6 P.M. Sunday Feb 1st

At Sea, Saturday, Jan 31st 1903
Approaching Hongkong

STEAMSHIP COPTIC.

My darling precious, Sweetheart Wife;

The Captain has just been showing me the chart and the course we are taking to bring the ship into port tomorrow morning at daylights. It will be a welcome change to go to my own quarters and begin to look for letters from you. Reading the destination doesn't mean to me what it would were there letters from home awaiting but it will not mean a constant going away from you as I think most of the mail from Japan goes direct to Manila and, in going there from Hongkong, I shall be nearer to you in this respect. We were all glad to get away from Shanghai. Everyone seemed to feel the cold in an unusual degree. I wore an extra suit of flannel underwear and three pairs of

socks, also rubbers and was not really warm
then. Night before last as we left Shanghai
and ran off the coast it was bitter in
the staterooms, tho one slept much this last
had piles of bed clothes. The ship was not
properly heated. We had a good look at
Shanghai on an interesting occasion. It
was the Chinese New Years and the streets
were crowded with Chinese in gala dress.
There was a continual passing of Chinese
women in carriages of the hack variety
and in rick shaws. These people were all
handsomely dressed in colored silks and
were painted very perceptibly. Many women
were also walking or stumping along on
their deformed feet, all attended by women
more less plainly dressed. There were also many
riders on the Tartar ponies which seem
to be in use. These were all Caucasians
and men. I saw no ladies on horse
back. With the exception of the local
color given by the native dress Shanghai
is like a European city of commercial im-
portance. Tom and the girls, especially the
latter, wanted periods of dunning there after
a few days. Of course the stores were closed
and we could not see the silks and
embroideries but without ability to purchase
one can see the same things, probably, or
rather similar things, in our big cities. I
am absolutely certain that you would agree
with me, after experiencing it, that the
journey to any Chinese port, for any other
purpose than business, is a waste of time.
I shall be quite content never to go to Shanghai
again, except to join you, and I would
willingly forego going to Hongkong could I decide
the ship directs. I feel very differently about
Japan. There is something to see there except
swarming masses of humanity. One feels he
can go among the people, live with them
and be interested in their lives and while
sojourning there, assume thoroughly and be a part of

their civilization. Their dwellings are so picturesque, their stores are so filled with interesting objects, all is so clean and acceptable and so unusual. In China, outside these European settlements, there is nothing but masses of dirty unapproachable humanity which a sojourner can not decade. I get these ideas, originally, from the Coopers who have lived in Shanghai for eighteen years and that is what the Englishmen, on board here, who have lived there say. My own observation of Shanghai confirms it. I had become quite attached to Lachlan, the little Australian-American who slept behind. He was tiresome at times with long winded yarns but he was impersonal and when I felt in the mood for talking currency, free trade, slipping, goat skins, Kitchener, India and most anything, his companionship was pleasing. He was a good walker and we passed many hours balancing along the decks. I gave him a card of introduction to Mahan. We passed the Monadnock and our enthusiastic Americans cheered her. She lies some distance down stream rather inconveniently, I should say, for quick communication with the residence portion of the town. I called at the Club hoping to see