

LETTERS to BETSEY

Jeannie L. Coody

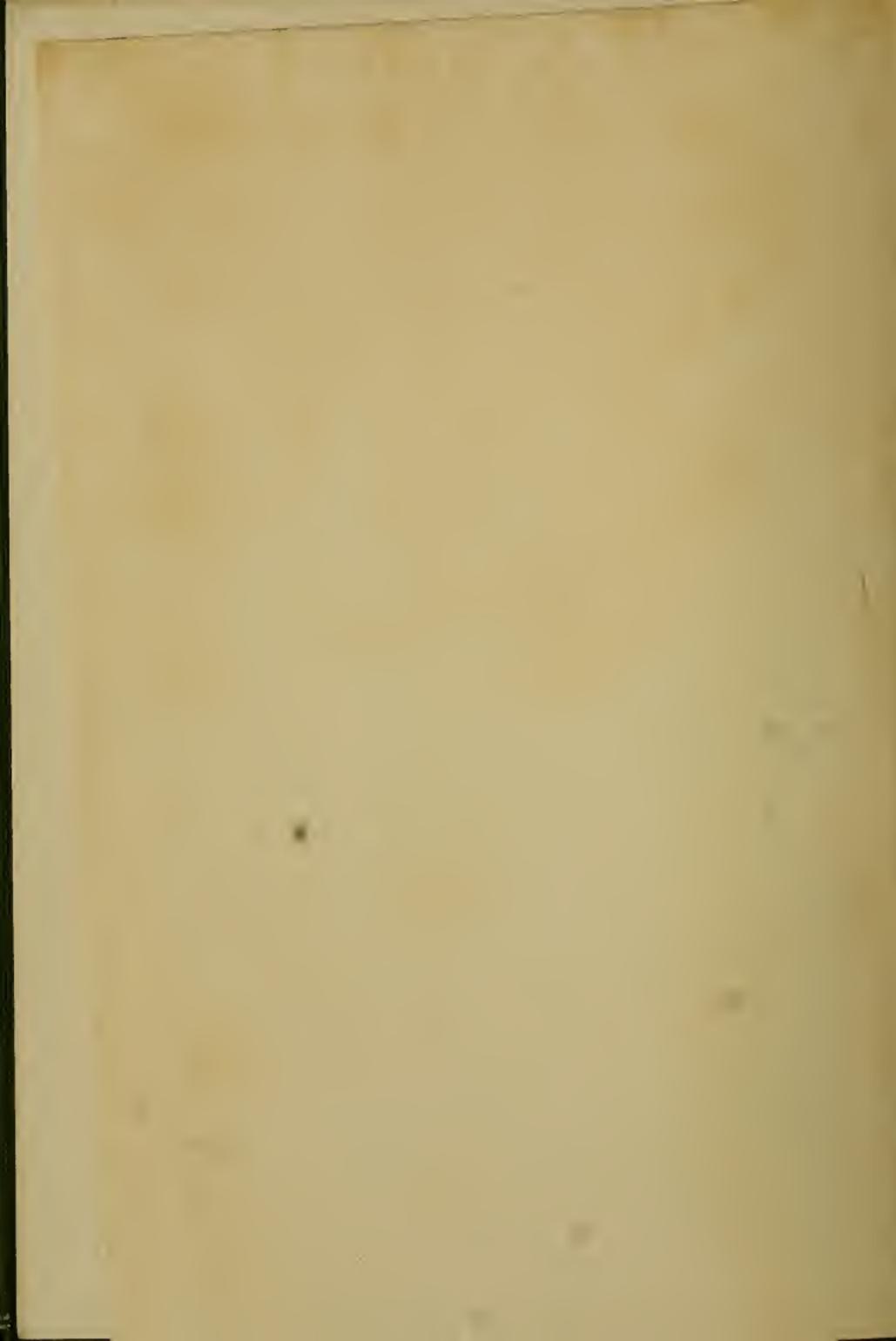


Class A 5701

Book C 6

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





MY FRIEND, THE TAI-TAI

LETTERS TO BETSEY

BY JENNIE L. CODY

SIX YEARS A MISSIONARY IN CHINA

PHILADELPHIA

THE GRIFFITH AND ROWLAND PRESS

BOSTON

CHICAGO

ST. LOUIS

TORONTO, CAN.

15721
C6

Copyright 1915 by
A. J. ROWLAND, Secretary

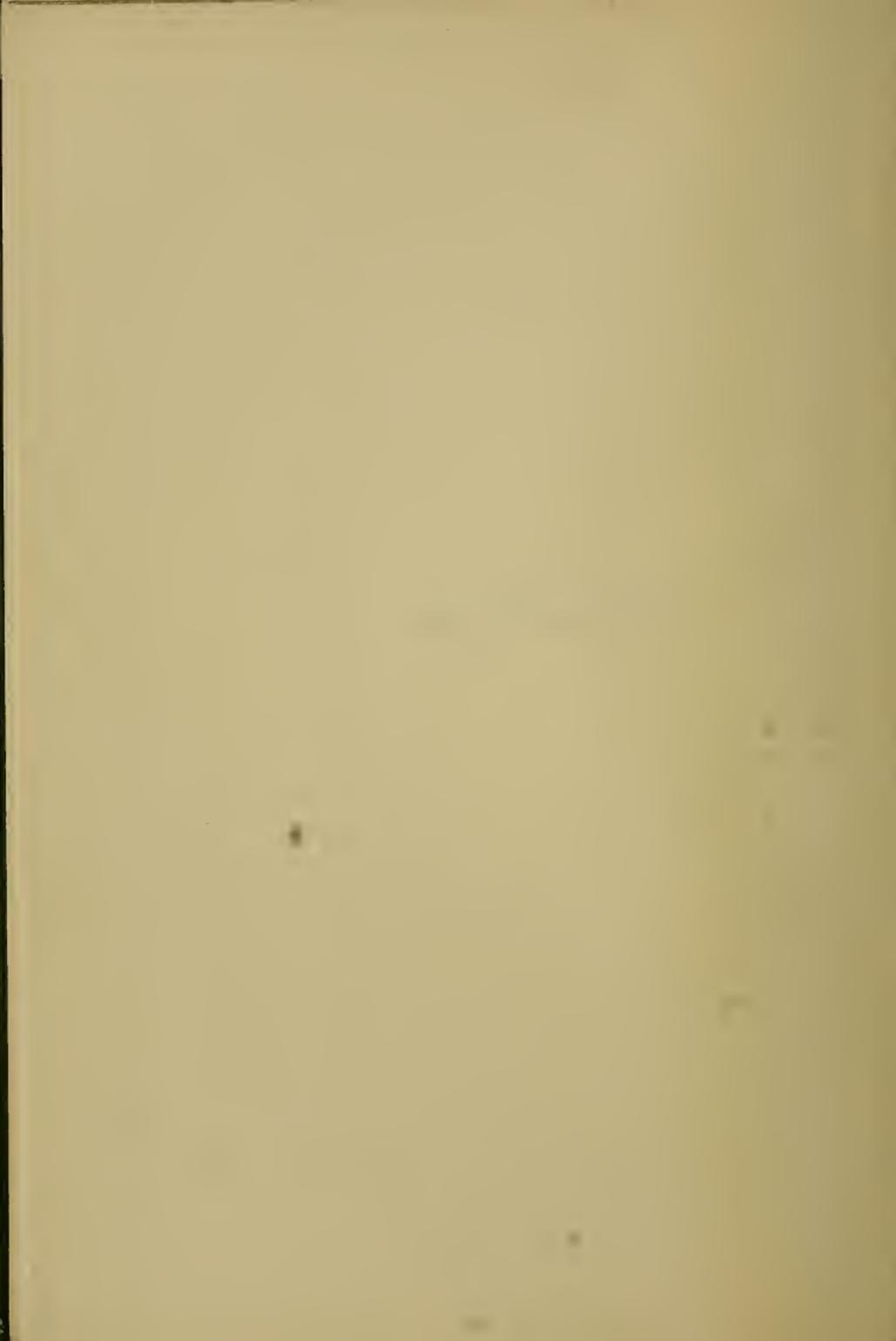
Published November, 1915

✓
DEC 22 1915

©Cl.A420020

no. 1

To my Mother



FOREWORD

I HAVE read the manuscript of "Letters to Betsey" with a great deal of pleasure, since both the author and her adventures in China are well known to me.

So many of the books which purport to tell personal experiences are "made in America," that it is a pleasure to come upon one which is simply an unvarnished statement of the real experiences of a real missionary. That is the fact in regard to "Letters to Betsey."

Many workers in our missionary societies are unfamiliar with just the sort of intimate details about every-day life that Miss Cody has given, in these letters of hers actually written to friends at home, which have received very little editing and are therefore all the more valuable as a true transcript from the life of an American girl in China.

The book will surely be of value in creating a true understanding of the every-day life of the foreign missionary in China.

HELEN B. MONTGOMERY.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Page</i>	
<i>My friend, the Tai-Tai</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>	✓
<i>A rural laundry</i>	84	✓
<i>Mr. Shih and his family</i>	88	✓
<i>The women of the Bible school</i>	108	✓
<i>A typical country home</i>	182	✓
<i>Mrs. Wan</i>	208	✓

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I

SAN FRANCISCO, October 5, 1908.

MY DEAREST BETSEY: Here I am at stop number one on my long journey to the Celestial Kingdom. Did your ears burn at one o'clock last Tuesday night? I awoke then to realize that for a little while I was near you and home. How I longed to stretch out my arms across the country and give you a big hug. As the train pounded on and on in the darkness, carrying me farther and farther away from you, dear, I had no desire to sleep, but spent the time in praying for you and mother. Near morning I slept, and awoke at sunrise to have a beautiful view of Lake Erie before we left it behind.

I am glad the summer is past and I am away. If I live to be ninety I am sure there will never be anything so hard for me again. But I never quite lost courage after that day in the Newton Church, when, in the quiet hush, God seemed to speak directly to my heart in the words: "Be not dismayed, . . . I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Neverthe-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

less the summer has been hard; especially these last days of farewell to all my friends. I feel perfectly benumbed, and my backbone is still so stiff I dare not bend for fear I'll break it.

The long, unbroken trip across the continent has been the best thing that could come to me at such a time. How I have wished that I might write indelibly upon my mind these last impressions of the homeland! We left the train on Saturday evening, hoping soon to be settled and ready for a good rest on Sunday. No such joy in store! Instead, there was a repetition of the Cook party act of Chicago, only this time it was the ferry instead of a Parmelee bus. There are twenty in our party. The men thought it would be more expeditious to put our baggage all together to send up to the hotel. Hand-baggage for twenty people on their way to the Orient forms quite a mountain on a truck, and with a dozen females standing guard was evidently a spectacle for the natives, for three policemen and two deaconesses gathered around us, asking each other who and what we were. When they learned that we were merely a harmless body of missionaries they dispersed, and we wended our way to the ferry.

Never a bit of a rest have we had to-day or yesterday. Meetings and speechmaking, a reception, farewells, and even shopping and sightseeing have filled the days and half the nights. We sail to-morrow at twelve. My heart gives a queer throb as I write the words. Oh, my dear, the time is so near and then there can be no turning back. It is time for the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

sandman to come, so I'll waft you a last American kiss. Good night.

On board S. S. Korea, Golden Gate, October 6.
Golden Gate to golden opportunities? Or is the name a misnomer.

A Chinese lady sat in front of me on the car coming down to the boat. She was dressed in a black brocaded satin jacket fastened at the shoulder and under the right arm, a skirt with panel back and front and knife-plaiting at the sides. Her hair was brushed smooth as black satin in folds over her ears, and had large gold and jade ornaments in the coil at the back. She had numerous rings and a massive gold brooch set with dozens of pearls. So this is the manner of woman with whom I am to associate in the future.

At last we are off. We have waved to the friends on the dock until we can no longer see them. Now I must take this down to send back by the pilot. I have called the Chinese foreigners for the last time in—how many years? Henceforth it is I who will be the foreigner and the stranger. I am glad you cannot see my face as I write good-bye. Misty eyes sound well, but they are not becoming to your

JANE.

II

YOKOHAMA, October 24.

DEAR BETSEY: The Land of the Rising Sun is just as fascinating as the descriptions of it, and how good it is to have my feet on solid ground once more! Old Neptune treats me rather shabbily, and I have nearly decided never to go home on furlough. Aren't you sorry?

We have had a good trip, very few stormy days. Most of the ship's crew are Chinese. You never saw anything so funny as the row of Chinamen that lined up at the sounding of the alarm for fire-drill—so dirty and nondescript. Of course the table and cabin stewards with long, clean white shirties hanging straight to their ankles were very neat.

Honolulu is beautiful beyond expression. The luxuriant verdure, the palms and bananas, the gorgeous coloring of the flowers, the bright sunshine, the wondrous painted sea, and the strange mixture of the Orient and Occident all together left a picture in my mind's eye never to be effaced. The divers entertained us by diving for money while we waited for quarantine inspection. They looked like Fiji islanders, and tried to attract attention by queer guttural cries. Flower-venders waited on the dock to bedeck us with garlands of flowers for a small remuneration. Only one day

LETTERS TO BETSEY

there, but a day to be remembered for a lifetime. The crowning bit of beauty was the sight of the rosy banks of clouds veiling the tops of the mountains as we sailed away into the night.

Yokohama is having a grand holiday in honor of the visit of Admiral Sperry's fleets. Sixteen American and sixteen Japanese battleships are anchored in the harbor, and the whole city is gay with bunting and thousands of flags and Japanese lanterns. The streets are full of little people in picturesque costumes, bobbing and courtesying in most ceremonious fashion. The sight of such politeness is most attractive, but I fear it would be out of place in a Brooklyn bridge crush.

Miss Condit and Yamada San met us, and we went up to the Mary L. Colby school in jinrikishas. I felt like I was a lady in a book. Yamada San laughed at us for sitting up so stiff and straight. After that I leaned back and tried to look as if I were accustomed to riding in a rickshaw; and, lo and behold, I am! Already the novelty is past.

The school is very pleasant, and the girls' dormitories as neat as you would expect them to be with no furniture in them. But how would you like to sit on your heels, and to sleep on a mat on the floor, with a block of wood for a pillow?

Yesterday afternoon we were invited by the chaplain of the Virginia to go over the boat. It was very interesting; but I am glad I do not have a brother in the navy. The boys of Duncan Academy went with us. I wish you could have seen them when we got back

LETTERS TO BETSEY

on shore, waving their caps, and shouting, "Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" in honor of the chaplain as lustily as ever American boys hurrahed. It was dusk already, but Miss Wilson and I undertook the commission of buying something for the crowd to present the chaplain as a souvenir of the day. I forgot that I was tired and hungry in the fun of hurrying from shop to shop. There were crowds of people, all so polite and good-natured. The little shops form such a contrast to our stores. In some the floor was partly a raised platform, on which we sat while bargaining with the engagingly polite shopkeeper. And how the pretty things did tempt me to spend every cent—*sen*, I should say. Rickshaw rates on this gala night were too exorbitant for poor missionaries, so we walked up the hill to the bluff in the dark, and a dainty wee Japanese maiden served the dinner which she had kept waiting for us.

Early this morning we parted from our friends at the school, and went by train to Tokyo for a day's sight-seeing. We went out to the famous old Shiba Temple. I was more interested in the city and the people than in the temple with its lacquered floor, its old carvings and paintings, and "idols of wood and stone" to which the heathen bow down. Poor little kiddies we saw clicketying-clacketying in wooden sandals along the streets, with baby sister or brother tied on their backs! Must they too grow up to worship false gods? This afternoon we went shopping in the largest bazaar in Tokyo, the most fascinating place you could imagine.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I had to hold my purse-strings tight, or have no money left to tip the stewards.

I am now back on the Korea. Each of the thirty-two battleships is outlined with electric lights. Launches and motor-boats gaily festooned with strings of red and white lanterns dart hither and yon. Myriads of lanterns around the docks and along the Bund dance giddily in the breeze. From a little distance across the harbor a brilliant pyrotechnic display is doubled by the reflection in the water. Over all the steadfast moon, which a few hours ago looked down on you, now looks down on me. You can see for yourself this is no time for letter-writing, so I'll whisper the moon a message of love to carry to you and mother from

JANE.

III

SHANGHAI, November 2.

MY DEAR BETSEY: Really in China at last. Lucky for me that we had the stops in Japan to prepare us for China. We had a pleasant day in Kobe and Osaka, visiting the missionaries. Osaka is an hour's ride by trolley from Kobe. It was raining that day, and the farmers were all out in straw raincoats and hats which made them look like miniature animated Fujiyamas. Nagasaki is a wonderfully picturesque place, with precipitous mountains garlanded with green. The saddest thing in Japan is to see men drawing heavy drays, straining every muscle, until their faces express nothing but brute force, and they look like animals rather than men.

They tell me the foreign concession of Shanghai, where we are staying, is not at all like a Chinese city. It looks much like one to me. Chinese shops and homes are interspersed with the European ones, and Chinese people throng the streets. The men wear long gowns, and many of the women wear trousers with no skirts over them. I have poked around into all sorts of strange places in search of furniture to take to Han-yang. I had an exciting adventure this afternoon; got lost and couldn't make the rickshaw man understand where I wanted to go. I was in a Chinese section of the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

city, and it seemed an age before I came out on a foreign street and began to get my bearings.

The modes of locomotion here are numerous. I have been in a trolley-car, an automobile, a rickshaw, and a wheelbarrow; perhaps I should say "on" the latter. It had a most captivating squeak. The tall sheik policemen with their big red, or yellow, or white turbans are most awe-inspiring. I assure you I do not intend to commit any misdemeanor and fall into their hands! I'd rather trust to the tender mercies of the Chinese policemen in the French concession.

You should hear the people here talk pidgin-English. It is the most ridiculous lingo imaginable. Here are some examples of this classic language: "Missy have got?" (Is miss at home?) "No, missy have not got." "Tell missy have got three piece lady?" (Tell miss there are three ladies to call on her.) "Go topside catchee one piecie man." Isn't it "the limit"?

On board S. S. Kiang Hsin, November 7. I am the only American on board; the captain and a Chinese man, who is traveling first cabin, are the only other persons who speak English. There are two Frenchmen, a German army officer, and some Chinese. When I went out to tea this afternoon several Chinese ladies and two little girls were in the saloon. I was an object of great curiosity. One of the women whispered to her daughter, and the child immediately stooped and peered under the table at my big feet. These women and girls all have tiny "lily feet" in bright-colored embroidered

LETTERS TO BETSEY

pointed slippers about four inches long. How *can* a mother cripple her child so?

Most of the houses along the river seem to be built of mud and reeds, thatched with reeds. They are grouped in villages with a few trees around them. The cities so far in coming up the Yangtze have not been impressive. We see many large fish-nets on frames, and near-by are tiny huts to shelter the man who tends the net. Except near the large cities I have seen no launches or motor-boats, nothing but Chinese junks, sailboats, and rowboats. It is very exciting to watch the passengers embarking and disembarking at the towns where there are no hulks. A large rowboat comes out with the passengers and their baggage. Such a conglomeration of things as they have! Boxes and bundles and baskets, live chickens, perhaps even some fresh eggs tied up in a square of cotton. The poor women with bound feet are so awkward in trying to scramble up onto the boat. The river current is very strong, and when the water is rough it looks as if somebody or something would surely go overboard. There is a perfect babel of voices, the women jabbering and the men shouting until the rowboat is loosed and drops behind the steamer.

Before leaving Shanghai I went into the native city. O Betsey, it is awful! I cannot describe it to you. I thought I knew what I was coming to, but I didn't have the ghost of an idea how dark heathenism really is. One "prominent preacher," who traveled clear around the world to study world-wide missions, went

LETTERS TO BETSEY

to the border of the foreign concession in Shanghai, looked over and saw the poor miserable creatures who thronged the street. Dirt and disease were too apparent. He decided it would be wrong for him to risk his precious life by venturing down the street!

Two days more and I shall be at the end of my long, long journey. How glad I am that I have a friend to welcome me.

Lovingly,

JANE.

IV

HANYANG, November 18.

YOU BLESSED BETSEY: Your first letter came to-day. I felt like dancing a jig or singing a song of praise because all is well with you dear ones. That "is" should be in the past tense, though. It is hard to realize that I am only now hearing that you were well five weeks ago.

"To resoom and go on" from where I left off, the Kiang Hsin got into Hankow early Monday morning. I was up and on deck before dawn, then waited until nearly ten before our people put in an appearance. I did not know whether they would come by boat or through Hankow; so I vibrated from one side of the boat to the other, watching for them. The sights were sufficiently novel to keep me interested. Swarms of coolies began unloading the cargo as soon as the boat anchored, carrying heavy loads on their backs, or on carrying-poles over their shoulders. At intervals one, two, or a whole group of sedan-chairs would come down to meet some of the passengers. The two Frenchmen and the Chinaman, who was a graduate of Columbia, went away with a tall young Chinaman in a handsome long garnet silk gown and bright blue satin trousers.

Every time I saw two sedan-chairs coming together

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I thought, "Perhaps that is Genevieve coming for me," and watched eagerly to see who would get out. But at last she came by boat, Mr. Howell and Mr. Gage with her. I thought Genevieve would be so glad to see me she'd laugh; instead, she cried!

She had some errands to do, so I went with her to the bank and the stores. There is a good-sized foreign concession in Hankow. Although it is six hundred miles from the coast, it is a port city. The first foreigner we met as we walked down the Bund was Mr. Lewis. He did not know that I was to arrive that day. It did make the world seem small to land on the opposite side of the globe, and within five minutes unexpectedly meet some one from my home town. One is constantly tempted to use the bromidic, "How small the world is!"

When we returned to the steamer Mr. Gage had all my baggage, viz., five rattan chairs, one rocker, a high-poster black iron bed with springs, a table, two rolls matting, two trunks, two suit-cases, and bags and bundles galore (actually all these things came with me as baggage), loaded on a small sailboat. This was on the river side of the steamer. The next question was how were Genevieve and I to get down into that little boat, bobbing up and down with the waves, seven or eight feet below the lowest deck of the steamer. At last they placed a chair on the small end of the boat. A Chinaman held my hand from above till I made the grand leap, Mr. Gage caught my other hand as it came within reach, and I landed on the chair instead

LETTERS TO BETSEY

of in the water as I had expected. Genevieve was as fortunate as I.

The boatmen put up their sail and whistled for the wind. I wonder if Chinese boatmen did that hundreds of years before America was discovered. The whistle was ineffectual, and the current was so strong that the two men had to row hard to bring us up the three miles in an hour and a half. They stand facing the prow to row.

When I landed in Hankow I thought, "China isn't so bad after all!" In the foreign concessions there is a fine stone embankment along the river's edge, and landing-places with broad flights of stone steps leading up to the street at every block. There are wide macadamized streets and cement pavements, grass-plots and shade trees. The buildings are large and built in European style. If it had not been for the people I could easily have believed myself anywhere but in China. There are scores of beggars, miserable, repulsive creatures with long matted hair, dressed in sackcloth and dirt instead of sackcloth and ashes. Hundreds of coolies, whose appearance is little better, swarm the streets, doing work that at home is done by beasts of burden. From these up to the pompous mandarin and my lady in silk attire, every grade of society is represented. But in the concessions are also many Europeans.

When we got away from the concession in our little sailboat I realized that for the first time I had left foreign influences behind and was in real China. And,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Betsey dear, China is as different from America as night is from day. Hanyang is China, pure and simple. There streets are narrow and dirty, and we catch glimpses of the interiors of the tiny huts where pigs and chickens and dogs share the "parlor" with the family. There is a stone embankment along the river here too, and stone steps at the landing-places. But such steps! The blocks of stone have been displaced by the river when it rises in the summer until now there is only a rough pile of stones; some on which we must step are so wobbly that they tip and tilt under us. The ascent is more precarious because the steps are always muddy and slippery. There are no garbage men, and the landing-place (or *ma-teo*, as the Chinese call it) is the dump-heap for the whole neighborhood. All the water used in this big city is carried from the river. Coolies carry two big buckets on a pole over the shoulder, and the water slops over and keeps the *ma-teos* and the main street in a horribly muddy condition. I've seen mud at home, but nothing like this. It is so slimy and filthy that it makes me feel contaminated to walk through it.

I wish I could show you Hanyang as I see it, but I know I cannot; for, after all my reading about China, I had no conception of the squalor, disease, and wretchedness I was to meet on every hand here. Hundreds, if not thousands, of families in Hanyang live in mat-sheds. These are tiny huts made of unstable frames of bamboo poles with sheets of bamboo matting thrown over them, situated down on the mud-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

flats of the river or in any otherwise unoccupied space in the city. When I first saw them I thought they looked more like packing-cases than family residences. We would not consider them fit for a pig at home. It makes my heart ache to see the dirty little babies playing around in the mud in front of one of these "homes." By the way, did you know that the only word in Chinese for home is the character for pig under the character for roof? Home in China means a pig under a roof, but many people are too poor to own a pig. Happy the man who has a pig under his roof!

The mission compound is very small, and surrounded by high brick walls, which make one feel very much shut in, but which are desirable to shut out many undesirable things. The buildings are crowded close together, but there are beautiful shade trees, of which some are still green and remain so all winter. The Ladies' House (it is thus our domicile is designated) is brick, and when we get it furnished, as we hope to before long, it will be a very pleasant place for you to come and visit me. Oh, how I wish you could!

All the people of the mission have been very cordial, and have done everything to make me feel that I am among friends. They are lovely, but Betsey, *do* you suppose I shall look so queer and old-fashioned in two or three years? Speaking of looks reminds me of my experience when buying a pith-hat in Shanghai. When I tried on a sun-helmet and saw myself in the mirror, my heart went down thump into the bottom of my

LETTERS TO BETSEY

shoes. By no stretch of the imagination could the thing be considered becoming. If I must look like that all the rest of my life I could wish that I'd never said I would be a missionary. But I found a pith-sailor which reconciled me to my fate.

One of the events of the year is entertaining the West China missionaries as they go through on their way up river. They are here now. To-day six of us went across the river to Wu Chang, and out beyond the city to the Red Pagoda for a picnic. Wherever we had to wait for a few moments a crowd of men and boys would gather around and stare at us. The rickshaws of Hanyang and Wu Chang have little semblance to those of Japan. These are ready for the bone-yard. I never feared a wreck in the subway or "L" train, but to-day I lived in constant terror of a collision. You cannot imagine the old rattletraps, or the narrow, crowded streets, and the hairbreadth escapes we had. The city streets have very rough stone pavements. The coolies walked instead of running, and we did not wish them to go faster. If they had we wouldn't have had a breath left in our bodies.

I (don't) wish you could have a picture of me as I looked on my way back from the pagoda—my hair flopping over one ear, pith-hat over the other, glasses ready to fly off! One moment I was on the seat, the next in midair, then, bump! onto the seat again. All the time I was trying frantically to keep my umbrella in position so not one ray from the sun should strike my poor old head; my other hand clung desperately to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the rickshaw, or was ready to warn off anything that came too near. Once I was sure I was going to run over a blind man we met, and leaned out to push him to one side, but we passed without touching even the hem of his garment. How I wish I could describe some of these garments to you. But, like most things in China, they are indescribable.

We clambered up the irregular winding stone steps of the pagoda to the top, from which we had a wide view of the surrounding country. The hills are all covered with graves, thousands and thousands of them. There are few trees, but we found a shady spot where we ate our lunch. Several funny-looking children in wadded garments were interested spectators, and had a chance to sample American cooking after we had satisfied our appetites. On our way back we visited some of the missions, then crossed the river after sunset, while the deep red glow in the sky cast a rosy light over the water. It was so quiet and beautiful after the noise and dirt of the city.

Miss Thomas took me with her to a wedding-feast in the country last week. Of course our "valet" went too. (Genevieve calls the coolie who attends us as bodyguard our valet.) He is a country lad, and such a comical piece. The country roads are little more than footpaths over the hills or between the paddy-fields. We met five blind beggars walking in a line, the blind leading the blind.

It was a middle-class home, and this was the bride's feast to her friends, after which she was taken to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the groom's home. The next day he would give a feast, and the marriage would be consummated. The very first thing I did was wrong. How in the world was I to know that I should not sit on the chair that was pointed out to me? I should have insisted on Miss Thomas taking the highest seat at the feast, but not even knowing that it was a high seat I calmly sat down. Tea and Chinese sweets were served. I tried some dry, sweetened rice-flour, which was packed in cubes the size of a marshmallow. It looked good, but it was so dry and powdery it stuck in my throat. I was thankful for some hot tea. After that I indulged only in things that I was sure of—salted peanuts, dried melon seeds, and yellow rock-sugar.

While we waited for the feast people came and went on various errands. The neighbors crowded in to see the two foreigners. When the crowd was largest Mr. Uh, one of our church-members, arose and asked the people to be quiet for a while and listen to him *Kiang taoli* (explain the doctrine). Miss Thomas had some tracts printed on pink paper, which the people eagerly accepted.

Finally the bride's sedan-chair, gay in red satin and gold embroidery, was brought in, and the middleman appeared. The men grew tired of waiting, and shouted to the bride to hasten her preparations. After we had waited seemingly hours, we were summoned into the tiny bedroom to greet the bride. Most of the women were in there trying to help her dress. She was trembling, and her hands were cold, and she

LETTERS TO BETSEY

exclaimed, "I'm so afraid!" Perhaps *you* would be too, if *you* were about to be wedded to a man whom you had never seen, and of whom you knew almost nothing. Her face was rouged clear up onto the eyelids, and she wore her betrothal rings and earrings. A sort of cloak of red satin was hurried on, the bridal veil, a square of red satin, was adjusted over her face so she could see nothing, and she was led blindly forth and placed in the sedan-chair. As she was seated Mr. Uh started a bridal hymn, which was sung by the Christians; then he offered prayer before the little bride was carried away to her new home. When she was gone a great weeping and wailing arose among the women relatives. Some of them continued it all the time we feasted.

I disgraced myself by not being able to manipulate my chop-sticks properly. The women dipped their chop-sticks, the ones they were eating with, you understand, into the different dishes and piled things up on my bowl. I did not even know the word for "Enough"! When the feast was ended, and every bowl but mine scraped clean, I was mortified beyond measure to find mine still heaping full. The only thing I had to encourage me was that it did not make me ill. One of the requirements of a good missionary is to be able to eat Chinese food.

The language is fearful and wonderful. I sat down the first day in the Chinese guest-room, with my be-queued, begowned, begoggled teacher opposite me at the other side the table, and started practising the tones on the syllable *ma*. Of course the old Chinaman could

LETTERS TO BETSEY

not see that it was any more ludicrous for me to be calling out *Ma, ma, ma, ma, ma!* than to say *Fu, fu, fu, fu, fu,* and he wouldn't let me leave *ma* until I stopped giggling and gave the tones correctly. Nothing else is so bad as the aspirates, where he emits his breath explosively in my direction. Genevieve told me I would want a good wide study-table so my teacher would not be too near. "And now because and I'll tell you for why," as Mrs. Chase used to say—he eats garlic.

The nights in China are stranger than the days. All night long watchmen go through the streets beating their gongs to warn evil-doers of their approach. There is no excuse for a thief being caught; all he needs to do is to take to cover while the representative of the strong arm of the law passes by. Sometimes when there is illness or a death in a home near-by we hear the Buddhist or Taoist priests, who have been called in, beating gongs, clashing cymbals, setting off fire-crackers, and shouting incantations to drive away the evil spirits. Dogs bark continuously, and two cats fighting on the compound walls sing the same tune that cats on the back-yard fence at home indulge in, only Chinese cats seem to be more fond of midnight concerts. Our house is at the back of the compound, so we do not hear the noises from the street and the surrounding Chinese homes as much as other people do, but even here we are sometimes wakened by a family quarrel. So, you see, we have diversions by night as well as by day.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

What a volume I have written! If I do not reform you will learn to dread my letters. And there is still so much to tell. I haven't mentioned the good meetings at the church. It is splendid to hear the native pastor preach, even though I do not understand a word he says.

Already I have changed my name, and will sign myself,

Yours unworthily,

KEO JEN-LI.

V.

HANYANG, December 2.

DEAR BETSEY: The American mail came to-day and brought me an armful; so this is a red-letter day for me. (No pun intended.)

I have been thinking of the words of Phillips Brooks: "Our life is like the life of a tree, again and again stripped of every sign of life that it has put forth; and yet which still has gathered all those apparent failures into the success of one long continuous growth." When I left home I did feel that my life was stripped pretty bare. But already the little green sprouts are beginning to put forth, and life seems to hold greater possibilities than ever before. I was not mistaken in thinking that the need for Christian workers is greater in China than in America. I constantly wish that I might take my friends with me through the streets of the city and *show* them. If only people could see the need, certainly they would want to do a hundred times what they are doing to bring the message of salvation to these wretched people.

Last Sunday Mrs. Howell came in and invited us to go with them to the meeting at the Chiao Keo chapel. It was a beautiful day. We walked outside the city wall and around Dragon Hill, rowed across Moon Lake, took another walk through the suburbs of Han-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

yang, crossed the Han River, and were soon at our destination. It was a small native chapel. About sixty people attended. You know, the men and women do not sit together. One corner was reserved for the women, a tiny alcove six or seven feet square. About twenty women and children were crowded in there. Certainly that was getting near to the people! We sat on benches built like a carpenter's sawhorse, only a trifle wider. Both Mr. Howell and the native evangelist spoke, but, of course, I could not understand a word they said. Meanwhile the evangelist's wife played the part of hostess, finding places for the women who came late, and vainly attempting to keep the children quiet.

Are singers at home criticized for flattening their high notes? I wish the critics could hear the singing here! At the central church we have an organ and a leader, and the music is fairly good for China. (I'll admit I did not know it until I was told.) At Chiao Keo there was no organ, and the people have not the faintest idea of time or tune; but we were determined to have good music for once. The two or three women who could read kept with us, and we four stuck bravely together, while the men won out by a line or two.

On our way we passed a temple where there lives a nun who, to gain merit, has chopped off her own right hand, embalmed it, and now wears it hanging around her neck as a charm. We met a woman with a cyst tumor as large as her head on the side of her face. A little later we met a pig afflicted in identically

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the same manner in identically the same place on its face. In walking through the streets we had to stand to one side to let a line of several water-buffaloes pass by. They are large animals with long, flat horns, which extended almost the width of the street.

Another diversion was watching a quarrel between a passenger in a boat and the boatman. They raged and stormed at each other, stamping their feet, and looking ready to tear each other's hair out. The boatman grabbed up his long-handled mop (as good a weapon as a broomstick), and it looked as if he were going to have the best of the fight, but some other boatmen interfered, and with a look of murderous hate on his face the passenger departed. No one can say the Chinese have not expressive faces. They can look as pleasant or as disagreeable as any one I have ever seen. They are just plain folks like ourselves, and human nature is as much in evidence in China as in America. Don't tell anybody, for people might not feel flattered, but I am constantly being reminded by the Chinese of friends at home. In spite of flat noses and slant eyes they have the same types of faces. By the way, people's ideas of beauty differ. We may not admire the Chinese; neither do they admire us. One of the missionaries on a Chinese boat recently noticed two men regarding her most attentively. Finally one asked the other, "Why are foreign women so much uglier than our women?" After long contemplation the other replied, "I think it must be their noses."

The nurses from the hospital called this afternoon.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

It makes me feel so stupid not to be able to talk with them. They were neatly dressed in black and looked every inch the lady, even if they did wear trousers instead of skirts. Mrs. Liu, the matron and head factotum at the hospital, is a very capable woman. Yet only three years ago she was living down on the river-flats in a mat-shed, such as I have described to you. She could neither read nor write a word. Her husband was an opium fiend, and they were so poor that they sold their little daughter for money to buy opium.

I can imagine I see their little son, Kuan-Teh, going about the streets and fields with a basket on his arm and a pair of tongs made of two sticks, engaged in the frequent occupation of the children from these wretched hovels, gathering up all sorts of refuse. Nothing seems too poor for them to make use of. Filthy old rags go to the rag-shops. The dried outer leaves of the coarse Chinese cabbage, or any scrap of food thrown out in the garbage of the more well-to-do people is picked up from the filth of the streets or from the dump-heaps along the river-banks. What a paradise a well-filled American garbage-can would be to some of these children! Coarse grass and weeds are gathered from among the graves on the hillside and twisted into ropes, which are cut into short lengths for fuel. Other weeds and grasses are cooked as vegetables. Kuan-Teh was growing up in the same ignorance and superstition that is the lot of multitudes of children in China. But the father died. Doctor Lessey came. She could not secure an educated woman to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

help in the hospital, for nursing was considered menial work. She became acquainted with Mrs. Liu, and beneath her ignorance she saw latent possibilities. While studying the language she taught Mrs. Liu, and now this woman from the depths is able to minister not only to the sick bodies of the patients in the hospital, but to their sin-sick souls as well. She goes with Doctor Lessey into wealthy and official homes, and is received with respect. The prejudice against the menial work of nursing is breaking down, and people are beginning to look upon it as a profession. Doctor Lessey is helping Mrs. Liu to keep Kuan-Teh in school, and he has grown to be a splendid boy.

The two other nurses, Ma Ta-Ku and Pen Ta-Ku, both young girls, have equally interesting stories. Many of the people we see have thrilling life-stories. I long for the time when I can talk with them. But, oh, this dreadful language!

Christmas is coming, and even in China the word casts a magic spell over the mind. May it be a joyous one to all you dear ones, but in the midst of all the jollity spare a few thoughts for

JANE.

P. S. In glancing over this I happened to think of what your idea of a chapel with an "alcove" would be. You are entirely mistaken. The Chiao Keo chapel does not have plastered walls, a board floor, and three glass windows on each side. It is dark and dingy and crude in the extreme. The only bits of brightness are the Scripture banners and pictures on the walls.

VI

HANYANG, December 16.

MY DEAR BETSEY: You say people ask if I like it here. How could any one "like it" in a city where the only clean, attractive spots which I know are within the walls of the three mission compounds? (We have two, and the English Wesleyans have a large girls' school and a church at the west gate, about a mile from here.)

If we step outside the compound gate we must pass through the native streets. The sights and smells are truly sickening. I cannot describe it on paper. We see more filth, misery, poverty, and disease in a half-hour's walk in Hanyang than I have seen in all my life in America; and as you know, I am well acquainted with the slums of several of our largest cities. Talk of reeking alleys! Here the whole city reeks, and the streets are all alleys. Some of the main streets are twelve or fourteen feet wide, but they are evidently public property in the sense that any individual may use them as he sees fit. Consequently, all the space except four or five feet through the middle of the street is filled with stalls, or with the personal property of the householders or shopkeepers. Open-air restaurants are popular even in winter. The tables are set out in the streets, also the smoking stoves on which the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Chinese chef in dirty jacket prepares all sorts of unappetizing food. The smell is all I want. No! I mean I do not want even the smell.

Carpenters pile their logs in the street, where two men leisurely saw them into boards by means of a small hand-saw. Furniture-makers paint or varnish their tables and chairs and pile them out in the street to dry. The merchant of chinaware, with a few dozen tea- or rice-bowls, calmly spreads them out in the street and the pedestrian must step around them. The spectacle merchant does likewise with his clumsy steel-rimmed spectacles; so does the fishman with his baskets of fish, and the venders of a dozen other commodities fall in line. The barber puts down his stool in the street, and is ready for business. Umbrella-makers work there with their unfinished paper umbrellas spread out all around. Meat and every other sort of food is displayed for sale in open exposure to the trillions of microbes which throng the air. Women do their washing and hang the clothes in the street to dry. Itinerant merchants and keepers of portable restaurants go through the streets hawking their wares; coolies chant a monotonous work-song as they carry their heavy burdens; and sedan-chair bearers keep up a constant shouting for people to clear the streets. Chickens, pigs, and mangy dogs are much in evidence.

The condition of the people fits Isaiah's description of Israel: "Full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up." The beggars are so frightfully dirty, and even in winter

LETTERS TO BETSEY

are half-naked, or clad in filthy tatters, picturesquely described as "zoological hanging gardens." They always display their sores and deformities to win sympathy when asking alms. Dreadful eye, skin, and scalp diseases are very prevalent. Instead of being bound up, the scabs and open sores are exposed to sight and to infection, which greatly increases the trouble. I am often nauseated by seeing men and boys with the entire scalp one mass of scabs and running sores; and it is not uncommon to see people with the nose, or the upper or under lip, partly, or even entirely, eaten away by loathsome diseases.

The sights alone are enough to sicken and distress. The smells are disgusting. Open sewers in the city and stagnant pools outside taint the purity of the air. There is no water system. Men go through the city with large, uncovered buckets gathering up the night-soil to be carried out into the country for use as a fertilizer. It is not particularly pleasant to meet these buckets, or to pass through a street where are half a dozen of them and the women all out in front of the houses scrubbing out the family receptacle. At intervals are partially enclosed public privies with small pretense at privacy, which add their vile odors to the general reekiness. It makes a person wish the olfactory nerve were a minus quantity.

But the joke of it is, that in spite of the offensive smells we must endure, the fastidious Chinaman will sometimes turn the tables on us by holding his nose when he sees a foreigner coming down the street,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

because, forsooth, the Chinaman thinks the foreigner has a disagreeable odor. Now what do you think of that?

Every time we leave the compound we must encounter these sights and smells, for there is a five-minute walk before we can get out into the open. Part of the distance is along Primrose Lane, so dubbed in tribute to the perfume from the open sewer which oozes beneath the city wall at this point. Then if we walk over the hill to gather late wildflowers in December, we must pass by a number of uncovered coffins; some have stood there many months, waiting for an auspicious day for burial. One day we saw a tiny rough-board coffin which had been torn open, and the little corpse eaten by pigs or dogs. Another day this pleasant walk among the graves was spoiled by the doleful wailing of a widow over the grave of her husband. Why do we walk among the graves? Because there is no other place within a mile if we wish to get away from the native streets.

If we want to see any of our own kind, or do business we must go in a small rowboat or sailboat, climbing up and down the rickety stone steps of the *ma-teos* with the likelihood of slipping into the mud if we are not very careful of our footing. I saw a Chinaman slip into a mud-bank one day. He went in half-way to his knees. People stood around and laughed instead of helping him out. They did the same when Mrs. Gage started straight through to America by the same direct route the other day. It took the united efforts

LETTERS TO BETSEY

of Genevieve and the servant to pull her back, and neither Genevieve's nor Mrs. Gage's skirts will ever recover from the effects of the mud-bath. When it is rainy or stormy we must stay at home or paddle through the mud. Sedan-chairs are too expensive to use unnecessarily, and Hanyang rickshaws are worse, far worse than mud.

Add to these things and a hundred others which I cannot put on paper the fact that wherever we go we are the gazing-stock of all the people along the way. Children hurl such complimentary epithets as "foreign dog" and "old hag" or even "foreign devil" after us. Women standing in the doorways call others to come quickly and see the odd-looking foreigners. In tribute to Madam Grundy, if not for safety from molestations by beggars, we must be accompanied by a servant. At first I thought I never could become accustomed to having a Chinese boy trailing along behind me every time I stepped outside the gate. I cannot begin to enumerate all the disagreeables. If you should come to Hanyang you would exclaim with the Queen of Sheba, "The half has never been told," only your wonder would be at undesirable things.

Nevertheless, it is worth living in China to see the transformation which Christianity has wrought in some lives. With the missionary motive strong in my heart I can say, "Better fifty years of Cathay than a cycle of Europe"—or any other country. Do not think there are no pleasures in China. It is perfectly delightful to step inside the compound gate after

LETTERS TO BETSEY

an outing, and hear the squeaky cracked voice of the old gatekeeper saying, "*Ai-ah! Siao-tsieh-men-huei-liao!* (Ah! the misses have returned)." I would rather be here than anywhere else in the whole wide world.

Yours happily,

JANE.

VII

HANYANG, January 1, 1909.

MY VERY DEAR BETSEY: The day for good resolutions has come, and I shall celebrate by writing to thank you for the lovely gifts and the letter you sent to help make my first Christmas in China a happy one. We have to make it a very merry holiday here, so that there shall be no time for sadness. Ten thousand miles seems a greater distance at Christmas than at any other time of the year.

The day before Christmas Genevieve and I went for a walk on the hill under the old city wall. If one could only forget the surrounding graves and uncovered coffins it would be a pleasant walk after leaving the city streets. The wall rises twenty feet above the top of the hill. Across the pond in the other direction the Chinese houses with their ornamental tile roofs are quite enchantingly picturesque. Disenchantment comes on a nearer view. The hill is almost bare, but we found some red berries with which to decorate our house. We went in to see Mrs. Lane, and found the children wild with glee over Christmas secrets.

We decorated the house with the berries and the beautiful foliage of the heavenly bamboo, and some Christmas bells which I brought from home. It was very festive. We gave a Christmas-eve party. Be-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

fore retiring we hung up our stockings. If Santa did not fill them, some one else did, and we three old maids began Christmas Day in the orthodox way by opening our stockings in front of a grate fire. We had a Christmas tree at Doctor Lane's in the afternoon, and went to the Howells' for the evening. It was hard to realize that we were in a land where millions of people have never heard of Christmas or the Babe of Bethlehem.

One day a countrywoman called, who said she came to Hankow and Hanyang to see the world. She told of the wonderful high buildings in Hankow. None are more than four stories high. She wanted to see the inside of one of the big buildings, and she proceeded to see, going up-stairs and all through the house, constantly exclaiming about how clean it was, and what a wonderful world it is. She thought a great many people must live here—could scarcely believe it when told there are only three. Think of one whole large bedroom for one person! Such luxury is almost incredible.

There has been such distress from poverty and famine this year that we three decided to give a feast to the women of the church. Do you know how a Chinese feast is served? We have square tables and eight sit at a table. There is no cloth or silver, just chop-sticks and a sort of china spoon at each plate. Large bowls of food are placed in the middle of the table. Each guest is given a bowl of rice, and all dip their chop-sticks into the large bowls and help them-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

selves and one another. Microbes are an unknown quantity, and it is quite proper to take something from your own bowl and give it to your neighbor. An old woman next me disposed of her food in the most marvelously short time. It would have taken away your appetite to see the tables with gravy spilled all over them. The feast was served in the school dining-room. Fortunately the floor is cement, for all the bones and "leavings" were thrown under the table in true Oriental fashion. After the feast we sang hymns. Notice I say "*we* sang," and it wasn't English, either. Perhaps I didn't know half the characters, but I am making progress.

Nearly another month before I can expect a letter telling me about your Christmas. Do you suppose I shall *ever* become accustomed to waiting so long for my letters?

Ever your loving

JANE.

VIII

HANYANG, February 10.

BELOVED BETSEY : It is a dull, gray day, not raining or freezing, but damp and chilly enough to be both. How *can* it be so cold when the thermometer is above freezing? I am sure the mercury is lying, but there is no ice to prove that I am right. If we go out and exercise for a while we come in warm and wondering why we thought it cold, but after a half-hour the chills are creeping up my spine again. I find the cold much more trying here than at home.

We had great excitement here this morning. At six o'clock the boy knocked on our door, and called to tell us that a thief had been in the house. We hurried on some clothes and went out. San Seh was waiting with the lantern, for it was still pitch-dark. We went down to investigate, and found that twenty or thirty dollars' worth of things had been stolen. We found where the thief had a ladder and climbed over the compound wall, and are relieved that there is nothing to implicate the servants in any way.

I have never told you much about the servants, have I? Some people think missionaries are extravagant because we live in large houses and keep servants, whereas both are necessities. The hot summers here would be unendurable in small low-ceilinged rooms

LETTERS TO BETSEY

such as many houses at home have. It is difficult to keep well in this climate under the most favorable condition we can achieve. A teacher or business woman in America usually boards. Here there is no place to board; we must keep house. But instead of taking the time which belongs to missionary work for cooking and dishwashing, we hire servants to do that, and we give all our energies to the work for which we came here. We must have three servants to do the work which one would do at home, but even so it is no great extravagance, for we pay the three only nine dollars a month, and they eat their own rice. Doubtless you are bright enough to know that means that they board themselves.

Hu Si-fu, our cook, is the most impish specimen of humanity I ever saw. His queue is all kinks and quirks, and so is his face. When he tells how much the "lice" for dinner cost it is hard for me not to laugh as if he'd made a joke. I am sure he is a rascal, but he has not done anything very bad since he came to us. Wong San Teh is the house boy. His name means Three Virtues, but we think all the virtues in the catalogue are insufficient to enumerate his. He is so quiet about the house, and keeps things in beautiful order. He is almost incredibly neat and clean for a Chinaman. The coolie is so slow and stupid we call him Dunce Si-fu. This morning he did not sweep my room clean. I called him in to do it over again. His shoes were dirty, and he tracked in much more dirt than he took out. It was exasperating! My vocabulary

LETTERS TO BETSEY

was not equal to the demands of the occasion, and I let him go, then meekly got down and wiped up his tracks with my duster.

We take turns at the housekeeping, each taking it for a month at a time. I am having my first turn, and have had many amusing experiences. There has been much loud talk in the servants' quarters lately. To-night I told the cook that we don't wish to hear big voices. He smiled sweetly, and confidentially informed me that the coolie has a very big voice; perhaps it would be well for the miss to speak to the coolie about it. If you could hear the cook's voice as he issues his orders, you would know why this is enough to keep me good-natured for the rest of the evening. One day I saw him mixing a cake in the wash-basin in which I had previously seen the coolie washing his feet. When I mentioned this little matter to the cook and told him we did not consider it cleanly, he was horrified. *He* would never do such a thing. One day a perfectly good wild duck skeleton with a leg and two wings disappeared. I told the cook to put it on for supper, knowing full well that he could not produce it. He looked blank for a moment, then said, "*Keo-ih* (All right)." When we went down to supper there was minced-up meat in a ring of mashed potatoes. The proof of the pudding was in the eating. Not one scrap of wild duck did we taste. Cook received a curtain-lecture on "left-overs." It seems impossible to teach the Chinese to distinguish between cloths. The floor-cloth and the dish-cloth become hopelessly mixed in

LETTERS TO BETSEY

their uses. The duster is used to dry the dishes, or the dish-towel to dust the rooms. One day after Genevieve had delivered a lecture to the cook on wearing a cap in the kitchen so we wouldn't find so many long black hairs in our food, she went out and found him with a dish-towel tied around his head. He looked very complacent, and seemed to expect a word of commendation. We have wonderful dreams of the time when we shall have well-trained servants.

It is Chinese New Year, and all China is having a holiday. The shops are all closed, and the houses are decorated with strips of red paper, on which are characters which mean long life, happiness, etc., and with new door-gods, as they call the hideous pictures which they put up to frighten away the evil spirits. People are all dressed in their best, and it is so quiet it seems like an old-fashioned Sunday at home.

This sure am a drefful language. There are two hundred and fourteen characters in the alphabet, and the phonetics besides. Four or five thousand characters are in common use. Dozens of them are pronounced exactly alike; as there are only five tones, that means there are many words which it is absolutely impossible to distinguish between so far as sound is concerned. For instance, different characters which are pronounced *shi* in the same tone mean to bite, corpse, divine, bestow, act, connect, poetry, and so on ad infinitum. When I hear the word *shi*, how am I to know which of the possible one hundred and fifty words is meant? There seem to be no general terms.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I learned the word for cut, and thought I could use it on all occasions, but it wouldn't work. To chop and to slice are entirely different processes, and you can't cut with scissors using the same word you use to cut with a knife. There are fourteen words for cut in Chinese, and I think it will be fourteen years before I shall be able to use each in its proper place. The family relations are as difficult to designate. There is no word for uncle as we use it. We must learn four words for father's older brother, father's younger brother, mother's older brother, and mother's younger brother. The same way for the aunts and the cousins, and the mother's father and the father's father, and the older brother's wife and the younger brother's wife, till I am thankful I have no relatives in China. It's bad enough to be always calling other people's relatives by the wrong titles!

Not only that, but every trade and occupation carries its distinctive title with it. In America we can call any man from the president down to the lowest hobo Mister, and every woman is either Mrs. or Miss. Not so here. How am I ever going to learn the multitudinous titles necessary to express the age and rank and honorable or dishonorable position of all the people I meet?

Here is what we must learn about every character: its tone, pronunciation, Romanization, meanings; if a noun, its numerary adjunct; and if it begins with certain letters, whether it is aspirate or non-aspirate. I am learning to write, and some of the characters have

LETTERS TO BETSEY

twenty-five strokes, every one of which must be taken in its proper order.

Perhaps it does not sound very difficult, but if you will study Chinese for one month you will ever after pity the missionaries who have to learn it. When I am introduced to the native Christians they always say they hope the heavenly Father will help me to get the language quickly.

I am thankful every day that I am here, and shall be so glad when I can get into the real work.

With love,

JANE.

IX

HANYANG, February 28.

BELOVED BETSEY: Last week was the opening of the Girls' Boarding School. It was the most interesting social function I ever attended. It rained all that day, but seventy of the invited guests attended. Some were ladies from the highest official families of the city, and they came in their silks and satins and furs and jewels. Their bows were as ceremonious as if they were being presented at court, and their response to our reception extravagantly polite. We served foreign refreshments. Instead of eating things, the ladies carefully tied them up in their handkerchiefs to take home.

I am teaching English to one of the schoolgirls and two *Tai-Tais* (ladies). It is helpful to my language study, for what they learn in English I learn in Chinese. Wong Tai-Tai is the daintiest little morsel of humanity. I have never seen her when she was not exquisitely dressed, and with exactly the proper amount of rouge on her cheeks, and a spot of carmine on her lower lip. Her hair is always dressed elaborately, smooth, and shiny as black satin. She seems proud of the fact that she combs it herself, spends two hours on it every morning. She wishes to learn English to please her husband, who is an official, and speaks both

LETTERS TO BETSEY

English and French very well. He called on us to arrange for her lessons. Shen Tai-Tai is also from an official family. She is a Christian, and such a fine-appearing woman. Her little daughter Chu-Li is my other pupil. She is the dearest child.

We enjoy having the girls on the compound. I went over last Friday evening to play with them; played "Going to Jerusalem" and other games. The girls become so excited, and enter into the fun so heartily. One evening Mrs. Lane gave a stereopticon talk, which was a wonderful event to them. Miss Len, the teacher who boards at the school, is a very attractive girl. She speaks English, so I can talk with her more than any one else. The girls keep the "quiet hour," the older ones in their own rooms. Miss Len gathers the little ones around her, reads, and explains the Bible to them, and prays with them.

Mrs. Wan, the head teacher, is Genevieve's main dependence in the school. She is the widow of a mandarin, and seems very refined. She was here for tea this afternoon. I can talk a little with her now, and it isn't so embarrassing as it was when I first came, and all we could do was to sit and gaze at each other and smile. Her little four-year-old son was with her. He is a bright little chap, and is already "studying books" with a tutor. He placed the palms of his hands flat together, bowed low, and said "Good morning" to me in English.

The other day we went down the street to buy some furniture for the school. The shops have open fronts,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

and it made me feel like a side-show at the circus the way people gathered around and stared at us. In a few minutes there were thirty-eight interested spectators, mostly men and boys. The shopkeeper drove them off, but more soon came. The family lived in the back rooms. The women soon discovered there was some excitement out front, and they came to see the circus. They exclaimed at the whiteness of our skin, and carefully examined our clothes for pointers on the latest (?) American styles and fabrics. On the way we passed two idol-shops, where hideous idols were displayed for sale, also shops where they sell paper furniture and money to burn for the dead. Idolatry is not yet a thing of the past in the changing China of which America hears.

Some of the school windows overlook the native street. One evening Genevieve was at one of these windows, and heard singing. She looked down, and through the cracks between the mats she could see into one of the wretched hovels where a roomful of people were holding a prayer-meeting. And this almost under the eaves of the church where we have two prayer-meetings every week. It is the home of one of our church-members.

Last Friday we were invited to the home of the Dao-Tai, one of the highest officials in the city. We put on our best bibs and tuckers, and went in state, in sedan-chairs, with three coolies to carry each of the five chairs, and a servant to carry our cards. The only other guests were two dainty little Japanese ladies.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Our chairs were carried into the inner court. Then the hostess appeared, and invited us to enter. You should have seen us making our best bows. The house was semiforeign, with glass windows, and board floors. In the guest-room they had foreign tables and upholstered chairs arranged Chinese fashion; that is, with the chairs ranged stiffly along the walls, and a small table between every two chairs on which to serve the inevitable cup of tea. Neither of the Japanese ladies could speak English, and only one understood Chinese. It could not but be rather stiff when half the people there couldn't understand half what the other half were trying to say. After greetings and a cup of tea, we were taken to the dining-room for the feast. It was served semiforeign style, with plates instead of bowls, unhemmed linen cloth and napkins, but no knives, forks, or spoons. The food was delicious, and so abundant that we could do no more than taste the last few courses. Four men served, and part of the time the doorway was crowded with servants watching us eat.

After the meal the Dao-Tai, a bluff, hearty Chinaman, came in and talked a few moments, and invited us to walk in the garden. He did not accompany us. The Tai-Tai went; she was the only one of his three wives who appeared. We strolled through the garden with its queer rockeries and artificial pond, fed the monkey, drank tea in the summer-house, then returned to the house, where tea was served again before we took leave. We hope the Tai-Tai's courtesy is an

LETTERS TO BETSEY

indication that she is interested in Christianity. The upper-class women live such secluded lives it is difficult to become acquainted with them. We shall invite her to a feast here soon.

Affectionately,

JANE.

X

APRIL 9.

BETSEY DEAR :

Lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come.
The vines are in blossom,
They give forth their fragrance.

So do the violets, the sun shines, the grass is growing green, and a stray bat is likely to fly into my room at night. "Summer is coming and springtime is here." Yet I am constantly dressed twice as warmly as I ever dressed for coldest winter weather at home, and I have not been tempted to discard any of my winter clothing yet.

Mr. Gage took me over to visit one of the boys' day-schools across the street one day. The room is poorly lighted, has mud floor, rough, dingy, board walls, and the ceiling is covered with blue and white bamboo matting. The tables are high, and four boys sit at one table; the benches are high and narrow with no back-rest, and many with no foot-rest. Imagine the boys sitting perched on them, with feet swinging, and bodies swaying back and forth while "they fairly scream and shout at top of lungs their lessons out." Chinese dress is still interestingly unique to me; and these boys

LETTERS TO BETSEY

with their queues at all lengths—some of the younger ones with grotesque wisps of hair braided and standing straight out from the crowns of their heads, or with the center of the pate shaved, and the older boys with heavy braids hanging down the back and with faces of such various types, some dull and stupid, others so bright and intelligent, make me realize what an opportunity it is to try to win these “little ones” for the Saviour.

When a visitor enters, the pupils all rise and remain standing until given permission to be seated. They were having a writing lesson. A large copy is slipped beneath the thin paper of the copy-book, and the pupil traces it. The Chinese pen is a fine tapering hair brush, not unlike our paint-brushes. Next the boys were called up for an arithmetic lesson. I began to fear I was going to miss what I went for; but Mr. Gage asked the master to let us hear them recite the classics. Soon the fun waxed fast and furious. Thirty boys swinging back and forth, each studying a different lesson aloud make a vast deal of noise, even when they have been taught that the foreign parson wishes them to study quietly. The master called them one at a time to recite, “back the book” as they say; and that is literally what they did, turned their backs on the book and the teacher while swinging their bodies like a pendulum, first one foot, then the other in the air, and recited verbatim what they had memorized. The classics are in Wen-li, the book language, which is entirely different from the common

LETTERS TO BETSEY

talk. It is unintelligible to the children until it is carefully explained to them. In assigning the lessons the master would first read the lines in a high-toned singsong fashion, then explain every phrase.

Until I came here I did not know what a vitally important part of missionary work the educational work is. Few people make earnest Christians unless they can read God's word for themselves; yet in this land there are millions of people who have not sufficient education to read the simplest chapter in the New Testament. In the government schools the pupils must worship the tablet of Confucius. As long as children in the government schools must be under heathen training and influence, it will be necessary for us to have mission schools. Besides chapel exercises, the Bible is taught daily to all the pupils in our schools. To the uninitiated it may seem that true missionary work is to go out and preach the gospel to men and women who have never heard it, whose ideas of right and wrong are perverted by a lifetime of training "in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Here we realize that it is much more worth while to take the children and train them in the way they should go, and in the knowledge of the truth.

A new girl came to the school the other day. She has a contagious eye disease. Doctor Lessey said she must go to the hospital for treatment. She refused to go. After a time Mrs. Wan found that she had been told in her country home that the foreign doctors come here to take out children's eyes to use for medi-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ciné. Do you wonder she was frightened half to death when the first thing the doctor said was that she must go to the hospital because there was something wrong with her eyes? She has friends here who are Christians, and they have persuaded her to go, but it is with evident fear and trembling. It takes a long time to convince the Chinese that we are here with disinterested motives.

I have not seen a foreigner outside our own mission for weeks, so you can believe me when I say that I am not forgetting you, even if you do not hear often from

JANE.

XI

HANYANG, May 19.

MY VERY DEAR BETSEY: Your last letter came through in three weeks and a half. It does make me feel near home to have a letter come in such a short time. Sometimes I think you would not seem so far away if I were wealthy and could cable you and receive a reply in a few hours.

Last Saturday I went out calling with Miss Thomas and the Bible-woman. It was a novel experience for me. Some places we went with the express purpose of calling on people whom Miss Thomas knew; at other places we were walking through the streets, and the women would invite us to go in for a cup of tea, or to "sit a spell." (They use the same expression in Chinese.) Some homes were quite attractive, with inner courts, some blossoming plants, and large guest-rooms, where they served tea and sweets, and welcomed us most courteously. Others were poor little huts, which looked as if the dirt of ages had accumulated in them. In the better-class homes they had the ancestral tablets, before which the children must worship every morning. Most of the poorer homes had the paper picture door-gods. In one such home Miss Thomas asked the woman if she believed in idols. She said, "Oh, no; idols cannot help a person." Then Miss

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Thomas asked why she had the door-gods up, and proceeded to preach the gospel to her. In one place we lost our way, and strayed into a court leading into a temple. One of the nuns saw us, and invited us in. The room was filled with the smoke of incense. There were numerous idols, and along the wall hung bunches of slips of paper, on which were printed prayers for sale. In the midst of these heathen surroundings we sat down, and the Bible-woman read and explained the Bible to the three nuns and a few other women who had followed us in. I could only pray that the seed of the word might fall into good ground. On Sunday morning while we were at breakfast two women came to the dining-room window and peeped in at us. They were two of the Taoist nuns from the temple, who had come in response to the invitation to church. We took them into the guest-room, served tea of course, and Miss Thomas read to and talked with them till church time. They stayed not only for the church service, but also for the women's meeting.

One Sunday I went to one of the chapels for meeting, was early, and went into the evangelist's house to wait. If there had been some one to take the initiative I should have been all right, but I was alone with the evangelist's wife, a quiet little woman who waited for me to start the conversational ball rolling. With the best intentions of friendliness in the world, all I could think of to say was that the new little baby resembled its brother. After meditation for some time on possible ways of saying it, I decided not to venture

LETTERS TO BETSEY

so profound a remark. At last, when I had almost reached a state of desperation, that blessed baby cried. That gave me my opportunity. I exclaimed to the mother, "*T'a k'uh* (She cries)." Soon one of the church women came in. I was able to return her salutation, "Peace," and assure her I was well. Then I gravely told her, "*T'a k'uh*." The amah came in with a cup of tea for me, and I thanked her, and said, "*T'a k'uh*." Then it was time to go to meeting, so I thankfully got up and made my adieus, truthfully assuring them that I had been very poor company.

We have had the most beautiful moonlight nights. One night I took my Bible out on the up-stairs veranda and read a psalm by moonlight. I am working hard, preparing for my examination. Want to get it off before the dreadfully hot weather comes.

With love to all,

JANE.

XII

CHI KONG SHAN, June 21.

BETSEY DEAR :

The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft agley,

and so it proved with mine. Doctor Lane is very ill. It wasn't safe for the children to remain down longer in the heat, and as I was the only one in the mission free to come, I brought them to the hills. We started at sunrise Tuesday morning. There were *only* twenty-four or five trunks, boxes, and bundles of bedding to bring. That meant over a dozen baggage coolies to carry things to the boats, and from there to the train, and two servants in charge. Then there were three men for my chair. I had the baby with me. The two girls rode together in a rickshaw; amah and the three boys walked. Quite a caravan! Traveling in China is so different from America. I shall think I am in paradise if ever I get back to a place where I can pick up my bag and walk off without this everlasting fuss with coolies. They argue about how big a load they must carry. Such clamor and shouting and confusion and delay that one is tired before one gets started.

Sedan-chairs were waiting for us at Sin Tien, where we left the train. It was an hour's ride up the moun-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

tain over a narrow, winding path with long flights of stone steps. When Genevieve used to write me of flights of thousands of stone steps leading up the mountainside, I had a vision in my mind's eye of an interminable flight of white marble steps like those leading up to Grant's tomb.

It has rained every day since we came. We are completely shut in by clouds and mist. We are on the ridge of the mountain, with a deep valley on either side, so when the clouds close down on us it seems that we are on the edge of the jumping-off place, and the only people in the world. When it clears, other bungalows are in sight, but few are occupied so early in the season.

This morning Gertrude and James, three and five years old, said they were going out to hunt snakes. After a while in they came in great glee with what they called a snake on the end of a stick. It was an ugly black worm of the centipede variety, five inches long and as big round as my thumb. It didn't take long for me to get that stick out of Gertrude's hands and kill the monster!

Genevieve writes of torrential rains down in Hanyang. Weather in China is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. It reminds me of the verses:

For the most part man's a fool.
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not.
For the most part man's a fool.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

June 29. Back in Hanyang, with the mosquitoes buzzing around. Our houses are not screened. It would cost a fortune to screen as many and as large doors and windows as we have here. So for half the year we are pestered by the mosquitoes, not to speak of the bats, beetles, bugs, and moths that are attracted into our rooms by the lights at night.

Wong Tai-Tai invited us to go with the Boarding School teachers to her home for a feast this week. Mrs. Wan and Miss Len declined the invitation because they heard that Mr. Wong was planning to sit down at the table with us. They hadn't the face to sit at table with a man. It was a great innovation. I had not known before that Mr. Wong had two wives. My Wong Tai-Tai had no son, so he took a second wife that he might please his mother by presenting her with a grandson. The grandson came. He is now seven months old, and is evidently the most important person in the family. The whole family sat down together for the meal with us. It seemed real homey to me; if only there had not been two wives!

Mr. Wong is an official in the iron-works, and they have a costly home, but don't think from that that it has hardwood floors and polished woodwork. In the Chinese guest-room was an old-fashioned kang, such as we see pictured in books. Although the floor was of poorly laid rough boards, the woodwork of the kang was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and was beautifully carved. Crowds of dirty, ragged underlings crowded about the doors and windows watching us,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

and it did not seem to occur to anybody that privacy would be desirable. The Chinese are certainly accustomed to living in the public eye.

The second wife is a mere girl. She clung to me and seemed to try to win my favor all the afternoon, while we were being conducted around to see the iron-works. This is one of the largest in the world. We watched the whole process, saw them pour out the great caldrons of molten metal in red-hot streams, and finally saw the completed steel rails, which I hope will some day help to bind the distant parts of China to Wu Han, the hub of the wheel.

Chinese ladies are usually so conservative, refusing to go into a mixed meeting, or even to associate in any way with the common women. But lately Wong Tai-Tai comes to the church meetings. She remains for Miss Len's Bible class with the schoolgirls on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Wan tells us that her home life is very unhappy, and she likes to get away from the quarreling and gambling, and come here where it is quiet and she can listen to the doctrine. I am praying that she may find peace and comfort in the Saviour.

Still it rains, rains, rains, and the mosquitoes buzz, buzz, buzz.

Kuling, July 5. At last we are settled for our summer vacation. I suppose you know that the first part of the trip coming here is a night on one of the large river steamers like that on which I came from Shanghai. We reached Kiu Kiang at eight in the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

morning. From there we came in chairs. I shall never forget that ride out through Kiu Kiang. Because of the mud and the heat the sights were even more offensive than usual. The streets were swimming in oozy, slimy, black mud. So far as possible, whole families sought the open air to escape the stifling heat of their wretched hovels. Weary, disheveled mothers tried to hush the wailing of their babies by holding them to their breasts, or perhaps scolded or slapped the older children. The majority of the men were guiltless of coat or shirt, dressed simply in loose, baggy trousers rolled up high above the knees. Some lay sleeping on benches so narrow as to make one marvel at their being able to maintain their equilibrium. Some people had moved their tiny stoves out into the street, and smoke and the strong odors of Chinese cookery mingled with the usual smells. How I did pity the poor people who must live in such surroundings during the almost unbearable heat of the summer! I was glad to get out of the city to the open plain, where the sight of the eternal hills looming up in the distance helped me banish the thought of the misery I was leaving behind. Why am I the favored one, always to have known the pleasures of life in a Christian land? I often think there could be no better evidences of Christianity than the contrasting conditions in a heathen and a Christian land. The darkness of heathenism cannot be described. It must be lived in to be understood.

It is a glorious trip up the mountain. In one place

LETTERS TO BETSEY

is a magnificent gorge, with a beautiful cascade pouring over the rocks. To look ahead, it seemed we never could climb to the top of the mountain. My chair coolies traveled faster than the others, so after we left the half-way house at the foot of the mountain, where we had our lunch, I did not see Genevieve or any other foreigner. We saw crowds of coolies going up and down. Those coming up were heavily loaded, those downward bound were empty-handed. Everything which is used here, even to building materials except stone, is carried up the mountain by coolies. Our little cottage is perched way up as high as we can get. Genevieve and I are alone at present, but the others will soon come.

We have a magnificent view. Sometimes the distant valley is filled with storm-tossed clouds, which remind me of the ocean; again they will gleam in great white billows, or melt away under the bright sunshine. We have had one wonderful sunset, which made me feel that I was far above the sordid cares of earth, and very near the glories of the Celestial City. This is the largest summer resort in China, and people come here from long distances. It has rained ever since we came, so I have seen no one, but expect to make many pleasant acquaintances. I am sure the weeks here will be a time of spiritual as well as physical refreshment.

With much love,

JANE.

XIII

KULING, August 11.

BETSEY MINE: Your letters are always a joy, but never more so than here at the hills. In spite of all the pleasant days it does seem a waste of time not to be at home when I cannot be at work with the Chinese. Oh, if I could have two days at home and hear and say all I want to, then I am sure I should be ready for another year on the foreign field. I don't say much, dear; but I must confess that sometimes I do get powerful homesick.

The rains descended and the floods came in the Yangtze Valley. Our hospital compound is under flood, and Doctor Lessey went down for a few days to attend to things. She reports a condition of great distress among the people. Many are flooded out of their homes. Cholera has broken out, and already there have been many deaths. She says there was wailing for the dead in every village they passed through on the way.

The water on the hospital compound is three and four feet deep, and they have to use boats to go about. Some of the men caught a fish a foot and a half long in front of the hospital door. All the flowers and shrubbery are dead, and the trees are drowning. Our compound is not under water, but the surrounding

LETTERS TO BETSEY

streets are. I don't like to think of the conditions our poor people are existing in.

A letter came from Mrs. Wan to-day. She says: "I take prayer more diligent than usual. I feel it is a great advantage to me that I spend my time in thinking of God, and how great his love must be. During the summer vacation I imagine that my religious thought is more ardent than before. I am anxious to be able to preach the gospel to the girls when they return to the school."

Dr. F. B. Meyer has been here for the conference, and the meetings have been a blessing to all of us. He took dinner with us one day, and we greatly enjoyed having him here.

Lovingly,

JANE.

XIV

HANYANG, September 15.

MY OWN BETSEY: We returned the last of August. We couldn't get coolies to carry us or our things, and it looked for a few hours as if we would start out walking, with one of us carrying our suit-cases and the other with the mattress on the top of her head. In fact, that was the way Hu Si-fu started. The native police almost fought to get men to carry our chairs, we meanwhile sitting for hours in the chairs in the middle of the road in the broiling sun. Finally three men were despatched with our baggage (all but bed and hand-bags had been sent ahead), and we were off. Soon we came up to *one* man carrying our bed. He recognized us and asked, "*Shi Siao-tsieh-tih pei-uh, ma* (It's the misses' bed)?" He kept with us all the way to Kiu Kiang, going at almost a dog-trot, with that heavy mattress and all our bedding rolled in it on his shoulders, under the blistering rays of the sun.

The heat seems doubly depressing after being at the hills. The sights in the cities are heartrending. The women are decently clothed, but the men and children go in every stage of dress and undress. Many of them look like the pictures of India famine sufferers. Ordinarily the Yangtze is a mile wide here. The flood has transformed it into a great body of water. Where the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

water is deep in a house the people put up a scaffold, and there they cook, eat, and sleep perched up on that little shelf. Oh, you cannot imagine it, for you have never seen anything to give you the faintest conception of such an existence.

Before we had our door unlocked Pastor Tsao's son came to invite us to tiffin at their house. Several of the women were there to welcome us. It was a *warm* welcome, but they kept the punkah going, so it made the heat more bearable.

After prayer-meeting Wednesday evening Miss Len sent for us to go to the school. She was dressed up as an old countrywoman. She has natural feet, but they were bundled up and the toes stuck into small shoes. She imitated the country twang, examined our clothes, and played the countrywoman to such perfection that she kept the girls in a gale of laughter. She declared they had no manners at all.

The girls have been organizing a new *huei* (society). They brought Genevieve a paper, on which they had written the different objects of the society. Here is a part of what I make out of it:

"I desire (or vow) to have a forbearing heart."

"I desire to pray that I may have a perfect heart."

"I desire to repent of my sins and become a new person."

"I desire with the whole heart to trust Jesus to save."

There is more, but this will give you an idea of it. One of the girls last term was so dull and stupid

LETTERS TO BETSEY

it seemed she could learn nothing. The girls formed a society to pray that she might have *tsong-ming* (wisdom). This term she is doing fairly well, and she says the heavenly Father has opened up her mind.

We are having dreadful times with rats. The floods have driven them out of the native houses, so they've come to visit us. Several nights I awoke with the feeling that something was moving along my woven-wire springs. I thought perhaps there was a lizard or bat making its home there, but when I would look in the morning I could find nothing. At last it got on my nerves, so I got out in the night, and what do you guess it was? A big rat meandering over the iron slats. Of course it was not there when I got my lamp lighted, but I heard it in the clothes-press. I played hide and seek with it for a half-hour. The rats here can run up a perfectly smooth wall, and seem to delight in climbing, so if they cannot get in at the door they can at the window. The same night one was up on the top of Genevieve's mosquito-net frame. She tucks herself up in her net and lets the rats play by themselves, but when there is any fun going I want to be in it. For several nights I have kept my lamp burning, and a bamboo pole placed where I can rattle it over the slats. No rats have appeared for two or three nights, so I am hoping that I have scared them away, and that I shall not share the fate of Bishop Hatto, of Mouse Tower fame. Things seem to go by seasons here, and I hope rat season is nearly past. The bat season is the longest. It lasts seven or eight months.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Not only do they swoop in on us when we have a light, but during the night they waken us by darting back and forth, sometimes thumping against the walls, or flopping over the floor, or getting entangled in the mosquito-net, until we get up and catch them and put them out. I have had to get up two or three times some nights on account of the bats. The mosquitoes are more disagreeable, but the season does not last quite so long. In the spring and summer they are big and so numerous that it is only with greatest care that one can pop into bed without letting two or three mosquitoes under the net. Now there are not so many, but they are vicious little black-and-white striped ones that bite right through our clothes. This is lizard season too. One dropped down my sleeve the other night when I reached up to bolt the hall door. I like them about as well as I do snakes. I was in the dark, and thought perhaps it was a moth-miller. When I came to the light and saw what it was, I danced around and shook my arm nearly off, while Genevieve jumped on a chair and squealed. Brave missionaries, aren't we? To-night when I closed my shutter one dropped on my shoulder. Some people make pets of lizards, but it's not we-uns.

I never know whether to say good night or the tip o' the mornin' to you, for when it's one here it's the other there. This brings bushels of love from

JANE.

XV

HANYANG, October 10.

DEAR BETSEY: I would give almost anything if I could see and talk with you to-night instead of writing. It's lucky that I am so busy I don't have much time to think, otherwise I might pack my trunk and sail for home to-morrow! Your letters are a balm to the home-sick, but they are so good and like yourself they make me want to see you more than ever.

Genevieve and I went to the Wesleyan Mission Blind School one day last week. Most of the boys are beggars whom they have taken off the street. They teach them to read by the braille system, having adapted it to Chinese, and the boys copy whole books to be used as text-books in the school. They are most successful in training them for organists. Our blind organist was trained in this school. He has memorized all the three hundred and thirty tunes in the hymn-book, and not only that, but the words and the number of the verses as well, so when the third verse of the two hundred and fifty-ninth hymn is called for he can start to sing it faster than another person could find the place in the book. The students went into the chapel and sang for us, and some are really fine singers and musicians. One of the boys wrote some Bible verses in braille for us as souvenirs. Another boy can repeat the entire

LETTERS TO BETSEY

New Testament verbatim. There are very few schools for the blind in China. Think what it must mean to these boys to be rescued from the miserable existence of blind beggars, taught to read, and enabled to become useful, self-supporting citizens. It must seem almost as wonderful to the Chinese as the restoration of sight to the blind was to the people of Palestine in the days of Christ. Sometimes our blind organist takes his braille Bible to church and reads the Scripture lesson. Strangers stare at him in amazement.

We walked to the Han, and from there to the school. Coming home it was raining, and as we had on white suits (I mean they were white when we started), we decided to take rickshaws out to the foreign concession and come from there by boats. We had to walk a half-mile through the mud before we could get rickshaws. We had been riding but a few moments when we were stopped by a policeman, who informed us that we could not ride in any of those rickshaws, because they were all *huei-liao* (spoiled), and foreigners could not ride in *huei-liaoed* rickshaws. We tried persuasion and blandishment, but all to no purpose; we never thought to offer him money, which no doubt would have worked. He wouldn't allow the rickshaw man to go farther with us, and we were forced to get out and walk until we had left the custodian of the law behind, then men came with more *huei-liaoed* rickshaws, and we were glad to accept their invitation to ride.

Doctor Chapman and Mr. Alexander with their evangelistic party were in Hankow two days on their

LETTERS TO BETSEY

way home from the Australian campaign. They held meetings late each evening. It is only on rarest occasions that we go to Hankow after dark because the river is so dangerous, but this was one of the rare occasions when we decided to go—Doctor Lane, Doctor Lessey, Genevieve, and I. The meeting was so good, and it was so pleasant to meet people from home that we were well repaid for going. It was late when we started home. Rickshaws could bring us only as far as the native city, the streets there being so narrow that they are not allowed. We decided to walk as far as possible, rather than go on the river. So doctor lighted his lantern and we set forth. Our light flickered and went out, absolutely refusing to burn. Doctor said he could get a Chinese lantern on another street. We walked and walked, and at last came to a place where we bought a candle, but still could find no lantern to put it in. After we had gone up and down dark side streets, and back and forth on the main street, a man volunteered to conduct us to a lantern-shop. It was closed. We pounded on the door, and bystanders added their voices to vigorous shouting, which soon brought out a boy who sold us a lantern. A crowd of men and boys had collected by this time, and they were much amused to see us with a disabled foreign lantern, and having to carry a native one. Even at that hour of the night we met beggars, some crying out at the top of their voices. Men had their beds out, or slept on benches in the streets. When we reached the Han we took a small covered boat. I never

LETTERS TO BETSEY

had been in one like it before. The sheets of bamboo-matting forming the cover were so low we could scarcely sit upright. We had to crawl in on our hands and knees over the boatman's clothes and bedding, and sit among his possessions. I expected we would have to flee from fleas for the next few days, and was not mistaken.

A new girl came to school this week. Her brother is a student in Denison, Ohio. He has become a Christian, and for the last two years he has been writing home to his father to send his sister to a mission school. The parents, uncle, and other relatives came with her to see the school. She is eighteen years old, and has never been away from her mother to stay before. The father said they had never heard our doctrine, but are interested because of what the son has written; and he wants his daughter to learn it so she can go home and tell them. It is hard for the girls to start study when they are as old as this, but Liu Yu-Yin seems a promising pupil because she is interested. I wish some more of the Chinese college students in America would send their sisters to our school.

Funerals are common occurrences, but I saw my first high official one to-day. We heard firing of guns, and went out to see what it meant. The procession crossed the soldiers' drill-ground back of our compound, so we had a good view. We watched from the schoolhouse veranda, and Mrs. Wan told us the meaning of things. First came a man carrying a large tablet bearing the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

illustrious name of the deceased. Then several men with red tablets (boards on which characters are inscribed, carried on a pole as we would carry a banner). The red signified that his title had been given him by the emperor. On these tablets were his title, names of places he had ruled over, and public works he had done. These were followed by men bearing blue tablets, telling of his rule in different places. Next were the soldiers and a number of army officers, the latter on horseback. When an official does "very good works" the people present him with what the Chinese call an umbrella. Not the kind which keeps off the rain, but a red or yellow silk affair to carry before him to show how highly he is honored. It is embroidered with many characters, indicating the high esteem in which the recipient is held, and it betokens very great honor. Two of these umbrellas, one red and one yellow, were carried by men following the soldiers. Then a sedan-chair containing a painted likeness of the man, and another containing his clothes, hat, and shoes. The sons-in-law walked on either side. The coffin was almost large enough for a hearse. It was covered with gold-embroidered red satin. Male relatives and friends walked before the coffin (it would not be respectful for them to ride). Long white streamers were attached to the coffin, and the sons, grandsons, and nephews each held one of these, but the weight of the coffin was borne by thirty-two coolies. After the coffin came the outsiders, and then sedan-chairs in which were the wives, daughters, daughters-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

in-law, and nephews' wives. The people walked just a certain distance apart, and everything was very orderly, quite unusual for China. Mrs. Wan said the man must be very happy because he had so many sons. It seems strange for a Christian to make such a remark, doesn't it? But people cling to old opinions, and I suppose it will be long before a daughter will be as welcome as a son in China. One day Genevieve and Kai Chuin were watching the burning of some paper furniture for the dead, and Genevieve asked him about it. She said dead people couldn't use them after they were burned, could they? And Kai Chuin replied, "Oh, yes; people who had not joined the church could, but they were no use to *kiao-huei-tih-ren* (church people)." One of our old church-members who died feared that the members of the family who were not Christian would burn paper furniture for him, and he begged them not to. He said that the Lord had prepared everything for him, and he would "have no face" before God if his people sent these paper things for him. Poor ignorant old man! His heart was right, if his ideas were not.

I've been to the fair! The teachers and all the schoolgirls went with us in the steam-launch to Wu Chang. (There is one that runs there irregularly, but none to Hankow.) Everything at the exhibit was manufactured in Hupeh, our province. There were pictures, carvings, embroidery, old and new furniture, electrical apparatus, rugs, cloth, bronze, brass, and different kinds of earthenware, lawn-mowers, stoves,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

baby organs—all sorts of things that I never dreamed were made in Hupeh. Then there was a menagerie, a tiger, a leopard, and some birds of paradise. The girls were greatly excited. Wong Tai-Tai went with us, and then brought us home in their steam-launch. Imagine the luxury of your heathen missionary sister traveling around in a private launch. I did have a good time.

With love,

JANE.

XVI

NOVEMBER 12.

One day this last week
There came to our door
A Ching-a-ling sleek,
I had seen him before.
He bowed down quite meek,
And made haste to implore
Me to take just a peek
At the packet he bore.

His embroidery old,
In every bright hue,
Red, yellow, and gold,
Purple, scarlet, and blue—
Their beauties he told;
And I looked them all through.
Then one piecie he sold
To this old maiden shrew;
And now I make bold
To send it to you,

BETSEY DEAR, with my best wishes for a merry Christmas.

One year last Tuesday since I landed in Kanyang. Mrs. Wan and Miss Len came over in the evening to help celebrate. We were shelling peanuts and making fudge when Kin Ma, the school cook, came and rang the door-bell long and loud, calling out, "Fire! Fire!" The peanuts flew, and we rushed over to the school. Mr. Gage and his boy came with fire-extinguishers.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

The fire was in the native street back of the school, and was out by the time we reached there. The teachers came back after the excitement was over. Before I came to China I thought I was to work with the Chinese, but associate only with the missionaries! Queer ideas we Americans have, haven't we? We spend nearly all our time with the Chinese, and enjoy being with them. Already I count Mrs. Wan and Miss Len among my friends. It has meant much to me to be associated with these two splendid young women.

Miss Paddock, Chinese National Young Women's Christian Association Secretary, has been here to help the girls of the school organize a Young Women's Christian Association. They are so interested. It is to be a strictly Chinese affair. All the schoolgirls who are old enough have joined, also three hospital nurses, and some of the young women of the church. Every Sunday the school-members of the Y. W. go out into the homes or to the hospital to *kiang tao-li* (preach the doctrine). When they came in last Sunday Mrs. Wan was so happy because every girl had "opened her mouth" and explained the word.

I have started a Sunday-school for girls. It is the most wonderful thing that has happened to me since I came to China. Mrs. Wan is superintendent. And I have a class! They are from the highest class in the school, can read for themselves, and are guaranteed to be bright enough to understand even my twisted, garbled Chinese. We have a teachers' meeting each week to study the lesson.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

San Teh is gone; and the house shows his absence wofully. We miss him at every turn. When we ring the bell no San Teh comes bounding to answer the call; instead, his brother comes blundering through the house, and we heave a sigh as we tell him what we want, and wonder if we shall get it. He is fresh from the farm, and is too old to train as a house boy. San Teh was too smart a boy to be always a servant, so we have sent him to a mission school, and hope that he may become a teacher or a preacher. The girl he is engaged to is in our school. She is dull and queer, but I hope the school will make as much difference in her as it has in some of the other girls. The fates seem to have decreed that we shall always have one dependable servant in the house. The new coolie, Pao Chen, is almost as much of a treasure in his way as San Teh was. He is sixteen years old, tall, lanky, and as homely as they are made. When he escorts us to Hankow in the boat he promptly falls asleep, and sits with eyes rolling and mouth wide open, swaying around until I am afraid he will capsize the boat. Once I told him if he wanted to sleep to sit down in the bottom of the boat. Then he did sit up and keep his mouth shut for a few minutes.

The chrysanthemums are in blossom, and I have some small white ones in my dragon vase on the table by the window, and pink ones in the slender glass vase on the mantel.

I am doing something besides study this fall. In addition to my Sunday-school and teachers' meeting

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I have two English classes a day, and two of the women of the church come to me to learn to read Chinese. Can you imagine me trying to teach a Chinese woman to read her own language? It is, no doubt, as funny as it sounds. Sometimes I cannot make them understand. But they are making a little progress, and some day when they can read I'll let you know. The ignorance of the women is appalling. When we hear that women in China have no education we do not realize what that means to the women. Most of the women here know nothing outside the little treadmill circle of their home life. They quarrel and gossip and smoke and gamble; they bring children into the world to survive if they belong to the fittest, or to die if they are unfit to overcome the handicap imposed upon them by heredity and environment; some of them spend their whole life in a ceaseless struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Betsey, thank the Lord every day that you were born in a Christian land and a Christian home. It is more to be thankful for than you know.

The new nurse, Lyde Jennings, has come, and is living here while studying the language. She has such a bright, sunny disposition that it is very pleasant for us to have her in the house.

We are to go to the Gages for Thanksgiving dinner.

Affectionately,

JANE.

XVII

HANYANG, February 8.

DARLING BETSEY: Famine refugees have been flocking into Hanyang by the hundreds to-day. From our window we could watch them cross the drill-ground, such pitiable sights. Perhaps the father would be ahead carrying the sheets of matting for a mat-shed on his head, then a son with stakes, another with two large baskets on a carrying-pole over his shoulder, one or two babies in one basket, and household effects in the other. Every child who was big enough to carry anything helped in the moving.

Thousands of people are camping in these mat-sheds between the city wall and our hospital. The older missionaries say they have never seen so many beggars in Hanyang before. Many men are too poor even to buy a carrying-pole so as to be able to do coolie work. One day one of our teachers saw two little boys on the street in bitterly cold weather when there was snow on the ground, calling out that the clothes they wore were for sale. The teacher asked why, and they replied that they were alone in the world with their mother. She was ill, and they had had nothing to eat for two days. They might better go naked than to starve. Boys and girls are offered for sale as slaves for only a few hundred cash. Mothers

LETTERS TO BETSEY

come to the school and offer to give us their baby daughters.

There is so much suffering around us that we seem helpless in the face of such appalling want. Even now when the hills are almost bare, there are always people roaming over them in search of any kind of grass or weeds that are edible. A famine relief station has been established, and tickets are given out to the poor people to go there and get buckets of thin boiled rice. Barely enough is allowed a family to keep them from starvation.

This has been a dark day with a drizzly rain. If you could have looked in on me this is what you would have seen. My teacher came in with his wadded jacket wet, so he took it off and hung it over a chair in front of the fire. My Bible-woman, Mrs. Huang, sat on a low stool, using a chair as a table, writing verses of Scripture on cards to give out. Two tables were loaded down with the various books I use in the course of the day's study. My teacher sat opposite me at the study-table. The transom was open, but the room smelled strongly Chinese nevertheless. It was thus that I translated twenty pages of the Sacred Edict to-day.

Yesterday Mrs. Lane brought a Miss Austin to call on me. As soon as she stepped in she exclaimed, "Oh, what a pretty, cozy room!" And then, "Isn't this like home?" And afterward, "Well, I think I could study well in a room like this." She isn't a sweet girl graduate, but a gray-haired China Inland

LETTERS TO BETSEY

missionary. So, you see, I have succeeded in making my room look homey. There is not an expensive thing in the room, and many things are not according to my taste. The thing which I particularly do *not* like is the rug. I waited for months before buying it, hoping I could find one I would like. But at last, in despair of that, I took a tapestry Brussels, a green mossy background with festooned roses. The Chinese think it is perfectly beautiful. One day one of the girls came in, and after looking around she said, "This is like heaven." I said, "Oh, no; heaven is much more beautiful than this." "Well," she said, "if heaven is as good as this I shall be satisfied." I wonder what she would think of some of the homes we know! Of course, we each have the pleasure (?) of furnishing our own rooms as much as possible according to our own taste; but the getting of it done, ah, there's the rub! It seems during the process that it is not worth while. The furniture you order is too high or too low, too short or too broad. You iterate and reiterate that you want a dull oak finish, and you may get a green finish with varnish. The one "piecie" furniture made to fit a certain corner does *not* fit. It is so damp that we cannot have wall-paper, but must use color-wash, which is invariably splashed all over the floor and woodwork. And, in turn, when the floor and woodwork are painted, the paint is daubed over the walls. The color-washers spoil the painters' work and vice versa, until you give up in despair and order the coolie to wash the color-wash off the paint, whereupon he proceeds to besprinkle

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the walls plentifully with dirty water. (Pao Chen doesn't, because he's good; but he is the exception.) I had a box seat made for the stair-landing. I gave most careful directions and measurements, and insisted that it must have a pretty, dark red, varnish stain. The box came, three feet too short, several inches higher than I had ordered, and a dull, ugly yellow stain, and the finish and make entirely different from what I had ordered. Needless to say, I refused to accept that one, although the carpenter assured me it was *ts'ah-puh-to* (off-not-far) what I had ordered. Next time the box was really *ts'ah-puh-to*, but instead of being stained and varnished it was painted a cheap, horrid red with no varnish. The paint was wet. I do not doubt that they had daubed it on (they use a rag instead of a brush), and walked straight over here with it. It was not an easy thing to place, and by the time they had tried their own way until they were persuaded that there was only the one way I had suggested to get it in, the walls were a sight, smeared with paint from down-stairs to up-stairs. Then I sent for the carpenter and told him he must change the paint. A man came and sandpapered and varnished the box, not just as I had ordered, but *ts'ah-puh-to!* If one thing is done right something else is certain to be spoiled in the doing of it. Poor Genevieve's hair is turning gray over her troubles trying to keep the school building in repair. It's enough to make you weep and gnash your teeth to see the things these workmen will do.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Miss Jennings and I went to a meeting at the Shuang Kiai last week. On the way home in the rowboat a steam-launch was coming in to tie up to a hulk. The men on the launch shouted for us to go ahead, and we did so. It seemed perfectly safe, we were gliding swiftly along, and the launch came slowing in. No one thought of danger. But suddenly our little boat was close by the hulk on the one side, and the launch was right upon us. When I saw we were caught and could not get out either forward or back I jumped and caught one of the posts on the hulk. There was no footing to climb, and I could neither throw nor pull myself up, so there I hung. One of the Chinese men on the launch did the bravest deed I have ever seen: he jumped from the forward deck of the launch down into our boat; then he and Pao Chen and the front boatman threw Miss Jennings up onto the hulk, and scrambled up themselves. The other boatman looked out for himself only. It was not until the last instant, when the launch was almost touching me and still coming nearer, and I thought I must surely be crushed to death between it and the hulk, that the others noticed my position and drew me up safely not an instant too soon. No one was hurt, but I do feel awed when I think, "What if——!"

The soldiers are on the drill-ground, marching in goose-step to the music of fife and drum. I should put a question-mark after the music, for it is more than questionable

JANE.

XVIII

HANYANG, March 20.

DEAR BETSEY: Such a lovely surprise as I had to-day! An unexpected American mail, with six letters for me! If my friends knew how much their letters are appreciated they would write oftener.

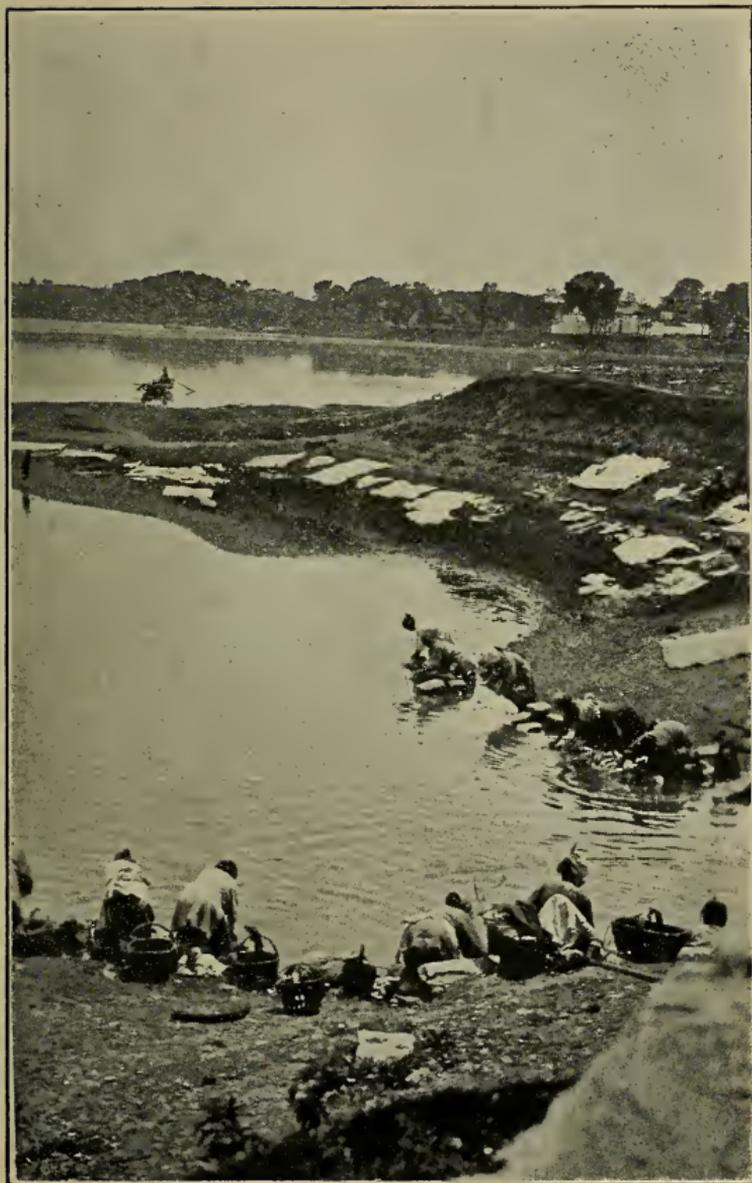
We went to Hankow to-day. I wish I could give you a moving-picture show of the sights we saw on the way. The river is low, and there was almost a city of mat-sheds on the mud-flats. It was a sunshiny day, so all the *puh-kai* (a cross between a comfortable and a mattress, made of matted cotton-batting, often having no cloth cover) were spread out on top of the huts to sun—the most dreadful, dirty old things, as you might imagine they would be when they are used on piles of straw on the ground for beds. The people in the mat-sheds have no beds, and the rain or snow must make the floors almost as muddy as outdoors. All the old tattered garments were also out sunning. There were dirty children, women down on their knees washing their clothes in the muddy river, and families living in little rowboats. A man who was being rowed down the river was economizing his time by taking a bath on the way; he had his trousers rolled up, and was giving his feet and legs a good scrubbing. A woman in one boat had her head down on the boat's edge, and

LETTERS TO BETSEY

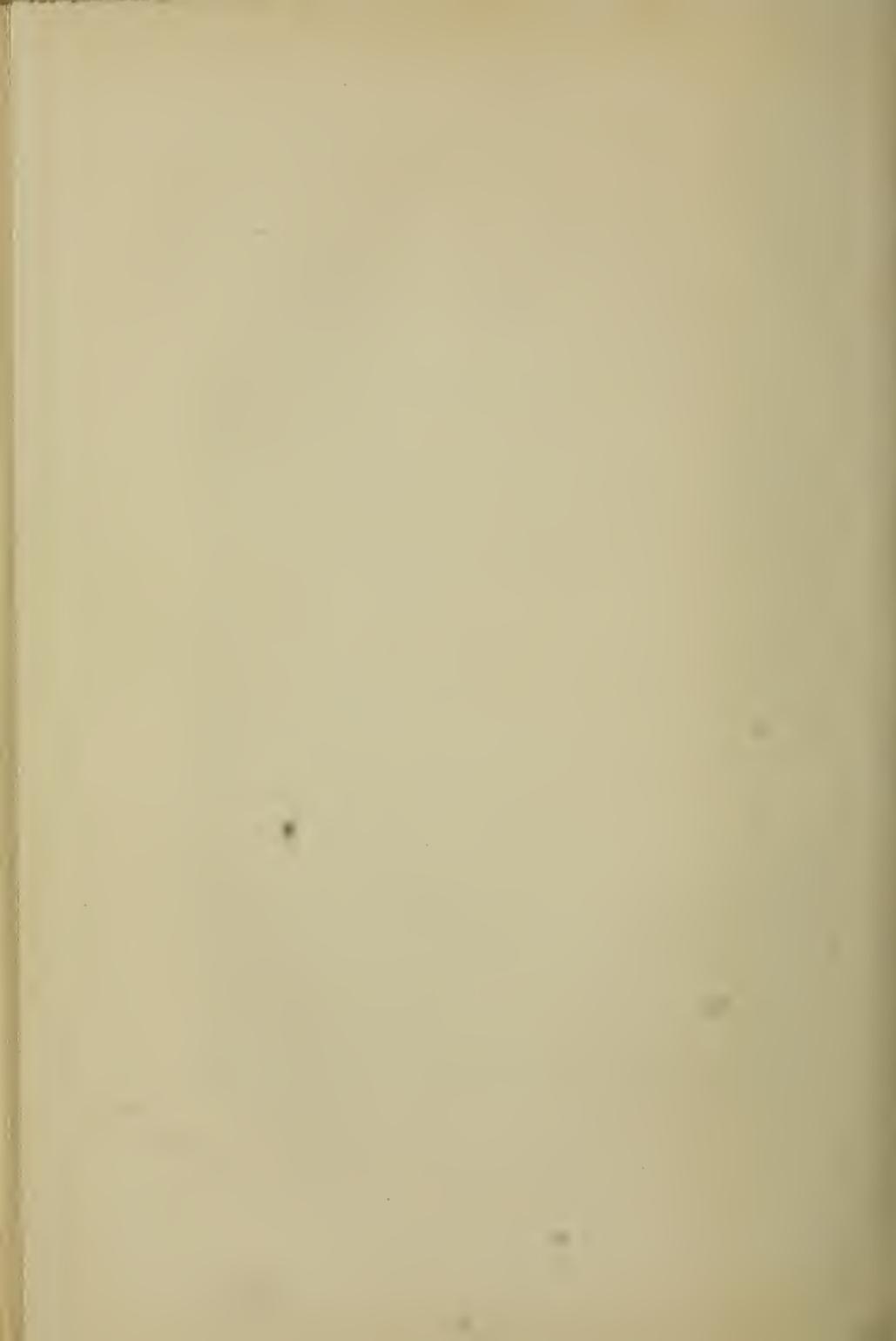
a child in the next boat was examining it. When we landed in Hankow a long row of men with half their clothes off were ejecting the tenants therefrom. Swarms of coolies like ants were carrying earth from the river's edge to fill in low ground, and scores of wretched beggars were uttering their plaints. In the boats were some people of the upper class, both men and women, in handsome silks and satins and furs; the women painted and powdered, and bedecked with loads of jewelry. A large boat, on which was an official, passed us. When he landed, several runners went ahead, carrying his red silk umbrella and clearing the street before his sedan-chair, which was carried by four men.

It was two o'clock when we got home for tiffin—soup like thick dish-water, light gray mashed potatoes, minced meat, and greasy fritters. Genevieve threw one at the door, but I picked it up quick before the boy came back. He was in a dirty, wadded gown.

I have a Sunday meeting at the Shuang Kiai chapel now. Started last month. Forty-five women and girls were present at my first meeting. It almost took my breath away, for I expected only a few. It was my maiden speech in Chinese. It was hard, but Genevieve went, and she said she thought the women understood. The worst of Chinese is that one may learn and say a sentence as carefully as possible, and then spoil the whole sense by giving the wrong inflection to one word. For instance, *kuei* in one tone means honorable, in another tone it means devil. Only a trained ear could



A RURAL LAUNDRY



LETTERS TO BETSEY

distinguish the difference in the tones. It is customary to always speak of "your honorable country." One night an old man got up in our prayer-meeting and was talking about the evil spirits, or devils, in China. He said there are very many, and that is the reason the foreigners always speak of "your devil country." Needless to say, he had heard some foreigner put the wrong inflection on the *kuei*, which had changed a remark intended to be very complimentary into the very reverse. The teachers and some of the schoolgirls were almost convulsed over the old man's remarks, for they knew what the foreigners had meant to say. Even at the risk of not appearing very polite, I always avoid the use of the word honorable in speaking of a person's family or country. I have made the Shuang Kiai meeting into a Sunday-school too. That is at noon, and the one here at three. It does seem good and familiar to have to rush from one place to the other and to be very busy on Sunday again. I have rosy day-dreams of the future.

Your own

JANE.

XIX

HANYANG, May 17.

ME DARLIN' BETSEY: Me chum, she had a vacation to-day. Sich bein' infrequent with her, she says, says she, "Let's go to Wu Chang an' have a lark." So me an' me lady friend, Miss Jennings, we was that agreeable to the idea, we jist dropped our books, an' took the coolie, an' away we went a sailin' across the river. It was nigh onto three hours that we was gone, an' sich sights as we seen an' curious things as we bought! We rode in them haythenish things as ye've heard called jinirickshas. I got meself some iligent new writin' paper, an' me that crazy to use some of it I could scarcely wait till we was afther gettin' home. Shure it's all as Chinesy as I could foind, an' at the same toime I call it that handsome as never was. To be shure, the natives use only one kind to a letter, but seein' it's so foine I'm thinkin' I'll be afther sendin' ye a piece of each kind jist so ye can see what the pretty pictures look loike. I do be hopin' that me writin' will not spoil the looks of it to me Betsey's eyes. The Chinese is that queer, an' they turn the paper the other way of the goods, an' write the characters from top to bottom between the lines. Now, wouldn't that jar yer mither's preserves?

I bought a very auld bronze vase that looks loike it

LETTERS TO BETSEY

had been used for a hammer. Leastways I'm thinkin' it's auld, an' indade an' it can't be new when it's all battered up as it is. So when I come home I'll bring it along, an' perhaps I'll give it to ye for a curio. Them is things what the childer has knocked around till they're all smashed an' battered up, an' then the storekeepers ask big prices for the same, because they're auld. That isn't our way in the auld counthry; but as I've telled ye before, these haythen people is that queer! I got another thing, but I don't guess I'll tell ye what, for I may sind it to ye for a birthday present. This last-named article is not a curio here, but beloike it will be by the time it gets to Ameriky. Mrs. Wan, the matron to the school, do generally be laffin' at me purchases, but to-day she says they are not that bad nor expensive.

We have lost one of our schoolgirls. She had been here a few weeks when her brother died, and another brother became ill. Her people were certain when the second one was taken sick that the spirits were displeased because they had sent this girl to a school to learn the foreign doctrine, so they took her away. Poor girl, she did so want to stay. But superstition has doomed her to a life of ignorance, and we can do nothing for her. Another of the girls is engaged to a man who is a gambler, opium-smoker, and good-for-nothing. She has begged Genevieve to find something for her to do; she says she would rather die than go home and marry that man; but we are helpless, for custom in regard to engagements here is stronger than

LETTERS TO BETSEY

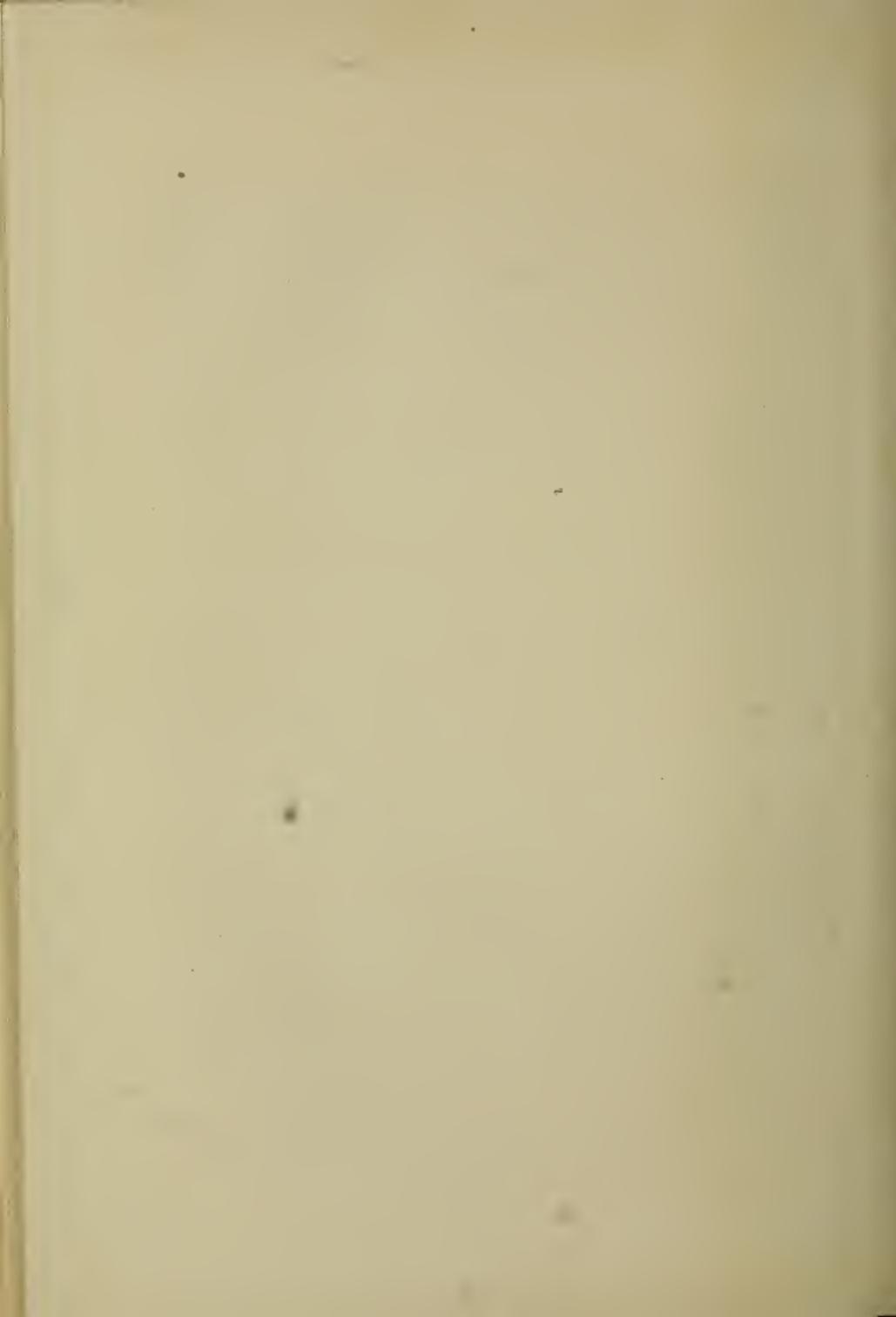
law at home, and it is rarely that a missionary tries to interfere. Another girl thirteen years old is unhappy because her parents think of engaging her to a man, much older than herself, who is not a Christian. They are church-members, but dreadfully poor, and they know of no better way to get some money than to engage the little girl to this man. Think of the bliss of American girls, who, if they cannot marry the man of their choice, do not have to marry anybody. Chinese girls have absolutely no choice in the matter.

It has rained almost incessantly for weeks. There is danger of the crops being drowned out and of famine coming again. The Chinese are so dependent upon the weather, and it seems to be always what they do not want, in the superlative degree. People have been saying to the Christians, "Our gods don't hear us, and your God doesn't hear you," because everybody has been praying for dry weather, and it has not come.

Congratulations are in order! At last I have passed my final language examination and am a full-fledged missionary. Now do not think that I know all about Chinese. "Far from it." I have been given the supervision of the girls' day-schools, and the women's work at the Hankow and Shuang Kiai chapels. At Shuang Kiai the evangelist's wife, Mrs. Shih, is a good worker. She is the teacher of the day-school, plays the baby organ at all the meetings, and helps me with the women's meetings. Mr. Shih is a young man who grew up in our mission. He was an evangelist, but was offered a salary about five times as big in con-



MR. SHIH AND HIS FAMILY



LETTERS TO BETSEY

nection with some official position in Peking. He went, but neither he nor Mrs. Shih was happy not to be in Christian work, so last year they returned to the mission with its meager salary.

Last week Mr. Shih went with me to call on some of the church-members. The first place was a nice home—I mean as Chinese homes go. No doubt you would think it horrid. The woman invited some of the neighbors, who will not go to church, to come in and meet us. We waited some time for one of them to “wash her face.” She painted it too, and put on pretty clothes. Our hostess entertained us with her little girl sitting in her lap. She was all broken out with smallpox. When I learned what the disease was I suggested that we should not ask people to come in and expose them to smallpox. But they were in the habit of going in and out. It was no use to try to make them take precautions at that late date, so we sat in the room with the smallpox patient and talked with the women.

The next home was a poor one, but large enough so that fifty people crowded in after us. I drank tea out of a grimy cup, while people asked many questions, about my clothes, if my parents are living, how many children my mother has, what number among them I am, my age, if I ever comb my hair (when we think our hair is pretty and fluffy, they think it frowzy, and cannot believe that we have combed it), why there is gold in my teeth, how I keep my glasses on, and which is my honorable country. I informed them that my

LETTERS TO BETSEY

unworthy country is the "Great Beautiful Land," its name in Chinese. Then Mrs. Shih explained what a long distance I have come to the Middle Kingdom to tell about the God who loves them and the Saviour who died for them. Then it was our turn to talk, and as their curiosity had been satisfied, they were ready to listen to the gospel story. Some of them had never heard of Jesus before. O Betsey, how glad I am to be here, and to be able to tell those who do not know, that no matter how unhappy their lot here, there are mansions in glory for those who will turn from their idolatry and sin, and trust Christ to save them! Some of the poor old women said, "Your words are good, but our hearts are so dark."

At two of the places we had to pass through tea-shops where men, wearing no upper garments, were sitting at the tables. One woman lives back of a shop where anchors are made. We picked our way in between the piles of huge anchors blocking the front of the shop. The guest-room was a tiny windowless room with earth floor; no door shut it off from the shop, where several scantily clad men were working at the anvils and over the fires, beating the red-hot iron into shape. Some of them left their work and stood listening to our conversation. A biddy hen flew squawking in from the kitchen, but we calmly sipped our tea and conversed with our hostess, who by the way is a well-to-do widow. Betsey, I love you heaps, and I wish you could have been with me.

JANE.

XX

CHI KONG SHAN, July 15.

MY DEAR BETSEY: We came up to the hills last Saturday. Before coming Genevieve and I had to go to Hankow to get passports. How would you describe me? Most of it was easy, but when it came to my nose and mouth I was nonplused. Neither pug, Roman, nor Grecian would do for my nose, and I didn't want to admit that it was large. I have always maintained that my mouth was a rosebud, but I did not feel I could swear to that in the presence of the American consul. It took nearly an hour to unwind the red tape. Afterward we went to a curio-shop. As we were leaving the polite clerk asked in English, "Where do you reside?" I informed him, and he bowed us out, saying, "Fare thee well."

The river current is frightful at this time of year, so in spite of the scorching heat we walked home through the city. Such a smelly, sweltering stream of humanity as we encountered on the way. We had more than even the usual excitement in getting a boat to cross the Han River. The mouth of the Han is always almost blocked with sailboats and rowboats. Hundreds of families live on these boats under conditions which must be seen to be understood, cooking, eating, sleeping, washing, sewing, working, *living* in

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the restricted confines of those small boats. Tell me, is such a life worth living? For every passenger who descends the broad flight of steps leading down to the river a dozen boatmen begin shouting and waving their hands, seeming to think that the more noise they make the more likely they are to win a passenger. Some leave their boats, and come and even take hold of our clothes, begging us to go with them. Throngs of coolies loading and unloading cargo pass up and down the steps to the incessant work songs, "*He-ho-ah! He-ho-ah! He-ho-ah! Ho-ye-oo ai-ee-ha! Ho-ee-oo ai-ee-ha!*" or more complicated ones, whose intricacies I cannot follow out for you. Wherever coolies are working we hear these weird shouts. A Chinese city seems less noisy than an American one, but instead of the clanging of bells, the din of traffic, and the rush and roar of cars and trains, here we have the sound of the human voice in a never-ceasing clamor and uproar. After we got into a boat it was only by herculean efforts, pushing and pulling, that the boatmen were able to work their way out through the crush and jam of boats into the open river, where it was almost as difficult to make any headway against the stupendous force of the current. Sometimes the men have no control of the boats, which are tossed about like egg-shells on the treacherous water. Hundreds of lives are lost every year. Few missionaries live long in Wu Han without having experiences which give them a wholesome dread of the Yangtze.

We gave a Fourth-of-July party at our house. The

LETTERS TO BETSEY

heat was so oppressive we could do nothing but sit and talk; even that was too great an exertion for comfort. July in Hanyang is *h-o-t*, *h-o-t-t-e-r*, *h-o-t-t-e-s-t*. It gets too hot to eat, or sleep, or work, but I was able to keep my meetings going up to the last. The nights are even worse than the days. I would lie and fan the bed to get a bearably cool place to lie, and toss from side to side for hours. Sometimes when I had dropped asleep the heat would become so overwhelming that it would awaken me with the feeling that I was suffocating. Pittsburgh at its worst cannot compare with Hanyang for real genuine sizzling heat.

Before school closed Shen Tai-Tai invited us to a feast. You remember, she is a Christian, and her home was so different from the other official homes I have been in. Instead of a crowd of men servants, we were waited upon by a pleasant-faced woman, and there was no crowd around watching us. You will think we are gormands when I tell you there were thirty-two courses. Here are a few of the delicacies we had: crabs, shrimps, chicken, ducks' feet, fried walnuts, birds' nests, dried meats, pressed meats, fish of many varieties, lotus seeds, chicken skin rolled in a kind of tiny scone, cucumbers with skins on, many kinds of green vegetables prepared in Chinese fashion, and almonds, melon seeds, etc., to munch on between courses.

On our way to the feast we saw a man lying dead in the street. People were stepping around and over the body with scarcely a glance. They did not even

LETTERS TO BETSEY

take the trouble to pass by on the other side, as did the priest and the Levite, and there had been no good Samaritan to minister to this man in his dying hour. Such sights are too common in China to excite much attention. When we returned several hours later the body was still lying in the same position.

Coming up the mountain we passed through one of the old cities of refuge, built in the days of the Tai Ping Rebellion. There is nothing left now but the picturesque old stone wall skirting the top of the hill.

Genevieve is *so* pernickety she objects to the Chinese-tailored appearance of dresses. She gave two to the Hankow tailor, but when he brought them for fitting she repented, and took them away from him, consequently she is now making them by hand. Perhaps you think the Chinese women are immodest because they wear trousers instead of skirts. But their idea of modesty is quite different from ours. One of our friends gave a dress to the tailor, explaining that she wanted tucks and insertion. He replied: "Yes, yes. I savey. Here b'long meat; here b'long tucks." No peek-a-boo or décolleté waists for me in China. Once when Genevieve was out with a belted-in waist she heard people exclaiming: "Ai-ah! See the foreigner with pieces cut out of her sides." They think it very immodest to show the form. In Hanyang I always wear a loose coat on the street.

Affectionately,

JANE.

XXI

HANYANG, November 9.

MY VERY DEAR BETSEY: I have a beau, and I must tell you about him. He is the cutest little three-year-old youngster that ever wore a Chinese cap and jacket, and he sits with me in church. He sat and made eyes at me all through meeting to-night. Genevieve sat farther back, and once he pointed back at her and then up at his own face, and said something I didn't understand. But the expression on his face said as plainly as words could: "Isn't she just the funniest-looking thing you ever saw?"

According to Chinese parlance, it is four-garments cold now, and that is cold enough to make me sigh for a comfortably heated American house. None of the chapels or schoolrooms in which I work are heated at all. It is like sitting down in a barn to teach.

There were a lot of strangers in the women's meeting to-day. Outsiders always make more or less confusion. Almost at the close of the meeting some women came in, and one began talking out loudly, "We have come very late, K'eo Siao-tsieh" (that's my name and title, you understand), and making explanations, all in the midst of prayer-time. I was trying to pull her down beside me, whispering: "Don't talk words. Don't talk words. We are praying now;

LETTERS TO BETSEY

shut your eyes, and listen to them pray." She finally subsided, and kept quiet till the meeting closed. She had come to ask for admission to the school. We have had to refuse several women because of lack of room. It seems dreadful not to be able to take those who want to come. I am teaching two days a week in the school, and Miss Thomas has the other three days. She has all the responsibility.

When I went in before meeting the women were talking excitedly. I asked them what it was all about, and they told me of an old woman whom some of them had seen in a cage at the west gate. She has been there three days, suspended from the top of the cage. There is a support under her feet, which is being gradually lowered so that she will soon die. It seems a dreadful punishment, such a hard, lingering, ignominious death. But the women seemed to think it was none too severe for a woman *who would receive kidnaped girls and sell them into lives of shame*. O Betsey, this is a sad, sad old world. I never knew how sad until I came to China. This is not a happy place to be except for one thing. Christian workers are needed so much, and it is wonderful to be here where we can help to change conditions. I would not give it up for anything else in the wide world. China needs Christ, and I want to do my little part in making him known to those who need him.

This afternoon I heard a big racket in the hall, but as the people went straight on up to the attic I thought Miss Thomas was having coolies carry something up.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

At last I decided to investigate. What do you suppose it was? Three women and four children who had come to call. We have a door-bell, but most people do not understand about using it, so if the door is not locked they walk in and all through the house till they find some one.

Yesterday Genevieve and I went to the hospital. On the street we met a woman who exclaimed, "*Iang ren* (Foreign person)!" in a pleased, surprised way as if she had never seen one before. Then she looked straight at me and said with a broad smile, "*Kih hao k'an* (Very pretty)." I think there is something wrong with Genevieve's eyes, and she should get spectacles, for *she* thought the woman was looking at *her*.

Your "very pretty" sister,

JANE.

XXII

HANYANG, February 1.

BETSEY MINE: I have been sitting here by my dying fire thinking many, many thoughts. I have been back in Michigan when we were children and the first snows of winter came, and then in Rochester with Mrs. Brown, and have spent a night in Philadelphia with Anna, when we talked the old year out and the new year in. I have had you here with me, and thought what we would talk of if it could only be talking instead of writing. Then I wiped away a tear or two (I don't shed them as often as I used to), and got out my paper to write to you. Thoughts in China are queer things. Here we think and speak in years and furloughs, instead of weeks and months. Thought flashes around the world and back quicker than you can say it. At home we say "next year," and it seems a long way off. Here we often speak of what we hope to do after our first furlough, or even our second. Yet always with me there is the wonder as to what the future will bring. For here, far more than at home, we are ready to confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and our desire grows more and more toward "a better country; that is, an heavenly."

It is Chinese New Year, and all the shops are closed for several days, so we had to lay in a supply of all the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

needfuls. New Year's eve was stormy, and it thundered. The Chinese think this an ill omen for the year. The night before New Year is pandemonium let loose in a Chinese city. The people think that the evil spirits are all abroad that night. Buddhist and Taoist priests join with the people in beating gongs, setting off firecrackers, and making a racket to frighten the spirits away. People do not sleep; even small children are kept awake, for it would be inviting calamity if the whole family were not on guard. If a baby must sleep, it is given an ill-smelling vegetable to eat (the evil spirits dislike the odor, so are not likely to molest the child), and an abacus and other things are placed beside the child to protect it. If these precautions were not taken there would be many deaths during the year.

We have had a constant stream of callers, men, women, and children. New Year's Day was bright and sunny. Mrs. Tsao, the pastor's wife, called. She said: "Oh, that the light of God may this year shine upon China just as the sun shines to-day!" Miss Jennings' teacher came wearing a mandarin hat. I scarcely recognized him. He carried his large, red-paper calling-cards wrapped in a yellow silk handkerchief up his sleeve. The sleeves are so long it is easy for a Chinaman to "have something up his sleeve." Fifteen of the men of the church came together. Can you picture them with their queues ending in long black silk tassels, which almost swept the floor, black satin caps with new red buttons, each man dressed in the handsomest long gown he possessed, bowing and shaking his hands

LETTERS TO BETSEY

instead of ours, and in polite phraseology offering congratulations and wishing us a happy New Year? They did not intend to stay, but we assured them that we were prepared for them; so they sat down in the guest-room, and we served tea and Chinese sweets. Pastor Tsao brought his little granddaughter, wearing a pretty new varicolored hood, the very latest style for children since the women are learning to knit and crochet. The poor old school coolie and his wee son came to make their bows. This coolie's wife is half crazy. The Chinese have a medicine which is sometimes given as a last resort when a person is almost dying. It sometimes saves the life, but invariably destroys the reason. This woman is feeble-minded as a result of taking this medicine, and is incapable of caring for her child or her home. The coolie has been working odd moments for days at the school, making the gaudy-colored garments which the little boy wore, and he was proud as a peacock of him.

Have you been reading about the riots in Hankow last week? A police inspector on the Bund saw a rickshaw coolie sitting in his rickshaw apparently very ill. He had him taken to police headquarters and called a doctor. Before they reached there the man died. A rumor got afloat that a sheik policeman, a foreigner you see, had kicked a coolie to death; and a riot started, which lasted several hours. The British marines were called off the gunboats, which are always stationed there to protect the concession. A mob of infuriated Chinese had gathered on the border of the conces-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

sion, and were working their way in. The soldiers tried to hold them back without shooting at them, but could not, and several natives were killed.

On this side all has been quiet. Guards of Chinese soldiers have been stationed through the city; one in front of our church stacked their rifles on the church steps. I went to the Shuang Kiai that Sunday as usual, taking one of the women of the church with me. People along the street said to Mrs. Siao: "Aren't you afraid to be out with a foreigner? Don't you know the Chinese and foreigners are killing each other in Hankow?" One man shouted "Devil" at me as I passed.

Living in China is somewhat like living on the edge of a volcano. Ever since I came there has been much talk of revolution or riots. I have become so accustomed to it that it does not worry me at all. A year ago I was more nervous. Anonymous letters were sent to Pastor Tsao, threatening to kill him and his sons if they did not stop preaching the gospel. At that time there was so much talk of riots that I packed a small bundle with a few necessities, and every night I placed it by my bed so if rioters should come I could take it with me in my flight. Lyde laughed long and loud, and my bundle was the family joke. It was only recently that I discovered that Lyde had packed her suit-case a week before I packed my bundle. Imagine fleeing from a mob with a suit-case! Riotous talk is the spice of life in China. Ever your loving

JANE.

XXIII

HANYANG, February 15.

MY DEAR BETSEY: Mrs. Wan and Miss Li called last Wednesday and mentioned that they were going next day to Chin Keo, our nearest outstation, about twenty miles up the Yangtze. I said to Genevieve, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could go too?" After that, of course, Mrs. Wan had to invite us. It was New Year's vacation, so we were all free. There is a small steamboat which goes up, but does not always return the same day. In talking over plans, Mrs. Wan suggested that we borrow Wong Tai-Tai's launch. Naturally I did not feel like asking the loan of a launch, men to run it, and all the expense of a forty-mile trip. You should have heard Mrs. Wan talk! "Why, Wong Tai-Tai has been your pupil. Both of you have taught her. Why shouldn't the teacher ask any favor of her pupil? Of course she will be delighted to lend it to you." We explained that according to our custom we would not "have the face" to ask such a big favor of any one. And she replied, "You seem to think this is an important affair." It ended in Mrs. Wan asking Wong Tai-Tai to lend *her* the launch, and inviting her to go with us. You see, it was Mrs. Wan's party.

Eight of us went. The others came to our place

LETTERS TO BETSEY

to wait for the coming of the foreign fire-boat. We went down and were rowed out to it. Wong Tai-Tai, dainty as always in her satins, furs, and jewelry, received us in the tiny saloon and served tea and cakes. Mrs. Wan was delighted that Wong Tai-Tai could accept the invitation to go with us, and full of regret that she had not thought to include her little daughter in the invitation.

Near Chin Keo the scenery became very pretty. On one side was a high hill, on top of which is a temple to which people go on pilgrimages. In the middle of the river lay a flat sand island, where the white sand was blown into a cloud by the wind. On the Chin Keo side was a pretty hill crowned with one of the picturesque tea-houses which abound in China. The foot of the hill is buttressed with a stone wall many feet high, at the top of which is a wide stone-paved road several rods in length, circling the hill. Boats cut in halves were conspicuously placed on the hilltop. They had belonged to pirates, and had been confiscated and put up in this way as a warning to others.

We created a sensation in landing, and a crowd followed us up to the chapel. Some boys went in with us. Mrs. Wan talked to them, and I gave out some Scripture leaflets I had taken. The little rascals were just as bad as Americans; told us that they attended the mission school, and several other things which sounded well but had no truth in them.

Mrs. Seng, the evangelist's wife, was not expecting us, but she greeted us cordially, and served tea, which

LETTERS TO BETSEY

we drank with the multitude looking on. Mrs. Wan had been thoughtful enough to provide something to eat, so we each had a bowl of parched rice in hot water.

In the afternoon we went for a long walk through the open fields back of the town, and along a wide country road, which we thought might be a "horse road," but Mrs. Seng said there were no horses in that part of the country.

As we left the more traveled road for a narrow pathway leading up the hill we saw violets which had braved the winter's cold and were blooming by the wayside. I stooped and plucked one and attempted to inhale its fragrance, but, alas! it had none; even while my eye marked the beauty of its form and color the wind, which was now blowing a hurricane, snatched it from my grasp and cast it upon the earth. On, on we toiled up the winding path and a wearisome flight of stone steps. On either hand the plumelike bamboo trees were swaying and bowing in the wind. As we neared the tea-house the deep intonations of clanging bells fell upon our ears. They came from bells suspended from the ornamental tile roof of the tea-house. As the wind swept them into musical (?) chimes they were a pleasant reminder of the tones of cow-bells as the kine return from pasture at the sunset hour. The caretaker greeted us with the Oriental salutation, "Peace," and bade us enter. We passed up a ladderlike stairway of Chinese construction, with difficulty maintaining our equilibrium, into an unattractive upper room. A weird and spooky light penetrated the crude

LETTERS TO BETSEY

shutters, which creaked and rattled in the moaning wind. Table and chairs were laden with dust. We hesitated to remain long in this eery spot. Betsey, you never knew I could be so poetical (?), did you? It really is too great a strain, so I'll return to my natural style.

After a look over the town and surrounding country we started home. All the way we had been followed by twenty or more boys. They were joined by two more from the tea-house. One was a pudgy little chap in a soldier cap, tied on with a bright pink string, a short red jacket, long wadded gown of coarse blue printed cotton, with several gowns of various other colors showing beneath, wadded green cotton trousers bound in tightly at the ankles, and shoes not unlike those the Hollanders wear. We went into a Buddhist temple, then walked along the promenade, of which I told you. The river was so rough we began to fear we might not be able to make the return trip that day. On our return to the house it was decided to let the men bring the launch home, and send a larger boat for us to come by moonlight. But when the attempt was made they found the little boat could not "eat the waves," so there was nothing to do but settle down for the night.

Some ladies came to call on us, and invited us to go to their home. They served tea and sweets. One had studied, and told us she knew English. We asked her to talk English with us, and she did—the only word she knew. She held up a cup and said, "cu-up,"

LETTERS TO BETSEY

and we complimented her on her clear pronunciation. Mrs. Wan and Mrs. Seng made the most of the opportunity to tell the ladies about Christianity.

It was dark when we returned, and we found a nice Chinese meal waiting for us. I never can become accustomed to throwing the bones and scraps under the table for the dogs to eat. The chapel is the front of a Chinese house, and the Sengs live in the back. It was the regular prayer-meeting night. I asked one young girl if she attended school. She said no, she would like to, but *there is no school for girls in that city*. After the meeting we talked a long time with the women, and I promised to go up for a week in the summer after the Women's Bible School closes.

The Sengs had only one extra bed. They took down the doors and laid them across benches, and some of the neighbors lent bedding to help cover us. We climbed the ladder to the unfinished attic, and the eight of us slept in two beds in the one room. Genevieve and I kept on our heavy sweaters and long coats, and then were freezing cold. Barking dogs and street noises kept us awake most of the night. We rose at dawn and started home before breakfast. It was nearly noon when we reached here. The pleasantest part of any outing in China is the getting home again. Just to think of sitting in a comfortable chair in front of a fire once more. We could not live as the Chinese do.

Doctor Lessey and Miss Thomas have gone on furlough; the Howells plan to go next month; Lyde has

LETTERS TO BETSEY

gone to the hospital compound to live; so Genevieve and I are left alone in the Ladies' House. We dismissed Hu Si-fu, and have made Pao Chen cook. Already he does better than Hu Si-fu did. We hire an outside coolie to carry water from the river, so have only two servants now.

Lovingly,

JANE.

XXIV

HANYANG, March 23.

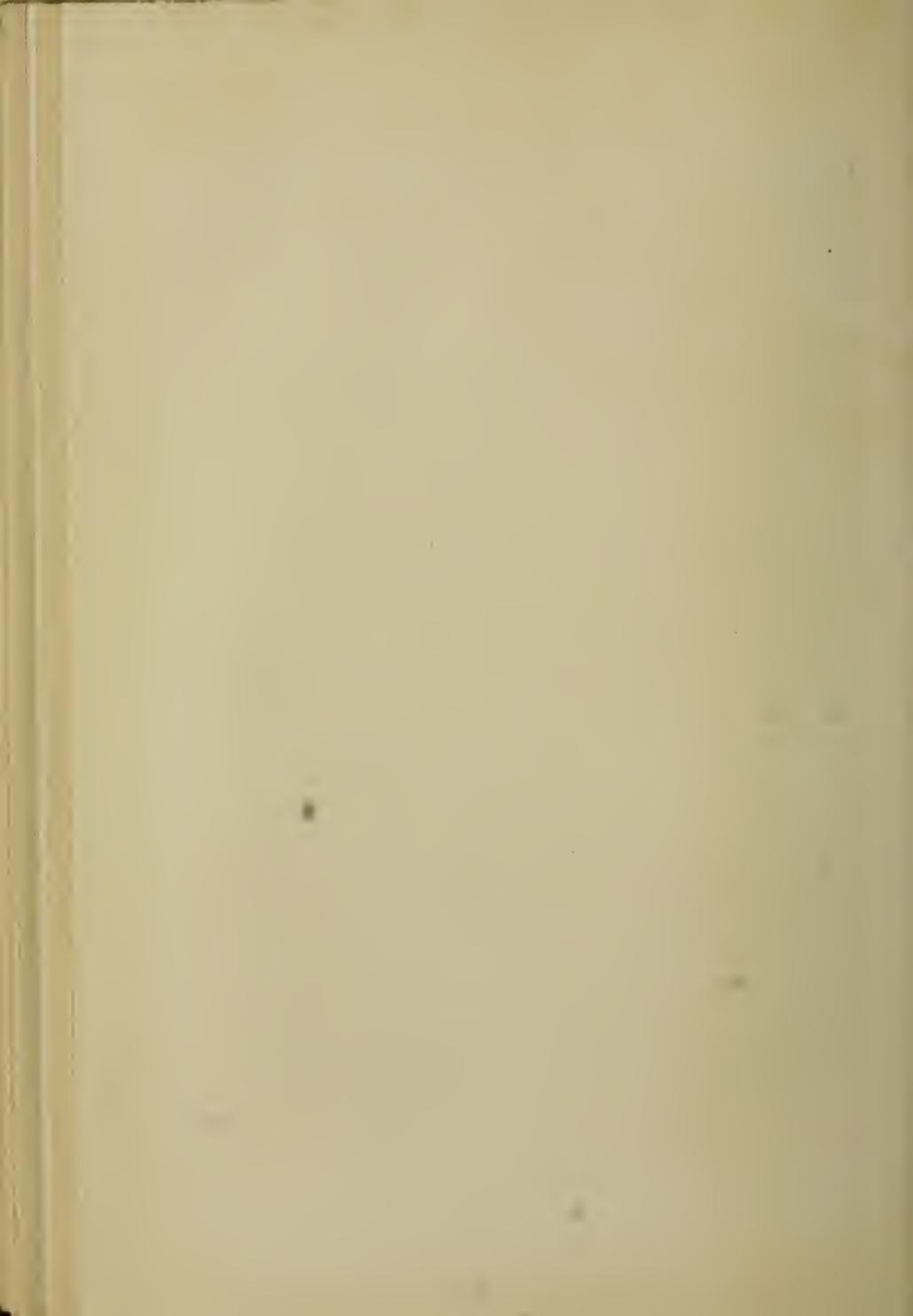
DEAREST BETSEY: Why don't you write? It's an age since I've heard from you. *Et tu Brute*, forgetting me? I need your letters to help keep me straight. I wish there were such a thing as long-distance telepathy. Don't you? Letters are so unsatisfactory when they cannot be supplemented with an occasional visit. It is two and a half years since I left home, and oh, sometimes the years seem wearily long.

There are fifteen women in the Bible school this term, and ten others who come for daily classes here and at the Shuang Kiai, where the school is. It is very hard to have the school so far away, but we have the rooms there and none here, so there is no help for it. I go down every day. When I reached there this morning everybody was doing just what they should so early in the morning. The boys' school was having a drill in the outer court, the girls were studying at the top of their voices as (they think) they should, and the women had settled nicely at their studies.

In the school we have an old lady sixty-two years old, who is starting to learn to read. She is so proud to be able to read two hymns. Another woman used to be a nun in a Taoist temple. Now she is a church-



THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE SCHOOL



LETTERS TO BETSEY

member, and is apparently living a sincere Christian life. One young woman who entered this term studied for a week and had not learned a dozen characters. She began to think she was too stupid ever to learn. Suddenly she took a start, and now she is one of our brightest students, and is leading her class. It doesn't pay to be too easily discouraged with women who have never had a chance to study.

I was home for tiffin at twelve, spent a half-hour preparing my talk for the afternoon meeting, then went in a chair to Chih Li Miao, a little town three miles from here, where I go every week to our chapel for the women's meeting. Faithful old Lui Ta Peo went in the morning, and had been calling, and inviting the women of the neighborhood to come to the meeting. She has a class before the meeting to teach the women to read the hymns. She herself was over forty before she could read a word. She lived in a mat-shed just outside our compound. When our missionaries first came here sixteen years ago they used to see her out in front of her door combing her big black pig with her own coarse-toothed wooden comb. They asked her to come to church; but for a long time she did not dare. She was afraid the evil spirits would punish her if she "ate the foreign doctrine." But after a time she ventured into the meeting, became interested, and continued to come. She was converted, and during these last years I suppose many hundreds of women have heard the way of salvation from Lui Ta Peo for the first time. She goes stump-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ing around on her little bound feet, all over Hanyang and for miles out into the country, telling the gospel story and of what God has done for her. She has been one of Miss Thomas' Bible-women and is now one of my helpers.

I have weekly meetings in each of the four chapels, so it keeps me busy with all the preparation and teaching I have to do. There are many problems and perplexities. It is not easy to work in a strange language which is still only half-won for the expression of Christian truth, and with people of such strange customs. I often wonder if I shall ever again have that self-complacent feeling of knowing I have done just the proper thing, and have no doubt as to what I should do next. I have concluded that the most necessary thing for a missionary is a deep spirituality. A person with a college education, a pleasing personality, and a mild form of goodness may accomplish much in America, but if that is all one has to bring to China, he (or she) might better stay at home. I am trying to "make good."

Yours,

JANE.

HANYANG, April 1.

MY DEAR BETSEY: I have been celebrating April Fool's Day for Genevieve's benefit, and have made her feel like one several times. I did not go down to breakfast, rapped on the floor, and then when she did not come quickly enough, rapped again and called. Then she rushed up and found me with my face buried in the pillow. I gasped, "I thought you would never come" in a most pathetic tone. She said, "Oh, what *is* the matter?" and began rubbing my forehead. Then I threw off the bedclothes, and showed her I was dressed. I got a good pommeling, but I didn't mind that.

Last night we went over to Lyde's for supper. She told us of some of the cases in the hospital. Several months ago one man tried to kill another. He slashed him up badly with a knife, then ran away. The wounded man was taken to our hospital, and recovered. But some one must be punished; as the criminal could not be found, his wife was seized and put in prison, and has been there ever since. She has slept on the cold, wet, mud floor in an indescribably filthy room with no conveniences for cleanliness or decency. Her sufferings must have been inconceivable. Two days ago she was brought to the hospital, and

LETTERS TO BETSEY

gave birth to a still-born baby. She is so sore from the crown of her head to the tip of her toes one can scarcely touch her without her almost shrieking with pain. Lyde said she has seen so much suffering that she is not easily overcome, but this case was almost too much for her, to hear of what the woman has endured while in the prison. When she came into the hospital she did not seem to think it possible that any one would treat her kindly.

Another is a woman who with her husband had been living in a mat-shed some distance from here during the winter. They were returning to the country for the summer. The woman walked thirteen miles on Wednesday, ten on Thursday, and I do not know how far on Friday. They had almost reached the river-bank, where they were to take a boat for the remainder of the journey, when the woman was taken sick, and her baby was born in the street. The man went on and tried to get a boat, but the news had preceded him, and no boatman would allow the mother of a new-born baby in his boat. It was the same with the sedan-chair men, and no householder would allow his house to be contaminated by her presence. They knew that without asking, and were at their wit's end to know what to do. Mrs. Lan heard of it and sent a note over to Lyde to ask if they could take the woman. The women's ward was full, but this was a case which could not be refused. They put two in one bed, and sent a stretcher for her. She has a cunning little baby, all bound up in a stiff blanket like the Italians do theirs.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I do not tell you much about the darker side of life here, but every day brings problems which I do not know how to solve. Eternal vigilance is the price of success in school work in China, and I must be as vigilant with my women as Genevieve is with her girls. I have told you something of our environment, but you cannot know the depressing effect of living in it for week after week and month after month. The climate is physically enervating, with never a clear, bracing atmosphere that makes one feel invigorated and like doing things. And the moral atmosphere is equally enervating. So, Betsey mine, send along doses of good cheer in good, long, frequent letters to your

JANE.

XXVI

HANYANG, June 15.

MY DEAR BETSEY: I don't know whether I can write with the mosquitoes buzzing around or not, but I shall make the attempt.

The Bible school has closed, the women have all returned to their homes, and I have been up to Chin Keo to spend a week. Genevieve went with me for two days. The boat was scheduled to leave at eight o'clock. We were up at five-thirty, but made our preparations very leisurely, and started out at seven, thinking we had plenty of time to get down to the Han, where we were to take the foreign fire-boat. The rain started at the same time we did. When we got to where the boat should have been it wasn't there, nor was the other boat which goes up river. I asked the boatman: "This is what meaning? They said the boats leave at eight. It is not yet half past seven and both boats are gone?"

The man calmly explained that eight o'clock is the hour, but sometimes the boat goes earlier, sometimes later. "*Kong-pa kin-t'ien loh-t'ien tsong K'ai-liao* (Perhaps it started at six this morning)." They said there was another boat that comes down the Han; perhaps we could get on that. It appeared just then. Pao Chen and the two boatmen began shouting, "*Iang chuan*

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ah! Iang chuan ah! (Foreign boat, ah!)” But the boat steamed on. Either the captain did not hear or did not heed. There was still another boat. We told them to row up to the starting-place. They said no, we could hail it as it passed. Genevieve said emphatically: “You don’t know anything. A foreign boat will not stop for us. Hear my words! (Obey me.)” But the men still remained calm. If we missed our boat they would get an extra fare for taking us back to Hanyang. The boat had already started; they got in its way and shouted again, this time with better success. It was a case of “O Mr. Captain, stop your ship. I want to get on and ride.” And Mr. Captain stopped his ship while we got on with our two cot-beds, steamer-chair, and pigskin boxes containing food, clothing, bedding, wash-basin, and all the necessities for several days’ stay.

Mrs. Tseo, the Bible-woman who was going with me, had been down for the earlier boat. As I did not appear she went home, but went up the next day.

We slept in the same attic room we were in when we went in the winter, hanging blankets across one end in the interest of privacy. We had our chafing-dish, and prepared our own breakfast and lunch, and ate the evening meal with the family.

It rained nearly every day, but the women came, thirty or forty of them, with even greater regularity. In a crowd of outsiders there are usually as many or more children than women, and such confusion results you wonder how they can receive any benefit. With

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the exception of two of the women of the church and two or three inquirers, none of the women could read a word. But nearly always when a woman is converted she at once wants to study so that she may understand the doctrine better.

I went out calling some. One day when it cleared I went out into the country. The people were very friendly, but I must have seemed a strange sight to them, for one little child shrieked with fright at seeing me in my white suit and hat. One of the houses we went to was a sod house. The living-room was small, and half-filled with a hand-loom, the only other pieces of furniture being a table and two or three narrow benches. The wall was just the rough blocks of earth. There was not a semblance of comfort or beauty. What would *you* think of living in such a place?

I have fifty-seven dozen fresh mosquito bites. Good-night.

JANE.

XXVII

CHI KONG SHAN, August 12.

DEAR BETSEY: I am having the most vacant vacation I have ever had in China. The other summers I studied hard all the time at the hills. This summer both Genevieve and I are so exhausted by the year's work it is one of our jokes to lift one finger and sigh, "I am *so* tired." We stayed in Hanyang till the middle of July.

We are alone here in a wee cottage, with Pao Chen to do the work. What do you guess we had for tiffin a few minutes ago? A most delicious raspberry short-cake. We both had to admit that neither Genevieve's mother, nor my mother, nor I could surpass it. What more could be said? We get wild berries here, the first we have had in China, and cook them. Pao Chen is an excellent cook now, and I do not think he ever uses his wash-basin to cook in any more. To be sure, he did use the dish-pan for a bath-tub the day before we came up here. But his basin was packed and sent away in his box, so that was an exceptional case.

I have been busy getting my correspondence up to date. Can you imagine how tiresome it has been, writing the same things over and over to people in Burma and Brooklyn, Idaho and India, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York, and Boston? I do not write dif-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ferent things, as that would require more gray matter than to grind out the same repeatedly.

Centipedes are our greatest excitement here. Ugh, but they are ugly things! This cottage is poorly built, and we are overrun with all sorts of crawlers of the centipede family, and have killed two genuine six-inch centipedes. I am glad they are not one of the Hanyang pests. I fear, hate, loathe, detest, despise them.

Many of the missionaries here are from interior stations, and have had wonderful experiences. Some are several weeks' journey from any other foreigners. They come to the summer resort once in two or three years. At other times they do not see any one outside their station for months at a time. I like to get them to telling stories of their work. One of our friends was telling last evening about a country trip she had taken. One night she was in a meeting, and stood singing the doxology while poking with her umbrella to keep the pigs away from her feet.

Chi Kong Shan is divided into two sections—the Business Valley and the Missionary Valley. The laundryman in the Missionary Valley recently hung out his sign, "Religious wash-pot." Does it remind you of Moab?

Betsey, I want you to promise to love me just the same if I am not handsome when I go home on furlough. I give you fair warning, my hair is falling out, and my skin fits like a baked apple's and is nearly the same color. I sure am not "as young as I ust to be," but I love you the same as ever.

JANE.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Later. I have been up on the ridge to watch the sunset. It was magnificent, the entire sky lighted up with brilliantly colored clouds, with rose, blue, and violet rays extending in fan shape from both the eastern and the western horizon to the zenith. I have never seen more beautiful sunsets than we sometimes have here. If only the weather were better and there were no centipedes, it would be delightful here. It has been rainy and misty most of the time. It is so damp that sometimes our clothes mildew while we are wearing them.

XXVIII

HANYANG, September 3.

BETSEY: If you could only have seen the wild disorder in which we found our house on our return from the hills! Every cupboard, box, drawer, and trunk except those in the attic had been opened. Some had been chopped open with a hatchet, making a wreck of the furniture. The floors were littered with scraps of cloth, burnt matches, and cigarette stumps. Tinned beans and moldy currants were scattered about my bedroom. My gentleman robber had filled my student-lamp with oil from the dining-room lamp and drawn an easy chair up by my table to read. He had also uncovered my mattress and reposed on my bed. Everything we possessed had been taken from its proper place and things carried from one room to another, clean clothes soiled, and soap left out for the rats to eat. Genevieve's gold watch and other things innumerable had been stolen. The contents of every envelope had been examined, and books taken from the cases and replaced upside down. But the strangest thing was the selection which had been made. Valuable things had been left, and trifles taken from the same box or drawer. It must have taken weeks to upset the house so completely. Mr. Robber had done so many absolutely crazy stunts we were sure he must have been

LETTERS TO BETSEY

a crazy man. It was late in the evening when we reached here, so we could make no investigation that night. Everything was so weird and spooky I was almost afraid to get into bed, even after looking under it for a man, and Genevieve came in after the lights were out to ask me to leave my door open.

It was not until the afternoon of the next day that the mystery was solved. Pastor Tsao came and explained that the son of one of the church-members had broken into the house two weeks previously. He is a kleptomaniac, and has been forbidden to come to the compound, but while we were away the rule was not enforced, and he had succeeded in breaking in without detection, and had come and gone as he pleased. At last his mother found out what was going on, and she told Pastor Tsao the day before we came.

Pastor Tsao told us the poor old mother was heart-broken, and we went to see her. She could hardly be persuaded to come out to see us, and when she did she fell on her face before us, knocking the floor with her head and beating it with her hands. We had difficulty in getting her up. Then she talked in the wildest way, of what a sinner she must be to have such a son, and of his terrible sin. She said, as long as he was alive and could harm people her heart would never be at peace. We soothed her as well as we could, and proposed sending the boy to the insane asylum in Canton. There is no asylum anywhere near here.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Later on we learned that the mother had decreed before we arrived that her son should be drowned. It is customary here if the parents do not wish to give a criminal son over to the courts to be (un)justly dealt with, they may put him to death without reporting the case. A father who causes his own son to be put to death for committing a crime is extolled for his virtue. This poor old woman had once told a sister whose son had stolen that if her son should do such a deed she would have him put to death. Now she felt that this was like a vow, and if she did not do so it would be perjury, and people would all look upon her as one who upheld her son in wrong-doing. That evening a meeting was held in the church, and then the elders and deacons went with us to the home. At first some thought that the boy should be given over to the authorities, which would be an awful fate. But the old mother was brought out, and when they saw the ravages which suffering had made upon her face they became very lenient in their attitude. You know,

To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

And the old woman was nearly crazed with grief, which was in some measure due to her determination to have her boy drowned. We all united in pleading that she spare his life. And Genevieve and I promised to send him to the asylum if he could be received there.

The woman insisted that she must set a good ex-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ample to others. It was hard for her to believe that to have her son thrown into the river would not be setting a good example. We told her if she did that her sin would be much greater than her son's. At last she knelt down and prayed, and then she promised that she would not have him killed. One of the women said to us afterward: "It is very well that you returned when you did. If you had been a day later Chuin Nien would be dead to-night." It is hard for us to realize that such a thing could be, that a Christian could be so mistaken in her duty. But never a day passes here that we are not reminded that we are in the Orient. People are thinking along the same grooves that the people of Palestine thought three thousand years ago, when Jephthah made his rash vow.

The flood this year is the worst I have seen. I wonder how the people are to survive the winter. Coming down on the train we saw whole towns flooded, so the people had deserted their homes. Much of Hanyang is under water. People are living on boards placed on benches or on scaffolds, in their miserable little hovels. By going in boats or walking trestles made of poles I can get to all the chapels for the weekly women's meetings. If you want adventures, come to China. Walking trestles made of slippery round poles, several feet above the water, which is two or three feet deep in the street, is quite as thrilling as some of the amusements pleasure-mad Americans indulge in at Coney Island.

With love,

JANE.

XXIX

KIA-YU, September 18.

DEAR BETSEY: Do you remember the old carpenter of whom I wrote at the first wedding-feast I went to in Hanyang? He has been the evangelist here in Kia-Yu for the last two years. Last week he was down in Hanyang, and I took the opportunity to come with him up to Kia-Yu. I have also told you of Lui Ta-Peo. She is a wizened little old woman, with a face which used to make me think of a monkey, thin gray hair and a coil of black cloth at the back, and the truest, kindest heart that ever beat.

We started with bag and baggage early Saturday morning. Remembering my experience missing the boat going to Chin Keo, we went at six o'clock to get the eight o'clock boat, then had to wait till nine before the boat started. It was a dull leaden morning, and the river was very choppy, so much so that my cot went overboard, but the men caught it. When we reached the steamboat Mr. Uh wished to put me in "The Ladies' Saloon"; nothing less than capitals would do justice to it. But I refused to stay put. It was a four-by-five cubby-hole with the foulest air, and was occupied by an old woman who looked like a beggar. Chinese beggars do not look like American ones, you know. I boldly stayed out in the open air with

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the men. There is a decent cabin below, but the price is such that it usually precludes missionaries from using it. The roof of the cabin is fitted up with narrow benches a foot high, on which the passengers sit. The space between the floor and the roof of this "upper deck" is about four feet, so one cannot stand upright; not a very comfortable arrangement for an all day's journey. Not only that, but it rained, and the rain beat in upon us. The roof leaked, and we had to choose our position with care to keep out of the wet spots. It grew colder. To keep away from the crowds of men I stayed in the back part of the boat, with flat baskets of fish and vegetables around me, and near the open kitchen, where I got the full benefit of the strong smells of Chinese cookery. I could not sit hunched up on one of those low benches all day; so I sat on the floor with my feet hanging over into the passageway, and pulled them up when any one wanted to go by.

It was dark when we reached Kia-Yu. We were chilled through, and wanted to hurry up to the chapel. Mr. Uh told us to sit still a few moments, and he would get some coolies to carry our baggage. There was much confusion and shouting as the passengers disembarked. At the end of a half-hour every one had gone, and with them the lanterns which had given us light. Mr. Uh came back to say he could engage no coolies, and must go home and get his son and the chapel coolie to come for us.

Lui Ta-Peo was almost having a chill. We piled her

LETTERS TO BETSEY

bedding on top of my box to form a windbreak, then sat flat on the floor while we waited there another hour in the dark. At last a small boy appeared and spoke to Lui Ta-Peo. She exclaimed, "Ai-ah, it's seven!" Sure enough, it was Uh Sien-Sieng's seventh son. But he explained that now he goes to school, and is called by the more dignified title "The Seventh." A larger son, Mr. Uh, and the coolie soon came with a Chinese lantern, the light in which promptly blew out. We got off thinking all were ready to start, but it was some time before they got the baggage arranged. Lui Ta-Peo tied a bath-towel around her head, and there we stood on the bank shivering in the wind. At last all were ready. The coolie went first, carrying my cot, my pigskin box, and Lui Ta-Peo's bundle of bedding on a carrying-pole over his shoulder. Then came Mr. Uh's sixth son with Lui Ta-Peo's suit-case, which by the way, was made out of a Standard Oil tin. Then followed The Seventh with Mr. Uh's hand-bag. Mr. Uh, with his flickering lantern, and Lui Ta-Peo and I brought up the rear, trying to walk side by side, but not always able to, on the narrow, muddy, slippery paths. Three or four times the light blew out, and we had to stop in dingy, dimly lighted little shops or houses to beg a light. Nowhere did they have matches, but used twisted paper lighters. Note: Next time I go on a trip be sure to carry matches in my hand-bag.

At last, when I thought we must be almost at our destination, Mr. Uh said, "We must take the boat

LETTERS TO BETSEY

here." Everything beyond the faint glimmer of the lantern was very dark. We scrambled down the bank into a boat we couldn't see, and were rowed across a pond, after which we took up our line of march again, and another long walk through the dark back streets brought us to the back gate of the mission compound. Mr. Uh knew that if we went where people could see me a crowd would gather.

We received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Uh and the married daughter. They put on the kettle to boil, and made us a cup of tea. They wished to prepare supper for me as well as the others, but I preferred hot condensed milk.

It took only a few minutes for me to hang my curtain across one end of an unused back room, and put up my mosquito-net and my cot. I knew I couldn't sleep a wink if I did not have that net. Betsey, I never saw or dreamed of such spiders as I am living with here. There are several species; hard, black, hairy ones, wuzzy gray ones, and squashy yellow ones. Some of them I am sure measure five inches from tip to tip of their long legs. You need not doubt my veracity, for I have just been standing by the wall computing the distance of the longest. I'd almost as soon think of killing a toad as one of them. I asked Mrs. Uh if they are not dangerous, and she says not. Happily they do seem lethargic.

Suggestions as to getting settled may not come amiss in case you should ever come to China and go on out-station trips. I brought everything I need with me:

LETTERS TO BETSEY

bed, bedding, dishes, wash-basin, food, books, spirit-lamp, cooking utensils, even the twine, nails, and large safety-pins to hang my net and curtains. Take your net even in winter to protect you from rats, and if you desire semiprivacy *don't* forget curtains to hang across one end or corner of the room. One table I use for pantry, dining-room, and kitchen. A small *ts'ah-tsieh* (tea-table) is my library. A chair for my wash-basin, and my clothes are tight shut in my box. Of course all my food is in tin boxes.

I was soon settled, and was drinking hot milk and marveling at the spiders when some one came to say it was prayer-meeting night, and would we come? This was at ten o'clock! Mr. Uh had not been there for the regular hour, but now he had come they must have their meeting. Lui Ta-Pe'o said, "I will go, you are tired. Stay and go to bed." I felt this would not be the part of a good missionary, so I went out. But the meeting had not assembled, and my head felt so dizzy I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and I retired. Lucky I did. Mr. Uh has an accordion, which he works like a bellows with all the stops constantly pressed down. No one there had the faintest idea of time or tune. The music beat anything I had ever heard before, even in China, and that is saying a *great deal*. My gravity is not easily upset in meeting, but I was glad no one saw me when I heard Kia-Yu music for the first time.

Early Sunday morning people began coming to church. Most of the church-members are scattered

LETTERS TO BETSEY

through the country. Some come five miles, and now that the country is under flood, have to come in row-boats. None had heard that I was to be here, but forty or fifty came. A number were old people, who came in leaning on their long staves with grotesquely carved heads.

One old woman, who came early, I was told had come several miles. I said, "You must have started very early." She replied: "I count the days of the week till Sunday comes. All I think of that day is to get up early and come to church. It is all I can do, I cannot read or explain the doctrine, but I come to church every Sunday and worship God."

As they came in the men were seated in the guest-room, and the women in the bedroom to drink tea. When I went in Mrs. Uh picked up a cup that some one else had been drinking from, threw the cold tea on the cement floor, took a grimy wash-cloth (the one the family use for bathing) from its peg on the wall, and wiped the cup with it, poured tea into the cup, and gave it to me. If I had been calling I should have drunk the tea. As I am staying here, I was so busy talking with the women I *forgot* to drink it. The women are delighted to have me here. I wish you could be here for one meeting. The women sat on one side and the men on the other. A big black pig wandered in and out at its own sweet will, disturbing no one but me. Mr. Uh played his accordion, and the schoolboys sang lustily. It wasn't musical, but the people's hearts were in accord with the spirit of praise,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

even if their voices were not in harmony. Mr. Uh asked me to speak in the church service, and for the first time since I came to China I spoke to a mixed Chinese audience. The women remained for a meeting. Lui Ta-Peao, Mr. Uh, one of the church women, and I took turns talking until we were tired, and still the women lingered to talk with us after the meeting. One told me how her husband curses and beats her when she comes to the chapel. When I quoted the Sermon on the Mount to her she said, "They are good words."

At the evening meeting the chapel was crowded. Many came simply out of curiosity, to see a foreign woman for the first time. But Mr. Uh gave them a good sermon. Of course, as every sermon to outsiders must be, it was on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. He said: "When you go down to Hankow you always want to take the foreign fire-boat. You can go and come in two days in that, while it takes several weeks to go in the native boat. When a young man wishes to be excessively stylish he buys a foreign hat and shoes, and puts on foreign clothes, and struts around thinking he is some great person. Look at these foreign lamps, in which we use foreign oil. Do they not give a good light? Are they not better than our Chinese lamps? Everybody likes to use foreign things. Then why is it you look with contempt upon one who eats the foreign doctrine? What you call the foreign doctrine is as much better than the Chinese doctrines—Buddhism, Taoism, and Con-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

fucianism—as these other foreign things are better than our things.” Then he went on to tell them that Christianity is not a Western religion, that Jesus was born in Asia, not far from their own country. With description of Christ as a personal Saviour he made his final appeal.

Mrs. Pen has come to ask me to go for a walk, so I must leave you for the present. I have had many interruptions. We go home to-morrow, as I must be there to prepare for the opening of the women’s school. I have had a feast and two meetings already to-day. Crowds of women have been here. There is so much to do, and so little time in which to do it.

Yours,

JANE.

XXX

HANKOW, October 12.

BETSEY DEAREST: How can I tell you of all the dreadful happenings of these last few days? I am sending a cable which will assure you, weeks before this can reach you, of my safety. I do hope that the newspaper accounts have not made you too anxious.

To begin at the beginning: One evening last week I was sitting up-stairs writing when there came a banging at the back door and calls for the cook. I poked my head out of the window and inquired, "Is what affair?" It was a servant with a letter from the father of one of the schoolgirls. He is an official, and wrote that he did not wish to be the bearer of alarming news, but he thought we should know that there were rumors of a rebellion to start in Wu Chang the next day.

Several days passed, and no outbreak. It was reported that all the gentry had left Wu Chang, the city gates were guarded, and everybody was subject to search. As the days passed we thought this rumor had no more foundation than the many, many others that had gone before. I have known that it would worry you more than it did me, so I have not told you much about the constant talk of riot and revolution to which we have been treated. The week I reached

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Hanyang the emperor and empress-dowager died. Many people expected the war then, and it has been talked of ever since. Last spring for weeks the women were alarmed and anxious, and I had constantly to reassure them. We really were so hardened to talk of riot and war that it made little impression. It was a case of the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!"—and then the wolf came when we least expected it.

Last Tuesday's daily paper told of the explosion of a bomb in Hankow, and the consequent discovery of revolutionary paraphernalia. Wednesday morning Mrs. Gage came in to beg me not to go to the Shuang Kiai that day; Wu Chang had been taken by the Revolutionists, the *yamen* burned, and the Manchus were being massacred. From the Gages' attic window we could see the soldiers on the Wu Chang city walls and hear the reports of rifle-firing. Betsey, will you believe it? Even then I fully expected to go to the Shuang Kiai. But I was not to go until afternoon; and in the meantime the plot continued to thicken. One of my Bible-women came in, and she said she had been up all night watching the Hanyang people fleeing to the country, carrying bundles of bedding and clothing on their backs; there had been a constant procession of people from dark to dawn passing along our street. Before noon a letter came from the American consul, advising that foreign women and children leave Hanyang. Fighting began between the soldiers at Hanyang east gate, which is very near our compound, and some of the guard-boats on the river.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Genevieve went over to the hospital to see what they were doing there, and she saw two wounded soldiers who had been taken into the ward. Their condition made her realize that we were probably in for serious trouble. That afternoon she reluctantly sent her schoolgirls to their homes. Each one had to have an escort who could be depended upon to see her safely to her destination. I sent word that any of the Bible-school women who wished to do so might go home, and all the hospital patients were sent away. Can you imagine what heartache it meant for all of us?

Late in the afternoon a letter came from the British consul, still more strongly urging that we go to Hankow. The Wu Chang missionaries are all shut up in the city. The American consul has been trying since yesterday morning to get them out, but has not succeeded. There is great anxiety because there is fighting all around them, and several fires raging.

We left Hanyang at dark last evening, with the Gages, three schoolgirls, two teachers, two nurses, and a woman servant from the school. Lyde left home expecting to spend the night at our house, so she has only the few things that she had in her bag. Genevieve and I are a little better off. Mr. Gage and Doctor Lane have gone over this morning to try and get some of their belongings. Hanyang and Hankow native city were taken by the Revolutionists last night, so we did not leave any too soon. There has been cannonading, and big fires have ravaged parts of both cities.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

When we started out last night we could not help laughing even in the midst of all our trouble to see the way Mrs. Wan and Miss Tang had gotten themselves up. They looked like two middle-aged countrywomen. Not a woman here wants to look young, pretty, or wealthy to-day. Their danger is great enough without adding to it by attractiveness. Kai Chuin is in school in Wu Chang, and as we left, Mrs. Wan's nephew, who had gone across the river to try to bring him home, came to say that he had been unable to obtain any word from Kai Chuin. While he was away the Hanyang city gates had been closed, and he could not return to his home. His wife had given birth to a baby the night before, and she was there alone with Mrs. Wan's old mother and three small children. It is the same everywhere, anxiety for the safety of loved ones who are in danger and families separated.

None of us slept last night. Volunteer guards patrolled the streets of the concessions all night. At intervals we heard the tramp, tramp, as they marched by. A signal was to be given in case of danger for all to rise and dress. A second signal means that all are to gather on the Bund near the gunboats, and a third that foreign women and children are to go onto the boats. We from our mission are staying at a very poor hotel. By the time we came last night the concession was crowded with refugees, and this was the only place we could secure rooms. The proprietor has been very kind, however, allowing us to have the Chinese stay with us. They are accustomed to hard

LETTERS TO BETSEY

beds, and are thankful to have a safe place to make up a bed on the floor.

Evening. What a day it has been! I hope there are not many such ahead. One thing we have to be thankful for. The rescue party succeeded in getting into Wu Chang and bringing out the missionaries and the pupils from the schools. We were down at the L. M. S. school when thirty of their Wu Chang school-girls, who could not return to their homes, came in. They had bundles done up in squares of cotton. (Of course, no one could save more than she could carry for herself.) For two days and nights they have been shut up in a city where was fighting, incendiarism, and massacre. Many do not know if they now have a home, or what may have happened to their relatives. They must have been tired to death, and they had to stand around, because there were no chairs for them. But they were heroic. Not a whimper or a word of complaint from even the smallest girl.

We were down there with Mrs. Wan trying to get track of Kai Chuin. As the party from Wu Chang passed along the street we met Mrs. Wan's nephew. He said Kai Chuin was with a friend who had gone another way. For two hours Mrs. Wan rushed frantically from place to place in search of him. It was after dark before she found him. How thankful we were when we saw them coming in together.

All day and all night there has been a constant procession of people passing both ways through the con-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

cession. City people are fleeing to the country, and country people rushing to the city, and nowhere is there peace and safety for them.

This evening we have been sitting together in our room while Miss Tang has given us some inside information in regard to Chinese history, especially the oppression of the people by the Manchu rulers. The Manchus are a comparatively small part of the population, and it is only by keeping the people down in every possible way that they can maintain their supremacy. She says the idiotic system of education which the Chinese use has been imposed upon them by the Manchus, with the express purpose of appearing to give an education and at the same time keeping the people as stupid and ignorant as possible. If a man should find a gold-mine on his property he would not dare let it be known for fear his property would be confiscated by the rulers. Common people, if they are prosperous, try to hide it, partly from fear of robbers, and partly from fear of the rulers. Before separating for the night we prayed together. In these days of danger and distress it is good to know that our heavenly Father still cares for us.

Mrs. Wan has succeeded in sending the last three schoolgirls to relatives. When the servant, Ngan Ma, heard that Mrs. Wan was coming to the hotel with us she cried bitterly. But Mrs. Wan found some one to escort her to her relatives. Our great anxiety is that we may have to go to Shanghai, and there will be no room on the boats to take the Chinese girls and women

LETTERS TO BETSEY

with us. The two girl nurses, Ma Ta-Ku and Pen Ta-Ku, say that in case this happens there would be nothing for them to do but to take hold of hands and walk down into the river. Two young girls left alone at such a time as this would be absolutely at the mercy of any evil character. Pen Ta-Ku's mother is dead, and her stepfather is in a leper asylum. Ma Ta-Ku does not know her parents, if she has any. When a small child she was taken by the parents of the ne'er-do-weel to whom she is engaged. She will never marry him unless she is forced into it, and as she has been promised to the hospital for another year Lyde does not want to send her home to be forced into the marriage immediately.

Mrs. Wan is older and more capable of planning for herself. She intends to take Miss Tang with her to the country if we have to leave them. I doubt if they would be any better off than in Hanyang. There is some semblance of law and order here. To be sure, it is military law, and enforced at the point of the bayonet; but even so, it seems that it is better than the looting and ravaging that is taking place in the country. Doctor Lane saw a man in Hanyang start to pick up a pink ribbon which had been dropped in the street. A soldier instantly pointed his rifle at him, and the man decided he did not want the ribbon. We have feared the very word revolutionary, thinking that if a revolution were started it would mean uprisings here and there, mobs, riots, bloodshed, and dreadful disorder, with severe punishment for those that led the affair.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Instead, there seems to be an organization and leadership worthy of any nation. As soon as the revolutionists gain control they preserve as good order as could be imagined in a Chinese city under such circumstances. In some ways it seems these days might be compared with the Reign of Terror in France. There is no quarter for the Manchus. The penalty for every offense from the least to the greatest is beheading.

Saturday evening. On board S. S. Yoh Yang Maru. An extra this afternoon says that twenty thousand troops are on their way from Peking. Foreign women and children are advised by the consuls to go to Shanghai. So when we found that we could secure passage on this steamer, bringing the nurses and Miss Tang with us, we came. By us I mean Lyde, Genevieve, and myself. Mrs. Wan has gone to the country. Just after she left a young man, with whom we talked last Thursday, returned from the country. He wanted to tell her to remain in Hankow, but was too late. He said that conditions are frightful. He was haggard and unshaven, and looked as if he had neither eaten nor slept since we saw him before.

As we started out from the hotel Lui Ta-Peo and Mrs. Tseo met me. They brought the first word I have heard from the women's school since we left Wednesday night. Not a very cheering word. The women are all scattered. Mrs. Tseo thinks that her mother and little daughter have both been killed in the Wu Chang massacre. Their home has been burned.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

They had spent their last cash to get to me. I gave them nearly all the money I had. Paper money is of no use, and the supply of silver is limited. It was all I could do for them. They and Pao-Chen came with us to the boat. It was a sorrowful farewell. How little we know what the future holds for them or us!

Monday. The steamer is crowded with refugees. We discovered Shen Tai-Tai on board. She could not get passage, even second cabin, and was down in the hold. We went to the captain and got permission for her to sleep on the upper deck. It is cold, but better than she had been enduring.

Gunboats of all nationalities are rushing up river. Everybody everywhere seems to be trying to get to some other place. Perhaps you pity us having to leave our homes and all our worldly possessions, not expecting ever to see them again, for there will certainly be looting of property. But we are wasting no pity on ourselves. There are too many around us in sore trouble and distress. Our greatest trouble is in having to leave our work and our people when they need us most.

We expected to find Kiu Kiang and Nanking in the hands of the revolutionists, but the Dragon flag is still flying over both cities. We expect to be in Shanghai to-morrow morning, so do not worry, for I am well if not happy.

Lovingly,

JANE.

XXXI

SHANGHAI, October 25.

DEAR BETSEY: Does it make me seem near to see the United States stamp on my letters again? I really wonder if I am on my way home. If the revolution continues it may be years before we shall be able to resume our work. There has been talk of the evacuation of the foreign concessions in Hankow.

Our friends here were expecting us and received us royally. Shanghai is crowded with refugees, and preparations are being made for more to come. You never saw such excitement as there is over the daily papers. I ought to be studying, but all I do is to read and talk of the war and the amazing changes it is bringing. Think what wonderful opportunities we are going to have in helping to build the new China when the war is over. Whether the revolution is successful or not, there will be great changes, and it seems that this is the moment of the ages in China. And if the opportunity comes I am here and ready for work. Do you not envy me?

Lyde succeeded in putting the two nurses into a mission hospital, where they can be useful during their enforced stay; and Miss Tang is with her sister in the concession. Her brother-in-law is an official, and they are apprehensive for his safety. Miss Tang spends

LETTERS TO BETSEY

her time driving back and forth from their residence, bringing out as many things as she can unobserved.

The American mail closes in an hour, and it does seem lovely not to write a letter that is worth five cents.

Your

JANE.

XXXII

SHANGHAI, November 3.

BETSEY: The opportunity for work has come earlier than I anticipated, and it is the work which I have said all my life I would *never, never* do. Lyde and Doctor Lane are returning to Hankow for Red Cross work, and as no women are allowed to stay in Hankow except for that work I have volunteered to go with them. I have had only a few hours to make my preparations. I am sending a long letter to mother, in which I do not mention my return. You may suppress this for a few days, and so save her some anxiety. I am so glad that she always wants me to do my duty. Underneath and round about me are the Everlasting Arms, and I am as safe in the war zone of China as I would be at home, for "all things work together for good to them who love God."

This evening came the news that Hankow is being burned by the Imperialists. A man who arrived from there to-day says the city was a mass of flames when he left. His portrayal of the horrors of war was even more vivid than the newspaper accounts, although they have been dreadful enough. As we said good-bye one of the men said to me, "You are a brave girl." I'm not, Betsey; I only want to do my part.

We are now on the boat. Since we came on board

LETTERS TO BETSEY

we see the burning of the *yamen* and the official buildings. The glare in the sky announces that Shanghai has gone over to the revolutionists. May they quickly win, and carnage and bloodshed cease!

There are only six first-cabin passengers—four of us for Red Cross work, and two business men. We have no assurance that our boat will go to Hankow, so I will comfort your heart by telling you that I may be forced to return to Shanghai. We buy our tickets at our own risk. You know I love you.

JANE.

XXXIII

ON BOARD S. S. SUI Wo, November 4.

DEAR BETSEY: I lay awake all last night staring into the dark, seeing gory visions of dismembered bodies and ghastly, gaping wounds. Betsey, can I ever go through with what I have undertaken? You know I have always said I could never be a nurse, and have shuddered at the sight of blood. And now I have deliberately put myself in a place where I shall have to face things which make strong men turn away in horror. I am weak and faint-hearted to-day. I wish I could run away, straight home to you and mother, and forget this dreadful war and all the suffering it is bringing to multitudes of people, some of them my friends. I have two days of grace in which to get my nerve back, and I suspect I shall have to be "right on the job" every minute.

At Chin Kiang we heard that Hanyang is being bombarded. Our home and all our mission buildings are in the direct line of fire.

Kiu Kiang, November 6. We have been here several hours. Only one steamer has gone beyond this point in the last five days. But the captain has decided to go on, so now we hope to reach Hankow. Hankow is two-thirds in ashes and still burning. Kiu

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Kiang is flying the revolutionary flag, and the soldiers all have the white strip around the sleeve.

Tuesday. Early this morning at Seven Mile Creek we were transferred to a small up-river steamer. There was no one to be seen anywhere but soldiers. We heard gun- and rifle-firing, but no attempt was made to stop our boat. Finally we reached Hankow, but, oh! such a different Hankow from the one we left. Instead of scores of coolies to meet our boat, there were only two. Even the beggars are gone. The streets are deserted. It seems like a city of the dead. Smoke still hangs like a dark cloud above the native city, and a darker cloud enshrouds the lives of the few people who are here. We hoped the fighting would be over, but it is not. We hear wonderful stories of the heroic work that has been done by the Red Cross people in rescuing those who were entrapped by the fire. Mr. Gage was one of the foremost ones in bringing out the thirty blind boys from the Blind School. They had been shut in there for two days, with the fires on three sides drawing nearer and nearer. There are still many wounded on the battlefields, because the Red Cross workers cannot get to them.

Lyde and I have secured a room in the home of a missionary, whose family have gone to Shanghai. We have laid in a supply of tinned goods sufficient to keep us from starvation for a few days. But we have no fire, and it's pretty shivery. We have been warned that when we go on the streets we must keep to the side as

LETTERS TO BETSEY

much as possible, so that the buildings will be somewhat of a protection from the bullets which fly frequently even in the foreign concession. It is remarkable that only one foreigner here has been hit by a bullet. The Chinese explain this by saying that the bullets were made by foreigners, and have eyes so they can see and not hit a foreigner. Everybody here is devoting all his energies to the care of the wounded, either nursing or collecting materials and making bedding and clothing. The women who are not nursing work long hours at the sewing-machines, or in the supply rooms receiving and giving out supplies.

We came to be near our people. But how little we realized conditions! It seems we might as well be a thousand miles away! No one can go anywhere without a military permit. It means taking one's life in his hand to attempt to go even from here to Hanyang. Men are summarily shot as spies if they cannot prove their innocence on the instant. The native post-offices are abandoned, and postal communication has been broken off.

Lyde and I are to go on night duty in the International Hospital. It is an unfinished building, which is being used as an emergency hospital. It is the most awful place I ever was in. There are few beds; most of the men lie on the floors. I am sure I am going to be afraid to be there at night—only us two foreign women with over a hundred men patients, some Revolutionary and some Imperialist soldiers. And it is so dreadful to see the poor, shattered, maimed bodies.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Some Chinese boys who are training as nurses are to help as night-watchers.

November 11, 1.30 a. m. At the International Hospital. Betsey, do you think I am heartless to sit down to write when an Imperial captain who tried to commit suicide is groaning loudly enough to wake all the other hundred patients? The Chinese nurse says his foot aches. Lyde says his ache is elsewhere. I don't pretend to know, not being a medical man myself.

I am glad I am on night duty. I can stand the groans by night better than I could to see the dressing of wounds by day. Nearly every case is a surgical case. Last night I had to watch by a man who had been shot through the chest. He had hemorrhages which could not be stopped. The blood soaked the bandages and the bed, and ran down on the floor. The doctors had done all that could possibly be done. I simply had to sit there hour after hour while the man's life ebbed away. If the wound had been anywhere else it would not have seemed quite so awful to me. Lyde was busy with those who needed a nurse's attention, so she could not relieve me. Before morning I was called to help Lyde and the doctor with another bad hemorrhage. I had to hold the candle in just the right position while they worked as fast as they could to save the man's life. Lyde said afterward that she had half an eye on me all the time for fear I would faint. She will not fear that again. I think two nights have inured me to anything I shall

LETTERS TO BETSEY

have to face during the war. It is as bad as I feared, but I am here for work.

Our hospital is on the border of the Russian concession. Russian soldiers are on guard day and night, and we can see the sentries as they pace their beats during the long night-watches. Directly across the street in Chinese territory is an Imperial encampment. Both Imperial and Revolutionary armies assure the concessions of their protection, but so long as they are on opposite sides of us, and the guns of the opposing armies aimed in our direction, ours is not an enviable position. We constantly hear the noise of battle, the boom of cannon, and distant rifle-firing. We hear little outside news. To-day's paper says that General Li did not agree to Yuan Shi Kai's terms, so I suppose they mean to fight it out to the bitter end. We hear of antiforeign feeling in some places. One hundred and fifty foreign refugees are to pass through here to-morrow.

Pao Chen somehow learned that I was back in Hankow, and yesterday at noon he wakened me by calling "*Keo Siao-tsieh!*" under our window. He says several families are living on our compound. When the shells fly above them they all go down into the cistern, which is dry. Thirty people have stayed down there for hours together. Mrs. Wan is back there, but dares not remain because the shells and bullets fall too thickly. She wanted to know if I could help her to get away. But it is impossible for me to arrange even for her.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

The men here in the hospital keep up a constant groaning and moaning, and cries of, "*O-tih liang ah* (My mother)!" "*Teng puh teh liao* (My pain is inexpressible)!" or "*Teng si* (Pain to death)!" Lyde has just gone to see who the latest sufferer is. It seems the rule that we must have two or three bad hemorrhage cases every night. I must go.

JANE.

XXXIV

RED CROSS HOSPITAL, November 16.

DARLING BETSEY: The witching hour of midnight is three hours past, so I may not finish this before morning; and daylight, every hour we can get to ourselves is sacred to sleep, which, by the way, is dream-haunted by cries of "*Teng puh teh liao!*" and "*Teng si!*" and such gruesome sights as you can scarcely imagine.

We are helpless as ever about getting any warm clothing from Hanyang. I have no winter coat, and we nearly freeze in this unfinished building. Some of the windows have no glass and the rain beats in, and the wind sweeps through the corridors like a hurricane. We can get no laundry done. I suppose there is a limit to the length of time we can wear soiled clothing. Lady Macbeth's hand could not compare with the skirt Lyde has on for goriness.

4.00 a. m., November 18. We are in the midst of another big battle. The air is thick with powder smoke, and the firing-line is so near that we can watch it from the windows. The battle has been raging all night and yesterday and last night, but it is only the last hour that it has been so near. I hope it means that the Imperialists are being driven back, but if they

LETTERS TO BETSEY

keep backing up, our hospital will soon be in danger. The men are more restless than usual. When I urge them to sleep they say, "We have affairs on our hearts."

While we were eating our midnight lunch we heard groaning. We learn to recognize the different groans, and soon realized it was a new patient, this time an Imperial captain carried by several soldiers. A boatman who was shot while crossing the river was brought in. He died within an hour. Another man has died since we came on duty, and still another looks as if every breath might be his last.

We are taking our meals at the hospital. I fear we would not have survived long on tinned goods eaten in a room so cold that our hands stung with cold.

November 25. The Red Cross launch has been making trips to Hanyang to bring over the wounded. Last night when we came on duty we found the corridors full of wounded men lying on the floor or on stretchers. Some had been lying on the battlefield for days with no attention whatever. Their clothing is soiled, muddy, and blood-soaked, and the wounds are in a frightful condition.

There had not been sufficient blankets for the men who were here before. But now they are packed in on the floor like sardines, and each man has at least some straw under him, and part of a blanket over him. They are so close together that we can scarcely step around them to care for those who need attention.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Oh! If we only had things to make them comfortable! There are no sheets or pillows. Nothing but coarse gunny sacks with a little straw to lie on; some have only loose straw.

Last night I watched by a man whose leg had been amputated. He was delirious and almost died when brought in. He had been lying four days on the battlefield with no care. At first I could quiet him. Then he thought he was in prison. He would look wildly at the white plastered walls, and say: "I know where I am. I'm in prison. Don't I see these stone walls?" Then he would shout for the officer, saying the foreign miss was killing him. I feared he would be believed by the other new patients. So I left him with the Chinese boy, but he was as wild as ever. This morning when I went in he asked me in a quiet, ironic tone, "How does your heart feel after killing me in the night?" He died before we came on duty to-night.

One man who was shot through the brain continually wanted to stand up. Then he would drop over like a log. The others in the ward were afraid he would fall on them. So one night I took a brick in to sit on, and there I sat all night, letting him clutch and claw at me. It was the first time in my life I ever sat and let a man hold my hand! Poor fellow! He didn't know enough to appreciate the privilege.

JANE.

XXXV.

HANKOW, November 30.

DEAREST BETSEY: War grows more dreadful every day. We are in the depths now over the recapture of Hanyang by the Imps. (That title is too good for them. The things they do are devilish.) Lyde and I went over on Monday. Yes, I have actually been home, in my own rooms. Everything was in order as I left it, not even dusty. It seemed that I might have just come in after an hour's absence. But even while we were there the Revolutionists were evacuating the city, and the Imperialists were entering by the west gate.

Needless to say we had not expected this defeat of the Revolutionists, or Lyde and I would not have been there at that time. We asked to go on the Red Cross launch to bring over some clothes. When we reached Hanyang the river-bank was strewn with unused carriages, and there were other signs of a retreat. Lyde and I went into Pastor Tsao's to see the family. Before we reached our house one of the men came running to say we must be ready to leave at a moment's notice. We threw some things together, and were ready when they called us. Lyde could not go for her things at the other compound, but we brought some of Genevieve's clothes for her. Mrs. Wan is back in

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the country. Her mother came, and with tears begged us to find some way to save her daughter. She said it did not matter about herself, for she is an old woman. All the people we saw looked so worn and anxious.

Carriers could not be found to bring in the wounded, so few were brought over that day. Before the boat started bullets were coming our way, and we crossed to the Wu Chang side to come down river, as the Revolutionists are usually more careful to respect the Red Cross flag. But even there we were stopped twice by too zealous Revolutionists, who threatened to fire on us. A superior officer came up and made the one who had threatened us stand at attention in front of the field-piece which his comrades had ready to fire, while we came on down river. Meanwhile the Imperialists were firing on us from the Hankow side, but their bullets fell a little short.

It was afternoon when we reached Hankow, and Lyde and I hurried away to our room to secure what rest we could before night. During the afternoon I was wakened by Mr. Yang calling under our window. He is one of our teachers who is waiting here for me to make arrangements for him to take his family to his home in Kiu Kiang. He told us of the dreadful events of the afternoon. Within a half-hour after we left the river it was the scene of the most dreadful carnage, swept by a terrific cross-fire from the Imperialists on the Hankow side and the Revolutionists on the Wu Chang side. Whole boatloads of civilians as well as soldiers who were trying to escape from Hanyang

LETTERS TO BETSEY

were shot to death. Mr. Yang said: "The foreigners are very good. When we Chinese would start back in horror and dare not go near, the foreigners would go on the boats and do all that could be done for the dead and dying."

One of the Red Cross party said that they were trying to save a boatload of men, women, and children who were attempting to reach the Wu Chang side, using the loose floor boards of the boat as oars. On the approach of the launch they set up the most terrible cries for mercy. The men tried in vain to tell them that they had come to save them and heal the wounded who were lying about the boat. They might have succeeded in quieting the terrified creatures, but a company of soldiers came running down the bank, and in spite of the Red Cross flag threatened to fire if they did not leave. I have been to the L. M. S. Hospital. There I found one of Genevieve's schoolgirls. The family were in a boat that day, and the mother, grandmother, and little brother were shot dead, and this girl and her father both wounded.

Betsey, you will learn to dread my letters if I write so much of the horrors of war. But while I am here that is all I have to write, and what I tell can give but a feeble hint of the reality. The other day we were wakened by the z-ripping of shells through the air. It sounded directly above our house. Then we heard them crashing into buildings not far away. A bullet struck the wall of our room, but it was nearly spent and fell harmlessly to the ground. I have it as a

LETTERS TO BETSEY

souvenir. For a half-hour we had a chance to realize what the Hanyang people have been living through these past weeks. We are accustomed to having cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us, and cannon behind us, volleying and thundering night and day, and to the incessant snap of rifles, but it is quite different to hear that z-z-rip of shells hurtling through the air directly toward you. Lately the concessions have been exposed to constant danger, and the consular body has again arranged a code of signals to be given if it is decided that the foreigners shall retreat to the boats. While the shells were falling in the concessions that day suddenly a bell began to ring. For a minute Lyde and I thought it was the signal for retreat. Then my heart did go pit-a-pat! But the bell was ringing for a meeting to plan a line of defense, or some equally interesting object.

When we went to Hanyang Mrs. Tsao told of how, when the shells are passing over them, the Christians gather under a sort of earthwork which they have made in our front yard, and kneel and pray for God's protection. He has answered many such prayers for his children. It is truly miraculous that with the many deaths here we have heard of only one Christian who has been killed. I know that there are many people at home who are praying for us, and in answer to prayer God is keeping and using us.

Your loving

JANE.

XXXVI

RED CROSS HOSPITAL, December 7.

MY OWN BETSEY: Since the recapture of Hanyang there is a lull in the hostilities. Truce has been declared for a few days. But here in the hospital there is no quiet. Two opium fiends make more trouble than any of the other patients. One we call the baby because he groans and moans so much. We threaten all sorts of dire things if he doesn't keep quiet and let the others sleep. Two men with face wounds are the most grotesquely gruesome objects. Their faces are swollen so their eyes are shut, and blood and saliva dribbling from their open mouths. It makes me sick to see them, but they have to be cared for the same as the others. One poor man is crying out at the top of his voice. I have been in with him, but he seemed so bad I asked Lyde to go. She says there is nothing more to do.

Later. He has died and been carried out to the morgue. Does it not seem dreadful that we have no way of letting the relatives know of a death? The dead are simply carried out, wrapped in a sheet of coarse matting, and buried the next day. Mothers will never know what became of their sons, nor wives hear the story of their husbands' death.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Doctor Lane obtained a permit to go through the lines of the Imperial army to Hanyang yesterday, and Lyde and I went with him. This time we walked all the way, as no boats dare go on the river. We had nearly twenty coolies to carry things—quite a cortège. Such scenes of desolation as we passed through! Block after block for miles just a waste of broken brick and tiles, with occasionally the ruins of one wall standing. Since the armistice is on the people are venturing back into the city. They were here, there, and everywhere poking about among the débris or gathering up broken bricks or tile with which to put up some sort of shelter for themselves, pitiful little places three or four feet high into which they can crawl for the night.

Lyde and the doctor stayed at the hospital, and I went on with one of the foreign men who accompanied us. We passed trenches where are buried hundreds of men who were killed in the last battles.

When I entered our house I thought looters had been in. It is a sorry-looking place, with broken walls and floors covered with plaster. Two shells have wrought havoc, both up-stairs and down. But I had no time to waste in examining the extent of the damage. I wanted to see the people and pack up as many things as four or five men could carry. We had little time to stay, as it is a long walk each way, and we had to be back in the concession before dark. It seemed heartless to be bringing our things away, and leaving the people to face—what? Still no news from Mrs. Wan. Pao Chen came back with us. He can keep a

LETTERS TO BETSEY

fire for us and be useful in many ways. He had a letter from San Teh for me, written in English. All his English has been learned since he left us. Among other interesting items is this: "I heard that when Hanyang was taken by the Imperial army that there was a Christian church fired. I was much sorry to hear that wonderful speaking. For I don't know which church had been met such unprecedented troublesome." He has been married, as the parents of most girls of marriageable age are anxious to have the girls married. They think a girl is safer in the husband's home. A letter from Mr. Yang thanking me for my help in getting his family away to Kiu Kiang says that his father, mother, and brothers were all moved to the country "because of those cityzens were afraid of the hurlyburly happened. Kiukiang is a pieceful city, but it is also a dangerous city. For there are not much ambitious general to do there duty in Kiukiang." I suspect that Kiu Kiang is not the only city in China afflicted in this way.

December 13. We made another trip to Hanyang last week, and this time we brought Mrs. Wan, her mother, and son, the family of our hospital steward, Mr. Lan, and the blind organist back with us. Mrs. Wan has gone on to Shanghai, and the Lans have rooms near the concession. He is helping in the hospital.

When we reached the fortifications at the border of the concession on our way back we had to wait for Mr.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Lan to make some arrangements. A wild-looking Chinese woman with long, matted hair hanging down her back was wailing and shrieking at the top of her voice, or talking to the English soldiers who were on guard. Of course they do not understand Chinese. I was carrying a lamp, and she came and tried to take it from me. Lyde had a lantern, which she set down while we waited. The woman grabbed it and ran off with it. This is the poor woman's story. When Hankow was taken by the Imperialists the soldiers entered her home, killed her husband, maltreated the woman, then put her in a large chest and locked it, and went away leaving her there. It was three days before she was discovered by a band of Revolutionists. They sent her to the L. M. S. Hospital, but she was so raving crazy that she disturbed the other patients, and they could not keep her. There was no place to send her but to the street. Such sad stories are common here now. It breaks one's heart to hear of the things that are taking place. Oh, when will it all be over? "O Lord, how long?"

We have had one hundred and eighty patients in the hospital at one time. Now we have only two untrained men as helpers on night duty, so you see we are busy. Each time we went to Hanyang it meant twenty-four hours of work without rest, but it was our only opportunity to get our things, for Mr. Gage went down to Shanghai some time ago to stay with Mrs. Gage until after the holidays, and Doctor Lane soon leaves on furlough.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

We have great times with the convalescents wanting to gamble. One night I saw some men sitting in a circle on the floor. My suspicions were aroused, and I went over. One of them was reading a tract aloud. As I turned away he remarked audibly, "The Miss likes us to read tracts." But the Miss was not so obtuse as she might have been. I continued to visit that corner until they decided they might as well go to bed (or should I say "to floor."?). Another night I had to take my chair up to the attic, and sit there in the middle of the room among those fifty or sixty men until they settled down, because some would start to gamble as soon as I would leave the room.

When we first came there was a pile of new blankets on which I used to lie down to take a nap some time during the night if we were not too busy. They were soon used. Then a pile of newspapers were sent in. That pile also diminished, and at last I had nothing but the cold bare floor. I cannot sleep sitting up as Lyde does for her infrequent naps. Doctor Wong, who hails from Shanghai, then insisted on leaving his fur coat to help keep us comfortable during the nights. I have just had a nap, curled up in it on the floor. Now Lyde is resting with her head on the operating-table. We eat our midnight lunch in here, as this is the warmest place. We have steam-heat on now, so do not suffer with the cold. I don't sleep two minutes before I have nightmare, and Lyde has to waken me. In my sleeping hours I live all over again the horrors of the waking hours.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Our chief source of amusement these days is the way in which the Chinese are adopting the dress of the barbarians, as they have always called the foreigners. The black satin, red-buttoned caps have given way to foreign hats and caps of every style that has been known during the last fifty years. In interior places the missionaries are asked to loan their clothes to be used as patterns. While the Revolutionists were in possession of Hankow and Hanyang the soldiers went around one day with swords in hand, asking all the men on the streets if they were Revolutionists. Of course they did not dare be anything else, and when they assented up went a sword and off came a queue. When the Imperialists returned many men tied their queues on under their caps, fearing they might lose their heads for lack of a queue. The question of hair versus head is a serious one for some people nowadays.

JANE.

XXXVII

HANKOW, December 21.

DARLING BETSEY: We have had several changes since I wrote. Doctor Lane has gone, and Lyde and I are now on day duty. Doctor and Mrs. Murray, of our West China Mission, have come, and are in our hospital. Everybody who has had any training is pressed into service in the operating-room, so it leaves me the only foreigner in the wards with one hundred and ten patients, and no trained Chinese help. Lyde and Mrs. Murray are kept more than busy sterilizing instruments, preparing dressings, etc. I go flying from pillow to post (both minus quantities, by the way, you understand this is figuratively speaking), with thermometer or watch in hand, taking temperatures or pulses; or with cotton-batting rings to put under the sore spots; or with alcohol or iodine to apply externally, or quinine or cough medicine to apply internally.

What would I not give for a few dozen nice clean sheets and some decent pillows! It is dreadful to watch by dying men who are lying on coarse, rough gunny sacks. Sometimes we do not have even enough straw for pads to put under amputated limbs which must be propped up without taking it from under the heads of men who are using it for a pillow. Now, do

LETTERS TO BETSEY

you begin to understand a little of what emergency hospital work in war-times means? A nurse who has had twenty years' experience at home and in China says that she never saw anything like what we are meeting in the Red Cross work here. A reporter who has spent days on the battlefield was in the operating-room one day. But he did not stay long! He said he could stand the sights of the battlefield better than to watch the dressing of the wounds. Can you believe that I sometimes stay by men when they are afraid of an especially painful dressing? One man even wanted me to stand by while he had his leg amputated, he was sure the job would be properly done if I watched.

The armistice continues till Christmas Day. My courage all oozes out at the tips of my toes when I think that fighting may begin again then.

December 26. Genevieve came to spend Christmas with us. Wasn't that delightful? There is no prospect of her being able to open school soon, so she is going home on furlough. Only a few weeks and she will see you. She left to-day, and I had hard work to swallow the lumps as Lyde and I came back from seeing her off. I wouldn't go with her now if I could, much as I want to see you, but that does not make it any easier to be left.

We could not give her a happy time. Even on Christmas Day we worked in the hospital till late in the afternoon. I came near forgetting to order the dinner! Fortunately the stores were open when we went home

LETTERS TO BETSEY

late Saturday night, so we got some of the "fixings," and Pao Chen cooked a good dinner on Monday. We invited Doctor and Mrs. Murray, and had a pleasant evening together, thankful for every hour that passed without the sound of cannonading. Once we did hear the boom of guns, and feared the fighting had begun again. But it soon stopped. It was the strangest Christmas I have ever had.

Since I have been on day duty we have had so few helpers that something had to be neglected. I preferred it should be the hospital rather than the patients. To-day Doctor Ferris, who is in charge, gave me another coolie to work in the wards. I decided to "have a clarin' up spell." I gave the coolie three good *puh-kais* (you remember they are a kind of comfortable) to take off the covers for washing, meanwhile airing the cotton-batting. A few moments later I called for the man. He had disappeared, and with him the *puh-kais* and several other things. Everything which cannot be kept under lock we must watch as a cat watches a mouse, or they take unto themselves wings and fly away.

A Chinese evangelist comes and talks to the patients every day. One ward we call the religious ward, because the men there seem especially interested in hearing the gospel. One day I was doing something for one of those men, and he said, "You are like God to us." Of course I said no. But he said, "Well, you are the one who has made us know about God." Your loving

JANE.

XXXVIII

HANKOW, January 10, 1912.

DEAR BETSEY: This is the tenth day of the first year of the Chinese Republic. Long may it live and prosper!

Two nurses, refugees from the interior, have come to our hospital to help, so now I am having a comparatively easy time. I had a few days off; now two of us stay on duty at a time. Lyde and I go for a walk or go calling sometimes in the afternoon, and we have been invited out to dinner several times. We are beginning to realize once more that we are social beings. We Americans gave a reception to the American marines from the gunboats on New Year's evening. Last Saturday the Murrays, Mr. and Mrs. Dye, and we two were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Wong Kuang to go on a launch-party down to the Yangtze Engineering Works. Mr. Wong is the superintendent of the works, and is a splendid Christian man. He and his wife were both educated abroad, speak English, and wear European dress. It was a beautiful day, and the river so calm and peaceful it was difficult to believe that it had been the scene of frightful carnage for weeks. Tea was served on the launch coming home, and we enjoyed the trip immensely.

One of the saddest things now is to meet people who come to the hospital in search of sons or other

LETTERS TO BETSEY

relatives. One man said he had been in every hospital in Wu Han looking for his son. Think of the agony of suspense! He went sadly away alone. One day I found a mother standing in the corridor with her son. She had just found him after months, in which she had received no word from him and feared he was dead. He had lost a leg, and the poor mother was weeping, I don't know whether from joy over finding her boy, or sorrow over his maimed condition.

January 18. Our hospital is closed, and the patients who could not be dismissed have been sent to other hospitals. Some who are still dangerously sick cried like babies when they were carried away on stretchers. It seems that they appreciate what we have done for them. I think some of them have truly become Christians since they came to us. One man when carried out to the stretcher kept crying, "My books! My books!" until his Testament and hymn-book were handed to him. Others professed belief in Christ, and promised to strive to live for him. Lyde and I gave New Testaments and hymn-books to many of them to remind them of their promise.

We are making the consul's life a burden by our importunities for his consent to our going back to Hanyang to live. No reason why we shouldn't, as long as there is no fighting, but he does not share this opinion. I am going over for the meetings, but we cannot do much unless we live there. Perhaps it will be difficult for you to believe, but in spite of all the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

experiences of anxiety and sorrow of these past months we both feel almost as if we had been on furlough, because we have gotten away for a time from the hard problems and the heavy responsibility that we must constantly face in the mission work. One of the most necessary lessons for a missionary to learn is to cast *all* care upon Him, knowing he careth for us. Perhaps I have not learned this as perfectly as I should.

Mr. Gage has returned from Shanghai. He brought some of our home Christmas mail. Lyde and I had a jollification that evening opening our packages. This brings you loving thanks from

JANE.

XXXIX

HANKOW, February 8.

DEAREST BETSEY: I did so hope that I would be able to write Hanyang at the head of this letter. We have been to see the consul again; he has heard reports of antiforesh foreign feeling, so he still refuses consent to our living in Hanyang, and as our orders from Boston are to await consular advice, here we await! Mrs. Wan returned from Shanghai to-day.

February 10. We have had a bright idea, and are executing it. To-day we went home and shoveled the plaster out of the down-stairs rooms, put them in order, took supplies, and left the cook there to prepare our meals. Lyde and I shall go over every morning before breakfast and return after the day's work is done. The boy escorts us back and forth. But we aren't afraid of the soldier boys with their swords dangling by their sides. One day two of them stopped and gave us the military salute. We simply could not stay here and twirl our thumbs, waiting for China to get settled. I suspect we would have a long wait. The Chinese say, "This is not a day's affair." A country of four hundred million people cannot be made over in a day or a year.

Famine-relief work has been started for the poor in

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Hankow. The foreign refugees from the interior are giving their time to this work. The men are digging sewers, and the women are given sewing to do. The numbers increase constantly as the people venture back from the country. Hundreds of women are employed in the workrooms at a pittance of less than five cents a day. They sit all day on the cold cement floors. Some mothers come to work with two- or three-days-old babies in their arms. One of these, when asked why she did not remain at home for a few days, replied that she had an old mother and three children besides the tiny baby who are dependent upon her. She must work to keep them from starving.

February 11. Oh, joy! We are going home to-morrow. When we came home to-night we found a note from the consul saying we may stay in Hanyang.

The river was rough to-day, so we walked over. On the way we met six executioners carrying their long, murderous knives. It made me shudder to think of their brutal work. We just escaped a falling wall—had to go back and make a *détour* to avoid the falling bricks. Many deaths have been caused by the collapse of burned walls in the native city.

February 12. We came over in the rain and a small boat to-day. The Gages will come to-morrow. There are only the four of us left to “hold the fort” in the mission. We did not bring all our things home, as peace is not assured, and we may not be able to remain.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Mr. Shih has returned from the country. Mrs. Shih was not strong enough to endure the hardships they encountered. Just before her death Mr. Shih was sitting by her. Suddenly she raised up, and reaching out her arms, she exclaimed with a light on her face, "The angels!" They were her last words. Mr. Shih is left with two small children. He seems heart-broken. Theirs was a love-match, a rare thing in China, you know, and they always seemed devoted to one another.

Mrs. Tseo, the Bible-school teacher, you remember, was with the Shihs for several weeks. All this time she believed that her mother and little daughter had been massacred in Wu Chang. Finally she learned that they had escaped to the country, and she is now with them. What a reunion they must have had! Mr. Shih also told me of one of the Shuang Kiai schoolgirls. There were nine in the family. They were in a boat trying to escape on that awful day of the evacuation of Hanyang, and six of the family were killed by the exploding of a shell.

The house is not yet all in order. To-day I went into the guest-room. There were my books open, and the teacher's teapot and cup with tea in it just as we left it four months ago yesterday.

Your own

JANE.

XL

HANYANG, March 9.

BELOVED BETSEY: I have been so busy I fear I am neglecting you. Immediately after our return we took up famine-relief work for the Hanyang women. Neither Lyde nor I wanted to take the time from our mission work, but there was no one else to do it, and it seemed it must be done, so we must perforce do it. Perhaps you perceive that missionaries cannot pick and choose their work.

We cleared out three large wards in the hospital. Lyde took charge of the workrooms for the first few days, while Mrs. Wan and I went out investigating the circumstances of the women who had applied for work. We wanted to make sure that they were so poor that they needed to have the wonderful privilege of working seven hours a day for one hundred and twenty cash—less than five cents gold. We were almost mobbed by women begging for the chance. I think fully a thousand women asked for work, some of them even getting down on their knees to beseech us to let them come. We had so few helpers that we could not take more than two hundred. I tramped around all that week, first with Mrs. Wan, and then when she was needed to help Lyde in the rooms, with Mr. Lan. Mrs. Wan said she was so glad that Lyde wanted her,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

for her feet were blistered trying to walk as fast as I did. We went all over the city, and through the burned section in the west suburb, and even miles out into the country.

It would require a volume to tell half the sad stories we heard, of people who have lost their all, of fathers and husbands and sons who left home and have never been heard from since, of widows and orphans with no means of support. War is cruel, cruel, cruel.

The work has been hard because so many of our church women who could have helped have not returned from the country. It is a significant fact that among over two hundred women we did not find one who was not a Christian who was sufficiently capable and trustworthy so that we could make her a helper. We cannot trust the others to handle the materials, and they are incapable of supervising others. It does vex me to have to guard constantly against thieving. Even the thread is measured out, allowing so many yards to make a garment. The most interesting room is one where nine old women sit spinning thread at their old-fashioned spinning-wheels. I wish I could have a picture of them. I insist that the famine-relief work has nothing to do with the mission, but we have invited the women to go to our meetings, and many come every Sunday.

Lyde has received news from Mrs. Liu, the hospital matron. When we left Hanyang she was with her brother and his wife on their way to the country. The brother's wife was taken with the pangs of confine-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ment on the boat. When the boat-master learned what was the trouble he put in to shore, and made them get off there in a country place where there was no house near. San Nai-nai had convulsions and was near death. The husband was forced to leave Mrs. Liu alone with her while he went in search of shelter. He went to two or three houses, but the people refused to take them in. Then he inquired for the home of a church-member. He was directed to a L. M. S. family. When he explained the situation they told him to bring his wife there, and there they stayed for three weeks, until San Nai-nai was able to travel. That is what Christianity does for people's superstitions. No one but a Christian would have taken them in. Kuan-Teh has returned. He is only fifteen years old, but when the war broke out he could not get to his mother, and he did not know what else to do, so he joined the army. Mrs. Liu has had great difficulty in securing his discharge. He says that in his regiment some of the soldiers would dig out the hearts and livers of executed men and eat them, because it would make them brave. China is the oldest civilized country, but this shows what civilization without Christianity is.

News has come of riots in Tientsin and Peking. The constant disturbances keep us on the *qui vive* all the time. It is not the riots we fear, although they may come. But the very words "consular advice" strike terror to our hearts. We are so afraid that the consul may advise us to leave Hanyang again. Lyde and I tie our hair up with pretty pink or blue ribbons every

LETTERS TO BETSEY

night, so if rioters come we will look so "fetching" we'll fetch them instead of their fetching us. We have packed our suit-cases again in case of having to leave suddenly. The rulers are doing all they can to insure the safety of foreigners. China has had to pay too dearly for injury to the stranger within her gates to wish ever to repeat the injury. But the fact remains that any one who wishes to make trouble for the government knows that nothing will do that more surely than to harm the foreigners. Then, in the present unsettled condition of affairs, if a mob gets started anything might happen. Do not think from this that we are nervous and anxious. Probably there will be no further serious trouble. The many plots and incipient insurrections are always nipped in the bud. Sometimes there are executions on the drill-ground back of our compound. I am thankful to say that they have been at night when we did not know.

Sun Yat Sen has resigned as Provisional President of the Republic, and Yuan Shi Kai has been inaugurated at Peking. Perhaps this will have a quieting effect. People here do not seem especially jubilant, and do not think that peace is permanent.

Thousands of soldiers are quartered in Hanyang. The large guild hall next us is used as a barracks, also the *yamen* and the government school between here and the hospital. At first the soldiers were sometimes rude to us, but since they know of our "good works" there has not been an insulting word. Frequently, however, they make night hideous for us. The other night we

LETTERS TO BETSEY

heard screams and shouting in the guild hall. Next day we heard that three women were dragged in there during the night. Two men who went in to try to rescue them were shot, and before morning one of the women died.

Soldiers drill on the drill-ground from early morning until dark. Our slumbers are disturbed every morning at three or four o'clock by the buglers beginning to blow their horns.

One day Mr. Gage went into a temple. One of the priests said he was coming here to learn the foreign doctrine, because the people will not listen to the Buddhist doctrine any more. In many places the soldiers have taken the idols out of the temples and destroyed them. But the Five Hundred God Temple near here was partially destroyed by fire when the city was burned, and already the people are repairing the temple, and replacing the idols. However, I have seen no new door-gods on the houses this Chinese New Year.

Pao Chen has gone home to be married. He is only nineteen years old and he did not seem very eager, but the girl's parents have been urging it for some time.

If I don't leave you soon the buglers will be bugling, so good night.

JANE.

XLI

HANYANG, March 15.

BETSEY MINE: It is a cold, blustery March day, and there is snow on the ground. A heavy wind-storm came up in the night Monday, and we were wakened by the shouting of the people who live on the river flats and in the boats. They were crying, "*Kiu ming! Kiu ming!* (Save life! Save life!)." Boats were capsized and people drowned. Mat-sheds were destroyed. In the burned section of the city walls were blown over, killing many people.

Lyde had sent for Ma Ta-Ku and Pen Ta-Ku, and unfortunately they arrived in Hankow in the midst of the storm. They remained on the boat until Tuesday afternoon, then decided to walk over, as no rowboats would venture on the river. They blew in on us after dark, soaking wet and breathless from their struggle through the wind and rain and mud. They wear their hair a new style, and have gained poise and independence from their sojourn in Shanghai. I foresee already that it may be more difficult to have the care of young girls in the New China than it was under the old régime.

We closed the famine-relief work yesterday. Had a sale and sold the garments that had been made at less than the cost of the material.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

March 21. I have been out calling on the church-members this week, and have heard so many tales of danger and suffering. One old woman over seventy lives in a large mat-shed with another woman older and more decrepit than herself. There are big holes in the matting which let in wind and rain and snow. They have no fire except a few coals in a tiny sort of brazier when they wish to cook their rice. The other old woman was lying on the table, because she thought it was warmer there than in the tiny bedroom. They could not run away when Hanyang was taken by the Imperialists. Pao Peo-peo told me how she saved five lives on that awful day of the evacuation of Hanyang. She took a long bamboo pole and stood down on the river-bank. Then when a boat would capsize she would hold it out to the men who could not swim, and she helped five men out of the water in this way. Three of them were Revolutionary soldiers. They feared they would be put to death if they were taken by the Imperialists. They begged Pao Peo-peo to save them. They thought if she would say they were her sons and would plead for their lives they might be spared. She said she knew it was wicked to tell a lie, but she could not give these men over to be executed, so she kneeled down and asked the Lord to forgive her for the lie she was going to tell. Then when the Imperialists came to search the house and found the men there she told them that one was her son and the other two her grandsons, and that she had no one else to support her. She went with them to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the officer and begged that their lives might be spared, and her plea was granted. What would you have said to such a story? I refrained from comment.

One of the Boarding School girls came yesterday. Her people were well-to-do; they have lost home and everything except the clothes they were wearing. Two old women servants of the family were taking the three daughters to the country when the war started. The boatmen threw the two old women into the river, and were going to take the girls no one knows where, but the women promised them all they possessed if their lives were spared, and the men took them back into the boat. Some of the girls have been here to beg that we open the school immediately; if we do not, their parents will marry them and then they can never study any more. We cannot bear to lose our girls, but still the consul remains obdurate, and refuses to consent to my making myself responsible for a lot of girls in a military center like Hanyang, until things are more settled. We have opened the day-schools with the nurses as teachers.

Ever yours,

JANE.

XLII

HANYANG, May 10.

BETSEY DEAR: Your letter telling of Genevieve's visit just received. It was a wonderful event to me, but you did not seem to realize it, and told so little about it. If Genevieve's long letter had not come at the same time I should have—not bawled, only because I am too old. I have come to the age where I must put away childish things such as weeping when home letters do not come, or do not tell all I wish to know.

We finally gave up hope of opening the Boarding School this spring, so opened it as a day-school. Twenty of the old pupils are back. Some take their meals at the school, but none sleep there. Lyde and I share the work. I have all the women's meetings going again. They are well attended everywhere but in Hankow. The women of that neighborhood have not yet returned from the country. I have been walking to all the meetings. It means six miles the day I go to Chih-li-miao. I don't know that I can do it when it grows warmer. To-day Lyde came home from the hospital, looking so limp and white.

Mrs. Tsao has returned, and we have called on many of the women who were in the famine-relief work. One day Lui Ta-Peao went with me to call on some people in the country. You would expect to find the coun-

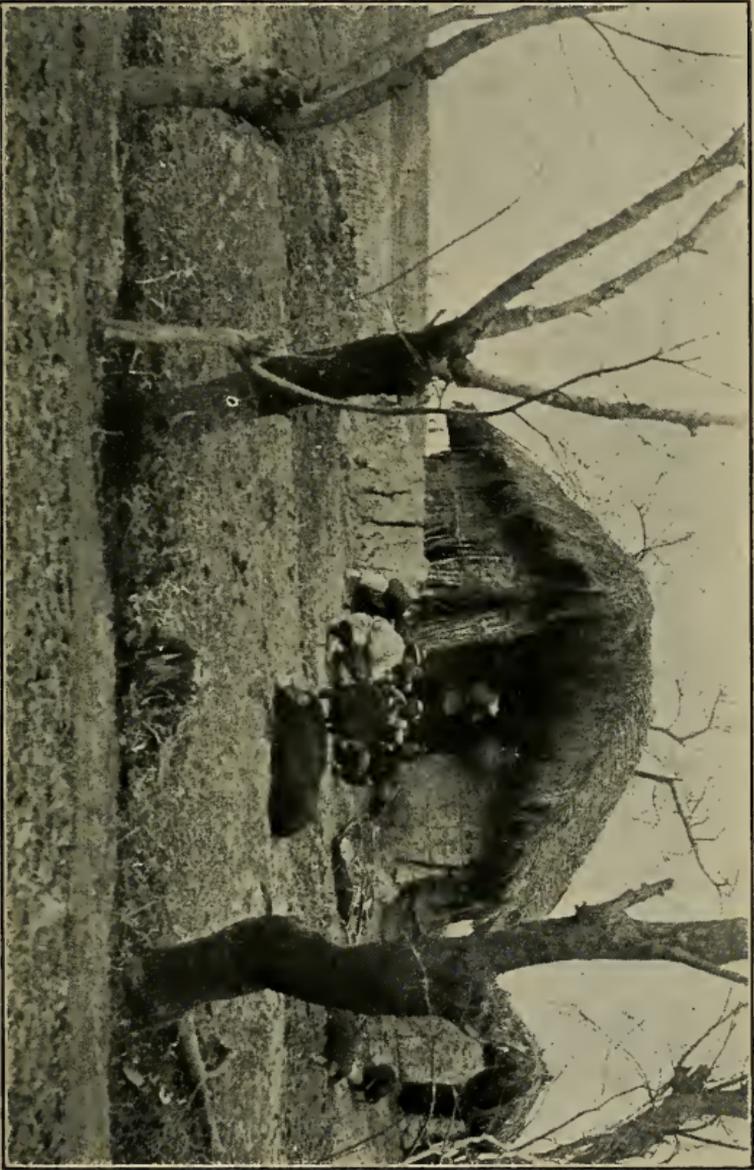
LETTERS TO BETSEY

try homes more comfortable than those in the city. Instead, they seem even more wretched. The little children in one of the homes we visited were almost naked, and their bodies covered with scabs and sores.

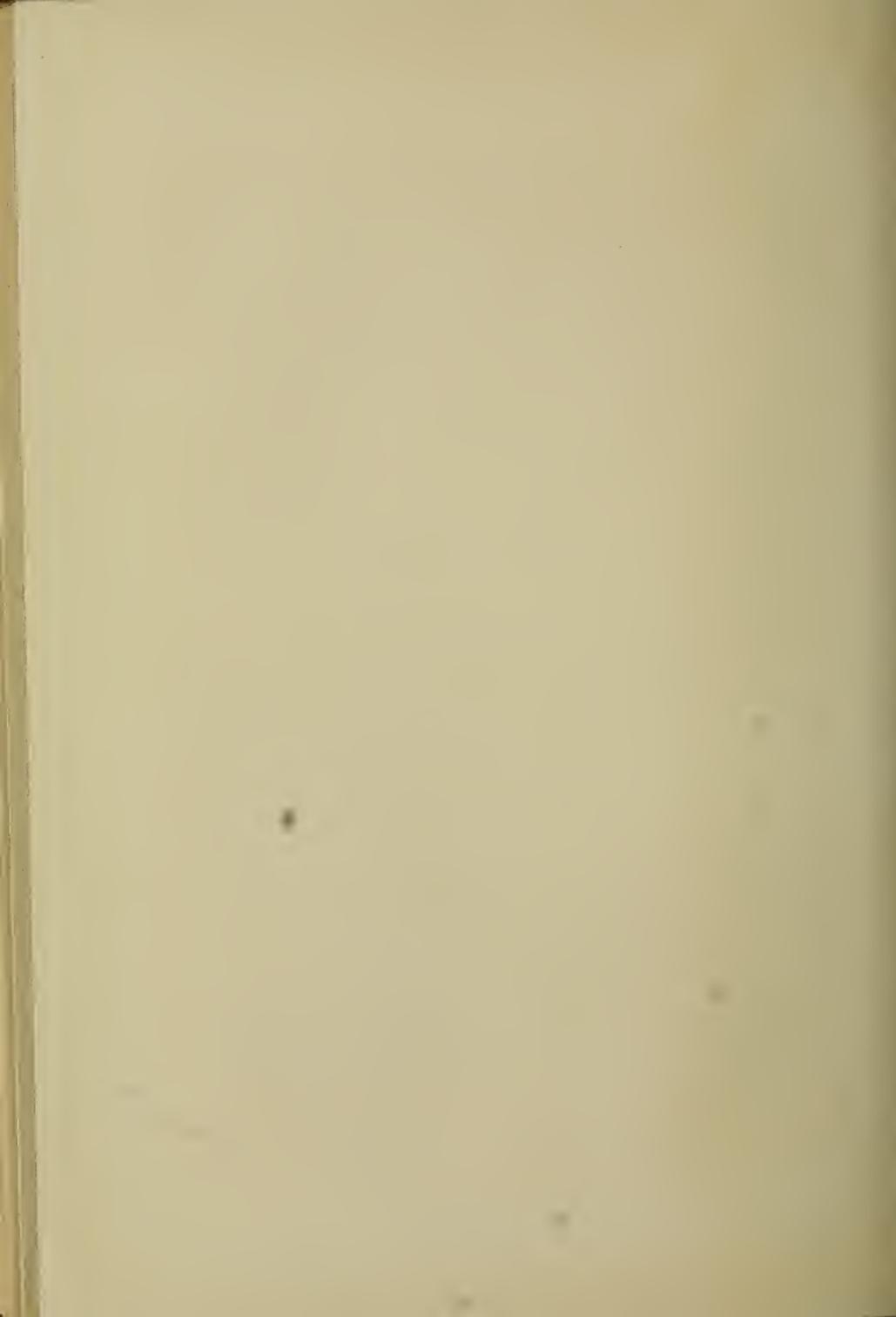
I am spending all my spare evenings studying and writing Chinese. I do feel such a Chinese ignoramus. Knowing things in English does not count unless we learn them in Chinese, and a lifetime is too short to learn it all in Chinese. If I am here twenty years I expect to study always.

Buggy time has come. To-night the diversion is millers, which buzz worse than a bumblebee. I have killed twelve, counting those which had to be killed twice or thrice before they would stay dead. The corpses of the whole family, six, are now stretched out on the floor, and for the moment quiet reigns except for the mosquitoes buzzing round.

Our latest trouble is a miserable coolie, who claims that before Pen Ta-Ku's mother died she engaged Pen Ta-Ku to him. We know the story is false, and he has no evidence, but he seems very determined, and declares that he will kidnap her if he cannot get her any other way. It sounds like melodrama, but he threatens to bring a crowd of men to help him get her away, and we are sufficiently disturbed so that we keep a close guard over her. Mr. Gage has sent a man up to the leper asylum, some distance from here, where her stepfather is, to see what evidence we can secure from him. A young man who belongs to the Episcopal mission has been to call on me, suing for her hand.



A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOME



LETTERS TO BETSEY

They have never seen each other, but his sister was in the Shanghai hospital where Pen Ta-Ku was, and became so fond of her that she wants her for a sister.

May 16. Several days have gone, but your letter hasn't. Lyde was called to Kuling to help care for one of our West China missionaries who had small-pox. He had passed away before she reached there, but she is remaining in case others may develop the disease. I am alone in the house, except that I have one of the old women servants from the school sleep here as chaperon. One day I went to Hankow I started to speak Chinese to the English clerks in the stores, because I have spoken it so constantly since Lyde left.

The young Episcopal clergyman has proposed to Pen Ta-Ku, by proxy, and been accepted, by proxy. I do not oppose the engagement, for I fear that if she does not accept this man she may be forced into a marriage with that coolie. The stepfather says that she was never promised to him, and we know from the testimony of others that he has no claim on her. Her acceptance of the clergyman did not seal the engagement. As Lyde was away, I had to play the part of mother to her. I bought presents for her to give him. He bought presents to give her. We chose a middleman, and he chose a middleman, and the two middlemen met here. His name and her name with the dates of their birth were written on two slips of red paper in the presence of witnesses, and the gifts were exchanged.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

I gave a feast to the women and he gave a feast to the men, and we all rejoiced. According to old custom Pen Ta-Ku should have been off weeping and wailing while we feasted. Her fiancé invited Mrs. Wan and me to an after-feast. When we went in he bowed Japanese fashion. He explained that according to Chinese custom he should kow-tow, but he was adopting European dress and foreign politeness for the day.

Another engagement! Mrs. Liu brought in the presents of paper flowers and cakes to announce the engagement of her nephew to one of the nurses, Shen Ta-Ku. The young man is one of Doctor Lane's nurses and a fine-appearing fellow, so we are pleased over the plans. But what will Doctor Lessey do for nurses when she returns to open the hospital? This couple are inclined to do the affair up in foreign style rather more than we wish, but they are fairly discreet in their conduct.

I hope Lyde will soon return. I need her to help share my problems and perplexities. And I am rather lonely without her. I do not think there have been half a dozen foreigners here besides the Gages since our return from Hankow. Two sailors from the gunboat called one afternoon, and some friends from Wu Chang were over, and we went there for dinner once, but our social festivities are not likely to wear us out. Still, my life is not monotonous. Sometimes I think it quite the reverse when I hear what that coolie contemplates doing.

Lovingly,

JANE.

XLIII

DEARLY LOVED SISTER, GREAT PERSON, HIGHLY EXALTED: (I ought to add that I bend my knee to you, but I don't, so I won't). I humbly begin. Several days ago I received a precious letter telling of the good preservation of your pearly body. It gives exceeding pleasure to learn of the well-being of your exalted self.

Lyde returned early in the month. Now I am in the midst of examinations in all three schools. They close this week, and we soon go to Kuling. I have been trying to get my clothes in order so that newcomers to China will not think I came out of the ark. I have reshaped and retrimmed a summer hat, and to my unsophisticated taste it looks quite stylish, but how will it look when I get to Kuling?

We are having very hot weather, the thermometer up nearly to one hundred in the shade for several days. That seems hotter here than at home, because it is very humid, and as you know, the sun is almost tropical in its effect.

We have had a baptismal service, at which thirty-one were baptized. Do you remember my writing of Liu Yu-Yin, the girl whose brother is in Denison? She was baptized. Her parents have consented to her never being married if she will support herself. She plans to go to the hospital and train as a nurse when

LETTERS TO BETSEY

her education is sufficient. Dr. Mary Stone, one of the first Chinese women to be graduated as physician, says that old maids are a product of Christianity. Yu-Yin is our first product in that line, and I hope she will be one of the kind of old maids that China stands greatly in need of.

The consul and his sister were here for tiffin one day. It made a pleasant break in the daily routine.

Written expressly to wish you peace.

Your honorable person's without-knowledge sister,

KEO JEN-LI.

In HANYANG, sixth month, twenty-seventh day,
written.

XLIV

KULING, August 25.

DEAR BETSEY: Doctor and Mrs. Murray are sharing the bungalow with Lyde and me this summer. The weather has been almost perfect, and we have had a delightful vacation. It is well for us to get away from our worries and problems occasionally and get a new perspective. Our fight is against "powers, and principalities, and the rulers of the darkness of this world," and sometimes the conflict is so severe that we become tired and discouraged, and forget that victory is sure to those who fight with the Lord of hosts. Now I have my armor buckled on and am ready to go back. We start for home day after to-morrow.

China seems more unsettled than when we came to the hills, and it is difficult to plan for the future.

August 28. On board S. S. Kinling. History repeats itself. We had to start out in the rain, and walk down to the Estate Office yesterday morning, just as Genevieve and I did three years ago. But we were fortunate in getting coolies soon, and were down at the Rest House (a misnomer!) in Kiu Kiang early. It was too hot to go on the street until nearly sundown. Then we went to see the famous Kiu Kiang china-shops. Alas! They are full of hideous "new-fash-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ioned" dishes. Tea- and rice-bowls instead of being decorated with the beautiful old Chinese colors and designs have the flags of the Republic, or supposedly foreign flowery patterns in glaring colors.

We ate our lunch on the balcony at the Rest House, overlooking a little inlet of the river. It was crowded with sailboats and junks. It was the fifteenth day of the old Chinese month, which has been abolished; the superstition connected with the day has not been abolished, for on one boat after another firecrackers were set off and gongs were beaten, creating such a din as certainly should have driven away any evil spirits hovering near. On the street below us was a perfect babel of voices. At dark we went down to the Bund, where we waited till nearly midnight for our steamer to come. Now Hankow is in sight. So good-bye.

JANE.

XLV

HANYANG, October 12.

BELOVED BETSEY: Everything has gone swimmingly so far as opening schools is concerned. We just came home and opened the Boarding School and the Women's Bible School, and the consul did not say a word. I could not have the women's school at the Shuang Kiai now. That is too far away. So I rented a Chinese house across the street from us. It is semi-foreign, and has glass windows and a fairly safe stairway. But the smoke from the Chinese stove nearly blinds us, and the floor is packed earth.

We went over to Wu Chang for the celebration of the end of the first year of the Republic. They count from the day of the outbreak in Wu Chang. The exercises were very interesting. There was even a speech by a young Chinese woman from Peking. You see, women are to have their place in the New China. We went to a reception at Vice-president Li's home in the *yamen*. His first wife is too conservative to appear in a mixed company, but his second wife received with him, and they shook hands foreign style. He was in military dress, and she in foreign dress also. It is not half so becoming as Chinese dress.

Day and night I thanked God for Mrs. Wan. She is a perfect treasure. I do not know what we would do

LETTERS TO BETSEY

without her in the school. She takes much of the responsibility. With teaching, meetings, and all the responsibility that goes with the schools my time is well occupied without leaving any for the extras, such as keeping accounts, paying salaries, receiving calls, correspondence, and the many other demands. Pao Chen practically runs the house when it is my turn to be housekeeper. Please do not wait for my letters. Be a good girl and write often, even if I do not.

Your loving

JANE.

XLVI

HANYANG, November 16.

A merry, merry Christmas to you, Betsey. My Christmas lasts longer than yours does. At the hills in July and August I make my gifts. For weeks I have given my spare moments, which are few, you know, to wrapping them. And now I must send my Christmas letters off as quickly as possible. It will be weeks after the momentous day before all my Christmas mail is received, so you see the pleasure is prolonged through most of the year. When I see anything I can use as a gift, I buy it on the spot, for I may never have the chance again.

We have had three cold, dreary, dismal days. "It rains, and the wind is never weary." But we have a nice grate fire in Lyde's room, and it is lovely when we have time to sit by it for a few minutes. That is not often, for we are both out every evening, either at the schools or the church. Fortunately our thoughts do not have much time to cling to the moldering past, so the hopes of our youth are not falling as fast as the leaves outside. Still, I have discovered that it does not require much time for one's thoughts to cling to the past. Perhaps this is especially true at the Christmas season. The memories of past Christmases meet me at every turn. Do you remember the year you

LETTERS TO BETSEY

were a tiny tot and were so afraid of Santa in his furs and bells? And the year they gave us the beautiful doll-house? Sometimes when I think of how far away I am from home and loved ones and all that pertains to the days of "auld lang syne," such a revulsion of feeling sweeps over me that I am tempted to say, "I cannot stand it any longer." Then a realization of the wonderful privilege of my "high calling" steals into my heart, and I know that I can never leave this work until God's call to do so is very clear.

Pen Ta-Ku is safely married, despite the continued threats of that coolie. Of course the Christian ceremony was used, so Pen Ta-Ku thought she must wear a white veil and have bridesmaids, foreign fashion. It was a pretty wedding, but it would have seemed strange to you to see the people who crowded in off the street—barefoot coolies and slovenly women with dirty children clinging to them. At the feast the men ate in one room and the women in another. It was all so different from a wedding in America.

Robberies and incendiary fires are the order of the day, or more properly speaking, of the night. A fire in a Chinese city is a fearsome event. We are frequently awakened at night by the howling of the mobs as they fight the fires. A riot in Wu Chang has made the people here fearful of trouble. Soldiers go about the city at night in search of suspected rebels. Occasionally a robber is caught, and then I am awakened in the morning by the sound of shouting and shooting on the drill-ground, and know that another

LETTERS TO BETSEY

man has paid the penalty of sin by death. The executions are public, and even tiny tots four or five years old run to see the headless bodies. It cannot but have a brutalizing effect upon them.

In Sunday-school one day I emphasized the importance of our telling others what God has done for us. At the women's meeting last Thursday Mrs. Tsao read of the raising of Lazarus. Then she said she had a strange affair which she felt that the Lord wanted her to tell to the women. She said that over twenty years ago she died, just as Lazarus did, and was dead for two days. The relatives dressed her in her grave-clothes, and made all preparations for the burial. She knew nothing of what was going on around her, but in this space of time she saw hell and heaven. First she was in black darkness, and was terribly frightened. Then suddenly heaven opened up before her. The glory was indescribable, and there were beings which she now thinks were the angels. Before her was a building of such magnificence as she can never have seen in life. There were three entrances. She went to the first, but was told to leave. At the second was a great person with a book before him, the leaves of which he was rapidly turning. He told her she could not enter. At that time she had never heard the Christian doctrine. Now she believes that it was Jesus she saw, that the book was the Book of Life, and that God mercifully restored her to life so that she might be saved. Otherwise she would have spent eternity in hell. Now she knows the Saviour, and when she dies

LETTERS TO BETSEY

will go to heaven. When she had finished, one of the women said with conviction, "I believe what you say, for I was dead myself once."

Lyde and I went to Hankow one day last week to take tiffin with three L. M. S. young women. One of them recently came from India. She knows several of my acquaintances there. So many of the people we meet here have traveled to the ends of the earth, and conversation as well as thought travels fast and far.

With tons of love,

JANE.

XLVII

HANYANG, Christmas Day.

BETSEY DEAR: We were awakened this morning by strains of a Christmas carol. It was still dark, the singers came nearer and nearer, and stopped under our windows. We went out on the balcony and threw down mandarin oranges to them. Then the girls went to serenade the others on the compound. At morning-chapel exercises Pastor Tsao appeared in his prettiest gown and garnet silk jacket in honor of the day. He talked on the text: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." He told of the girls serenading him, and how he wanted to join in the hymn, but could not, so he just clapped his hands, and said, "Praise God! Praise God!" At the close of his talk the chapel door swung open, and he walked his wife and daughter with trays piled full of Chinese goodies for the school children. It was the pastor's own idea, and his treat. This was the first Christmas some of our children had known. Oh, we can only teach them the real meaning of the day of God's gift to us!

We gave parties to the Bible-school women and to the schoolgirls before they went home for the holidays. It was a perfect joy to see some of the women entering into a frolic, perhaps for almost the first time

LETTERS TO BETSEY

in their lives. At the girls' party, after the games and refreshments, Pao Chen appeared at the door in a postman's uniform, which we had borrowed for the occasion. His mail-bag was full to overflowing with various-sized and shaped packages. (Each contained a handkerchief and a cheap baby-pin.) The distribution of the mail made fun for everybody. Strange to say, the postman returned in a few minutes, and this time the mail was all for Lyde and me, gifts from the girls and the teachers.

The school entertainments were very good. For the first time since I came to China I was able to secure a Christmas program without translating for myself. I used to have great times with my teacher, putting things into Chinese rhymes. It is easier to train Chinese girls than American girls, so do not think you have a monopoly of all the bright intellects on that side of the water. Now there are only four of us, we must depend upon the Chinese for social festivities.

The five years for which Ma Ta-Ku was promised to the hospital are passed. Now we have no recourse but to give her back to the parents of her fiancé. Poor girl, she has thought of every plan to escape this obnoxious marriage. She says, "I *cannot* marry that thief." Some time ago the missionaries did try to buy her, offering a large sum, according to Chinese ideas, but the people refused because it would mean a loss of face if she would not marry the son. The relatives have threatened to kill her if she does not marry this man. In fact, the poor girl is sometimes almost ready to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

commit suicide rather than do it. But we have tried to show her that under the circumstances her duty is to acquiesce, that in some way God will work good for her out of even this great trouble. But how our hearts do ache for her! Oh, it is cruel to see a splendid girl, such as she is, forced to throw her life away on that miserable fellow. I tremble for her, for after all we have said she still replies, "I cannot do it." Her future mother-in-law is an old termagant. She is to come for Ma Ta-Ku to-morrow.

January 1, 1913. She is married. Mrs. Wan, Lyde, and I went to the wedding to-day. Pastor Tsao married them with the Christian ceremony. When it came to the question, "Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?" (perhaps that is not the exact phraseology; I never studied the marriage ceremony, as I have had no use for it; but *you* know what I mean), he asked, "Are you pleased to take this man?" Poor Ma Ta-Ku, that *was* too much for her. She began to twitch, and made no reply. Pastor Tsao said, "If you do, you may nod your head." I did not see her nod, but he continued the ceremony and pronounced them husband and wife. Ma Ta-Ku was heroic, and everybody pretended to be happy, but we knew it was only pretense.

Your lovingest

JANE.

XLVIII

HANYANG, February 27, 1913.

DEAR BETSEY: I am nearly frozen. I have been sitting all day in the cold schoolroom giving examinations. I dread these examinations in the day-schools. We have no heat in the Bible school, either, but when I am teaching I become so absorbed in my work that I forget how cold I am. The meetings do not last so many hours, but when I sit all day long giving examinations I positively suffer with the cold. How can the Chinese live through the winter months with never a place to get warm? They do suffer. Nearly everybody has dreadful chilblains, their hands and ears as well as their feet all broken out in running sores.

Doctor Lessey and Miss Thomas have returned from furlough. They were delayed because of the unsettled condition of the country last autumn. Lyde has moved back to the hospital compound with Doctor Lessey, and they have opened the hospital. Miss Thomas has taken charge of the women's evangelistic work, and I am giving all my time to the schools and the Sunday-schools. We have fifty-five girls in the Boarding School this term. It is very crowded, as the building and grounds are small, but I cannot refuse a girl who is in earnest in wanting an education, if it is possible to let her come. We have been forced to

LETTERS TO BETSEY

refuse thirty girls who applied for admission. With many of them it means that they are sent back to heathen homes, where they will never have an opportunity to learn of the Saviour or the way of eternal life. Betsey, it is heart-breaking to see the needs and opportunities all around us, and then be constantly trampled and held back from grasping the opportunities because of lack of funds. Our appropriations are cut down to the last cent, and there are so many demands that we cannot make up all the lack even when we do not give anything for work in other parts of the world. For instance, I should open a girl's day-school in each of our outstations. But how can I do it on my meager salary? I cannot, and those girls are growing up just as their mothers did, in appalling ignorance, superstition, and degradation. Oh, when will Christian people awake to the meaning of the Great Commission? Do you know, Betsey, that the Christian denominations of the world are holding me responsible for the evangelization of nearly two hundred thousand souls in China? Do you believe that God holds me responsible for more people than I can ever reach with the gospel? I don't. I believe that some of the Christian people in America who are holding on to the "tithes and offerings" that belong to the Lord, and whose highest aim is to be wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease, are the ones whom God holds responsible. But nevertheless, when we see souls who will be lost for eternity because we cannot give them the knowledge of the way of salvation, it is not easy

LETTERS TO BETSEY

to retrench. That is what we are always told to do, every single year.

I am enjoying the school work. It is restful to have most of my work on the compound, and not have to go on the streets and see the sickening sights and smell the vile smells. But even on the compound we do not escape all the unpleasantness. There are frequent executions on the drill-ground, in plain view from our house. Sometimes the bodies lie there for hours. One day when Lyde was coming over here she was right upon the bodies of three men who had been executed before she realized what had happened. She actually walked between the heads and the bodies. It was such a shock to her, as you can imagine it would be. They were three privates who killed a man on the river between here and Wu Chang. Often the soldiers take out the hearts and livers and eat them. One afternoon I was standing on the up-stairs veranda watching a company of soldiers marching to music with flying colors. I supposed it was some gala occasion. Suddenly several men ran out ahead of the others, the soldiers began shooting, and before I realized what was happening six men had been shot down and I saw the executioner step forward with his long knife and chop off the head of one. Betsey, such experiences are too dreadful to tell about.

JANE.

XLIX

HANYANG, March 15.

BETSEY: You need not expect that I shall ever associate with you on terms of equality again. I'll never do it, so you need not ask it of me. I have been too highly honored to-day to think of being classed with common ordinary mortals such as the likes o' you. I have just returned from Wu Chang, where the Vice-president of the Chinese Republic, General Li Yuan Hung, bestowed upon me a bronze medal in recognition of my "bravery and self-sacrifice" in caring for the wounded during the recent revolution, so now although I am not the real "Lady of the Decoration" I am a lady with a real decoration; two in fact, for I received a medal from the Chinese Red Cross Society last summer.

Lyde and I were invited to go to Wu Chang to-day to receive our medals from the hand of Vice-president Li. It rained, and the mud is (something less than) knee-deep, but we would not have missed going for anything. Everybody who was in the Red Cross work in this center received a medal—gold ones to the officers of the society, silver to doctors, and bronze to the nurses. It was a very cosmopolitan affair. English, French, Americans, Germans, Russians, Italians, Japanese, Swedes, and Chinese were present and re-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

ceived recognition of their services in the Red Cross work. The Vice-president was accompanied by a guard of soldiers. He still lives in Wu Chang, as the government fears that if he should leave here and go to Peking there would be an immediate outbreak. It seems to be only his presence that keeps peace. For months he never went outside the *yamen*, and seldom does now. Even to-day it looked for a few moments as if there might be trouble. There have been several plots to assassinate General Li. Mrs. Wan went over to-day and the schoolgirls were quite excited over my medal when she told them about it. I think I'll have to adopt a granddaughter so I'll have some one to bequeath it to when I die.

Yours,

JANE.

L

HANYANG, June 25.

DEAREST BETSEY: I am writing in bed. No, I am not ill. This is the only place I can get away from the mosquitoes. I have been rereading a letter two weeks old. It is the last I had from you, so had to be a substitute for the visit I long for. It is four years, nine months, and fifteen days since I said good-bye to you. I am glad it is so long; aren't you? People used to ask, "When did you come?" Now they say, "When are you going home? Your furlough must be nearly due." I am sorry to say I am becoming impatient for the time to come. When I go out on these dreadful streets I long to stroll down a quiet tree-shaded avenue. When I go to meeting I wish for a service in one of our beautiful home churches with good music and a sermon which will lift me nearer God and heaven. Do not tell me that America is not paradise. It is, compared with China, and just now I have a longing for the flesh-pots. I always have a "spell" at this time of year. Instead of running a fever as so many people do, I become unsettled in my mind, and wish to be where I am not, and for the things that are not. For days it has been so hot that the butter is like oil, and after boiling our drinking-water we cannot get it cooler than lukewarm. We cannot eat, and I tantalize

LETTERS TO BETSEY

myself with the thought of fresh strawberries and ice cream.

It has been a steamy, stifling day. I have been busy giving examinations. As usual, some of the girls find them as easy as rolling off a log, and others have to rack their brains for elusive facts.

I prepared a pledge which was passed around among the older girls. It was a promise to pray and read the Bible every day, and to strive to lead one soul to Jesus during the vacation. Eleven girls signed it. That ought to make me glad I am here instead of in America, ought it not? Come to think of it, I believe I am! But it is too hot to write about it, so good night.

JANE.

LI

CHI KONG SHAN, July 23.

MY DEAR BETSEY: I am up here in our little hut on the hill again. Miss Collins, of Atlanta, is with me. I expected to find things in bad shape, for the houses here were looted last year. This cottage had been entered, but no valuables were taken, as there were none to take.

There was talk of an outbreak in Hanyang two nights before the school closed. I did not sleep much that last night before the girls left. I was listening for every sound. Search-lights had been playing over Dragon Hill every night for two weeks. The hill has been refortified. Fighting began again on the twelfth. China has followed America's example in having a revolution and becoming a Republic. Now they will not be content until they have had a war between the North and the South and done the whole business up brown. Only they do not intend to take a hundred years for it as America did. In Hanyang women are afraid to go on the streets, and many people have moved to the country. There is fighting between Kiu Kiang and Kuling, and Lyde writes of thrilling times, watching the battles from the top of the mountain. She tells sad stories about the people who have been driven out of their homes with nothing to keep them from starva-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

tion. Poor, distracted China! How long must such things be? How long must we wait for our Lord's return to set up his kingdom upon earth? I believe that nothing less than the coming of the Prince of Peace will bring lasting peace to China. Come quickly, Lord Jesus!

My next-door neighbors traveled eight days by sailboat and a day and a night by train to get here. If I had to work so hard as that for a vacation I think I would never take one. But of course they must have a change sometimes. If they didn't, they'd go crazy! They have had most heartrending times working among the famine sufferers.

Only a few weeks till Genevieve comes. Don't you wish you could be here for the wagging of tongues?

JANE.

LII

HANYANG, September 6.

DEAR BETSEY: Genevieve arrived last Saturday. We have been chattering like magpies ever since. She is delighted to be back. And her clothes! Lyde and I sit and gaze at her in dumb admiration. Sometimes she becomes somewhat restive under such excessive appreciation of her style, but we just can't help it.

I came down on the twenty-sixth. I had heard that the new revolutionists were planning an attack on the Hanyang armory and I was not eager to come down and be the only foreigner in Hanyang, but Genevieve might arrive any day that week, and it would hardly do to have her come all the way from America and find a locked house and no one to meet her, so I came. Fortunately General Li heard of the planned attack four hours before it was to occur. He sent a regiment of soldiers from Wu Chang. They surrounded the armory, and took all the soldiers there prisoners. The next morning there were twenty heads hanging along the wall outside the armory. On this side the hill all was quiet, and I did not know what had happened until morning.

This afternoon we went over to the hospital compound. As we passed the guild hall next door, now used as a soldiers' barracks, Genevieve grabbed my

LETTERS TO BETSEY

arm, and I thought from her looks she was going to faint. I looked for the cause. It was a man's head hanging in a basket over the gate into the hall. She could scarcely believe when I told her about the soldiers eating the hearts and livers of men who have been executed. Yet we know it is true, not only from the testimony of the Chinese, but Lyde one day met some soldiers after an execution carrying the hearts and livers back to the barracks. Yet professedly Christian people ask why they should send the gospel to the Chinese. They say: "They have their own religions, which are better suited to them than the Christian religion." If only the people who say that had to live for a year under the conditions which have resulted from these religions there would be a radical change in their point of view.

I had a very exciting adventure on my way home from Chi Kong Shan. Mrs. Wan went up to spend a week with me. On the way home in the train there were some men in our compartment, and as they were next the windows I did not watch the depots. The train was late, and as we wanted to be home before dark Mrs. Wan noticed every station as we neared Hankow. At last she said, "Only five minutes more and we shall be there," and at the next stop, "Here we are." There are two depots in Hankow, built most alike, and with a picket fence which shuts off the view. The first one is the one that is marked Hankow on the sign, but we leave the train at the second, three miles farther on. I had written for two servants to



MRS. WAN



LETTERS TO BETSEY

meet us, and for them to have baggage-coolies and boat engaged so there need be no delay, so when Mrs. Wan announced, "Here we are," I looked out for the servants. They were not there. Mrs. Wan said she would go and tell Pao Chen that they had not come, and I stayed in the compartment with our hand-baggage.

The moment Mrs. Wan had left me it popped into my head, "This is the wrong depot." I ran out to call her, but it was too late. The train had started and she dared not jump on. The servants were waiting for us at the right depot. I inquired if there was any way for Mrs. Wan to come in except walking. No. Any way except the railroad track? No. I was not sure that she had money enough with her to get over to Hanyang. Besides this, the Northern soldiers were encamped along the railroad. For weeks the Hanyang women have been afraid to go on the streets in daytime. What might not happen to a lone Chinese woman walking down a railroad track after dark? I decided to leave Pao Chen and the school coolie to bring the baggage over, and I took the other servant (a man I didn't know, by the way), and walked back to meet Mrs. Wan.

We walked, and walked, and walked. It was so dark that I was afraid of missing Mrs. Wan, even if we should meet her. The servant walked on one side the track and I on the other. At first there were houses or mat-sheds on either side, and shops with torchlike lights from wicks burning in bowls of oil. Then we left the city behind. It became so dark we could

LETTERS TO BETSEY

scarcely see our way. We crossed two high bridges, and I feared I would make a misstep, and fall between the trestles. There were not even the soldiers, and I almost wished to come to an encampment. The last half of the way I felt it was foolish to go on, yet would not turn back, for I thought something might have delayed Mrs. Wan. At last we could see the station lights glimmering through the darkness ever so far in the distance. It seemed I would never reach there.

A big train-load of Northern soldiers had come down from Peking that morning. We came to their encampment first. When we reached the depot I inquired if any one had seen a Chinese lady get off the train. Some one had seen Mrs. Wan start to walk down the track toward Hankow. Again I inquired if there were sedan-chairs, a rickshaw, or even a lantern to be had. No, and I was advised to go back by the railway, as there were so many soldiers about, and the country roads were very dangerous. There was nothing to do but walk back on that track in the darkness. By this time it was so dark I could scarcely see my hand before my eyes, and I was so tired I felt I could drop. We started back. Could we cross the bridges in the dark? And where could Mrs. Wan be?

We had walked ten or fifteen minutes when I heard a noise behind. It was a hand-car. I said to the servant, "Call, and see if they will let us ride." He said, "No, they wouldn't." It was almost upon us, and I cried impatiently, "Call and see! Quick!" So he shouted, and they slowed up immediately. He said,

LETTERS TO BETSEY

"There is a foreign teacher here." That was sufficient. They had seen me when I was making inquiries for Mrs. Wan. The three gentlemen on the front seat made room for me, the servant got on the back, and in no time we were off.

A nice very young gentleman in a pretty pale blue silk gown sat next me. He did just what a nice young man at home would do under similar circumstances if he feared the girl sitting by him might slip off the seat while the car was rushing along through the darkness. I assure you, Betsey, I was mighty thankful to be right there with his arm thrown protectingly around me to keep me from falling off.

As we neared Hankow the men kept up a great shouting for people to clear the tracks. On hot nights men find the railroad a cool place to lie down and take a nap. Some lose their heads, but that doesn't stop the practice. One man got off just in time to escape being run over. At the depot I thanked the gentlemen, and tipped the men who ran the car, then hurried off in a rickshaw to the river. Before I alighted from the rickshaw I heard Pao Chen's voice calling, "*Keo Siao-tsieh, Wan Shen-mo tai-liao* (Mrs. Wan has come)!" She had walked part way, then had left the track and taken a rickshaw. While she was bargaining for a boat in the dark she heard Pao Chen's voice, so she called to him. When she found that I had gone back for her she told him to wait for me, and she started home with the coolie and the baggage.

Well, I paid an exorbitant price for a boat so we

LETTERS TO BETSEY

could get off in a hurry. All went well until we were up this side the Han River. There the current was so swift that even with a sail, a good wind, and two men rowing we were making no headway. The river was so bad that I was afraid to be on it in the dark, so I told them to come in to shore, and we walked the rest of the way, a mile and a half. It was after ten o'clock. The streets were almost deserted. Many a man has lost his head in Hanyang lately because he was on the street at night, and was unable to secure witnesses to prove that he was on legitimate business. Sentries were placed every few rods along the way. Pao Chen walked ahead and the other servant behind me. No one stopped us until we were almost at the compound gate. Then two soldiers placed themselves across the street and called us to "Halt!" We explained who we were and why we were on the street. They immediately stood back for us to pass. The compound gate was locked, and the gatekeeper asleep. We were surprised, as we thought Mrs. Wan would have told him to wait for us. But he said she had not come. Then we were anxious! Pao Chen said he would take a lantern and go back along the river-bank calling for her. But before he got the lantern ready the coolie came and said she was in the boat down at the *ma-teo*. I rushed down, and we greeted each other with joy. The boat had been stopped twice by the soldiers. We had not known that no boats were allowed on the river after dark. Wu Han is under strict military rule again.

Mrs. Wan said, "I have been praying all the time

LETTERS TO BETSEY

that God would keep you from worrying about me." I replied that I had prayed that God would keep her safe, and had felt assured that he would. Now it was over, we were both ready to look upon the adventure as *hao-uan* (good sport). But I wouldn't care to have another such experience. It was so late that Mrs. Wan wouldn't let me open up the house that night. I slept at the school. Oh, but it *was* hot! I never can tell you what it seems like to come back to the heat after being at the hills a few weeks. Several Chinese families are living on the compound, as they have been afraid to remain in their homes. Babies cried all night. I did not sleep for hours.

Affectionately,

JANE.

LIII

HANYANG, October 27.

DEAR BETSEY: This autumn I am going every day to the hospital dispensary to talk to the out-patients. Few people have clocks, so as soon as they have eaten their morning meal the women come, stumping slowly along on their tiny bound feet. Often they are here two or even three hours before the dispensary opens. While they wait the Bible-woman and I have our opportunity to talk to them. Many are women who would not come to church to hear the gospel. And, oh, how ignorant they are! Sometimes I ask, "Have you ever heard of Jesus?" "No." "Do you know about God?" "No." "Perhaps you know of the True Spirit?" "No." They have all heard of the heavenly Ruler. I do not like to use that name, for it is used in their heathen worship, but I must begin with something they know, so I tell them that this is another name for the True Spirit. Then I tell them of the creation and fall of man, and of God's love in providing a way of salvation through his Son. A few plainly show that they do not want to "eat the foreign doctrine." Some are indifferent, but the large majority listen with interest.

One day when I spoke of Eve a woman asked, "Was she the one that ate the fruit?" I inquired if she went to church, or where she had heard the doc-

LETTERS TO BETSEY

trine. She replied that one of her neighbors is a church-member. Every day when he has family worship he invites the people of the neighborhood to go in and hear him read from the Bible. Upon inquiry I found that the man is Mr. Uh, the son of the old carpenter, of whom I have written. Another woman had heard the gospel from her little son, who attends a mission school, and every night goes home and tells her what he has learned during the day.

Some most pitiful cases come to the dispensary. Many come from long distances out in the country. We are having the worst epidemic of smallpox since I came to China. There has been one death on the compound, the pastor's little grandchild. Thousands have died in the three cities. Frequently mothers bring babies sick with smallpox to the dispensary. Most of the children we see on the streets have monkeys made of cloth pinned on their backs. People think that smallpox is caused by an evil spirit named Liang-liang. Liang-liang is afraid of monkeys, so the mothers make a cloth monkey and pin it on the child's garment to scare the spirit away. If a smallpox patient recovers the relatives set off firecrackers, burn paper furniture, and offer food, thanking Liang-liang for sparing the life. If the person dies they still make offerings, but they curse and slash with a knife. Poor ignorant people! They cannot believe what we tell them about contagion and the need of cleanliness in fighting disease. A mother will expose her child to infection, and then try to propitiate the spirits.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

You can scarcely realize what a hold superstition has upon the people. One day a man came to Doctor Lane because his *shadow* had been bitten by a dog. A mother, whose baby had died, was in terror until the little body had been eaten by the pigs or dogs, because the priests had told her that if the body were not eaten the child's spirit would always trouble them. This superstition in regard to the death of a child is one of the most awful things. When the people try to turn away from idolatry the priests start all sorts of stories to frighten them back into the use of heathen rites. When a Christian refuses to join in ancestral worship he is accused of lack of filial affection. This is one of the hardest tests for the Christians.

The brigands are causing great trouble now. Last week eight missionaries were taken captive by robber bands up in Honan. Yesterday we heard of their release, but a baby had been killed. Two men had been hidden in a strawstack for five days without food. Even large cities are terrorized. After paying immense sums to buy off the robbers, armed bands will come, loot the homes, burn the town, and carry off the women. I received a letter from a friend in a threatened city. She says the country people have flocked into the city, and they are having wonderful opportunities to preach to those who have never heard.

With love,

JANE.

LIV

HANYANG, January 2, 1914.

MY DEAREST BETSEY: Another Christmas and New Year past. My next will be at home. The days are simply spinning by, and furlough draws near apace. Every day is full of plans for the going. I have even started to pack one trunk. But my joy in going is tinged with regret. I am sad at the thought of leaving my friends both among the Chinese and the missionaries. So many people all around us have never heard of God's love. I cannot but wonder if I have done all I could to make it known to them.

Often I have been disheartened and weary, but now that I am so soon to go I realize that these years in China have meant much to my Christian experience. It has been a time of "the good hand of my God upon me." I also know that the lives of some others are richer and better because I came to China. Any hardness I have endured or sacrifice I have made seems small when I think that because of it some souls will spend eternity in glory. I thank God for calling me to this work. If I had it all to do over again I would do the same thing. I hope that when my furlough is past I shall come back to do better work.

The success of a foreign missionary does not necessarily depend upon the results that he may see during

LETTERS TO BETSEY

his lifetime, but it is good to see results nevertheless. I am so proud of some of our girls. Liu Yu-Yin and another of the schoolgirls are in the hospital, training as nurses, and they are doing very well. Two of the day-schools are being taught by girls who studied in the Boarding School. In the women's work there have been many changes. Women who when I came could not read, can now teach others. Some who would not speak or pray in meeting now do both. Others who had never heard the gospel are now faithful Christians. My Bible-woman is a countrywoman who came to Hanyang a few months after I came. She could not read and had never heard the gospel. Now she is a very earnest worker. I have seen so many changes that I can realize what it must mean to missionaries who have worked for years in a place to look back over the years and compare the things that are with the things that were. Every year adds to the lessons in faith and trust.

For the last two weeks a small boy very sick with smallpox has been lying on a pile of straw by the roadside between here and the hospital. The soldiers from the barracks take food to him. Strange to say, in spite of the exposure and lack of care he is recovering.

In dispensary this morning an old woman came up and stooped down and examined my shoe, asked what kind of a garment my coat was, if I wore a skirt under it, if all foreigners wear glasses, and if I ever combed my hair. Mrs. Shen told her that I do, sometimes twice a day if my hat disarranges it. Then she

LETTERS TO BETSEY

volunteered the information that the foreigners wash their hair with soap. "If we Chinese did that instead of using oil on our hair we would have light hair too, like the *Siao-tsieh* has." It is interesting to hear the Chinese explaining our foreign customs to one another. Once Genevieve heard her teacher telling some one that the foreigners have windows to spit out at. This seems to be the general notion as to the use of windows, for at church in the summer it is not unusual to see an old man rise and sedately walk to a window to spit.

Lovingly,

JANE.

SHANGHAI, February 13.

DEAREST BETSEY GIRL: I am actually on my way to you. I would wish I could fly, only that I want to see Europe on the way. It is a slow trip, but just think how improved and intellectual I shall be! The sad part is that my plans for traveling with a friend have fallen through, and I expect to be a lone, lorn spinster roaming around Europe in solitary state, trying to make people understand by means of "*Qui*," "*Si*," and "*Non*." That is about all I remember of French or Italian. I have my books along, but I know I shall not study. I never do anything but loll on ship-board. Genevieve says it is a perfect shame to waste an ocean voyage on me. I agree with her. Friends are going on the same steamer, so I shall have company as far as Port Said. I go from there to Palestine.

On the way down river I visited Dr. Mary Stone's hospital. What a wonderful work this plucky little Chinese woman is doing! We don't meet that kind of women outside the missions.

One of the passengers on the boat was a Rumanian woman from Shanghai. Her father arranged a marriage for her with a Frenchman, who speaks only a few words of English. She speaks only German and English. When they met just before the wedding and

LETTERS TO BETSEY

discovered this discrepancy of languages, he said, "Don't you care." And she said, "I don't care." So they were married and went off together. She said to me: "You know it's awkward to marry a man, especially if you never saw him before." I should think it might be! With love and longing,

JANE.

LVI

CAIRO, EGYPT, March 13.

DEAR BETSEY : It is late, but I cannot sleep because of the strangeness of the street noises. Cars and carriages go dashing by. The black drivers crack their whips so they sound like pistol-shots. It is quite different from the beating of gongs and tom-toms and the setting off of firecrackers. Loaded donkeys and supercilious camels pick their way through the crowds. A clear moon makes it almost as light as day.

We have had long, lazy days on the Indian Ocean, beneath sunny skies. At Hongkong we went up the Peak for that magnificent view of the harbor. Singapore and Penang were as strange and foreign to me as if I had never set foot out of the United States. The long rows of black-skinned men, garbed in loin-cloths or in bright-hued skirts and turbans, squatting along the docks made me think of monkeys. We visited the botanical gardens, and went to Hindu temples, which were quite different from the Buddhist and Taoist temples I have seen in Japan and China. At Penang we saw men picking cocoanuts high up in the trees, and a lot of chattering monkeys scurried away among the branches on our approach. My cabin-mate and I strayed into a native quarter of the city. It gives one such an interesting sense of adventure to know that

LETTERS TO BETSEY

if you should lose your way you could not ask, and to bargain by means of signs and grunts for queer things whose use you don't know. And Columbo! No wonder the "Innocents" harped on every prospect pleasing there.

East and West have met in Cairo, and the East is all the more impressive for the sharp contrast with the West. New York may be more cosmopolitan, but the crowds do not look so much so, for all wear European dress. Never before have I seen so many varieties of fantastic costumes as here, black and white and every color of the rainbow.

Several of us made up a party, and we engaged a Bedouin dragoman for the day. Incongruous as it may seem, we went in a trolley-car out to the Pyramids. We waited a few minutes in a public square. Watching the crowds surging past was one of the most interesting experiences of the day to me. Both men and women wear long, flowing garments, which sweep the ground. Most of the men wear the red Turkish fez or turbans, and the Mohammedan women are in black mantles, with a square of black or white cloth veiling the lower part of the face. A long procession of people riding dromedaries passed on their way to a feast. Many street-venders went by, clashing their cymbals, or calling their wares. One man selling a yellow liquid, which he poured from a glass jar with brass trimmings, particularly attracted my attention. He wore a red fez, a white waistcoat with a green yoke and yellow undersleeves, a red-and-white striped short skirt, black

LETTERS TO BETSEY

hose, and leather shoes. Do you wonder my eyes were busy?

Our dragoman was telling about the Mohammedans. He said, "I pray five times every day." Some one asked if all Mohammedans are good. In reply he held up his hand, and said, "You see the fingers; some are higher and some are lower."

On our way out to the Pyramids we crossed the Nile. There were many of the peculiarly graceful sailboats of Egypt. The suburbs are modern, and many of the homes luxurious, with beautiful trees and a wealth of flowering shrubs and vines. In the country the homes are square, flat-roofed, mud or brick houses. We had a beautiful view across the country to the citadel crowning the top of the hill. It is not pleasant to think that such a splendid building was the result of vandalism of the worst sort, for the marble is the outer coating of the Pyramid of Cheops, and the monolithic columns which adorn the interior are said to be from the Temple of the Sun below the Sphinx.

Old China never made me feel "like a cake not turned," but Betsey, when I stood looking at the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and tried to think of the ages upon ages they have stood there, and the thousands of generations they have seen pass away, man's little span of life, "threescore years and ten," seemed but a vapor. These monuments, which have stood here since hundreds of years before Abraham, help one to realize what eternity will be, for with God "a thousand years are as one day."

LETTERS TO BETSEY

It was noon before we left there. The spell of the place and the hot glaring sunshine gave a sensation of unreality as I walked back through the burning sands. It seemed that I might waken to find that "this was none of I."

As on the way out, there were many interesting sights to claim our attention: flat-bottomed, springless carts crowded with veiled women in loose black mantles; men, women, and children riding donkeys or dromedaries; loaded camels; women carrying large bundles on their heads; and back in the city hundreds of people gathered in front of a mosque. It is some kind of religious holiday, and they each carried a gift to offer.

This afternoon the dragoman took us through the bazaars, to the Mameluke Tombs, and the citadel. I should love to tell you all about it, and of how our black Jehu drove furiously up the hill to the citadel until the horses balked and we had to jump from the carriage three times, and at last walk. But we had a glimpse of the interior, and then went out and watched the sunset, over the hundreds of domes and minarets of the city of mosques. An Indian juggler entertained us in the hotel parlor after dinner. I wish I could stay a week, but we have only a short time for the museum in the morning, then start for Palestine tomorrow afternoon. Seven of us who became acquainted on the boat will travel together. We are a very congenial party. With loads of love,

JANE.

LVII

JERUSALEM, March 20.

BELOVED BETSEY: What a week I have had! We came from Port Said in a Russian coasting steamer. It was the worst ever, but it was only one night, and I always sleep like a log the first night out, so I did not realize the discomforts. Sunday morning at sunrise we cast anchor off the coast of the city by the sea, where Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his floats loaded with cedar and firwood for the building of the Temple. There is no harbor at Jaffa, so it was fortunate for us that the sea was smoother than on that day so long ago when Jonah went down there to take ship for Tarshish. Even on this calm morning it was quite exciting to jump down into the boat which was rising and falling several feet with the rise and fall of the waves.

Doctor and Mrs. Fisk, of Shanghai, are of our party. Neither they nor I wished to travel unnecessarily on Sunday, so we remained in Jaffa for the day. Late in the afternoon we went for a walk along the seaside, where Peter too must have walked and watched the sunset, for it was near here that he lodged in the house of Simon the tanner.

Monday morning bright and early we started on that never-to-be-forgotten ride across the Plain of

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Sharon and up the Judean Mountains to Jerusalem. It was a cool, sunshiny spring morning. The way was made bright by myriads of spring flowers, and interesting by the swift changes of scene. As we drew out through the suburbs of Jaffa we might have thought ourselves in a modern European city. A few moments later we were passing a Bedouin tent. Well-watered gardens and fragrant orange groves brightened by the golden fruit gave place to rolling fields of green grain and vineyards; and later, as we came up into the mountainous regions, to olive groves and then bleak hills. Every available bit of ground on these hills is terraced and under cultivation, even where it seems the only crop the soil could yield would be stones. All along the way were reminders of stories familiar to us from childhood. At noon we passed through the hills that are round about Jerusalem, and had our first glimpse of the city itself.

Betsey, I *am* thankful I am soon to see you and have an opportunity to tell all that I cannot put into my letters. Every day adds so much to what I have been storing up for the past six years that I fear for the effect on you if I ever have a chance to say it all! I cannot tell you now of the crowded events of the week; of our visits to Bethlehem and Bethany, the Temple Area, the Garden Tomb, and Gordon's Calvary, and long walks about the city and over the Mount of Olives. Some people are disappointed in the Holy Land. I am not. I have been content to walk along the ways where Jesus once walked, to look out over

LETTERS TO BETSEY

the scenes on which his eyes once rested, and to study the people and the customs which have changed so little since Christ was upon earth. Names have become places, Bible history has become actuality to me, and I have a new sense of the reality of Christ's life and death for us.

One day I took a donkey and went alone around the city wall. I'll admit I did not ride much. My donkey behaved just as Balaam's did, and I did not care to have my foot crushed against the wall, nor did I wish to run over any of the scores of pilgrims I met in the way. I did not know how to say, "Hi! There! Get out of the way," in Russian or Armenian or any other language those pilgrims would understand, and it did not seem quite dignified to give a little squeal when my donkey almost trod on the toes of some one who happened to be looking the other way. So I got off and let the boy lead the donkey, while I made good use of my time studying the map as I walked along. My way led out past the Jaffa Gate, Enrogel, Siloam, the Pool of Siloam, and the Virgin's Pool. At the latter place some girls washing clothes, seeing a lone woman coming down the stone steps which lead to the water, rudely splashed me until I was glad to leave them to wash their clothes in peace. I came back through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the Valley of Kedron, and finally, riding in state, arrived at the hotel.

Naples, March 28. Betsey, I shall never forget the sensation I had to-night when we landed and drove

LETTERS TO BETSEY

through the streets and along the Via Nationale. When I saw the prancing horses and the fine carriages, and the stylishly dressed people I could not believe that these people cannot understand English any better than the Chinese do. They look so much like ourselves they certainly should speak the same language. The city seems wonderful to me, with its beautiful park with statues gleaming through the trees. It is more like home than anything I have seen since I went to China. How strange it seems to say "Since I went" instead of "Since I came." Even now it seems almost a dream that I am more than half-way home, and that I shall not wake to hear the soldier boys blowing their bugles when I want to prolong my slumbers and dream of being in Naples. It really is dream-time though; so good night, dear.

JANE.

LVIII

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, April 11.

MY OWN BETSEY: One of the last admonitions of prim and proper Genevieve was, "*Don't* run around Europe with a Baedeker in your hand." It is well she has not seen us shamelessly consulting Baedeker on street corners and on cars, in cathedrals, palaces, villas, and galleries. If she knew she might refuse to live with me when I return to China; so, Betsey dear, please keep mum.

It has been a perfect two weeks, even to the weather. I am still with Mr. and Mrs. Steel. It has added so much to my pleasure, and they do not seem to consider me a hanger-on. I go with them as far as Paris. From there I shall be alone, but that does not seem far, *only* from Paris to New York. I have a few days for Paris and London, then the Atlantic, and HOME. I expect to arrive in New York on the twenty-third. Oh, joyful thought! Van Dyke's sentiments are mine:

It's fine to see the old world, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown;
To see the crumbly castles, and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

They have been wonderfully interesting, these antiquated things. I have reveled in them.

LETTERS TO BETSEY

A famous artist was on the boat with us from Singapore to Port Said. He knows Europe like a book, and he planned our itinerary so that we could make the most of our time. If we are in a museum or gallery in the forenoon, the afternoon is spent in the open; so in spite of strenuous days we have kept fresh and have enjoyed every day to the full. We have smashed every iron-clad-rule-for-tourists to smithereens. Instead of wasting half our time calmly absorbing the atmosphere of the place, we have raced about all day long. Yes, I'll admit we have raced even through the picture-galleries. But we do stop before some pictures, and usually they are the ones that are double-starred. I do not admire all masterpieces, but even if I am not an "art for art's sake" individual I recognize the touch of a master.

We went out to Pompeii. Wouldn't it be interesting to know more about the people whose chariots wore the ruts in those stone-paved streets? On the way we passed a castle with a moat and a drawbridge. Betsey, you will try to bear with me if I should be very romantic for a few days after I reach home, will you not? So many palaces and villas and castles and moats may slightly turn my head for the nonce. Doubtless I shall soon be my own prosaic self once more.

You would find it hard to believe me if I should tell you all that we saw and did in Rome. I have multitudes of pegs to hang my Roman history on now. It is real old Rome that I like best, the Forum, Colosseum, Pantheon, the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, and the

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Via Appia. In Florence we stayed at a pension at the foot of piazza Michelangelo. Twice I climbed the winding road to the height for the glorious view of the city bathed in the golden glow of the sunset. We explored the cathedrals, palaces, and galleries, walked and drove along the Arno by moonlight, and quite properly absorbed the atmosphere of this wonderful old city of the Guelfs and Ghibellines.

We traveled by night from Rome to Milan, where we stopped only a few hours to see the "statue-laden spires" of the cathedral, then came up to the Italian Lakes in their marvelously beautiful settings, and on through St. Gothard's Pass to Flüelen. In many ways these days in Switzerland have been the most wonderful of all my journeyings around the world. I loved Flüelen because it is real Switzerland, unspoiled by tourists. We walked away out into the country. Everybody we met greeted us with a nod and a pleasant word. Four young girls were strolling along with arms full of blossoming boughs from the fruit trees. On every side the majestic mountains lifted their snowy summits into the heavens.

The next day we walked for miles along the Axenstrasse, with the limpid lake below us on the one hand and the mountains towering in grandeur above us on the other, flowers below and snow above.

This afternoon I have been down to see Thorwaldsen's lion in his rocky couch, and went up the Abend Weg to watch the sunset. From my window I have a lovely view of the city with its myriad lights, and of

LETTERS TO BETSEY

Pilatus and Rigi lying in icy stillness under the silvery moonlight. Since God has made the world so beautiful, what will heaven be? My eyes have feasted on the soul-satisfying wonders of God's handiwork in nature; but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Au revoir for only a few days more.

JANE.

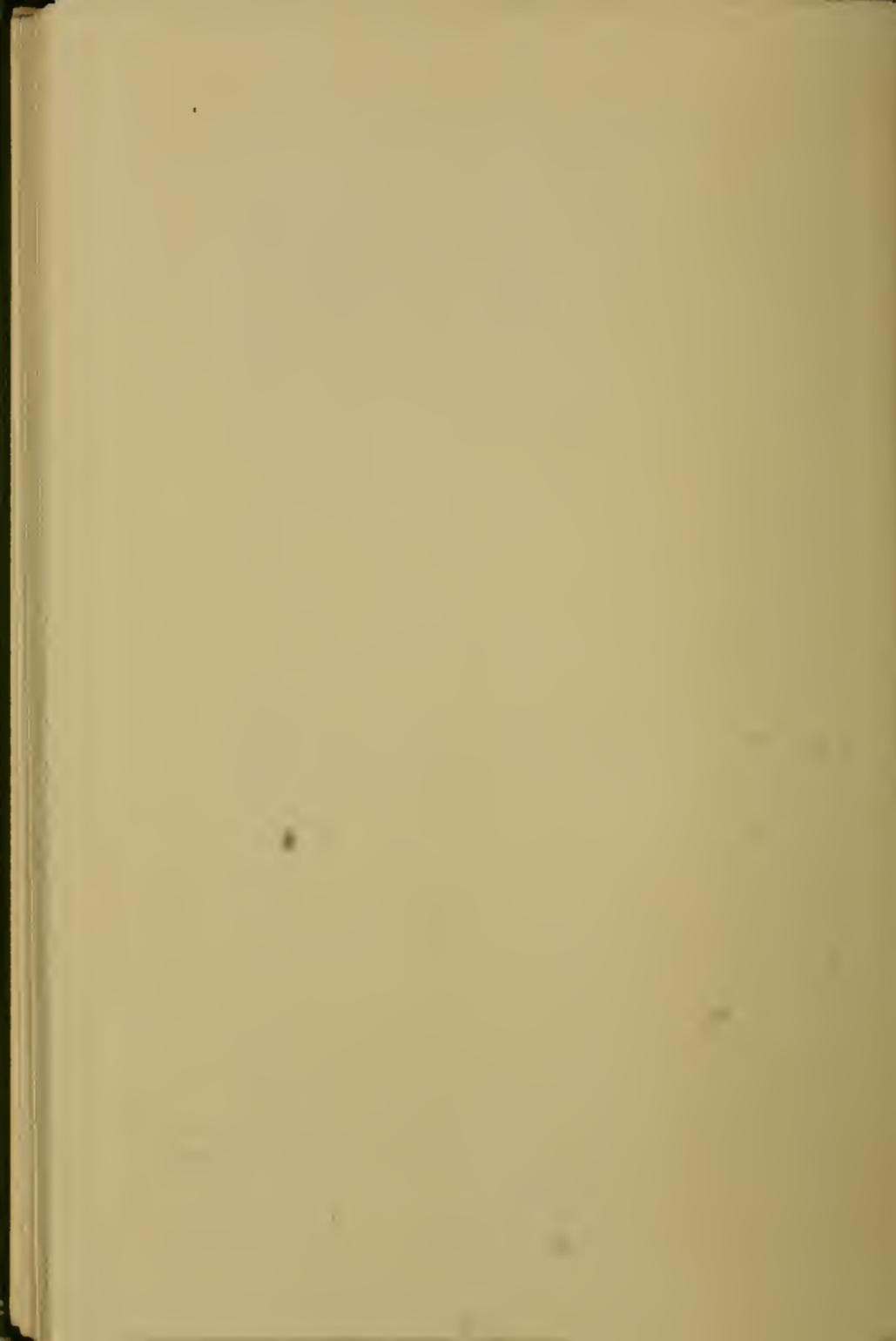
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEW YORK CITY. 14.4.23. 2 p. m.

Meet me to-morrow 8 a. m. Erie depot. Psalm

113 : 3.

JANE.





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2003

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Clemson, SC 29634
(704) 654-1444



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 500 894 6

