Dear Motherkin and All:

Since writing to you on July 12th, we have received your letter of May 31st when you were helping Muzzy and Grandpa to get ready for a trip to Kansas City and you and Lucile were expecting to leave for a visit to Dan and Hazel, who were preparing to move to California. That is what I call a moving proposition; some scattering, so to speak.

It seems as tho Dan and Hazel were having a good opportunity from the viewpoint of rent, to say the least, and if California climate and altitude will be a help to Hazel's health and offer Dan the business openings which he anticipates, the change in residence is no doubt wise from every angle. But of course we sympathize with you in this further separation of the members of the family.

Does the condition of Grandpa's heart seem to be due to general debility in his old age, or is it some new complication that has arisen? No, you hadn't told us about the latest report concerning Hazel's condition. We are glad that so simple a matter as a corset may affect the cure desired and that all you have been fearing as to the condition of her lungs has either been cured or been ill-founded.

Sorry that the Carrolls are to leave you. We much appreciated the snapshots which were taken by them and which you sent us in this letter. Mrs. Carroll looks very much like Lucile in this picture. It is too bad that he is leaving under such conditions; I mean to say that it would have been much better to climb slowly, than to have to leave a position leaving the impression that one was not big enough to fill it. By the way, what has become of Harry Beaman? I did not remember that he had left Canton.

Well, we are continuing to enjoy our vacation up here on the mountain, though personally I prefer the home life. Clara thinks that being in Tashkow so large a part of the year with no other men foreigners has made me unsociable. I shouldn't have thought that it would work that way through. I must confess that I enjoy the hikes better than the staying at the bungalow. In the first place, all the time I have been up here I have had stomach and bowel trouble, a sort of diarrhoea. At first I thought it was due to the change of cooks, the Liljestrands having just engaged a cook trained by an English woman. They make a lot of boiled and soggy or greasy stuff that I ate under more or less protest, privately. Lately, though, the cooking has improved a lot and I cannot attribute my troubles to that. I am now inclined to think it must be the water which we drink most of the time. Inasmuch as spring water has to be carried up the side of the mountain for about a mile by a coolie with a wooden tank fastened upon his shoulders, they make the most of their supply of rain-water. To the best of my knowledge there have been only three days in three weeks without heavy rains, so the tanks are generally fairly well supplied.

The rainwater comes down over the bark roof, a three-ply roof made of shingles fashioned from cedar bark and although the water is boiled before using, of course, it still retains its dark amber color and a very peculiar taste. The taste is not disagreeable, and its qualities do not seem to affect the rest of the folks as they do me. But the fact that I never had such troubles since leaving Lansing, Iowa, until I came here, and that during our three day hike this week it stopped, only to start up again the very night after our return and continuing even to the present time, makes me sort of suspicious. Personally, I cannot see how I can feel anything else than unsociable under the circumstances. Imagine me going out to dinner or tea, playing tennis or volleyball under such circumstances. Clara concludes that after all she is much harder than
I am, and as matters now stand, her escape from this trouble would seem to indicate as much.

Another thing which has taken a deal of the joy of the trip out of me, is the lack of camera supplies. I sent for nearly ten dollars worth the second of January of this year, expecting to have them here in time for the summer. They haven't gotten thru yet. At first I thought that I would have a good substitute. For Miss Brethorst had just received quite a few rolls of film and boxes of plates for a large camera, and when she went home on furlough she turned them over with the request that I use them to secure photographs of the new buildings and anything else which would serve to interest donors of gifts to the WMF. The camera was in such bad shape that Mr. Peat (who by the way has been made temporary head of the lantern slide department for our mission in China) refused to take it as a gift. However, I managed to get a number of good views of the buildings and a panorama of Tzehow with it while using dry plates, where I could experiment between times until the machinery would get in working order. But I couldn't do that with films, and when I brought the supplies along with me here, the refusal of the shutter to work consistently spoiled more films than I could afford so I had to give it up.

Then as we were about to start on our hike last Wednesday, Mr. Yard offered me his Graflex, one of the very best there is, and I was tickled to death. But being considerable of an amateur himself, he hadn't taken proper precautions up here in the clouds to keep either the camera or the film packs in a dry condition. So his shutter does not work right, and every time I take a picture on the film-pack, it sticks so tightly to the others, that I have to remove the adapter and place it in my plate changing bag and peel the thing off and put it in a note book until I get back home for development. I haven't had the opportunity to develop yet, but I suppose the things will prove to be so wet as to have spoiled. The fun of it is that Miss Brethorst's supplies will fit neither my cameras nor Mr. Yard's. I have chemicals, but Mr. Yard has only the supplies of films.

His Graflex in the case weighs nearly twenty pounds, at least. I carried the thing clear over to Cave Mountain, a days hike from here. My shoulder is still sore from the experience, but it was a dandy trip and I have enjoyed it more than anything else since our arrival.

Last week a number of us prepared by taking a hike to Heo-San, which might be translated either Monkey Mountain or the Mountain to the Rear. It looks almost as if one might throw a stone over there from our front veranda, but you can't. We left here at nine A.M., stopped midway for dinner (we might have gotten farther but two or three of the women gave out and we had to keep waiting for them to catch up) and we reached the next to the last summit by three P.M. Dr. Liljestrand and I went the farthest but did not dare to try to go to the peak owing to the lateness of the hour. We had left the servants with the lunch at the point where we had had dinner, so we reassembled at that point for tea and got back home about six o'clock, conscious of more different muscles than we ever knew we had been provided with.

Tuesday of this week, it was clear nearly all day, so the Dye family and a Miss Graham quickly organized a party to start for Cave Mountain in the range bordering the Chengu plain. We left at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning. There had been a hard rain during the night, so the mountain paths were quite slippery but with straw sandals over our shoes and mountain staves in our hands we got along without serious falls.

The hills are very pretty, quite rugged and woody. "Mountain lilies" as we call them, grow wild here and this is their blooming season. Besides there there are numbers of other kinds of flowers, yellow harebells, hyacinth, and the like. Blackberries and raspberries grow plentifully on the
lower slopes. We made several side trips to seek the coke burners, oil mills, flour or corn meal mills, paper mills, all of which, though very primitive, were most ingenious and interesting.

We got to Cave Mountain just at dusk and got rooms ready at one of the temples. Of course the things were dirty enough and usually would have been scorned as sleeping places, but we were not in a condition to be over critical. We had been caught in a downpour of rain several times on the way, but the strenuous climbing, aided by an occasional burst of sunshine had gotten our clothes quite dry before we arrived. A bath and a change of underwear put us in a good humor.

Cave Mountain is said to have over eighty caves here and there about it, of which over forty have been explored by foreigners. Miss Graham of our party had lived there last summer with several other foreigners who summered in the temples. There are nine sugar-loaf points or peaks to the mountain, by the way, and on each peak there is a temple. The beauty of the place is undeniable; but the objections are, first, that it is a rendezvous for bandits, and secondly, that it has not given foreigners the right to build the kind of bungalows they desire. One man got a 29 year lease on a piece of ground and built his bungalow, but in his absence a Chinese family has preempted it and even built another mud house on the lot shutting out the best view. Hence the egress to this place. Moreover, it is on a level where mosquitoes are altogether too plentiful.

Miss Graham showed herself intimately acquainted with the country. She planned our side trips so as to see the most with the least waste of time. We visited the Cave of the Thunder God, about seventy or eighty feet in depth, forty feet in width, and from nine feet high at the entrance to 20 feet or more in the center. Its color effect, greens, purples, blues, and orange, reflected in pools of clearest spring water, and its hundreds of little stalactites glinting with moisture like silver and gold, would put to shame the colors in Masterlink's "Blue-Bird" which is about the most brilliant thing of that nature which I have ever seen.

From there we went to another cave where we had to climb straight down about sixteen feet, and crawl on our hands and knees thru very small openings before reaching larger caverns. The lanterns were necessary here, and the girls had many a thrill when bats would try to get thru the narrow openings at the same time, batting their faces with their wings.

Then there was the Ice Cave, very large, and made over into a place of refuge to accommodate a whole village. Natural pillars of stone like waterspouts were the distinctive feature here. One could spend an hour in it without having explored all the ramifications. The Bat Cave was intensely interesting. The sunlight could penetrate to the main compartment, where seal-brown bats, with heads like marmosets hung in colonies from the ceiling, sometimes catching onto one another, three deep and swinging like trapeze acrobats in a circus.

It was instructive to see them wheel as they flew so as to catch onto the ceiling with their rear hooks, or twist and bend their whole bodies as they had no necks, or rubbed their eyes with the knuckle of their wings when the light was too strong. And there was the Fern Cave, where the walls were covered with maiden hair fern, and the floor with great brakes a yard in length. And the Cistern Cave, the Fortified Cave, and I don't know what all.

Sometimes we would stop for a rest where we could look out over the valleys, and one of the number would read from Mary Rinehart's stories about the adventures of Tish and Aggie in the simple life, many of the incidents of which were ridiculously like some of our own adventures.
On Friday morning we got an early start back home, but owing to a freshet raising the water so that we could not cross the stream at the point expected, we had to go a mile or so out of our way to get across. However, this took us thru some new country and round by a Roman Catholic "monastery", so called, although it looked to me more like a boys' boarding school.

We were invited in by the three monks in charge and had a very pleasant half hour there with them. They were Frenchmen, of course, and very fine looking men with their long beards and Chinese gowns. Most of the ladies in our party, including Clara, wore bloomers. But I guess I was more self-conscious over the fact than Clara was, as she sat there on a high bamboo chair, with the edge of the bloomers reaching about two inches above her knee. At least she said afterwards that she didn't think a thing about it, and was surprised that any wonder as to the fitness of things should ever enter my head. They served us with peaches and black coffee, which had enough kick in it to propel us up the slope with much rapidity. Our conversation, I might add, was all in Chinese inasmuch as no one in our party spoke French, and they did not speak English.

At last we left the monastery, and got about a mile away when the rain began to fall in torrents. One of the girls who persisted in wearing short skirts, started out with a plum colored walking skirt, and white stockings. Before she had gone another mile, however, both skirt and stockings were of the same light maroon. All of us were soaked to the skin and presented a funny sight. I suppose the Chinese thought we were crazy, as we went singing and joking and dripping up the mountain. We dared not stop even in response to their invitations to come in out of the rain; for in this altitude it would not take long to chill us clear thru.

We got home by five o'clock, and so far I have not learned of any one having suffered from the effects thereof. Most of us took things easy yesterday, lounging and reading, but last night a number of our party were over here for a picnic supper and games, and everyone seemed happy. Our next trip of any length will probably be in a week or so and will take us ten days.

I think that when I start to drinking the spring water from down below instead of this bark tea, that my internals will do better by me. At any rate, I know that when I go off on a hike, my discomfort will cease. Meanwhile we are enjoying ourselves immensely and are far from sorry that we have come. Clara makes it her boast that she is game for anything and everything, and looks upon me as the old man of the crowd so you can form your own judgement as to her liveliness.

Lots of love to you all,

Most affectionately,

[Signature]

[Handwritten]

[Signature]
Dearest Mother and all:

It has been several weeks now since we received any home letters, but as I have not written a letter yet this week, I guess I will not wait until I receive one before I write to you.

We have just taken one hike since I last wrote, the Clara went off with the crowd one day to visit a temple of the Ming Dynasty which dates back some five hundred years. I was busy as usual trying to finish my reports to the Committee on the Worker and His Work, for the summer meeting at Douglas Heights. I finished it this morning just before dinner, much to my relief and satisfaction. It was sixteen typewritten pages in length, and embodied not only book reviews but my own suggestions as to schemes by which some of our problems might be solved. This is in preparation for the Interdenominational General Conference to be held in Chengtu next January. I think that I have told you that I was one of the delegates elected from our Mission, and as it happens I am the only member of our mission on the committee which prepares the report to be read at that time and submitted for general consideration. The Conference includes the workers of all Protestant denominations in three western provinces.

Last week, about nine or ten of us took a hike to the foot of the mountain to visit a pottery. There is a peculiar white clay procurable in these mountains which they use down there, and it makes the prettiest kind of vases and statuary. Unfortunately they use a glaze on it which takes away the marble appearance finally, but in the first drying stage you would think that it was of the finest kind of white marble.

Everything was handshaped on the potter's wheel, or moulded and finished by hand. The finest kind of hand painting in the Dutch blue is done upon the vases and cups by the Chinese artist with the ordinary Chinese pen or brush. We enjoyed the trip immensely, but after being up here in the clouds in the cool breezes and then going down into the valley the heat was terrific. The climb back by way of the Devil's Staircase was especially wearing as it is very steep and one has to step from twelve to eighteen inches up from stone to stone practically all the way.

By the way, I told you sometime ago that this hill was 15,000 feet high, didn't I? But it is not quite 7000 feet. All about us are mountains reaching up into 20,000 and even 22,000 feet according to the aneroid barometer. Tomorrow we start on a week's hike into the wilds, wherein we will try to climb to the tops of some of these prettier and more accessible hills. Dr. and Mrs. Liljestrand, Miss Marcellus, Mr. Meuser, and Clara and I, with three servants and carriers make up our party. As the weather has now cleared off into fine August days and we will be on the higher cooler levels we are anticipating a real good time.

We want to be on the lookout for a site for our own bungalow too, as this place is practically all spoken for, and when we come back from furlough we don't want to have to pay other folks high rent when we might just as well have one of our own to suit. If we are to be stationed at Chengtu at the University, somewhere in the neighborhood will be very convenient, these hills being within two days from there.
The general condition of the country isn't very reassuring as yet. The Yunnanese have been able to get control of Szechuan again owing to the treachery of two divisions of the Szechuanese soldiers, and are now in full control of Chengtu. They are acting quite saucy too. When I return to Tzachow about three weeks hence, I'll have a number of cases to investigate and report to the officers in charge and to the American Consul.

I just received word yesterday from one church where they entered and stole their horses, another where they beat off the preacher and stole his bedding, and we have also received two letters from Tzachow; one from the Chinese District Superintendent and the other from our cook telling us that the Yunnanese horse-men have broken into our house in our absence and when the servants in charge protested, the soldiers took a large club and beat up our cook very severely. The letters didn't say whether any of our things were stolen or not; the writers probably could not tell. Many times the soldiers just want to learn whether any rich Chinese are trying to hide under the pretense of being foreigners, and when they learn the facts they leave without doing any damage. It has been so several times at the Girls School in Chengtu. Well, we should worry. We'll know the worst when we get back home. They also wrote that in a windstorm one large tree in the compound was uprooted and tossed over onto our roof. In case the tile were broken quite badly and a rainstorm followed, that might prove to be even more serious, spoiling walls and books, etc. But it will all be the same one hundred years from now. What we are most thankful for is that we have this nice place to spend the summer until the cholera dies down with the cold weather.

The cholera has been working up the Big Road and is very severe in Chengtu and Tzachow just now. The District Superintendent writes that at Tzachow he couldn't bear to go out upon the streets owing to the stench from improperly buried bodies. The soldiers are dying by the hundreds in every place and when they leave their homes the civilians have their turn at it. Word from Tzachow seems to indicate that it has about spent its force there. This plague is almost as bad as the influenza was at home, I guess. We can't get away from the pestilence wherever we go--America or Asia--can we? A very few foreigners have had it but all have recovered thus far. None of us worries over it, and with the beginning of September it will no doubt speedily die out. We will not return until the news shows that we could undertake our regular work with a reasonable degree of safety. We would go back from Chengtu by boat nearly all the way, and would not have to go thru those worst cities.

Well, it's getting late and I have some other letters to answer and my packing to finish, and then off at daylight. Lots of love to you all.

Lovingly your children,
Dearest Motherkin:-

I have started this letter "hind part before", as I thought that not only you but others of our friends might like to hear about our summer experiences, and therefore several carbon copies might come in handy. From the second page on, the account was written as we were returning to Tzechow by boat. moreover, in order to suit my purpose, I have referred briefly to some of our trips of which I have already written to you.

Of course you see by this that we arrived in Tzechow all safe and sound, on Thursday of this week. Although there were no battle lines to pass thru enroute, in a way the journey was similar to our trip up to Chengtu. That is to say, for practically the whole extent of our trip by land we were passing soldiers and infantry on their way to Chengtu. No one expects more fighting until after harvest of the rice crop. Li Tsoo has proclaimed himself governor of three provinces, Hupeh, Yunnan, and Szechwan, and installed himself with great ceremony the day before our return to Chengtu. The consuls did not attend, meantime the former governor, Shiong Keh Wu, is expected to join forces with Liu Tseng Ho who is coming down from the North, to regain control of Szechwan. So you see that your "Tribune" clipping did not greatly exaggerate when it described conditions here as bordering on anarchy.

You will be glad to know that we found upon our return that it was our compound and not our house which had been entered by soldiers during our absence, and that the tree which had been blown down by the storm, only damaged the compound wall and didn't harm the house at all. There were a number of stains on walls and some plastering from the ceilings of the store room which had fallen, owing to the heavy rains, but no serious damage.

The chaliera seems to have just about run its course in Tzechow. I was glad to learn yesterday that during the two months of our absence there was not one death from it among all our members and probationers. It is among the soldiers that it is at its worst. It has now gone up the Big Road and is having its chance at Chengtu before the frosts and cold weather come on. When that comes the cholera will cease. We have come back with a big supply of medicines and preventives so as to care properly for any in the schools who may take sick. With the precautions which foreigners habitually take in the matter of food and drink there is but little likelihood of our getting it, tho we are fully instructed what to do if we should.

We received your letters of July 5 and 21 since we came home. Sorry I haven't left more space in which to answer them, but thought that some of the things mentioned above would alleviate your anxiety. Clara isasier than a rabbit getting ready to open school on Tuesday, and Mr. Whang and I start out upon a two weeks' itinerary Friday. We shall be anxious to hear more about the earthquake in your next letter and also about Dan's business prospects. Your account of the rearrangement of your part of the house and meals, must be all right if you are looking forward to it as "ideal" for all concerned, but to us it sounds like the fable of the camel who asked to shelter its head in its master's tent and eventually turned its master out of house and home.
Well, we have had the finest kind of a summer, both for work and for recreation. We shall never forget Sehildaun (White Deer Summit) and its splendid view of mountain ranges stretching out into the distance forty days journey away into a country where mighty few white men, if any, have penetrated, and where the snow mountains finally cut off the possibility of any further vista.

The snow-line in the American or Canadian Rockies, I'm told, is 7,500 feet above sea-level. I eventually learned that at Sehildaun our cottage was situated 5,500 feet above sea-level, so you see that we had little excuse for not keeping cool. With the bungalows, the tennis courts, the occasional concerts and other social events, we often wondered whether this was real missionary experience or not. For I suppose that in America at the present time there are few, exclusive of millionaires and waiters, who could have such pleasures and opportunities as we had.

But what we too had to pay for it. It cost us $18.00 for a room for six weeks, - no, I recall that it was for 43 days— and $1.00 each per day for board. That's reasonable enough, but by the time one adds six days travel up there at about $75.00 and back to Tszechow by river at $52.00, you can see why it was that we stayed at home during the heat all last summer. For although Tszechow is truly "a little bit o' heaven", it has its disadvantages: there is no physician within four days' journey; we see but four or five foreigners from one annual conference to another, excepting the few who sometimes stop at our house over Sunday on their way over the Big Road; and all the missionary retreats are days and days away from us. So the chance to escape the tropical summer, to find a little leisure for reading and special study, to mingle with forty or fifty other missionaries and compare notes, ease to one's health and general efficiency and can scarcely be reckoned in dollars and cents.

And then we took two or three hikes. We thought that nothing could begin to compare to the trip to Cave Mountain with its variety of caves such as the Thunder God Cave, the Bat Cave, the Fern Cave, the fortified cave where a whole village, or else a whole army of bandits, might find refuge. But that three day trip did not come up to the hike to Tshin Wa (Refilled Mirror Mountain) and San Ko Po (the "Three Mirrors" as we called them), and the return by way of the White River.

There were five of us in that hike; Dr. and Mrs. Liljastrand, Miss Marcella of the school for foreigners' children, and ourselves. We left on one money morning and got back a week later. Each one of us had one carrier with bedding, extra clothing, and necessary food supplies. We went by way of Tien Tai (Heavenly Platform) which is slightly higher than Sehildaun, and slept that night in a paper mill. One might give a full page to the description of this process alone, but I'll not. Sufice it to say that it is manufactured from a species of bamboo which does not grow below 6,000 ft., above sea-level, and that this bamboo is soaked in vats of water for days when it becomes almost as sour smelling as the mash I used to smell when passing the breweries of Peoria; then women and girls or boys pound it to a pulp with wooden mallets; the woody fiber is strained out; and afterwards the very fine pulp is stirred up in flowing water and raised up in the form of sheets by means of a fine-skinned silk sloc; and laid aside to dry; the final operation being to hang these sheets upon the sides of a long, triangular prism made of cement, within which a very slow fire is burning. The whole process, including the "machinery" is exceedingly primitive.
Dr. Liljestrand and I slept in the open court outdoors, while the ladies slept in a storeroom for bales of paper, which was much cleaner that the average inn, though far from equal to the average American barn.

The next morning we started off shortly after five o'clock, but were caught in a cloud-burst and by the time we arrived at Hsiao Lin Si (the temple of the Protecting Grove) we were all soaked to the skin. We there found another party from Behludin who had left some hours previous to us the day before to ascend Ju Pung, and who were less early than we in rising and therefore had not been caught in the storm. We had to wait for them to finish breakfast, but employed the time to advantage by having an open coal fire built like a bonfire in the middle of the kitchen floor, around which we gathered to dry our clothing. The ordinary custom and proprieties of western civilization were temporarily brushed aside, while the outer clothing and stockings were taken off, wrung out, and held in the flames to dry, after which we all felt quite ready for breakfast. The one regrettable, but no less funny, incident was when Clara unexpectedly arose from the bench upon which she and Mrs. Liljestrand were sitting, thereby causing the bench to suddenly tip up, precipitating Mrs. Liljestrand into the muddy pool of water on the floor, so that she had to start the drying process all over again.

The party was not gone, but we five concluded not to waste valuable time by waiting for the weather to clear up, and so we started out again in a tolerable downpour which lasted until nearly dinner time. By that time we had arrived at the Sheh Soi Ho (White Water River) and took our meal in a small tea-shop at the end of the Tien Sheh Chiao (or Iron Rope Bridge) which was a rather primitive suspension bridge leading over some most beautiful rapids in this very beautiful mountain stream. The entire environment was very much like what I have always imagined Switzerland must look like.

From this time on we ascended this river valley, and quickly understood why the Chinese had given the stream the name of "White Water"; for it is a small Niagara River, dashed into foam against great boulders almost its entire length. When the stream finds some quiet bay, the water is the most beautiful green, whose clearness permits seeing to a depth of several feet. We here had our first drink of icy-cold, unbottled water since coming to China nearly four years ago.

The hills at this altitude were covered with pink and purple hydrangeas, anemones as large as a wild rose, and dozens of other varieties. At every new eminence, there was a picturesque temple; for our destination is very popular with pilgrims who have always been deserted on account of raids of armed bandits. That night we slept in the only inn which had been left unoccupied, and the next day we reached the summit of Yuen Wha. Unfortunately, however, we found ourselves in clouds and mists during the next 24 hours, almost, and the temperature was so cold, that even with all our clothes on including sweaters, with our full supply of bedding and coverers, and with bed-warmers improvised from cubes of gray granite we were unable to keep comfortably warm at night. This was at an elevation of about 3000 feet. We decided that unless the sun came out the next morning, we would have to forego the fruits of our trip and return to Behludin without further exploring. But Providence smiled upon us and the next morning showed us the most beautiful sunrise that perhaps we have ever seen, unless it might be that of the very next morning (Saturday).
The temple, to which I have referred before, is a Buddhist monastery, and had a wide reputation as a healing center. Native medicine gatherers wander all thru the mountains and bring their collections of herbs for sale to the Abbots in charge. It was one of these medicine gatherers whose interest we secured to act as our guide, for not only did we not know the trails, but we were still in the clouds, albeit they were sunlit clouds.

We had a fairly gradual climb of some 2000 feet in height until near eleven o'clock, when we reached a shrine and prepared dinner, or rather cocoa as we had a supply of sandwiches, potato chips and cookies with us. Then since Mrs. Liljestrand was not feeling equal to further exertion, she was left at the shrine with the servants, and we started off to see how far we could go in two hours, which with the same time for return would still leave us a few minutes for "tea" and return to the temple before dark.

From this time on there was no trail, and we saw but the speer of the wild "cow" as the natives call it, tho it is probably a mountain goat. No other living thing, not even a bird or butterfly. We left the hillsides covered with Fairies (Bridal Wreath), the blue fringed gentian, and most of the other sixty and more varieties of wild flowers which I had collected up to that time, even the snow-flowers of edel-weiss -- and made our way thru thickets of rhododenron. The wild strawberries and cherries and a sort of blueberry were also left behind, and we finally came to sheer cliffs of white or gray or red granite, with occasionally a small plateau of wild grass. The medicine man refused to act as our guide any longer and left us to find our way alone. So we went on very carefully, taking note of landmarks. We walked or crept along the very ridge of connecting mountains, in some places a yard wide, in many places only a foot wide, and at least one place where there are no footholds further down and "rolled" or shifted along better anchorage. This was easier going up than coming back, for when at last we had reached the summit, the clouds suddenly left us, so we could see for miles and miles. A snow mountain, invisible from Schladin because of intervening ridges, seemed to stand out right near us; one whole range whose saw-toothed granite ridges formed the most beautiful scenery from our cottage were right along side -- in fact we were ON ONE --, and we could look way out over the Chingshu plain to the hills on the other side. It was GREAT. Over two hours' walk away, as at the mouthplace of a megaphone, could be seen the little shrine were Mrs. Liljestrand was awaiting us, and when she saw us again the skyline, she called to us, and that giant megaphone carried her voice up to us so that she could make herself understood plainly, but when we answered, echo upon echo came back and broke into our sentences.

As I have intimated, the clearness had its disadvantages, for the return trip revealed to us that precarious paths we had been following. The aneroid barometer showed the height to be 12,750 feet above sea-level. At points along which we came, a slip six inches on either side would have meant a grand slide for a mile or two. But we had made it, and so far as we had been able to learn, Clara and Miss Marcellus were the first ladies who have every climbed to the summit. A German made it just before the war, and Mr. Service and his son, made it two weeks before we did, but otherwise few foreigners have been there.

On Saturday morning we started for home and descended the beautiful Bol Guo valley. 100 Chinese mile journey (25 English miles), a descent of about 2000 feet in altitude, thru a change of over 40 degrees in temperature. We reached the only at the foot of the river (or at the mouth, if you please) and which is known by the same name as the river. Clara walked the
but two or three miles of the way.

At Bzechow city, is situated the copper mine which supplies all the copper for the mines of the province of Szechwan. Foreign methods are somewhat used here, though owing to politics no high grade of efficiency has as yet been realized. They conserve only 2% of the ore in copper, and make no use whatever of by-products. It is really a losing proposition. A friend of ours, Mr. Dzu, whose people live at Zzechow, has until recently been consulting engineer there. He studied in Belgium, Germany and for several years in Glasgow, Scotland where he received his B.C.E. He had invited us to come to his headquarters, but unfortunately when we arrived at Bzechow on Saturday night, expecting to remain over Sunday with him, we found that he had been called very suddenly to Shangtu. The copper mine had been taken a short time before by a great company of bandits, who relieved the company of nearly a thousand dollars just received for the men's pay, and also took everything of value possessed by Mr. Dzu (including his hard-earned mining engineering instruments) and other officials. The fortunes of war had turned out one governor from Szechwan and installed another, so Dzu and others had suddenly been turned out of jobs, and we found no acquaintances in the city to help us. However, when we found the temple, and every public building occupied by soldiers, the one remaining official who had managed for 12 years to retain his place in the concern offered us two rooms in the central office building of the plant, and we had a sleeping place for the night.

We revised our plan to remain over Sunday, in view of the circumstances, and went on our way the next morning, having gone than the plant first. We arrived at Bzechow during church service, so were able to get our baths and change our clothes before disturbing the consciences of any of our neighbors. We are hoping that the next retreat for the missionaries in this section of the world will be opened up in the Bzechow valley, opposite a place where there are nearly 3000 feet of cascades like the Huangkia Falls. Then we'll buy a tent and camp out there during the summer until we can raise enough money to build a three room cottage.

And now, at last, the vacation is over with, and we are on the river rapidly nearing Zzechow. We came to Shangtu by way of Gwanschien, another missionary retreat, where we had three days' visit with friends and were most royally treated. Gwanschien is noted throughout the world as the scene of one of the most magnificent and remarkable of ancient engineering feats, namely, the division of a mountain stream in such a way as to send the water throughout the thousands of square miles of the Shangtu plain, affording irrigation for all that territory. It was most interesting and perhaps sometime later I'll have more to say about it. Another most delightful opportunity was that of seeing the temple founded in honor of the first Taoist Pope, the one who it is claimed, was the first to discover the elixir of immortality. There is also the iron image of the dog which licked up some of the elixir accidentally spilled, and attained immortality. Temple is reputed to be one of the five most beautiful in all China, and is certainly the most beautiful one we have seen. And so we were feasted and "tea-ed" and had a fitting climax to our summer.

(Continued) We'll be glad to get the records, extremely so. But inasmuch as the parcel post is so uncertain, and there is a possibility of our furlough being granted sooner than we had expected, Clara and I have decided to ask our folks not to send us parcel post packages or presents from now on until we get started for America. Then we will know what clothing, etc. will be necessary and ask you to send it to us at Shanghai. Lots of love, and many kisses, from your youngsters, Lewis and Clara.
Dearest Mother—Just the shortest kind of a note before I start out tomorrow for a trip over at least part of the District. Am afraid I'll be back home soon though. I suppose that will sound funny to you when you read it, but the fact is that much as I want to be at home the delay to our work has been something awful this year owing to the activities of these militarists, and I'd like to get at least one more quick trip out over the District soon. But the harvest has been gathered in and the eternal scrap is on again. Chengtu was once more surrendered to the Szechwanese three days ago, and so now the Yunnanese are more or less slowly retreating down the Big Road. No telling when they will reach Tzechow. At this time everything is very quiet, here city gates are open until quite late at night, and only a few boy recruits are in charge. There have been robberies by soldiers of a few wealthy estates nearby, however, and when the real bunch comes along, unless they are in considerable of a hurry when they are going thru here they may want to pick a plum or two. In that case, we ought to be here in Tzechow. So we plan just to go down to Neikiang over Sunday and return Monday in case anything decisive takes place. In no event can we hold quarterly conference on the upper part of the district at present, so that we will be back in a week at the most. Clara is more than taken up with her school responsibilities just now. Recently made three maiden speeches in the vernacular at the school openings.

Am sending you an order on the mission treasurer at New York for the insurance which comes due on October 3rd. Sorry I did not think of it sooner. Have not referred the matter to the Board as yet, as I am not just sure that it would be the wisest step.

Am due outside of the city at our other property to look over some work there. Have employed two men to tear down two outbuildings parts of which had caved in. Lpts of love, From,

Lewis F. Havermale
Dear Mother and All:

It seems a shame to send such a short letter, so will try to add a bit. I believe Lewis has already told you all the news of interest and quite detailed accounts of our wonderful summer. But there was one thing that interested me, when in Chengtu, that I think will also interest you, namely; the Chengtu silks. As we went thru Chengtu this time, on our way home from the mountains, the first time I ever visited a silk store in Chengtu. They certainly have some beautiful crepes. I will include some samples. They are tiny but will give you a little idea of what they are. They have almost any shade desired. These crepes are nineteen inches wide and at present cost twenty-eight cents per Chinese foot. (A Chinese foot is a little over thirteen inches.) Therefore a dress would cost about six dollars, Mexican, a little more or less according to the amount of material desired. I am unable to say just how much this would be in U.S. gold as exchange is continually changing, but including the postage and duty it ought not to exceed the six dollars. Hearing so much about the high prices at home, after learning about the silks here, I that you might like us to send you a dress from here sometimes. It may be even cheaper than buying at home. Of course it may take a long time to reach you as we would have to wait what would seem a safe time for sending, but it ought to reach you eventually. When we come home we would like to bring you all silk dresses but it is a bit afraid that will be impossible. However it is fully decided that we are going to bring our Mothers each one. So Mother, when you have decided what shade you would like, please let us know. Yes we are already very beginning to think of our plans for furlough. We can get very silk for shirts here too. If you should wish us to get you one as a surprise for Harry, Lucile, just skip these two lines if you read this letter to him. My sister, who used to be at Davenport asked me to send her one some time ago. I think she has received it before this but we have not heard yet. They are now living in Waterloo, Iowa. Mr. Cochran is the Y.M.C.A. Secretary there. I am glad they are so near a home. Mother's last letter said she was feeling better then she had for a long time, and Father was well too. But his sight is gradually failing.

Will inclose some edelweiss that we picked on the summit of Yuin Wua. This flower is famous not because of its beauty but because of its scarcity. Before it was discovered in these mountains in Szechwan, it was supposed to exist only in the Alps. In Switzerland it is so rare it is protected by law. It is also prominent in Swiss poetry and legends.

I think Lewis has already told you that we have decided to ask all our people to not send any more Christmas gifts to us until we get ready to start home on furlough. We shall be very glad for your assistance then, so that when we do arrive we will not look too much like relations of Rip Van Winkle's. I never did like to buy a new hat, and now after not having had the unpleasant experience for five or six years, its prospect seems a greater ordeal than ever. But fear not, there is no danger of its scaring me out of my furlough.

Now do not worry for us, Mother. We had a good vacation, have come back with new energy, and are now enjoying our work, and hard at it. Be good to yourself. With oceans of love to all.

Lovingly,

Clara
Dearest Motherkin:

Today, as perhaps you will recall, is our eighth wedding anniversary, and we are spending the day at home much to our delight and relief. We had planned a siesta with not too much nap, but had scarcely settled down to our worn out magazines when the gate man plodded up stairs with a chicken and twenty eggs which one of our friends had presented us. No, this was not intended to be an anniversary gift, but this is in the midst of the Chinese eighth month feast, one of the three feasts during the year when it is customary to exchange gifts.

Monday P.M. Well, yesterday afternoon I was interrupted and have since found no time to write. This morning we were up at seven after a more or less broken night. A Chinese friend had brought up some deeds last night, asking me to keep them in the safe for him as he feared rioting and burning. The Yunnanese had broken and entered his place the night before and stolen what they wanted, and the merchants generally feared trouble last night. Three streets of the city experienced numerous thefts from the Southerners on Saturday night, and I was called to the Lower Primary School where soldiers insisted upon entering and using the furniture for beds and the like. Had no trouble with them however. Last night though was a brilliant moonlight night, and it seemed like dozens of the citizens came up on our hill and sat down on the rocks outside of our compound wall, to gossip and to look down upon the city to see "the fireworks" in case there should happen to be some. But there wasn't. Nevertheless, the unaccustomed nearness of so many talking until nearly midnight was enough to keep me restless. Clara went to sleep and only woke up occasionally to ask me what I was prowling around for.

This morning after breakfast we undertook to fashion a catcher for the lawn mower, so that the grass need not be raked up afterward and the roots torn out by these primitive rakes. The teacher came soon after prayers, and we studied the first two chapters of James in the Chinese Bible until two guests arrived. The one was one of our preachers from up-country; the other was a teacher of the new Phonetic Script who has been working in this district for some months teaching the new system of learning to read and write Chinese. He is to spend the next week or so in this city. They had not yet finished their business
when a hurry up messenger came to ask me to hustle down to the Wu Deh Huei (our Men’s Club rooms) as the Szechuanese soldiers were demanding entrance with the expectation of making the place their headquarters. As this is contrary to treaty, we had little difficulty in persuading the fellows to leave as soon as they were convinced that it was really a church department. We however invited them to come and read or rest as they should choose.

As I was hurrying down I noticed that the streets were decorated with flags and bunting in most gaudy fashion, and I soon learned that the Szechuanese had slept at a place forty li from here last night, and had surprised the Yunnanese at their breakfast here this morning. The latter made a run for the river; some got across to the other side, and many more commandeered the pontoon-bridge boats and in the high-water quickly managed to get out of range. A few of the slower footed among them were killed, but otherwise there was no excitement. The Szechuanese are taking things easy, letting the Yunnanese keep just ahead of them all the way, considering discretion the better part of valor, evidently. It is a most peculiar way of fighting.

I sincerely hope that this will be the windup of this civil strife in Szechwan. The Yunnanese, during the last weeks of their stay were getting most impudent. Had a little conflict with them myself, just after I got back from Wankiang. Hadn’t been home half an hour, when the coolie came running up to the house all out of breath. Clara asked him where her grip was, which contained her toilet articles and clothing which she had needed out at the WFMS while I was away. (Clara is staying out there now whenever I have to go out of the city, both because the cholera has not quite died out and nurses are convenient out there, and because of the troubled conditions). He said that the soldiers at the gate had taken it away from him and struck him because he would not open it for them. Not knowing how to work the patent fastening they naturally thought that it was locked. Of course it is their custom to examine all bundles, ostensibly to prevent the smuggling of opium or ammunition, but oftentimes they appropriate whatever strikes their fancy.

So I hurried down to the city gate with the coolie, and asked which one had desired to examine the bag and he pointed out a little wart of a recruit. This relief immediately began voluble explanations, which I interrupted long enough to say that while it was not usual to examine our baggage, inasmuch as we were Gospel Hall people and also opposed to the sale of opium as everyone knew, and were neutral so would
not attempt to furnish either side with ammunition, yet we would not
oppose their examination of our belongings if they wished, as we had
nothing to conceal. I also suggested that we would likewise appreciate
courtesy on their part, as it did not seem the right thing to me for
them to strike a servant because he did not carry a key to his employer's
neck. I suppose this must have enraged them to think that the
coolie had dared to inform upon them, for the guard reversed his gun
and would have brought it down muzzle first upon his head if I had not
interposed and caught the gun in my hands. Upon that, two or three other
unarmed soldiers sprang to their companion's assistance. One grabbed
the policeman's club, another took the carrying pole from a passing
carrier and they came at the coolie from both sides. I dropped the gun
in order to confront them, expostulating all the time, and the youngster
drew the bayonet from the gun or the scabbard, I don't know which, and
tried to stab him in the back. This too, I managed to intercept, when
another soldier ran up, grabbed the carrying pole out of the hands of
the other fellow and drove back the crowd of onlookers who were pressing
about on every side. Then the first bunch turned to me and told me
to take my grip and go; they did not care to search it. I handed it to
the coolie to carry and then they seized him by the wrist and said that
they would have to escort him to headquarters. I demanded the reason,
and they said because he had resisted a soldier. I answered, very well,
I would be very glad to meet your commander, too; so I'll go along. At
this they cooled down considerably, and the fellow who had dispersed
the crowd came back and said that if I wanted my servant to carry the
cargo for me, for us to go, and nothing more would be said about the matter.
This we did, but the next afternoon in company with one of our preachers
who had been with our coolie when he first entered the city and who
therefore knew the circumstances before I arrived and knew that the
coolie had behaved himself properly, I went to call upon the commander
and related the facts of the case to him. He received us kindly, and
asked us for having given him the first chance to manage the affair
instead of taking the case to his superior officer, and promised that
he would personally attend to the punishment of the offending soldiers.
Whether he did or not, I am sure I don't know. The little "servant" did-
n't show up at that gate until several days afterward, and always took
pains to be looking in another direction whenever we passed him.

Well, here's hoping the Salvationists are here to stay. It may be
that we will get to hold our big Tent meeting in November after all.
Owing to the unsettled condition of the country, the West China General Conference has been postponed indefinitely, and if the bishop approves, our annual conference will be held here in Tsaconow after all. We had the first meeting to plan for the entertainment of the fifty foreigners and fifty or more Chinese last Saturday. Quite probably we ourselves will move out to the WFWS home and take an attic room, so that Clara and I will be on hand to help in the entertaining proposition. Our own house would hold only a very few—possibly four.

Fortunately we have just secured a lease on the entire house where our Men’s Club meets, so that we have several large balcony rooms, a dining room, kitchen, reading room, guest room and garden sufficiently large to accommodate all of our Chinese pastors. It is fifteen minutes’ walk from the WFWS, but no one ought to mind that.

On Monday next, Mr. Anand and I plan to make another attempt to hold the third quarterly conference, to be gone about two weeks.

By the way, Deang Lin Zao, our Tsaconow pastor and representative at General Conference, is remaining over in America for another year and is taking a special course at Garrett Biblical Institute. He is known in America as Mr. Lincoln & Deang. I have my doubts as to whether he would have enough money to make the trip to Canton without help, as all his earnings up to annual conference time will have to go to support his mother, his wife and two children, and he will not be drawing salary during the next six months. But if, at the New Year’s vacation time, the church would undertake to pay his travel expenses there, and Harry and Lucille would feel like entertaining him during his stay, it might be made to be a big encouragement to him and a help to the cause of missions in Canton. I would not dare to say. I do hope, however, that in some way or another you will be able to meet him before he starts back next September.

We were very interested in Hazel’s description of their new home. It certainly must be a great satisfaction to own one’s home, especially such a nice one. All of our married brothers and sisters have now purchased homes just since we came out here. Arthur and Rosa Johansen told of their new home in Waterloo in a letter that was received in the same mail with yours. If I were Dan and Hazel, however, I would be a little afraid of settling down among the “savaders” at the beginning of my business career. I’d be afraid they would set too fast a pace for me. At the present price of things, I believe it would be almost cheaper for us to use our furlough money to bring our folks out here to visit us! But I guess we’ll plan for home all right.

Heaps of love.

Louis and Clara.
Dearest Votheskin;-

Today has been a day of foreign letters, as we say; for your letter of Sept. 13th, Lucile's of the 16th, one from Clara's younger brother Arthur, another from Enola Freitag, and several more came to hand. I had previously received your letter of August 21 which has not yet been answered.

When Mr. Beat visited us a few months after our appointment to Tzechow and learned of our experiences, he remarked, "Well, you can't complain that nothing ever happens in life, can you? A missionary's life isn't what you would call monotonous." And it surely isn't! I have always had the habit of grouping events of a kind together in letters and even in my mind—a sort of an associative memory, I guess—and consequently I often give impressions of having accomplished almost a superhuman amount of work. Clara married me under that sort of a misapprehension, but has long since learned, that although what I may write is true to fact, it has a sort of press-agent or advertising-expert arrangement. One can arrange details so as to appear like an outline, and then the reader fills it out with imaginary details of his own, making the story twice as interesting but perhaps a little off of the main highway. So never try to read between the lines in any of my narratives. I've probably told you the best and the worst, and there is nothing more to be added.

But things have been happening, and during the last few days we have certainly been having what might reasonably be called "a h--o a time." The main burden and strain have come upon Clara as superintendent of the schools, and she has managed things splendidly notwithstanding. The affair, in short, was a student strike in the High School. I'll not relate unnecessary details. The principal of the High School was called to Changtu by the serious illness of his wife, who eventually died on October 21st. He was permitted to leave his work upon the promise to return within the week, or else send a substitute. He couldn't do either; hence the beginning of our trouble. The teacher of Chinese subjects was taken very ill and became unable to meet his classes, and a substitute could not be found. The other two teachers were without sufficient experience and the whole responsibility for school discipline devolved upon them. One in particular irritated the students by his
bearing and officious manner. The things that he did were in the main nothing unusual, but the pupils disliked him. The climax came when he punished a student for sleeping at his desk during the study hour and refusing to show customary respect when awakened. The punishment itself was light, but the pupils did not approve of any punishment, and after loud talking, left the school in a body and went out upon the street. This, in a boarding school, is a great offence. The teachers came up with their story and were heard. The students were invited to send representatives, and they were heard. Clara appointed a time for rendering a decision, but the students ignored it. They were out for a holiday and did not propose to have it spoiled by an early settlement. Clara issued a bulletin explaining the enormity of this offense, but promising leniency in case of an apology within a set period. No student responded, except by demanding that the teacher be fired before they would conform to rules. This was carrying things pretty far, and a meeting of our school board was called. Another meeting with teachers and students was called and both sides heard. The Board rebuked the teacher for carelessness in not first inquiring into the cause for the boy's sleepiness, and then demanded that the students personally sign a series of three statements including apology for insubordination, and promise to abide by all school rules in the future. The students immediately became a mob. They tried to get at the offending teacher and offered physical violence, but Clara got him out to the street while I held the students back, and told the students that unless they came across, all who could reach their homes before night must start at once; others might wait until Monday. That afternoon, they formed their plans in a tea-shop, and we discovered their leader. They attempted to intimidate the teachers by threatening their lives; they also, with the help of a disgruntled church-member, sent telegrams to Bishop Lewis and to the West China Religious Educational Union, to try to get the matter out of our hands and get us ruled out of the conference. Monday at daylight being the limit set for repentance, we met again at the school-house, and the students were caused to come in by one and sign one or two papers: the first, entire surrender. The second, a paper denoting the names of students expelled and for what offenses. Four students were given no recourse. Four others signed the paper of expulsion, and since then one of these has come back with an influential relative who made him reverse his decision, and who guarantees his future good behaviour. Since that time, Clara, our personal secretary,
and myself have tried to keep things in check. Discipline has been most firm, and things are quieting down. Clara still takes breakfast at the school, and we take turns coming up for dinner. We haven't left the building at night until the students are all in bed, and then we lock the compound gate to prevent intercourse with the expelled students. The grief and pity of the whole thing is that all four of the expelled students were fully-supported students, food, clothing, books, and tuition. Two or three have won highest grades in scholarship during the past two years. I'm afraid they have the big head. We expect the principal to return today and to relieve Clara from much of the strain, then the business of getting two teachers to take the place of the ones who have resigned will not be easy.

Conference is crowding upon us; probably about three weeks from today at Tzeshow. With neither butter, milk, or potatoes, we'll have a job to entertain them unless they bring supplies along as requested. All such supplies we obtain either from Chengtu or Chungking when we use them. We haven't used anything but canned milk and home-made peanut butter for months now, and for potatoes we substitute rice or sweet potatoes half of the time. We ourselves don't mind it much, but these folks from the cities would think it the next thing to starvation to have no beef also is considered by them somewhat of a hardship.

The Szechwanese have gotten control of the country as far as Chungking now, but bandits are terrorizing the country districts. Travelling is also difficult because of the difficulty of finding food and sleeping places and bedding for the chair and load carriers. I visited Wulidien and Tongjihongo on my last trip, and in both places all we found was about four people or families. All the wood work was cleared out of everything available, even the benches in our chapels, for firewood for soldiers. In one inn where I have sometimes stayed, was only piles of manure from their packponies. I had always thought a Chinese inn a desolate place, but "the abomination of desolation" would have to be applied to that inn after the soldiers got thru with it. The large charts of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer which had been pasted up on the wall by the street were all that was left.

Of course it is practically impossible to tell you of all the things we see or experience. We just pick out typical ones, and neither select the best nor the worst for a purpose. The kind of news we send is not the kind that would be censored. Our mail is seldom tampered with.
Therefore you should read neither Earle Shield’s nor Mrs. Wilson’s experiences into ours. Clara and I long ago reasoned it out in this fashion: anything of a nature to cause real worry to our folks, is usually sufficiently up to the mark as “news” for the papers, that you would probably hear of it anyway, and perhaps in an exaggerated form. The best thing therefore, would be to tell you straight just how it affected us. Then you would have no true ground for worry if we did not. For instance, you will probably read an item that Mr. Peat sent us by card the other day; namely, that the Szechouese in their retreat from Chungking killed a foreigner by the name of Couvillle. But the papers probably would not relate that during the course of the fighting when all other traffic on the river was closed, this foreigner with others insisted on crossing the river in a launch toward the Kweihow entrenchments and did not heed warnings.

Miss Lybarger and the others arrived since I last wrote you. We left only three or four days before they did from Chengtu, so you see we got back in just the nick of time.

Have received Anna Preston’s letter saying that more postcards are coming from Mrs. Leaman. I am wondering if she taught me when I was in the seventh grade? A short, rather-fat blond woman slightly deformed? When I acknowledge the cards, I want to be sure who she is.

I see by the clipping that you are elected President of the WPMS again! Good for you! Your programs sound as if the organization were quite enthusiastic these days. We receive the “Friend” quite often nowadays, and are very much interested in it. It has more West China news than we had expected. The illustration in one number for the poem “The Candy Man” by Miss Minniee Marie was painted by our own personal secretary and teacher.

Thanks for the snapshots: you and Lucile look healthy and happy. I am afraid you were about to sneeze too! The pictures of the house, supplemented by the last one Lucile enclosed give us a very good idea now, even of the location, which hadn’t been real clear before. Many thanks! I'll write Lucile as soon as I can. I have a pile of letters nearly a foot high awaiting my attention now, but I can’t get them off of the docket, what with district work, preaching and student strikes. But we haven’t had much time to get homesick.

We are having the same hard time as you to decide just how we are going to divide ourselves, or appropriate all of you at once. Perhaps the best way is for us to rent a house and invite you all to come and visit us for a year. And then we can let you folks buy the ice-cream.

By the way, mother, there’s such a thing as artificial ice in the cities.
Dearest Woankin and All:-

Can it really be possible that I have not written you since October 27th? I would like you to think that I had written, but that the letter had been lost enroute, but I'm forced to confess that such is not the case. And since then two letters have been received from you; Sept. 4th and 29th. But goodness knows, Mother dear, it isn't because years away from home are making you less in my thoughts than before.

I've been roaming to and fro over the earth in this interval, and we have been entertaining quite a number of guests en route to Chengtu also. Besides this I have my year's financial reports to check up on and get ready for the auditing committee at Conference time.

Just to let you in on a secret, I held the fourth quarterly conferences on the lower part of the district owing to the expected near convening of the annual conference,- the district superintendent being too pressed for time. This is the first time that I have assumed that task, and it wasn't quite so difficult as I had feared it might be in Chinese. The hardest experience was the conduct of a church trial wherein the assistant pastor and a local preacher were publicly accused of wrong doing, misappropriation or funds being the most serious allegation. One was acquitted and the other requested to surrender his credentials. Of course the latter was considerably peeved, and is threatening to appeal to the Bishop. However he does not question my conduct of the case, but feels that a change of venue is necessary to give him a fair trial.

We are planning to install several new schemes on this district to remove the temptations along money lines during the coming year. We have already arranged for each class-leader to fill out certain forms showing in detail from whom and for what purpose each amount has been received during the year. These after being examined by the local auditing committee, pastor, Dist. Supt., and myself, are to be returned to the class-leader and posted up where every donor is enabled to check up on the account as it concerns him. The pastor has been provided with special receipt books, and he also has to make a public report subject to the same audit, and furnished to us in duplicate for annual conference use.

Next year we are planning to arrange a new system of counter-check
2.

on preachers' travel expenses. The conference allows $ .25 cents a day for every day reported by the preacher as having been used in itinerating. Inasmuch as no circuit on the average has points more than ten miles mutually distant, the preacher is supposed to be strong enough to walk a little, and this money will help them to hire a load-carrier or take a chair for a few miles when advisable. But of course there has been nothing to prevent a preacher, if so minded, to slip something over on us. Nor has there been anything to show us whether a preacher was giving the attention due to out-points on his circuit. So we have been working on a plan to check up on this, save the mission money, promote self-support on the part of the churches, be fair to the pastors, and encourage more frequent visitation to distant points. Some job!

When you consider that there are some fifty accounts of varying length which I have now audited in part, you can understand why some letters don't get written as soon as they should.

Clara has been elected superintendent of all the Sunday Schools of the city. She has also taken charge of the children's church. In fact she's doing more missionary work than two of us. The Sunday Schools are now five in number: the adult school meets at the church with about three hundred members; the primary graded school in the adjoining lower primary day school, having about 120. The girls' school at Finleytown with over fifty. The North Street department has 75; the San Dao 32 school has about sixty. Each school has its own officers of course. This plan has just been adopted, owing to the fact that we cannot begin to provide room for all comers in the present church building. The children's church is also the result of the same difficulty. Clara sees to securing leaders for it every Sunday. I hadn't quite approved of her undertaking quite so much, and gave her opportunity to withdraw from the nomination at Sunday School board meeting, but the more work she has the happier she appears to be, so she accepted.

Conference has been the subject of controversy for weeks now. Bishop Lewis arrived in Chungking in due season but ill, and has been quite ill ever since. Rheumatic fever and high blood pressure has been his trouble, and all three physicians at Chungking have advised his undertaking the overland trip to Tzechow. It was proposed that we all come to Chungking (for the third or fourth year in succession now), but Chengtu wouldn't concur. It has finally come back to Tzechow with the date fixed as January 15, by which time we all hope that the Bishop's
health will have improved sufficiently to enable him to preside. We are planning to move into the medical house for the session, and look after about sixteen guests. Our former plan was to all be at the WFMS house, but in that case we would have had to use verandas, and while that was all right for the first date in early Fall, in the midst of winter it might not be so agreeable to our guests.

Among the friends who have been at our home recently were Dr. and Mrs. Beech and their four children; who of course is returning as president of the University; Rev. Warren S. Dudley who expects to be appointed to work in the Theological school; Mr. and Mrs. Starrett, who have been in China several years;-- the former in YMCA work in Shanghai, the latter as head of a Girls' School there, but both of them just married and younger than their experience would indicate. He comes for city church work. Mrs. Service of Chengtu, returning from escorting her eldest son to Shanghai to matriculate in the American school there.

I went out to meet the latter guests, in company with Clara and the others, and on the way I sprained my ankle. Didn't think it would amount to much, but that evening after supper it had a grouch on in earnest. As a consequence, I haven't undertaken to leave the house until today. Clara proved a most patient nurse.

This afternoon at two (it is now 1:50) I am due to attend a feast given by the commander of the local division of Szechwanese troops. It is rumored that he is going to give a boost to our school endowment. Here's hoping.

One VERY important item which shouldn't have been left this far in my letter, excepting by way of climax, is the receipt in splendid condition of Wugzy's and Grandpa's photographs. You two lovely youths will be pleased to know that they were delivered on Thanksgiving Day, and added not a little to our "family party" around the festal board. We are certainly delighted to have them, and Uncle Clay and Aunt Lettie are to be more than complimented on coming so nearly to doing justice to you both! A big bunch of kisses and a bear hug in payment!

Your Christmas parcels have been ready for weeks, but there is no way to get them started down to Chungking, worse luck! Intrinsically they are not very valuable, but they represent a lot of love to each one just the same, and we'd like them to get thru safely. Well, this letter leaves us as hale and hearty as usual, hoping you are the same and more so.

With best love to all,

Lewis and Clara
Dearest Motherkin and All;

And now before I've had chance to catch more than two breaths, - or three at most -- another month has rolled by without a letter to you. Every day we have been working to the limit of working hours, but that doesn't mean that we have been overworking. Owing to the fact that we have so many business callers during the day-time, we have worked fairly late at night. Clara usually takes a cat-nap about seven o'clock and then manages to stay it out with me until between ten and eleven. But we do not get down stairs very early. Of course our days are at their shortest now. Dawn is about 6:30 and dusk about 5 P.M. And we think it has been pretty cold, too, tho the lowest has been 42° F. We had quite a snow-storm here the other day, which set all the old-timers comparing notes, and a little time before that we had two earthquakes within the week, followed by a sand-storm, so it looks as tho the world is coming to an end! Well, as I started to say, since dawn is so late, and the house boy usually is mopping and dusting in the study before breakfast, we don't plan to get down to breakfast until eight o'clock, which is about an hour earlier than is the custom among the Chinese.

We haven't had Conference yet. The date was changed from Jan. 15 to 17th, and then just two days ago, we received letters and a telegram from the Bishop asking us all to come to Chungking for Conference on the 24th, as he wouldn't be able to make the trip after all, especially in this cold weather. We are relieved of course, as we would have regretted his incurring any serious illness due to the exposure or travel and staying in damp, cold, Chinese inns on the way up. Probably he would have had the privilege of the chapels, however under the circumstances, even if there were a number of ladies in the party. We had purchased a lot of work or hats to smoke, but I guess these will keep. Orders had been put in at Chengtu and Chungking for flour, potatoes, and a dozen other necessary things which we can't get here, but they were all to be brought here by Conference guests, so what we will not be able to use during the next year can be returned. I wouldn't be surprised if this Annual Conference were to be divided into two at the ensuing session, owing to the obvious difficulty of convening at one point when we have so many traveling facilities, and it now requires a large number of us to be away from our work for nearly six weeks. We will start for Chungking by boat one week from tomorrow, allowing six days to arrive at Chungking. A chilly ride, too, with only a charcoal stove to heat up, but we'll dress warm.

We spent a very pleasant Christmas with the ladies at the WFTS. But
we were a very small party this year. Miss Desjardins was appointed by Bishop Lewis to move to Suining to take charge of the Girls' Boarding School since Miss Castle was returning to America on furlough. So in our station now there are only the three ladies and ourselves. It is the first Christmas when we haven't had children to make it seem like the real thing. Last year it was the Freeman's three and another lad going to Chengtu to school. The year before the Liljestrand's were here. However, it wasn't a tame affair by any means. There was the usual three-days' festivities for the church. There were two hundred and twenty at the church feast; we invited twelve, which included all our servants' families and two rather poverty-stricken women who had formerly worked for Dr. Liljestrand's family. The crowd was so large at our Upworth League rooms that it was practically unmanageable. It was estimated as being nearly fifteen hundred. But it was "laorheh" and tho they couldn't hear much that was going on, the great tent which had been stretched over the inner court, the evergreen and tissue-paper flowers, and great streamers of bright-colored silks draped like bunting, and the Chinese lanterns, made a very bright and cheerful spot in the lives of the poor folk. The General Tang condescended to visit us one night, and tho considerably stage-frightened, he made an attempt at a speech, which immensely pleased him after it was all over with. So I guess the affair was somewhat of a success, tho to us foreigners there was not enough of the sacred touch to it to make us real satisfied.

As for presents: Well, we got a multitude of greetings from Szechuan friends, both Chinese and foreign; one postcard from Lincoln Daang at Evanston which made me wonder whether you have had the opportunity to get in touch with him as yet. He's one of the coming young men in China, and I sincerely hope you get to know him before his return. I think of him as a brother, and look forward to even a closer friendship with him when he returns to Tzehow next year. We don't attempt to give big things among ourselves usually but the assortment was pleasing and useful. I got a roll of drawing paper, a lead-pencil, a tube of glue, and a share in a Japanese picture, a tray on the order of the one, the material for which we sent you, but different from most; for Miss Penney had pressed morning-glories, and several varieties of the moths and butterflies which she captured this summer. It was quite unique. Then Clara received, some needlework doilies, papers or safetypins, reels of tape, a fine piece of flannel and the like. She gave me a Mandarin gown used in the Manchus dynasty by the governor in appearing before the Chinese Emperor on state occasions. I gave her a string of amber beads, each one of which has a bug in it. So sorry the little things we wanted to send you haven't gone yet. The they probably wouldn't reach you if they had been sent.
Miss Lybarger was telling us that a dress which she mailed last April to send to Chungking for measurements for a new dress which she had ordered, has just arrived. Parcel-post service is demoralized, owing to the impression of the pack animals by soldiers, who throw the mail out by the side of the road without compunction. Even tho we are not in the midst of fighting, the military menace is not abating. More and more men are being enlisted and drilled. As fast as one place is "silked dry" they move on to other places. I talked with the merchants here not long since, and learned that during the past year Tzechow alone has had to meet levies amounting to about $150,000, or nearly four dollars for every man, woman, and child. The European war, I read somewhere, cost the United States about $24.00 per capita, which will be distributed by taxes thru a generation or so. But this was in one year, and the average wage is in the neighborhood of ten cents a day. Business is getting better, but the transportation problem is immense. When the District Superintendent returned from a short trip last week, he told of seeing soldiers trying to impress a coolie into carrying a load for them. He was a farmer and he took to his heels. The soldier fired at him but missed him, and another farmer, who had the temerity to climb up on a knoll to see what the ruse was about, was shot thru the abdomen and killed instantly. The soldier received a rebuke, and his commander paid the burial expenses of the farmer, and together with a contribution from a merchant traveller, a purse of seventy-four dollars was given to the widow to console her. That is present military "justice" in this place of anarchy. Cases of imprisonment of members, desecration and destruction of our chapels or furniture are being referred to me weekly for advice and settlement. In fact, last week three such were referred to me. I'm mighty thankful that I have a native Dist. Supt. with whom to advise in these matters. One case for instance: a member of our church at Wahiho, suffered the entrance of his house by a soldier, who robbed him of all his savings, and set fire to the house. Neighbors caught the soldier and brought him to Tzechow for civil trial. The soldier's commander, who was also a relative, managed to get hold of the farmer's brother, a coal-merchant, and imprisoned him. The commander then sent word that whatever punishment was meted out to the robber-soldier, would likewise be meted out to this innocent coal-merchant. But that if our church here would go the criminal's bond and see that he was safely escorted to a place three days' journey from here, the member would be liberated. That was so manifestly a case of persecution, that our representative, a class-leader, whom I sent with a letter and my card, secured the member's release, and the soldier was turned over to the military authorities for trial. I doubt whether he was punished, however.

But this is a long way off from Christmas presents. My secretary gave me a wall-scroll painting of chrysanthemum and birds, his own work, which I have rolled up to take home to America. The District Supt's wife gave Clara a pink silk, embroidered scarf, and me a table cover with black thread work, which will be quite a convenience as an altar cloth when we have communion service on the
I am wondering if we will find the parcels for us which you have sent, when we go down to Chungking. If so, we will be able to convey them personally on our return.

We surely did open our eyes when we read about the second box. Clara has done marvels with her old clothes since she had been out here. She is getting a lot of good out of all that she has saved. And what's more, here talent along that line is recognized, and she is constantly sought in this station for advice and suggestions. One thing about Clara, she never hesitates to do folks a good turn, no matter what the personal inconvenience may be. The wisteria dress, she felt, was too good to waste: she wants to wait until she has a real need of it. So probably the hat will come in plenty of time to match up with it. The blue hat was discarded so long ago that I forgot she had it, but she has taken a black velvet one and worked it up with Chinese embroideries until it goes well with her winter outfit. Out here where the women don't wear hats, her stocking cap in winter, and her helmet in summer, are the standbys.

You are having a number of pleasant social experiences, I must agree. With your Halloween party, which must have been very interesting, your bonfires and weenie roasts, your auto rides and movies, your Women's Club and W.W.W.S. sessions and receptions, you certainly have a variety. Well, we take ours out in receiving travellers over night, and giving up our beds to them while we take to our cots in the store-room. Once in awhile, when the community can take an afternoon off, I try to dispense a little spiritual nourishment in the mother-tongue to my flock or four. Occasionally we have guests to dinner. Yesterday we had the eight teachers from the Boys' School. We served bean soup, oyster patties, baked chicken, dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, baked squash, creamed bamboo sprouts, carrots with white sauce, bread, peanut butter and sherry jam, relish, orange pie and coffee. For the customary "favor" or "piece" to carry home with them, we gave large oranges such as do not grow near Tzechow. We entertained them with books of views, the stereographs (a never failing source of interest to them all), and my six poor phonograph records. Tomorrow, we have the Dist.Supt., his wife, and family of five; the Assistant pastor and his wife, and the mother of our only single school teacher. That will be all until we get back from Conference.

I have neglected hitherto to thank you or Harry P. for the snapshots from France. We truly appreciate them, and find them doubly interesting because of his association with them. We have received a package of Sunday School cards from the Bartles which are most welcome. I hope to write to him on the boat on my way down to Chungking.

Regarding the silk samples, if you want to buy silk thru us, the way to do is to deposit the price to our credit at Canton, until we send word as to what we would like you to buy for us there.
That will save us having it taken out of our salary at the rate of two dollars silver for every dollar gold. Whenever I have a balance from the insurance or anything else like that, the same plan may be followed. Don't be afraid to use any or our money we give you permission to use. We're due for another raise in salary soon. Time or service whether at home or abroad is to be taken into consideration in estimating salaries from now on. As I was admitted into the Annual Conference in 1909, spent four years unmarried which counts me two years according to the scale, and have just completed eight years married, as an effective elder, I am now due for a salary of $1600. gold or $3200. West. From all you tell us, I guess that $1600. isn't too much at home just now.

It is mighty good or you two offer me that sleeping bag, and it surely would be a most welcome thing out here. As I am very seldom in Chinese inns, staying in our chapels most of the time, there isn't much danger from bugs, especially in winter, when it would be used. But I would rather you saved it for me until I return, inasmuch as mail and freight are now so uncertain out here. We're cutting out all orders from home, excepting such as would come insured for full value. I have even decided to let my Saturday Evening Post subscription lapse. I have almost a half-year's supply on hand unread now. During the summer when I wanted them, the righting prevented delivery. Now they have all been delivered in a bunch.

I note that the Bartle's seem to have been reappointed to Canton. We had not known that Bethana Strong and husband are now at Chebanse. That is quite interesting. We must write again to Chebanse folks and get the news. By the way, when you got the dining-room set from there, did you get our vacuum cleaner also? We had one stored there, and we have never heard whether it was sold or not.

Well, if I have waited a month before writing, I guess I have given you almost a month's reading in this letter. And yet there are lots of things which you tell me, to which I have referred not even in a word. Clara will write soon; for she wants to do her own thanking for that second parcel. As for the fact that there is nothing in it for me, don't you worry! She will enjoy the records with me just as much as I will, so we're even on that. And I'm sure that I will get a great deal of pleasure watching her put on the bloomers and stockings (Don't be shocked!) so we're even on that score too.

Lots of love to you, Mother dear, and to all.
Sincerely and lovingly, Your children,

[Signature]
Dearest Motherkin, and All:

Here we are, back again after Annual Conference and Finance Committee, safe and sound, and quite happy! The session was as busy, or busier than usual, and the work is not all over with yet. The statistics are still to be copied for publication and for the China Continuation Committee files. I hope to get those out of the way during the coming week. Clara did good work as a member of the Educational Committee of the Conference, and helped me in that phase of the Finance Committee work. I had work on the Conference Board of Stewards, the Committee on Self-support, the Centenary Forward Movement Committee, the Cabinet, as well as being re-elected Conference Statistician. That's what one gets for being a missionary where there are but few among whom to divide the jobs.

A number of things of a personal nature happened there which were not the most important things of the conference, but which because of their immediate interest to you and to us, will bear relating at the beginning of this account: The first was the action of the Finance Committee in revising the former schedule for furloughs, fixing the Spring of 1922 as the date when we may leave for America. Clara had been resting in bed for a couple of days before that announcement, owing to too many "company dinners", but she recovered at once upon hearing that decision. This will bring us home nearly two years before the time originally fixed. We would plan to leave here just as soon as steamers begin to run in the Spring, - probably the last part of April, 1922. As we now think of it, we will take the steamer to Hankow, and then go by rail to Peiping, thru a part of the region now so terribly scourged by famine. If our relationships with Japan will permit of it at that time, we will cut across Manchuria and Korea, over to Japan to Yokohama where we will catch our steamer for San Francisco. This, it seems, will not require much extra money, and we would be able to get to San Francisco just as quickly, since the success of our plans will depend upon the date when we would be able to get passage. That once fixed, we can arrange to start just so much earlier from Chungking, just to think that within about one year from the time you receive this letter we shall probably be starting! It almost seems as though we would not have enough time to get ready in! I wonder if you are as excited and happy over it as we are?

The second nice thing that happened was our increase of salary from $1300 to $1600, due to the ruling of the Board which recognizes service at home as well as service upon the Field. This gives me almost as high a salary as is paid West China Missionaries, excepting where the children's allowance is added. By order of the Board also, we are to be allowed $60.00 Mexican on our summer's expenses, - and more if we have to go as far away from home as we did last summer.
A third thing was the vote of the other members of the Finance Committee which recommended me to the Faculty of the graduate department of Boston University for admission to study for the doctor's degree. I appreciate this especially as an evidence of the regard of my partners in the job out here, though I am quite convinced that it will be of no earthly use so far as its purpose is concerned, since it requires some work of outstanding merit to get a hearing before the graduate faculty of my alma mater. As an expression of commendation wholly unsolicited and unexpected, however, it is a great encouragement to me.

This year promises to be an exciting one. We make our first organized Centenary effort ordered along the lines of the Home methods. Moreover, in the adjustments necessary to the home-going of Mr. Peet, the Yungchuan District was divided, and five new circuits aided to this district making nearly twenty new points to be visited this year, seventy four now in all. It will be necessary for me to give up the second and third quarterly conferences from now on in order that I may give proper attention to my mission and sub-treasury duties. Besides this, I will have to make preparations for the erection of our Middle School and our doctor's residence in Tzechow, not to speak of other building operations throughout the District.

We were given a Chinese assistant to give his whole time to the institutional end of her church work,—the Epworth League, so-called, and we are hoping big advances in this line this year. Owing to our previous work, the Conference made me the Conference President of the Epworth League. I suppose you would call it, having for my job the pushing of this special feature in the Conference during the current year.

We have some ideals which we have tried to get across here but which, of course, come slowly. For instance, the discouragement of wine-drinking at feasts. General Tang asked for the use of our rooms for a feast yesterday, and our rule was explained to him. He promised to observe it, but when I came to the feast (as a guest) I found wine being served just the same. He made a public apology for this breach of the agreement, explaining that they had not made such advances in China as we have in America, and that the omission would have been deemed a great insult to his guests. Of course I had to take the best of a disagreeable situation. Later, as the result of conversation wherein I told him of the effort of our churches in this District to raise money for famine relief, he asked me to say a word to his guests. I did so, and $140 was subscribed at once with promise of more to come. In that way I suppose he tried to atone. At Christmas time I also presented the famine needs to our Sunday Schools, and $54.70 was then subscribed. Not much, but of course every little bit helps.

We had a very pleasant time at Chungking, being entertained by the Napas
The Christmas party at my conference duties, on the second day of New Year's, was very enjoyable. I had the privilege of "playing the devil" quite realistically. There were two or three Quaker's Oats and Aunt Janies. Jello girls, and Jap costumes, etc., which were felt very excellent make-ups. Unfortunately in this world the devil remains a general favorite and in the Christmas contest received the first prize—very pretty dress, etc. I understood that Clara ran a close second with her Jap costume. Of course she was the real winner of the first prize, having made possible the masquerade.

Another evening we were invited to dinner by the Englishman. We had a very pleasant time there, looking at his splendid collection of Chinese picture and decorative china. He seemed interested in us, and talked to us of his experiences. One evening he showed me a package in the attic containing a parcel of things down there. So Clara went down and hunted it up. It contained ten records, all in splendid shape, a knitted muffler, two beautiful neckties, a silk handkerchief, two towels, four boxes of fleecy powder, in short a most wonderful Christmas package. I want to thank you all, collectively and individually, for everything! It certainly was a magnificent gift! Oh yes, I knew there was something else—the thermometer! Everything in first-class condition. Just before we left for Tzechow a parcel-post shipment arrived at the office, and we were told that there were two packages there addressed to Clara. Owing to the arrival of Chinese New Year's, with its holiday of a week in the customs and the parcels post department, we were unable to get them out before we left. I suppose we will have to wait quite a while before they reach us here, but we understood that a caravan will be arriving here shortly.

Everything was peaceful upon our way home. One thing is extremely disappointing, however, namely the revival of opium-smoking. It is coming to be quite open along the Big Road now. Clara and I slept next to one "den" kept
by an old woman. We aroused no resentment whatever or alarm when we went in
to see the women. "Holding her sickness, it is ill," she said. "The general lawlessness
and anarchy cut me at the present time. I encourage the revival of the slave
trade." However, they pray for a return of law and order in this province. But even
now the Chinese are not all that they once were. The presence of
Britishers in our midst to goaded them on. The Chinese soldiers just enlisted.

Last I wrote I had been interested in knowing the view of the Chinese
and with Mrs. Sidney or Stronghurst. That recalls Alpha friends. In a bundle of
Northwesterns just to hand, we notice records of three deaths of friends;
Daisy Cox and Grandma Seaton, and Rev. McClellan. I read the letter of Rev.
Birch who preached at Woodhull when we were at Alpha. Sorry to hear of the accident which
resulted in the death of Dr. Robinson, too. It will be a somewhat
changed circle of friends, and of the last of the old ones. When
they get back. But now thankful we are that our own home is still
main intact. God is very good to us.

Well, it is only nine p.m. but Clara has gone to sleep in her chair.
and I am afraid my letter is stretching out to a tiresome extent. But I do have to
write about that have been doing a dictionary in order to be able to
write to you. I have been thinking of the Chinese and their
friendship. We were in the office of the Finance Committee last night.

So, happy, and don't worry. It's only a state of energy. Everyone says
- that we look better than they have ever seen us. With the exception of Clara's
ankle, which she sprained a little bit during the walk back to
Zebulon. We were never in better health. No one expects that the soldiers will
not return home, and there is no cholera here. So save your tears for North China.

Surely, when we are in a garden of men's
beans
in full bloom and spring wheat a foot high.

Both and love and kisses to you and to all,
Your loving youngsters,

[Signature]
Dearest Motherkin and All;

I had hoped to get a letter off to you yesterday as it was already two weeks since my last letter, and I have since then received two letters from you,—December 22, and January 8th. But owing to the big press of work on hand up to the very last moment, I was unable to do so. Clara and I worked up until 11:45 last night, and then I had to leave some of the statistics for her to copy and send to the proper offices. Just now I am on my way down to Mungchang where part of the lower district which was turned over to us for administration this year is to unite with the other half for a District Conference.

I spent Sunday preparing a Forward Movement talk based upon last years statistics, in which two diagrams in particular were used; the first, a drawing of the "well-developed man" copied from a text-book on anatomy, in illustration of that type of church which is described in Ephesians IV:13. The head represented an informed church; every member able to read the Bible. The body represented the membership; every probationer received to complete his course for admission into full membership within a year. This to be accomplished by caring for the vital organs,—the lungs, daily prayer in the Intercessor’s League; the digestive organs, daily Bible study and attendance at class-meeting and church; the heart, some form of active service in the church, especially the raising up of leaders, sending the live-giving blood through the body of the church. The right arm, a preacher and a Bible woman for every community opened to the gospel at the present time. The left arm, two teachers in every church school, one of which should be in connection with every chapel, one class-leader for every 20 members according to the Disciplinary plan; one trained Sunday-school superintendent for every charge. The right leg, complete local support for every pastor and district superintendent. The left leg, complete local payment of the school expenses in each charge.

The second diagram was based upon the same scale, showing just how malformed and dwarfed the present "body" is in West China. 49% literate. 18% of the probationers received into full membership during the year. 25% supplied with pastors and Bible women; 72% supplied with the requisite number of teachers and class-leaders. 15% self-support for pastors, and 25% support for schools. The resulting creature was most fearfully and wonderfully made.

This section of the trip I am gone 20 days, during which time we held 3 days special Centenary Forward Movement meeting, and visit 24 points on the District. I get back home the day before Easter. On the Monday following, we held the Tzechow quarterly conference on Tuesday, the formal opening of the Institutional branch of the Tzechow Church to introduce the new "secretary" or assistant pastor just appointed for the same. On Friday we open the Tzechow District (proper) Conference and Centenary program statement conference, which closes on Sunday. Then on Monday, April 4th, I start out again, to be gone until the 16th, during which time I will visit 16 more chapels. Have a week's chance to be at home and make a dent in accumulated correspondence and sub-treasury work. On Monday April 25th, I start out once more to be gone until May 20th, visiting 29 chapels in the interval. This is necessary to make the rounds of the District just once. I will not travel during the summer or early autumn when the third and second quarterly conferences are held. The Dist. Supt will have to do that without me, but I guess the church will not suffer very much on that account.

My, but it is windy on the river here; guess I'll have to lay this aside until later.

Tzechow, Sze.
March 8th, 1921.
I wish that it had been possible for Clara to join me a little later, but just now, with the addition of another grade of High School work in the Tzechow school, she feels that her regular supervision is necessary there. We are hoping that Liu Dzi-min, a splendid educator now in the University Normal School as assistant principal, but who has been appointed by the Annual Conference to divide his time between the Chengtu and Tzechow Districts as inspector of schools to work with Mr. Neumann and Clara will be down before very long to look after the Lower Primary schools on the District. Meanwhile Satan can't find time or hands to work up any mischief so far as Clara is concerned.

Just picked up your Dec. 22 letter again, where you are wondering about the temperature out here at this present time. Well, our cherry tree has bloomed and faded, the tea-rose tree was in full bloom when I left; and some of the deciduous trees were beginning to put out their foliage. This was all due to a week's warm spell, but that was followed by a rain and a drop of the temperature in three days from 72 degrees to 46. Forty six is the coldest it has been this year, so far as I know, just now I am very glad to have on woolen underwear, my heavy suit and big sweater. Owing to the fact that I shall walk from tomorrow on, instead of taking a chair, I left my overcoat at home and substituted my raincoat. But I have lighter clothing in my box, and I feel pretty sure that it will warm up considerably before I get back to Tzechow.

Your entertainments and home parties are all interesting as usual, and the eats sound mighty tempting. That reminds me that I'll have to get out my lunch as soon as I finish this letter, as it is getting nearly noon. I have three or four chicken sandwiches, some pickles, chocolate, and at the last town we touched I bought some peanuts. All I could wrap up in a handkerchief for fifty cash, about $0.01 ½ United States money. It's fierce, this high cost of living, isn't it? And now I suppose you'll take this last sentence as a text and proceed to build up an imaginary tale of how things are so expensive for us out here that we can hardly make ends meet, just as you did when I told you that we didn't have pota­toes, or butter or milk, excepting as we bought them in Chengtu and Chung­king. And Clara gave me a scolding for giving you wrong impressions and worrying you, when I supposed that it was perfectly clear that if we ourselves really WANTED those things, we could certainly get them. The mission pays the freight for us from Chungking, in order to equalize the extra cost of living for those residing in inland stations, so you mustn't think of us as being so absolutely heroic. Nothing to it. Just loaned our cook and table-boy their year's wages in advance and $150., extra so that they could build or rather re-model a restaurant after foreign fashion and get ahead in the world, so you see we are not absolutely penniless.

This experiment, by the way, may be regretted later on as most experiments have a chance of turning out. But the boys have served us all the time we have been in China, and we have had a minimum of trouble, so we're giving them this chance before we go home on furlough. Of course we made them give surety, and the money is to be refunded in twelve in­stallments, beginning one month hence. We sold them a roll of galvanized screen wire for their windows, door, and show cases, which is a most won­derful innovation for this part of the country, and a great step forward in sanitation. They are even putting up white curtains, which is going a step farther than I would have advised, but the want to do things up right. They have spoken for our cook stove, and are expecting to cater to Chinese who want to have foreign feasts for their special parties. Here wishing them success, and hoping that their example may result in more sanitary eating houses in Tzechow.

But returning to "martyrs" and other heroicics. That letter of Miss Loomis telling of the blood-stained letters and her version of the occasion thereof, caused us all quite a laugh at Conference time. The subject of missionary morale had come up in conversation, and I asked
Bishop Lewis whether that kind of exaggeration was considered legitimate, from the Jesuitical standpoint. The sob-sisters are the ones that got the money all right. The W.F.M.S. folks at home just "eat up" that stuff. When Miss Brethren was in Tzechow she played up that sort of the thing to the limit. She was always most strenuous in insisting that her sister missionaries go away for the summer months, and would not hear to any one taking her place even for a week. Then she would write to America, telling of her loneliness and self-sacrifice, and conspire to have that Christian spirit with that of the others, and then wind up with another plea for money, and get it. Even her brother's death in France was made the occasion of such a plea, though goodness knows how on earth she ever made the connection. Yet out here she was the most rabid pro-German. Another one of our West China lady missionaries who has the habit, returned from furlough while the Northerners were retreating while we were still in Chungking. Dr. Beech and I went out to meet their house-boat, and then brought several of the ladies to the city in a small row-boat and got them thru the gates. Later Clara was intensely thrilled to hear the story of the dangers thru which we had passed, wherein shot and shell had fallen thickly about us, and our boat was all but sunk. Not a word of fact in the whole story excepting that there was some shooting going on at a distance. If it were not for the fact that we have a male missionary out here who works up similar collections of thrills for home consumption, I'd think it was a trait of the female mind, or due to a pardonable nervousness. But as I say, it gets the money for the work, all right, and under the pre-centenary system they were the ones that got the big percentage.

Our North China Famine Fund is still growing. Tzechow church has not sent in over $200, and I got about $40. from a country church just before leaving today. They certainly must be eating bitterness up there at the present time. Some of our Chinese Mission Schools used you method of giving presents to North China, instead of exchanging gifts at Christmas time. It was a good idea. I'd like to see Lucille's ventriloquistic performance with the doll again.

Your sentence referring to how glad you'll be when my work is in the college, needs comment. We in the mission field should never place too much stress upon a bishop's or a mission's prognostications. The needs and especially the immediate emergencies cause constant changes in plans, and my appointment to Chengtu is far from certain. The Tzechow work has been making such progress, mostly because of its own momentum, that the bishop now talks of leaving us in Tzechow when we return from furlough. He wants young men for the itinerating supervision, and has said to others that he wants McCurdy for the Big Road from Chungking until Tzechow territory is reached, myself from that point to the Chengtu area, and Yard to the capital. "The fighting is good all along the line", Clara agrees with me that with the coming of a physician and one or two other foreign families to Tzechow, that we could ask for nothing more agreeable or more promising than just the work we have been having.

Well, we're nearing Yinsandsen and it's dinner time, so I'll close this epistle. I managed to tie the paper onto the typewriter so that the wind couldn't do any great amount of damage. Please excuse me if you don't get another letter for several weeks, as I'll be away from post-offices for nearly three weeks.

Heaps to love to you and all.

From,

[Signature]

[Handwritten note: Clara]
Lungtsang, Sze.
March 20th, 1921.

Dearest Motherkin and All:

Today is the fourteenth day since I left home, and I have six more days before the first section of the trip is completed. Thus far the trip has been quite pleasant. Excepting for two days' rain, on one of which I engaged a street chair for twenty-five li, everything has been most pleasant, and the walking hasn't been severely fatiguing. I have never had to make more than twenty seven miles during the day, and sometimes it has been as low as thirteen. If there had been rain, however, it would have been fierce, as the mud paths on the small roads are the limit in rainy weather. This whole country is quite new to me, since with the exception of Lungchang, through which we pass on our way up from Chungking, there has never been any occasion for me to visit it. Conference having added it to the Tzechow District, it gives me a good opportunity.

One special characteristic of this section is the fewness of women with bound feet. Almost every woman, young or old, that one meets has large feet. But along with this, alas, is the distressing custom of putting the women to work in the fields. One sees them with the great mattock or adze-shaped hoes cultivating the fields, or perched up on the pumps pumping up the water from the lower to the higher ricefields. One even sees them carrying from seventy to a hundred pounds of coal a three days' journey overland from the mines to the market. If I had more films I would give special attention to taking pictures of woman and child labor out here, but I haven't the extra two years which I had expected to use in that kind of work before I returned home. Just now, I am selecting my subjects either to illustrate Centenary progress and problems together with Big Road scenes, or else to show China's superstition and consequent unsanitary condition.

I took two pictures this trip which I am most anxious to develop to see the results thereof. When coming up from Chungking, I was astonished to see the amount of opium selling and smoking going on. The Southern soldiers when in Szechwan had no money with which to pay for what they needed, so they either confiscated or paid with opium from Yunnan and Gweichow. Now that they have gone, the recipients are trying to get some money back out of their opium supply. Inasmuch as practically every one of these dens is quite dark, it is practically impossible to make and exposure in the ordinary way, and even if it was like an ordinary interior view, the smokers have a little conscience on the subject and are afraid to have their photos taken in the act.

We came however, to a little town where we have a chapel, and where we were to stay all night. I learned that in that town of 1200 people there were 33 opium dens and one large gambling joint. I did not want to get into trouble thru a misunderstanding of my object, so I put temptation in the way of our stewards. I promised them that if they would arrange with one of the joints for me to come in and take a flashlight picture, I would also take a picture of our church stewards. They had a mighty hard time to make the arrangement. Every place it was suggested the hearers with one accord left their opium and took to their heels. After the evening services and conference, we had lunch, and then gossipped until about 10;30 P.M. I lamented that we had been unsuccessful, and one suggested that I slip into one of the joints and take a picture without first getting permission. This I refused to do, stating that I did not want my motives misunderstood, or bring unnecessary opposition to the Gospel there just for the sake of a photo. Upon this one of the men went out, and came back with the news that I might go into a certain den and arrange my setting. So at 10;30 or later, I got two different pictures of opium smokers. The gambling joint could have been taken on the following day, but I could not stay over. Here I have been carrying that flash powder around with me from the time I bought it at East Moline; otherwise the chance would have been impossible, as I can't buy it out here. Didn't use it before because
thru a mistake the ignition caps were not included, and I had not cared to use the fuse system. So you can see how anxious I am to have the picture turn out clear. There is bound to be a reaction, or a using up of the present supply, and then there will be no chance.

Lucile will remember Hadwen Williams at Upper Iowa, or his sister Louise. I received a cablegram from him while out on this trip, offering his services as an educationalist here in West China. I had to send him word that there was no opening, however, owing to the fact that under the Centenary all workers excepting a doctor have been provided for. Hadwen is married, and is just completing his fifth year in the Philippines. I was mighty sorry that we couldn't use him. This afternoon I wrote another letter to explain more fully why, as I was afraid the cabled answer would not be clear enough.

So sorry for Mrs. Divilbiss and the rest of the family in their present bereavement. I will try to write to her this evening, but I don't know whether I will be able to or not. I preached in Chinese this morning and this afternoon I have written four letters. Fortunately for me, I have a more or less private room in which to do it, though the noise of my typewriter announces my presence and a great number of the church members have been asking for admission to see this instrument at work. It is an object of great wonder to them, and to see the rapidity with which one can spell words with it is even more unbelievable. But I have tried all sorts of methods with these curious folk, and I am learning that the quickest and best way is to satisfy their curiosity. I wrote my love-letter to Clara with them hanging over my shoulder to watch the thing work. Just now I had a more pleasant interruption as the church treasure brought in $12.70 as the local offering for the North China Famine sufferers.

By the way, have I ever written you my special letter in acknowledgement of your gift of $100.00 per year? I have by me on the cot my record of special gift notices, so that if I can ever find time for an extra letter I can write to some of these friends. Here is one recently received;

"H" September 1928.
WEST CHINA; c/o L.F. Havermale,
Mrs. Enola Havermale,
Canton, Ill.
Pledge: $60.00 per yr for 5 yrs.
Support of two students at Tzechow.
NEW;
Vo. 26285.

It looked good to me to see that familiar and dear name when I opened up a letter in which I had not expected to see it. When I get back to Tzechow, I must take a picture of your protectes and send to you. Thanks many many times.

No, it doesn't seem possible that Harry can be forty years old, already, and it doesn't seem possible that when this letter reaches you it will be pretty close to your 55th birthday. I wish that it were so that I could give you the kisses to match it. On that day I will be starting out on the last section of my first quarterly conference meetings, but I will be thinking of you, and regretting that in this fiftieth year I have written you so few letters, sparing you anxiety and telling you of my love. I prepared a panorama of Tzechow taken from just above our house just before I left Tzechow. And Clara was going to print some stereographs of our last summer's trip. We were not able to get printing paper for these until when we were at Chungking. I think the stereographs are so satisfying for our purposes. They make things live. When we get back home I believe that after we have used our embroideries and curios for the necessary exhibition purposes, I will get Clara's consent to sell some of them and buy a stereographic camera that I have in mind. They are rather expensive though, so I won't plan too seriously as yet, until I
find out how far a $1600. salary goes in America, and plan for the out-
coming outfit and home-going outfits needed. Then when our clothing is
all provided for, there are several pet schemes which I want to finance
either personally or, if the Board will permit, by special gifts. These
include the stereoptican lantern, the catalogue of which you sent me, and
sets of slides for station classes, etc. etc. But by that time my plans
will be more mature, and I may have changed some large details.

I hadn't known that Dan was working in a furniture store. Was it in
the accounting department, or as salesman? I'm glad he got the place,
and I agree with Harry that if he gets the chance to prove himself, he'll
make good without doubt. Harry's thought for us was certainly a very
kind thought. As the Chinese say, "I am most unworthy". Of one thing
I am quite sure, we shall be happier if it can remain simply a thought.

We got a letter from the Liljestrand the other day agreeing to our
proposal that we plan to return to America together, and suggesting that
if we want to travel first-class we had better engage our passage at once.
That sounds like going home, doesn't it? But I'll risk travelling
second-class, if I can only arrange to see the things we want to see. I
think I mentioned in my last letter that we want to go by rail from Hankow
to Shantung to see Confucius' birthplace and grave, then up to Peking,
 thru Manchuria, down thru Korea, across Japan, where we will get the
steamer to Hawaii and San Francisco. Owing to the attention which is
being drawn to Shantung by the Peace Treaty, to Korea by the persecutions,
and to the north of China in general because of the famine, I think it
would be worth our while to take time to familiarize ourselves with the
situation first-hand, so as not to disappoint inquirers at home. Most folks
think that China is about the size of Fulton County anyway, and expect us
to be thoroughly acquainted with every section. I have sent to Coak's agency
for literature and information, and we'll attend to getting passage as
soon as we know where we're at, so to speak.

Magazines are coming more regular now than for a long time. The
American papers are doing better than some of the Chinese papers to which
we have subscribed. Some of them we've dropped, as this year promises
to give no great amount of time for reading. Besides I have about twenty
of last year's Saturday Evening Posts still unread.

Well, it is getting dark, and I must get my letters across the street
to the postoffice. I have been sitting here so long, that I'm almost as
tired as though I had walked the usual distance. Tomorrow we visit two
chapels and walk twenty miles. I wonder what the day will bring forth.

Sorry about Muzzy's rheumatism, but glad that she can find some
ways in which to be comfortable. Heaps of love to every one of you.

Lovingly,
Lewis