Dear Mother,

We are having the most delightedly cool weather; it is like Clear Creek Down here, weather up in the fleton. If we had the pines of the Washington I could imagine that I was there, for the sea makes a continuous roar like the wind thru the pines.

I notice that I am writing on a sheet of paper that was under the paper I wrote the Lord's Prayer in Chinese characters on. We are now learning it so that we can say it from memory and also be able to write it from memory.

I wish I had a little Remington Portable like this one of Sarvis' which I have been writing on this vacation whenever I could borrow it between their numerous letters. I can write three times the number of letters and they are readable when I get them written. In the last week I have written a long letter to Miss Antion of the Republic, one to the Church, one to Mr. Flint, one to you not on the machine, and others here in China. I am now really caught up on my correspondence.

In a few days Dr. Wilmott and Grace and I are going to Shanhaiwan and see the end of the Great Wall. We are expecting an enjoyable trip.

In the June 23d Literary Digest (I believe it was) I read of that 3,000,000 dollar train robbery where the robbers used aeroplanes, poison gas, gas masks, and nitro-glycerine, and I thought how terrible and huge such a bit of lawlessness that one robbery was compared to a great portion of the banditry and robbery in all of China. In the first place there isn't the opportunity for robbery on such a large scale, and in the second place it is not so highly civilized, not so scientific, not so well worked out with inside men, here as in America, and in the third place the perpetrators here are not so ready to shoot down resisters as there perhaps because the penalty is not so great here and the possibility of being caught large. Then I read of the Leopold-Leob scientific murder and I know of bootleg murders and of burglaries and assaults and robberies without end even in Yakima. Excluding the ever increasing dangers from the automobile a man's life is a thousand times more safe from violent death and robbery here in China with all of her reported bandits than in America. I well remember the winter in Cincinnati when the worst crime wave was sweeping over the United States, how everyone refrained from going out on the streets after dark because nightly there were hold-ups within one's home no matter in what section of the city one lived. I felt more squirmish than I do now about going even into the worst bandit infested region in China. We often hear of murders by the bandits, but it is usually those that resist that get it. The bandits want money not to kill foreigners. There is no anti-foreign element in it. Often it is a clash of a soldier group not in power with the one at present in power, and the capture of the foreigner is only incidental or to further embarrass those in power.

But we must admit that we do have bandits in China, and I am herewith enclosing a letter received from the three women who are in Luchowfu this summer, telling of an experience they had.
My dear Florence Ann,

Our truly thirteenth mail may bring a letter from you last night just at 10 o'clock. On days he has thirteenth mail, he is always late and over whenever he brings along a couple of back numbers of magazines. This letter was a lovely fat four pages of writing. He is all about your parents and making a few remarks on the side about your smaller and younger two dispositional traits. He, too, has been to New York. I don't think he has heard anything. Here it never works for two patients to be in the same hospital or physician; at least, especially when they are as different as you and Ethel. I have lived with five or six different women but never was as happy as when by myself. In fact, we never have lived by ourselves except the one week up here in July and a few days at the Doll's House in Yakima before mother and Sally came. And it has been two years that we have been married. About time we were having a house of our own, isn't it? I get along with Mr. Davis about as well as any one I ever lived with, I guess it's because we have as many ideas in common. She likes her troubles, and runs her house just as I should like to. She does not include quite as much milk in her list, other wise our ideas are very similar. She has had a language school couple with her each year for years and years, and she has learned to the inside of her nouns and she never forgets a detail upon
you as a woman such as Doug's mother did. She
used to make him so cross when she disapproved of
my new ideas of body training.

This summer we are doing cooperative housekeeping.
We take turns ordering the servants, and planning food.
My! how much I have learned. It is far more valuable
than the Chinese I have acquired. Quite unlike last
summer I told you how we had lost one cook and
hired another. This year is proving quite satisfactory.
He really knows how to cook. Can even make gravy
which is unusual for a Chinese cook. The thing I
don't like about him is that he must keep clean. His
dishes always are always greasy and dark looking
and if we aren't around he does not wash dishes!
Our little one who switched this was the cleanest
one I have seen. But there are none of them perfect.
In fact personally I should prefer doing it myself
if I had all the conveniences of a nice modern
American kitchen. But it can't be done here. We can't
do the buying ourselves. All the vegetable peddlers try
to skim the foreigners. They are worse than Jews
any day, ask absurd prices above what they expect and
you have to talk it all down with them, and then the
price come down as they do for a Chinese. So the best
way to do is to get a cook as honest as possible, give
him a dollar a day for buying and then take accounts
with him at night. He'll show you a little, and
a few copper coins to the price of each thing, but we all
expect that. Cooks plan on making about half their
living that way. It's for better to let them do it a little
that way than to hear one that comes off foods and sells them on the street. But it’s all so new and different from anything I ever did at home. You can’t scold them as much as you want to because they are so sensitive and will leave a job to “save their face” as they say, if their mistress jars too much or exposes their “squeeging” directly. Well, all these things I have learned through keeping my ears and eyes open, and every other week I take my turn at cleaning food and showing how I want it done. My kitchen vocabulary is small so that I have to stay around and watch him a lot, but it’s good for me.

You are complaining about not hearing from me. I hope by now you surely have one. That six weeks in May seems like an ugly nightmare now. How can I remember being so below now, rushed to death, cross and tired and weak for days and days. No time for anything but dragging my self to school and then rushing home to tend rabbit. I am never going to let myself get that “wound” again. The old language isn’t worth it. I don’t even write any more. For days and days, was sick at first at the time when I should have sent off my presents, and I am afraid they were a week or more late. I am really getting caught up on back letters now — ones I received last Jan. from Murri & Navy, for instance. It really feels good to get them answered.

You ask me if my daughter is being disciplined
freely. Well, I'll tell you she is getting to be restless and
more of a problem all the time. Nattily enough as she grows up, she had an angelic stage last
spring. But then she would go for days and weeks
without crying or expressing displeasure of any kind.
Now she is gradually starting forth with all sorts of
ideas, full of temerity and mischief that would not coincide
with limits. Also she gets just every while good
can pull things off a bookstand in the winder. I have
shrieted her hands and pulled her away many times
but she still gets back. I keep her out doors almost
all day on our front, playing with her shells
and forts and basket of balls. She has passed
the sucking age. Now she spends most of her time
filling up things and then emptying them that and
walking along the edge of the railings. I mean hard them.
But of course either zwich or I have to watch her
most all the time. She has to be doing something
all the time - yells and talks and Briggs' Noisiest little kidde.
But a mighty sweet one. We have all sorts of fun
playing with her. Its so much fun to talk her
prince patton and to feed her along with our way
of doing things. She really is quite philosophical about it,
dulled its out in a while at night when she does
not want to go to sleep. Ordinarily she just fusses
a little after I put her in, soon begins to snui.
her steadily into the pit. She's got a mind of her own, and I don't know what to do with it. She is especially tired or what, or else she is all worked up playing the hand. Anyhow she gets most just furious and cries and whistles deep-down like a little magpie. I have tried getting her out of it, but I have kept her to keep it up. For two hours I tried her washing along. So I have decided the best thing to do is to take her up immediately. Before she gets too sick with passion - usually a cold drink and washing her hot face will stop her. She has had six or eight such fits, but I should say she only gets so mad that she can't stop, and in so fat that the sweat patches all over her. I worry about it some times but after its normal enough. When she gets a bit better a sparking may be the best remedy. Now it seems to me to be foolish to let her yell so long. What do you say? Of course it's giving in to her for her yelling to stop, but when she goes to sleep twice a day about as you please for weeks and taking her up this once just saves us from a couple hours of agony and does not keep her from going to sleep soundly through night time I say take her up.

Your room sounds just like you said mine. My! won't I enjoy a whole house of my own and my new furniture. Our dining room table does not suit me, I got to sit and stretch to get over to the shops for a long time and step in all to doing.
He did very nicely most of the time, we just had them change several things. But he missed the legs on our dining room table. It's a slight shortening with spraddle legs and a slightly hunched side curve. They made it straight first and he made them take it all apart and get a nice shape to it. But the feet instead of being little & dainty are big fat things, like the old Mission oak table were. He's not quiet that bed but taller than they should be and be consistent with the rest of the set. I couldn't have him take it all apart for the third time so we let it go. Someday when we get more time we'll have it remade. Now he is away behind on our order as it is as we can wait. I'll look at the other good dining things and get along. I am crazy about our gothic side board and my little console table. They are any prettier than the dining room chair and they look so beautiful. I wash the whole finish over half hand for I am glad to say and since I write that other page Playgill has really walked. I want to get him to change pants and he ran towards me four or five short little steps. Since then we have had him walking back and forth between us and she does it a little better each time. Under her face in my lap & shoulders after she arrings. Knows we are pleased over it. And my next letter to Athay.-Cheri. 90 P. M. E. Virginia you wouldn't have time send it to Rankin.

I love you. 9. 9.
Dearest Mother,

The hardest part of our exams are over with good marks and the written questions will arrive in a few days. In six days we will leave for Peking.

The floods are still rising, for we are still having rains and the rivers are still flooding. Dr. Servis went to Peking a week ago for his physical examination at the F.U.N.C. labs. and said that the train right-of-way was the only low land not under water from Tientsin to Peking, all the crops were lost, and villages washed away. But we will get through alright unless the rains return again.

A week ago last Thursday Grace, Dr. Wilmot, and I took the train to Shanhaidwan, arriving there at 7:00 A.M. Then we hired three donkeys, rode across the city, across a few miles of plain, and up the mountain side on the inside of the Wall to an old Buddhist temple near the top of the mountain. It was a hot day and a steep climb up about 2,000 feet to that temple, but after the hot trip up the treeless slope we found a delightful wooded ravine and the temple. There were refreshing pines, dainty apricots, and large shiny-leaved camphor trees; and they were full of cicadas, whose chirpings could be heard from three-fourths the way up the mountain. At the temple we could buy lemon pop and beer, if we wished, to wet our whistles. We had some pop so that we might conserve the one canteen of water which we had along for the day's trip. We rested before going across the ravine to the wall on the top of the ridge where I took some pictures of Grace on the wall. I am enclosing them in this letter and a mere fragment of the brick of the tower from whose window you see Grace looking. We caught the 1:45 train for home and got off at a little station back of the sand dunes and walked home. (You can see the sand dunes in the pictures which make up the panorama.) Looking at the picture of the panorama you will see our walk from the sand dunes along the sea shore to the mud flats, which we waded to Eagle Rock, and then home.

I found a name in the Shanghai "China Press" yesterday that made me sit up and take notice. I am enclosing it in this letter. It gives Marvyn Douglas as a passenger arriving in Shanghai for the British-American Tobacco Company.

Tuesday David Servis and I are going to the Mountains which you see back of the sand dunes in the panorama picture, to climb one of the highest peaks. We plan on taking three days for the trip. Phyllis Ann is growing so fast that we are unable to keep up with her. She took her first steps between chairs and between us up last Sunday. Now she attempts longer distances. So she walked alone last Sunday. Now she attempts longer distances. So she walked at 14 months and 10 days of age. Now she has ten teeth. She weighs 23 pounds.

We hate to leave this beautiful place and its cool weather and fine swimming, but now I've got to start being a doctor. We have had a delightful summer, are as tanned as Indians and in fine physical condition for the summer work. Today a notice came of our raise in salary. All missionaries have been raised $100 cold a year. We are starting a savings account in Phyllis Ann's name with it.

Love,

Douglas.
It is not probable that bandits will very soon get into Luchowfu for it is a walled city that is well protected. At the time of this two-day siege it was more poorly protected than usual. The reason that the hospital got so many bullets is because it within two city blocks of the South Gate outside of which the bandits were. I suppose the most of the bullets went over the hospital because the wall is very high at that point.

This incident also illustrates how the Chinese flock to foreign protection in time of trouble. This is always the case. During the Revolution all hospital and large mission compounds were crowded to capacity.

We are finishing up on the language study for the year and reviewing for examinations. In two and a half weeks we leave for Peking. After receiving this letter you will have time to get one letter to us direct without it being forwarded by addressing it Office of Peking Union Medical College, Peking 6%. After that one will find us at the old Banking address before you start writing to Luchowfu.

We are all well and as tanned as Indians. Even Phyllis Ann takes her daily swim and is quite tanned. We are expecting her to walk any day now. Much love,

Douglas

P.S. Brother Moore might be interested in this letter. Will you please show it to him.
14 Ting Yin Hsing,
Peking, China,
August 23, 1924.

Dearest Mother,

We had a safe journey from Pataki to Peking and passed through lakes and lakes of flooded country, and we passed a few struggling, brave chickens and kipolos (the staff I called a 'coracle' when waiting to Pataki').

Most of the grain was in the water and had been flattened by the staff I called a 'coracle' when waiting at Pataki'.

We arrived in Peking last night at 8 o'clock, and because we could talk Chinese, we got away from the station with our trunks and six bags and found Frace room in 45 minutes.

Grace and the baby are standing and coming with a Miss Brown, a trained nurse, who lives in a quaint, old, upper-class, Chinese home. An upper-class Chinese home consists of a tower of rooms by a maze of serving buildings and courtyards, and round doorways.

Grace has two rooms in one building, all to herself, with hot and cold bath, and she gets excellent meals.

On the other side of this sheet I have drawn a map of Peking with some of the points of interest. Keep this for future Peking letters so you will know where we are going in our sightseeing.
I registered this morning, and was assigned my room in the dormitory (Wendham Hall) and a place at a table in the doctors' dining room at the hospital. Myboard room is fine, and I earn $2.50 a day.

This afternoon we took a most delightful trip to Coal Hill (Chai Shan), just outside of the north gate of the Forbidden City, which is the highest point in Peking. From this point, with the help of a map, we had the general plan of the city laid out before us, and we got our bearings. From the top we looked down upon the Forbidden City, a privilege not permitted to foreigners until a few years ago, and now only by permit from one's own foreign legation. No foreign eyes were allowed to desecrate the city of the Son of Heaven, with its beautiful yellow and green porcelain-tiled roofs. But we had no permit and were stopped at the door until we showed the caretaker a dime; then we sailed right in.

Like the Hill of the White Dagoba or Bei Bai Dagoba (see note), the Coal Hill is no accident of nature, but an artificial mound older than the pretty pavilions crowning its five peaks. The early Mongol emperors built it for reasons

*Permits are required because it is close to the general palace for the emperors' private use. Visitors can look down on the building still occupied by the imperial family Hsien Feng and his attendants.
which are still disputed; some say it was an earthwork constructed in order to ward off raiding influences of the North from the Imperial precincts; others declare it to be of coal (whence its name) for use as a provision in case of siege; others again dispute this, and believe it to have been planned simply as a watchtower for the city and the palace, while many think it is simply an imperial park. Whatever the original purpose of its builder, the fame of this tree-covered hillock with the sunny summer breeze placed upon it by Chia Ching in the sixteenth century, spread far.

In the midst of the Chineses, the Coal Hill is intimately associated with the tragic death of the last Ming sovereign. Here he ended his troubled career together with that of his dynasty. As dawn was breaking on the day of doom, the emperor changed his apparel and removed his long imperial robe. The hall rang in the palace for the morning audience, but none attended. The emperor then donned a short dragon-embroidered tunic and a robe of purple and yellow, and his foot was bare, accompanied by one faithful eunuch, Wang Ch'ing-en, he left the palace by the gate of Divine Military Procession and entered the Coal Hill enclosure. Saying sorrowfully upon the city he wrote on the lapel of his sleeve a voluntary decree: I, feeble and of small virtue, have offended against Heaven; the rebels have seized my capital because my ministers deceived me. Ashamed to face my ancestors, I die. Removing my imperial caji and with my hair dishevelled about my face I leave to the rebels the demesne and soul of my body. Let them not harm my people! Then he
strangled himself in the passion known as the Imperial Hat and Kinde Department, and the faithful sundaie did likewise.

To he came to his end on the scene of his pleasures. More amused against than sinning, he struggled manfully for years to build a government on a substantial foundation, changing his prime ministers 47 times in his despairing efforts. Courting, careless of duty, idled their time away on their Pleasure Hill under the trees. Emmuske reclining upon rich carpets with silken cushions to support their elbows, gazed themselves by painting in, summoning their attendants with tablets of writing rods and brushes, inscribed upon a flat stone conveniently near, verses in praise of some famous Counte beauty.

The ladies, weared of their embroidery of perfuming upon red flowers, likewise came with mincing steps, and swaying grace to while away the hours of their still lives in the park.

This is the story of Coal Hill, which we visited, mused over, felt a heavy weight of romance, perfumed, tragic, historical atmosphere hanging about us. We are most Edition in having this opportunity of visiting these famous places in this the Curiosity Shop of China; and we want to pass on to you as much as we can by letter. Oh, I wish I had a thousand dollars just to spend on beautiful things, but you can send me some money ahead of time to
buy some things for you. It would be a real misfortune if you would come to China yourself and let me tell you what and where to buy, and how to tell you what and where to buy, and you took it home and sold it. You could make the trip pay for itself. Few of people do this.

Sunday morning, Aug 28th

My room is in a very modern YMCA-like dormitory. I share my room with a Norwegian doctor from Kalgoorlie, west of Peking, who is also taking the short course. The room is well furnished with two single beds, a chest, two desks, two dressers, two bookcases, electric lights, and a large clothes closet. Near the window is a fine marble-tiled finished toilet and washroom with the finest hot and cold water showers I have ever seen in.

This A.M., I arose at 5:30 A.M. and walked this A.M. to the Men's club on Hating Men Street. To the Men's club, south on Hating Men Street, I saw the green façade of Heaven, straight north I saw the Peking Hospital and the North Pole. The Peking Hospital and the White Dagoba, west of that Coal Hill and the White Dagoba, and at my feet inside of the wall the Foreignized buildings of the Foreign Legation quarters.
Then took a ride. I was at the hospital for breakfast and then over here to Grace Grant room. There is a claim about an old Chinese house built around a central court and a garden. Our court is overgrown with grape-fruit vines under which I was writing this letter.

We have a fine amaka for Phyllis Ann. She works for the foreigners at the Peking Language School while it is in session so knows how to do things right. We got her for the month for $10. So now bread can go out sight-seeing and shop-seeing all she wishes.

We are about to start out for the Temple Feast this morning. I don’t know how far we will get for we have no permits for we haven’t had time to get them yet. Our sightseeing time together will be limited because I have only Saturday afternoons and all day Sundays off. So we must make hay while we can.

Yours later,

Love,

Douglas.
Dear Mother,

I'll start this now for tomorrow I start work in earnest and don't know when I shall be able to finish it.

Well we have had a very full Sunday of it. We were unable to leave this morning until 11 o'clock so decided to put off the Temple of Heaven trip until the afternoon. So se we took a rickshaw for an hour and a half ride almost up to the north wall of Hau Men Street then west and south then Hau Men, up the road Boulevard to the north wall of the Coal Hill enclosure. Then we turned north again and worked our way over to the Pei Hai Dagoba, but were not able to get in for we had no pass. (We struck the only three places where passes are necessary yesterday and today) But we were able to get the view shown in Picture No. 1 in this letter.

After dinner had settled we took another
and passing thru Chien Men (see Picture #2) we rode south on Chien Men Street until we

turned into the Temple of Heaven and found.
at the gate we had to pay 50 tael each and
ten coppers for each of our nickels.

Second only to the Palaces in splendor,

and surpassing them in holiness, is the

magnificent temple dedicated to the

worship of Heaven. No other sanctuary on

earth has a more profound or grand

a conception, or more adequately expresses

the instinctive desire of humanity to

show reverence for a Power above itself.

There are three principal objects of

interest along the Temple of Heaven, the

Altar of Heaven, and the Temple of the Happy Year.

And the Shamshu Altar of Heaven is a survival

of those primitive altars on which the

Perfect Emperor of legendary times offered

sacrifices 4,000 years ago. It is one of the few

remaining relics of the original Chinese

monotheistic faith — the old, old belief

that God is everywhere, invisible, and
all seeing, held in awe by the gods
were personified and their images
put into temple.

One man and only one, the Emperor,
the Son of Heaven, was thought fit to
ascend this worshippers place and,
under the dome of the sky, which only
cover it, to worship than De or the
Supreme Being. So the Emperor was led
up to by the people as their consecrated
sin bearer. So they left it up to him
and went their way forgetting all about
God like many Americans are doing
today who are letting their mothers
or their preachers do their worship
pious for them.

The Altar of Heaven is the place where
whole sacrifices were offered and their
attendant ceremonies performed. It is
all made of pure white marble (section
no. 3). It is composed of three terraces
which are concentrically arranged.
The third or highest one held the shrine
To Shan De and the shrines of the Ten Kings.
The middle altar of the upper terrace, is looked upon by the
Chines as the central point of the Universe.
While worshipping the Supreme Being, the Emperor knelt on the sacred teraces from the top. Then in specified positions were Imperial barons, officials, Princes, Directors of ceremonies, singers, and divine toasters, frogs, clouds, rain, wind, and thunder.

The furnace for the flesh offering stands to the south east of the altar (see No. 7). It is faced with green tiles and is nine feet high, extended by three flights of steps. The bullock used to be placed inside upon an iron grill, under which fire was kindled. The rolls of silk, which also formed part of the offering, were burned in eight open-work metal braziers, with prayers written upon the silk.

Directly north of the altar is a square roofed building facing it in which the sacred tablets to Sham De and the First Emperor were kept during this year. This building has black enamelled tiles and is known as the "Imperial World."

An elevated marble walk leads from the Altar of Heaven directly north.
to the Temple of the Happy Year with its beautiful triple roof. The avenue ends at a gate with a curved gabled roof. Beyond this we stand face to face with the noblest example of religious architecture in the whole of China. (See No. 5) "Springing upwards from a three-tiered marble terrace, the Temple of the Happy Year rises 99 feet into the air, a magnificent triple-roofed, azur-tiled, gold-capped shrine."

In 1889 the Temple of the Happy Year was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. The Chinese believe that this disaster happened because a centipede dared to climb the gilded ball. To appease this anger of Heaven the temple was rebuilt. But the wood of the original columns could not be found! After a long search to fulfill the requirements of tradition it was agreed to use Oregon pines of which huge logs were imported with much difficulty and at enormous expense.

These columns are one of the most remarkable features of this building.
elegant, the lacquered, (contradicting a bit of this legend, which I picked up from the back of one pillar) supported the upper roof, while the two lower roofs rest upon 12 plain red pillars, all straight trunks of single trees. Chimeras and dragons adorn the ceiling. (see Nr. 6)

Inside, all is emptiness except for a gilded throne screen.

And the east of this temple we passed through long, cool corridors that led to an old disused well, and mine boulders carved with clouds, which we found lying in the long grass, and that legend assures us were used by the Emperor Yu to close the hole in the sky which caused the Deluge.

The Hall of Abstinence is now used as a museum where for 10 k. one can examine the sacrificial models used at the offerings and also see some old sacrificial musical instruments. I was most interested in the jade xylophone-like musical instruments. Each piece of jade, hanging on the rack was L-shaped and each leg of the L was about a foot long and an inch thick. These hung
in two rows and when tapped even softly with the finger emitted a musical note. The stems were at regular intervals as on our scale.

This Hall of Abstinence, where the Emperor used to keep the vigil that sanctified him for the service on the morrow, is a comparatively modern Chinese building surrounded by a moat.

All the buildings of the Temple of Heaven are surrounded by groves of stately, old, cedars which are hundreds of years old. They make a delightfully refreshing breathing place after the jarring noise and dust just outside the walls.

We left the Temple of Heaven and Grace had had enough of sightseeing in one day so returned home, while I crossed the road to the Temple of Agriculture or Heien Huang Tan, dedicated to the cult of Shen Huang (3,000 B.C.), a prehistoric emperor known as the First Farmer whose special talents enabled him to understand
the cereal world and exercises great influence
over it, and to whom are ascribed the invention
of the plough, the discovery of medicinal
properties of plants, so he is the Adam
of Medicine, and he established the first
market. The temple of Agriculture is the
counterpart of the Temple of Heaven
only much smaller and not nearly
so grand; in fact after first visiting
the Temple of Heaven it is hard to
get interested in the Temple of Agriculture.
But whereas one sees almost no chairs
at the Temple of Heaven, the grounds
at the Temple of Agriculture are crowded
like a Minneapolis park on a hot
Sunday afternoon, with upper class
lovecats reclining on wicker chairs
their feet up on another, at the tables
under the trees sipping tea and eating
watermelon and lotus seeds.

The temple has a deep significance
in a country primarily agricultural where
the sovereign himself confirms the high,
idealistic position of the cultivator of the
soil by worshipping the fruitfulness
of the earth. Here each year on the first day of
the second period of the spring he came with
three princes and nine high officials and
worshipped Shen Hsing's table. He then
went into the field set aside for the fungus
and ploughed with his own hands a
furrow from east to west, coming and
going three times. The chief of the Ministry
of Finance stood at the Emperor's right
with a white, on his left the Viceroy of
Chihli province, holding the seed, while a
third official sowed it in the furrow behind
His Majesty. The resulting crop was
harvested in the fall and kept for
special sacrifices. After his work the Emperor
sat at a marble throne on a platform, now also used to think the Fungus.
The other large buildings in the Temple
of Agriculture are the Temple of the Planet
Jupiter, now used as public barracks, a
place, and the Altar to the Spirits of the
Heavens and Earth. Around this altar are conical
stones representing rivers and the dragon of the
clouds. The cloud stones have hollowed out
strengths at their base where water was placed
at the time of sacrifices.
The present temple was built by
Chiao Ching the Ming Emperor about 1520.

An ugly wooden summer house now stands in front of the principal altar, which is square to represent earth, as the altar of Heaven is round to represent the heavens. Sea, pop, and watermelon seeds are sold to divers from this marble altar. As I hunted about, book in hand, for the places of interest I had much difficulty in finding them, for nobody seemed to be interested in the historical features, they only thought about keeping cool after sipping their hot tea. Even at the main white marble altar the proprietor who spoke some English didn't know that that was the main altar. But from the description I had in my guide it was the only place it could be.

More later.

Love,

Douglas.

P.S. I indeed also find a fragment of blue porcelain tiles, like that on the roofs of the Temple of the Happy Year. It will give you an idea of the beauty of that triple roofed building.
Dearest Mother,

I am simply thrilled over the work I am getting at P.M.W.C., but I will write to Papa about that a little later. I want to say that with studying in those magnificently built and perfectly quiet rooms and laboratories, and living in a grand dormitory, with hot and cold showers, and eating better food than I have had before (except at special dinners), and even kind travel in first class on the Empress of Russia, I feel somewhat like a millionaire myself. On top of money.

I am at Grace's room, which I make home and drop in on now and again, but I am going to try to tell you about it. It is a great change to step from the carefully shaded Legation Quarter, with its macadam streets and tree-bordered sidewalks, its wide gateways and low vistas, and the railway and bowers and gardens, and flower beds one by one under the street.
and strike off into the maze of hutongs (alleys) to the east of Jinsha, our home is at 14 Ting Yin Huttng (pro-
ounced Ding Yin Hutting). But there
is a real joy in a front yard. We are
living in a real Chinese home among
real Chinese neighbors in Peking, the
spell of the old capital, of the real
China, seizes itself all about us.
Outwardly the place would not be in-

teresting to Americans. But once a
quick, light jerk on the door bell
brings a "boy" to swing back the
heavy halves of the red door and
in a little world of our own completely
shut off from all but the "boy", and
occasionally the smell of the
teeming Chinese would at times

The table at any time of the day
to hear the called on the changes
or the drum of street peddlers,
but that is all a part of the
picture.

A Chinese house, with foreign
furnishings, is a very pleasant place
to live in. There is pleasure in having
no stairs to climb, just a high step
over the 10-inch door sill (all Chinese
doors have sills to step over which
you have to get used to just like
you do the inevitable Yawina
irrigating ditch) and you are there
at home as soon as the red door
have closed behind us, while at homely feeling than we have ever felt in any Western abode. Here is a simply dwelling, it has two courts, perhaps thirty feet square, mostly paved with gray bricks and each surrounded by four separate, little stone-blowed houses of two rooms each, and the two courts separated by a wall with two double red-blowed up which characters with a good luck meaning painted on them in large black lines. The roofs are of curved tiles, slanting down in a protective way. The house, down their base, backs to the neighbors who crowd into on every side and on windows all face the courts, take up all their sides of them, in fact, for on the walls there is nothing but windows. At the top they are lattice covered with the flimsy white paper so general in China easily renewed. And much more adequate against heat or cold than we would think; but foreign influence have put glass in the lower panes. One is not long in discovering that in Peking the main house always faces south. Our compound is on the north side of the street so the two best rooms are at the far back of the
Two court yards. Here is the parlor and the dining room in our house. Of the house is west of the street. The back yard of house would back up against the street wall, and so on. As it happens, on south of two rooms, back up against the street. The court in front of the house is shaded from the hot sun all day by grape vines with long bunches of white nearly ripe grapes hanging from them. In it are two small sand boxes with clean sand in which Phyllis and plays with the table. From the other court, is open to the sun. They are filled with flowers, gold clover, delphiniums, lavender, salvia, phlox, which are very fragrant. Wouldn't you like to live with me a month. Grace is having the time of her life with all the drudgery work of caring for a baby and by the death of what she has to do. And lots of time to read about Peking and the great end see it. She will write to you a little later and tell of any of the events, to the while I am in England.

Love,

Douglas.
Dear Florence Ann,

Your last letter telling about the carnival and the arrival of the brass bowl just came the night before we left Pétaiho. You were pinning for a swim; how I wished I might have you here. We were having three a day: sometimes the best one of all by moonlight in a private cove we named the Wacky Rock. The autumn swimming has given me pep to last all winter I believe. My! How we hated to leave it behind—but I am having a perfectly fascinating time here in the capital of the Celestial Empire. I'd give a whole lot to have you or Sally here to jazz around with me. We are in class all day.

To go back to the bowl! I don't know much about customs. I know there are 6870 on tapistry, rugs, hats and things like that. I suppose a brass violin is worth even more or rare enough to buy a duty pup. Yes, the postage was a dollar and 70¢ gold. Doug laughed at me for sending any thing as heavy but I know you'll love it. I have seen some perfectly brass things here. I know I am going to buy some before I leave. They just sell themselves.

Well, first about our trip here. We took one all day. Chinese trains are scarce, so we had to go down south to Tientsin and then up again to Peking. And we passed thru the
flour districts, it had rained there practically all the last month. We came thru a regular sea for miles, miles the crops were covered with water, three or four feet deep. We often saw men paddling after in tugs or boats pulling thru' half grown mules or hauling up by the roots. Other places they are driving after paddling and digging up their crops that way. Just imagine being so hungry that you are willing to harvest your food that way!

We found Peking much different from any city we have seen here. It has a big legation quarter with wide paved streets, modern buildings, electric lights, shops, hospitals, a post office of their own. In fact it is an international city, with an architecture following after no set plan. Each country tries to transplant a bit of its home here, so we see French next door to Italian and Russian beside the floating stars and stripes. There are lots of automobiles and no small part of them are owned by Chinese. However you would hardly realize you were in China as you go down the overly pleasant clean streets of the legation quarter. Were it not for the fact that you are in a comfortable white tied house that are passing many every minute.

However that not what we came to see. We should have returned to America if we were banking for paved streets and electric lights. The old imperial palaces and temples and gardens and the decorating shops everywhere. So the Chinese city outside the Tartar wall are what we are getting our biggest thrill over.
Doug is living at a dormitory near the hospital with all the splendor of showers baths and every modern convenience that John Henry can imagine. They even have a pipe organ in the hospital chapel, and as I was able to listen to it yesterday, it sounded better to me than any Philharmonic orchestra I have ever heard. It's a player pipe organ. I've never heard of such a thing before. One of the interns was "interpreting" the "Welsh" choruses and it took me back to the Welsh choruses I once heard. I was gone since I left Yokosuka. In fact we have heard no music at all this summer except the marine band at night before we left.

Pretty nice living in a little boarding house run by an English nurse a short ways from Doug's house. We are in a chlorine house, modernized and adapted so that Westerners could be comfortable in it and it's the cutest little place. It's fun to live in it for a month and get a small idea of what chlorine houses are like. We came there a bit of dirty allies full of hiccups, runny nosed children and hollers of all sorts. I really began to wonder what sort of a place this is. I think getting into. But once we get inside our court yard and the big doors at the gate are locked behind us, we are in a little world all our own. The voices of the street drift over the wall to us but they don't hear the ball game. Our house is arranged like this around two court yards.
The rooms are little low roofed rooms circled about three two
running courtyards, no windows
except for the court yard sides.
They are surrounded with
white fret work and the lower
layers lined with white paper. The connecting
doorways and windows have beautiful,
carved fret work like this:
I can't make it
look pretty but it
will give you an
idea what I mean. We really live in our
courtyard. There is a magnificent tree
in the center that shades them both as well as
several smaller trees and in front of our doort
way is a big grape arbor, hanging full of
nearly ripe grapes. Miss has a sand box to
one side of the rooms - rather it is a play place
for another little girl in the compound. They play
together nicely here in the mornings. Each with
and am able to watch over them and keep them
out of the dirt. The main compound has a lot
of pretty flower beds filled with lavender and
hibiscus roja and nasturtium. Also there is tall
golden glow, oleander trees and several
things like the white lily plant. They have leaves
like a coca but are filled with big clusters
of fragrant white blossoms like an amaryllis.
The buds like a white flower in the mornings
and wear it in their shiny black hair. I really
feel like a pinch coat - although I am in one of
the cheapest places around here. Miss Swanton
is English and a nurse. This was originally a
nurses home and when it is partly empty
She takes in transients to help pay the rent. The boy comes around early with tea, after breakfast he thumbs my bed, cleans my whit shirts etc. I was fortunate in getting child of a good
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The first place we went to was called Coal Hill. It is a huge mound with five peaks each crowned by a pretty pavilion, and the amazing thing about it is that it is artificial. It is much bigger than our Mogul Pirates. The early Mogul Empire
\[ ...
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made of coal (though its name) and was thus stored behind the palaces for use as provision in time of siege. Just try to imagine the thousands of sweating convicts who toiled to construct such a place. Nowadays it was built it is a beautiful place now, pleasant winding trails shaded by huge cypresses, trees centuries old, and every where on the hillside was hemp, smelled like Happy Valley. We climbed to the top and rested almost half the afternoon studying our maps and books and enjoying the beautiful views spread on all sides for. We got our bearings and have a pretty good idea of how Peking is laid out. It helps a lot to get your bearings in a new place like that. The front of us was what is called the Forbidden City, a huge walled city, residence of the Chinese emperors for hundreds of years. The home to send presents from our consul to thus look over the wall into the sacred city and it is only since the time of the Republic that emperors have been granted such a privilege. The deposed young emperor still lives here in all the palaces they shut up in one small section of himself. Many of the other buildings are empty now and 2 big parts are open to the public. As we looked down over them saw rows and rows and rows of yellow tileless buildings. The roofs are made of glazed yellow tiles & last indefinitely. Dust has gathered in the grooves and now all over that vast expanse, since it has rained so much.
This last month, grass + small plants are springing up growing on that hard glazed surface. The city must be about a mile square and in the time of the empire, now, it was all one, a small city by itself, with its shops, theaters parks, public and private dwellings. Now it is a show place for curious tourists.

Sunday we went one part of the forbidden city and spent most of our time in a museum. This is a collection valued at $30,000, and after I began to go through it and grasp I beheld it. It is a collection of the best Chinese art produced and it is really art. They have a truly wonderful sense of value & proportion and oh! how they love colors. You are going to come to China some day and you'll see the world studying that museum. There are wonderfully six-color porcelains in group and yellows and blues. White cases of carved green and white jade. Rows and rows of lacquered cases and screens, the ones I like the best. Bright red nacar intricately carved + thin layers + layers put on. Some one told me that the man that started such ware could not sell it if he took so much time and patience and such long waiting as they applied coat after coat. His sons sold it for him.

One white room was full of bronze. Ancient works, statues, temple bells and the like. All priceless because they are so old. Then I must not forget to mention the grandeur type of things used in the grandy days of the Empress Dowager, gold files, dogs, clocksets, solid gold, set with hundreds of precious stones - rubies, diamonds, emeralds and so forth. Such preposterous things!
Another room had chairs. I did not care for its color combinations as well. They are replacing it nowadays in modern styles and lovely colors that I think are prettier. Perhaps my taste is not educated enough. I know it doesn’t. The whole afternoon I felt as ignorant as to all these gorgeous things. We are going back again before we leave.

I am enjoying this up to date shops here. I got a couple different rocks and toys. She thought I’d enjoy. I spent a lot of time in the shops that fit into each other and she has been fascinated with them all afternoon. She is a sweet, old fat, happy thing. I have lots of spare minutes to buy her three days.

You asked me what I want for Christmas. That know I always pine for new ideas in clothes. I wore out two sweaters last winter and have been wishing I could pick up a cut-out at a foreign country to wear with summer suits. And hats! They are the worst problem out here. Absolutely my favorite, they are the dullest pair of missionary women’s shoes. I have to wear them all the time. The pain fades them dreadfully. There are always more to get new records, but music is so precious and scarce. Lastly I pine for effuminate garden seeds and bulbs that I can’t possibly afford. I couldn’t get here anyway. There’s a good list to choose from. It ought to last you for years to come. Please don’t think I am begging. I know you won’t. I can’t do anything for you. You will be glad to know what I can’t get.

Will I love you. Send this letter to the folks and will you please. From