Beside a road I saw women digging grass roots out of the ground and asked my donkey man if they were digging them to eat. "No, for fuel." It was on this journey that I saw mirages in the form of huge lakes of water.

At Tsinan I stayed at the home of the Dean of the Medical School of Chi-lu University. We had cooked millet and cream for breakfast. The Dean said after thirty years he was still not used to the constant winter dust storms. These storms have formed the huge layer of dust loes that cover much of North China sometimes 100 feet deep blown in from the Mongolian desert. Roads are often washed as deep as 80 feet in places in the loes.

On Sunday Mr. Whiteside took me through his marvelous museum of thousands of things prepared to interest and educate the Chinese and to interest them in Christianity. In the evening I spoke to the students in the Theological Department of the University.

From here I went on by the Tientsin railway. From Tientsin to Peking I met Mr. Greene the Manager of the Rockefeller Foundation and he invited me to stay with him while in Peking. He was still a bachelor at that time and my stay was very pleasant. While here, the first of March, it snowed a heavy snow.

I enjoyed the sights of Peking very greatly as this was my first visit. Yuan-Shih-Kai was preparing to have himself crowned Emperor and had spent many millions in repairing pailos, temples and palaces. Young Mr. Swallow, the son of Dr. Swallow of the English Methodist Mission Ningpo, was teaching Yuan-Shih-Kai's sons. He invited me to attend a football game in the North Sea Palace grounds between the palace team and one of the colleges. One of the members of the palace team was a son of Yuan. The only spectators were Mr. Swallow, a Chinese teacher and an older son of Yuan who spoke English well. I talked with the latter throughout the game. After the game, Mr. Swallow took me to see the famous Nine Dragon Wall and other sights of the North Sea Palace which was not yet open to sightseers.

From Peking I went by the Hankow railway to Chengchow and after visiting the Southern Baptist Mission there I went by train to Kaifeng, where my old Rochester Seminary friend Eugene Sallee was located. He had built a very good middle school building. He afterward became secretary of the Foreign Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

In the Northern Sung Dynasty 960-1127 the capital was here. But the only remains was a mound with a long ancient wide stone stair with primitive stone figures beside it.

So going on east by rail to Su-chow-fu, I stayed over night with the hospitable Southern Presbyterian doctor, I then took the main line for Nanking and home.

Later in the year, Edith, Philip and I went on a coaster to Swatow. While Edith and Philip stayed with the Ashmores, Arthur Adams came down and piloted me to Ka-ying. We went by steam launch to Kityang, then by small boat to the end of a waterway, then across to another waterway. Here some men came to carry our baggage but presently there appeared some very angry women protesting that it was their privilege to carry baggage here, and they won. I saw women carrying bricks on a building job. Women doing such work is never seen in our part of China.

We stayed overnight in an inn, sleeping on our cots in the open court; then on our way to the river where we got on a large sailing boat going down to Kaying. The young boatmen were reading books. These Ha-Ka are more intelligent than the plains people. They are now the ones who migrate to the South Seas, make a fortune and often come back to spend their declining years at home.

We had a lovely time at Kaying with the Giffens and others. Here I could understand quite a good deal of the language. This is the center of the Ha Ka region and our school and other work seems quite prosperous. We have had many students from here, both boys and girls.

We left Ka-Ying in two small boats mostly floating down the swift Han river to Chao-chow-fu where we have a mission. Here is a huge bridge, part of it on high stone pillars with little shops beside the pathway and part of it on floating pontoons.

Near here is a famous pottery where some excellent ware is made for export to the South Seas. They also make a very good glazed heavy ware which is sold locally.

Here in a Chinese home I was served with a peculiar brew of tea. A small brown pot is packed full of tea leaves and then boiling water poured in and the tea is served in cups not much larger than a thimble. The brew is as bitter as gall.

The Boys and Girls Academies here were later united in a coeducational school and has sent a great many students to our college. Swatow and Kaying have long had members on our board of directors and are a part of our Baptist educational system.

Then the terms work, the close of school and off to furlough. The faculty and students got a carriage, unhitched the horse and hauled us to the end of the streetcar line with much ado.

At my suggestion Mr. Tong was made acting president in my absence and fulfilled his functions with credit.

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Chapter 20

SECOND FURLOUGH

1916

This was our fourth trip across the Pacific on an Empress ship to Vancouver then by a ship down Puget Sound to Seattle. We arrived at 11 P.M. and feared the customs men would not be in a very good humor, so I commiserated the man assigned to examine our luggage on his hard lot. "Yes," he said, "I have been here since five this morning." Of course I said that was too bad. He was pleasant and agreeable and we had no trouble. We never did have any trouble with the customs. We tried to be pleasant and of course not trying to cheat Uncle Sam. Sometimes people are not so fortunate but it is usually their own fault.

We went to the first Baptist Church the next day, July 4th being Sunday, Carter Helm Jones pastor. He had been pastor at Liberty the short time I was in Wm. Jewell. He was a great, good man and I came to know him as a friend in '21 as a member of our Board.

Before leaving China we had arranged with Dr. Beavan of Rochester to use their cabin on Vashon Island, so on Monday we went down to Tacoma and across to the island on a little steamer with the met us and said that the Beavan's cabin was uninhabitable, but they had a good place for us.

Every day we saw snowy, rosy Mt. Rainier at sunset. How wonderful the air, how beautiful the roses, how good the strawberries and cherries. We hired a horse and spring wagon and drove over the island, they took us riding in their canoe. The time was all too short as we went on the train angling down through Washington, Oregon, Utah, Colorado to Kansas and Missouri to Republic and Kansas City and Drexel.

We visited churches; Edith notably at St. Louis and I with a group composed of Proctor, Eubank, Gill and I as we went through Missouri. In the midst of this trip Grandpa Thompson died and I met Edith in Kansas City to go to Republic.

We had lived sometime in Topeka with the Thompsons and enjoyed the life in the capital, though I was often away. I attended the Southern Baptist Convention in Little Rock and the Oklahoma Convention in Muskogee and we all met at the Northern Baptist Convention in Oklahoma City.

It was on the train from Little Rock that we were held up by a wreck ahead and our car being full of Baptists, they got me to talking and I talked to a group and to individuals all night about missions in China.

The leader of the troup was a fine, old white-haired minister from Texas who told me this story of a man he knew who at the beginning of the Civil War had buried 800 silver dollars in a can and gone away to the war. When he came back everything on his farm was gone even to the fences. He started in to rebuild without the 800 dollars for there was nothing left from which to locate his buried treasure. But he began to dig postholes as near as he could to the place where his fences had been. Suddenly his spade struck something hard. His heart leaped and sure enough it was the can with the 800 silver dollars intact with which to rehabilitate his farm.

On the way from the Northern Baptist Convention at Oklahoma City in a sleeper with all the prominent ladies, as I swung little Roberta

into the upper berth she piped up, "Now may I pick my toes?" She always had something to say. Once in Republic when we were shopping in a store with a clerk Edith had always known and there was a lull in the conversation, Roberta piped up, "What shall I say?"

This was the first Northern Baptist Convention. Before, the meetings were known as the Anniversaries of the various Societies.

(Written for a paper in America)

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN AN AUTOMOBILE 1917

(The author and his family journeyed from Kansas City to Vancouver, and then took their car on shipboard with them to China.)

Fifteen years spent in a foreign land gives one a taste for the beauties of his own country. We had planned for several years that when we started home from China we would come by way of India, Egypt and Europe. But the war spoiled our plans, as those of many another.

After reaching home, near Kansas City, we determined to "See America First" and take an extended trip through the Atlantic States. But illness prevented the realization of this scheme. The time for our return to China was fast drawing near so that all that was left was to make the most of the journey from Kansas City to the Pacific Coast. Before the trip was done, we were glad that that particular trip was the one that was left.

First, we bought a Model T Ford ($482.00) and we took a trip to the Ozarks to visit my brother Walter and try out the possibilities of travelling across country with a family and camping on the way. We had plenty of valuable experiences on this trip, of the car stalling in the middle of a river and getting out in the water to crank it. We were rained out of our tent and Walter got an empty house for us, and we visited a great cave where it was said that during the Civil war a man got lost in it and came out in Missouri. We saw the great spring near Rogers 12 feet wide and one foot deep rushing out of the side of a hill. We went to see a battle ground with the graves nearby and an old stone house in the midst of it. It was ludicrous to hear the woman who lived in the old house try to talk what she thought educated people talked. On this trip we went over some roads where they had dumped in the mud stones a foot square to make the road passable. So when people tried to discourage us by saying our car would go to pieces before we reached the coast, we knew our little old Ford could stand a lot of punishment. Before we got out of Arkansas, we got mired and had to be pulled out. But the farmer wouldn't take any pay. Though there are stories that people make mudholes in order to extract tribute from motorists.

We put the car in perfect trim with the necessary tools and repair and spare tubes and casings and mud chains and mud hooks, not forgetting the spade to dig the car out of the mud. Then we made an auto tent - at least that member of the family did who "Everybody works but ----"; his first experience with a sewing machine. We made the tent of drill for lightness instead of canvas, and made it to fit over the auto top and reach to the ground, extending out on one side, giving a space about 8x10 feet to be used for a sleeping compartment. Extending clear to the ground all around, no ropes were needed. The

whole rolled into a neat bundle and went into a grain bag, and pegs and all weighed less than 15 pounds. The wooden pegs soon went to kindling, between the hard ground of the desert and the hammer, and were replaced with ordinary twenty penny spikes that proved large enough and very satisfactory.

A waterproof floor was made for the sleeping apartment with a piece of canvas 6 feet wide and 10 feet long soaked in turpentine and paraffine. This waterproof floor was absolutely necessary since we could not carry folding cots for two adults and four children, and we planned to sleep on the ground. We counted on the ground being dry in June, July and August, especially in the west, and we were not disappointed. For our tent never once had a drop of rain in it. Only once were we compelled to use the mud chains, although we plowed through seas of dust for hundreds of miles.

This canvas floor also served to cover our roll of bedding while traveling; a roll of bedding that would have been all too scant to protect us from the hardness of the ground, if it had not been for the fact that the fatigue of the day's journey would have made sleep sweet and sure on a bed of thorns.

When ready for the start the roll of bedding was strapped on one running board. A Home-made running board box containing food, cooking utensils and an alcohol stove strapped to the other fender, with the tent and three or four suitcases containing the extra clothing and personal effects of the passengers fastened on the rack behind.

The passengers consisted of the driver, the lady, a daughter of fourteen, another twelve, a son nine, and Bub, three and a half, and for a thousand miles of the journey the lady's mother, making altogether nearly a thousand pounds, a big enough load for a small five-passenger car to start with over the Rocky Mountains.

There was also the medicine box and the box containing the "Pig-skin Library", and sundry other packages and wraps that served to fill every available space in the car.

A beautiful afternoon in June saw the start. We expected to drive leisurely through Kansas, visiting relatives along the way. The roads all through the state were the best we saw in the whole trip. We thoroughly enjoyed every mile of the drive through the smiling farms of the Sunflower state. Aside from two punctures, we had no mishaps, and the last day in the state we made the record drive of the trip, though we tried hard to heed the injunctions of a friend, the editor of a country newspaper, not to drive faster than forty miles an hour through the small towns. The last part of the drive was over the rolling prairies of the dry farming section.

Then as we drove into Colorado we came to the virgin grazing lands where often for miles around not a house or a human being were in sight. But soon we saw the great mountains blue in the distance. And with the mountains in view one felt like he was in the constant presence of God, the Creator of the mountains, even though surrounded by the rocks and sagebrush of the desert.

One of the delightful experiences of this part of the journey was to leave the dry and barren plains for the irrigated garden of Eden surrounding Denver. We had camped in the desert thirty miles from Denver. The next morning we rose early and drove into the city and ate our breakfast in Denver's lovely park on the shore of the beautiful little lake where one forgot there ever existed a country without water.

From Denver to Boulder we drover over good roads along the foot-hills of the Rockies. It was here within fifteen miles of our first

destination that we had our first blowout, or rather triple blowout. But at last we arrived at the little summer cottage in Chautauqua Park loaned to us by a kind friend. Here, below the famous Flatirons we rested for three weeks, enjoying the tumbling creek, the canyons and the mountains.

On Monday, the 23rd of July, after our three weeks' rest in Colorado, we started on our long last drive to the coast. Again driving along the whole day with the Rocky Mountains in sight we arrived in Cheyenne at noon. The Frontier Days celebration and Cheyenne's Golden Jubilee was just beginning. The town had on its gala attire and the place was in the possession of those two extremes of our civilization, cowboys and motorists.

Fifteen miles out of Cheyenne, in Wyoming of all States, we experienced the only hard rain of the trip. But we were delayed only an hour. Putting on the mud chains, we went merrily on our way, until in the afternoon we encountered the typical roads of Wyoming, than which there are probably none worse on the continent. At least, so a native proudly told me. You must excell in something!

With a few pleasing exceptions, these miserable roads continued to within fifty miles of Yellowstone Park, where the government road begins. (Not all government roads are perfect, especially in Yellowstone Park.)

But in spite of the frightful roads, Wyoming is an exceedingly picturesque state to travel through. Even the names of the towns are picturesque, for instance Lost Cabin, No Wood, Ten Sleep and Chugwater. (There is no town by the name of Chughole.) Every day brought its tale of interesting things. First, at Chugwater, we camped under a great cliff that seemed to have been set down in the midst of the barren plains. Therewere ruined castles and cathedrals and Egyptian temples, then the red walls and bastions, palaces and protecting forts of some old Assyrian city.

Perhaps the greatest wonder of all was the misnamed "Hells Half-Acre" that ought to be rechristened "The Sunken Cathedral"; the result of washing away of the soil in a rift in the prairie in some bygone age when it rained in Wyoming.

Aside from the roughness of the roads, there was only one "insect" in our ointment, the mosquito. How they found enough water to propagate in I shall not attempt to guess. But whereever we attempted to camp, there they were to gret us with a full military band and with several regiments of soldiers armed to the teeth. I said attempted to camp advisedly, for we were sometimes ignominously routed and compelled to flee for our life's blood.

Especially in one notable instance, when we arrived at Basin City in the basin of the Big Horn, we were courteously invited to camp in the public camping ground with free water and free gas for cooking. We ate our frugal supper and were preparing to settle down for the night when the mosquito brigade began their onslaught. We were glad indeed that ours was a mobile army that could retreat when necessary. So we broke camp and beat a retreat, the humiliation of which was mercifully hidden by the darkness. We drove out into the desert until we felt that we were safely out of the irrigated district with its buzzing, stinging menace. After chopping away the hard hummocks of dead grass to make a smooth place for our beds we lay down under the stars, too tired to put up the tent.

We lay down to sleep peacefully the sleep of the weary. But the mosquito fleet were bent on following up their advantage and attacked again about two o'clock in the morning, attacked in the dark, like the larger type, the airplane.

We did not remain to parly. But giving up the fight and packing up our effects we motored on, thus getting an early start for our last drive to Yellowstone. So our defeat was turned into victory. That drive was one of the happy memories of the trip. At the next town we bought some cheesecloth which we tacked on the bottom of the tent, and though the mosquitoes were often present, we never again were vanquished by them. It was on this trip that we passed the famous Shoshone irrigation project with the highest dam in the world. Here we came upon the first of those narrow mountain roads with passing places only at intervals, roads winding along the face of cliffs with sheer walls above and below; in some places for hundreds, and even thousands, of feet.

After the unspeakable roads of Wyoming, we appreciated the splendid road built by the government from the Shoshone dam through the National forest to Yellowstone Park. It was a pleasing change, too, from the barrenness of the desert to the rank vegetation of the virgin forest.

After passing inspection and paying our fee and having our firearms sealed, we went on up the steep climb over Sylvan Pass. Going up we met a party in a small car that had turned over, pinning part of the occupants to the ground. Fortunately, none of them were seriously injured. The accident occurred just where the road turns sharply from the side of the cliff, crosses over a small bridge and then turns again and goes under the same bridge.

Just beyond the bridge we came upon snow, although it was the 28th of July.

Night overtook us just beyond the pass, and we sought shelter from threatening rain in an abandoned log cabin. At a height of over 8000 feet we had difficulty in keeping warm, and never again did we spend a hot night on the trip.

After leaving Sylvan Pass we coasted down, down for twenty miles into the beauties of Yellowstone Park, past Sylvan Lake, along the edge of precipices where wonderful views of Yellowstone Lake could be had, imbedded in forests and surrounded by mountains.

I believe that most people have the same idea of Yellowstone Park that we had, that it is not a place of beauty, but a place of bare and unattractive wonders, side show wonders, if you please. After leaving the Park, we camped one night near a lone traveler, and he confessed that Yellowstone was a bit disappointing in the number and varieties of its wonders. "There ain't nothin' to it but them Geesers", he said. The side show wonders are worth going far to see. But the beauty that the lone wanderer missed! One friend said he thought that Yellowstone canyon with its wealth of Oriental color was the climax of the world's natural beauty. But the canyon and the falls with all their beauty and grandeur, although not bordering on the side show, belong in the museum, the national art museum.

But the Yellowstone that draws people back to her is the Yellowstone of peaceful forests, satisfying mountains and meadows, of curving rivers and blue tinted lakes, "The Land of the Sky Blue Water". And then the camping in the forest beside the water --"Dark behind you rose the forest"--the camp fires and the cooking by them, and the fishing and the bears. One night a bear visited our camp and with one push of his paw overturned our running board food box. This black box now rests in the boy's room, one of the treasures of his heart, with the print of the bear's claws on the lid. We all wished that we might camp the whole summer in Yellowstone.

Leaving Yellowstone, we motored northwest through Western Montana, through Bozeman, Butte and Missoula, crossing the continental divide so many times that if the continent were divided as many times the bits would be exceedingly small.

Through Western Montana, Northern Idaho and Eastern Washington we met our Waterloo several times, on the Nigger Head, the Camels Hump and various other passes. Once a kind traveler in a big car gave us a lift and pulled us over the pass. This was the Bitter Root Pass. Twice we unloaded the passengers, carried the heavy baggage up a steep grade, and with the help of some hard pushing got up the grade ourselves.

Once the car stopped near the top of so steep a grade that although the tank was over half full, the gas would not feed the engine. So we had to back down the hill and rush it, this time with success. You're right, it was a Model T.

The greater part of Sunday we spent camped in a lovely, peaceful spot near the St. Regis river. That night we camped in a desolate burntover timber near Saltese, the wettest whiskey town we had ever seen. Because of its rowdy characters, we fired off our pistol before going to bed, and the next morning found that we had camped near an inoffensive old couple who probably thought they had rowdy neighbors, sure enough. That time was the only time that we thought it necessary to take such drastic measures.

Fourth of July Canyon, in Northern Idaho, was wondrously beautiful but the road was no picnic. We passed the half century old Coeur DA'lene Mission and camped on the shore of Coeur D'Alene lake, one of the gems of the Northwest. We fell in love with it and decided to call the car Alene.

After the bitterness of Fourth of July Canyon, we had the delightful respite of the famous Apple Way from Coeur D'Alene to Spokane.

After passing the mines and smelters of Montana and Idaho, including the famous Anaconda smelter, we rested our souls among the smiling apple orchards and wheatfields of Eastern Washington.

Fifty miles beyond Spokane, we again plunged into the dust of the desert. Some places being the most barren and rocky and desolate of any we had seen.

After leaving Waterville, we went down, down, down for how many miles we could not tell, since our speedometer was broken. We wondered into what horrible inferno we were plunging, since we could see nothing but the rocky sides of the gulch down which we were winding. Suddenly, the gulch opened and there lay before us in all its splendor the blue waters of the Columbia.

On we went down the Columbia through Wenatchee and up the valley of the Wenatchee, passing through an endless succession of fruit laden orchards. Leaving the orchards, up and up we went, determined to triumph over Blewett Pass, the pass with the worst reputation of any of the twenty-two passes we surmounted during the trip.

With our engine in perfect trim, a full gas tank, our water can reinforced with an Egyptian Waterbag full of water and a newly purchased tow rope, we felt ready for any emergency. On the way up, the little daughter of a road patrolman displayed a pennant with the legend, "Via Blewett Pass", and we had faith enough in our preparations to believe that we could fly the flag although still five miles from the top.

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Winding our way carefully along the cliff's edge, we came at last to the steeper hills. Here we overtook a boy who, evidently without a home, was going over the pass, seeking work. He seemed to be of such rare sweetness of character that we dubbed him "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come". Finally, on one of the steepest grades, the engine slowed down and stopped, the radiator boiling. No other help being in sight, and not knowing how far we still were from the top, I offered the boy a quarter to help push when necessary, which he gladly accepted. After cooling the engine we started off with a rush, leaving my helper behind. Rounding a sharp turn, on we sped, and behold, we were at the top of the famous Blewett Pass. When we came to pay our debt to the "Little Shepherd", we found that we didn't have as much as a quarter in change. He denied that he had done anything worthy of pay. But we pressed upon him all we had and an orange for good measure. This last pleased him more than the money, for he evidently did not enjoy such luxuries often. The atmosphere at the top of the pass was cold, and some wag had written on the roof of the little rest house, "Camp Freezeout".

Instead of following the road from Blewett to Ellensburg, we cut across to Cle Elum, thus saving forty out of sixty miles. This illustrates one of the little inaccuracies of the Blue Book, which makes it bear watching. Other places we failed to find landmarks that we found had disappeared some time during the last decade. But it was a great help, in spite of the antiquities of some of its investigations.

Triumphant over Blewett Pass, we pitched our camp in a great forest of firs, built a roaring fire, fried our bacon and enjoyed life. A party from Texas camped near us and regaled us with their misfortunes. A Broken spring had delayed them a day and a half, and a broken axle two days and a half. We had broken a radius rod in endeavoring to steer between the devil of a big stone and the deep sea of a chuck hole. But we drove till night, and had a blacksmith put the rod into sufficient repair to make it safe to drive the remaining forty miles to where a new rod could be purchased, and so we did not lose an hour.

From Cle Elum for a hundred miles to Seattle, we drove over splendid state roads. Snoqualmie Pass was a sort of anticlimax to the difficulties of the previous twenty-one passes. We went the twenty miles up, mostly on high, and coasted the twenty miles down.

Nearing Seattle, the car got its first ride, crossing the ferry. In Seattle we stayed in a hotel, the only time during the trip. The next day drove on up Puget Sound through Everett and Bellingham to Vancouver. Fifty miles from Vancouver we had our second blowout.

This drive was over the best roads of the trip. One-third of the way was over brick and cement roads so perfect that one had a fear that a policeman would appear and arrest him for driving on the sidewalk.

For two days we enjoyed the parks and drives of Vancouver and then prepared the car for shipment to China. The first firm asked $40 for boxing, another agreed to do the job for $30, but said they couldn't do it until Friday. Since our ship sailed Thursday, I thought that would hardly do. Finally, a firm agreed to box and cart the car on Monday for $25. So removing the wheels, top, windshield and steering rod, a stoutly framed box was built around the car, and with the great ship's derrick and donkey engines, the big box was lowered into the hold. But hold on, not so fast. There were certain preliminaries concerning freight and customs that must be attended to before the box could be moved from the wharf. So I repaired to the steamship freight