

# INTERESTING LETTER FROM MISS LORA CLEMENT

Yokohama, Nov. 3rd, 1915. My dearest home folks: I truly thought I would write a journal or rather a few words every day telling what I was doing and just what the sights are we are seeing. But as you notice, the date, Nov. 3rd, and we left Port October 17th you see I have not done as I expected. But if I have any memory left for anything but to express my intense feelings during that time, I may be able to recall a little.

Leaving Vancouver at 4 p. m. Sunday, October 17, we had a lovely trip all evening through the English Bay to Victoria, reaching there about 11 p. m. A special pilot came out in a launch to pilot us into harbor because it is a difficult one to enter. Several of us stayed up until we arrived and saw the passengers get on, then we retired for the night and I did not know anything until I was awakened by the pitching of the boat, which was just like a see-saw, first up then down and vice versa. It was an awful feeling, and I was glad when morning came. We were all feeling badly but went in to breakfast but it was a "fast". The stewardess told us not to eat anything but bacon and toast. I was very sick at times, and when I wanted anything the steward would have the Chinese boys bring it up, though it was so cold that I did not want anything but cracked ice. The officers say this is the longest and roughest trip they have ever made. The winds were so high and we had to go facing them all the time thus making poorer progress.

Our vessel carries 6,000 tons. There are 138 first class passengers, 210 crew; 508 Chinese in the steerage. It was a sight to see them coming on board—in a sense it was just like herding cattle. The immigration officer was there with his Chinese interpreter making them show passports and having interview with the doubtful ones. There were about 38 women among them.

Have just come up from the steerage where we heard Mr. Broadfoot, a Presbyterian preacher of Kong Moo and Mr. Lake preach to the Chinese in their language. It would have stirred your heart to have seen the throngs who gathered around and stood for one and three-quarter hours listening to the preaching. We sat down on stools and sang in English as they sang in Chinese. I suppose there were some ten Chinese Christians.

Just behind the place where the meeting was held were five or eight gambling tables with men crowded around them. I was told that they just gambled with buttons, putting a handful on the table and guessing how many were left after taking some away. Mr. Lake says it is one of the great curses of China or any Chinese settlement, even in America.

As I looked on their faces, my first thought was "and around the throne will be gathered people of every tongue and nation," and I wondered how many would hear and heed the call.

For a day or two after leaving Vancouver we went north and were in sight of land, but when we left the mainland we never saw any more for days and days until one morning we came in sight of Andalusian Islands, which belong to the United States dividing the Pacific from the Arctic, so you see how far North we have been. The islands looked like barren rocks of peaks jutting up. Many of the mountain peaks were quite high and covered with snow. They seemed more like the main land than islands and we were within eight miles of them for two days. Yesterday we sighted a vessel on the horizon which was passing. Outside of that one vessel, and birds and sea-gulls, we seem to be the only living things afloat.

Twice I've seen whales spout up—once over on the horizon and today quite near the boat. A great many of the party saw the whale once come up, but all I saw was the fountain of water shooting up.

Among the passengers is a young man, a teacher in the government schools of the Philippines who is interested in making the time pass quickly, so we have had three very delightful entertainments of songs, recitations and stunts of all kinds. Last night the different tables had to be responsible for one number, and our table being all Southerners we sang "Dixie". One of the tables took up a collection for the benefit of the wounded soldiers and received \$25.00.

Sunday mornings it is customary to hold Church of England service, led by one of their preachers. If any are on board or by the captain. It is the Episcopal service. In the evenings one of the missionaries preaches.

The food on board has such a queer taste. All the cooks are Chinese and they do not cook like we do, especially the meats.

They have milk, cows' milk, to eat with the oat meal, and I marvelled how they kept it. I found they freeze the milk solid before starting and keep it on ice and as it is needed they thaw it.

They have lettuce, celery, fruit, oranges, apples, grape fruit, peaches and watermelons. Really the fruits and nuts are the nicest things they have. On rough days they have a frame work or boxes like on the tables to hold the dishes and food. We have a Chinese waiter for every four and he stands just behind us and when we get through with one plate, he takes it up and gives us our next order.

We took a promenade around the

boat since I started this and went to the very front of the vessel. The ocean is so smooth today and every one is feeling better. We also went to the back of the boat where we saw the steering wheel and the ship log—the latter being the instrument which measures the miles.

We have had several fire drills among the ship's crew. They did not lower the boats, but got out the hose and buckets, and each man had a blanket which we supposed was to protect himself from the flames.

We heard the graphophone going and went on deck to see what it meant and found a crowd dancing. Some few on the boat are "high livers", so to speak. The women gamble for money, and there are two nice looking ones whom, they say, won quite a bit of money.

Drinks of all kinds can be secured on board for extra pay, but I have not ordered any yet.

All the ladies of the Southern Baptist meet every night after supper for a fellowship meeting, where we have come to know each other better and to pray with one another.

Breakfast is served between 8 and 10, and at 11 beef tea is served with crackers on deck. Tea or hot water with lemon or milk served with cakes comes from 4 to 4:30. Dinner at 6 and if we have any entertainments the steward sends in cocoa with sandwiches. If we would eat them all according to English custom, guess we'd be sick right, but I usually take regular meals. We sit at the first officer's table. He is next to the captain in authority.

Almost every day we receive wireless messages as to the affairs of the world, war, etc. At first they came from San Francisco, and now since we are on this side of the globe, they come from Japan. We were real excited when we heard of the revolution in China and really don't know just what to expect. We do not think there will be any difficulty in landing, nor any danger especially in the port cities to missionaries. Many who are going inland and to Tibet may be detained in Shanghai if travel in the interior is not safe. Of course our ambassador will inform us if there is any danger to foreigners. They are really after the president.

About six in the morning will be a quarantine inspection of the passengers by the Japanese officials, before we go to shore. Some of us want to go to Tokio for the 24 hours we are in Yokohama. It is only a 50-mile trip and it is said the city is beautiful.

Thursday, Nov. 4th—We have been along the coast of Japan all today. The day has been glorious, the sun bright and the sea smooth, and we are very happy to know that we will soon be on land. This morning from 10 to 12:30 we had all kinds of races and contests on deck, different passengers taking part. We had potato races, shaving contests, threading needles, etc., and the winners were given boxes of candy.

It was sad when we left your side of the globe and our thoughts would just dwell back there with you in spite of our attempts to divert, but now since we are beginning to sight this side of the globe we are happy with anticipations of landing and seeing new sights. We are not forgetting you by any means but we realize the distance is exceedingly great. I shall not forget the efforts of each of you to make me comfortable on the way and in my new home. I love you most dearly and would like to see you now, though I am not fascinated with the sea enough to make a journey back right now.

May not write you until I get to Shanghai, as I have not decided just what I'll do in Japan.

Might as well close this tonight as all will be confusion in the morning. We have much to be thankful for in the safe voyage, and now it is in answer to the prayers of the folks back home.

Give my love to those who inquire. With lots of love and kisses from the children. Lora.

Leaving Kobe, Japan, Nov. 8, 1915. My dearest home folks:

This is the second or third time I have started to write you since leaving Yokohama and was interrupted every time by people coming in or else by scenery which I couldn't miss seeing. Really everything here in Japan has been just beautiful and so unique.

We arrived in Yokohama Friday, Nov. 5th, at about 1 or 2 o'clock A. M. We dressed early and got out of our cabins for medical inspection at 9 A. M. before we could pull up to the harbor. The Japanese doctor got on board and as our steward called our names we passed out of the saloon door and the examination was over. Of course they had consultations with the ship doctor before, and if there had been any disease, the ship and all on board would have been quarantined.

At about 10:30 Mr. and Mrs. Bouldin, missionaries in Tokio, under the Northern Baptist Board, came on board to see the missionaries, as they knew some of our party. We were ready, so they took seven of us to Tokio, about one hour's ride on the electric. We went to the station in Jinurukiskas, and it was most novel experience to be in this little buggy for one, pulled by a man who went along in a trot all the time. There were nine or ten of us in all, one right behind the other, and as the Stout's baby was along too, the natives would crowd around whenever we would stop. We had our money exchanged; first

gold was taken without exchange, but Canadian or English money is less by 30 cents on five dollars. It is not so valuable because Great Britain is in the war. Even shopkeepers will give full value for American silver. One cent is one sen and ten sen equals five cents in our money. Their dollar is one yen and equals fifty cents in American. Mr. Bouldin could speak Japanese and did all the purchasing of tickets and paying for our Jinurukiskas, etc. They charge enormous prices at first for anything but when they find you can do without it and you might not take, then you can set your price and usually they will take you up.

At Tokio we took our lunch in a beautiful depot where we had fish and delicious steak and fruits, then we proceeded to get a taxicab or rather three autos to see the sights of Tokio. We got there at a time when the coronation of the emperor was to be celebrated the following day or rather for the next few days. He was crowned three years ago and has been in authority, but for some reason the festival proceedings had to be put off. All the way from Yokohama to Tokio and all through the streets in Tokio there were lovely decorations in cloth flags, evergreens, flowers and electric lights. The Imperial grounds were just beautiful and though we did not get very close, we could see the grounds and houses in a distance; and we followed the Moat (which was about 20 feet across), all the way around. On the other side of the Moat was a great wall, and near the entrance were great arches of growing plants and decorations of evergreens, pine or cedar and in the center was a road bed of sand which they were putting down of the emperor to pass over.

Other places we hurriedly visited were the Baptist Tabernacle where they not only had church on Sundays, but have kindergarten, industrial classes and English classes. The language school of Tokio where missionaries of all denominations go to learn the language and where one of our girls (Hooker Chiles) will be.

We were joined here by Sarah Clark, one of the Moody girls, whom Irma and I knew, and who was also a friend to the Stouts in Kentucky. She was so happy to see us and to go around with us. Next we went to the Imperial University of Japan, which has beautiful buildings, and picturesque campus—so different from ours. It is said to be the largest university in the world, having 25,000 students. We also visited the editorial department of the largest inter-denominational publication house in the world. Mr. Walne of Southern Baptist is at the head of it, and he first served us with tea and delicious home-made chocolate cake which was so good.

Next we visited the shopping district where we went in one of the largest and most beautiful buildings in Tokio. At the door we were met by a Coolie who put velvet slippers on over our shoes. What we went specially to see was a model of the coronation exercises which was to take place.

We didn't do any purchasing, but went on to Japanese bazaar, which was just like a mystic maze, the way it wound around. We entered one door and followed a narrow passage with articles on both sides for sale.

It was lots of fun trying to make them understand what we wanted, etc. The streets are narrow and no sidewalks—men, women, children, horses, little wagons with very small wheels, and booths of all descriptions are all in the streets, and it is marvelous that people are not run over. The main streets have two street car tracks and are some wider for traffic. There are very few large stores—just what we would call a shack or "hot wienie" stand. The candy is so funny; it is between a cake and candy. The fancy work and embroideries are beautiful and cheap in a way.

The Japs bring their wares on the boat when we stop and they generally set the price twice as high as it should be, and if we say "too high," they'll ask how much will you give me; then if you set the price and it suits them they will hand it over to you and you will have to take it because you set the price.

We visited two heathen temples where the people worshipped. In the inside of the shrine was a huge box covered with rafters into which they threw money and clapped their hands and moved their lips. I suppose they were praying. On the way out, there was a wire netting on which they pinned their prayers written on paper, and which they had purchased from the priest. Before going up to present their petitions, they go to a fountain for that purpose and wash their hands and take water and wash out their mouths. It just astounded me at first wondering if it were form or from the heart. I wondered how they could believe in it, but when I thought they had been taught it from babyhood, they had to believe in it. Oh, how sad to see men-sailors, soldiers and officials walk up, take off their caps and bow so reverently. There were no images except some queer looking animals. While we stood there some five minutes, there were numbers who visited the shrine.

In the harbor of Kobe were about ten battleships and one of them belonged to the United States, and was floating our flag. We also saw where the American consul lived. They had the Japanese and American flags in electric lights above the door. This is one kind of letter paper they have, and want you to notice the lovely butterflies on it.

I am getting used to the sea now and we are having such smooth sailing, but it has been cloudy and

couldn't see much among the islands. Forgot to tell you when we crossed the 180 Meridian we dropped a day. We went to bed Tuesday night and woke up Thursday morning.

November 10, 1915. After leaving Moji and Shimonoseki, Japan.

Dearest home folks: You have noted that this has taken the form of a journal rather than a letter.

We anchored out Moji and were taken to shore on launches, where we left Miss Chiles. We hated to part with her as she was the life of our party. Mr. Dozier, with whom she is to work, Mr. and Mrs. Willingham, (son of Dr. Willingham of F. M. Board) and Mr. and Mrs. Ray all came on board. They live in nearby towns and came down to meet Miss Chiles and the rest of the missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Ray, who live at Shimonoseki just across the bay from Moji, carried seven grown people and five children to their home for dinner and I was included in the number. It was pouring rain and the roads were job-lollies, but we were in jinrikishas and kept dry. We had such a lovely dinner, baked chicken, fish stewed toira, creamed potatoes and rice, fruit salad and ice cream and chocolate cake, coffee and tea.

Now don't get the idea that missionaries live high, for I know extra efforts were made before we got there. Their china was beautiful, though cheap to them because it was Japanese. Mrs. Ray was a Miss Pettis from Mobile, Ala., and has a brother and sister in China. They have three children at home and one in an English school at Shanghai, China. They go home on their furlough next April and if you see or hear tell of them, you will know that I was in their home.

It was interesting to watch the natives put coal on our boat. It was brought out in large flat sail boats to our ship, and the natives came in paddle boats called Sampan. They arranged a sort of step up—a man standing on every step forming a line. Others in the boat filled up grass baskets about the size of a wash bowl and passed it on to the next man, and so on. It was marvelous the speed they made. We timed them and they passed 60 baskets in a minute. It looks so miniature, but they say it is the quickest way of coaling vessels. It took lots of people to do this and they only receive 45 cents per day. There are extensive coal mines near here which makes coal cheap is why the vessels always coal here.

The sea is so calm and smooth and the sun is shining today. We had such misty weather in Japan except the day in Tokio.

At Shanghai our crowd will be about half divided; Irma Newcomb, Pearl Johnson, Ada Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Herring and children (the one at home) get off; leaving Miss Barton, Mrs. Green, the Tipton children, Mr. and Mrs. Lake and myself to go on to Honk Kong, where we leave the boat and take rail for 90 miles up to Canton.

We have to anchor about two hours out from Shanghai and go in to shore in some way. Of course all these launches belong to the company and costs passengers and their friends nothing to ride on them.

It is a three day trip from Shanghai to Honk Kong.

With lots of love and hoping that you will not tire of all this description as you told me to go into details. I'll be happy to arrive at my destination and see what my work will be like.

We are praising Him for preservation, protection and the joy He has given on the journey.

Will write again from Hong Kong or Canton. Fondly, Yours in Him. Lora.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

B. F. Dimmitt, a druggist of Rockport, Mo., at the outbreak of the European war, invested in 10,000 ounces of quinine at 14 cents an ounce. He now has a profit of \$23,600, and the drug continues to go upward.

## DO YOUR Christmas Shopping AT HOME

THE PALMETTO DRUG CO.

has always and will have on display the largest and most complete line of Christmas goods ever shown in Union. Don't wait and get left. Come now and see what you have never seen before at

THE PALMETTO DRUG CO.

The Money Saver

UNION - - - S. C.

# Had Suffered For Over Eight Years

Doctors Advised an Operation But Simple Remedy Made It Un-necessary.



Mr. U.S.G. Henry PHOTO BY RIGGERTO

For over eight years Mr. U. S. G. Henry, 806 East 6th St., Oklahoma City, had suffered with stomach and liver trouble until finally he could no longer stand the pain. He says: "The doctors told me nothing but an operation would give me relief. I decided to first try Fruitola and Traxo, which relieved me of a quantity of gall stones and I have no further pain or trouble from my old complaint. I would not take \$500.00 for what your remedies have done for me."

Fruitola, as the name implies, is a pure fruit oil, combined with certain harmless salts, and acts as a lubricant on the intestinal parts, softening the congested masses, disintegrating the hardened particles that cause so much suffering and expelling the accumulation to the patient's great relief. Traxo acts on the liver and kidneys, stimulates the flow of gastric juices to aid digestion and removes bile from the general circulation. It is a splendid tonic and serves to build up and restore the weakened run-

down system. Fruitola and Traxo are prepared in the Pinus laboratories at Monticello, Ill., and arrangements have been made to supply them through representative druggists. In Union they can be obtained at the Milhous Drug Co.

# THE LATE SHOPPER

THE late Shopper is a prominent member of the Genus Procrastinatus.

He has his own peculiar way of celebrating Christmas. Often he celebrates it in bed, with a water bag on his chest and the grip of an anxious physician around his wrist. His eyes are closed and his poor, warped brain is worn in a sling.

On the floor beside his bed, torn to shreds and bitten in numerous places, lies his Christmas list. The day before Christmas he sallied forth with this list in his hand and a look of desperate determination on his features.

The Late Shopper is a cheerful giver, withal. He loves giving for its own sake, but he loves it better for the sake of putting it off. Decidedly he is no believer in the "Do-it-now" movement. Nor is he selfish. It is just a habit. It is to be feared that if he were dying of thirst he would put off giving himself a drink.

Philanthropists should find rest satisfactions for Late Christmas Shoppers

—the kind that are incurable. Here they could retire and nurse their wounds, incurred in the last toy counter rush.

How fortunate it is that Santa Claus was not born a late shopper. He is always on the job, and gets ready for the holiday season months ahead, we are reliably informed by the nursery books. However, Santa Claus is in constant danger of losing his reputation. There are hundreds of fond Fathers who pose as Santa Claus to their little broods, Papas who sally forth to collect a bagful of toys just when the stores are closing on Christmas eve, and the holly garlands are being taken down, and the manager of the dress goods department is getting ready to announce, "Spring and Summer Styles."

The Late Shoppers we have always with us. As eleventh-hour athletes, they take all the running, jumping and line-plunging honors. But often the Late Shopper has one good mark to his credit. He puts off giving at all times, and therefore puts off giving a piece of his mind to his wife.

## Permanent Relief for Chronic Constipation

Knowledge and Practice of Correct Daily Habit the Great Essential.



MRS. C. C. ALLEN.

Constipation is a condition affecting all classes of all people and can be permanently relieved only by acquiring habits of regularity.

The most natural time for the eliminative process is in the morning when both the muscular and nervous systems are relaxed by sleep and rest. When relief does not come readily, it is an excellent plan to take a mild laxative at bedtime. Cathartics and purgatives, that by the violence of their quick action shock and disturb the system, should not be employed.

An effective laxative remedy that is very dependable, and which does not gripe or otherwise disturb the organs involved, is found in a combination of simple laxative herbs known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin that can be bought at the drug store for fifty cents a bottle.

Mrs. C. C. Allen, 215 Foam St., New Monterey, Calif., wrote to Dr. Caldwell that she "found Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin just what was needed

for constipation and distress of the stomach after eating. It should be in every household."

Get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and keep it in the house to use when occasion arises. A trial bottle, free of charge, can be obtained by writing to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 454 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

# Xmas Goodies

For Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Raisins and Cakes for the Christmas Holidays make our store your headquarters. Heavy and Fancy Groceries at prices that will appeal

## The Washburn Co.