Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dear Harry and Tom:

Just think of us all this Sunday morning, you, way down in Butler, me at College here, Stella in Bridgewater, and the rest at home, just about at breakfast. I have had a lovely time, though, in these few days. I don't know as I even enjoyed college more. When I came upon the train Margaret Nagle said that Abbie Foley was going down to Pennsylvania—somewhere, I think, when she married Frank Allen this fall. He is working at a mine, where there is no hotel so that he can't write to her only over Sunday. Isn't it awful? Margaret said that perhaps she would write to you. Wouldn't it be nice if you were near one another?

My schedule is quite hard this year. I take history, French, Latin, Latin prose, and English. Yesterday the Y.W.C.A. gave a reception to the freshman, and I took the one whom I wrote to this summer. There's a sweet little girl from Springfield and she is just as homesick as she can be. I wore Aunt Belle's skirt and my new silk waist. Quite cute! Was it good of Aunt Belle to let me take it? Such a crowd of freshmen and them too. All sorts and conditions. Some very pretty but just some pretty and sweet. Some homely and scared and some homely and silly. It was a pretty sight to see them stream forth from the gym in white, pink, blue, and yellow. First a few came out and radiated in four directions then more and more until the color extended as far as the eye could reach. Still they came and came just as bees come from the hive until six or seven hundred were distributed on the campus. I wish that you could have seen them.

Our room is like this:

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north campus
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The freshman didn't come and we were happy!
Right next to us, room two girls who were with us at Rocke last year. They are awfully jolly but we are in trouble so quick. One of the girls lives in Anhelet and the other in Springfield. Friday night the girl across the hall, who is a perfect little actress and was acting like the clucking hen we can shower so much that lots of the girls spoke to us about it the next day. But last night Winnie and Elizabeth Colby went over to the flag room at Anhelet and got home at just ten. We were partially undressed for bed and with us was Alice Brown a 1900 girl who had asked to take the Freshman couch. Clara went into the next room and I heard her giggling as I went to the door in my night gown and tapped. She said, "Young ladies you must be quiet." They were frightened for a minute but then Winnie caught sight of the man she began, "Oh, a Soph man foundling a Freshie." I became interested and went in. She was on the floor cutting up a loaf of cake which her mother had told her not to share that night but there wasn't any light you know. Then we ate peace and I don't know what we all said but Alice came in and they got talking about her engagement to a fellow in Hartford Theological and then we brought over the washbowl for a jingling bowl and made so much noise that we were scared and went home. Not five minutes later, Miss Hagen (the governess), the head of the house came tapping and said, "What is the matter?" She said, "Nothing." She said, "Is it here or somewhere else?" Winnie said, "It isn't here." That was the last thing this morning we all standing, breakfast, which fact Miss Hagen doesn't say much of. So as we all joined out of the bathroom with our hands full of dishes, plates, cups and sauce and chafing dish. Along come Miss Hagen. "Did you get home all right last night, Miss Gold?" "Yes." "Are you well, Miss Huntley?" "Yes." "Are you all well?" We stand around with our hands full and our mouths wide open—then we explain. "Oh! Oh!" What will you think of you? Then she comes in our room which is really straight and out. Winnie says that she combed her again this afternoon and asked her what she meant to do at Anhelet. And I have her instant.
City me! This P.M. I have been playing at the Post Farm and I am going to Vespre this evening so perhaps if it isn't too much trouble you might send this letter along home. I know I haven't had time for such a long one.

Tell me all about your days, won't you? How I wish you could come here although the weather has been awful so far. This P.M. we were treated with yellow plum, mint julep & we helped ourselves to apples along the way. Which you have baked many yesterday?

Your letter started at 2 P.M. Sept. 16 & arrived 5 P.M. Sept. 17. It was lovely to hear. Don't they talk green? Do they say fees for his? Miss McManus is charming. How she can talk! How she affirms things! The two sisters could not leave their father at the same time. I think I shall send my washing to you.

My love to Tom! Tell him to write. Has he got very tired? Yours with heaps of love

Lottie

I was just going to add your letter
Miss Marion Garland Lane
PEKING

Mr. Berton Braley, the American writer of verse, who visited Peking not so very long ago, has written the following on Peking in one of the current issues of Popular Magazine:

Peking!
The city of Manchu and Ming;
The city of palaces, temples and halls
And walls within walls within walls within walls;
Imperial, splendid, though touched with decay,
Its mightiest monuments crumbling away,
It still is a city for minstrels to sing,
Peking!

Peking!
What pictures its memories bring—
Of red-and-gold banners that flaunt overhead,
Of lanternes that glimmer, pink, orange and red,
Of rickshas and pony carts, lacquered sedans,
Of wheelbarrows, motors and cattle-drawn vans,
Of wedding processions and crowd'd bazaars,
Of jade, silver, ivory, cloisonne jars,
And jewelry wrought of a kingfisher's wing,
Peking!

Peking!
It's full of enchantments that cling,
The flavor of legends for centuries told,
Where nothing is less than a thousand years old;
The tile roofs of yellow or heaven's own blue
That gleam with a luster forevermore new,
The scent of the cook shops, of fried fish and rice,
The fragrance of flowers, the odor of spice,
And even the stenches that float on the air
Are stranger than stenches you find o'herwhere;
Oh, countless indeed are the odors that fling
About the packed streets of Peking.

Peking!
Where emperor, empress and king
Have lived, ruled and died since a time that began,
When Europe was roam'd by the primitive man;
Peking—though the blades of the warriors are rust,
Though temples and palaces fall into dust,
Still singsong and tea house are crowded and gay
And life moves along in the time-honored way.
A city still fit for the singers to sing,
Peking!
My Lottie dear,

I'm sorry that carbon was so tied up - a letter yesterday. I'm afraid you were disappointed much. But I wrote it yesterday morning when I didn't have a moment to write for today. I don't think many of the copies - so I guess those people were disappointed. May says she used to hate to get a carbon letter from one. She would look at the envelope - think it contained a good letter - then open it and find the carbon. I'm glad Manie has written you such a fine dear letter. I wish it pleased her letter as much.

Etta only stayed two weeks. We have not heard from Aunt H. for a long, long while. Last we heard, he was at home - no letter.
Houghton went to-day. Papa will try to get new men soon.

No. Mrs. Clements has not called on Marie yet.

Carol is about as usual.

We don't have to be very quiet on account of Baby.

Forgive this.

Lots of love.

Hattie.
My dear Marion

Hurrah! Hurrah!

I just screamed and danced when I got the postal. Don't please forever postals because I like them and jeniel is as good as any other thing. Oh—Clara and I will be so happy. Clara & says that you'll have to stay another week and make a postal for her too. &
Than ten looking on calendar
of Nov. 6 - 12 & find that I
have somehow become guilty
Mistaken - Mr. Charles Wagner
the Alsatian (?) - the author of
"The Simple Life" is to lecture
Tuesday evening - and Mr. Guilmont
coming the following Saturday
the 12th. I don't see how I
made the mistake but you must
come Tuesday in time for lecture
and then on Founder's Day we
shall han a service much like Venice so that you will hear that and you can stay surely till the following Monday.
That will be even better you see.
Oh-- ain't it be fine!

If I can't get Clara's mileage further & Papa to get her & Celb will advance four dollars or so so that we can buy me-- for me shall surely need it before June.
You won't need a trunk, will you?

Here is a little timetable.

I can spare 2.00 for a yoke or lace of gauze. It would be a grand plan to get gauze started if it wouldn't be too much more.

I planned roughly this way:

[Sketch of a garment with notes:

- Fine jeté blue
- I don't know about the skirt, you'll have to style it."
- Lots of sleeves."

Note: The handwriting includes some scribbles and corrections that are not clearly legible.]
Dear Maxim,

You are certainly a faithful creature and ought to be rewarded for sending me such a nice letter. I was so anxious to hear.

You speak of mending stockings. You know those which I brought at Gloucesters.

I've got four or more not yet to mend and had hired in before I came back to college but those who I bought in Boston.

I paid for .50 were really great and I have hardly had to mend them at all since I came back. I can

not realize that there only about four weeks before I shall come again. It doesn't seem possible.
I don't feel as if I had been back at all yet. I shall be delighted to have Mrs. Kent here this week if she arrives. It has been so long since she has been able to carry out her plans that we can hardly believe it possible now. I am glad that you & Hattie went with her. She enjoys entertaining immensely.

I am anxious to see Richard again. He must not die.

I will send mamma's goods back by Mrs. Kent if she is willing to take them. I have no doubt
that your makin' will be all right but I do
not know whether the material will suit. I
wish now that I had purchased gray silk
instead, but the cloth of that kind was 20
ears.

You can judge - & Hattie cam' han if
you prefer different - I know that it
will make up prettily. I saw a pretty new
dress today something like this

[Diagram of a dress with notes on it]
Dear— I have already written 2 pages this P.M. and don't think.

The theatre was very funny—Married at 8:00 and both our seats in the boxes, state Opera glasses were turned on us from every direction. The thing had no plot whatever and was just funny my way through— I'm not going to tell you story cause I haven't the patience— We had a sleigh ride from Hythe up in the moonlight and got into bed at 1000 P.M. Great fun! Oh— I hope you can come Commencement interesting to all—

Lottie.
Dear Stella,

Here’s for another little note. I came down to Jennie’s yesterday afternoon in a rain storm and found Anna Godding was here as I expected. I thought my guitar down and we had a real jolly time. Clara plays the banjo you know. This is the first time that we have tried it together and so we didn’t do very well although we enjoyed it so much.

We have all been wondering today how you and Marion are. You don’t know how eager it seems to think of two sisters in the hospital.

To-day Anna and I went to a little Baptist church and then took a nice walk. Poor Jennie has a headache from eating the fudge which I made last evening. Too bad! I didn’t know that it would have such evil consequences.

Just think only three weeks to vacation and only twelve weeks more...
of teaching in all. It doesn't seem at all possible. I am looking forward to seeing Hatti and Butte - but I do want to go home too. So many things are happening, I expect that Miss is having a perfectly lonely time at Mrs. Hunt's. She is there isn't she? Can you imagine how mamma must feel with her family so small. It must seem very strange.

I attended a very nice concert, last Thursday evening. A music club gave it but they had two splendid lady artists a contralto and violinist. The violinist was very skillful than anybody I have ever heard before.

Now I hope that you will get well and strong very soon so that you can come to Rockport this summer.

Very lovingly,
Sottie.

Sunday, May 7, 1906.
Albany, N.Y.
250 Partridge St.