

Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series: I. Correspondence

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Folder label: ESH to John and Kate Hildreth (parents), from Swatow, Kakechieh

Dates: 1914 Jan - Apr

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Send around as usual please - Elmwood
Return finally to Kalgoko Road - Swanton Jan 4
Dear Mother's

I sent you a most unsatisfactory letter yesterday morning. In fact I made up my mind that I would not again under any pretext put off my letter till Saturday morning. Because Saturday is our free day and the first thing after breakfast I go to doing something that has been waiting for a day which I could give some consecutive time to it. And I get interested in it and don't think about the letter till toward the end of the morning. And then perhaps as yesterday things will come up that demand instant attention and the mail time is not specially flexible.

I was sorry to send such a meagre letter yesterday as I'm going to send this tomorrow the Siberia and hope it will get there first. After I got it mailed I happened to remember that I hadn't said anything about the Christmas mail. That gave me the previous week after our letters were mailed and it was so long ago that I didn't realize (in the hurry of yesterday) that I hadn't mentioned it.

Start here. But I certainly appreciated the Christmas mail. There were 38 pieces for the two of us and we hadn't had any mail ~~for ten or a week~~ for 10 days. They came the middle of Saturday afternoon. Many thanks for the gift. Thomas picture now occupies a place of honor on my bureau and Pollyanna is on the parlor table. The money will be much appreciated when it comes.

I don't believe I told you much about Christmas. I purchased a surprise for Lattie and had to kind of trouble in carrying it out. As the 23rd I went to Swanton with two other men and bought a doll, a silver doll, a ~~some~~ figure of two little girls wrestling. A pair of another of a man and young ones. A bottle

of perfume, a flask (it only cost 15¢ Mex)
also got a little tin, some chocolate candy
in tin, and ~~some~~ ~~other~~ ~~things~~ ~~with~~ ~~fuzzy~~
wreaths.

I carefully went without my little
suitcase, not expecting to buy as much and
I filled coat pockets also trousers and
ulster coat and had things on both hands
and on my arm when I got home, I didn't
expect to be able to find nearly as much.
My father then in the house next door
and on Christmas eve I stole a pair of
of the stockings and I smuggled the
things in. I hid the trunk on the
outside of the stockings and hung them
in the bathroom, and when she went
in in the morning she was as pleased
as could be. You know we thought
each other our chief Xmas present in Hong
Kong and she wasn't expecting anything,
but I can't surprise her next year, let say.

And I had no end of trouble
doing it this year. She talked of going with
me, but I agreed a good deal but not
and so I went it away without her and
without actually saying that I didn't want
her. The first pair of stockings that I
lost I hid, at last, and didn't turn
up for a week. I carried my baby suitcase
full of old news papers to the things
up with me to the other house, and
I hid it there. I thought it was
surely lost, and I didn't find it again till
yesterday. It was hard to sneak into it
in and get Case has fixed it. I got her
into bed, and then I hung the stockings
up in the bathroom, and after I was in
bed she remembered something she had
forgotten in there, and I had to get up
and throw the things into the adjoining
room while she was asleeping the lamp
I decided to leave them there then, and I
got up a letter before twilight and
freedom without giving my father suspicion.
It was a difficult thing to arrange but
it was certainly worth while.

I suppose you know that Mrs
McWaters that I gave a Xmas dinner
to all the missionaries

within reach. That is all the baggage
witness and unmarked baggage on the
compound (not one from the territory)
blown at the table in all. I went to
Stevens church in the morning which
Hottle and Alvin had Scott first
Decorations.

By the way, we moved into our
apartment on 9 miles S.S. after supper,
but spent most of the evening at the
water house making camp for Tues.
Wed. P.M. I went to Swatow stopping
and in the evening I went to the team to
make an address at a sort of graduation
exercise. There, we were away almost all
day. Friday evening we were invited down
to Pakai to ~~eat~~ supper to plan
about the hunt. Sat eve I went down to
help about loading some cartridges.
Sun we had to go to the house to
make final arrangements. Monday
Wed we rode off on the hunt. There
we had to go down to a camp to let the
poor duck. (The other freshmen were
hunted too) Friday we were invited
to dinner at Japens, and last night
and tonight all the day evenings we
have had at home. I thought I would
say that I was in Xmas night. But
I still remember that I went to Swatow
to a Presbyterian Y.M.C.A. meeting and
reception to show our sympathy with
the town of no other way. It is
worth while — but that is a true
messianic way of living if long. It be
out all the time. I trust I can be home
more in the future.

X That Y.M.C.A. meeting was quite
interesting. You see you know that
the English Presbyterian work
alongside us in both Pakai and Pakai
districts. As far as I can see the two
missions get on together nicely. Our work
here in part is practically all here on
the Kahluk side; there is all on the
Swatow side. We have a better point
out they have a better position, not
so pleasant to live in. But more con-
venient and more advantageous.

the English Presbytery remains all all Scotch.
And most of them come down Glasgow. The 2
other one Church of St. Andrew's, from
Dublin University, and I guess his English.
At this first meeting one of these missionaries
made a speech, followed by several Chinese
and then they read tea and cakes. One man
spoke in Mandarin and I was interested
to see how it sounded. I have got so that
your dialect sounds pretty familiar, in
fact almost as his to me, but saying
my Chinese words in a language that I
know that Mandarin dialect sounded
like - well like Japanese - quite obvious.

The first day was a big time.
We went up to Shanghai - the country
side by train. The station is quite out
side the city. As it is at sunset, so
we need two coaches to carry the baggage
and we walked thru the city's narrow
streets to live on both sides with shops
on many of which we could see copper
and tin dishes, stoves, etc. at
least the shop fronts were all open.
It was a night interesting trip. We
went into the city to the river which
we crossed on a bridge of boats. And
up the other side to the Imperial Palace
which are up on a hillside. We had
dinner there. Then took boats and dropped
down the river to Yangtze a market
town arriving at about sundown. On
the way we shot a loudmouth for the
boatman, and a dove which made a
good shot, of course we slept on the
boat, and Baker says it is the first time
he slept without a net, even he got
a Chink. I hit it once on the boat
on the trip to Fua - Ah, and our first
night at East view we tried to do it
but the mosquitoes were too fierce.

The next morning we went down
the river to the mouth and had one big hunt.
I don't suppose you would be especially
interested in the details but in the morning
we shot two mud hens, and in the afternoon
Baker and I got 2 ducks and a goose.
We brought these home and left the
mud hens with the others who hadn't got

anything that day but were going to Nying
 (Chinglung) the next day, while they
 just try to better. I don't know what they
 found. We were then about 30 miles
 from Swatow and all ready to start Monday
 evening, and we figured that we could
 surely get there by Wed. But we didn't
 & we stayed there till about midnight to
 go in on the tide, because it would be
 just as impossible to pull us away in
 against the tide. After breakfast we
 went down river to be ready for the
 incoming tide again and had to wait
 2 hours for tide enough to cross the
 flats. Then we had to waded in and
 out the streams canals inlets and
 any of it thing. Some times they stop
 sometimes silted sometimes silted.
 sometimes broad; that is the
 boat men would lower the sail and
 make the ballast fast to something
 then fast in a rope to the lower end
 of the ballast, get on the dyke
 and pull the boat by the mast rope.
 We put up for the night about 9 miles
 from Swatow. But that was too far
 to walk you may be sure.

Was it cold? you ought to have
 seen me, with undershirt, cotton shirt
 my woolen shirt, sweater coat and
 oilskin slicker, sitting in the sun and
 trying to keep out of the wind to stay
 warm, and at the same time wanting
 a sun helmet to keep off the rays of
 the sun, and a pair of extra dark
 smoked glasses and another of extra
 dark amber glasses to protect my eyes.
 I wish a wonderful combination!
 We had a frost the last morning
 and we could hardly believe it. We
 asked the boat man and he said it
 was "SNG" which means by the snow
 or frost. Baker said, "In America
 that sometimes gets 2 to 3 feet deep.
 What would you do if you were that
 boat man? (that would be cold to
 death) (a common slang phrase for
 "divinely cold") and Baker said, "Yes
 that is just what does happen." By

the way that "what would you do if
you were there" needs only 10-15 min
with to express it - and get ordinary
when one speaks in English and
another translates, it takes the trans-
lator 2 or 3 times as long as the speaker.

I wouldn't have believed that
in less than two months (with lots of
breaks) I could give ordinary household
orders in Chinese without difficulty.
Often I know the words at all, I
succeed to be at about the "this is
a cat" stage, instead of "Every day
if we have pleasant weather we go to
outdoor table, but if there isn't
any pleasant weather we need enter"
with that isn't so complicated in
Chinese as it sounds. The is
getting on well. She can read and
would be great deal better than I can.

I must close now with
lots of love, and thanks for the
Xmas presents.
Your loving son
Alvini

I suppose you have seen maps of the district before, but here is another way through. You see the four Hakkō stations Chaochang Kityang Chaochang and Yangkung are roughly at equal distances from Swatow the port. Chaochang is the outlet for the rivers that enter Hainan Bay and is the only big city in that district. Kityang is the city at the junction of the two rivers branches of the Kityang River and is the metropolis for all the people who use those rivers and their branches as arteries of trade. Chaochang is just where the Yang River hangs the hills and is located in the plain which extends the rest of the way to Swatow. Yangkung is at the north of another river and is the metropolis of its district. Strategically may be said as to the attitude toward the gospel of the people who live in those cities. The stations located there are certainly strategically located for reaching the people.

I have kept longing eyes across the Bay many times at the big steam sailing Swatow that is Dr. Ashmore's field, and in the natural way of looking at things would fall to my inheritance I thought. Because Dr. Ashmore must go home shortly after my language study is finished. He might not come back and if he did his work as president of the Theological Seminary is enough to keep him busy. They my wife could hold in the port with plenty of company all around for the times when I was away. It was a pleasant dream. I liked Kityang and liked the social opportunities and all the rest.

But after a while some disturbing thoughts indicated on coming in. Dr. Ashmore was not only in charge of that field behind Swatow, but was also head of

the seminary and mission treasurer.
I suppose in addition to his field I
should inherit his other places!
I observed that as a matter of history
all the men who had been in ~~Shocho~~
were ~~at~~ residing at Kakhakh had
been drafted into school work, which
didn't attract me. Like the little school
at the Academy wasn't bad. Still what I
wanted to do was the work with the
churches and for the matter I counted
up the houses and found that if each
school which is established had its own
members of the faculty as it has already
had at some period in its history
there wouldn't be houses enough to take
it alone to give one to an evangelistic
missionary; so that in case they got all
they desired, I as an evangelistic missionary
would practically have to go somewhere
else to live because the teachers
couldn't; and there is no prospect
of any more houses at Kakhakh.
I feared the fact that if ~~Woodward~~
undertook to live at Kakhakh this
winter I should have to live in the
house of Mrs. Worley, which is the biggest
house of the compound to be sure, but
it already contains all her furniture
and all her brother-in-law's furniture,
so that it is about full now - and
we have enough furniture for four
ourselves; and then next fall her
brother-in-law is expected to come and
we should have to get out with
no other place to get into. I con-
sidered the fact that the river from
Shocho flows down spreads out like
a fan, so that almost all of that
plain that I had looked across the
bay at can be more easily reached
from Shocho than from Swatow
while some of it actually can't
be reached from Swatow without
first going up to Shocho and
then down the river. I considered

the fact that Baker the Shachowfu
missionary has personal and missionary
ideas that are about as close to mine as
those of anyone in the mission and he and
his family have so far proved thoroly
congenial to us, and that the same
is true of James the Presbyterian
missionary at Sifu.

And after some of these considerations
I began to feel a drawing toward the city.
Of course when I came here, Makins was
coming there, and Baker, temporarily at
Kahelchah was hoping to get back. But
Kemp died last summer. and Baker goes
on furlough in a few months.

I was thinking quite a bit about the
city when Latta and I went up with Mr.
Baker, and before we came back we
had practically decided that we would
not to be located there. and as the
Reference Committee approved, we shall
probably be going at Shachowfu
before you get this. I have 23 boxes
all packed (but that includes a good
many such as 1 day glass pair to a box)

I'll tell you more about Sifu
in a later letter. Our compound is
across the river on a hill side, so that
there is no difficulty about rain and air
plus about the sun getting more
over and accounts for the gas between
the letter and the last. I think that if
we had to start packing as soon as half
was over, I must say my minutes
written up to date, and I had. Long cloud
set room, and the minutes were already
typewritten (3 copies) as thro I copy up.
But that left no time for letters,
especially as we had company in for
celebrating a good many annivrs.

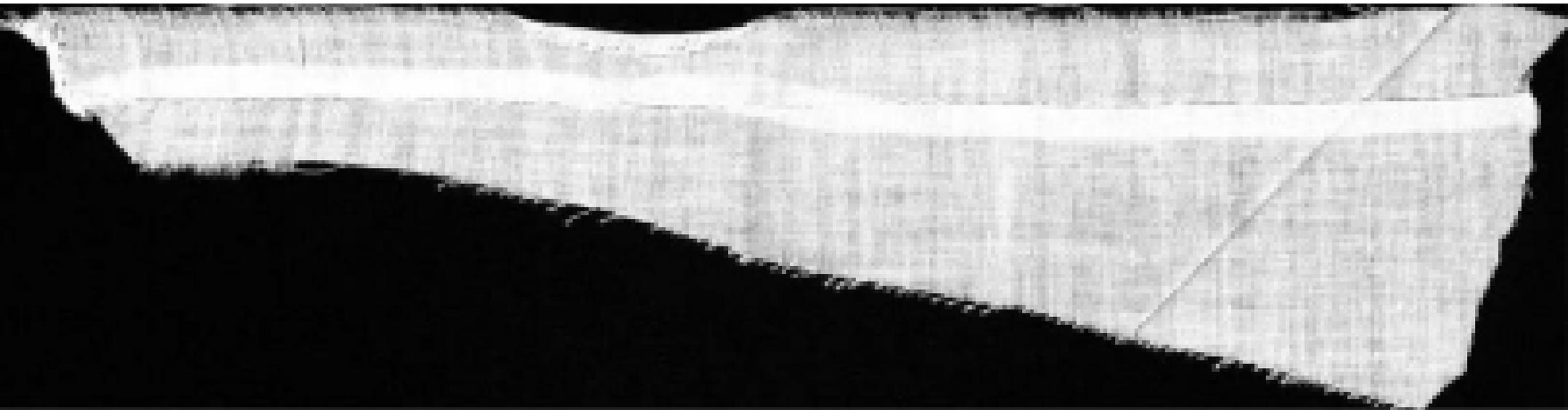
I beg to thank you for the
"Lutheran" work and
"Evangelist", and for the calendar
I'm waiting for to arrive and especially
for that comfortable that is not neces-
sarily to look at as well as to use. And if you
will thank Father and Aunt Ann and
Mary for the draft I shall be very
glad. I hope to be able to write the N.
folks in a day or so but in the mean-
time if you see them you might tell
them that I received their gifts and
was very grateful.

It's just after twelve I'm ready
and about 1/2 mail time. Since yesterday
morning I have packed up 10 boxes of
pots and papers, 3 of table etc. the
dining room table, cheap dish
camerak, and some of Grandma's
stuff. 30 boxes from bus, 20 camp
things, about two other boxes of
medicine and other breakables. Total
23 boxes. Besides 1 box of books that
was already packed and one tin-
lined box from home re-impacted.

The arrangement is that Baker
is to fill the first boat with his
things. (He is to move up for before
sunlight) and I would try to have
enough to fill up what space must
be left. That is the night I must have
enough things packed up to fill a boat.

But as it is with 25 boxes ready,
and a bureau, organ, bed, Hamrock's
couch, 4 tables, 6 arm or rocking
chairs, a big book case, a lamp case,
and plenty of miscellaneous all available
I guess I could fill a boat myself.

Wishing you all a happy
New Year
Lovingly
Ellen



Remember
return to me

Suvarayan 23.

Dear Mother:

The conference begins today and our
 guests came yesterday afternoon. I
 can't say that I have enjoyed having them
 here as much as I might. They are
 Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Hops with their
 two children and they are very nice
 but our household hasn't got so
 that it will run automatically yet.
 and the advent of that kind of a
 family is like throwing a stick of
 wood into a machine. This morning
 it took 45 minutes to eat breakfast
 and I didn't get half enough to eat, but
 I had lost my appetite by that time.
 Watching the kid chew up pieces of
 orange and then throw them on the
 matting while his parents were too
 much interested in the conversation
 to notice what he was doing, and while
 I was waiting fifteen minutes or so
 for the fruit course to be over (for
 that practically no fruit) helped
 to take it away.

The worst of it is that we are
 getting along with only two servants.
 Perhaps a household is supposed to
 have three. The Adams' brought one
 or two servants. I can't figure out
 which, but one of them is going to
 leave tomorrow. I notice that our
 servants seem to be doing most of
 the work and I'm a little worried
 for fear they will get tired out and
 grumpy, and as a result. But things
 have been going along so nicely
 that I hate to have anything inter-
 fere with them. He had enough to
 break in servant when you know
 the language.

I am glad you got the Fire Dept.
 matter all settled satisfactorily. It
 must have been a hot day of all right
 for bad about the furnace.

I have just looked in my bank
Have not looked with me find where
I made the mistake of \$10. which was the
cause of Father's having a chance to
maintain my credit for me. Please
thank him for doing it, and for some
place him draw out from Chamber-
lains bank that \$10 & the 95 of that
he made good previously & enough to
pay for the brand.

Sat. 10/27/99

Your letter has come in which
you speak of having cart pictures
of various people for me. Thank
you. When I have more leisure I
will note who the people are, and write
accordingly

The camera pictures were
never paid for, as far as my records
show. I ask the bank for
paying for them, have him draw
the money out of the Peoples Savings
Bk. and let me know the amount

Thank you for sending the watch
& bracelet. and for the other brand.
I think I had a Xmas present to you
of course I planned one. But, the
papers are filled away in the
middle of no where, and I
don't time to look them up. In my
hast I must not forget to say that
last night I was appointed
recording secretary of the Conference,
and that gives me a big rush of
work to do right now. I must be
back in a few minutes at
meeting, and this morning's
report sent ready. I'll catch
up tonight. But the guests take
up all the available time in
morning and afternoon.

Goodbye with love
Edson

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Kakchih, Feb. 13. 1907

Dear Mother:

To-morrow is Valentine's Day, and I am racking my brains to figure out how to get a Valentine for Lottie. It is a little complicated to arrange under these circumstances.

like this I wrote the enclosed at a time when I was hungry and sleepy, and they are pretty bum. Complicated syntax, poor ideas, and a punk point of view make a combination that isn't worth posting. But Lottie got hold of the letter, and criticized it a little, and now she says that if I don't send it she will think she is responsible, etc., etc., so I guess I'd better send it; but will herewith give a paraphrase, giving the sense that they were intended to convey.

1. Lottie teaches English at the Bible Women's training School. The representatives of the Women's Boards here are a little touchy about names; they object to being called "single workers, and they object to having that school called "Bible Women's School", both of which are very logical names. Incidentally the Chinese name for one of these representatives of the Women's Boards is "unmarried woman", and the name for the school is "married women's school", but the "unmarried women don't seem to object to those names at all, and use them constantly; and incidentally the Chinese way of saying those terms is very terse; it is kou-nie, and hu-oh.

2. The paragraph about dinner is not quite so guddy as the rest. It seems to mean that Lottie's teaching makes the dinner later than usual, but that her husband is trying to make the best of it; and the fact that he didn't growl any more while going thro the extra wait is an encouraging sign that he may get used to it.

The new teacher is a heathen, who comes to us with fine recommendations as a teacher. We have only had him one lesson, but that is enough to demonstrate that he knows Chinese, and has a good idea of how to teach it. And

while he doesn't know some of the Christian
 idoms, our personal teacher, who does, can supply
 us with them. The man is very attractive, and I
 think he will make a good teacher. This morning
 it was harder work than usual because we were not
 used to his ways and words, and vice versa, and
 because he was more critical of pronunciation than
 our other teachers. For the first time ~~today~~
 I learned how to pronounce one of the important
 tones, and it is a lot easier than the effort that
 I have been making. I think we shall have to work
 harder, but I think we shall make better progress.

Of our class of five, two have already left
 us. Miss Northcott is to be nurse in Dr. Edith
 Bacon's hospital at Kiyang, and as Dr. Bacon was
 living there alone, she was anxious to get Miss
 Northcott there for company, and the Conference
 finally decided to let her go. We were very sorry
 to have her leave us. Dr. Newman has also left us.
 He came out here expecting to do medical education
 at Chacchowfu, probably. But there is no prospect
 of medical education there for many many years to
 come, and there is a medical college now being
 organized at Canton under most promising circum-
 stances. They invited Dr. Newman to the faculty,
 and the Conference, approved of it. It is subject
 to the approval of the home board, of course, but
 I think there is little doubt that they will give
 it. Dr. Newman left yesterday afternoon. He was
 able to get a boat which goes direct to Canton,
 which will save him a great deal of bother about
 transshipment at Song Song, ~~and~~ as he has a lot of
 truck with him. I am glad that I am not the one
 who has to leave. I guess I told you that at one
 time there was talk of trying to change us to
 Kaying in the Hakka dialect, nearly a week up the
 river. That would have involved grave questions
 of providing supplies, which won't come up in the
 case of Newman who is removing to one of the
 largest trading centers in China.

Maybe I didn't say much about that Kaying
 proposition. At the time that the Central China
 Mission was closed up, our mission was very
 indignant over the matter, and I must say that I
 think they were pretty nearly right in their con-
 tention that the matter should not have been rushed
 thro with such precipitancy; also that from what

I can see here the board seems to have made a serious mistake in closing a mission which was showing good returns in converts than any other mission in China; was centralized, when they are doing their utmost to get the other missions centralized; had splendid leaders among the Chinese, when the great need of the other missions is native leaders; and could go for as long as necessary with the present plant. Whereas the great argument for closing it was that it required the immediate expenditure of an amount so large that they couldn't do it; and that it wasn't worth while to go on at the present rate. The contention doesn't seem to be proved. Even at the "poor dying rate" the mission had over a hundred candidates waiting for Huntley to get back and baptize them. And weeks after the committee had told them that the Board was going to withdraw, Huntley and Brooks Clark went out and baptized over forty; and everyone knows that it isn't every good Christian that wants to be baptized, that gets a chance to.

Well, I didn't intend to do more than refer to the matter, but now that I have got started, I might as well go ahead. I heard Percy Bakeman at the Rooms talking about the necessity of closing the Rooms, but didn't pay any more attention than just to listen. No one else said a word about the matter, altho a good many days before the Board had already taken action that called for one delegate from South China, one from East, and one from West China, to go to Hanyang, where the Central China Mission is located, and proceed to wind up its affairs. Then we got here Mr. Waters had gone to Shanghai on this errand. He merely got a cable to start, and got instructions by mail at Shanghai. But we made such a leisurely journey. But the first that I heard about the matter was from Brooks Clark and the Huntley's on board the Tenyo. They kept very quiet about it at Boston.

The committee consisted of Mr. Waters of South China, Mr. Ufford of East China, Mr. Taylor, on his way back to West China, in con-

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with Rev. G.A. Huntley, M.D. head of the Hanyang Hospital, and the only man in the mission at the present time, except those who are learning the language. They also co-opted the services of Mr. X. Beaman, on his way back to West China.

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The instructions of this committee were to break the news to the Hanyang Chinese Christians and to proceed to redesignate the Hanyang missionaries, with the understanding that the Board was so determined to transfer their Hanyang work to some other denomination that the committee could go on the assumption that the transfer was already accomplished.

The Hanyang churches sent a rousing delegation to the meeting which they expected saw for the purpose of planning how to strengthen the work. And they were met with the statement, that the Board was like a man who had so many children that he couldn't feed them all, and had to part with one for the sake of the rest; or one who had several stores which showed a profit, and one which didn't and closed that one. Analogies that the Hanyang Christians didn't find quite convincing, and I don't blame them very much. They tried to get in a petition to the Board to put them on trial for a term of years, but I don't believe it amounted to much at Boston; I haven't heard anything about it.

The Board's expectation was that the London Mission would be glad to take over the work, Hanyang being their chief place. But the London Mission has a staggering debt, and has retrenched very, very heavily this, and couldn't think of taking our work. So there you are; the committee proceeded to the work, redesignated the missionaries, and they have started to their fields to learn new languages, and the Board doesn't know who is going to take over the work. Furthermore, altho the great argument for closing the Mission was that the other Boards felt that we were one too many, the fact is the people like the Episcopalian bishop expressed extreme regret that we were leaving, and many people said that our Board was making a big mistake in leaving; that the big investment which

the Board seemed to consider necessary in order that the Central China Mission might make a

worthy contribution to the Christianization of China, were not necessary, at least for the immediate present; and one denomination said that our withdrawal would strike their work a blow (by depriving them of the support they expected thro union work with us) that it would take them years to recover from.

Now, altho the Board couldn't take time to find out whether anybody was ready to take over our work, before they scattered the mission rice; yet on getting a cablegram from the Judson party who spent a few hours in Hanyang, they decided to wait until the Judson party got back; and then they might decide to keep Central China after all and if so, they would send re-enforcements as soon as possible.

But it was only a month before these incidents that they had cabled Bailey and Clayton to go to Hanyang to live, having previously assured them that they wouldn't be sent there unless it was to be permanent. Then they sent out word, which uproots these men just as they have got nicely settled; and if they are going to keep the Central China Mission after all, their idea seems to be to send out a different lot later on.

P.S. After thinking about this I decided to rewrite, which I have done on different stationery. After you have had all you want of it in Hongkong, please send it to Mrs M Withers at Bridgewater. Then you can ask her to send it to your list, before it goes to the rest of the Lane list.
Yours truly
E. Clason

To a family only Miss meeting March
Kakchich, February 13, 1914

Dear Mother:

It is going to be Saturday tomorrow, but so I guess I had better get my letter started it is 12.15 Friday, and I have a few minutes before dinner. We have class from 9.00 till 11.30 and then Lottie goes down to the Women's Bible Training School, which those irreverent people who refer to the representatives of the Women's Boards as "single workers", to their great indignation, would also call, the "Bible Women's School", to their equal indignation. See if you can follow that complicated rhetoric. The Chinese names for them are "unmarried lady" and "Married Women's School", and it is a sample of how quickly you can ~~see~~ some things in Chinese, that kou-nie, expresses the representative, and hu-oh, the school.

Well anyway, Lottie goes down to the school five days a week, to teach English. There are two kou-nie's here, one of whom runs the schools and the other does country work. The one who ran the schools last term taught this English, but the one who does it this term, isn't in a position to do so, for some reason, so Lottie was invited to fill the gap, and I judge that she is doing so to great satisfaction of the girls, and to the moderate satisfaction of her husband, who is proud of her doing so well, but notices that dinner is somewhat later than usual owing to the fact that she gets too interested to close at 12.15, and sometimes doesn't leave there till 12.35. (Dinner is a variable feast; sometimes it is ready as early as 12.15, ~~and~~ and seldom later than 12.35. But never mind. It is a whole lot better than having guests who are very delightful people, but are not willing to make the effort necessary to be on time at meals.

We had a new Chinese teacher this morning. When the language committee found that there were to be five of us Freshmen, they decided to have a class, and on the recommendation of Mr. Kemp, who lives up at the county seat, Chaochowfu, they decided to engage one of his

Return to Wangfo

former teachers, who as he says, is one of the best he has found. The teacher however, couldn't begin till to-day, so we have been using the personal teacher who was engaged for Dr. Mildred Scott, as a class teacher, and it has been a very satisfactory arrangement. I was sorry to hear that the new teacher had come, because it meant the breaking up of that arrangement, but I had seen him once, and he was a very nice appearing man, so I suppose we could stand it.

Of course, we have had only one lesson with him, so it is a little early to say how he is going to be; but unless, he turns out to be an utter failure, we have got him for our teacher for the rest of the year; and so I guess it is safe to say we are going to have him. Because he knows Chinese, and he knows how to teach it.

Whether we enjoy it is not such an important question. For this particular morning, I had to work a good deal harder than usual, because I had got used to the vocabulary and ideas of the other teacher, so that I had little difficulty in understanding her, while this man frequently said whole sentences in succession, of which I didn't know a word, indeed couldn't make out what he was talking about. But Lottie says that it wasn't any harder than usual to her, which enables me to understand better how she feels at an ordinary class.

This man is a heathen too, while the women teachers that we have been having are Christians of long standing, educated in our schools, which makes it easier for us to understand each other. The very first thing that this man did, was to read two words ma-kho, which represent Mark, (the gospel) as be-kho. Well, "be" is the ordinary sound of that word, and one would have to know a little about the Bible, or something of that kind, to know offhand that that name was intended for Ma-kho. But that is a matter that won't be hard to adjust. We shall simply have our personal teacher in the afternoon give us the pronunciation of the words in Mark as we need to know them, and then if the class teacher gives us heathen pronunciations where the

Christian pronunciation is different, we can enlighten him.

I got a hair cut this week, to my great satisfaction. There is just one barber in Sastow that is worthy to cut the hair of a foreign devil, and I had been four times to his shop, and sent word to him once to come over here, without any results. My hair was getting so long that it was positively uncomfortable. Last Wednesday afternoon, when we went over to Sastow to the union prayer meeting with the English Presbyterian Mission, Lottie and I went a little early, and while she did a few errands I went to the shop and was delighted to find the man in. Price 20 cents Mex, which is not an exorbitant price from my point of view.

The other day I went to the bookstore and got five or six copies of the gospel of Mark, for 10¢ Mex, which equals one nickel and three coppers. Our teacher said that we paid far more than a Chinese would have paid for the volumes.

When we came out here there were five of us in the class. But at Conference time Miss Northcott went to Kityang to live for a while. Dr. Edith Bacon was living there all alone, and it is expected that Miss Northcott will be her nurse when she has learned the language. If Lottie is going

Send to Rockport go family only to
Ruth and to Holzgott.

Hakchich, February 14, 1914.

Dear Mother;

I wonder if you know very much about the matter of the closing of the Central China Mission. I don't know ~~as~~ much as I wish I did, but I do know some things that you may be interested to know.

The mission was founded by Rev. Mr. Adams, father of our Arthur S. Adams of the Hakka mission at Eopo, who was our guest at Conference, and whom I have met before at Detroit, and on the boat from Hong Kong. The elder Adams was a missionary at East China, but he wanted to do something somewhat more pioneer, so he went to what is known as the Wuhan and opened a mission.

The great river of China is the Yang-tse-kiang which is a good deal over a thousand miles long, for it is navigable for over a thousand miles. The missionaries to West China have to travel on it and it is a journey of some two or three months. The river is the main channel of commerce from east to west. 670 miles up the river is the forks, where the Han river empties into the Yang-tse. At the forks are three cities, like New York Brooklyn and Jersey, practically one city. Their names are Hankow (mouth of the Han), Hanyang (plain of the Han), and Wuchang (warlike, having many descendants). The three cities together are called Wuhan, like Greater New York, and they are the coming center of China. Ocean going steamships can go to Wuhan. There is a railroad to Peking already in operation, and via Hankow is the quickest way from Shanghai to Peking, the only decent way in winter. Another is being built from Hankow to Canton, and another is being built, or will be built from

from Shanghai, thus making Wuhan more than ever the great cross-roads of the Empire. The place contains tremendous iron works; for instance, a place for making armor, second only to the Krupp works. And as there is an unlimited supply of coal, iron, and labor, all right close at hand it must increasingly become a great manufacturing center as well as a great commercial center. Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Canton derive their great importance from being chief ports of entry of foreign goods, etc.: as China develops into a civilized nation, Wuhan will become the great distributing point for home goods as well as foreign; and foreign goods can be more advantageously distributed from that point, because they can be laid down there as easily as on the coast, and from there scattered in every direction. Furthermore, Peking is a very poor place for a capital. It is like putting the capital of the U.S. at Portland, Maine; and practically all the food consumed there has to be brought in from the south. Practically everyone admits that not very far hence the capital will be transferred to Hankow. It is pre-eminently the most strategic point for mission work in China.

Well, Mr. Adams went to this center and opened work "on the dike". There has been a good deal said about this as an unfavorable situation. It is true that the compound is cramped; and that Han-yang is the smallest of the three cities: But the three are much closer together than New York, Brooklyn, and J.C. And "the dike", on which the compound is situated is the main thoroughfare from Hanyang to Hankow, and practically all the traffic from Hanyang County to Wuhan goes right by the chapel doors. It would be hard to find a better place for a street chapel.

There is a fine hospital at the place, but very little in the way of schools. The spirit of the mission has been to place its chief emphasis on evangelism, in which it has had greater success than any other mission (Baptist, at least), in China.

For some years now, there has been a persistent agitation for the closing of the Central China Mission. A few years ago a commission went there, and were so impressed with the importance of the center, and the work there, that they recommended that it be greatly strengthened at once. But they neglected to say, that if it couldn't be strengthened it should be kept along anyway.

As a result the argument was; in order to make a worthy contribution to the Christianization of China, we must have schools, colleges, etc. To equip the mission as it really ought to be equipped, will require a specified number of families and of thousands of dollars, the number being so great as to be prohibitive; therefore close the mission. The argument overlooks the fact that with small equipment the mission was already making a worthy contribution. At the time the Board was voting to close it, there were over a hundred waiting for baptism, waiting for Huntley, the only ordained missionary of mature years in the mission to return with us on the Tonjo, so that he might take charge of the examination of them; a record that many another mission might be proud of. And the argument also overlooks the fact that there were a large number of other missions at Wuhan doing a great educational work, but somewhat deficient in evangelism; the argument assumes that the Baptist mission must do the same kind of work that the others were doing; and neglects to notice the advantage of having the Baptists make their contribution along the line of evangelism, for which they were especially well fitted, much more so than the others.

Another argument was that Wuhan was overcrowded with missions, and that the Baptists were not welcomed. I do not pretend to know whether this was ever true in the past; it certainly is not true now. The other denominations expressed regret at our leaving; deprecated the idea of the Board that such a tremendous immediate investment was necessary;

and one mission, which was expecting to do union medical work with ours, says that our withdrawal will strike their work a blow that it will take years to recover from.

Another argument is the terribly cramped location of the compound "on the dike", with a lotus pond in the back yard, and Huntley had to go to his hospital in flood time, in a packing box for a boat. I have already explained that "on the dike" meant one of the most strategic places for a chapel; it is not necessary that schools, if we did start them, should be on the same place; the lotus pond can be easily filled up, maybe it is being filled already, which will make useful land of that space; and while the chapel ought to be kept anyway, if at any time they want to sell the land where the rest of the compound is located, it is constantly increasing in value, and from the bright prospects for the future of Wuhan, it isn't likely to decrease at any time.

Another argument which I have heard is that the mission is so cramped that it has no room to expand, either in the city or the country; as nearly as I can find, this argument is not in accordance with the facts. And the only other argument that I can remember is, ^{the} the churches of the Central China Mission are not self supporting; neither are those of any other Chinese mission that I know about; there are self-supporting churches scattered here and there, but most of them have to be helped a little. That argument doesn't seem very convincing.

Well, just before we left Boston, the Board took action which meant the closing of the Central China Mission; but we didn't hear anything about it, nor did I know that such a thing was contemplated till I was on the boat, and missionaries returning to China told me. I have looked over the January number of Missions, very carefully; that is the latest one that has come here; but there is no announcement of the fact. I wonder why.

On the Tanya, Brooks Clark, returning to West China, told me about the matter. When we got here we found that Mr. Waters was up in Central China, on this matter. The Board cabled him to start, and sent written instructions to Shanghai. They appointed a committee of Waters of South China, Ufford of East China, ~~Brooks~~ returning to ~~Central~~ West China, with Beaman returning to West China, as co-opted member and Mantley, returning to Central China (at least that was the committee; I wouldn't want to say what were the terms of their appointment). This committee was to break the news to the Central China Baptists, and to consult with the missionaries as to their designation.

The committee debated earnestly as to whether their instructions should not be interpreted to mean that they were, first to see whether the work could be transferred to some other society under satisfactory conditions; but Mantley and Taylor, fresh from the Rooms, insisted that the Board's idea was that they were to proceed at once to redesignate the missionaries; Taylor wanted to take along with him the man that he expected would be designated to West China (which isn't quite so harsh as it may sound, as the trip is so long and hard and dangerous that an inexperienced man ought not to take it alone, it seems to me.)

So the committee proceeded to redesignate the missionaries; I am not familiar with what they did except in the case of two men who had been one year in the Language School at Hanking, and had just gone to Hanyang to live. Bailey was designated to West China and went along with Taylor; Clayton was designated to South China, but while packing up caught a very bad cold, and I don't know whether there was any pneumonia or not but he was threatened with it, and there is something about tuberculosis, so he was ordered home and sails to-day from Shanghai.

The committee talked with representatives of the other Wahan mission as to their taking over our work, but didn't seem to find much prospect of it. The Board expected that the London Mission would be glad to do

so. But the London Mission is crippled with a heavy debt, and made a big slash in their China budget this year; for ~~them~~^{us} to take over our work is apparently out of the question.

The Hanyang churches sent a rousing delegation to meet this committee expecting that it had come to plan about strengthening the work. When the committee told them that the Board was like a man who had so many children that he couldn't feed them all, and had to sell one to be able to feed the others, their answer, after consultation, was that they didn't understand this doctrine; they thought that the children ought to be willing to go hungry together for the sake of the family. They wanted the Board to put them on trial for a period of years, but I don't know whether anything came of this or not.

That is the main history, so far as I know it. But there are two other little things that are worthy of mention. The Board ^{had} told Bailey and Clayton that they wouldn't be sent to Hanyang unless it was a permanent thing. And yet just about a month before this incident they cabled "Bailey Clayton Reside Hanyang" The other is that the Judson party, which had visited Hanyang sent a protest against the closing of the Central China Mission, and the Board decided to wait until the Judson party returned to the states before proceeding further, with the idea that the Judson party (which was only in Hanyang a few hours) would have some further light to throw on the matter.

Now what I would like to understand better is 1. why there hasn't been more publicity in the matter. 2. if the Board can afford to wait for the return of the Judson party, why couldn't it wait to see whether my mission would take our work before they scattered the missionaries; 3 what arguments led them to that course anyway, to break up the mission before they had any assurance that someone else would take over our work.

The Central China mission was gaining more converts with small equipment than any other of our missions, according to figures that

Wire shows, and that I have no reason to question. It was centralized, and the Board is making large efforts to get the other missions centralized; it has splendid leaders among the Chinese Christians, and the great need of the other missions is leaders among the Chinese. And it furnished a basis for work in the coming century of China. And the Board is apparently willing to let all these things go. I must say that I think they are making a serious mistake.

There are other matters on which I know a little, but don't feel competent to say much about them. What I have said in this letter I feel sure of.

At present, so far as I know, Huntley and Brooks Clark are in charge of the Central China Mission. Huntley is a clergyman and a physician. He was the head of the hospital at Hangyang and had a flourishing training class. During his absence a work for women has been done by Dr. Emily Bretthauer. I understand that Huntley has not undertaken any medical work since his return, but has been supervising the evangelistic side. He and Clark went out recently and baptized over forty. And it isn't every good Christian who gets baptized in this country. Many that are sincere and good get turned down.

Brooks Clark was returning with us on the Tenyo, going to West China, where he has served one term. The trip is a very dangerous one, as thro the gorges of the Yang-tze, the current is very swift, and the river rocky. The first few times one doesn't mind it much, but one comes to understand the danger, and the oftener one takes the trip, the harder it becomes on his nerves. By the time they reached Shanghai, Mrs. Clark had got into such a nervous condition from thinking about the trip, that the West China missionaries and the East China physicians said it was out of the question for her ever to attempt the trip again. It would undoubtedly be too much for her mind. So the Clarks had to seek a redesignation, and pending action by the Board, Clark is helping

Hantley at Hanyang. The committee wanted Beaman to stay also, but for various reasons he decided it was important to get back to West China, so he started up the river with Bailey and Taylor, (also, I suppose, with Beulah Bassett and Fanny Mason, who are returning). But a few hundred miles up the river his nerve gave out, and he had to turn back. Beaman has been keeping the river warm, traveling back and forth of late years. He cannot stand the climate of West China, but he loves the place so that he will try to go back. He had a very serious operation about a year ago in the States, and evidently wasn't strong enough to stand the trip; and he has made it so many times that he fully appreciated the danger. It isn't a matter of weakness to turn back in a case like his or Mrs. Clark's. It is simply recognizing that if the man goes on thro the trip, he will go to pieces on the way. It is no fun to be a missionary to West China. You are two or three months from civilization, and to ~~get~~ get to it you have to go down thro the rapids; and sometimes the sun doesn't shine for months at a time, maybe for a whole year or so, I am told. I'm glad I didn't draw that. Well, anyway, Beaman started back, and after a little while his boat struck a rock and went to pieces, and he and his family were taken off by a passing boat just a few seconds before it sank. All his money which was in silver, ~~went~~, sank, and all his supplies, and those of his books and papers which floated were so wet that they had to be thrown away. That is truly a case for sympathy.

our Mission here is strongly opposed to the closing of the mission at Hanyang. They have a two-fold reason; one is that they have constitutional objections to asking a Baptist to unite with any other body; in this I don't fully agree with them, to the extent to which they go; the other is that they think that the Board is giving up something that they will regret many times, and I fully agree with them in that.

Return
a Holzfaher finally

Feb 21.
Kakuhak ~~1914~~
1914

Dear Mother:

I am afraid that this week you will think to be the beginning of the lean year following the fat ones. Because if I figure it right my letter about Scatter Hill, and my copy of the letter to Fournier must have got to you in the same mail and at about the same time as my letter of the previous week - and then two weeks wait with this nasty epistle at the end of it. It's bound to be heavy because I didn't find out that there was a Hong Kong mail today - and I'm not going to add this because it would have to go in about 5 min. and what I could write in that short time wouldn't be worth while. I'll mail it Monday instead.

Today is Sat and has been full of a number of things. First after breakfast I went down to Mrs Worley and put together a phonograph that she had put together from what you'd send. It was perfectly simple to me, but she didn't know how a phonograph went together as she was out at sea.

Then I came home and put my carpenter shop in order. found that white ants had been eating a box so I put that on four jaws for struts, and they worked a while for this I gave up because which was out of order. I had had it nearly a week but hadn't been able to put much time on it. I finally found a perfectly simple little matter that I thought I had neglected and that only took a few minutes to fix. After I had had the replacement of the most delicate and complicated part of the typewriter I've given several times, trying to locate the trouble there when I want this at all.

By that time I was nearly dinner and I spent the few minutes just before and after that meal, fixing up my front suit case. I had put shelves in it some time ago, but we hadn't figured out the best way to put it on the wall. I was

It is cited that the best way was to nail
two stout pieces of wood to the plaster
with big nails and then screw the back
of the giant to these boards. Then when
we leave we can unscrew the giant and
take him away with us and ~~put~~ ^{put} some
put hooks to hang things on the board as
the place is appropriate.

I a few minutes now Lottie is
going to the English chapel where she
has to play the organ tomorrow, for practice.
I am going to take my violin along and
we expect to have a pleasant hour.
Then we are going to try to interview the
carpenter about some work - always an
unsatisfactory matter as we can't make our
ideas perfectly understood, and the
biped job articles are always badly
delayed. Our book case isn't done
yet and we hadn't been here very long
when it was ordered, and all our books
are still boxed up.

Last night I did some developing
and got some very good pictures from
my little vest pocket Kodak, and some
interesting ones from the Kononon Kodak.
I fixed it up for me to take my pictures
soon, as the films run in tin - ~~but~~ boxes
are likely to spoil in the dampness of
spring, and in the heat of summer
development is difficult and results
uncertain.

Wednesday night the company
prayer meeting was held at our house there
are just 14 adults on the company now
and we have just 14 chairs. It was a
warm night, in fact it had been uncomfort-
ably warm during the afternoon, but after
supper we decided that the room was
so hot that we ought to have a fire
when it was quiet. It burned too well so
I buried it in ashes, and then the smoke
just coming out into the room till I got
the blower from the other fireplace and
set it up in front. Surprisingly the fire mainly
kept it alive and the rest of it ~~fraked the ashes~~
and let it burn

1st yr

Sakohien, March 21, 1914.

Dear Mother;

I think perhaps you will be interested in the account of the trip that Mr. Waters and I took in to Phau-thai the other day. We left here on Friday morning in the house boat, expecting to arrive about the middle of the afternoon. But the boat fell among unfavorable winds. You can count on an east wind almost every day, and when it comes it certainly makes this old bay, which opens to the east, an uncomfortably rough place. And as we were going west, the more wind, the better. But this particular day, a west wind sprang up just after we started, and the boat labored heavily, and the men at the oars also labored, but perhaps not quite so heavily. Anyway we didn't make good progress, and I didn't feel comfortable. I don't believe I have mentioned what a house boat is like. In the first place it is a boat. It lies moored with its bow to the shore, and you walk a plank to the bow, then walk on a space about a foot wide along ~~the~~ outside the cabin, almost to the stern, when you go down a hatchway in the middle of the boat, and there you are. As you reach the bottom of the stairs the bathroom is on one side of you and the pantry on the other, each one just about big enough to turn around in, but having everything that is necessary for the trip. You go thro a curtain and there you are in the captain's stateroom. On either side of you is a single couch, practically built on the side, tho I guess it could be taken down. At the end in the middle is a small table. There is just about room to get between the couches and the table, so as to sit on either side of the table facing the tenter, but when you are there you are fairly comfortable. Your baggage goes under the bed. There are hooks to hang clothes on, and a few shelves to put books and things on. And you just go about your work as if you were at home. The steersman runs the boat, and has two or three boatmen to help him. The boy takes care of the housekeeping, and serves the meals almost as if you were at home. After you have been in a cold chapel for a service of two hours or so it is nice to be

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to a warm house boat, instead of having to stay around that same old chilly chapel (they can't help being chilly and damp in this climate) to eat and sleep. It is the ideal way of travel. But it has some disadvantages. Whereas you can be comfortable and use your time to advantage on the way, it does take you longer; and when you run into a head wind the boat has so much surface above the water that it takes a good deal longer.

And that is what ~~1908~~ happened to us. About the middle of the afternoon it became very evident that we wouldn't come within miles of Phau-thai. It was absolutely necessary to get there because the Mr. Waters had been extensively advertised to give a stereopticon lecture that evening. So we got out walked six miles across country, cutting off a big peninsula, and on the other side, took a "boat-baby" as they call the little row-boats, and got to the Phau-thai Chapel just at dark. Then Mr. Waters had to get busy and arrange things for the lecture, and he didn't get much supper, but I bet that what ^{he} did get tasted good. ~~1908~~ When we left the boat, we had one of the boatmen carry a small lot of stuff for us; it had to be small in order to make good fast time. The lantern took us a good deal of the space, and there wasn't much left for grub. But we did have some rice, some bread, and a can or so of Campbells soup. You could tell that it was Campbell's the first mouthful, but it certainly went right to the spot. The second bowlful had a lot of rice in it for substance, and that was all the supper I needed, and you couldn't get a supper that would be better under the circumstances.

After supper the lecture began very promptly. Mr. Water ran the lantern, and gave the lecture, and I stood up with a long bamboo stick and tried to tell from what he was saying in Chinese what needed to be pointed; rather a strenuous mental exertion, and of course I had to be prompted somewhat in English. The slides he showed included pictures from Honolulu, Yellowstone Park, especially the geysers, New York, for

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hung above the table and a chair set behind the table for the speaker to stand on; the chief use of the table seemed to be to keep the crowd from pressing on the speaker and knocking his chair over. My only usefulness during the evening was along that line, as sometimes the speaker's chair wouldn't rest evenly on the ground, threatening serious consequences if he changed his position; the chair is only about six by eight inches on top and at least a foot and a half high so it doesn't have very stable equilibrium at best; but my number eleven feet managed to ballast the chair in such a way as to avoid any disaster.

The first speaker was the pastor of the Fhau-thau church, who spoke about God. I didn't get much of that sermon. The next was the school teacher, who gave a sort of lecture on anthropology or biology or something showing how man was different from the lower animals chiefly in having a moral sense. Our pastor at Wakchieh spoke on sin and redemption, and the Academy teacher spoke on redemption leading to Christian service. Both these men closed their talks with a strong appeal straight from the heart, for the hearers to give themselves to Christ. Nobody responded but it would be a very unusual thing for a Chinese to do so on such short notice. And if the local church follows the matter up as it should, there will be undoubtedly results from the meetings.

The theological students were certainly happy over the results of the week end's efforts. I was pleased and impressed with the way they took hold of things, and the spirit they showed. It indicates to me that the day of the old fashioned Chinese preacher is ~~approaching~~ approaching its end, and the sooner the better. The older preachers were the best that could be had in their day, and were vastly better than none at all, but their conception of Christianity is far from the deep spiritual one that is needed, and their ideas of the way the churches ought to be run are sometimes those of the brake rather than the engine. This isn't the result of my observation; it is what the older missionaries have told me. But these students seem to understand what Christianity means, and their

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After the service one of the Christians invited us into his shop to have something to eat, and while we were waiting for it to be ready, it was certainly interesting to watch the students talking about the day's work. I hope I get another chance to go out with them, and if I do, I want to put in the day in the villages with them.

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Lakchih, March 21, 1914.

Dear Mother;

I think perhaps you will be interested in the account of the trip that Mr. Waters and I took in to Phaukthal the other day. We left here on Friday morning in the house boat, expecting to arrive about the middle of the afternoon. But the boat fell among unfavorable winds. You can count on an east wind almost every day, and when it cozes it certainly makes this old bay, which opens to the east, an uncomfortably rough place. And as we were going west, the more wind, the better. But this particular day, a west wind sprang up just after we started, and the boat labored heavily, and the men at the oars also labored, but perhaps not quite so heavily. Anyway we didn't make good progress, and I didn't feel comfortable. I don't believe I have mentioned what a house boat is like. In the first place it is a boat. It lies moored with its bow to the shore, and you walk a plank to the bow, then walk on a space about a foot wide along ~~the~~ outside the cabin, almost to the stern, when you go down a hatchway in the middle of the boat, and there you are. As you reach the bottom of the stairs the bathroom is on one side of you and the pantry on the other, each one just about big enough to turn around in, but having everything that is necessary for the trip. You go thro a certain end there you are in the captain's stateroom. On either side of you is a single couch, practically built on the side, tho I guess it could be taken down. At the end in the middle is a small table. There is just about room to get between the couches and the table, so as to sit on either side of the table facing the-center, but when you are there you are fairly comfortable. Your baggage goes under the bed. There are hooks to hang clothes on, and a few shelves to put books and things on. And you just go about your work as if you were at home. The ~~steersman~~^{captain} runs the boat, and has two or three boatmen to help him. The boy takes care of the housekeeping, and serves the meals almost as if you were at home. After you have been in a cold chapel for a service of two hours or so it is nice to go home

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And that is what happened to us. About the middle of the afternoon it became very evident that we wouldn't come within miles of Phau-thai. It was absolutely necessary to get there because the Mr. Waters had been extensively advertised to give a stereopticon lecture that evening. So we got out walked six miles across country, cutting off a big peninsula, and on the other side, took a "boat-baby" as they call the little row-boats, and got to the Phau-thai chapel just at dark. Then Mr. Waters had to get busy and arrange things for the lecture, and he didn't get much supper, but I bet that what he did get tasted good. ~~When~~ When we left the boat, we had one of the boatmen carry a small lot of stuff for us; it had to be small in order to make good fast time. The lantern took us a good deal of the space, and there wasn't much left for grub. But we did have some rice, some bread, and a can or so of Campbell's soup. You could tell that it was Campbell's the first mouthful, but it certainly went right to the spots. The second bowlful had a lot of rice in it for substance, and that was all the supper I needed, and you couldn't get a supper that would be better under the circumstances.

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studied till afternoon quitting time, and then walked around the town for an hour. One storekeeper that I spoke to was delighted to find a foreigner that could talk ⁿwhite words, and wanted me to sit down and have a long talk. But I couldn't stay very long; I couldn't understand his cross-colored words at all well. So I wandered back to the chapel, where Dr. Edith Bacon and Miss Sollman were just winding up the dispensary that they had been holding all day, and presently went home and found that Mr. Waters had just got back for his all day trip, very tired, but glad that the day had showed so much opportunity.

That evening we went to the chapel and heard the teacher from the Academy make a speech on the thesis that society need men who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of others, and that Christianity is the only source from which you can get such men. And it certainly was splendid. Mr. Waters told me the things he was talking about, and what he was saying about them, and when it was over he told me some more. The whole of it was clear and logical, constructive and evangelical, and I can testify that it was eloquent. The man is about my age, graduated from the Academy here, and had about a year at Canton Christian College. He certainly given every indication of being a man that will make his mark in the church.

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hung above the table and a chair, set behind the table for the speaker to stand on; the chief use of the table seemed to be to keep the crowd from pressing on the speaker and knocking his chair over. My only usefulness during the evening was along that line, as sometimes the speaker's chair wouldn't rest evenly on the ground, threatening serious consequences if he changed his position; (the chair is only about six by eight inches on top and at least a foot and a half high so it doesn't have very stable equilibrium at best; but my number eleven feet managed to ballast the chair in such a way as to avoid any disaster.

The first speaker was the pastor of the Ihsu-thai church, who spoke about God. I didn't get much of that sermon. The next was the school teacher, who gave a sort of lecture on anthropology or biology or something showing how man was different from the lower animals chiefly in having a moral sense. Our pastor at Sakonieh spoke on sin and redemption, and the Academy teacher spoke on redemption leading to Christian service. Neither these men closed their talks with a strong appeal straight from the heart, for the hearers to give themselves to Christ. Nobody responded but it would be a very unusual thing for a Chinese to do so on such short notice. And if the local church follows the matter up as it should, there will be undoubtedly results from the meetings.

The theological students were certainly happy over the results of the week end's efforts. I was pleased and impressed with the way they took hold of things, and the spirit they showed. It indicates to me that the day of the old fashioned Chinese preacher is approaching its end, and the sooner the better. The older preachers were the best that could be had in their day, and were vastly better than none at all, but their conception of Christianity is far from the deep spiritual one that is needed, and their ideas of the way the churches ought to be run are sometimes those of the brake rather than the engine. This isn't the result of my observation; it is what the older missionaries have told me. But these students seem to understand what Christianity means, and their

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I am sending a copy of the same to the same side of the house
Please say to her after reading

Return kindly
to Mother

15
Jachich, April 17, 1914.

Dear Mother;

I guess that first I will tell you about the trip to Double Island
last Saturday Mr. Waters asked me last Friday afternoon if I cared to go
with him, and I said that I would like to, but thought that I would be
too busy. But when I spoke to Lottie about it, she was strongly in
favor of it, as nearly as I could make out, so I went up after supper
and made arrangements. We had to get up at about quarter to six, and
leave the jetty before seven o'clock, on account of the tide. You have
no idea how strong the tide is in this bay. It is almost like the
tide at such places as Goose Cove bay, not quite so fast, but on a great
deal larger scale. We go out with the tide as far as Double Island,
which guards the mouth of the bay, getting there at about the turn of
the tide, so that we can come back with the tide. It's more important
to have the tide favorable when you come back, because otherwise both
the tide and river current are against you. The river current is very strong
when the tide is coming in, it comes in in the middle of the channel, and
on the north half, but the river keeps on coming down on this side, so
that the tides run against each other for several hours, and sometimes
you can see a regular line of foam afterwards, which marks the line
between the two tides. Now that I am on the subject I might mention that
in these tide water rivers, they have a big and a little tide every day.
The big tide comes in and forces the river water way back into the
country. Then the tide recedes, and by-and-by the river makes up its
mind that it will empty out not only the tide water that has been forced
upon it, but also all the river water that has been accumulating. Before
this gets fairly to the mouth of the river, it meets the next flood tide,
and they wrestle for six hours or so, the flood tide forcing the rest
back just a little. Then the tide finally turns, the whole business
goes out to sea, as the it was doing it on purpose, and then the whole

Swatow

Kobouan

cycle is repeated. Another thing. They use
 tide water for irrigation. The whole country
 back of here is crisscrossed by creeks, which
 fill and empty with every tide. But the inlets
 are way, inland. The fresh water, on its
 way to the sea, meets other fresh water driven
 back by the tide, and is driven into these
 creeks, as the tidesebb, the creeks empty.
 With the incoming tide they fill again. But
 there is always enough fresh water between
 the inlet and the mouth of the bay to keep
 the salt water out, except when the river is
 very low indeed, and then they close the inlet to the creeks. The
 Chinese know some things all right. The ship channel is about in
 the middle of the sketch I have drawn, until you get to about the south
 of the bay, and then it goes between Double Island and the South
 shore. There is a big sand bar which protects Double Island, as if a
 rocky island needed any protection, and ships from the north have to
 go way south to get around it. Where I have marked "signal" a watch is
 kept, and when any ship appears headed for Swatow Bay, they run up a
 black ball, which is noted by the watch at the Customs House, directly
 across from us, and they run up a black ball on their flag pole. If
 the boat has to anchor to wait for the tide (only the biggest ones do)
 they drop the ball, and leave it hanging a few feet below the cross bar
 Then the lookout down near Double Island makes out the name of the
 steamer, and any other facts, he runs up flags according to a code,
 and the same flags are run up at the Customs House. For instance one
 flag means that the vessel is from Shanghai, another that she carries
 a European mail, another what line she belongs to, etc. Some of these
 flags are carried by the boat, some represent facts that the lookout

knows. I do not know the origin of this custom. Of course there is
 a special kind of telephone here, or anything of the sort. This may be partly for the
 benefit of the shipping agents, partly for the customs men, some
 of whom live on this side. At any rate it is mighty
 nice for us. I haven't got the code, but I can always tell whether boats
 are coming in or not. Also I keep a record of the Douglas boats, and that
 is lots of satisfaction. Practically all the outport mails are carried on
 the Douglas boats, and they are the only good way to get out of here. There
 are four, and I have finally got so that I can tell any one of them without
 the spy glass, and I have got acquainted with their schedule, so that I
 know that the Hai-mun is supposed to come in from Hong Kong Mondays and
 Thursdays, and go back the same day. And that of the three other boats
 there is ordinarily one each direction on Saturday, and one north some
 day during the week, another south another day. The boats leave Hong Kong
 in the afternoon, get here the next morning, leave about four, and get to
 Amoy in the morning, leave in the afternoon, and get to Foochow in the
 morning. Sometimes they start back that day, sometimes the next. Sunday
 they don't ordinarily load or unload, because the Customs make a heavy
 charge to discourage this practise. It's a flexible schedule, and once in
 a while they abandon it entirely, and then they have me guessing till they
 settle down to regular travel again. And once in a while a boat goes by
 without stopping, and that throws me off. To-day the Hai-mun was in; she
 usually comes in Thursday, gets back Friday morning, and has all day
 Friday and Saturday to load. Now she was and sails on Sunday. Now she
 won't get there till Saturday morning, and it is doubtful if she can get
 her load before Sunday, and they may abandon they trip. It's lots of fun
 to keep track of these things. The first thing I do in the morning is to
 go out on the veranda and see what boats are in the harbor. The boats
 are Hai-mun named for Hai-mun or Hai-ming Bay, back of Chao-yang 海門 it
 means sea-gate; and Hai-yang, that's mandarin, in our dialect it would be
 Hai-ia, with the second syllable pronounced like the word 海 and means

sea-plain; it is the name applied to the delta country behind Swatow, and Hai-chang, which is the name of some kind of a crab-apple tree, and hai-ching, which is the one we came on, and I have never been able to find out its meaning. These boats mean a lot to us. They bring our mail to us, and carry ours to you; they bring us visitors occasionally, and new workers very semi-occasionally; they carry people away, and in a few weeks they are going to carry away Mrs. Waters who has taken such good care of us ever since we have been here, and her mother Dr. Anna Scott, over ~~seventy~~ seventy years old; and they represent to us the best means of escape, and yet not one so attractive that one is tempted to escape to Hong Kong on small pretexts; the fare is \$15 Mex, and the China Sea is always rough.

海棠

Well by this time we have reached Double Island and had a good look around the place. Lottie thinks it is about the size of Thatcher's, I think it is about the size of Straitsmouth, and a little bigger than Ten Pound. Anyway it isn't very large. When I went down before I got hungry after a while and felt mean and sat right down on the verandah floor. The steersman said to me Sin seⁿ kha ang, which means a polite inquiry whether I was footsore (or leg-weary). When I told Mrs. Waters she said she didn't know anyone could get kha ang on Double Island. Well, that is where all the traders lived in the old days, and all the warehouses were there. When Dr. Ashmore first came to this port having learned the dialect from Chinese emigrants in Siam, and also worked at Hong Kong, he had to buy a house on Double Island, and the ruin of the house are still very visible. Lottie didn't see how a house could go to ruin so soon, but it's easy to explain. The white ants eat the roof timbers, and then the roof falls in. The typhoons in the summer help it along, but it doesn't really need their help. Well this island contains the pilot's residence, the summer home of the Commissioner of Customs, the Foken house where the children were brought up if they give up in port now

they are married, and go to Double Island for the summer; they were grown up before they ever went to England) the summer houses of the Baptist Mission, where we should go for part of the summer if we didn't have the chance to go to Thai-yong, and the Presbyterian mission, and one of the consuls; a Chinese village, and a famous temple. Double Island is the keystone of the "wind and water" superstition, because the prevailing breeze for most of the year is from the east, and blows right across Double Island up to town. But so far as I know this temple isn't connected with that superstition. It is dedicated to a grandmother goddess for whom

the island has a name. The women were watching her when she was here. To see women bustling around and cooking things to offer to the goddess of course then they were all very devout, and the things were made with care and put up for themselves. The women who were doing this were a little like women going about the cooking at a church supper. Others were meddling with and shaking a jar which contained herbs and spices, something, which strange to say I didn't understand. When she came out the woman took it to a woman at a table, who gave the interpretation; maybe it wouldn't suit, and the woman would go back and try again, hoping for a more favorable verdict.

I don't remember any more excitements after those that I wrote about last week. We went to church on Sunday and my feet hurt more than they have for a long time. At church we had the sermon they kept us on our feet, and I felt slightly thankful when the "service" was over, and the sermon began, and it was a very good one, by the best preacher, the Presbyterian mission has. Incidentally, they wanted to have plenty of contrast, so they invited me to preach a text from to-morrow, immediately following the aforesaid, and also the Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong) who is to preach tomorrow.

The rains have begun. There will be more and more from now on for some weeks; I don't know how many. The rains were delayed, and threatened to cause a great deal of distress. I am ready to

plant, but it couldn't be trans-planted until the rain came. When the rain came, I said to my teacher that the farmers would be happy, and he said it wasn't the farmers only, but everybody, because if the rice failed it would mean hard times for everybody.

Things have been going on about as usual. I am getting tired of having dinner at 12.30 or after, and Teacher at 1. according to the arrangement which was intended to be temporary, but which threatens now to last until we go away for the summer. If so, the sooner to get away the better I shall like it.

I am sending a picture of the mission children (all except about half a dozen Lewis children who didn't come and a few in U.S.A. Gapes, Edwin, Mandy, Baker, live here. Grosbeaks and Leslers at Chao yang. Jeffries, Bonfieldo and Adams's at Kaying Chingning and Hops in the other district. The Adams's were our guests they didn't tear up the house as much as appeared or anything like it, but the store the schedule of meals fell to pieces. Buster looks amiable doesn't he. If he would only forget how to cry and never succeed in learning again he would be a pretty good fellow. I still a in a sweet kiddie. I might go on and say things about the Grosbeaks kids who are special friends of mine when I see them at all, and the Gapes kids who are part of the time; but Lottie says it's time to send these to the mail so I must close.

With love

Elison

P.S. the northbound boat just came in 1.50. Southbound was in before I got up. The traffic north on the Douglas boats is heavy, south it is slow.