

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
CHEBANSE, ILLINOIS
LEWIS F. HAVERMALE, MINISTER

April 24th, 1916

Dearest Mutterchen:-

I remember that you said once that the thing you prefer best of all on your birthday anniversary is a love letter, and while it would be a difficult thing to discover more love in one letter than in another, you may call this one the one. I'm beginning to regret the swift passing of the years myself, so I'll not send congratulations for the addition of one more year to the total, but rather for the splendid way in which you are beaming them all. A lady said to me the other day when I was calling, "Has your mother returned to her home? I was anxious to meet her; for from what I hear the people are very much taken with her."

You may be sure that I am not in the least bit surprised. For I think that if there is any woman who will attract favorable attention it is a kindly faced woman with white hair and tasteful gowns. Someway it always seems to me that snowy hair is the best wrinkle subduer there is, and even though one is in one's "seventies" it always has this effect. If this is so when one is quite old, how much more attractive it seems when the wrinkles have not yet begun to appear. The only word I know of which fitly expresses the quality is "distinguished looking". I not only love you but I admire you, you see.

I am wondering how you will spend your birthday. Today's weather has been so uncertain, and the temperature has been quite chilly. Tomorrow may be more Spring like, I hope. We noticed today that the sweet-peas are pushing their way through the soil pretty well (we planted them in trenches 16 inches deep, covering with two inches of earth), and our tulips are up, but being on the shady side of the house have as yet given no indications of bloom. Clara has done

good work planting garden stuff, and has also added a few afternoons of personal work, but my garden work is yet to come; for the Passion Week services have kept me busy. Easter night made the twelfth sermon in eight days (two of them being funeral sermons). We are feeling especially encouraged as there were twenty four conversions. I baptized four young men and three young ladies on Easter morning and received ten adults into full membership; and nine on probation.

My next task is to manage "The Congress of Trainers" under the auspices of the "Live Wire Club," for the benefit of our parsonage electric light fund. We are planning to pull off this entertainment on the evenings of May 4th and 5th. Maybe you'll be here to join in the foolishness; I surely hope so, although I'm a little bit afraid that you may want to be in Kansas City on the tenth. Muzzy has written us a card urging us to come, and I wish it were possible, but I don't see how we can manage it under any circumstances. We're coming out a little bit more into freedom from debts, now that we have a chance to save. Our coal bill amounts to only \$29.⁰⁰ this year, which is surely a drop from that of \$70.⁰⁰ of last year: - not to speak of savings of \$1.²⁵ a month on telephone; \$1.⁵⁰ a month on gas and electric light, etc. Of course, the "movies" don't get much of our cash either, and it all helps.

But to return to your "visit": any time is convenient for us. We expect to have the paper hanger here after a while, but I guess you can live in the kitchen if we can. And this is what we've been doing all through this chilly weather. Well, as long as Clara is writing to you, too, I guess I'll give her a chance at the rest of the news. Just lots and lots of love and twice as many kisses as you've had birthdays.

With love, From Lewis.

P.S. In our village election on the "dry" issue we went out with two dry votes to every wet one. Women's vote 111 dry, 17 wet. Men, 69 dry to 58 wet. 70 not voting.

SALES LIST
HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS.

ARTICLE.	WHOLESALE PRICE.	OUR PRICE
Flat top desk;	\$18.00	\$7.00
Desk chair.	8.00	4.00
Morris Chair:	14.00	6.00
Sanitary cot, with cotton felt mattress; retail,	9.00	4.00
Oak sewing rocker,	2.50	1.75
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet. retail,	25.00	12.00
Kitchen stool,	.75	.50
Large mattress, spare bed.	4.50	1.00
Vacuum cleaner, "Busy Bee" hand power.	17.00	7.00
Dining table; pedestal, extension. Old English.	17.50	15.00
Buffet sideboard; to match.	26.50	23.00
6 dining chairs, leather seats, to match,	16.25	12.00
Server's chair, to match.	4.20	3.50
Mahogany dresser,	18.75	18.00
Mahogany chiffonier, to match.	18.75	15.00
Dressing chair, to match.	4.15	3.00
Twin beds (single beds).	12.50	10.00
Springs for same, two.	6.00	5.00
Cotton felt mattresses, for same.	16.00	10.00
2 fine bed spreads, for same,		3.00
Parlor table; Circassian Walnut.	5.50	4.50
Oak rocker, leather upholstered,	14.05	10.00
Parlor suit: rocker, arm chair, settee; Cir. Walnut,	42.75	29.50
Early English, Oak Serving Table,	16.25	10.00
Washing machine, retail,	10.00	6.00
Electric iron, retail,	3.50	2.50
Ironing board, retail,	1.50	1.00
Hall tree, or Coatuser, retail,	2.00	1.50
Woolen rug, reversible, retail, 6'x 9'.	9.00	5.00
Piano stool,		.75
Galvanized tub, coal pails etc.		
Korona Petit Camera, new bellows, etc. post paid. equipped to use either plates or film.	24.00	12.00
Brownie cameras: No. 1A. \$.75. No. 2. \$2.00.		
Magazine rack or plate shelf,		.50
Laundry stove;	3.50	1.50
Turner, Korosens range, with oven.	12.75	7.00
ter	3.55	1.50
	9.00	1.00

250

CENTRAL ILLINOIS CONFERENCE
KANKAKEE DISTRICT

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
CHEBANSE, ILLINOIS
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Huerfano, Colo
June 9, 1916

Dear Mr. Havermale,

We are pleased indeed to hear of the likelihood of another family being sent to West China. Mrs. Yost and I enjoyed the work there and were sorry to leave it.

The work we were doing had largely to be taken up by others as soon as we left. Besides you will need two years for language study before you take up full work, during which time you will develop your own methods and would most likely forget any suggestions I might make regarding the work.

You will surely have an interesting and ripe field of labor and I congratulate you on being sent to West China.

In regard to taking furniture etc. it would be nice to take some of your choice pieces along if you can afford it. Rattan furniture can be had very cheaply in Shanghai.

Also, all wooled goods are cheaper in Shanghai than in America. Although you are going to a hot country, still you will find it necessary to take plenty of heavy clothing.

You will find the ocean trip
delightful and I trust you will
enjoy the Chinese people as much
as we did, for we feel that we
have many good friends among
them.

With very best wishes

Your brother in Christ

John W. Yost

P.S. Mrs. Yost suggests that Mrs. Havermab take
with her, Bed clothes, Table linen, Dishes, Cook stove
and cooking utensils, Cutlery, lamps,

Flour, sugar and other groceries must be gotten
either in Shanghai or here in America. We generally
got them in Shanghai to best advantage but cannot tell
how the war may have affected prices.

Would also advise you to take a good bed spring and
mattress if you enjoy such luxuries.

J.W.Y.

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[...]

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
CHEBANSE, ILLINOIS
LEWIS F. HAVERMALE, MINISTER

June 24, 1916.

Dearest Mutterchen;-

We arrived home safe and sound just about an hour and one-half ago, and while I am trying to get the best of the accumulated correspondence, I shall take a little time also to relieve part of the tension that you assured us would be in your mind until you should hear.

We had a very pleasant day in Washington, D. C., -- one of the few days which remained sunny during all the hours of daylight. We took a "seeing Washington" bus in order to save time. It cost us \$1.50 each, but we saved that much in guides' fees, and were enabled to see much that I missed on my former visit, so we feel that it was money well spent. We visited Mt. Vernon also, and had a car ride through Alexandria, Va. We stayed at the Hotel Harris, right near the great Union Station, and had a most pleasant and quiet room (with bath) for \$2.50.

Upon arriving at New York we went directly to the Union Square Hotel and remained there the three days, although we learned afterwards that a room had been engaged at the Hotel Catham. Either the latter or the Martha Washington Hotel near by would probably suit you better when you visit New York, especially the last named if ladies have no escort. The first morning after our arrival we were given physical examination by Dr. August Caillet, a \$25.00 for consultation doctor. Having received his assurance that we were in A1 condition, we appeared before the Committee in the afternoon and went through our grilling there. Dr. Donohugh later reported that we were enthusiastically approved, and we have since received formal notification from Frank Mason North that we have been accepted for work in West China.

In the evening we were entertained with other candidates at the home of Dr. Donohugh, in order to give us opportunity to consult with missionaries of experience in our fields as to outfit and all the other questions that arise in the beginner's mind. Mr. and Mrs. George Neumann were present much to our delight, and give evidence of being just the kind of young people whose company will be most agreeable. There will be seven in our party most of the way to West China, including a remarkably efficient young woman who has been superintendant of nurses in a Battle Creek Hospital.

On the following morning we all met at the Mission Rooms where for nearly three hours we talked over the arrangements for the outgoing trip, and also had the exceptional opportunity of hearing and meeting Dr. Frank Gamewell, who is General Educational Director for all China (inter-denominational).

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
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2.

That noon we visited John's St. Methodist Church, - the first M. E. Church in America, where we found about 190 men and 10 women gathered for a prayer and testimony service. The room was so crowded that we could not find seats for a while. They were "shouting Methodists" still, and it did one good to hear them. We took dinner with the Neumanns, and then went down to the pier to see about reserving a stateroom. We found them all taken, however, so had to wait over another day. A rain came up and we were without raincoats so the rest of the afternoon was spent at the movies.

Saturday morning we bought the camera I've been wanting for so long a time, and embarked upon a Fifth Avenue bus for the Riverside Drive. It was rainy and dull, but we took seats on the top of the bus, and our snap-shots came out fine, a thing which would have been impossible with the other cameras. You may be wondering how we know what success we had. Well, it's this way. I began this letter Saturday, and now it is Tuesday morning. Last night after 8:30 we developed pictures. To continue: - After going as far as Grant's Tomb, we returned via Central Park, stopped at the hotel, packed our grips, got lunch, took the subway to Fulton Street, took them to our stateroom on board ship, and then put in the rest of the time until five P. M. seeing the city from the observation tower of the Woolworth Building, 57 stories above the street. It costs you fifty cents per to get there, but it's worth it.

The trip up Long Island Sound was especially pretty and enjoyable, the sunset in the clouds showing up particularly pretty with the skyscrapers on the skyline. We got into Fall River early in the morning and soon arrived at Plymouth where we had breakfast. Went to church (Methodist), and spent the rest of the day seeing the Rock, the monument, the Burial Ground with its ancient monuments, other historic spots, and in gathering shells on the beach. We arrived in Boston about 8:30 and walked to the Commonwealth Hotel, after which I went to a delicatessen store and bought sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, and fruit at a total cost of \$.26 cents, and we had supper in our room.

Monday we took in the Statehouse, School of Theology, Boston Commons, the Public Gardens, Phillips Brooks Church, Public Library, Louisburg Square, Harvard University, Washington Elm, Old Statehouse, Fanueil Hall, Old North Church, Little Italy, Copps Hill Burial Ground, and the Bijou Dream Theatre. It drizzled most of the time, and Clara's feet got blistered, but otherwise we enjoyed ourselves. Stayed in the room after supper while Clara cleaned straw hats, and I planned the morrow's trip.



WEST CHINA MISSION

Methodist Episcopal Church

WEST CHINA

CHENG TU SUINING
TZECHOW HOCHOW
CHUNGKING

HANKING

SHANGHAI

YANGTZE RIVER, 1500 MILES FROM CHUNGKING TO THE COAST

CHUNGKING DISTRICT,

J. F. PEAT

110 Northrose Ave.

Delaware Ohio.

June 29 '16.

Dear Brother & Sister Have Small:

I learn from Mr North that you are under appointment to West China. I congratulate you. You are going to a great people at a most opportune time. I have just received a Chinese letter from one of our (Chinese) District Superintendents who wrote as follows: "I have just heard from Lu Sen-an (one of my men) who writes that he has moved the Sung pia ngas school from where it was into a heather temple. The school, which would accommodate 25 or 30, has 70, so we had to move. The trustees of the temple not only gladly branched us the temple, but secured furniture for us, so that we are now well equipped to carry on the work of our Christian school."

Whether Mrs Peat or I can be of any assistance to us, please write us. I am home to General Conference, and plan to sail Sept 7 from Vancouver. Mrs Peat plans to remain with the children, 3 of them, in this country for the present.

All the travelling is comparatively easy except above Ichang, which is 1,000 miles up the



WEST CHINA

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Methodist Episcopal Church



YANGTZE RIVER, 1500 MILES FROM CHUNGKING TO THE COAST

SHANGHAI

CHUNGKING DISTRICT,
J. F. PEAT

river from Shanghai. I suggest that you plan to have up that sketch with either the missionaries or myself. I shall be glad to have you with me, and having spent 24 years in China, am fairly familiar with the conditions there.

Ask any questions you care to, and we will answer them as we can.

Blessings on you. May you spend many happy years with us.

Sincerely

J. F. Peat

WEST CHINA MISSION
Methodist Episcopal Church

CHUNKING DISTRICT,
J.F. PEAT

110 Montrose Ave.

Delaware Ohio.

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All this traveling is comparatively easy except above Ichang, which is 1000 miles up the river from Shanghai. I suggest that you plan to travel up that stretch with either the Neumanns or myself. I shall be glad to have you with me, and having spent 24 years in China, am fairly familiar with the conditions there.

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July 28, 1916.

Dearest Mutterchen;-

Perhaps if I begin to write to you now I can forget the heat. Our highest temperature here so far has been only 102°, but that's been enough. I attended a funeral this morning, and one of the mourners fainted and required medical attention. Although the oats-harvest is on in good earnest, five farmers upon whom I called last night were doing no binding except in the early morning and late evening; for the horses cannot stand it. Our flower garden, with the exception of the sunflowers, is pretty well scorched. We have made about five dollars off of our potatoes, so far however, and have sold some roasting ears. Have also arranged to sell the stalks for fodder for a dollar. If only our tomatoes would ripen we would have a chance there, but I draw the line at carrying a couple tubs full of water out there every night.

Regarding the furniture; we have learned that a person may decide to sell, but that doesn't mean that he'll sell it. I had bills distributed a week ago, but we have sold only the ice-cream freezer so far. Several have been in to look things over, and we could have sold our kerosene range, but we have decided that if we have as hot weather as this over in China we'll need the thing ourselves. We'll see that you get the piano stool and the wall-rack. The things we are not particular about we'll probably attempt to auction off, but the rest of the choice furniture Dr. Walker has kindly offered to let us store either in their house attic, or in the new fire-proof garage attic. They will keep the buffet in their own dining-room. This solves a big problem.

Yes, it was somewhat hard to make up our minds to let the things go. But necessity is a great balm sometimes. Now that we have prepared ourselves for the sacrifice, we are disappointed because we can't get rid of the stuff. I think our difficulty is in the time of the year partly, and secondly, because of the quality of our furniture. Even with our reduction, it still remains pretty high-priced for many folks, while those who can afford it either have already bought what they want, or would prefer to buy new. So I suppose that in spite of our determination to sell, we shall remain the proud owners of the makings of a home in the States, while also maintaining a foreign residence.

The sectional book-case has been "knocked down" to a third of its original size and will be taken with us. I'm glad you found someone who can make use of the piano. As for furniture in West China, so far as we can learn we'll have to have some made when we get out there, excepting for wicker chairs which may be bought. Dr. North said that the heavy furniture was provided, but Mr. Neumann who lived there eight years says not. There is a fire-place in each room, however, in the mission houses, although the Chinese themselves don't build fires in their homes, nor do churches or school-houses have them even in the winter

season. Of course, I cannot hope to anticipate all your worries and questions in a letter. But we have yet to hear a discouraging note from anyone who has been in that country. Even Miss Shaw -- sister to Rev. Shaw of Peoria -- who has been in China for 29 years now, told us the other evening when we were all invited to Walker's for dinner, that we were to be envied our opportunity in West China.

The May Festival turned out to be the Fourth of July celebration which I described in my last letter, I believe. Owing to the long continued rains, as well as the fact that it was Commencement night in every town about us so that the musical talent was all engaged elsewhere, we felt it best to postpone the affair. Other intervening dates already advertised brought the only open time so near the Fourth that it was decided to undertake a celebration. We cleared about \$150.00.

I have raised \$211.00 in pledged subscriptions up to date, with the promise of fifty more, and fifty more in sight. I don't know where I'm to get the rest. Only one has refused me absolutely, but I have a number of indefinite promises which I'm afraid from past experience will not pan out.

Dan is doing a sensible work in undertaking to paint the house; I hope he sticks to the shady side of the house these days however. We'll be glad to see him when he comes, but we'll not have a presentable house to welcome him to. Even our beds will probably be packed or sold, as we are trying hard to get the China stuff off for Chicago next week, if I can secure an advance of salary. But we have the cots which we are to use after leaving Shanghai, and he can try that out. What we have to stand for forty days, I guess he'll be willing to endure as long as he can be with us.

Gee ! but sixty dollars surplus sounds big ! If there's any more to throw away to the fishes, I know of a sucker that will be glad to get a nibble. That hardly seems right for you to have to get along ^{on} only \$11.48 a month, when money is so plentiful. I believe I'd become discouraged over investments in town property after your experiments.

My camera is a luxury; yet we feel that the Lord will forgive us this one. Besides we try to salve our consciences with the thought that it will prove a saving in the long run. We saved \$3.36 cents in film cost in our trip East alone, not to speak of the saving in waste owing to fewness of spoiled films. The typewriter is a necessity to me, of course. The boys were right in thinking that I have new type. The fact is that more than the type is new. I took my #12 Model to Chicago to have it overhauled and cleaned, etc. Found that it would cost me about \$10.00 as they charge \$.75 per hour. I needed a new type-shuttle, and wanted two. You see this old type is not as clear as it might be, ALTHOUGH IT WILL PASS. But in addition to the increased cost of new type at \$2.50 per shuttle, I had to have about two dollars worth of shields, rubber impression slips, and a new ribbon, which would have come to about \$5.00 more.

As it happened, one of the new Multiplex Models with practically all of

the latest improvements had just been returned after having been rented for three months. It was in good condition, and had just been overhauled. They offered me this new machine for my old one and \$25.00 cash. I figured out that this was only ten dollars more than what I would have to pay anyway, so I took them up on their offer. So now I have a new machine, and two new type-shuttles, and nearly a year's supplies all paid for.

No, we haven't had an out of door service yet this year, having chosen half hour or forty-five minute services in preference. Sunday afternoon I have a church funeral in addition to the other services of the day.

We're glad you put the quietus on a reception for us, and prayerfully hope that we'll all be spared the ordeal of evenings out, and of preaching on the last Sunday. Clara and I have wondered if it would not be wise for us to slip off to Burlington on that Sunday. That's about the only day we could get to see all of them conveniently, and they have been writing to us to come before we leave. I promised Grandma Freitag once that I'd bring my bride to see her, you know. This is a promise I haven't kept. Of course, if we should go, you would come along, and then we'd go on to Kansas City, if that continues to be the program. I still think, however, that these extra trips are putting the expense on the wrong end of the line. We have the right to expect that they are as anxious to see us before we go as we are to see them, and they have the advantage of staying in the home-land, while we will have the expense of moving furniture, and paying for extras, half around the earth. For while the Board pays expenses of a direct trip from Chebanse to Chengtu, and for six cubic tons of goods, yet these side-trips, our advance supplies, and the freight on our extra household goods must be made good by us. This way it is going to cost us about six dollars in drayage and storage charges on our trunks alone, because we'll have to travel over several different roads, and can't check our baggage through to Vancouver. Of course I know that there's only one of me, while there are several of them, - but "them's my sentiments". Besides I don't like to spend so much time on the road wasting time. Maybe I'll feel better over it when it cools off.

Well, this is a whopper of a letter, and I'm not through working yet. Lots and lots of love to all, and especially you.

Affectionately,

Lewis Ed Clark

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
CAMBANSSE, ILLINOIS
LEWIS F. HAVERMALE, MINISTER

August the third
1916

Dearest Mutterchen;-

Dan's letter requesting information with regard to connections to Englewood came to us just the evening before we went to Chicago, and now as we return home after spending two days in the windy city we are glad to find your good letter. I may not be able to answer it very fully, however, since I must get a letter off to you at once, so that an answer may be returned as soon as it is convenient to you.

As you may have surmised, our main object in Chicago was to make application for passports. With Clara's cousin as witness, we had no difficulty excepting in the matter of a birth certificate. The Chicago office is now holding up our application until they shall have received an affidavit from you certifying to the effect that I was born at St. Louis, Mo. at the time claimed. I am enclosing a form to which you will please to swear before a notary public, and return at once in the stamped, addressed envelope. The notary's charge will be fifty cents, I believe, and we'll trade in some of the furniture you wished if you'll advance it.

We have sold our big oak rocker, the larger tepee rug, the library-table, the kitchen cabinet, the small oven, and my home-made table lamp, so far. The rest of the stuff which we will not keep will be offered for auction about a week from Saturday.

We bought some few articles while we were in Chicago, making enough on bargains to pay our way easily. Shoes seemed to be our specialty. Clara bought one pair white canvas slippers, one pair of white buck oxfords; while I got some tennis slippers, and a pair of white buck oxfords with tan leather trimmings, which is more of a novelty than I like real well. But since they were of an odd size (my size exactly) and inventory was being made, I got the \$8.00 pair for \$8.45. Also purchased remnant bargains for waists, and got underwear, nightware, socks, etc. at big reductions. I had a notion to buy a couple of Palm Beach suits at \$4.50 each, but didn't have the money with me.

Now for an answer to Dan's questions, if I can find his letter. First of all, Englewood is not on the Illinois Central. The best plan would be to go directly to Chicago, and take the elevated; for Englewood is only seven miles out. Inquiry had best be made of the ticket

seller at the 12th. St. Elevated station. The Illinois Central R. R. comes in at the Central Station on the lake front by Jackson Park, and stands at the corner of 12th. and Michigan Avenue. The 12th. St. Elevated is just about one block and a half from Central, after crossing South Wabash.

The following are the times of departure from Chebanse, and of arrival in Chicago:

Leave	Chebanse,	5:17 A.M.	arrive	Chicago,	7:15 A.M.
"	"	7:06 A.M.	"	"	9:55 A.M.
"	"	10:10 A.M.	"	"	12:30 P.M.
"	"	5:10 P.M.	"	"	7:30 P.M.

From your reports the youngster is doing good work, and sticking to it. Pretty strenuous work, and tedious, too, I should judge. Well, Chebanse is a good place to rest up in.

From the tone of your letter, Mutterchen, I'm afraid that you are attributing a greater anxiety to us than we ourselves are entertaining, I have very little doubt that we shall be able to get along pretty well with what we shall make from the sale of our goods. My only personal regret, is that we must leave before the financial condition of the Church has been brought up to what it should be. For the folks here are mighty slow-moving in this way, and rest contented because the preacher is getting his support from the bank. I may be able to do the Church more good by leaving than by staying, however, when they realize that it was only an accident rather than a regular appointment which gave them a resident pastor this year, and they have even a smaller chance this fall unless they wake up mighty quickly.

With regard to the insurance, my only disappointment was that I thought I was getting an endowment policy, when I was buying only a limited payment policy. Of course as Lee says it is a participating policy, and if I had not been taking my dividends to apply on my premiums I believe it would have been fully paid in six years. As it is, if I begin annual payments instead of the quarterly payments this October, the premium will be only \$33.42 on \$2000.00. I had hoped that if I were still living in 1926 I might be able to draw out that \$2000. to use, as I would have been able in case it were an endowment plan; but as it is, while it has a lesser cash value, I would have to die in order to get that full amount for my beneficiary. It's a good policy of its kind. Now I must close, with love to all,

Affectionately,

Lewis and Clara.

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150 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA
THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Home address,
Dixon Ill Sept 4/15

My dear Mr. Havermale:-

Unless perchance you might be in Chicago on the 12th I must forego my hope of seeing you before you set sail for West ~~China~~ China. I have known you quite intimately for some time and have in my note book these words "To take Yosta place" See them! I have talked over your going to the field with Mr. Donohough several times and at General Conference time I urged especially that you and Mr. Pilcher be sent out this Fall to fill the great gap there. I am glad that you are to go to what I believe is the greatest of all the mission fields, every thing considered. I would have written sooner but I put it off with the hope of seeing you. Now that that seems impossible because of the nearness of your sailing and my very busy schedule I must be content with a letter.

I am sure you will praise God for sending you to the West of China and I am thankful to Him that you and Mrs Havermale are so soon to go. I trust a happy profitable journey may be the prologue to a life of the happiest service it is God's privilege to give. If you come this way Mrs. Beech and family would be very glad to see you and make your acquaintance.

With every good wish from us both, I remain,

Truly and fraternally,

Joseph Beech

My address from the 7th 10th
will be Aberdeen St. Care Rev. Ora W. Taylor D.D. Write me then if you can be in Chicago,
after that here or N.Y.

- To Linn, Sept. 30, 1916.

Dear Mother:—

Here we are speeding
- across the plains of Minnesota
without a thing to do but
read, write, or view the passing
scenery. We left St Paul
about 11:30 A.M. and now have
just finished our dinner
1:30.

We have had such good
visits all along the way and
being somewhat busy at the
same time has caused the
month to pass much too quickly.
But sometimes I think it
was well I have been so
busy. It has really not given
me time to realize my
leaving. But the bravery of
everyone all along the line
has helped us to keep up
our courage.

With some help I succeeded in getting all the necessary sewing finished. Will inclose some samples. The two pieces of gingham are of the house dress. The navy blue taffeta is the waist to my suit. I made it with an inverted box-pleat down each side and in the middle each side piped with the plaid silk - also fancy buttons on each side of the middle pleat. The striped chabby and silk to match is the dress I got for steamer wear. The skirt is made full with an overskirt each trimmed with the material going other way around the bottom. The waist is surplice, white silk vest, and collar, cuffs, and wide girdle of blue silk. I made a dress out of my old suit and fixed up some of my other clothes.

Last Sunday we planned to all be together but we rec'd word from brother Jim & his wife that they could not come. On Tuesday evening we were all pleasantly surprised when they walked in - Lewis had just started down town had gone about a block when he met them. They knew one another from fiction. They had left home in their car gone 215 miles when they struck mud so came the rest of

The way by rail - On Wednesday Mother had all her children come at once, the first time for nearly five years.

Instead of taking a lower berth in a Pullman we took a section in a tourist car and find it very satisfactory to have the two seats to ourselves. We may have some Chinese friends before going very far as there are four just a couple of seats ahead of us.

My pen will not get us here I want it to see will not try to write more this time.

Love to all
Clara & Lewis -

[...], Sept. 30, 1916

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Love to all

Clara & Lewis --



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

Tuesday Morning
October 10, 1906

Dearest Mütterchen and Folks: -

I'll have to write to you today, because I am told that there will be no tomorrow. Sometime soon we pass the 180th meridian and a whole day drops out of our calendar. Each morning since we sailed we have had to turn back the hands of our watches about 45 minutes. I don't know when I will be able to catch up with our sleep at that rate. Meals, on the contrary, are accumulating beyond all computation. Tea, wofess, and fruit are served before we get up (if this is our desire): then at eight A.M. or after, comes a four-course breakfast: at eleven, hot banneton is served on deck; at one-thirty, a six-course luncheon in the dining saloon; at 4:30 P.M., tea; and at 8 P.M. - dinner, the last being considered the heavy meat. Clara and I haven't availed ourselves of all our opportunities, however. I did not choose to eat so many times, while Clara had her own reasons, purely personal.

If you have ever tried to go to sleep upon a half-breed merry-go-round, which has been crossed with a roller-coaster you will understand the significance of my last statement. Clara piles the

pillows high in her berth², so that occasionally during the night she may feel that her head is in ^{on} a normal plane. Your body, as a usual thing, describes a parabola, sometimes interrupted by a sudden quick shaking, as though you were the rat in the teeth of the terrier. Consequently it is not a condition unknown upon this ship, to have one's meals part company from the owner. Inasmuch as the provocation is no slight one, one's status as a gentleman or lady ought not to be impugned.

But to come down to facts unadorned by rhetoric. This trip has been an unusually rough one, we are informed. A lady physician, Dr. Kilburn, who is crossing the Pacific the ninth time tells us that only one other voyage has the sailing been rougher, and that time probably was due to the fact that they were sailing in a much smaller vessel. Today however, is the first very gloomy day. At no time have we known of danger, but the high winds have kept the waves extremely choppy with the exception of only one day. Clara was the last but one of the ladies of our party to succumb, while - much to my surprise - up to the present time I have been deprived of that unique experience, except by proxy. I believe I'm the only fellow in our group who has been able to attend every meal.

"The Empress of Russia" is certainly a beautiful steamer, much more attractive within than her external appearance would indicate. The stateroom is larger than one would expect, and is very pretty in its color scheme of pink and white. The double washstand - so called - is a combination affair, folding up when not in use, so that it takes up very little room. It is really a two-fold cabinet, writing desk, wash-stands, commode, etc, while at the bottom is an electric fire-plate about 24" x 24" which adds a good deal to the comfort and coziness of the room. The two berths are enclosed in curtains of pink flowered cotton of a fine quality, hung upon a mahogany rod by nickled rings. The furniture, by the way, is all mahogany finish, while the rest of the woodwork and walls is white enameled. The carpet is an old-rose tufted plush upholstery, green in color.

Every seven staterooms are in charge of a Chinese "boy", and ours is such a treasure that each day sees us ready to increase his "tip" when that time shall finally arrive. So far he has not seemed

over-eager to accept the extra ones which have been offered when Clara requested her meals served in her room. He always has a smile and a pleasant word or inquiry when he comes. Even if, not for his agreeableness, it might sometimes be rather disconcerting, for he knocks very lightly and almost before we know it sometimes he has entered the room, silently and courteously, to ask if he may be of service.

The bedroom boys dress in Chinese style, in a soft black cloth: Trousers gathered in tightly at the ankles, disclosing clean white socks above the Chinese slippers. The dining-room boys, all wear a long starched gown or robe, something in the split skirt style; while the headwaiter wears a light blue gown of the same style.

There is one waiter to every four people. The meals are not to be excelled, although it would be much more convenient if there were less French to the menu. I felt much relieved yesterday to read, "Ducklings à la Roosevelt." Yesterday, by the way, was the Canadian Thanksgiving Day; but there was no special observance of it.

A Philippino orchestra gives us delightful music, both popular and classic. There are no wind-instruments, drums, or traps. Only a kind of mandolin, violin, guitars, and a large instrument like a bass-viol, but played like a guitar.



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

4.

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amusing, however, when walking, to feel at times as though your feet are scarcely touching the deck, while a few steps farther on, one seems to be pounded down into the deck by some kind of a pneumatic sledge. Notwithstanding, we get a good deal of enjoyment out of the tri-daily promenade.

We receive the news by wireless, for which we pay ten cents per day, including a big magazine section. That old hat of mine almost came by wireless, judging from the surprise it gave me. Ruth Tolstrup took it down to "The Wardrobe" to be cleaned and reblocked, while we were in Webster City - being assured that it would be ready within the week. But it was sent to Crawfordville Indiana, for that operation and had not been returned when we left. At Vancouver, on the day before leaving, I received notice to call for it at the American Express office, which I did. But learned that a bridge had burned out between Seattle and Vancouver, and that the hat would come in that night. In order to avoid Customs red-tape I paid the charges, and had the package consigned to me on "The Empress of Russia".

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From Lewis and Clara.

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Except for colds we are feeling fine, and you need have no worries for us. Clara is much less homesick than I had anticipated or feared, and as for me – you know my disposition!

Lots of love to you everyone.

From Lewis and Clara.

Latitude 46.26 N.
Longitude 160.41 E.



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF RUSSIA"

10 / 14. / 1916

Dear Harry: -

Your parting note to us is more than kind, and I feel that it deserves more than the somewhat indirect answer that you receive when I write to Mother. Perhaps in my former references to the lack of encouraging words in ~~our~~ effort to achieve what we felt to be our own duty, I have seemed to be unjustly critical. And yet there has been no moment when I have felt that your objections to our choice were more than temporary, and I am sure that I have never in the least degree resented them.

On the contrary, I have realized that they were on Mother's behalf, and were a guarantee to me of your personal and affectionate interest in her. There might have been conditions under which I would have felt it to be my duty to remain with Mother. But the

2.

fact that she is financially independent, has son and daughter at home, and is still in her youth when compared to the age of the majority of parents whose children take up the foreign work, caused me to feel that if I failed in trying to do my conscientious duty now, it would be because I placed maternal affection above eternal interests and my obligation to humanity and to God. By taking up our work now when my age permits it, I shall have secured such preparation for effective work, that when the time comes (if ever it does) that it shall be my filial duty to return to mother. I may come knowing that when such conditions have again altered, I may be able to resume the work which I believe to be my life work, - and this without regrets. This order of events cannot logically be reversed.

As for this temporary severance of our associations, I dare not deny that it is a sacrifice to us both, and yet I am sure that in the case of both Clara and myself, we have been so engaged in thinking of the grief caused our loved ones that we have only momentarily thought of our own sacrifice in the matter. And every bit of positive information which lets us know that they are becoming more appreciative of the opportunities opening to us for helpfulness, and less inclined to look upon our absence as unalleviated hardship, lifts just that much of a burden from our own minds, and leaves us free to give ourselves unreservedly to our task - thus leaving "in whatever state we are, therewith to be content."

We are grateful for any pride you may feel in us, but must remind you that in our conception of life and its obligations, any man or woman who tries to incarnate in his whole life-process the fundamental principles of Christ, - whatever his vocation or avocation, wherever his accepted field of labor, whenever he becomes conscious

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of the Divine hand - guiding his destiny - is every bit as much to be honored. And more times than not the consistent Christian in the homeland enters to as great a degree into the experience of sacrifice, as does the missionary. The true Christian does not live who must not "daily bear a cross, and eventually "drink of the cup which I drink of." It is the unavoidable condition of growing into the divine image which man forfeited, and ever does forfeit when he eats of the fruit of his own individualistic desires.

Our journey continues to be pleasant, although we are eagerly looking forward to the first sight of land, which will be in about two days. Already the small birds as well as gulls are to be seen flying about the ship. We will not make the long trip through Japan, owing to the prevalence of cholera, but hope to visit Tokio, before the ship leaves Yokohama. We are informed that steamer-service on the Yangtze will shorten the actual trip nearly two weeks this time.

Love to you all,

Sincerely,
Lewis.

Latitude 46.26 N.
Longitude 160.41 E.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.
R.M.S. "EMPRESS" of RUSSIA
10/14./1916

Dear Harry: --

Your parting note to us is more than kind, and I feel that it deserves more than the somewhat indirect answer that you receive when I write to Mother. Perhaps in my former references to the lack of encouraging words in our effort to achieve what we felt to be our own duty, I have seemed to be unjustly critical. And yet there has been no moment when I have felt that your objections to our choice were more than temporary, and I am sure that I have never in the least degree resented them.

On the contrary, I have realized that they were on Mother's behalf, and were a guarantee to me of your personal and affectionate interest in her. There might have been conditions under which I would have felt it to be my duty to remain with Mother. But the fact that she is financially independent, has son and daughter at home, and is still in her youth when compared to the age of the majority of parents whose children take up the foreign work, caused me to feel that if I failed in trying to do my conscious duty now, it would be because I placed maternal affection above eternal interests and my obligation to humanity and to God. By taking up our work now when my age permits it, I shall have secured such preparation for effective work, that when the time comes (if ever it does) that it shall be my filial duty to return to Mother. I may come knowing that when such conditions have again altered, I may be able to resume the work which I believe to be my lifework, -- and this without regrets. This order of events cannot logically be reversed.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

October 17, 1916.

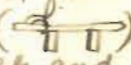
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and Folks at Home:-

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Yesterday at 6 A.M. we entered Yokohama harbor, guarded at its entrance by two or more small fortresses jutting out of the sea. On either side at a distance of half a mile or more, the steep rocky promontories of Nippon stood boldly out, with an occasional temple showing white from the morning sun. The bare portions of the hills appear to be of yellow sandstone formation, and where trees are growing they seem to be a species of evergreen very irregular in contour, exactly like the ones seen in Japanese ink-drawings. Hitherto, I had always supposed this to be merely a vagary of Japanese artist-taste. On the contrary it is true to nature.

By 10 P.M. our steamer had been towed into harbor or by the dock, through numbers of sampans and also boats about 35' long, built as clumsily as an Indian or Fiji belander's skiff, and propelled by a long, peculiarly shaped oar at the stern by a half dozen of the same and a side sweep exactly like a fish may be seen swimming. We were piloted through the mines by a regular pilot-boat, of course. Medical inspection and examination of all passports excepting those of "Allies" took another half hour, but by ten-thirty we were all ready to go ashore.

You would have enjoyed just seeing the motley array of people on the dock. Jap coolies with inverted soup-bowl hats, leather moccasins, decided so as to bear the great toe free that sandals might be worn when desired; and either a sort of "Munising wear" out fit, or even super-short bathing trunks, formed the favorite

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outfit of clothing for the men. Of course the Japanese gentlemen were European from top to toe in dress: the middle class of men wore coats almost like a Master's gown and shoes and hats of European style. The Japanese women dressed just like the pictures of them. No hats were worn at any time we saw them. Stockings were short, and divided at the great toe, and since it had been very rainy for the last few days, wooden sandals perched upon two blocks about two inches high () were common. The constant click-clacking of these sandals over sidewalk and pavement is most distinctive or characteristic. I saw but very few of the women who didn't appear very pretty - Possibly this was helped by the barbaric gorgeousness of coloring to be seen in the patterns, - a coloring, however, which never seemed made up of clashing colors.

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The ride through the country section gave us the chance to see the farms at work. Unless these were rice farms, when the men wore little but a brown coat, both as they waded through the mud, the usual outfit seemed to be a snow-white union suit with black breechcloth. The favorite utensil was a large, three pronged instrument like a manure fork but at right angles to the handle like a rake. We could see a good

many of the house gardens, too, which were like parks in miniature excepting that geometrical designs were studiously avoided. There was much water, shrubbery, and flowers, rockery-gardens, but no grass.

At about noon, we got into Tokyo - the capital city of Japan - and got some pointers from the Japan Tourist Bureau. I must not forget to mention Clara's and the other ladies' embarrassment when they found that it would be necessary to enter the same toilet with the men - a concession to the female patrons being a more or less sheltering door, while the stalls for the men just opposite were entirely open. The single lady of the party absolutely refused to enter.

We had dinner in the Station hotel, consisting of chicken, potatoes about the size of a marble, curry-sauce, sprig of water-cress or parsley, rolls and butter, and lemon phosphate - cost 50 yen or 25 cents. The Japs go as one better on advertising as the enclosed toothpick will testify.

Owing to shortness of time we saw Tokyo in a Good - that's a fact! We were not allowed within the Imperial Grounds but could see the build-ings from without, - or that portion of them above the wall. A most completely beautiful, long vistas beneath the trees which one can scarcely describe - great stone lanterns on either side of the pathway reminding one of gnomes stone jardaniens on pedestals. Sloping, rocky, hill-sides with winding paths whose picturesqueness was not lessened by the sight of Japanese folks descending them. From here we went through a number of typical Japanese streets - so narrow - with shops of all kinds - furniture and shoe-making as well as cures etc. Open fronts, that is no windows or doors, with the merchant squatting on a little platform just

inside, waiting for customers to come in.
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Mothers and little mites of girls carried babies upon their backs as a squaw does her pappoose. It's also noticed on this trip that a curtain made of bamboo such as is used as a sun shade on porches in U.S. would completely screen an entire seven story building in course of construction, being suspended outside of the scaffolding.

The last place visited in Tokyo was the Chrysanthemum show. This was held in a large amphitheater, with a Coney Island entrance. The band inside continually played the same tune which sounded to me marvellously like "The Farmer Wants a Wife" - Hi, Oh, Cherry, Oh the farmer wants a wife. The interior of the amphitheater was partitioned off something like the Scenic railway in our amusement parks, with ascending and descending board walks, with scenic backgrounds on either side. On the right hand would be immense plants trained on wire-frames and kept pruned short - representing a boat, or a palace, a quinn, a butterfly, or a fountain. These figures sometimes would be eight feet in diameter, all from a single stalk. The flowers are beautiful but quite small, and are discarded or cut off, before coming into full bloom. On the inner side of these



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

9.

Circular walk would be large grottos perhaps 20 x 30 feet, wherein Japanese legends would be portrayed with full size figures of men, women, horses, etc. all made out of growing flowers of the bachelor's button - variety in various colors, possibly imbedded in moss. There would be battle scenes, a love scene interrupted by the father - or perhaps the husband, for all I know - all portrayed under artificial light subdued to just the right point to give the realistic touch. At intervals, we would be led out into a long passage way, with a sort of street fair or curio-shop avenue overhung with bowers of autumn foliage, or as in one place beautiful festoons of cherry-blossoms. This last, of course, the artificial flowers.

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leave until 5 P.M. so that we had an hour longer for an excursion into the real Japanese section of that city. We took jinrikishas for this, as being more truly a part of the Jap life and experience. An English speaking Jap took the lead with Mr. Neumann as director while the other six of us trundled merrily after. We went thru little streets where an auto would have been too wide to have passed without having one wheel on the sidewalk. One could see right into the houses, of exceedingly few rooms, no ornaments, very little furniture, but marvelously clean. Windows were made of oiled paper. Babies everywhere, and yet only one during the entire day did we hear crying.

At the end of the street we came to a flight of stone steps leading up the side of the hill - really a continuation of the street. Of course we walked up. Rocks in the midst of small ponds, about ten feet in diameter were seen, where turtles and gold fish might be seen - reminding one of those little nooks in the Conservatory at Lincoln Park, excepting far more beautiful because in their natural setting. Near by we came to a Buddhist temple, open partially so that one could look in. A great stone box with wooden bars across the top stood at the entrance. While we stood there a Jap woman came up, tossed in her money offering, when the priest permitted her to take hold of a large rope resembling a section of a rope porter about two inches thick. With a peculiar sideways motion of this, she caused the rope itself to strike a large gong which gave forth a deep mellow tone - calculated (as our guide explained) to call the attention of her god to her. This done, she made her bows and began her prayers. Farther on up the hill we came to still another Buddhist temple where a teacher sat with a small

class about him, - all of them cross-legged on the floor. At the right was a god in a shrine, lacquered a deep red. This we learned was the healing Buddha. I was much astonished to discover that the people had learned the rudiments of osteopathy. For a woman brought her sick baby here, and after paying her money, and making her preliminary prayer, she turned to the healing Buddha and rubbed first the stomach of the god and then that of the child; this having been repeated to her satisfaction, she did likewise with their knees. An old lady paid the corresponding treatment to her own head. Leaving joking aside, however, this first-hand experience of the simplicity and candor of the people in their great need is heart-breaking.

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We got back to the steamer at 15 minutes to five, and had tiffin on the boat. At 5:30 we left dock, and had a view of the harbor by twilight. Fujiyama - the sacred mountain - stood out lonely and majestically against the sunset, and it seemed to us no wonder that this mountain is looked upon as sacred by the Japanese. Later on the Japanese fleet with their strings of signal lights added a touch of beauty, as well as reminding us of the so-called yellow peril. And so we left the port of Yokohama and our first sight of men 5 feet tall on the average, pretty women as small as ten-year-olds - babies like dolls, houses looked stores like playthings, miniature gardens, abundant flowers, strange customs, etc. And - coming down to "dollar diplomacy" it cost us only \$1.75 each for the entire experience.

We continue well. Much love
From Lewie and Clara

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.
R.M.S. "EMPRESS of RUSSIA"
October 17, 1916

Dearest Mütterchen –
and Folks at Home: --

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We continue well. Much love,

From Lewis and Clara

On yellow sea between Nagasaki and Hoosung -



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

Dearest Mother and Folks:- 10/20/1916.

My fountain pen has gone dry and since our ink is packed, and Clara is using her pen to answer some of our "bon voyage" cards, I'm going to take a chance and use the pencil.

On Oct. 17 - as you know, we visited Kobe, Japan, a city of 285,000 people. As we were not able to leave the ship until 4 P.M., we got a very late start, but bargained for rickshaws at 90 sen for 3 hours. We went through the usual maze of strange, narrow streets, with their show of gaudy dress materials exhibited in front of shops, noticing, as we went, that their streets are sprinkled with a water-cart pulled by a man. Saw a carpenter busy with a hacksaw having teeth filed on both edges. The saw was used held in a horizontal position and cuts with a pull, rather than a push. Their plane also works in this way.

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All day on the 18th - we traversed the Inland Sea, and were seldom out of sight of land, while fishing boats, sampans, small steamers, etc. were constantly in sight - some being passed within fifty feet. These were "manned" oftentimes by both men and women, very seldom fully clad - It is a common thing to see men with only a shirt on, something like my yellow work shirt. The sea changed to a lighter green color, and was more choppy than upon the last few days. Instead of the white gulls, an ugly brown-mottled bird with ragged wings swooped down on bits of refuse from the galleys.

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ships. No machinery is used in this, as it is claimed it is being done here more rapidly and more cheaply than would be possible otherwise. The coal is brought out on great barges, and scores of men, women, and older children work at it with marvellous rapidity and no lost motion. Little babes play on the unoccupied ends of the barges, except when their mothers paused to nurse them. No time was taken off for meals, but as a chance came, they dipped up boiled rice from a wooden bucket. There were three barges to a coal-shute, and about fifteen Japs to a barge, and about thirty barges to a side of the ship. Each three lines of Japs concentrated toward one man at the shute. The coal-baskets were made of grass to hold about half a bushel. One in each line held the baskets, while another should coal. Usually 5 ^{empty} baskets were telescoped as fast as the first was filled. It was passed to the next in line, and without pausing in upward motion the basket was propelled upward to the man at the shute, who dumped it, and dropped it without an extra motion, while another man underneath gathered them into fives again and threw them to the man by the shoveller. So it went on; each at his own job, and no hand ever empty, from 6: AM. until 7:00 P.M. - even without shift, we were told. Yet each worker receives only 8.75 gold a day.

Of course we didn't stay for all this, but having gone ashore, we got the rickshas again and went first of all to the J.M.C.C., where the Asst. Secy recommended the trip to Mogi



CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD.

4

R.M.S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

to us. I wish you might have been with us, so that I wouldn't have to undertake the almost impossible task of describing it. Each rickshaw had two men - one "pusher" - one "puller". We needed them! For nearly two miles we travelled up a mountain road to the very top of the ridge, where a group of tea houses stand. The wildest kind of country intermingled with few vegetable gardens in closest proximity. We saw rice, potatoes, peppers, turnips, and many vegetables we did not know; while oranges, grape-fruit, and persimmons as big as the oranges at home, were frequently seen. The most primitive instruments were seen. For instance we saw them threshing rice by hand, by drawing a small sheaf of the heads through a large steel comb, catching the grain on a piece of matting which was then placed in the sun for the stuff to dry.

You would also have been interested in the bamboo forests, where these trees grow up to a height of thirty feet or more, the trunks being sometimes 6 inches in diameter. The leaves resemble those of the weeping willow but the branches which are very regular and symmetrical rise instead of droop.

we saw more oxen this day than usual - carrying great bundles upon their backs - sometimes twelve feet in length - stretching out over their heads, and as much behind. While the men lead the horses, they seize the oxen, slapping the flank with the rope, instead of pulling the rein, in order to guide. (This reminds me that instead of tying to a post, they take the end of the hitching strap and make a hobble about the forelegs of the horse when leaving it.) But by far the greater amount of carrying was still done by men, women or boys who carried unbelievable loads on two baskets on a pole over their shoulders. We saw them carrying everything from pottery to pigs - actual feet! One man carrying two fair-sized live pigs. We could see into houses much plainer than usual too. Tables nine inches tall; stoves without chimneys set near the window so that the smoke could get out. Floors padded, then covered with matting. Doors never on hinges - always slide; Many cats; all bob-tailed. A few dogs, mostly hounds or spaniels.

The children greet one with the salutation "Ohio" - which means "Good day", at the same time bringing the index finger to the point of the thumb to form a ring.

But these are just manners and customs. I can't do the scenery justice. "Beautiful" is the word but weak. The Rockies were magnificent - but these hills gave me every bit as much of satisfaction in my "nature-loving side" as they. The picture of the Chengtu valley was duplicated more than once. The whole sides of the hills terraced for gardens, and some no larger than a sheet. Little bubbling streams coming down over rocks - An occasional pool, with a jop woman doing laundry work without a tub. And yet - a straw-hut alongside the road used as a latrine, without even a cess-pool or covering - the stench something awful! And I am fast coming to believe that the word "modesty" is not to be found in their language. Women stripped to the waist, children naked! Men unconscious of exposure - yet shrines everywhere.

At Mogi, we saw schools in progress; also a funeral cortege going by boat to the cemetery, the crematory ashes

of the deceased being carried in
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The pity of it all is that throughout
Japan, I was not allowed to use the
camera, because of military reasons
and soldiers are turning up frequently
and in most unexpected places.

Lots of love. Another letter
before we leave Shanghai.

Yours. Lewis and Clara

On Yellow Sea between Nagasaki and Woosung –

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES LTD

R.M.S. "EMPRESS of RUSSIA"

Dearest Mother and Folks: --

10/20/1916

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Lots of love. Another letter before we leave Shanghai.

Yours.

Lewis and Clara

Shanghai, China

10/28/1916

Dearest Mütterchen ^{and} Folks:-

One week ago yesterday morning we arrived all safe and happy, in Shanghai. Upon inquiry we learned that there would be no mail leaving for the States until November 4th, so I have not made haste to write anymore. But now the day is approaching when we start upon the long trip inland, so we must send one more letter before we leave. First of all, let me relieve your mind of any fears as to the safety of our travel up the gorges of the Yangtze. We will go by steamer, changing at Hankow and Ichang (fare for two, \$144.⁰⁰ Mexican), and hence can surmount the rapids in comparative safety. Personally, I shall regret not having the houseboat experience, but probably the advance in civilization is better for all of us. The trip across country from Chungking will require on the average, 12 coolies for each section of the party at \$6.⁰⁰ Mexican each; so will have a party of about 60 coolies and 8 American. We carry no money with us - only a check-book as all our money has been deposited with the Hongkong-Shanghai Banking Corporation here. Owing to the steamer trip, the journey will be shortened by a number of days. We would have gone on sooner, ^{from} but for the fact that we had so much shopping to do, and besides Mrs. Hermann had an abscess at the root of a tooth which required attention.

Money has been flowing like water - but not into our hands. Owing to the probability of my being appointed to the University work, we have had to buy more clothing than we had anticipated for summer use; although Clara felt that she would risk buying suitable material at Chengtu, excepting for one woollen dress for this winter. So she bought a mighty pretty dark green. She engaged a Chinese lady's tailor who took measurements and made the dress complete in a day and a half. It is a one-piece

dress, plaited from a short yoke, and held loosely by a belt at the waist; trimmed with buttons of some material, and brightened with a touch of ribbon in mixed colors, at the throat, and triangular tabs of Chinese hand-made lace on each side of the collar. The tailor fashioned the gown entirely from description without pattern, and the finished work was thoroughly satisfactory. Cost of material was \$18.⁰⁰ Mex: Making, \$5.⁵⁰.

My own wardrobe is expected to last me for summer wear during the greater part of my stay in China this first term and consists of the following:

1 Pongee suit with extra trousers	\$29. ⁷⁵	M.
1. White serge suit	31. ⁰⁰	M.
2. White duck suits	16. ⁰⁰	
2 khaki suits.	16. ⁰⁰	

Discount \$3.⁷¹ making total cost \$89.⁰⁴

As the exchange value of United States gold money here is equal to \$4.²⁰ Mexican for every dollar U.S. You will see that this reduces our bill about half, making the cost of Clara's dress, actually \$14.⁰⁰ and my wardrobe \$44.⁷⁰ Then we had

tapes, elastic belts, text-books, medicine, photo material: wattan, chairs, table and hampers to buy. My typewriter was slightly injured in transportation, so has to be repaired. Then came Christmas presents, etc, so money has had to be spilled.


We are staying at the Missionary Home, a sort of Hotel for missionaries and foreign Christians, conducted by a Christian layman and his wife (Presbyterians). We have a nice large room in the third story, with all conveniences except bath and private lavatory. A nice fire place is in the room, where for the last two days we have had a fire. This costs the two of us, with table board, \$5.⁵⁰ Mexican per day - surely quite reasonable.

We have very good meals, take this one for example. French rolls - no butter; (butter served only morning and evening); Consomme: fresh with milk gravy (all milk used is buffalo milk); Wild duck; potatoes, peas, beets; vegetable salad: Squash pie; persimmons (seedless, and as large as a good sized tomato) and bananas: often peanuts in the shell are served, or else English walnuts which grow here plentifully. Cocoa, or coffee to drink. Tea is served only at the 4 P.M. lunch.

Now, according to custom you shall have the benefit (perhaps the torture) of my observations of things strange or characteristic. As we came up the Yangtze River the fourteen miles from Woosung - for Shanghai is not by the Yellow Sea - we were surprised to note that the shoreline of China presented nothing of that rugged picturesque topography of Japan, but was low and flat as far as we could see on either side, smart cutters and small gunboats from the U.S.A., Japan, and other nations intermingled with Chinese junks which looked as though they might date from the time of Columbus. Great single sails made of cocoa-nut fibre and strengthened at intervals of eighteen inches by bamboo poles from the outer ends of which small ropes led to the hand of the sailor. The hull stood high out of the water and was brightly painted in grotesque patterns. On each side of the prow were great bulging eyes reminding one exactly of the head and eyes of a monstrous tomato-worm.

Now and then near the shore, we passed a fisherman's outfit, which seemed to be a large platform built upon piles out in the water, from which somewhat after the manner of a well-sweep, a great rectangular net on bamboo framework was operated as though it were a dipnet.

Smaller boats resembling gondolas uniformly painted a bright blue were frequent. The waters were smooth and glassy.

At the dock at Shanghai there was a general scramble, to segregate one's baggage, secure the attention of the Customs' officers, so that we might get on our way. It took us just about an hour to conclude this; for he was easy on us. Wheelbarrows with a wheel 30 inches in diameter coming up through the platform and guarded by a wicker frame, form the usual conveyance for a heavy load. We have it on the authority of residents that one man will wheel as much as a thousand pounds at a time this way. Of course a rope or strap is attached to the handles and comes up over the shoulders at the back of the neck, so the full weight does not come upon the arms. But the real test, it seems to me, is taking five hundred pounds of stuff upon just one half of the wheelbarrow at right or left of the wheel and balancing that outfit - yet we see it done continually. Lighter loads up to two-hundred pounds are carried upon the bamboo-poles balanced over a shoulder as in Japan. And as these men go along the street they sing - no melody, just rhythmical, and the heavier the load the more they sing. When there are several in a row, single file, the first one sings his note, a short, staccato "ah" and the others take up theirs in regular order in succession so that it sounds like  now varying, no fellow taking a different note than he started with. There's no music to it at all, at first hearing. It sounds like a quick groan forced out of the coolie by the texture of his work.

We were surprised, too, to notice the continued prevalence of the queues on the men, and the lily-foot of the women. But while we quickly get accustomed to these, it is harder to get used to the women and girls wearing tight trousers, while the men wear the long straight skirt buttoning up by loops of braid on either side, with a fancy waistcoat worn outside. This is too top-heavy as yet.

I must tell you about the funeral cortege of a rich man which I saw the other day, and as I was alone, I called a ricksha and caught up with it so I could examine it more closely and take a few snapshots. Possibly the best way is to describe the order of the procession. First in line two fellows playing something remotely resembling *clasionets* and sounding like a bag-pipe. Then several gold and red *Jacques Palanguins* beaving, respectively, (a) a hog roasted whole (b) a sheep skinned. (c) A platform with an old helmet, sword, and number of small articles which I did not have time to identify; (d) Ancestral tablets. Following these sturdier boys by twos, bearing huge wreaths of white flowers tied to long bamboo poles. Then an eight piece band sounding for all the world like a clown band in a circus parade: then five men, presumably mourners, possibly priests, who were all robed in white, and though walking were concealed before and on both sides by an immense "sheet" attached to poles and carried by extra bearers. Then came a carriage decorated with paper festoons as if competing for a prize in a carnival - the only occupant thereof being the portrait of the deceased; Next in order come the body of the deceased in a huge casket, gilded, and borne by hired bearers. Last of all come the mourners all dressed in white, and the friends in their carriages and rickshas. I have used some terms in description which would seem disrespectful but are not intended so, and were employed only to give accurate comparison with familiar things.

We have not gone over into Old Shanghai as yet as our work has kept us in the English or French concessions, but after packing tomorrow we expect to visit some

the interesting places near by.
It has rained steadily for the last
three days, so have not attempted
any pictures.

I have been asked to lead devotion-
als twice here at the home, and, last
evening was the leader of the missionaries'
prayer service at the Southern M.E -
Girls' School in the other part of the
city. As Clara says, it sounds like
more of a recognition than it really
was.

Well, don't worry about us at all. We
can scarcely realize that we are so
far from the folks at home. We
are quite anxious to hear from you
all, but of course there will be no
arrival of mail until the 3rd of Nov -
just three days after we leave for
Changking. Our Montgomery
Ward shipment has not yet arrived
in Shanghai, but we would have to board
until after Conference meets in December
or January, so I guess it will be all
right. Salary begins from the time we
reach Ichang, I understand. We'll
have to employ a cook, a private tutor
in Chinese, laundryman, etc. - all of
which comes out of our salary. But since
it takes only \$48.00 to hire a tutor every
morning for a year, and costs only 3¢ a
piece for washing and ironing, I guess we
can make ends meet. Lots of love from us
both to all. Affectionately, Lewis & Clara.

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Dearest Mütterchen and Folks: --

One week ago yesterday morning we arrived all safe and happy, in Shanghai. Upon inquiry we learned that there would be no mail leaving for the States until November 4th, so have not made haste to write anymore. But now the day is approaching when we start upon the long trip inland, so we must send one more letter before we leave. First of all, let me relieve your mind of any fears as to the safety of our travel up the gorges of the Yangtse. We will go by steamer, changing at Hankow and Ichang (Fare for two, \$144.00 Mexican) and hence can run the rapids in comparative [sic] safety. Personally, I shall regret not having the houseboat experience, but probably this advance in civilization is better for all of us. The trip across country from Chunking will require on the average, 12 coolies for each section of the party at \$6.00 Mexican each; so will have a party of about 60 coolies and 8 Americans. We carry no money with us – only a check-book as all our money has been deposited with the Hongkong-Shanghai Banking Corporation here. Owing to the steamer trip, the journey will be shortened by a number of days. We would have gone on sooner from here but for the fact that we had so much shopping to do; and besides Mrs. Neumann had an abcess [sic] at the root of a tooth which required attention.

Money has been flowing like water – but not into our hands. Owing to the probability of my being appointed to the University work, we have had to buy more clothing than we had anticipated for summer use, although Clara felt that she would risk buying suitable material at Chengtu, excepting for one woolen dress for this winter. So she bought a mighty pretty dark green. She engaged a Chinese lady's tailor who took measurements and made the dress complete in a day and a half. It is a one-piece dress, plaited from a short yoke and held in loosely by a belt at the waist; trimmed with buttons of same material, and brightened with a touch of ribbon in mixed colors, at the throat, and triangular tabs of Chinese hand-made lace on each side of the collar. The tailor fashioned the gown entirely from description without pattern, and the finished work was thoroughly satisfactory. Cost of material was \$19.00 Mex: Making, \$5.50.

My own wardrobe is expected to last me for summer wear during the greater part of my stay in China this first term and consists of the following.

1 Pongee suit with extra trousers			\$29.75 M.
1. white serge suit	“	“	\$31.00 M.
2. white duck suits	“	“	\$16.00
2 khaki suits	“	“	\$16.00

Discount \$3.71 making total cost \$89.04

As the exchange value of United States gold money here is equal to \$1.90 Mexican for every dollar U.S. you will see that this reduces our bill about half, making the cost of Clara's dress actually \$14.00 and my wardrobe \$47.00 Then we had topees, colic felts, text-books, medicines, photo material, rattan chairs, table and hamper to buy. My typewriter was slightly injured in transportation, so has to be repaired. Then came Christmas presents, etc. so money has had to be spilled.

We are staying at the Missionary home, a sort of Hotel for missionaries and foreign Christians, conducted by a Christian layman and his wife (Presbyterians). We have a nice large room in the third story with all conveniences except bath and private lavatory. A nice fireplace is in the room, where for

the last two days we have had a fire. This costs the two of us, with table board, \$5.00 Mexican per day – surely quite reasonable.

We have very good meals, take this one for example. French rolls – no butter; (butter served only morning and evening). Consommé; fish with milk gravy (all milk used is buffalo milk); wild duck; potatoes, peas, beets; vegetable salad; squash pie; persimmons (seedless, and as large as a good sized tomato) and bananas; often peanuts in the shell are served, or else English walnuts which grow here plentifully. Cocoa or coffee to drink. Tea is served only at the 4 P.M. lunch.

Now, according to custom you shall have the benefit (perhaps the torture) of my observations of things strange or characteristic. As we came up the Yangtse River the fourteen miles from Woosung – for Shanghai is not by the Yellow Sea – we were surprised to note that the shoreline of China presented nothing of that rugged picturesque topography of Japan, but was low and flat as far as we could see on either side. Smart cutters and small gunboats from the U.S.A., Japan and other nations intermingled with Chinese junks which looked as though they might date from the time of Columbus. Great single sails made of cocoa-nut fibre and strengthened at intervals of eighteen inches by bamboo poles from the outer ends of which small ropes led to the hand of the sailor. The hull stood high out of the water and was brightly painted in grotesque patterns. On each side of the prow were great bulging eyes reminding one exactly of the head and eyes of a monstrous tomato-worm.

Now and then near the shore, we passed a fisherman's outfit, which seemed to be a large platform built upon piles out in the water, from which somewhat after the manner of a well-sweep a great rectangular net on bamboo framework was operated as though it were a dip net. Smaller boats resembling gondolas uniformly painted a bright blue were frequent. The waters were smooth and glassy.

At the dock at Shanghai there was a general scramble to segregate one's baggage, secure the attention of the Custom's official, so that we might get on our way. It took us just about an hour to conclude this; for he was easy on us. Wheelbarrows with a wheel 30 inches in diameter coming up through the platform and guarded by a wicker frame, form the usual conveyance for a heavy load. We have it on the authority of residents that one man will wheel as much as a thousand pounds at a time this way. Of course a rope or strap is attached to the handles and comes up over the shoulders at the back of the neck, so the full weight does not come upon the arms. But the real test, it seems to me, is taking five hundred pounds of stuff upon just one half of the wheelbarrow at right or left of the wheel and balancing that outfit – yet we see it done continually. Lighter loads up to two-hundred pounds are carried upon the bamboo-poles balanced over a shoulder as in Japan. And as these men go along the street they sing – no melody, just rhythmical, and the heavier the load the more they sing. When there are several in a row, single file, the first one sings his note, a short, staccato “ah” and the others take up theirs in regular order in succession so that it sounds like [musical notes penned into margin of letter] never varying – no fellow taking a different note than he started with. There's no music to it at all, at first hearing. It sounds like a quick groan forced out of the coolie by the torture of his work.

We were surprised, too, to notice the continued prevalence of the queues on the men, and the lily-foot of the women. But while we quickly got accustomed to these, it is harder to get used to the women and girls wearing tight trousers while the men wear the long straight skirt buttoning up by loops of braid on either side, with a fancy waistcoat worn outside. This is too topsy-turvy as yet.

I must tell you about the funeral cortege of a rich man which I saw the other day, and as I was alone, I called a rickshaw and caught up with it so I could examine it more closely and take a few snapshots. Possibly the best way is to describe the order of the procession. First in line two fellows playing something remotely resembling clarinets and sounding like a bag-pipe. Then several gold and red lacquered palanquins bearing, respectively, (a) a hog roasted whole (b) a sheep skinned; (c) a platform with an old helmet, sword, and number of small articles which I did not have time to identify; (d) ancestral tablets. Following these twelve boys by twos, bearing huge wreaths of white flowers tied to long bamboo poles. Then an eight piece band sounding for all the world like a clown band in a circus parade; then five men, presumably mourners, possibly priests, who were all robed in white, and though walking were concealed before and on both sides by an immense "sheet" attached to poles and carried by extra bearers. Then came a carriage decorated with paper festoons as if competing for a prize in a carnival – the only occupant thereof being the portrait of the deceased; next in order came the body of the deceased in a huge casket, gilded, and borne by hired bearers. Last of all came the mourners all dressed in white, and the friends in their carriages and rickshas. I have used some terms in description which would seem disrespectful but are not intended so, and were employed only to give accurate comparison with familiar things.

We have not gone over into Old Shanghai as yet as our work has kept us in the English or French concessions, but after packing tomorrow we expect to visit some the interesting places nearby. It has rained steadily for the last three days, so have not attempted any pictures.

I have been asked to lead devotionals twice here at the home, and last evening was the leader of the missionaries' prayer service at the Southern M.E – Girls' School in the other part of the city. As Clara says, it sounds like more of a recognition than it really was.

Well, don't worry about us at all. We can scarcely realize that we are so far from the folks at home. We are quite anxious to hear from you all, but of course there will be no arrival of mail until the 3rd of Nov. just three days after we leave for Chungking. Our Montgomery Ward shipment has not yet arrived in Shanghai, but we would have to board until after Conference meets in December or January, so I guess it will be all right. Salary begins from the time we reach Ichang, I understand. We'll have to employ a cook, a private tutor in Chinese, laundryman, etc. – all of which comes out of our salary. But since it takes only \$48.00 to hire a tutor every morning for a year, and costs only 3 cents a piece for washing and ironing, I guess we can make ends meet. Lots of love from us both to all. Affectionately,

Lewis and Clara

Yangtze Kiang -
Twelve hours west of
Hankow.

November 5, 1916.


Dearest Mother and All:-

I began a letter to you yesterday at Hankow but owing to the many things planned for the day and the necessity for immediate action I was unable to get beyond the first paragraph and that looks cold today.

Well, we left Shanghai on October 21, and are now about 700 miles up this great river estimated to be 3,475 miles in length, and navigable for a greater distance than any other in the world save the Amazon. It surely looks big! While only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide on the average thus far, it appears to be ten as Clara says. But most of the time we sail close enough to one shore or the other to be able to take in many of the details of city and farm life. And while the river itself reminds one of the yellow Missouri the shores are oftentimes beautiful.

Naturally we are unable to distinguish the kinds of vegetables being raised, but the

most conspicuous produce is the long reed or grass used for thatching, etc. which appears to be about twice the height of field corn. We have seen the farmers cutting this with sickle, binding it in sheaves, and shocking it, many times.

Often in some apparently lonely place we see a "heavenly light" or lantern fastened to a pole; whose purpose, ~~we~~ we are informed is to attract the evil spirits of storm and other "heavenly" forces from the growing crops. Again as we approach a town we see an old pagoda, two or more stories in height, with shrubbery and saplings growing out of the accumulated dirt of years and decades, deposited on roof and in the crevices.  as my illustration may indicate to a vivid imagination. The water-buffalo is the only beast of burden we have seen on farms.

Before coming abreast of larger villages or cities, our boat gives two blasts of her whistle as signal, and a barge puts out

to meet her, carrying mail and passengers. It is a strange, and almost pathetic sight, to see the scramble from barge to boat, reminding me particularly of the animals - sheep or steers - being loaded at the Chicago stockyards. Men always first, while the poor woman with the pitiful lily feet scarce four inches long has to take her chance, and an old, old man without his son to look after him is in even worse plight. We went down into stowage the other day, but Clara gave up after one whiff of the fetid atmosphere. Tier upon tier of two story beds or rather shelters, extending the length of the vessel. Men, women, and children promiscuously about; no partitions. The demands of nature having no provision made for them as is evident from the filth on the floor. Yet baskets of food, and rolls of baggage lying in the midst of it all.

But then, the Chinese cities are scarcely any better, as the standards are mighty low even among the best or wealthiest. The bryggers too are depressing, though most are professional leaving their own guilds, and mutilating themselves to exact duty.

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At Wuker, two families came out in two big laundry tubs paddling around by the boat and crying (for aid).

And yet, we are each day having most enjoyable experiences. At Kinkiang, for instance, we had two hours, and fearing that the Pilchers, who had gone ahead of us several days in order to visit a Chinese girl whom Mr. Pilcher's parents (missionaries) had had in their home for years, might not know the unexpected earliness of the steamer's arrival, we hurried up to the High School to tell them. I never have seen such narrow streets, such winding lanes, or crowded ones. And mud & slime! It has been raining for three days and while everything is paved in cobble stones or slabs of rock, yet the dirt does somehow accumulate. But it was well worth our while for the lady at the school took us across the road to the Hospital when the famous Chinese lady Doctor, Dr. Stone has built up her work. You remember the accounts of her you already have read, and especially in the "World Outlook". She diagnoses over two hundred cases regularly in the morning, and personally conducts an average of seven major operations each P.M. We had the privilege of seeing her operating up on a 10 months old babe for heart.

at Hankow, yesterday, after arranging for transshipping our baggage, and securing our berth on this new steamer, we took the launch over to Wuchang, one of the storm centers of the recent revolution. Here we visited Boone University. It has eighteen buildings, mostly modern, and thirty five instructors; a library of 7000 English books and the same number of Chinese classics. Also one of the very few authentic portraits of Confucius. I took a picture of the Boy Scouts' building or dormitory - especially significant because this was the first Boy Scout organization in China.

After tiffin on board our ship (the midday meal, rather than midafternoon as I was informed you) the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., a Mr. Coughlin guided our party in rickshas about the city of Hankow, spending our time mostly in foreign concessions, which were certainly beautiful, both in architectural design and in landscape gardening.

We were also shown through a small shop where Pekinese mats are made. The loom very primitive, and operated by hand, with six boys from 12 to 6 years of age working

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at once. These boys work from twelve to eighteen hours each day. The rugs have a very heavy nap, a velvety appearance, most beautiful color and designs, and cost from 50¢ to \$2.25 Mexican per square foot. We wound up eventually at Mr. Creighton's home where we had tea.

Separated from Hankow by a small stream is the city of Hanyan, where are situated the famous Chinese iron works, which figured so prominently in the recent Japanese demands upon China - which when granted have given Japan practical control over China's only means of arming herself against foreign aggression.

More studying Chinese for an hour each morning now, and the characters begin to have some sense to them. Yesterday, Mr. Goldblatt (whose home by the way is Kansas City) tried some of his newly acquired Chinese upon the table boy. He asked him, "Please bring me a drink of water", but put it in the wrong tone, and really said, "Please go to bed."

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Well, we are fast approaching Yochow, my last chance to get a letter off for Shanghai in time to catch the November 11th boat to the States. So I'll not be able to use all this paper. Love to all.

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Lewis and Clara

Ichang, China. November 13, 1916.

Dearest Mother and All; -

When I last wrote you just before coming into Yochow we thought that we would be making close connections at Ichang for the upper river trip, but the contrary has been the true state of affairs. We reached Ichang one week ago today and found that the steamer on which we hoped to take passage would be delayed for some time owing to damage done the propeller in the rapids, so decided to take a Chinese steamer which would be leaving the next morning early. Change of tickets was consummated and baggage was removed or trans-shipped, but the steamer went only a half-mile that morning and stopped, owing to poor steam-pipes. We were told that we would have to wait two days to get these repaired. At the end of two days another attempt was made in vain, and the captain told us the boat would have to be taken down to Shanghai for new boilers, as the ones now installed are too small for this size ship. However, we were allowed to retain our berths here at no extra charge, and our meals are served here at the rate of one dollar gold, each, per day. For the first few days I had a first class Chinese cabin alone, since there were not enough special cabins for all the party, and so Clara took her turn rooming with the single lady. But now that a young Englishman has moved out of this cabin, Clara and I are together again.

I might tell you of the disagreeable features in connection with Chinese quarters, but it would read worse than the conditions really were, so I'll refrain. I will say, though, that the berths were built for the wealthy Chinese who are not so very tall; consequently we fellows have to curl up in order to get both feet and head within the length of the bed. We furnish our own bedding, and try to endure the cigarette smoke the best we can. In these present accommodations, however, the air is fresh.

Since I last wrote you, I have seen Shasi by night, - a city of 13,000. We went on shore in order to mail some letters, and left the girls on the boat. It was well that we did the latter; for after several days of rain, the streets were far from beautiful or pleasant to walk upon even by the light of a lantern. Yet it was all so strange as to be intensely interesting. We passed a number of tea-houses where the men were gathered to settle their altercations. It seems that here, instead of resorting to fists in order to settle disputes, some friend will cry out in the midst of the quarrel, "Go drink tea". Arrange-

ments are made to have each party to the fray bring his friends or witnesses and drink tea while a Chinese soldier looks on. Eventually arbitration succeeds although it may not succeed until the whole bunch has become too sleepy to continue farther. We watched two such settlements, and in each case it looked like a near riot for a time. The custom of having the entire front of stores and shops open, is quite a convenience to us sight-seers.

Yichang is a city of 50,000, approximately. The missions here are three in number; the Roman Catholic, American Protestant Episcopal, and Scotch Presbyterian, while the China Inland Mission (Union) conducts a Missionary Home but does not do evangelistic work. The Catholics have a Cathedral and a convent; the Episcopalians have a middle school and a Chapel; the Presbyterians confine their work to the evangelistic line. We attended the two Protestant churches yesterday, and greatly enjoyed both services, although it is rather difficult without help to follow through the mazes of a prayer-book. Today we fellows are all invited to eat tiffin at the reverend father's, and this afternoon we are all to take tea at the mission, and then attend a lecture on "The Ethnological and Geographical Features of the Non-China Territory West of Szechuan", by the Rev. Mr. Edgar, F.R.G.S. This gentleman of the China Inland Mission in ~~the province to which we go~~, dresses like the Chinese, and certainly looks peculiar in this costume so unusual to a European.

Friday, last, we hired a sampan for the afternoon, and went across the Yangtse to the small mountains which stand like immense pyramids as far as one can see up the valleys. We visited a number of house-boats, which, after all are quite common-places, and in themselves much cleaner and better than we had been led to think. The chiefly interesting thing about these and other boats is the row of gods at the stern, and the large spatter of chicken's blood and feathers on the stern also, - the remainders of the launching ceremony, where the blood of the newly slain chicken is substituted for the bottle of wine used in America. While there we climbed one of the smaller hills rising precipitously from the river and got a good view of the surrounding country and the city. We were also interested in a large junk or freighter which was just starting out on the upper river trip with sixty trackers pulling upon the rope from a point nearly half a mile away. Much to my surprise I learned that this rope is made of strips of bamboo braided together. When no longer strong, it is cut into two-foot lengths and used as torches. Signals are conveyed to the trackers by the skipper of the boat by means of a large kettle-drum. The

I have since learned that his work is really to rally the men here and to take them to the Yangtse.

trackers' rope, by the way, is fastened to the top of the mast, or occasionally to the center of a second rope extending from the base to the top of the mast. Nearly twenty other men wield a thirty-foot sweep at the forward end of the boat and extending into the water; this being used to give quick direction to the boat when approaching great rocks in the rapids. The chant of these men reminds one very much of the cheers at a base-ball game. Clara in writing home I see, says that in our present situation on the river, it seems as if we were in a perpetual base-ball game, judging by the racket and shouting. We have learned to sleep through it all, however, unless some unusual noise is heard, like night before last, for instance: we went to bed rather early and soon after began to hear loud rhythmic chanting accompanied by the beat of drums and an occasional horn. Inasmuch as that very afternoon we had seen and heard the medicine men making the most discordant noises before a Chinese house where the sickness devils were supposed to be tormenting the patient, thinking by that means to frighten the devils away, we supposed the patient to have been suddenly suffering a relapse, and thinking of the pity of it all kept me awake nearly all night. The fact was that the noise continued until daylight (6 A.M.) We learned, however, that we had been listening to the performance of a Chinese theatrical company, and that usually the performance will last for three nights before the climax is reached. Their picture-shows, by the way, are large box-like structures erected on bamboo stands along the street, somewhat after the fashion of the old Punch and Judy shows. The spectator, having paid his three coppers, sits down upon the bench and looks through a small peep-hole. The pictures, I am told, are five in number, the first four scenic, the last one very obnoxious, all on rollers like a window shade, and being drawn up in turn according to the will of the operator. And here they corrupt the Chinese boys and girls of nine to eighteen years of age by the scores.

One unique feature of Ichang is a small shrine, itself typical, where (up to this last year) Chinese parents have been known to bring infant girls, pour kerosene upon them, and burn them as a sacrifice to those ugly little sticks of so-called gods. Yet some progress is being made. After tiffin on the day this letter was started (today is the 15th) we went to a Buddhist Temple where the American Episcopalians were conducting evangelistic services. It was at one-thirty, and there were at least four hundred men and older boys present. The Rev. Fr. Wood preached, and Mr. Neumann translated to us as he proceeded. It was certainly an ideal missionary sermon, it seemed to me, and such preaching

is bound to have a good effect eventually. But the significant thing is that the preaching of Christ was in a Buddhist temple. The building itself is like an open court where the people stand with hats on. At one end is a high platform where dances and theatricals are performed. At the other end is the throne of the god, - a gaudy image about twelve feet in height, with wooden images on either side, human size, which are supposed to serve the god night and day. The priest is a dirty individual robed in black, and (I guess) thinks that he is coming into bad days, owing to the carelessness of the people in giving him enough coppers to live upon.

Last Saturday (11th) we hired a boat for the afternoon and went two miles up a small tributary of the Yangtse. This brought us into a farming territory where they were doing the farm ploughing. One man had one of the water-buffaloes and the other fellow had a Tibetan cow. The slowness of the operation gave us splendid opportunity for a snap-shot. I surely hope that mine turned out good, but the developing which I have done recently on other good exposures is quite discouraging. I am now going to wait until conditions are ideal and I can take the temperature of the developer, and also get pure water. But to continue; Back of this newly ploughed land were four women working in the fields, one with a babe tied upon her back. Two made the furrows with a high chopping motion, another planted the seed, and the last covered it. The poor women meanwhile, with their pitiful bound feet, could scarcely keep their balance on the plowed ground. Farther on, cotton and oranges were growing, and both most certainly looked beautiful. As we climbed to the top of one of the high hills where a Buddhist Temple known as "The Red Temple" is situated, we were given one of the most beautiful birdseye panoramas that we have ever seen. I can't describe it, so what's the use of trying? Look up my "trip to Mogi" letter and multiply it by two and maybe you will get some idea of it. And yet they say that we have not reached the climax even yet.

Well, it will not be long now until we shall have an opportunity to judge for ourselves. The "Sho-Hun" reached Ichang yesterday (14th) in safety, but will be here until Friday night (17th) being overhauled, and will start up river before daylight on Saturday. We have engaged passage thereon, although we will have to travel first class Chinese in all probability. This ship is quite a large steamer, and will make the trip in five days, whereas a house-boat requires three weeks. Owing to the dangers of the rapids we will not

travel by night. Going with so many, and upon so large a vessel also, we will not be in much danger from robbers, either, as a houseboat is. We hope, therefore, to arrive in Chungking by Thursday the 28th, and to eat Thanksgiving Dinner with the Irwins at that place. The next three days will be needed in order to have sedan chairs made to order, to complete the purchasing of food-supplies for the overland trip, and to secure a military escort to guard against robbers until we get out of the mountain district. That sounds more exciting than it is likely to be, but it seems wise not to omit any precautions. All going well we shall leave Chungking on Monday (27th) and reach Chengtu ten days later.

I shall probably write again from Chungking, although I suppose that you are receiving my letters by bunches rather than one by one. But do not worry, for we never felt better in our lives, and I tipped the scale at 150 pounds here the other day. Going as we do we are spending money all the time, but we still have \$180. Mexican in the bank at Shanghai; \$90.00 in silver (Mex.) with us, and \$150.00 Mex. on account at Shanghai for the forwarding of our freight when it reaches China. Besides our salary begins just as soon as we cross the border into Szechuan.

I suppose that I omit a lot of little distinctively Chinese customs like the carrying of a long straw tied in a loop to signify that the article exhibited is for sale; the pointing to one's own nose with the forefinger when referring in conversation to oneself; the pursing of the lips and stretching of the neck toward an object or to indicate direction, instead of pointing with the finger; the finger signs for numerals; and the astounding discovery that the U.S. are the only people who regulate traffic by always passing to the right; the custom of serving tea when one enters a shop of importance; the apparent remonstrance on the part of the guest when the host endeavors to place him in the seat of honor, — the foreigner especially always out of courtesy waiting at the "lowest" seat according to the Master's injunction. Etc., etc. The financial system of China would make a volume in itself, so I'll have to wait for some future letter. Well, Clara joins me in sending lots of love and kisses.

Affectionately,

Lewis and Clara.

On the Yangtze November 23, '16.

Dearest Mother and All;-

While about ten Chinamen are crowding about my state-room window in order to see how this machine works, I shall try to get another letter out of my system. It will not be the easiest thing in the world, of course, but as we reach Chungking tomorrow about noon, and we are planning to leave for Chengtu on Monday, there will be one grand rush from the time of our arrival, allowing no time for letters while there. We have to get sedan chairs made to order for the two of us, buy the rest of our supplies in case we can not arrange for any upon the road, re-pack so as to have all our packages in proper weights to be handled by the carriers, and a dozen other things which will develop later on. The trip from Ichang has been somewhat uncomfortable owing to the fact that some of us had to take first class Chinese quarters instead of "special". We have had lots of company, however, as practically all of this section is taken by missionaries, government employees, Japanese gentlemen and the like. But the Chinese have crowded on here for the last few days in such numbers as to occupy every available space upon this deck. The first-comers who were lucky enough to get lying-down space keep their beds practically all day in order to hold their places. Consequently every night the remainder are forced to sit along the deck under the windows of our staterooms. Even women and babies are among the number; one Chinese lady just around the corner, with two babies, has a little space curtained off for her every night. Other things in connection with this inconvenience are too indelicate to commit to writing. As for our own situation, we are otherwise comparatively comfortable. Every inch of wall, ceiling, and floor, bedsteads, washstand, and benches, has received several washings: first, plain soap and water; second, kerosene; third, soda water; and lastly, Jeyes' Fluid (made up largely of creolin). We use our own bedding for mattresses and covering, and have our own pitcher and basin. Our food of course is taken in the foreigners' dining saloon.

Well, we had some difficulty in getting off from Ichang, as I believe I told you, having engaged passage first upon the Kiang Ku, which was wrecked beyond all hope for further work this season; then upon the Chu Chuen, whose boilers leaked to such an extent that after three trials her captain gave up the trip, and our money was refunded. And last of all this ship, the ShuHun, which left Ichang last Saturday morning - 20th - and so far has had a very successful trip. We escaped the perils of the rapids in the gorges, and today has seen the last of the dangers from the river-pirates. But I must tell you

about our experiences since the last letter. On the evening of the 19th, we decided to attempt a climb to the highest peak of the hill across the river from Ichang, so all of the light-weights in the party, including the Canadians started out. At first the ascent was fairly easy, but at the first plateau two of the ladies decided to wait there until our return. The next eminence was reached and it was getting towards dusk so Clara and the rest of the ladies remained there while five of us men went the rest of the way. This part was most difficult of all, as our shoes had grown slippery, and we had only grass to cling to, while the ascent was a grade of sixty degrees at the least. One of the men decided not to try further, but after resting a little, and learning that the rest of us had discovered a pretty good path farther up, he eventually rejoined us. Upon reaching the summit, we found that it had been well worth the effort. There was a glorious sunset lighting up range upon range of mountains toward the west and north, while on the east the Yangtse River could be seen for six miles winding its way upon the plain until it entered the Ichang Gorge. And across the river was the entire city of Ichang with its pagoda and temples upon the heights near by. Within the valley formed by the particular hill upon which we were, and the others adjoining, was a little farming village whose Chinese name translated means "The Nest", and it certainly was true to its name, and at a distance, at least, was extremely beautiful. We returned after some difficulties in time for dinner, although we are not yet through with picking the needles from the spear-grass from our clothing. These needles slip through cloth in a mighty mean way, scratching the flesh and irritating one most dreadfully, but are not poisonous. An interesting fact about this hill, by the way, is that it is said to be of the exact dimensions and general shape of the Cheops Pyramid.

We left Ichang very early on ~~Saturday~~ ^{Saturday} morning - 19th - and entered the Ichang Gorge at sunrise. This Gorge, some sixteen miles in length, resembles so many of the other Gorges which were more important, that I will not attempt to describe this or the others in detail. On this first day we passed through the Yao Cha-Ho Gorge (14 miles) the Otter Cave Rapid, the Ox-Liver Gorge, so-called because of the peculiar shape of the summits of the mountains at its entrance, and the Tong-Ling Rapid. In the latter rapid are four great black rocks jutting out of the river, and called the Black Pearls. One of the first steamers was wrecked upon the three smaller ones. This gorge was 4 miles long.

8.

In the afternoon we fortunately made our way through the Chin Tan Rapids, three in number, which are considered the worst ones on the river at this season of the year. It took our steamer fourteen minutes to gain an inch at one stage in the trip - the Fou Rapid, - a place which once took the Neumans three days to pass in a house-boat. The experience surely cured us of any desire to navigate the upper river in that fashion. They threw kerosene on the fire to such an extent that the flames were rising four or five feet out of the great funnels of this steamer, and they were so hot where they passed up through the decks that the walls smoked as if on fire. It was at this point that Clara, missing me from her side, ran around from one member of the party to another, crying, "Where is my husband? Where is my husband?" And he, thinking that the danger was practically past was at the stern of the boat trying to get a satisfactory picture with the camera. The rapids are not the dashing, foaming kind, however, whose danger lies in rocks beneath the surface, but a very unspectacular swift-flowing stretch, which is extremely powerful. The spectacular part comes when the boats attempt to pass thru them. There were about fifteen freighters and houseboats at the foot of the rapids awaiting their turn to be pulled up by the trackers. You remember the picture of the coolies pulling the junk, as it was reproduced very faithfully in the World-Outlook (West China Number). By the way I hope that you have sent for that copy by this time, as I'm told you can get it. While I'm talking about the trackers, I want to say that it is remarkable the way they climb over great boulders, and up the sides of steep mountains, and sometimes appear upon a foot-path hundreds of feet above the river, like flies crawling along its sides. And there is a slave-driver who whips up the laggards with cruel slashes of his long whip.

In the afternoon we passed thru the Rice Granary Gorge, 2 miles long, whose precipitous walls "resemble some awesome passage leading to regions of endless gloom." Here we came to the town of Kwei-Chow, famous for its bamboo chopsticks and finely carved combs. Clara chose to remain on the ship, but the men all got off for a quick excursion into the city in the hour at our disposal. It just occurs to me that in giving the above description of the Rapids, I got the order mixed; for it was the Wild Rapids, eight miles on from this city, where we had our exciting experience.

Perhaps the most majestic section of the trip was through the thirty-mile stretch of the Gloomy Mountain Gorge, half of which was made the first day out.

Again I find myself at a loss for words to describe this natural beauty. Even though it was somewhat cloudy and misty all during the day, the effects were the more awesome because of the indistinctness of distant outlines. In most cases the river ran between great piles of granite and limestone boulders and long jagged reefs, above which frowned rugged, half-barren mountains over half-a mile high. But maybe this description given by another traveller will be more nearly adequate. "Shrouded in gloom, awesome and quiet if the wind is from the west, beautiful and bright with sunshine, if the wind is from the east, a hundred and one shades and colors glance from cliff and boulder, from terrace and slope; great walls of solid rock capped by fantastic peaks tower into the clouds, broken only at intervals by precipitous ravines. And if the traveller has been fortunate enough to enter the gorge after some days of rain, streams of water at every few hundred yards cascade from the rocky heights in a series of foaming walls to the mighty river below". This was our good fortune, and the beauty was multiplied by the fact that the autumn foliage is now at its best out here. Owing to the dangers of navigating by night, the captain had the boat tied up before dark, and after dinner we held our Sunday service. An Episcopal clergyman presided; our Mr. Goldblatt led the singing and gave violin solos; two Canadian Methodists led in prayer, and your son surely appreciated the peculiar experience of preaching the sermon, 1200 miles in the interior of China, in the grandest wilderness I ever expect to see.

On Monday morning - 21st - we crossed the boundary into Szechuan Province. This day was possibly the most beautiful day so far, the atmosphere being very clear, so that all the detailed beauty of the hills might be seen. The Wind-Box Gorge, - the last enroute, was revealed in all of its attractiveness and interest. Some special features ought to be mentioned. For instance, a large cleft near the top of the mountain at the entrance gives the Gorge its name. In the mouth of this apparently inaccessible place, there may be seen immense coffins just like those at present made by the Chinese. Somewhat near this place, along the sheer, perpendicular face of a mountain of solid rock, there are disclosed large square holes about nine feet square, in a zig-zag line at irregular intervals, carved in deeply enough to support huge timbers. This is called Ming Leang's Ladder because of the fact that a certain Hubeh general whose army had been stopped in its progress by water, owing to the defenders making a barrage of heavy chain cables across the gorge, caused this escalade to

(Over)

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be built. All along the gorge, at a level of 150 feet above the river at its lowest, is a pathway carved into the solid rock by the help of a philanthropic Chinese merchant, who financed it. Since we left this Gorge, the scenery has been somewhat softer, but very beautiful notwithstanding. The hills are high, the orange groves, and pamplo trees with their ripening fruit, and the cultivated areas on slopes of a fifty-five percent grade, make the most beautiful combinations of colors, brightened by the autumn leaves, while the waterfalls, and both natural and artificial stone bridges over ravines, and the strangely shaped rocks (at least 64,000 cubic feet in many instances) which line the shores, add a picturesqueness which stir one up to repeated exclamations of surprise and delight. Add to this the occasional pagodas standing out against the sky, and the many temples and shrines with their quaint architecture, the antique-shaped boats, and the strange people, many of them in their "birth-day clothes", or else dressed in bright blue, and you have a picture which cannot be forgotten.

On the 21st. we had a five hour stop at Wan Hsien, our steamer having to stop for coal. While here we visited a Cave Temple (Taoist). This great cave nearly forty feet wide at the mouth, and wider within, was situated upon the side of a hill, at the end of a stone path leading through a bamboo grove. A small waterfall cascaded over the entrance, falling down some twenty-feet upon some great moss-covered boulders, and then trickling down under a stone-arch bridge. The cave was about thirty feet or more deep, and about twenty feet high, with stalactite formations upon the ceiling. Within this had been built a rustic throne for the image of a god, together with his men and ladies in waiting. Imitation storks and other birds, life-size had been carved out and then painted quite realistically, so as to give a most striking effect. A stone staircase led up the side of the cave to a higher room where the chief god had his throne in an even more bizarre niche, where foliage, and stuffed birds, and gold stalactites together with many small brightly painted images gave a most unusual beauty. After visiting this temple, we went over into the city itself to see a strange bridge which consists of a single arch made up of two flights of steps approaching each other, with a large covered room at the top where many vendors had their stalls. On going down the small river which it spans, one comes to a natural stone bridge, from which, as one looks back, three beautiful water-falls or cascades of the clearest blue-green water splashes down. In the quieter pools below perhaps fifty women

6. and girls with trousers drawn up above their bare knees, kneeled with their clothes, pounding them with heavy sticks; for it seemed to be wash-day.

Still farther down, as we were walking along the beach, we stepped almost upon a man who had been shot down by the soldiers about an hour before, and had been left unburied. And so the wonderful and the beautiful continues to be mingled in almost equal proportions with the sordid and pitiful. We have been wondering tonight as we lie anchored by a village where the beggars have lined up along the shore, sending out their mournful wails and pleas for a few cash, - we have been wondering if we can get the cries out of our ears long enough to go to sleep. But we must; for tomorrow morning we expect to arrive at Chungking, and then the rush begins. So far the terrors anticipated have failed to materialize. With the steamer, the rapids had no terror, and a thirty-two day journey has been cut down to less than five days. With the soldier escort on board, and the large party of foreigners, the river-pirates have thus far kept out of sight. Now we are hoping that the dangers and inconveniences expected overland will fade away. Here's hoping!

Clara joins me in sending much love and many kisses to you all.

Affectionately,

Lewis and Clara.

Chengtu, Sze. China. - Jan. 20 received
December 10th, 1910.

Dearest Mutterman, and All the Rest:-

You cannot know (at least from our standpoint) how good it is to be able to head our letter with Chengtu at last, and yet the journey was far from tedious, and was never disagreeable beyond endurance. We arrived here safely on Thursday evening, Dec. 7th, after having completed all our stages overland almost on schedule time. But before I describe the trip, I want to tell you how glad we were to find two letters awaiting us, - the one written October 7th, and the other on Oct. 12th, which arrived at Shanghai just two days after we left, and was forwarded to us here. Your plan of enlisting the whole family in compiling the weekly letter is extremely satisfactory. I hope that you will be able to hold to it, and I will do my best to answer promptly. We were delighted to learn how calmly you all are now accepting the situation, and hasten to give you the possibly disappointing assurance that we have not been homesick yet, nor regretted the step which we have taken. Clara declares she is enjoying better health than at any time for the last five years at least, and she surely looks plump and happy. As for myself, my cheeks have filled out too, and I am feeling first-rate.

Conference will not be held until January 7th, at the earliest, and we shall not be assigned to a residence until it is definitely settled whether we are to remain to attend language school here. Such severe pressure has been brought upon the missionaries of this section, owing to the lack of new workers, that quite a number of the experienced people are coming to the retirement period, or else have children in the States who need their attention. Consequently it seems as if there might be a possibility of some of us new people being assigned as "foreign resident" to one of the places thus left vacant. You need not worry about the kind of residence, however, for they are all much nicer than we had expected, because of the cheapness of labor and material. It is much more economical to build of stone than of wood for example. We inquired the cost of a pillar of white stone, fifteen inches in diameter, and twelve feet in length, and found that it had been quarried, finished and delivered at a total cost of \$3.00 Mex. or \$1.75 gold. Most of the mission's residences here are of brick, with large, nicely arranged rooms and also servants' quarters. When our things come, and some more are made, we shall be most comfortable. We just saw a massive Davenport made of hardwood, and nicely upholstered, at a total cost of \$7.50 Mex.

At the present time we are quartered in two rooms of a newly built residence at the University, the beds, dresser, etc., having been borrowed from the hospital while the fire-place does in lieu of a stove. Our meals are taken at Mr. Crawford's home. We are engaging a cook at \$5.00 a month; a coolie to do the heavy work such as washing, ironing, scrubbing, running errands, etc., for \$3.50 per month; and a Chinese teacher who gives us from 8 to 12 each morning for language study, whom we pay \$5.00 per month, - or three servants at a total cost of about \$7.00 gold a month. Exchange is high now, though; one dollar gold brings only \$1.70 Mex. in Shanghai, and checks on Shanghai are discounted nearly fifteen percent by the time they reach Chengtu. But then I had better not try to give an exposition of Chinese finance until after I have been here a few months longer as it seems most complicated. We shall not be lonesome here at Chengtu. There are fifty-two foreigners including children who are living on the University grounds, and more than that number in addition who live within the city walls. We have attended two teas, and so met quite a large number Friday and Saturday; this afternoon we are invited to take tea at the home of Mr. Silcott, an honor student or graduate from Oxford University, England, - which seems to be it out here. But more with regard to this in our next; now I must tell you of the overland trip.

We left Chungking at 8 A.M. on Nov. 27 after three days' hard work getting ready. Foodstuffs or heavy comforters had to be made; chairmen and carriers engaged, our soldier escort arranged for, the American consul visited and our pedigree registered, trunks and packages re-packed and carefully weighed so as to weigh not more than 70 lbs. for one man, 100 lbs. for two men, or 240 for three men loads; when thus prepared, they had to be roped and bamboo carrying poles tied on. Fortunately Dr. Irwin, at Mr. Neumann's request, had ordered sedan chairs for all of us so that these had been completed before our arrival. Then bread and cookies, baked beans and what-not had to be cooked, and the food-loads arranged for each day and numbered accordingly. It was one grand rush from the time of our arrival to the hour of setting forth. Clara and I were able to complete our personal packing early, and hence were the privileged ones who were entertained at the Manly home four miles out from Chungking over a very pretty road. It was at the boys' High School here that I had my first experience of preaching to the Chinese through a Chinese interpreter. I have since had one other such out here at Chengtu. But that task was the only one befitting the Sabbath day that was performed by any of our party.

When we started we made quite an imposing procession; first, a part of our soldier escort, then the food loads, with cooks and servants, followed by the baggage, then our eight sedan chairs, and finally more of the soldiers. The personnel of our party was 3 foreigners, 102 carriers and servants, and never less than 40 soldiers. When going through a large city enroute, it would have amused you to have seen the Chinese soldiers with the two buglers tooting away at their head ushering us in. You are wondering, perhaps, why we needed the soldiers. Well, now that we have reached our journey's end in safety I'll tell you. At the present unsettled time in China, there are a great number of highwaymen who infest the Great Road where it passes through some very wild, mountainous country, and only a few weeks before our trip, the soldiers had had a terrific battle with 3000 robbers, while even nearer that time the Canadian party had been relieved of nearly \$800. in gold and their personal property. We passed through this particular section on Thanksgiving Day, and I want to tell you it was a real thankful party when we reached the end of that evening's stage in safety. The Tse Chow missionaries had sent some

... letters to meet us there, and the cooks put

their very best also, so that we had a most enjoyable dinner after all in one of our mission chapels.

The first two days out were rather rainy, and the Great Road was at its worst. I do not know whether it was named the Great Road in sarcasm or in admiration. The latter must have been true in its beginning; for it is a stupendous piece of work when you consider that this great stone road extends for hundreds of miles across China, and was managed entirely with human labor without the use of beasts of burden, or machines. Great slabs of roughly hewn stone about as long as the average sidewalk is wide, and extending through the farming country, up the sides of steep mountains (just before we reached the Chengtu plain, we travelled 30 li, or 10 American miles on a steep upward grade, and then about the same distance down on the other side.) You remember the stone walk in front of the school at Chebanse; well, imagine a few of the stones taken out here and there at irregular intervals, or tipping slightly, in the center of which is a three inch depression almost like a shallow trough which has been made by the shuffling of Chinese feet or straw sandals through the centuries, and you have the Great Stone Road. Now imagine this road covered with a thin gravy of clay, on either side a pond of stagnant water two feet deep, light it with a Chinese lantern, and you have our experience the second night out. For this was our road from 6 to 9 P.M. in our attempt to complete the hardest stage of our entire journey inland. I had already walked several miles that day in order to relieve my chairmen, and I walked nine miles more that night carrying my kerosene lantern before Clara's chair so that her men might pick out the way more safely. The result was that my "Achilles" tendon has been somewhat sore since then. Ninety li a day was our average; but on one day we made 120 li, or about 40 American miles. I usually planned to walk every alternate mile, or at least to walk up the hills and mountains. This not only gave me the needed exercise, but was also a good thing to do in order to keep warm, and all the men practiced it, while Clara and Mrs. Pilcher also walked quite often. If Dan wants a walking trip, let him try this one.

We usually reached the inn about seven P.M., put up our cots with the help of the coolies, while the cooks got supper; then after a good wash we ate and went to bed. At 5:30 A.M. the alarm clock was timed to awaken us, and we would be on the road by 6:30 A.M., make 30 li, and reach the next rice or tea house whither our cooks and the food-loads had preceded us, and have breakfast about 10 A.M. Dinner came about three P.M., and supper when we had reached the end of the stage.

The Chinese inn is surely some institution. It is built like a big barn with an open court in the center. The section nearest the street contains small square tables with carpenter's horses for seats. At the right of the entrance is a stone or brick furnace with a large round iron pan (shaped like our old wooden chopping bowl, and about three times that diameter) set in the top. In this kettle practically everything is cooked or baked. At one side is a large reservoir containing the water for the tea or for the foot-baths. Where this section joins the court-yard there are perhaps four stone basins a yard in diameter set into the floor: these are the foot baths where the coolies soak their feet in intensely hot water. Each coolie also carries a small Turkish towel which he soaks in hot water and bathes his face occasionally. As for the rest of his body, as one Chinese remarked in my hearing, he washes that by passing a dry towel between his skin and his shirt once a month. I do not know how true that is, but there were few nights when we have not seen them stripped to the waist and hunting China's millions within the scanty folds of their garments. Overhead in this first section are bamboo rafters which form the support of the sedan-chairs when these are lifted into place. The other three sections surrounding the inn are given up to sleeping rooms, pig-pens, and so-called W.C.'s. One never needs to ask directions concerning these upon entering a Chinese inn; the odor is sufficient guide. Only the attic rooms have board floors, and these consist of boards lying over beams, and never touch one another. The choice rooms are on the ground floor. Here the original Mother Earth coated with the black grease of decades forms the floor. A rough wood platform, rising on four legs about nine inches above the ground, and covered with dirty straw and occasionally a strip of matting, forms the bed. A poogai may be obtained of the inn-keeper upon the payment of a small sum. The central court seems to be the only section ever paved, and this is surrounded by a 12 inch ditch into which all the wash-water of the rooms is thrown. We usually picked out the largest room and that farthest from the odoriferous places, for the ladies; removed all the Chinese beds, cleaned up the floors as much as possible, and set up their cots all in the one room. Once we had to curtain off an extra space with our oil-skins. We men slept in the court outside, and learned to disrobe in the presence of the natives in the inn or on the street more or less unconcernedly. But of course they think nothing of this. We usually slept quite soundly because our strenuous activity in the open air, and we were able to dodge the insects every time through having our own bedding and staying away from the walls. I think that the charge for a place to eat was less than a half-cent gold each, while rooms cost about five cents gold each.

The cross country part of the trip was most interesting. The scenery was quite varied, being both wild and cultivated. It is astonishing what beauty there is in the cultivated fields when seen from a birds-eye point of view. All colors and shades of colors were represented, it would seem. The rice fields were of course inundated and gave the most beautiful reflections. The dikes were planted with beans or peas, most of them in full bloom. Bamboo groves, palm trees and banana trees besides many unknown varieties reminded us that we were in the semi-tropical region, while the great wide-branching banyan trees are perhaps the most picturesque with their great gnarled roots twisting out above the soil reminding one of the gathering place of gnomes and elves as I pictured them to myself when I used to read fairy-tales. Then there were tea-shrubs, indigo trees, English walnut trees, and great groves of mulberry trees which are just now being introduced into Szechuan to take the place of the opium industry. And the orange-groves were useful as well as ornamental; for we could buy them for from three to five cash a piece; and you remember that it takes ten cash to make a copper, and the copper

is the equivalent of one-half an American cent. Perhaps even less; for here one may buy 147 coppers for a Mexican dollar, and that is worth 50¢ gold. Peanuts were also good and cheap as well. We could buy five Jumbo peanuts, roasted, for one cash. Count up the next sack of peanuts that you buy, according to this basis, and see what they would have cost you. It was interesting to watch them harvesting their peanut crop. The whole side of a hill would be dotted with dozens of women and children sitting on low stools, and digging out the goobers with short-handled, three-pronged rakes having teeth about six inches long. The peanuts were then placed on huge mats in the sun to dry. In another section of the country they were harvesting the sugar-cane, first cutting off the tops and leaving them to fertilize the soil or to dry for fuel, then grubbing out the stalks with a sort of hoe, then binding them into small sheaves, and finally piling these into a sort of large hod, by means of which the cane was then carried to the mill. The refuse is either fed to the water-buffalo which form the motor-power of the mill, or else carried back to the field and distributed over the surface to be plowed under in good time.

It was interesting, too, to see them plowing with their rude wooden plows having only a small iron share. The buffalo will take one step and then stop, where it waits until the driver whistles, and the procedure is repeated. Clara wondered how her brothers would like to plow at that rate of speed. After the field is plowed, a crude harrow is drawn once over the surface to level it, and the final operation before planting seems to be to pulverize the soil with mallets like croquet mallets, the side being used rather than the end. About four men work in the field at a time. If the soil is very wet, as most of it is, they use large hoes shaped like an adze in order to break the larger chunks of mud, and to make holes to receive the seed. Plowing the rice fields is as interesting, as this is done under water reaching up to a man's waist. I am told that the rice plants are first started outside, and then transplanted under water. The Great Road runs for most of the way with these rice fields on both sides, the water almost lapping the edge of the stones.

If one gets tired of watching the farming country with soil ranging in color from yellow and black to deep brick red, he can find plenty to interest him in the traffic of the Road. You will probably be surprised to learn that it is congested practically all the time. Coolie carriers with their baskets in which we have seen earthen vases, candles, pigs, vegetables and fruits, indigo dyes, rice, chickens or geese, and even children. Then there were the Tibetan cows and mountain ponies with their great loads of coal just mined. Occasionally there would be the hired pony with its gay harness and collar of sleigh-bells, the owner running behind and plying the whip with one hand while he held on to the pony's tail with the other. Or there would be the farmers taking hogs to market, sometimes by going ahead and uttering wierd cries while the second coolie prodded the animal with a stick, or as we noticed at least twice, the immense hog lying flat on his back with legs sticking straight up in the air, while two men carried it in a sort of stretcher made of bamboo strips, - the hog not even tied but seeming to enjoy the ride.

Or if it wasn't the country road, there were plenty of cities through which we passed, where we could see them hanging out large racks of needles about fifteen feet in length to dry; or there would be the boy with his large pipe selling smoke for a cash a puff; or a two year old baby getting his head shaved; or a house with the widow wailing by the coffin of her husband while the priests burned tapers and incense before an improvised shrine; while others beat the tom-toms; domestic duties; building operations, brick and tile making, painting with rags instead of brushes, - Oh! couldn't begin to mention all the interesting things to be seen.

When it did grow tiresome - which was seldom - we read "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard", by Elizabeth Cooper, which you must try to read if possible, as the descriptions and explanations are accurate, and the story most readable. The photographic illustrations are beautiful and characteristic. We all enjoyed reading it. We loaned the book Aunt Cora gave us, in exchange, so that almost everyone in our party and the Canadians as well read it sometime during the journey from Vancouver here.

Well, it's getting quite late this Sunday night, and I'll have to save some thing for another letter. I'm trying to get used to my typewriter again, too, and I have to write more slowly than usual because of the many mistakes I'm making. But before I close I want to tell Dan that I am much interested in the studies he is taking and have no doubt that it will require much time to master them. Just before leaving the States my attention was called to the new profession of City Manager, an office which pays salaries ranging to \$20,000. a year even in this early day of its history. It is a line of service well worth looking into, altho I would not think of advising a change from your first plan.

A letter was received from Shanghai this afternoon saying that six boxes of hardware had been forwarded to me from there, so I guess our stoves are on the way, and if this be true our furniture cannot be far behind.

Clara and I send our warmest love with lots of kisses to those who like 'em.
 Lovingly,

Lewis and Clara-

[Handwritten signatures and scribbles]