Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

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Folder label: LLH to Lucelia Wetherbee (aunt), from United States, Kakchiek, Chaochowfu, Swatow, Thaiyong

Dates: 1910-1922

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You will surely have to get someone to read this checkerboard for you. Don't try to do it yourself.

Dear Aunt Cele:

I was writing to my pastor this morning, and it occurred to me to stick in some carbon paper, and take a copy for you. So here it is.

I thought I could send this carbon copy, and an original besides, so that you would get two letters for one stamp. I hope you will not be overwhelmed thereby.

Now that Covelo is not in Southern California, I am thankful to say.

If it were, I am afraid it might not be here, for I am fighting shy of Los Angeles. Lotfi can tell you why, if you are especially interested. Maybe I have told you myself; I am not sure. It is no secret to those who live a reasonable distance from the place.

But I am afraid that I shall have to blast your lovely dream of Southern California just a trifle. They tell me that when easterners go there it takes them several months to get acclimated; that in the meantime they are not downright sick, but they are not well by any means. If you want to dream of California, dream of living in the hills that surround our lovely valley. In the winter it is rainy and foggy most of the time, down here in the valley, but up in the hills they tell me it is crisp and clear, and beautiful. One man says that there wasn't enough frost to kill his tomato and pepper plants till about five days ago. For full two weeks after I came here, which was October 15th, I used to go out bareheaded at night, and it must have been the last Sunday in October that I was driving after sundown in my shirt sleeves. I was cold, but I didn't suffer any consequences. I guess if you were here in our hills you wouldn't sigh for Lost Angel
Unless you want the city people, and the excitement, and the dress. I wear a flannel shirt all the week, and never polish my shoes except on Sundays. And the trousers that I am wearing, mother thought were just about good enough to throw away. She gave away an old coat that would have been just right for here. If I stay here long enough I shall just about wear out all my old clothes and shoes that are not fit to wear in the city. Won't that be fine?

Is it among the mountains of the coast range? I had to look it up on the map and think out; evidently it is at first accessible by train. Not so that you could notice it. The best way is by train to Willits, as you figured out. There is a logging railroad on to Sherwood, and that is the way the mails come. I leave San Fran at 7.45 A.M., arrive Willits 1.30. Change to a nearly little train, leaving at 2.15 get to Sherwood some time, wait till the stage starts about four o'clock, and arrive at Laytonville at 7.00, where you stay over night. Leave at 8.00 A.M. and arrive 3.00 P.M. at Covelo. Pretty soon the railroad is going to get up to Eureka, many miles north of here, which is the largest town in the U.S. without a railroad to it. Then the Sherwood line will be used only for logging; then also the railroad will have a station at Covelo, just below the forks of the river, twelve miles southwest of here, and we shall be almost in the city. The Sherwood stage goes every day; the Willits twice a week. Perhaps the Sherwood stage is a little too convenient for passengers, but it takes anywhere from two days to six months for any freight or express to get through the Sherwood office, as we always prefer to have things come via Willits, where they are fairly prompt. The best way, how can't you have things weighing less than four pounds, and then you can send them by mail. Covelo is pronounced Kevelo, with the accent on the first syllable.
My paper has absolutely given out, so please excuse this way of writing.

The representative of the Northern California Baptist Convention sent me to Covelo. I am not able to say whether he could force me on them, or whether they merely take his recommendation and do as they please with me when they show up. But it makes little difference in this case, for as one man said, "They have to take you in Covelo." That is, their only chance of getting a decent man, is to accept one sent by the convention; otherwise, they would have some superannuated old folks all the time. And if they were too particular with what the state convention sent, they might never get another chance. The state, to mention another thing, could not possibly be induced to send anyone as poor as the average they have had; so the arrangement works well for all concerned. I have not been ordained, I am looking forward to that delight next spring. There will be
AMES in Round Valley, then, that will remind one of the good old days, when brother Duncan finds out some of the things that I believe, under the searching probe of an ordination council. But I am hoping to be able to get solid with the church by that time that I can see brother Duncan rave, and say no attention to it. Yes, I preach in a church building. It isn't very elegant, and it only has one room and no carpet, but it is a real live church, and not a schoolhouse or a barn. I am hoping to do a lot of schoolhouse preaching before long. However, it isn't frontier enough to suit me sometimes, but it isn't an ordinary New England village. N.B. Buckskin chairs, and stages. My parish covers the valley and several miles into the hills in several directions. My diocese extends I am told about 100 miles northwest, fifty miles southwest, and 100 miles southeast. I haven't been all the way to see, but I know that aside from the Presbyterian
minister in Covelo, a nice old man, and the
old blind Indian preacher up at the Reservation.
the nearest preacher is at Willits, 50 miles
S.W. Stage from Sherwood is Laytonville is
$2.50 and a cent a pound for all baggage over
10 pounds. From Laytonville to Covelo, it is
$2.50, with the same excess over 35 pounds.
My trunk weighed 184 pounds. I figured it
out once that it cost me exactly 10c a mile
from San Fran to Covelo, counting hotel over
night and meals. Talk about 2c, railroad bills.

Ask me some time about the Presbyterian
minister, and when I get so I can take a day
off, I will tell you about him. Give me
love to all the family, and give Della's
children an extra hug or so for me. I don't
suppose Della's would appreciate it. Don't
I wish I could see you all, but I wouldn't
back in New York or Kenneth Square, cover for
the privilege of running up to BrH20 once
a while. It's simply great out here.
Sept. 19, 1914

Dear Aunt Cela,

That fashion book was a blessing. Just the day before, Mrs. Horley had come to me asking for fashions. Mrs. Baker was to have the trial the next day, and so I sent it immediately to her so that she could get ideas for her suit. Mrs. Smith then studied it assiduously and took six or eight sketches from it. It is not extreme, and yet I should judge that it was up-to-date, and the things on it are certainly pretty. That really is a very useful birthday gift and comes at the very last time. I can't think of anything nicer or more apropos, and so again many thanks.

I want so often to write specially to you or Marion, or Sallie, or Mother, or each one of the others, but general letter must come first - and so there is scarcely ever time.

Mother wrote in last letter that you were suffering from indigestion. So sorry! So sorry that you had to go home before that came.

Did you see Cousin David?

Wash anxious - greedy I guess - to hear more of the summer every day life. I can scarcely think too much. Heaps of love.

Letter.

How is Mother dear spending the summer?

I suppose little Charlton has gone home by now, and you must miss him. Is he old enough to write me a little letter?

Thank you, dear, for nice birthday letter. I shall send it and send on Sept. 26. Martha is making me a very pretty dress and how is the one Ruth bought for you made? Please do send me a picture some day. So glad Olive Toule could visit you. Do you think her as much as last summer?

Sorry you couldn't go with Mrs. Hendig. It certainly must have been fun. Your bathing suit must be pretty, too.
Hakochieh, via Swatow, China,
October 9, 1914.

Dear Ena:

I think perhaps you would be interested in a little account of a trip that Lottie and I took to Chaoyang last week-end, at the invitation of the Groesbeck's, our missionaries there. We were not able to leave till Sat. A.M., and planned to take the 10.00 launch from Swatow. We knew that sometimes these launches go a little ahead of time, so we started as soon as we could get ready after breakfast. We have to walk down the hill to the English jetty, which is about fifteen minutes' walk from here, then we take a native boat across the bay to the launch landing, which is perhaps a mile and a quarter from our side. We engaged a boat for $3 30¢ Mex, and the boatmen started to row as leisurely across. I believe that if they had put forth as much strength as the boatmen usually do, we should have been all right. But when we were about fifty yards from the boat she started, and there we were. The next boat wasn't due to leave till noon, and it is a trip of nearly two hours to the Groesbeck's house; also we should have to sit around on that sunny pier, or walk the streets, or go to some shop and sit, for two hours. So instead we took the same sailboat in which we were, and sailed to the Chaoyang landing, where the steamer would have taken us. The fare was a dollar Mex, which was about twice what the launch would have cost us, but when you come right down to it we only paid a bit a piece of good U.S. money, for the privilege of sailing all that way in a private yacht instead of a crowded launch. We took about half an hour longer than the launch would, but as the launch had gone a quarter of an hour ahead of time, we only got there a quarter of an hour later than we should naturally. We found the sedan chairs which the Groesbeck's had sent to meet us, and got to the G's house so promptly that they would never have known we had missed the launch if we hadn't told them.
Coming back our experience was a little different. We found out on Sunday that Monday was a feast day, and usually the launches don't run on feast days. We asked the servants, and found that only one of the launches would run, so there would be fewer trips than usual. They said, you get down to the landing at ten o'clock and you will get to Swatow, but we don't know when. So we did. When we got to the landing, the launch was there all right, but we found it was one of those that weren't running. So we waited. About 10.30 another launch got in, and went in twenty minutes or so, with the result that we got home about 12.40 instead of 11.30 as we had hoped. But no one expected us to get home at all, because they were so sure that no launches were running. The language class usually meets at our house; while we were away on Monday the teacher went to the house of the other member of the class to teach her; and Tuesday she waited quite a while for him to come, she was so sure that we had not been able to come the day before. Those launches are about the most undependable things out; our railroad runs pretty well on time; but the launches run when they get good and ready. For instance there are two lines of launches running to Kityang line and each launch is supposed to start its boat at 7 A.M. and at noon. I have known of the launches going at 6.15, 6.20 6.45, 11.10, and I don't have very much to do with them. You really have to be aboard three quarters of an hour before scheduled leaving time, and in you must catch the launch you ought to be there an hour ahead. What a delightful waste of time!

Sunday morning I went with Dr. Groesbeck to a neighboring village, where he has been working up a Sunday School. The teachers are students in the Chaoyang boys' school, which is under his charge. He told me that they never make any hesitation in asking the non-Christian boys to do Christian work. Sunday school teaching, distribution of tracts, and the like, are done by all the students, and there is never any doubt whether that is a Christian school or not; the students never object, either. My observation would indicate that the Christian work indicated was somewhat different
from what we mean by that term at home; for instance, we would hardly expect a non-Christian to make a good Sunday School teacher, but I couldn't see that in this Chinese Sunday School it made much difference. The scholars, in the first place, do not know how to read a word; they are given a book with some simple literature, of which they are to memorize a selected part. This particular part was a form of grace before meals. The teacher recites one line at a time, and the scholar repeats it looking at the book. When he has his lesson, it means that looking at the book he can recite the whole piece from memory. Probably you have seen some American children who could do that, but couldn't read beginning at the middle of a sentence.

Well, about this time, most of the other boys have learned their pieces. So they the teacher begins to explain what it all means. For instance one line was "to sia thien pe", which means "much gratitude heavenly father", or "many thanks (to) heaven(ly) father". But the word to might mean a knife altogether, or as some pronounce it, it might mean short, to lie down, to prostrate one's self, a mud floor of a house, to invert, or the left; sia might mean heretical, the musk deer, aslant, a local god, to spurt out; those are all given in my dictionary, which is by no means complete; and there are many words which never get into any dictionary, because there is no character which represents them; some of these may have the above sounds.

Now when I hear anyone say, "to sia thien pe" I know instantly what is meant because that is a familiar Christian phrase; as a matter of fact I had always heard it "tsoi sia thien pe" or "tsoi sia thi² pe", but immediately on hearing the other form one instinctively knows that tsoi is in this case replaced by to, which is a more literary way of pronouncing the character; and I am no more in doubt what the phrase means than I am confused between deerskin and dear sir; Not so, however with these Chinese boys, who do not know how to read, and are not familiar with the Christian vocabulary. The majority of them memorized the whole piece without having any idea what it was all about. Then the teacher explained to them what it meant, and they
realized that to sia was equivalent to the tsou sia that they had been sayin all their lives for thank you, and then was the sky, and pe was father, and after that they could get busy and memorize the fact that those four characters had those meanings. There is where the method that the foreigners use differs from the good old Chinese method. Since learning Chinese characters is so largely an act of the memory, with so small a mixture of intelligence as a necessary ingredient, we had to have them do some memorizing, and this seems to be the most convenient way; have them memorize a little, and then explain it. But the Chinese way is this; a village organizes a school, invites a teacher, and all goes smoothly for a while; they take some classic, not too short, and the teacher reads phrases aloud for the scholars to listen to and commit to memory. When they have memorized the whole book, then he begins at the beginning and commences to tell them what it is all about; previously it is to them a succession of sounds, which means as much to them as my old phrase synthetic unity of apperception would mean if I taught Linden to say it. Of course my phrase really has no meaning; but then many of the phrases in classic have a meaning so deep that they are beyond the comprehension of the kiddo, probably. Then here is another dis feature of the school system. If the teacher happens to be honest he will wait till the scholars have memorized the book, and demand an increase of salary before he will go on and interpret. The only remedy would be to invite another teacher who probably wouldn't be willing to interpret what another man had been teaching, and would insist on starting in again with the memorizing of another classic. So rather than have their children lose the benefit of their work of memorizing, the villagers will let themselves be robbed by the teacher, and he will then go on and explain. It seems to me that our system has one or two advantages over this.

Dear Aunt Fan,

would you be interested in reading this copy? Sorry I haven't time to write a personal letter & go with it. I am sending a few stamps, and he doesn't accumulate them very fast. In fact with Republican Broughton offensive are common. I suppose less, in the fact that characters meaning republic are being replaced by being made out of joint and never saw any steel. Sun set 7:40 AM.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Mrs. Hildreth might like to see.

Dear Aunt Cel & Mother,

I am very well as usual. Nothing to write now.

Doctor Mildred used stethoscope the other day and found heart beat high 180 or 190 which indicates (with no certainty or reliability) a girl. She found position of child all fine - head at left and down of course. Largest part of body to right.

On talking over cablegram and finding that coat is about 2.50 Mexican a word. that is a little over $1. gold a word we wonder if it is worth while to send word unless in case something goes wrong. The entire coat would be about 5 or 6 dollars gold I suppose, and you will know everything is perfect unless in cable.
So we have decided — unless you write immediately and urgently we will not cable. We may send letter to California and then might letter telegraphed from there however, if you like the idea. Ellerton says that Dr. Rider is not in San Francisco now and so that will not do.

If we cable it will be this form:

Which will have to go to Board at Boston on account of code and then telegraphed to you.

Tavoy Boston

Glenville

— Nildoth —

Translated = A.B.F.M. Boston

Nov 21 1910 —
Our code is as follows:

1. Boy = a boy.
2. Girl = a girl.
3. Twins = twins.
4. Failure = child dead; mother all right.
5. Tragedy = death of mother; child.
6. Orphan = mother dead; child all right.
Dear Aunt Ali,

Thank you very much for your nice letter of May 13th and the very pretty anniversary card sent May 13th. It came in time and was much appreciated. Now we are hoping to hear that you may come out to see us for the winter!!

I wonder if I answered all your questions. No, I was not overwhelmed with twenty-five letters and had a grand feast!!! I guess I have answered everything else.

We are anxious to find out political conditions in America. It seems good to have Gov. Hughes nominated and Teddy decline with thanks!!

The cook has just come with a letter from Polytechnic and the manuscript from Father. Mail is so nice!!

Hope Uncle George is stronger.

The sermon Jennie spoke of has happened yet. We are sending the conference reports home under separate cover.

Very much love to you,

Lottie.

June 26, 1916

Chao Chao-fu
Dear Aunt Belle:

You doubtless learned by the telegram that our hopes failed me again. You will be glad to know that it was much easier on Monday--it was an hour more or less from the onset of serious pain till it was all over. I must go to the doctor (Dr. Leach of Kachich) as soon as possible.

Well, let me start again. Then I was discharged yesterday morning, so they sent a messenger to say it was time to go. I am in a fine mood on that score, however. A special messenger to me, which I failed to get--also a telegram "come, evening train," which I got early enough so that I could have caught the noon train but I decided to take the evening train as directed, settling the house somewhat and packing up my baggage. Because they said, "evening train," I decided it probably was some other affair, so was not excited. I got a Kachich at 7:15 and found that I had been having terrible pains but the doctor thought they were labor pains. Not commence till 9:00. About we discussed the two physicians. I wrote a note to the community doctor and asked him (supposing he was called during the night) if he would be able and willing to come at once. I was told he would not come in case of need or should we take chances and not expect labor to come the next day, but when we were just back from the Kachich there came a hurried message from someone who was having pains and cramp pains. Dr. Leach sent for the two Chinese nurses and the community doctor, and got her hands steady. We got water ready, and got into the tub.\n
The baby she knew there was no hope but they worked quite a while over it. The nurses
got here in time for that and the community doctor got there after Lotte was transferred to the permanent bed and cleaned up in the meantime all well. We got there the next noon.

Of course with such a short time Lotte got there in much better shape than before. She had a tiny cut on the outside, not made by the head, but due to the fact that when the shoulder came out each hand was alongside it shoulder. They gave her a whiff of chloroform and took 2 stitches. The one done have done. I suppose you remember how long she had to wait the catheter before this time but not all. The other time she asked all over and was very restless. This time she is comfortable and is quiet. There is a great deal to be thankful for; at the least that it all happened for the two weeks before the expected date, so that we shall be able to escape to staying two weeks sooner than we estimated to know Lotte is going as well. Please tell all the Biffon folks and give them our love.

Joan writing to Robie but this letter is not the same as this. Letterly,

Ellen

P.S. The cord was not around the neck, and the physicians can give no cause for failure, the baby is named Charlotte Lane.
Dear One,

Another rainy Sunday. You see, a second typhoon followed on the skirts of the first one and we have had an unusually rainy, windy time.

This week, in fact, on Friday your letters coming after the receipt of the cablegram reached us -- the long looked-for balm while comfort in the it of the things the stars back. It was so good to hear from you all. It was also good to know that the cable reached you; owing to the rains, we could not use code, and I was afraid that the one word "still-born," especially as it was combined with the message, might not reach you correctly. It seemed better to cable this time, although I should have delayed a few days longer, had there been any misgivings.

You will realize by later letters that the birth took place on Monday, May 28, and not June 4 as you all naturally thought. Letters had been reached you all the sooner, I hope. He did hate to give you this crushing blow for me knew how much you hoped for us. It just seems to turn things upside down and I feel like somebody outside myself -- a stranger who has come to look back upon the place who lived there up to May 28. It is not that I rebel, I would not dare; not as a question of fear, but because I know how little I know.

A letter from Dr. Moth gave me the message which I probably have already written you -- the dear God could have given us our babies if he could have -- but he couldn't. The "couldn't" was not caused by lack of ability, but because some great law which applied to all mankind interfered. So although I am half staggered, and at the I can't help but sometimes grieve, I know that there is no lack of love in what has happened. I only wish I was younger and that doctors had advanced even farther than they have already done, so that there could be well-grounded hope.

Thank you all for writing me so soon and so lovingly. Every word is treasured. I shall read them all at least another time. And yet again I hope. I am glad they came at a time when I was busy getting ready for quiet, and I had to give them less touch than I wanted.
I did manage to read all the ones from our nearest market and send the rest until evening, when I read until nearly ten. We had almost twenty letters I think. Elsie was here to read with me, too.

Now the family is going to gather here to sing a few hymns, and then spend a while.

July 21, 1917.

All the people from this side of the valley gathered on our porch and sang for quite a while in fact until a shower came. Such rainy days as we have had. Really there haven't been only four sunny days since I came eighteen days ago. My program is fixed to make me abhorred. Meals, breakfast, Chinese prayers, talk with cooks after insipid food at hand, mend or sew or write. (Than you making a little dress in the Miller James.) I'm up - read a little - have tea, sewed, or knelt or sang quiet. Supper and prepare to go to bed soon after. Just now I am writing after supper, but I have not done much evening.

I rather be busy and accomplish something. I do not feel that I do anything worthwhile.

Wednesday, July 25. Pouring again! Will it never stop?

Elsie had a very nice birthday last week. Have I written you about it? (Of course it rained.)

In the early morning came a note from the house where Mrs. James lives. Husbands to be from the turkey and just full of pies. Then two presents were found outside the door-one a nice loaf of jam from Mrs. Sorensen, and some fruit cake from the children.

About 11:30 in went in to Mrs. James's bedroom, where I had expected to be from the turkey, and just full of pies. Then Mrs. James made me wait-although I wanted to talk to her and it was nearly 12:00 before I was fully awake and up again.

At tea Mrs. James had a surprise for me in came Mrs. Sorensen and the two children. He had a birthday cake all decorated with Chinese characters - and I'm pleased to have a box of Brownies to present him with. We played "Up in a Balloon" and sang songs - then we came home, the Paul and children present. The wife, some judge, and the I gave him a heavy handmade lace napkin cut by Mr. White.
his act. So the day ended— a very happy one for us all.

Oh, I forgot—we had a really New England dinner with
Mrs. Froebel—at last she tried to have it 28-
Channelerodes (for twins), Pate and beet salad, doughnuts,
and coffee. jam— ete. I can't remember all—

We were there for a concert etc. on Saturday, but no
accounts of very high wind and rain in Hadist on Sunday
indeed. I have enclosed a post program
The very best thing was the Aerostatic!

\( \begin{align*}
B. & \text{ Beers in the body.} \\
R. & \text{ Sir Walter Raleigh throwing down his coat for Queen E—} \\
U. & \text{ Ulysses passing the severo.} \\
C. & \text{ Cinderella} \\
E. & \text{ Lesson in Euclid.} \\
\end{align*} \)

Each scene was really beautiful, although they had
to use the funniest things to make it— for instance
for the big comb in Queen Elizabeth's hair, they used a
hand mirror. For the curling plume on the hat of the
knight, they used a beautiful long fern. For Cinderella's
slipper, they used a huge native grass slipped with a
big bow of ribbon on it. It was a most entertainment
in itself to see these scenes. Then finally, there was
a scene representing Bruce and the spider
the spider weaving his web by means of strings pulled
first one way and then the other.

Did Ann Cele write between May 3 and May 31— I
did not receive any letter dated between those dates and it looks as
if I had lost one! 90%— bleah-- it's Postal service!

It is interesting to think of your being with Mr. Grofeubll—
and now we are in the same house with Mr. G. and
the children. She has malaria to day and I must
soon go in and sit with her for a while.

I appreciate all the lovely letters that have come
and wish I could answer them better.

I'll say Good-by—now with much love, but I may add more later.
Dear Aunt Lucile:

July 25

In a sermon I preached at Rockport, just before I came to China, I dealt with a Baptist church which split on the missionary question, and I remember you were quite moved by one phrase: "no one joined the anti-missionary side," or something to that effect.

I was wondering if it could be quite true. So I hunted up my source, and now after some delay, I am writing to tell you about it. Please forgive the delay. I have found the clipping of the times when I couldn't get time to write to you, and I have written you lots of times when I couldn't find the clipping.

Even now, when I put the clipping away in a certain place especially to write to you about it, I have had quite a hunt. It is a most elusive clipping.

The church is called the "Baptist Church," five miles northeast of Lexington, Ky.

The congregation was missionary, and the other anti-missionary. They agreed to divide the house and the time. The missionary element took the north side and two Sundays in the month, and the anti took the south side of the house and two Sundays. Theirs went on very well. The missionary side grew stronger. And the anti, growing weaker, felt the house needed all new roof and other repairs. The missionaries endeavored to get their anti brethren to join them in repairing the house, but the anti were growing constantly fewer in number and would not join in the repairs, till at last the missionary branch covered and repaired one side of the house; and thus it stood for years with a good tin roof on one side. And an old leaky shingled roof on the other. Finally, as the church has grown as far as hardly to meet at all, the missionaries, in sheer self-defense, to save the house, covered the other side of the roof, and otherwise improved the house.

Now the anti are all gone; the last member...
a grand melee of the great herdley, passed away last spring, while the missionaries have a good definite congregation. I omit the comments.

On reading the article carefully, I see that to say no one joined the anti side of the church is perhaps an exaggeration. As the article does not specifically make that statement, anything from memory is notoriously unreliable, and I was quoting from memory in that sermon, and giving the impression it had made on me. So I apologize to you for my carelessness, and hope the great harm done to the remark may have been an exaggeration. I believe it was not far from the truth.

By the way, frequency runs across another article on the same subject. The Hardshells, sometimes calling themselves 'Primitive Baptists', according to the latest and most reliable statistics, number in the United States, 34,000. One hundred years ago they claimed 75,000. At that time the missionary Baptists did not number exceeding 75,000. Now they number at least 500,000.

It was too modest to tell about my share in the concert, but I am going to "set great sail" as the Chinese say, and tell about it. It was announced that Katherine Grossbeck had lost both arms in an automobile in France, and she appeared in a kimono, with empty sleeves, and that I had had a bicycle accident while on a teaching trip, and had to have one arm amputated. But see now, one well-known native carpenter had made a wooden arm for me. I had a bandage around my arm from the elbow down, stiffened by a rubber to keep the wrist and hand stiff. Katherine invited Barbara Ricketts, and I made the gestures with my automatic arm, which has to be moved into place by the other one, and stays there till it is removed, and occasionally it gets
out of order and refused to work. And I have to take out a screwdriver to adjust it. Barbara & Petchie adapt themselves well to gestures, e.g. up, asleep, asleep, stars, more, etc.

Rain and carpentry are the words nowadays. I try to get some desk work done but I have to supervise the carpenters and it usually ends in my cleaning the same kind of work myself. One morning I remade the wardrobe in Mr. Dreasbeck's room.

It was rigged with wide spaces between shelves (as wide as to be wasteful, but no place to hang things). A little work on a few nails and less than 0.5 worth of wood fixed it up like a shelf with a shelf for that at the top, drawers of shelves at the right, plenty for every shirt, and a shelve thing for clothes on the left. Then I put on a hook to fasten shirt one of its arms, and the rest in button on that one to keep the other shut. Formerly the only way to keep them shut was to stick some folded paper between the two doors.

It is time to stop now. So the lady has treated you about getting the home letters and I won't try to reflect. We appreciated them.

To be continued...
Dear Mchnie,

A nice comfortable day - allison away for week, it take me.

Staffed around to see our Hadda mission stations. As E has never been to
Kaying, he was happy on the opportunity. Alice is asleep (on the floor) at
home I hope. Tarr told the cookie to come tell me if he hears his cry.
John and I have come over to the Bakers where John is happy with Howard
& Beause for a little while. Howard and Beause have been coloring books.

I am going to try to have a pencil and pad handy at meal times at least
and take down his remarks - no matter what they are - so that you

can get that much acquainted with him.

His days seem run the same. One day he sleep well & the next
not. Some days he eat well and others not. The other night the

nurse took him up to bed as he had not slept during the day and I
wanted to get him into bed as soon as possible. When I came he was
in his lap, apparently undressed; in his hand was his blue and

white striped woolen waist. She said, "I took this off, was

that all right?"

I laughed and looked under his nighties. All the rest of his clothes
were on. Poor girl! She was brought up among people who

were not sufficiently well to-do to have bedding warm enough so
that they could take off their clothing. It is the custom of all

the people in this region to wear their clothes to bed, but some

people wear older clothes to bed. Less embarrassment in

case accident drives them out in a hurry!

A second night I sent him up to prepare him for bed & I

found him undressed with his nightie on, but his shirt and

waist were put outside the nightie or else held in dressers.
in her hand ready to put them on if I should say the word. She is careful of him and has brains and is very helpful and kind. She cannot manage him, of course! It takes such a long time for the daily washing and ironing, however, that I am thinking of hiring out another woman to come for washing and ironing, so that she can do all her own work. She has done quite a lot of sewing already—three satin mosquito nets, clothes for living room, all the mending and suit for John, and suit for dresses for Alice—decide endless odd jobs!

I am sorry I have not written before, but felt that you would understand that I have simply reeled up to now. I have hardly known what to do at times—but have expected that times would be better when I got more used to the Chinese nurse and life here, and when I got things somewhat settled. We are not settled yet entirely but from all appearances except in our big bedroom where a big table is covered with boxes of things or things, you would think that we were. It is about time now to do up woolens. We are having a few very comfortable days now with temperature either below or about 70—and I am thankful for every one.

Sister is awake now sitting in her carriage. John is still with Howard & Bessie. Howard is writing on blackboard & John takes that. He has been entranced with a box of paints of Howard's.

If you don't mind, I am really glad you did not get any trouble as Mother fears. It is so lonely for Mother to have you with her, and she not think you need worry a particle. We shall try to see that you need not. Please, if you can and wish to, keep me in touch with your financial situation so that you need not worry. I hate to have Mother alone. I hope you can find both get out bird hunting this spring and flower hunting.
you sent jade came from Japan. Yes, I can get one if I want.
Cushion is handmade cloth and hand embroidery - Philippine - filled
with the cotton from the Philippines - Philippine's - need to make this material
for their tresses - but do no longer because -

Which finish did you order with your picture? They were 10.
12. 15. 18. as I remember.

Mother, have the three pics. Haven't they not? They should have.

I got as far as here when I was taking care of John this AM when cook
came to take accounts. He had hardly started when the Miller's kitchen
Sister, Beth, the nurse came to spend the day. Nurse was watching a
burning all day. I did not try to put John to sleep. Could not have
had a wild day from 3 - to 6. When John was so tired that he cried vocally
at everything.

Did remember saw endowing check for wood for John's bands which needed
furnish.

- You ask about breezes for Alice - I think a three year old enjoys
would be best. Probably no next winter. John will still have to wear the
light or dark blue. Next winter I think. He has grown an inch taller
in six weeks since it came. That is too fast isn't it. For three

- days he has been constipated and suffering from hemorrhoids. I should judge
by the way he has cried. Poor little.

I must go to bed. I am very tired for a relief.

Very much love Lottie
To all the others

Alice now has only the big sweater that other.
(That you knitted for) for next winter -
The rest are all too small with frequent
mending. I am always much myself
and need more shrinking.

- "Dear Rahni " says John.

Hope Mother you will interest
in this letter to Lottie.
-Mother
Dear Aunt Celie,

Have I thanked you adequately for Alice's lovely Gertrude and for the beautiful sheet you sent me and the Vogue? All have arrived safely and all but the Vogue have been much admired! You surely ought not to do so many things for us.

How did I make it possible to get a vacuum cleaner? Please explain that puzzle.

Was so glad to hear of Bennie's position at W.L. Mrs. It's letter telling if it had not then arrived, and I was anxious to hear.

Shall be anxious then whether Uncle George has to go through another operation or not.

You did not have much chance to miss old Stuie, did you. Glad you didn't.

So you are making a sweater for Alice! That is dear of you (as always) and I am sure she will appreciate it in the cold winter days!
Tell Mother that everyone loves the white dress, and it looked beautifully today.

How about your skin Nick property?

Did you enjoy Charleston?

I shall be interested to hear of John's wedding—etc.

The calendar was wonderful. I can't

bear to destroy it, though it is absolute foolishness
to try to save paper in this land of throwaway.

silver fish, cockroaches, or mildew. The back room down stairs is infected, too bad!

John has just cried out. I must go
to bed.

With love,

Lottie.
March 6, 1922.

Dear Nakhnie,

This is not a very good time to begin a letter, but I may get a few minutes, and so will start again the letter that I wrote the other evening. Can it be as long ago as Feb 27? It hardly seems possible. But with the nurse away, time flies very fast. John is playing with Beesie in the next room. Alice is sitting (in a corner) in the bathroom, looking at one of the nicely illustrated readers that Mr Eldridge gave us. She says once in a while, says a few words in Chinese. She and John talk in Chinese almost exclusively. I love to hear them. John isn’t so correct in his tones as she is.

March 7—

Something interfered with this letter yesterday and I am glad that it did, for another letter came to me which will help me in my suggestions in this letter.

I could write reams, but it would be confused and incoherent, I fear, so I will boil it down a little and you may read between the lines.
2. I have been distressed to think that you felt you must work!!! Don't blame you for thinking so, for I would myself, but I honor you all the more. However, I am ashamed that it took your actually getting out on a case to start me in to any action. I have been distressed that for so long time I had nothing definite to offer you in the way of aid; although I was always ready for an emergency which might happen, but I was so far away that I feared that I might not learn quickly enough, and this, I fear, has been the case. (After an interval with John or than Alice.)

Now, in brief, what I want to say —

Now that Alice, John and I are happily settled in the same place is this:

I want you to give up the idea of trying to take any more work, unless perchance something extremely easy and pleasant should thrust itself on you, and you should really want it.

I want you to use the money you have without fear, and I will begin to earn as much which shall be for your exclusive
whem your money has dwindled so that you do not care to use it further.

Now this means that I urge you to go to your dear little town at Rochfort (or if you prefer, the others, one of Wingham or Stonham) and use your money without fear for your food, clothing, gifts, travel, etc., and I think that I can without any difficulty have sufficient for you when this is gone.

I had already written you and had a fairly reasonable surity the other night, but since then a letter has come from Mother, B3 which makes my plan practically certain, and which seems like a direct help from our dear Father in Heaven.

My plan is this: to sell drawn work in America and put the profit in the bank for you (stuff to make a round pie for John)." -

There! It is no use, I was up every two minutes, and so I have called the boy to watch the children for twenty minutes or so, while I write one or two connected sentences.

The letter which came from Mother B3 was something like this: -
She had sent me at two different times some twenty dollars to invest in little work for her. When my last parcel arrived, and she saw how eager every one was to have some, the idea came to her that she would sell it for me and give me the profit to use as I wished. Of course family must allow her. She sold it with no trouble and made $18.00 clear profit!!! Then she thought, "Why not sell more?" as several people wanted more things; and so she wrote to me, fearing that it would be too much trouble for me, but suggesting that if I was able to do it and cared to, she would gladly sell for me. At once she sent not only $18.00 to the Board for me, but $70.00 more to pay for more goods to come. In case I cared to try.

Isn't she a wonder! She has a wonderful business head also and I could thoroughly trust her business ability which would be a great comfort. If she could make $18.00 on that small amount which cost less than $8.00 dress (not to mention duty) - I know that she can make $20 or $30 of it. It will also give her something as a hobby and an opportunity to supply herself with nice things - (which I am sure she does not think of).}
She has probably the best fields for selling in the U.S. and has wealthy friends and relatives. I am taken with the idea although I do not want to burden him and shall leave him absolutely free. Also I shall offer her a share of profits.

Now, dear Aunt Caleb, please don't object of Mother B. doesn't do it, or isn't willing to. (I do certainly believe that God led her to suggest it.) I shall ask some one else to. The money is going to be earned for you, and you need not worry any more.

This will give me more satisfaction than anything I could do. That I have felt that I have actually suffered from not being able to do for you what I wished, and now here is a comfortable pleasant way so far as I am concerned.

Now not only mother B. can do this, but if you wish to have a small amount of cream made in hand in Rockport, I can easily get you some too so that you can have a hand in it if
you wish. It will not be too much for me at this end, provided no emergency such as might happen even in America should arise.

I do not think that you will try to dissuade me. I do hope that you will rest on this assurance and feel free and happy and unworried.

You are such a blessing to us all and so wonderful. Don't think that your self-depreciation ever finds an echo in any of our hearts. Much always passes it over like Marion's extravagant self-depreciation. It comes when folks are tired and not up to their best.

I shall appreciate it so much, too, if you can be with Mother and Daddy, a great help for I cannot be, you see - and you will be taking my place in a way.

Now my best best love to you. I must run to the children.

Do not work a day longer. I am so happy to write this - and with God's help you can rely upon it.
Please, for my better knowledge, write me, if you are willing, your expenses for the past year, so that I can have a little guide to go by. Remember, not detailed—just summary.

I must write home letters, but think I will wait until evening when it is quiet. Ellen likes me to have a little game of cards with him these evenings when I am all day with the children, and that takes a half hour or so, so there isn't much time left to write in.

I'll go and mend 20's and look at my beloved kiddies. Yours ever,

Laddie

Love Edie.
P.S. Yes, a little cash sweater for Alice
would be nice, next winter. I think brown
would be nice. What do you think? Let Rutta
give you my money for the wool, please. And don't
make it unless you feel just like it. She is a
little bit tall for her age I think. She is already
up to John's claim. She has red cheeks most of the
time and is so bonnie as she is sweet. She
dezines me of Rutta when she was a baby as of
Marian's baby pictures a little.

L.
Chao Chao for
June 21, 1922.

Dear Dahnie,

I am supposed to be on my way to Uptown for to-day, but altho the sun has come out beautifully, the river is still so high that we can't get a boat that dares to take us across. So everything practically is packed up, and we wait the falling of the river. Our boat waits for us on a river (6 miles away) which is not flooded. It seems hard to understand that this river could be so very high, and that one not at all flooded.

I am glad I had to wait over yesterday, for in this way I got a nice bunch of home mail yesterday including a letter from you, and Charlie Benson, and Hely, and 2
welcome postal from mother, also
a letter from C. B. B. jr.

Now the uncertainty of starting
is unpleasant, but otherwise,
I am glad to be here.

I am so glad that you have
given up your work at Miss
Spragues. It certainly is foolish
to think that you ought to keep
on at work that is harder than
any you have ever done. Goodness
knows what it must have been.
It used to make me so cross to
read about washing rugs, and
making bread and cake, and doing
a washing! Why it was unbelievable
that anyone (even yourself) could
expect you to do such things.
We all admire your pluck, but I feel sad that you felt you must—but I can understand too exactly how you felt, and I hope that you will not feel that way again—and never have to go through that night more again. Dear Mahnie, I wish we had you with us, and then you wouldn't have to lift your fingers (figuratively speaking) unless you wanted to.

I must run and prepare Alice's milk. Goodbye for now—

Later—we have had quite a shower since I stopped writing, and we have had dinner—a nice fresh river fish, onions, potatoes, and soft custard in sponge cakes. Alice is asleep. John scorns sleep and is out playing with water.
I am afraid it will be very hot for you to go to anyone the last two weeks in August, and especially if you are not by the sea. I worry when you take these cases.

Do not fear that I shall overdose. The little business I do for the dress work is no tax, but on the other hand a pleasure. It means a trip to Swatow once in a while, which I always need— and it is like having a hobby to amuse one.

I am sending a little filet lace, and hope that one of the pieces will be what you want. If it is not, I think I may or a piece of some design in Angela's parcel.

Your other letters I have packed. Hope I have answered important things.

I was glad to see letters from Ruth, Mary, and Ethel. I did not realize that Mary was graduating. I must send her something.

I owe very much love to you and Mother and Daddy and all the others. Take good care of yourself for our sakes.

Love, Lottie.