

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), primarily from Kakchih

Dates: 1914 Sep - Dec

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Please return to Holzgala finally.

send to immediate family only - Swetaw.

as this is confidential and not
attended to go over to cousins.

Sept. 17-1914.
Revised Oct. 27-1914

Dear Mother;

There have been busy and waiting days because the Reference Committee has been in open session with important questions involving Waters, Baker, Waldcroft, Newman and Whitman. Whitman was thinking of asking to go home on furlough in the Spring. I don't know whether he did or not. I haven't thought to ask and the matter has little bearing on the other problems. Mrs. Waters and Newman are in the Canton tangle which I will speak of later. The other 3 were closely mixed.

Baker is to go home in the spring. He really belongs at Chaochowfu with Kemp. But was borrowed to teach in the Academy because otherwise there would be only Baker to run the Academy and the Grammar School. He wants to go back to Chaochowfu and get the winter work started before he goes home; also, if he didn't, he would have been out of touch with Peifu for over a year and a half of his teaching. But who could teach his classes in the Academy. He asked me to do so. Mr. Page gets back in three or four. I was willing to consider it but didn't approve of stopping my language study. Mr. Page suggested that it would be better for her to do it, on the ground that while it was desirable for her to get the language it was necessary for me. Most members of the language committee in private interviews were willing, with qualifications; another was unwilling. So we got the two Academy teachers and we four outlined a plan to be submitted let to the Lang. Comm. and if they approved, to the Reference comm. It might be 1 hour a day (one hour = 45 min) for me and 4 hours for L. setting Baker free from his 5. This was on the understanding that L. should

not be responsible for any language study during the time. The Language committee rejected the proposition and the Sec. Gen. finally assented to each of us teaching 1 period a day. End of Chapter 1.

Chap. 2. Waters must go home at once on the advice of 4 physicians. His paralytic is due in the spring and this will probably be home before leave for the two days. And by mother who is Mrs. Anna Smith. He had chronic bronchitis in the spring and the hope for improvement in the summer didn't take place. so he must go at once. And will probably be alright his work in the Theol. Sem. is teaching church history, a very difficult subject which no one available could teach for him. His going will leave for Baltimore with the mission treasurer Ameyings. In his management of the Sem. and his own and Mr. Waters' field to look out for when Mr. Waters was intending to go home in the spring Mr. Babcock decided to advocate closing the Sem. in Dec. and instead of closing it at once which would be the natural way he insisted it should still be kept open for this term. So they will be compromised. Babcock is to be relieved of two hours in the Academy which we take, and is to spend the available time teaching something in the ~~Sec~~ Sem. as a substitute for church hist. It gives him no more time than he had for Bhattacharya, relieve Mr. Babcock of none of the burden of running the Sem. breaks up his work at the Academy, and makes it necessary for him to work out a new line of instruction. The fact that L. D. Hart's teaching one hour a day is one of the best of its undesirable features. I think so one is

the hospital which is temporarily closed while the medical is learning the language. The unmarried women ought to be put into East 2 row which belongs to the old Gaefern woman's Board and is empty, and we were to be put in the old Partridge house. Normally East Worley lives in hall of that and his brother's widow in the other half East 2 row is home on fire long. The house is plenty big. In the meantime, two empty houses at Gaefern, but no foreigner available to live there and look out for the green ones. (That was before Wade's suggestion. Some thought we might get there but the plan was not approved)

Now, a woman has gone back to Canton. Waters is to go home at once and he has his family and he married and have two children. That is the way things change on the field. The following are due for the fall. Campbells of Peking probably in Hong Kong now. Addins and Page returning to Khabul. Foster returning to Kiyang. Westons was fully and perhaps another lady coming to Khabul. If the Board should decide it wasn't wise to let them come out on account of the war, (which we fear, perhaps against) by next spring the following fields houses would be empty Khabul 33 of 8 Gaefern 2 of 2. Kiyang, 1 of 2. Lingding 1 of 2. Shaoyang, both full. Where as the field stations that have had small had had in Kiyang men etc. would have all the missionaries that they now have conveniently. Also we shall have the following work places Khabul 2 hospitals, West Day Girls School, Shaoyang, day care, Lingding, day care.

They will be closed anyway, whereas the Halls work will be running full blast - all of it. And yet last fall one of our visitors was talking of trying to get me re-designated to Kaying. But too force (I was told) so that it might go the way of Central Ohio. At that time I figured on a lounge in Hall's territory and thought that would be more needed here. And the issue seems to agree with that. At the very best that can come to us, all the above mentioned institutions will be closed, and probably the two bar houses empty next year, even if all those I mentioned come back.

As for Barton, Sam Coon, they invited a woman to teach in the Med. School which was being started there and Miss Withers to be head of a school of nurses. We approved of woman's going and we approved Miss Withers. Of course the two are under separate boards. Each board rejected our decision. The woman's Board thought the only thing to do was for Miss Withers to go, and they have taken steps to close up her work here. Our Board refused to sanction the medical school scheme and have corresponded with us relative to woman's return to Sw. The whole thing is in a tangle, but I suggest best for woman to go back to Barton, pending further correspondence. If such correspondence lasts a year more, she will have Barton's case all learned. We don't know what the situation will be then.

Consequently we have refused to let Miss Withers go and presumably the Barton people are looking for another woman. If we on orders from home, we have to give her credentials to go down and all if they will still give her the job. And we all

My dear Mr. Ellison

feel this way. Our mission would expect a great deal of good from having Mr. Norman in Canton (which our Board refuses to sanction & I am not attempting to say that their reasons are not perfectly valid) But the woman's Board is sending Mrs. Withers to Canton, we simply making a present of one of our best workers - a most excellent thing for Canton. But a very serious loss to our mission and and we cannot figure out that his presence there would be any advantage at all to us. we might as readily contribute a teacher to University of Hankow or Shanghai Baptist College, or Poochow Medical School or the Provincial Medical School (Shanghai) at Swatow. They are a little farther off but we have students at each whereas we are not able to have any nurses trained at Canton; that work is done on our own hospital as part of the routine work, and so far there never have been more than enough paid nurses. ~~Being~~ The trouble is that Mr. Mcment & Mrs. and Mrs. Peabody on the way back from Hongkong visited Canton and not Swatow. Result they got filled up with a lot of big talk about food-filth's down there, and Swatow looks small in comparison. While our Board looks at the expense and the shortage of men here, and says we can't spare one for Canton.

Of course this letter is not intended for publication. I am sorry it isn't more cheerful. But I thought I had better write about these things so that you would understand the situation. With lots of love

Ellison

Kakuh. Oct-6, 1914

Dear Mother:

This is to wish you many many
happy returns of a day which I
expect will be pretty close to the
the year received this letter. Father's
birthday is so close now that it will
happen long before this reaches you.
But we couldn't get these pictures
framed any sooner, so will you
please hand the enclosed pictures
to him with many happy returns.
We are going to try to do a little
more promptly with you, but the
little remembrance that we expect to
send tomorrow if all is well, may not
reach you in the same mail as this
much love goes to each of you from
both of us.

We had a pleasant trip
shayam on Sunday which I shall
be glad to tell you of. These pictures
just came yesterday and I wanted
to send them at once, even if I couldn't
get time to write a note with a
message with loads of love and good
wishes from both of us and so.
Your loving son
Oblaton

EDWIN R. SMITH, D.D.S.
DENTIST
CHINA

Eakohieh, October 19, 1914.

Dear Father-

You might be interested to see how I spent yesterday, rather a full Sunday. After breakfast there was an interval of some fifteen or twenty minutes, which I spent rather recklessly in finishing an essay of Matthew Arnold's which I started some time ago, dealing with the influence on their countries of such institutions as the French Academy. I think if I had know how the day was to go I might have chose something lighter. Then we went to Chinese service which consists of tea parts, a prayer meeting and a preaching service. This lasted till about half past ten when we started back to the house, and on the way stopped to look at some fine big pine trees that are being attacked by the white ants; we found the situation so serious that we went right to work destroying the architecture of the insects, and then pouring kerosene on the place to destroy those that couldn't get away and discourage the rest from returning. By the time that was finished it was time to start for English service, and I don't like to miss that; but Lottie had decide to stay at home. So I started off. The service was Anglican, with a good sermon, followed by the communion service, and it was after one o'clock when I got home. Usually Sunday School does not begin till 2.30 but this day they had a special meeting at which Dr. Ashmore explained to the Chinese the causes of the war, and what it invloved, and then there was prayer. This was at ~~two~~ two. And we had to hurry in order to get ~~to~~ to it, because I had to practise the hymns for Sunday School. I only had about five minutes to practise and we were a little late at that. Then after this was the Sunday School and when I got home for tea, it was ~~half~~ after four,

which is about the time when I quit studying for the day usually, and I can't see but what that was a busier day than weekdays usually are. This Sunday School I am not sure whether I have told about or not. They have just divided the S.S. into departments, and one of them, the Junior Boys, meets in the chapel of the school-room. They couldn't find a single man or boy in the whole compound who could play the organ, and it would agree with Chinese ideas for a woman to be associated alone with so many men and boys, but it would be all right for a foreign woman, so they asked Lottie to do it. She already plays the organ mornings, and I wish she didn't, so I objected, and finally it was settled that I should do it instead. The first Sunday I had no chance to practise, and my playing was rotten; last Sunday I had the numbers of the hymns given to me in the morning, and had a few minutes to practise, and it was not much better. But I got the hymns for next week, so I can practise them, and I hope to do better.

The only other thing of interest, is that we have bought the Waters' piano. It is a Henry F. Miller, and is some ten years or so old I guess, so it has had a chance to show how it will stand the climate. It doesn't sound as nice as Mother's Steinway, but it sounds pretty good to me. We had it brought down on Saturday, by eight men. The distance is probably not over 150 yards, but it is down a flight of stairs, down a hill, around many curves, and it is really not an easy road. They lashed two poles around it, and carried it by shoulder, three men on the keyboard side five on the other; they did not get it down at all. Then when they got it here they moved Page's bookcase out of the way, went into another room and moved our trunk, and the big tinlined box that probably weighs four hundred pounds, and were well satisfied with twenty cents Mex. each, and wouldn't have needed that much if the last time the piano was moved they hadn't been treated with unnecessary

generosity

1 at yr

HOWARD H. SMITH, D.D.S.
DENTIST
CHINA

Kakchik, October 18, 1914.

Dear Father-

You might be interested to see how I spent yesterday, rather a full Sunday. After breakfast there was an interval of some fifteen or twenty minutes, which I spent rather recklessly in finishing an essay of Matthew Arnold's which I started some time ago, dealing with the influence on their countries of such institutions as the French Academy. I think if I had known how the day was to go I might have chosen something lighter. Then we went to Chinese service which consists of two parts, a prayer meeting and a preaching service. This lasted till about half past ten when we started back to the house, and on the way stopped to look at some fine big pine trees that are being attacked by the white ants; we found the situation so serious that we went right to work destroying the architecture of the insects, and then pouring kerosene on the place to destroy those that couldn't get away and discourage the rest from returning. By the time that was finished it was time to start for English service, and I don't like to miss that; but Lottie had decided to stay at home. So I started off. The service was Anglican, with a good sermon, followed by the communion service, and it was after one o'clock when I got home. Usually Sunday School does not begin till 2.30 but this day they had a special meeting at which Dr. Ashmore explained to the Chinese the causes of the war, and what it involved, and then there was prayer. This was at half two. And we had to hurry in order to get to it, because I had to practice the hymns for Sunday School. I only had about five minutes to practice and we were a little late at that. Then after this was the Sunday School and when I got home for tea, it was ~~half~~ after four,

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3-
1966

Montgomery
only

Need not send Letter's letters to
Elen. They are more unless specially
marked for her.

Ketchikan Nov 21, 1914

Dear Mother;

I am reading over some of your letters which have recently arrived, and was pleased to come again to your account of meeting Mrs Safford and what she said about our compound. Mr Foster is here so her surmise that he would not come was not correct. In regard to the Peleshans and the Pages we are not yet informed. The taking off of the Minnesota was the cause of a big scandal. Mr Garrison, Mr Foster, Miss Bully and Mr. Mrs. Peleshans with 2 children were all coming out on her this last day, and the Pages were expecting to come next day. Just a few days before she was due to sail she was apparently sold. Mr. Rider was not aboard at the switch as the Board apparently were, and he engaged passage on other boats (of course there were East West Steam Navigation's boats there above mentioned). By the time the Board realized the situation and would like to make other arrangements it was too late - except that Rider had already made the arrangements. They then scolded as all the missionaries they could. I don't know how many they got for East West. Garrison was the only one they got for us. They caught him at Seattle Mt on his way to Puget Sound to take the Minnesota and he had to buy another ticket from there to S.P. He had to be come out of had about 250, 1st class and 7 more missionaries. Mr Foster came shortly afterwards, followed the Pages & Mr J's leaving them behind from.

About Miss Bully it's a different story. Someone got a letter from her that the Women's Board was not sending out her or anyone else. There was considerable surprise and a feeling that the Board was acting a little foolishly and they promptly sent a cablegram to the Lyons - Cape and Bulley - no one answering but the Aldrichs and Baden. As it was so plain to me that's not very explicit let me try again.

The letter from Miss Bulley was read at the prayer meeting and someone suggested a cablegram. Many voices were loudly and vigorously raised in approval. But all were discussing the question whether Miss Bulley ought to be detained or not. And I quite agreed with the rest that as far as we say here we are perfectly safe. But we discussed what effect the cablegram would have on the Board, and I am still a little dubious on that point. However we almost every one present spoke loudly in its favor. It was as clearly the will of the majority that I decided say anything against it. Mr. Holmore looked up sides the next day and couldn't make anything so decided the plain message I gave said Bulley was the best he could do and sent it around for approval. Everyone else approved so I merely noted on the note that I didn't approve of sending anything.

Mr. Holmore explained to me afterwards that the Board would interpret that as meaning that as far as they at this end are concerned they need not be afraid to send her out. I hope they will so interpret. We hear that Miss Bulley cabled to send along their money too.

It makes one feel a little overwhelmed to be in a situation like that. Baker was nearly a little dubious as to the effect the cablegram might have on the Board. All the rest were loudly and vigorously in favor of the cablegram. Lottie and I are not skilled in the use of loud argument, and have little liking for it, and the meeting in question was not a formal one with a moderator, but a very informal one where there were several opinions to speak at once, and the loudest one sometimes had the best chance of getting heard. You have to use loud and forcible discourse with the business because they are so hard-headed that it requires a good deal of pounding to meet an idea. After one has done that kind of work ten years or so, if he or she has a naturally forceful disposition, and a powerful voice the result is apt to be overwhelming.

For instance Lottie and I were discussing

the boy with two single ladies and got to talking about country beds. All the men & women put their bedding in baskets. Obviously the women wrap it in oiled paper & straw except the bedding. Evidently there has been some discussion about whether the Chinese would sleep in a foreigners bed or not and these ladies believed not. That is under the circumstances. I brought up the question of the necessity of locking up the bed and they started to enlighten me. For all they were doing was assuring me that on country trips there was no danger in leaving the bed not locked up. But anyone a little distant off might have imagined that they were English ladies and I had hinted that perhaps England was responsible for the war. We have just on our way back from attending Chinese Convention where they had been in constant discussion with Chinese for several days and they forgot that they needn't talk so loud to convince me.

All this has a direct bearing on my attitude on the general China question. Foster and I apparently stand alone on that. The other three who came out at that time may or may not agree with us, but at any rate it is individuals and they don't appear in the discussion to any effect. Only one (W. H. H.) is on the compound now anyway. And I take it the women don't discuss the matter much except when they are with the men.

But I run into a discussion of it every once in a while. And here is the situation. Mr. Foster and Mr. Spatcher have been up to Hankow on a commission to consider the matter. Mr. Brothman was on another. Mr. Adams was on the committee that went up to the final ~~with~~ mid-year last fall. And all have diligently circulated their views. Adams is the son of the founder of the Hankow mission and as such has personal and sentimental reasons for objecting to closing the mission and these feelings have permeated

this mission altho I will say, that Adams has been fine about it and does his best to make as little trouble as possible for anyone. And Mr Adams evidently has a kindred spirit to Old Dr Adams who put his stamp on the mission and whose son is now their number. The fact that the East China mission is in favor of closing the Hanyang work, is an important influence. For this is no disguising the fact that all the South China missionaries who have been not than a year on the field & highly disapprove of the policies and methods of the East China mission. The new recruit was a college friend of Mr Adams. That is the situation at this end.

At Hanyang there are several factors. Ernest Burton is one of those who have strongly advocated closing the Hanyang work, and his influence with the Board has had very great weight. He is a Chicago Divinity school man and the orthodox ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~mission~~ ~~highly~~ disapproves of Bd 3. (And I take it of U.S. as well). I have a very high regard for Mr Burton's judgment. He spent some time with at Hanyang, the rest of the mission which he spent in such a way as to learn nothing useful about the work. I don't

know
Mr Huntley is now senior missionary. He and his wife came out on the boat with no opinion as to a position to know whether he is lazy as people has said, but I lived in fairly close contact with him for a month, and have a high opinion of him personally. People here have not. And they put a large share of the "burden" of the E. C. mission on his shoulders. Assigning duties that I cannot assign. Evidently there has been feeling between Huntley and the Adams - who by the way are known to have been hard people to get on with.

Brook Black son is at Hanyang now helping Huntley. He came out on the boat with no land his seat on deck was next to mine all day the way. We were together most of the time I should say, and quite intimate. I do not think he is a remarkably able and efficient missionary. I do not think his judgment is

marvellous but I rate it far higher than the rest
of the mission do. But for his personal
Qualities I have the highest respect.
But when he was unable to return to west
Africa, and considered asking to be trans-
ferred here, but finally decided not to —
why, Godly, as we all wonder, I heard his
expression of disappointment at his decision
except from myself.

Louis Agassiz Gould who has been
writing home from Hangang is an old gentleman
almost ready to enter into his second childhood.
He was around the Hotel where we stayed at
Los A. and everyone I heard speak about it
considered him a nuisance. I for his judgment
I have no respect whatever. Brooks Black
wrote me that he had pointed out to Gould
that his efforts could produce only harm —
not good — and he said he didn't care. He
was going to keep on agitating Cuyflow.

The Judson party was at Hangang
and some of them held pronounced views
about closing the Mission. Excluding Mrs
Safford — and Mr Sanders who did not
join in their views the I am not sure exactly
what his was — the combined judgment
of the rest I rate as less valuable than
that of Burton. And Latimer pointed
out to me that the total number of hours
spent by the members of the Judson party
at Wulkan, added up to a number less
than that which Burton spent there.
As for the Grand Mogul Ol Good child.
I think it is sufficient to say for his
judgment that I heard him say that he
would as soon send his son to Hell as to
Yale, and that instead he sent him to
a college which gives a thirdly first-class
education John B. Spator, University

well. from all that you can see that
I am likely to differ on several points from
the rest of the Mission, and I do. The day
we landed Mrs. Johnson told me about how the
Board was going to close Central Africa and
how Dr. B. was a unit in opposition to it.

It is still nearly a unit.

Well, I think the opposition is chiefly along ~~the~~ lines. 1. the Hongkong work is such a large and ought to be kept for its own sake. 2. there has been so much life put into the Hongkong mission that it ought to be kept as is. In regard to the first I have not the data necessary to decide. I can only weigh those who hold the opposing view. The second argument when analyzed seems to me to have only the practical weight of this. The Chinese family would feel as soon to have the good work stop that it ought to be kept alive so that they might have the satisfaction of seeing their fathers' work flourish. Of course this has a large sentimental value. In these are lots of details and they all want to see the missionaries. 3. Sending Hongkong to some other Board. I speak in his famous fiery article assumes that the Board here going to hand over these Chinese with or without their consent. This I consider unwarranted and unfair to assume. It is not quite clear what the Board intend but I believe they are sincere in saying that they never assumed that they had the right to hand over Chinese Christians without their consent to anyone. ~~However~~ Other plans are considered. Helping them to self support, independence. Having them cared for by a Baptist under some other Board. Having the Southern Baptists or the Canadian Baptists take them over. However none of these plans have any immediate prospect of being carried out and the mission has a wide field that leaving the work at Hongkong involves handing over the Chinese Christians at Hongkong to the Presbyterians and they strongly oppose this.

One other factor. when the various men met at Hongkong last fall. I think they included with them a man from west China and from East China. and Huntley says they were coming back from America. Huntley and Taylor took the boat because they had been with the Board. The missionaries there thought Huntley wanted Central China about so that he

might be transferred to a better place they think Taylor had a special interest for in certain we should act in closing Central China in order that as his share of the spoils he might take one of the men who was studying language in preparation for Hangyong. & go out to West China with him. I do not wish to get Taylor in Southern Szechuan as well as on the coast, as I know him somewhat. I simply do not believe that he would work to cut off a work that ought to be kept going, simply in order to get another man for his school; and I don't believe the missionaries here believe it, if they analyzed their views. It's out of the question and they know it. But what I started to tell about him for was this. In West China all the missions are working to make a real union so that there will be just one "Brethren Church in Szechuan Province". They claim, and rightly, that a Baptist and a Methodist church in that province, cut off as it is, are more close to each other than a Baptist church there and one two or three months down the river, where the nearest ones are to be found. And if a Baptist goes to a village where there is only a Methodist church and is not permitted to join, he is pretty likely to relapse into heathenism. So they are working for an interchange of members. Now here the "Union" men side in the fact that we sometimes attend and occasionally preach at the English service the C. P. held. We have a union prayer meeting with them once a month, but we are considering having union medical work with them. But there are difficulties in the way. Now for Taylor, was one of those who were active in the meeting at Hangyong. He didn't feel any great grief at the prospect of Chinese Christians having to unite with Methodists or London Mission under denominational. But the people here feel quite strongly about it.

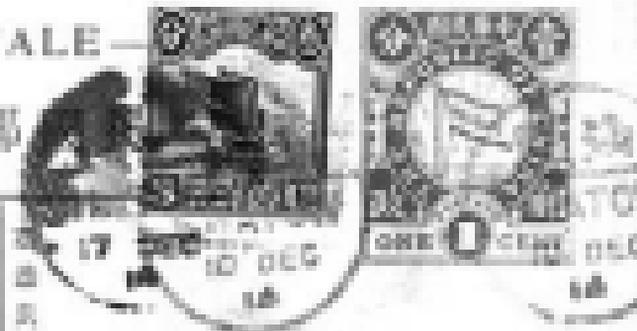
On the first argument that the Hangyong work is successful and ought to be kept up for it won't stop, I have little

Knowledge. The people here have the testimony
of Breckin, Foster, Speicher, Walter, who have
been there an commission and Adams who has
lived there. And it would be an invidious
task for me to reject their testimony on the
strength of that of Burton of Bethesda, Mr.
Fronckh of the Board, the Board itself and
some of the East African Mission. But I have
to do it. I think Speicher is too strong a
opponent to be unprejudiced. and much as I
like Mr Foster I do not place a very high
estimate on his judgment in a matter of this
kind that would leave me the alternative of
believing that the Board was well advised in
deciding to discontinue Bauyany; or of
believing that they were making a great
mistake - on the testimony of 2 men who
have been there and several others who
know all about it. The testimony of Gould
is good child I consider an argument for the
opposite side.

I must close this weighty discourse
now. Let me think I have wasted too much
time on it. It is intended for 1866 Northampton
only - not even for the rest of the family.
Wishing you all an every thing
happy
Your loving son
E. Chason

CARTE POSTALE

片信明政郵



Vertical Chinese text on the left side of the envelope, likely indicating the recipient's address or postal instructions.

Mrs. John Fieldner
186 Northampton St
Holyoke, Mass.
USA

Dear Mother;

I am going to Washington
tomorrow and do the better that
would naturally start for it
the rest and may be delayed a
little. It has had a quarantine
since we got back from Saco-
cawco. I preached at the
English chapel last Sunday and
a course started at 55 in P. M.
On Monday in afternoon I spoke
to call on the Hills-Smiths from
Washington who were down for the
day as we supposed. But we
found instead that His Majesty
was very anxious for wounded
officers and that Mr. S. had not
5 years in the mountains. He had
sailed for England that afternoon
to see about it. Had we seen since
that he is accepted and will leave
in a month. He goes to his
place to try and find out if he
Loves God. On my way a West
Mission: some on preaching was
recounted as a preacher who
that made the West Mission
to be leaving and the Washington
to be the subscription till the
last don't you say me? S. Hill

Return finally to Holjoke

Kakchich, Swatow, China, Dec. 28, 19

Dear Mother;

I was going to get out another number of the Kakchich Weekly News last week end, but haven't been able to do so yet. It really takes more time to think out things in that form and I wasn't able to get the consecutive time necessary. In fact there were three jobs that called for immediate execution last week end, the Weekly News, copying the constitution of the Conference and writing off Lottie's account of her trip to Ungkung. They all must be done at once. And the only one that is done so far is the third, which I have succeeded in sandwiching in yesterday and to-day a little at a time.

The constitution job is one that I fell heir to during the year. Last conference took several actions that changed the Constitution and appointed a committee of three to revise in accordance with the actions. Then this years conference will discuss and perhaps adopt the revised Const. and new copies will be printed, because the old ones are about all gone. As recording secretary I was to help them by furnishing the records of conference. But one of the members died, leaving Baker and Capen. The job could not possible be finished unless all the committee were from the same place. There was no one left here at Kakchich bu Dr. Ashmore and me, so they thought I had more leisure, and put me on the committee. Then Capen had no time for the matter, so Baker and I did the work. Now I have to copy it off to send around and give the members time to look it over.

But instead of doing that I spent the week end clearing up. During a busy spell a while before My carpenter shop had got into a deplorable shape and the study was not much better. I couldn't work with any peace of mind in such surroundings, and I knew they must be fixed up before Conf. so Friday I told Dr. Mildred to take the teacher, and I spent all Friday and Saturday, except when I was helping Lottie about her afternoon tea or the

piano tuner, in fixing things. When I got thro with the carpenter shop, things looked different. I have ten baskets (lang) with good covers, and six kengs (open baskets) filled with different kinds of brown paper, waterproof #paper, etc. which ordinarily I have no need of, and which were formerly much in the way. I had previously run ropes thro between the beams and the tiles, to hoist up some of them, but the ropes always stuck, and there were other troubles. So I got the step ladder, and then made rope loops from the beams at intervals, so that I could run the hoisting ropes thro these loops. When I got thro, the ten lang, six kengs and my typewriter box, were all safely out of the way, the room was swept and lumber stacked up more neatly, the two or three lang with things that I wanted to be able to get at, were in convenient places, and all looked as nice as could be. Then I got busy on some boxes of books that are in there, weeded out some stuff that was no good, rearranged the rest in a better system and cleared out the loose ends, and the shop was done. Later I got busy on some papers that have accumulated in the study. The root of the matter was some little clippings of a few lines that I had not been able to claszif I took a notebook and copied these in as I came ~~##~~ to them; they may have to be fixed differently later, but they are not causing any bother now, and I have already had more bother handling the clippings that I had in copying them. Then I got busy on the papers that had accumulated around them, and classified them off, throwing away anything that refused to be classified. I had a wire tray for matters that needed immediate attention, and when bedtime came on Saturday the tray was full, but I had gone thro the lot, and the study was in almost perfect order and I felt happy.

Of course I hadn't spent all Friday and Saturday doing these things. I helped Lottie somewhat with her tea party on Friday afternoon. That afternoon also the piano tuner was here, and a carpenter to fix the shutters, and the latter required a good deal of attention. When we came home from tea the tuner needd some more and two women called to see him, too, and

took some more of our attention. We usually have supper about 6.30, but it was after 7.30 before we could begin, and we had at least two sets of callers during supper. When we got thro it was bedtime. Saturday morning we had some more time with the tuner, and a caller or so. Lottie and Mrs. Worley and I were going to Swatow, but finally I stayed at home to look out for things there, the tuner, the carpenter, etc, and it took most of my time till dinner time. I waited from twelve till one-thirty before I had my dinner, but Lottie didn't get back till 2.30. They had decided that they had better finish up the work while they were there, and it wasn't willing to finish promptly.

The piano tuner was a success, and so was the tea party. I guess I'll put an item about them in the next Weekly News which I hope will be issued soon. Our teacher is not going to come today, and I hope to get the Const. worked off. Then maybe Lottie and I can do some work on the book-keeping, work which we have been trying for over a week to get time to do.

For Christmas we are going to have a co-operative dinner. One of the families, the one which lives alone, three days from anyone is going to be down for Christmas, but the prospect is that they will be a day late, so our Christmas dinner is arranged for the 26th. That may make it possible for Mrs. Ashmore to get back from Hong Kong in time, bringing the new recruit, and possibly bringing with her some ladies for Rangoon who may not be able to get a steamer for some days. But none of that is certain.

So if we don't have any Christmas dinner to arrange for, we may be able this year to attend both the Chinese and the English services.

The English Presbyterians have just received two new ladies, besides a family and a lady returning from furlough. Curiously the family is the parents of the lady whose husband is going to the war, and he and she are going to leave for England on the next transport.

Must close now, with much love, and wishes for a happy New Year,

Your loving son
Ellison

Dec 8. 1914

Dear Mother,

I am going to look over some of your letters and see if anything needs to be answered. But first may I say if it would be polite for me to say that the "Christian World and Evangelist" published at the House of Lords has not yet appeared at Ketchikan. I have read much enjoyed reading the Literary Digest and Out looks and have passed them on to the English Presbyterians who were doubtless glad to get a sane American view of the subject; see you were helping two sets of people and besides, were perhaps bringing the nations together when you sent these papers.

A recent letter written on one side of the sheet is much easier to read than letters written on both sides of the paper so that the writing shows thru. I hadn't realized how much difference it made.

I mustn't forget to say that we just had word that Miss Bulby is to arrive in a few weeks now, and the Women's Board workers are tickled to pieces.

You must have had a fine time on that launch trip. You certainly had a nice crowd. who is Catalina Davis.

I was interested to hear that Mr. Shoney is to marry again. I don't know the lady, I can't really much blame a missionary who has once had a wife for failing that he can't live without one. I'd suppose had three, and of course you know about Judson.

Please thank O.F. for the clippings she sent me, and thank yourself too. I don't if I could have understood the way without the young lady's illuminating comment.

I am glad the change of doctors did so much good for father. What would be use in the future.

Father had an exciting time getting back from Boston. You must have had your excitement too, finding a judge. Is Miss Ryan still in the office, and is Kelly still studying law?

I wish I could have seen Kate Carr. I imagine it would keep me busy holding Catherine on my lap as I used to.

Have you got a pastor yet? I don't envy him. I wish Mr. Lyon attend church and if so where and how?

His account of coming out in cap and gown was certainly interesting. Are you going to have a full length portrait of Clara in cap and gown. I'd like to see careful of the gown I may want it myself later.

I'm glad you people were interested in my few feeble remarks about pentatonic. I wish I could have made them more definite. There are people who know all about it. But none of them was at Thompson where I could consult them. I'm very but anxious (which I don't suppose) to learn more you might while Mrs. H. W. Water here of the Board.

Oh I go to the Long Valley Conference? I should be interested to hear about it if she did.

I was interested to see that Alice Hanning way was to be married. I should like to know who the man is.

Sorry to hear of A. S.'s loss of \$15. I don't suppose she ever got it again.

If they are recognizing O. P. Wanklin as pastor at Park Memorial I suppose Mr. Thayer must have left. Whither?

You haven't told me whether Sam W. Olson was as nice as he used to be. And I don't remember your telling whether Clara's health was improve'd. And what he was doing if anything. By the way Mr. Foster certainly has no more children. He knows him at Washville. And he says

John Anthony Rameck
Frank Sutherland Plus Old Book
Camber 80
Amelia

of the mother church
that after the Baptist ladies, practically
supported Dana thru academy as well
as college, for him to go back to those
effluent halms (or something to that
effect) and by means of 8 houring
lectures to try to win the Baptist
students of Waterville over to Unitarianism
is the height of ingratitude as well
as some other things. I leave you to
judge if these remarks would be injured
by onion salt and hot pepper or not.
He mentioned also that Dana was
quite a venerable man when he entered
the Academy.

I wonder if Mr. Foster talked to you
about Central China. If he did I
should be glad to know what he said, and
whether you found it convincing.

I was very glad to see the
pictures of Mount Holyoke. Some day
I hope to have the honor of climbing it.

It is time to close so good-by
O. I tried to figure where all the schools
were that are named on the clipping
I have had lots of fun guessing at it.
How many did I guess right, and where
are the rest — if it isn't too much bother
to write

Your loving son
Deason

Southampton
Return finally to Kalgoko
all have enjoyed
very much. Enfield.
Kakchich, Swatow, China, Dec. 28, 1914

Dear Mother;

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Well, when we finally left for Ungkung, it meant getting up about five in the morning, and leaving the house just after six. When we got to the jetty we had hard work to arouse any boatmen, but after ten minutes or so we succeeded in embarking for the launch, which was due to leave at 7, but didn't go till 7.45. We got on board at about 8.40, and sometimes she takes a notion to leave earlier than that, so we were relieved to get aboard. We put our canvas chairs out on the deck and prepared to keep as warm as we could, for the wind was strong and cold; also I prepared to put up as good a fight as I could, for I knew that outside the bay the waves would be fine and big; and Lottie has always maintained that if one were only determined snuf, he would not be seasick. But she says that I put up as good a fight as any man could, not only up to the first defeat, but also afterwards, for the defeats were several in number. Also she says what I couldn't know, how deathly pale I looked just before Jonah came up, and how the color came back right afterward. I don't know anything about that. I was trying to memorize radicals by number, reciting in a sing-song way, and Lottie says it was very funny to hear. It must have been. I hope I shall never be assigned to the Ungkung field. If I am I think I shall do my traveling by land.

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did, and watched it carefully, knowing that if it broke all at once I was likely to have quite a fall, and that Miss Wither had hurt her elbow badly that way? But it broke gradually and the chairmen had the chair part way down to the ground when the pole finally buckled, so I only had to put out one hand to land on gently. Then of course we had a crowd to watch us while the chairmen went for new poles. But we finally got away.

But supposing that we hadn't been able to find the chairs. There are four alternatives. Send men to the chair shop an hour or so away to call chairs; if they come back in a few hours without chairs, there you are in the middle of the afternoon still some ten miles from Ungkung and a civilized bed. We were ~~going~~ alone, because the boy had gone along with the baggage, and all we had was hand bags. A Chinese bed, consists of some boards covered with straw matting, ~~some~~ condition of matting not specified. Second, to go to the chair shop and hope to get chairs from there on, which is a little better than the first. Third, walk to Ungkung, which wouldn't scare me at home, but a ten mile walk out here is different. Fourth, hire a boat, and travel till dark. And if that storm hadn't made us decide to give up our first attempt, we should have got off at this way-station expecting to find chairs sent by Lewis; not finding them, because our letter hadn't reached Lewis, we should have had to choose. And when we got to Ungkung, we should have found that no-one was expecting us, and maybe Lewis was off in the country. I'm glad we waited till the second day.

Coming back it was different. We had to get up at about the same time, but we walked down to where the lighter takes passengers for the launch, and there waited about an hour before it started. Then we traveled down through the shallow water for an hour. It certainly was shallow. The boat was of the lightest possible draught, but they made some of the passengers get out and walk along the bank, and they kept a gang of men working ahead of the boat with a scraper digging out passages thro sand-bars. And often the men who were poling the boat had to get and lift and tug to get her across. When we reached deep water we transferred to a junk and sailed for two hours to where the steamer stops for Ungkung. Usually that is the terminus, but this boat had gone on up the coast. So instead of climbing aboard, we waited nearly an hour and a half before the steamer appeared. When she did appear she was bigger and better than the one we took going up. We set out chairs just aft the deck house, leaning back against it. The waves were not very bad, so that I hardly felt uncomfortable, the sea was bright and blue, and we had a fine trip back. And before we landed Mrs. Worley's cook called across from another boat that we were invited there for supper.

And that was the beginning of a round of excitement. That was Tuesday. The piano tuner had been here, and he came back presently, and Lottie was bargaining with him till she had to go to supper. But she made her bargain all right, and he took the action of the piano over to Swatow to be fixed up. Then there was the supper and evening. Wednesday evening was prayer meeting. Thursday afternoon Lottie had to go to women's prayer meeting, and I had to work with Baker on the revision of the constitution of our conference. Friday afternoon Lottie had agreed to serve tea on the lawn. She was busy all the morning and most of the afternoon getting ready. In the afternoon the piano tuner came back, and the carpenter came to fix the doors and window. Why couldn't they have come in the morning, when I could have had plenty of attention to give to them? As it was I could hardly help Lottie any with her final preparations. After the tea we came back to the tuner, and so did other people. Between tuner, callers, and notes, we didn't get thro supper till about eight-thirty. Saturday, Lottie, Mrs. Worley and I were to go to Swatow shopping. But the ~~piano~~ tuner and the carpenter came back again, Dr. Newman called, and I forgot what else, so I decided to stay and look out for the house. Lottie didn't get back for dinner till about two thirty,

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I don't just remember about Sunday, but Monday McGlashan's freight came and I went over to help him put it thro. He had twenty-five boxes, and Dr. Ashmore asked me to bring along boxes for four other people, twelve boxes in all, so that we had 37 to handle. Getting them thro the customs, and even loading them on the boat, we find it as easy to handle a large quantity as a small one; getting them carried up the hill, it is different. Well, we went over, and got the freight thro the customs all right. McGlashan had a lot of second-hand freight with his, and we expected trouble about it. There is no duty on it, but they were likely to insist on having it opened at the examination sheds. I guess I'd better explain. When we buy goods from places like Montgomery Ward & Co., the firm sends along an invoice, which means a list of the contents of those boxes, with value. The customs office looks at that list, takes it as the value of the goods, and estimates the duty on that basis. In this way they get the value accurately, and save the bother of opening the boxes and guessing at the value. It is nicer for us, too. But we were afraid they would not take McGlashan's word that these boxes contained second-hand goods. They did, however, and we finally got the whole lot loaded into lighters. McGlashan and I both kept tab of the boxes with different results. When we got thro he thought 24 and 25 were missing, and I knew they were O.K. I thought 8 was missing and perhaps 13, but he said they were on. Ultimately of course, we found that all had been loaded on. Usually they put the boxes on the lighter by hand, and it is easy to keep tab; but these boxes were down in the hold; they were brought up by derrick four or so at a load, most of them with the numbers inside. When put on the lighter one had to keep ~~\$\$\$~~ in mind which box is which as they are separated, and get them all turned over, so as to see the numbers.

But that was easy compared with getting them up the hill. Some of the carriers were lazy to death. A carry is supposed to be at least a hundred pounds, and one box that didn't quite weigh three hundred pounds, they wanted to put six men on. The Chinese that were supposed to be helping me in the arrangements didn't make much effort to guard our interests, and so I had to stay on the job all the afternoon, to see that the carries were somewhere near reasonable. Some day I hope to be able to make a better job of it than I did. A good many carries were pretty light, but I went as near to an absolute strike as I felt competent to.

Fortunately when the boats were ready to land the tide was too low; it was just after twelve, so we landed in a small boat and had dinner, and then went back to superintend to carrying, which lasted till five thirty.

Monday evening Lottie and I worked on accounts, and that was the only ~~\$\$\$~~ evening we had till Saturday; Tuesday, making candy for Xmas; Wed. prayer meeting; Thursday, No. Monday, plans for Xmas, Tu. accts, Wed. pr. meet, Th. candy, Fr. a crowd here to sing. On Wednesday morning three ladies bound for Poochow appeared; one was a college friend of Lottie's and her brothers were classmates of mine; we kept them till Thursday afternoon; Thursday morning was somewhat taken up by preparations to go to welcome Miss Culley, but her boat didn't get in till Friday, so I had to dress in a hurry Christmas morning to go out with the crowd to meet her. Got home about eight, and had to get breakfast, and open stockings, and get to chapel at nine. English service at 10.30, but we had callers and couldn't go. After dinner Lottie was invited to go to several celebrations and I wasn't so I went up and played carroms with the McGlashan's. Saturday, we had our big dinner, postponed from Thursday so that the Bouffields might be there, because they were expected to be a day late for Xmas, and they live three days from anyone. It's too bad, but for some reason they haven't arrived yet (Mon. A.M.) However, we had a splendid dinner, and of course it took most of the morning to prepare it and most of the afternoon to eat and digest it. Turkey and plumpadding with good sauce about like the kind you make,

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But that was easy compared with getting them up the hill. Some of the carriers were lazy to death. A carry is supposed to be at least a hundred pounds, and one box that didn't quite weigh three hundred pounds, they wanted to put six men on. The Chinese that were supposed to be helping me in the arrangements didn't make much effort to guard our interests, and so I had to stay on the job all the afternoon, to see that the carriers were somewhere near reasonable. Some day I hope to be able to make a better job of it than I did. A good many carriers were pretty light, but I went as near to an absolute strike as I felt competent to.

Fortunately when the boats were ready to land the tide was too low; it was just after twelve, so we landed in a small boat and had dinner, and then went back to superintend to carrying, which lasted till five thirty.

Monday evening Lottie and I worked on accounts, and that was the only evening we had till Saturday; Tuesday, making candy for Xmas; Wed. prayer meeting; Thursday, Mo. Monday, plans for Xmas, Tu. acts, Wed. pr. meet, Th. candy, Fr. a crowd here to sing. On Wednesday morning three ladies bound for Foochow appeared; one was a college friend of Lottie's and her brothers were classmates of mine; we kept them till Thursday afternoon; Thursday morning was somewhat taken up by preparations to go to welcome Miss Culley, but her boat didn't get in till Friday, so I had to dress in a hurry Christmas morning to go out with the crowd to meet her. Got home about eight, and had to get breakfast, and open stockings, and get to chapel at nine. English service at 10.30, but we had callers and couldn't go. After dinner Lottie was invited to go to several celebrations and I wasn't so I went up and played carroms with the McGlashan's. Saturday, we had our big dinner, postponed from Thursday so that the Bousfields might be there, because they were expected to be a day late for Xmas, and they live three days from anyone. It's too bad, but for some reason they haven't arrived yet (Mon. A.M.) However, we had a splendid dinner, and of course it took most of the morning to prepare it and most of the afternoon to eat and digest it. Turkey and plumpadding with good sauce about like the kind you make,

Dec 28 1914

Dear Mother:

I want to thank you for that beautiful bed spread that came a few days before Xmas. Lottie got hold of it so I didn't see it till Xmas morning, and it surely is a beauty. It kept me warm that night too - simply splendid for that.

Thank you also for the draft that you say is on the way. It hasn't arrived yet but it doubtless took a slower boat. We could use the money very conveniently of course.

I am sorry the package was returned. There is no post at Kakehik. But to route Kakehik Cuatow is like routing Elmwood Holyoke. Mother is curious to know what was in that package and we should be glad if you would tell us.

Of course we had a fine Christmas of busy one as the envelope will hint.

I have spent the whole AM just in writing to you, reading the mail that came in, and being interrupted. It's almost mail time now. Wish you all a merry Xmas
Loveingly
Edison

Dear Mother:

1st yr

I want to tell you about the trip that I took this last week end with Dr. J.M. Foster. We left here at eleven on Friday morning for the Bay to Swatow in a small boat and took the launch for Kityang. It goes by the name of Launch Gene, but it is really quite a nice steamboat, at least some feet long! It is a mile to Kityang, and the trip takes from eleven till 3.45 and costs the enormous sum of 20 cents, Mexican, or one American dime. Two of the ladies from the station here were going up to Kityang to visit Dr. Edythe Bacon who is there alone in charge of the Women's Hospital. I say alone because, altho Dr. Foster is supposed to be in residence there, he is away visiting the stations on the field practically all the time, and Mrs. Foster is in the States with the children, who are in school. At present Dr. Foster is at Swatow, taking the work of teaching in the Theological Seminary which Dr. Ashmore regularly does, while Dr. Ashmore is in Burma representing this mission at the Judson Centennial. So that Dr. Bacon is alone a great deal of the time. But Mrs. Northcott, who came out with us, is expected to go to Kityang to help her, being a trained nurse, and she was one of the ladies who went up with us. We four ate lunch together, ~~and Dr. Foster~~ taking pains not to forget to say grace beforehand, because that is one of the great marks that distinguish between a Christian and a heathen! Then Dr. Foster and I went around selling some of the literature that the new China Baptist Publication Society is getting.

That was one of the most interesting experiences that I have had for a long time! He had a big calendar, printed in Chinese on a sheet of paper about the size of the picture rolls that they have in Sunday School at home; in the middle was a picture of some Chinese Pheasants (not peacocks) that was a picture of them then a calendar with the dates printed in old Chinese characters according to the old Chinese plan, and according to the European plan, side by side; that was for a talking point, to sell the calendar; the rest of the calendar was filled with Bible pictures and teaching. Then he had a little sheet with a colored picture, and some

pamphlets. He kept up a constant stream of the literature, but also the much vaunted low prices, varied occasionally by "long tsang, ji tsap si" (everything two tens four) meaning that the whole could be had for the small sum of twenty four cash, or two and four tenths cents. I simply stood by and held the surplus supply, and took it all in. He sold twenty sets, which means a good deal of saturation of gospel teaching, and I noticed that those who had invested went right to work getting their money's worth of literature. One of the pamphlets was written by a Chinaman telling of his conversion and he has had letters from two hundred, telling how they were converted by the reading of the pamphlet. It is a good thing to scatter that kind of seed.

We got to Kityang about four o'clock, and Dr. Foster was full of business, seeing people from the school, the churches, and everywhere. We took dinner with Dr. Bacon, and had a most enjoyable time. The chief dish was roast goose. Doesn't that sound expensive. It happens however that the ~~wild~~ wild geese live here all winter, and this goose was a present from some Chinaman who had been smart enough to catch one. At about two o'clock that night we got into a native boat and started up the river on the incoming tide. I wish you could see the boat. Externally it is modeled exactly on the lines of a duck, so that it goes smoothly thro' the water and like the old Mississippi River steamers, will almost sail on a heavy dew. It is rough and unpainted, but it is built for service. Over the middle of the boat is a rowing canopy of woven bamboo straws, on bamboo frames. Under that the boys had spread our mattresses and bed clothing, side by side, crosswise of the boat, and we went to sleep while the boatmen rowed along! A thin mattress on a piece of matting, on some boards is not the softest thing in the world but we put in a good night's rest. When I woke up in the morning the boat was tied up by the bank in a sheltered place; evidently the boatmen had gone along to the head of tide water, and then tied up and gone to bed. Presently they began to put forth strength

as the Chinese say, the boat began to move, and we began to notice a change in the weather. Under the lee of the bank it was beautifully sheltered; when we got out into the stream we noticed that a sharp north wind had sprung up, and the longer we went the more we noticed it. When the boatmen fled up to eat their breakfast, we took advantage of the lull to get up and dress, and put on everything in the way of clothes that we could find. I had a heavy oilskin slicker and a heavy suit under it, and there is very seldom enough wind to pierce thro' this slicker, but there was on Saturday, and finally I went to bed until breakfast time, and so did Dr. Foster. After breakfast we went to bed again till lunch, and after lunch we went to bed again till we got to Mountain Lake village our destination. That is ~~pronounced~~ spelled ~~san~~ ^{san} ou and the little x is a hint that the first syllable is pronounced "thro' the nose" perhaps the English of it would be swan oh, and the Chinese of it is ~~swan oh~~. Naturally we had plenty of time for conversation and sleeping, and we made good use of it.

When we arrived at Mountain Lake the pastor was down at the river bank to meet us. But I mustn't forget to tell about the boat journey. At first the boatmen rowed standing up one at the bow, the other at the stern, pushing forward on a long oar, and the one at the stern holding the rudder with his left hand; that was while we were going with the tide. But when we started out the next morning, we had to go up river against the current, and they poled the boat. Just aft of our little cabin there was a deck space about ten feet long, and each man would go to the forward end, stick his pole in the mud and walk aft pushing as he went. If the pushing was hard, they walked together and as they walked forward again, the boat lost a little; if easy pushing they did it alternately, and kept her moving all the time. Occasionally it was so shallow that this would not work and the man in the bow would step overboard and pull the boat along till the going got easier that is part of his work, as much as steering is part of the other's. To one used to boats with keels and rough hard mud this seems very strange, but Chinese boats are made so that they can slide easily, and this mud that we have here is so soft and slippery, that if the boat gets on a sand bar they think nothing of it they simply pull her off. This morning I watched three men with poles work a boat thirty or forty feet long over the mud a hundred feet or so, and they seemed to have very little difficulty.

Well, as I said, the pastor was there to meet us, and we started up toward the chapel leaving all the baggage for the "boy" to look out for and see that it was brought up. When we got part way there we were met by a cavalcade of boys led by a Chinese teacher. Obviously they had come down to meet us, and after we had passed them, they turned and escorted us all the way back to the chapel. I found that the church has a school with over a hundred boys in it, and most of them are direct from heather homes. They gathered at the sound of a whistle blown by the principal, and sang half a dozen Christian hymns for our entertainment. I won't say that they sang them well; but that I could recognize the tune was remarkable. They have no musical instrument to go by; nothing except the tune sung for them by the leader whose voice was probably a one too true and his ear nose too keen to catch the exact tune; and the lusty way in which the high voices of the small ~~young~~ boys ring out, is enough to drown any attempts anyone may make to get them on the key. Nothing but a cornet will really hold the Chinese on the tune, and I wish I knew how to play one. These same heather boys gave us another exhibition Sunday morning, when they sat from about 09.45 to 1.30 with just a fifteen minute recess, and they wriggled mighty little too; less than adults would have done, in the seats.

Presently the entertainment was over, and some old men came up and talked to Dr. Foster. One of them used to be Mrs. Waters' teacher. He is over seventy, but he is as spry as a man of fifty-five. And he used to be a confirmed drunkard and opium smoker at that. Then we went out for a walk thro' the fields and had a little difficulty in getting back in the dark, but we got home all right, and then sat around and talked and wondered (at least I did) why the "boy" didn't come and announce supper. But after I was good and cold and hungry I found out the reason; the Chinese had been preparing a feast for us. I wish you could see a Chinese feast. Dr. Foster and I sat side by side each at a square table, with two Chinese at each side but one, where sat the man who poured the tea, and as he was a busy individual, he needed more room than the rest of us,

First, Dr. Foster asked the blessing. Then the chief guest, or host, who sat opposite me picked up a pair of chop sticks and adjusted them for use, and we all followed suit. Then he said "Chia" pronounced in that same nasal manner, which means invite, of please, and we all tried to see what we could get out of the dish. I had been initiated in the mysteries of chop sticks once before, and got on pretty well, but these chop sticks were square at the upper end, to keep them from turning in your grasp; these were rounded, and when I got hold of a morsel, would turn just enough to let it get away; so that it took me two or three courses to get so that I was reasonably sure of getting something at every try. It really isn't difficult to eat with chop sticks; the food is all cut and in the right shape to be easy to grasp, and when you know how to take hold of the chop sticks it is pretty easy. To eat peas or even salad with a fork is a much more difficult feat.

Well we all took one morsel and ate it, and then laid down the chop sticks and talked at least the rest of them did. Then the tea man filled our cups, the host said Chia again and we drank the tea, and talked some more. The cup was without a handle, and a little bigger than an individual communion cup. In fact at the communion service the next day they used exactly the same kind of cup, and it really more appropriate than our American individual cup, the like of which never was used for real drinking, but is only an arbitrary symbol. Well any way, then we were invited to take another morsel with the chopsticks, laid them down and talked, had the cups refilled, then "Chia" again and drank the tea, and so on indefinitely. A Chinese feast is expensively a course dinner. I suppose we ate six or eight mouthfuls of each course except one, which chews like India rubber and tastes like dead fish. Fortunately if you get a bone or prickle or anything that you don't like, you simply throw it on the floor, which is of tile, and isn't injured by the process, and usually that means a feast for the dogs. That's the floor, too. That's one of the things that remind me of Bible customs. If your tea gets too strong, or full of leaves, or anything, you throw it out on the floor, too. But that one dish was the only one that I didn't like, altho ~~some of~~ all of them were different from anything that I had ever tasted, even in a chop-suey restaurant. One of the dishes was fish cooked with ginger. Another was something like sweet potatoes cooked in brown sugar, only the flavor was entirely different. One contained beef and onions two or three had chicken, and all were copiously outfitted with gravy. Part of the etiquette consisted in eating gravy with a porcelain spoon that is flat on the bottom so that it will stay firm when you set it down. There were about eight courses, ending with rice. By the time they had reached the rice, I had eaten a good supper, altho afternoon tea had been omitted, and I only ate a few mouthfuls. But the chinamen each ate a good bowlful of rice, with samples of the last course for dressing and some went back for more. Then we adjourned to the pastor's room where we drank tea and talked for some time, and then we turned in.

Sleeping in a chapel is a regular part of a missionary's routine. If the chapel is clean and well ventilated, and free from smells, as this was, it is very pleasant we had cots, consisting of canvas stretched between poles, resting on "saw horses". A small but efficient mattress is laid on the canvas, and the bed is made up, and ~~covered with~~ and you are fenced in with mosquito netting, for obvious reasons, I spread my blanket over the bedclothes as an additional protection against the wind, and the next thing that I knew was Dr. Foster calling me to get up. You can imagine that I was glad to find the sun shining, and no wind blowing.

Skipping over the intermediate details, in due time the second service was begun and I was the preacher. It is quite an experience to preach thru an interpreter, my biggest difficulty was not to lose my thread of thought in listening for familiar words and trying to figure out how he was putting my sentences. Almost always the interpreter has to go around Robin Hood's barn in order to be able to express the thought in Chinese at all, and when the Judson party was here, one of the men in and address gave several sentences that simply could not be expressed in Chinese at all. ~~He~~

Rockport
Purdgeville
Northampton

Will Rockport please add
other places where you
want this to go.
Return finally to Northampton

Dear Mother;

The other day we had an incident that is somewhat typical of the joys of practising medicine in China. A woman came to the house about 6.45 saying to our servants that a child had fallen into the water and was ~~500~~ about to die. The boy came and told us in Haklo, asking Dr. Mildred Scott to go. If we had thought we would have asked right then when it happened, and saved some distress and difficulty, because our servants are bilingual. But we didn't think till later. So we started off, and the village turned out to be about three quarters of a mile away. I only had to walk fast most of the time, and it was easy to keep up, but Dr. Mildred wasn't in good training, and she went on a dog trot, so that she puffed most alarmingly, and part of the time I walked ahead of her on purpose to keep her from going too fast; on these narrow paths thro the rice fields, there isn't room to pass very well. We had to cross the river once, and there was no bridge, so I carried her across, which was no trouble. When we got to the village, the women relatives were making a dreadful noise lamenting. We took the child, a boy of about four or five, and I held him up by the heels, while she made artificial respiration. We kept this up, varying the position for some twenty minutes, before asking when the accident had occurred. In the meantime I had found that one of the women ~~50~~ still had her wits and by trying a few haklo phrases for "be quiet" I found one that they could understand, and this woman succeeded in getting the crowd comparatively quiet. Then we asked what time the accident occurred and after a while found that it was a little after four, so that it was nearly three hours previous. It took a long time to make sure of this, because I had only the barest smattering of Hakka, and they the barest smattering, if anything at all, of Haklo. But we finally agreed on a few phrases that we could communicate with, and thro then got the facts. In the meantime there was no indication of a heart beat, and the boys lips were all black. Parts of his body were warm, where his mother had been holding him close, but therest was cold. We kept up the work ~~and~~

a while longer, and then resigned. Then the father wanted us to come in and sit down, and have a cup of tea, but I told him it was supper time (I knew that phrase), so we bade them farewell. Now why didn't they come for the doctor right away, when it might have done some good, instead of waiting till it was practically hopeless? Well that is the Chinese of it; the real genuine, heathen Chinese will exhaust every possibility before they appeal to the foreign doctor, and then of course it is much harder for him, than if they called him in early. When we quit working, we got out as quickly as possible; not knowing Hakka, there wasn't anything we could do except make polite gestures, and say good-bye, in Hakka which is near enough to be understood.

We have been having quite a time with our bridge. Of course there is a river running thro this valley. When the weather is fair, it only runs a nice gentle little stream, but when it rains in the hills up above, the river rises rapidly. The other day I was going across to go up on the hill with Dr. Lesher, so I took of my shoes and stockings and waded across; the water was just above my knees. Presently Dr. Mildred wanted to go across to go calling, so I told her I would carry her across, and I waded back; the water was then almost up to my hips. We talked a while, and she decided not to go, so I started back, and found then that the water had begun to flow so swiftly that I couldn't hold my footing on the stones of the bottom in my bare feet, so I had to have Lesher throw my shoes across to me. Of course these mountain streams go down when it stops raining, about as rapidly as they rise, and later that afternoon I helped some girls who had been calling on the other side, to cross back. Also I saw where a man and a woman came along with a burden. He carried across his burden and laid it down, then went back and took hers took her hand and led her across. The burden held him down to the bottom, and he could hold her from being carried away. The water wasn't too deep, but it was too swift for her light weight. Three boys who had been herding cows came along. The cows didn't mind the extra

water, but the boys did. So a man came along, and took hold of them by the wrists, two wrists in one hand, one on the other, and led them across.

Tell in such times as this, our bridge doesn't work. It is simply three or four long planks fastened together side by side. ~~It is~~ they used to have a bridge with piers, close to this house, and several of these wood sections, but the piers are gone now. So one of these, which had been kept over at the chapel for some reason, was put across a narrow place in the river under the direction of one of the E.P. missionaries. It is about 100 yards below our house about 40 yards from the house where two young ladies of the E.P. missionaries living. They looked out for the bridge for a while until the fact came to light that the bridge belonged to this house, so we have been looking out for it since. At first, every time the river rose, the bridge would float away, and then the ladies' servants would catch it and lead it back. But one day we decided to hitch the bridge by a rope to a tree stump near by. The next time the river rose, it just broke the rope and soon we saw the bridge way down the line. We sent our boys after it, and they went about a mile, but couldn't find it. I don't know what happened to it, unless someone fished it out of the river and carried it away. Anyway, it was up to us to get a new bridge, so when the weather cleared, I had my servants carry down another section that was at this house, and then we drove a stake into the ground, and wired the bridge to it. That brings it at a place where the strain will be less, and we hope we shan't lose this one, but when I think the river is going to be high, I think I shall have the bridge moved on to higher ground.

I expect that such a time will come soon. Apparently we are having, or are going to have a typhoon. Yesterday the north wind blew hard all day long. In the evening we had the most lurid threatening colors in the sky, and the wind blew viciously all the night that I knew anything about it. They say that you ordinarily get three days' warning before a typhoon, and I have never been in one before, so we don't know whether it is going to be

to blow any harder or not. I would just as soon it wouldn't. Last night at Lottie's desire both windows were closed to windward, and you have to know Lottie to know how much that means. We had plenty of ventilation, thro' the cracks and broken panes. The wind ~~blew~~ shook down dirt from the inside of the roof, all over everything, and made enough noise to disturb my slumbers somewhat, and I guess I slept a good deal more than the three women of the House did. To-day it is rainy, and I expect the river to rise; Mrs. Giffin said it rained in the night, and the river was roaring, but the bridge was still in place this morning, so I guess it wasn't bad.

Later. The bridge didn't go out that time, but we had a big storm later, ~~in which~~ the river rose so that it was within a foot of the banks, and I went down at 2 A.M. in a terribly keen rain to see if I could do anything to save the bridge from being washed away. It was tied to a stake in the ground, but the stake was several feet under water. If I could have reached the bridge, I could have tied it to the bushes on the bank, but it was way out in the water, which was coming down furiously; so I went back, and had rather a bad time getting back to the house. I never expected to see the bridge again, but in the morning it was still in place, for the stake had held.

Dear Mother Lottie did the same thing to this letter as to the last i. e. took one copy to send to someone else and happened to get the original that I wrote for you. met up with a carbon. That explains why the other pages of this are carbon. Please excuse. The letter was written for you.

Everything is lovely today. The sun shines bright, as it did yesterday also. We are glad that it has been fair each Sunday even the last week it rained from Monday night thro' ~~Saturday~~ ^{Friday} and the week before we had three days of rain.

The messenger is going soon. so I can't write now as I hoped to. Lots of love to all the family
E. Olson

Dear P also:

I don't think I have written any about Japan
and its almost ancient history now, but I'll tell
what I can remember. The night before we reached
Yokohama was the Captain's dinner. It wasn't
there - he never is, because on approaching port
he has to be on the bridge - but we had a fine
time. The dining room is decorated with all
kinds of tissue paper decorations and
a whole raft of decorations such as we have
at home - male gyp gyp (bt)
dotted curves in my 
elegant illustration being tissue paper
that opens like a fan, so the whole can
be closed up again. If that isn't a definite
enough description - well it was gay anyway.
I write this as we are approaching Manila
where we are due tomorrow. For today is the
day to celebrate the Emperor's birthday and
similar preparations are being made for
dinner to night. The Emperor was born in
August, but it is not then, and school went
in session, so they changed his birthday to
Oct. 31.

Well at the Captain's dinner we had a fine
feed, from oysters and turkey down. At each
place was a bon. boy which burned the
face of the owner. Even if the owner got some-
one else to pull it off for her. But came a
beautiful tissue paper cap, and I think
every one put his or hers on, including fat
old Bob Gale, the "dowager" (widow
of a wealthy butcher) and myself, to name
a few of those to whom the caps were most
becoming. Then there were long rolls of
paper to be thrown, and they piled around
generously. Occasionally some enterprising
man would collect a big handful of small
papers (all loose, of course) and throw
them at some friend. One man took radishes
etc. and made a beautiful bouquet
which he sent to a friend. A girl made a
doll out of some of the table food, but I
didn't get a good view of that. Altogether
we had a fine time of it.

The next morning we had to be of force
medical inspection, but all it amounted to was
that they letted us into the dining room and
left us there till each 1st class passenger was
in and the count was full. Then released us.
at Kobe and Nagasaki they got us up in
the morning in time for the medical inspection
but none was held. That matter rests in the
discretion of the medical officers of the port.
They favor Japanese lines when they can. The
Pacific Mail being an American line, isn't
able to get such favors for its passengers.

Which leads me to say that we have
a very much better time than if we had come
by the Pacific Mail, as was at first intended.
American shipping laws are intended to
secure a living wage and decent living
conditions for American seamen, which they
do with notable success where they apply.
Only American ships can trade between
American ports. They are subject to American
law, so expenses are high, and freights are
high, and their competition thwarts the
railroads less than might otherwise be. But
in trade with other nations, and not the laws
of the nation under which the ships are
registered apply, they don't insist on such
wages or such living conditions, so expenses
are lower and the American ship can't compete.
That is what they mean by saying that our
flag is being drawn off the board.

If an American wants to run a vessel
under the American flag, he must buy her in
America, and she costs more than a foreign
built ship. Then he must go to more expensive
for operation. His neighbor can buy a
foreign built ship and fly her under a foreign
flag, cheaper to buy and cheaper to operate,
and his only disadvantage is that he can't
trade between American ports. They tell
me that if the Pacific Mail didn't break
the law by employing Oriental crews it
couldn't run at all. Apparently the officials
think it better to connive than to put the law
out of business. That really is protecting the

American shipowner, rather than the American seaman.

That this Japanese line on which we are traveling gets a large subsidy from the government. The Pacific Mail doesn't, and has to practice various economic tools. Of course, the faster you go the more coal per mile it takes. If we get late for any reason, they speed burning and make it up, as well as always on time. The Pacific Mail has to be economical with its coal. Their ship Siberia was out hours or more late at Honolulu this trip, she ran into rough weather and couldn't afford the coal necessary to maintain speed or to make up lost time. This company can be generous in lots of ways, and still it makes a handsome profit. The Pacific Mail is not much of a paying proposition. The current gossip is that it is going to sell out to the North German Lloyd, in a year or two. In that case you can go practically anywhere on the North P. Coasts, they are subsidized, of course.

That's another feature. Saturday afternoon we passed by the U.S. Army Transport Logan. We got to Honolulu about daylight Monday. She got there about sunset Monday. The U.S. is the only nation I know of that maintains transports. They are expensive in time of peace, below in time of war. The subsidy that this line receives is on condition that in time of war the ships may be drafted for transports. They thus have good passenger service in ~~peac~~ and good transport in war. It seems to be that the demand for a subsidy is not entirely a greedy grab on the part of the shipbuilding trust, as some of the papers so constantly say.

Well, to go back to Yokohama. We saw Fujiyama from the bay and that is a little unusual. We met some folks in Tokyo, that afternoon, who had been there six weeks and were very much excited because that day they had finally seen it

late in the day, in fact, than we did. The next day when we left Yokohama it was hidden in the mist! unusual, but all the afternoon as we were going around the island toward Kato it was visible the misty. It really is a beautiful mountain. It's a volcano, of course. And that's why it's sacred. All the other mountains are just heaps of earth, but Fuji definitely has the volcanic shape that you see represented in all the Japanese pictures.

They do have some mountains in Japan all right. The country just stands on land. Only $\frac{1}{2}$ of the land is under cultivation and yet they work every inch possible. The rest is too steep or too rocky they throw the earth & hold it in place where it isn't too steep. Japan has something like the area of Calif. And I think it has about 50 or 60 million, something like the density of population of England. But it doesn't begin to have the fertile land that England has, and of course England doesn't pretend to live by agriculture and Japan does largely.

One of the first things we saw was a man in a sampan (native boat) sculling around by the side of the steamer, picking up in his net things that were thrown aboard. He would scull into place, then seize the handle of his net, fish the things out and sell to whom some more things were drifting by. We saw him pick up tin tea pots, radio-cot boxes, fruit, tin cans, and all kinds of such trash. A successful way to make a living.

Little has to buy something of the coalier at Nagasaki. She didn't mention that this fall is 30 sen per day, which amounts to ten cents American. And a missionary from W. set Shin-oye that she'll labor there is always there unskilled in Japan for a 74 per day he can hire a carpenter who can make a joint almost invisible.

Dear Mother,
I'm certainly glad to get your
A/Se of Oct 6. The first since we
left the States. I'm glad I
had the time to meet you. I hope it didn't
do me any harm. You certainly
had some bargains at that auction.
If the "combination suit"
means a union suit, you might
send it out when you are sending
some other stuff (hardly by mail
however) if it is not too big. I wear
37-44 or 44-50 Brooks Bros
but I can wear them a little smaller.

I am enclosing a list. I thought
I had already sent you a copy of it
and I did! Please disregard this.
But if this is the first list you
have received, please send a copy
of my picture to each of these, and
the rest to me.

Wish you all a Merry Xmas.
I have felt a little lousy about the
subject of presents all summer
but I have gone over the ground
several times, and each time we came
to the conclusion that we had arranged
for every one. If you observe anyone
that hasn't received from us, and
you are surprised over it please let
me know. In my next letter I'll
try to send you a complete list of
the presents I intended to give.

I feel more ambitious now. It's
Saturday and there are no classes
but I spent the whole morning
studying music by myself, and
I'm going to play tonight with
the P.A.
Love,
Edison.

Reliance
No. 100

Grandah

Grandah

to Pyidaw
to JFC

bandana
shop

Grandah

Grandah



Dear Mr. Kildred
I am very stupid
and have for-
gotten your
initials do you

Send to my
Story in your
Care, trusting
you will receive
I assure you
that every letter
you write re-
turns, I am
Dear M.

Hastly
G. M. Kildred

Nov. 11, 1898

A sheet of scrap
paper on which stands
a little house on wheels