

Beach Hotel,
Chefoo, China,
June 27, 1903.

Your letter of May thirteenth was very welcome, though belated, when it reached me two days ago, and what a long way it had come!

I left Yokohama on May 27, in the Doric, and went to Kobe through the inland sea. Gertrude and Mrs. Sandoz, a nice little Navy woman, were with me. We went to Osaka and had a day at the delightful little Exposition, where the wireless cloisssonne, made my mouth water, and on the 29th, we took the Santa Maru for this place, via Moji, Nagasaki, Fusan and Chemulpo. At the latter place we had time to spend the day at Seoul, which we did with great interest. I am glad to have been there, for otherwise I could never imagine such a place - a filthy huddle of mud huts. Fusan was the same, also Chemulpo, but I thought they were exceptions and did not imagine that a capitol city could be the same. The railroad from Chemulpo to Seoul is not bad and Korea is a beautiful country, but the poverty and dirt are depressing.

We reached here on June 6, and are much pleased with our chances. The hotel is quite good, our rooms very nice, and the situation delightful. As I look from my window today, I might be on the Maine Coast and the air feels not unlike the Maine air. We found the Kentucky, Oregon, New Orleans, and Helena in port, they having come only a few hours before us. A letter from Mr. Conger to Robley, rather urged our going at once to Peking instead of waiting until later, which we had intended to do, so we packed a few things and went off again on the 9th, the fleet on its own legs, and we three women in a still smaller steamer than the Santa Maru steamer, the Chefoo Maru. Both steamers were entirely Japanese from the captain down, and both admirable, and we were very comfortable. When we reached Taku we looked out and found we were apparently nowhere but the fleet was anchored, the big ships a couple of miles further out than we, the Helena near us, and a gale blowing. That was at daybreak and we waited there until two o'clock for the sea to be sufficiently quiet for us to transship to a tug which could cross the bar and take us to Taku itself. There we caught the last train, by the skin of our teeth as it were, and were in Tien Tsin about seven, where we were met by Robley and Taylor, who had preceded us by a day, and were very anxious about us, as the gale had been very bad when they arrived.

Tien Tsin is very interesting, historically of course, but in no other way, and the next day we went on to Peking, about three hours distant. The dust, ruin and desolation are beyond description. I arrived in Peking with a woeful heart. These poor people fill me with pity and despair. What is ever to come of it all? They seem crushed, subdued, dejected beyond expression, and most grateful for a kind tone or look. Our words, of course, meant nothing to them. The drought had nearly destroyed all the means of life to them, but still these wretched missionaries go on telling them that if they pray God will give them what they ask for. After seventeen months of drought, he might as well let it alone. I am sorry for the missionaries too. They seem ignorant, common, dirty and superstitious,

one cannot blame them much. I said to an old resident in the East the other day that he must not abuse the missionaries (for I try to defend them here) to which he replied: "I don't abuse them. I have some very good friends among them - pretty good, honest people. They are curious, but I really don't abuse them."

At Peking we were met by our Minister, the 1st Secretary of Legation, and Captain Brewster with the Legation Guard to receive Robley, and were taken to the Legation, now in a Temple, where the Congers gave us a most kindly welcome. They had made it very habitable while the new Legation was being built, and have a pretty drawing-room and dining room. Gertrude and Taylor had a room facing the drawing-room, Robley and I one facing the