I am glad you were at Esther's graduation, and so glad that Della could go, too.

It will be fine if Carol and Scott can have a house.

Iled John ride a donkey to Rocky Point yesterday, and Alice rode with me last Saturday. Then we met three girls who had come up from Swatow. You would love to see the children on donkeys. I almost want to take one back to Swatow with me. It is such fun to ride.

I drove in on Tuesday morning when there was a sale from the industrial missions. There were linens, embroidery, cross-stitch, bags, dolls, children's dresses, stationery, bath towels, flowers for hats, cards, etc., etc. — a great variety and abundance.

The next day there was a sale of Korean cloth, and I bought a few remnants to have in hand for children's clothes.

It is Elliott's birthday. It is too bad he can't be here, but we'll try to celebrate after he comes. There have been typhoons evidently around.
Shanghai, and probably farther south as well. They have delayed mails I fear, for I haven't heard anything since a postcard written July 3.

Our star class began last Tuesday evening, but it was very cloudy, and only a few stars were out. About a dozen people came to see these stars.

One day this week I went to see an exhibition of the photos illustrating "Things Chinese" as shown in the Newark library in January of this year. I found it very interesting.

On Saturday mornings there is a most inspiring Bible class.

On the same morning there is a swimming class for children at 11:00 A.M. and in Sat. A.M. there is a story telling hour. Can't it wonderful to have so many things!
How I wish someone could be here to enjoy this with us.

Hope your summer at home will neither be too hard nor too hot.
Glad to hear that Carol is coming along so well. Much much love,

Sotte.
R.M., July 25, 1924.

Dear Folks all,

I look at my diary, and I see that both in 1922, and in 1923, I was sick and ill, but today I feel fine and strong, and I am so thankful for it. The children and Ellen are also well—and that is another reason for being very thankful. Then when I think that Aunt Celie is really coming, I can hardly contain my joy. I don't feel as if I even could, together strongly to come, for fear that she would be lonely, or that the climate might not agree, but now—that she is really daring to do it, I admire her courage and pluck, and I feel a great happiness and joy. I really didn't know how much it would mean, until I knew the actual plans were assured! I feel as if God has been very very good to us, and as if he has some purpose in it all.
Ellis surprised me last Sunday afternoon, had been looking and looking for his letter and had not received any since July 29 except a postal on July 3. When Saturday night July 13 came and no letter, I was almost in despair for I thought that the typhoons had delayed mail and him. After church on Sunday about 5:30, I was talking with several Baptist girls on the veranda, planning a picnic, when the & nurse who was approaching the house, called out in Chinese, “Siu-seen Cal-lien.” Nobody heard me, understood her, and I jumped headlong over the guests, who thought I had suddenly gone insane. The children came out and Alice jumped up into his arms, and with her arms around his neck, kept saying “Daddy, Daddy.” It was pretty right! John was equally glad to see him, but Alice had got there first. At present Daddy is by far the most popular member of the family with Alice at any rate. John, who used to prefer his Daddy in everything, seems to turn to me a little more. It is all very interesting.
The weather became good as soon as Elliot came. He had had a very decent trip, considering that typhoons were behind and in front of him.

Monday we went in bathing and he was able to swim on his back which greatly pleased him. The beach is so made that one has no fear of going out 3 depths, and the water is always comfortable. The next day when we went in at the other beach, he found the waves (in depth) even more to his liking, and as there were no waves, he found he could not only swim in, but with the breast stroke also. He is delighted and is his back, but with the breast stroke also. He is delighted and is now getting so that he puts his head under without drawing in for two deeps, and they sting. I was never stung in my life in U.S.A.
but here there has been good deal of discomfort for 2 days and
everyone complain of it. I will this appear in a little I think.

On Monday afternoon we walked to train, the children riding in a
rickshaw (3 miles) and got E's trunk and bag, riding home on donkey
E & Alice m.e., O John and me on another.

On Tuesday Mr. Mc Lenn (formerly of Swatow) called and went
in bathing and stayed to lunch with us. Other folks called in
P.M. and at 6:10 we started for a Mt Holyoke picnic,
ten girls and five husbands. It had Club sandwiches,
and ice cream and cake out under the beautiful sky. 8:30
P.M. and we went off to the Star class from 8:30 & 9:00. but came back
and it was nice with a dying fire making it just
for the final sing, and it was nice with a dying fire making it just
light enough to see around us but not to dim the stars.
Dear Mother and Daddy,

The time is hastening on till Aunt Celo will be getting southward. I hope that Aunt Celo will not be frightened by the war scare. I don't know how serious it is, but I should not think it would affect her and the rest too.

I have no more news from Shanghai and the rest. I do think Aunt Celo is so pleasantly and brave to start and to come here. I can't say how much I wonder at his courage and plural.

I hope it will bring her even more than she has hoped for.

Our plans for going South are somewhat dependent on what the war news is. I shall go by boat, if there is any serious trouble around Shanghai. I shall take passage just as soon as it is now. I think this month is beautiful beyond words. I can get it now and think it may go as well as in the north.

The nights and mornings have a cool freshness that I love.

This morning I went with the children early to the beach and walked along the shore with the tide for sea-shells, catching along the shore with the tide for sea-shells, catching the children, and climbing over rocks. We really did have lovely walks and spent the time, and I hope to do it again tomorrow, after I get back.

Our neighbors are leaving one by one. The last but one goes on Sunday morning. I have enjoyed the quiet rest, although I have not wanted it too long, and have been as busy as a bee, reading a little Chinese every evening, and not beginning at my letters yet.

I walked into town (three miles) yesterday to mail birthday parcels to Aunt Jan and Father, Pildoth, today I went to buy the children's presents and their books.

I have done up boxes to be birthday presents and things. Now I hope to do up the boxes parcels from my family and to get them off before I go back to the busy life of the South. Don't open them, but open them in the South.

It is 9:30 and I hear the fishermen singing as they travel.
Dear Aunt Lottie,

I'm ashamed of myself—just as much as I can be. I ought to be hung out on the clothesline in a snowstorm—as penalty for not writing sooner. I've been waiting and waiting, hoping that my graduation picture would be done in time to send you—as a sort of late Xmas present. But it isn't finished yet! Studio claims they've had too much back work piling up on them, and no time to touch mine. But when it is done you will get one. No tellin' when, tho.

It was just too good of you to send me that beautiful ring for Christmas!! You timed the package perfectly, and it arrived on a Saturday—Christmas being the following Monday. Mother told me when she gave it to me. I didn't know anything...
about it until we opened our presents Monday morning. Just exactly what I've always wanted—a ring that would fit my finger, and not come off. Yours was perfect! Didn't even have to adjust it—it slipped right over my knuckle—and stayed on.

Last year the class ring I bought was too large. And every ring I ever had was either too small to go on, or too loose once it was on—or something about it wrong. But this one is a wonder. It fits comfortably—and stays on. I don't know whether I have it on frontwards or backwards—but nobody else will know, either, unless they can read Chinese. It's a dandy, Auntie Cottle. You couldn't have given me anything that would have pleased me more. Everyone admires it; but nobody could like it any more than I do.
Father and mother are both well. Father is busy with his dahlias, and hasn't been troubled with bronchitis this winter.

Don't know whether you have ever seen a picture of our house or not—so I'm enclosing a snapshot that I took of it. The big tree in the picture is on our lot. Couldn't get everything in. There are two other big trees about 60 feet to the rear of the house, and the flower gardens are there.

Don't suppose that you have any snow in China. There is about 3 ft. of it on the ground here. Not very cold, though.

I hope this reaches you O.K., as I enclose one of Uncle John's letters—that I ought to have sent you a month or more ago.

Lots of love,

Charlton, Jr.