

[To Mrs. B. T. Cox. Winterville, N.C.,
From V. Cox, Peking]

Union Language School
Nov. 4, 1917.

My dearest mother:

I shall write very shortly and quickly tonight, because I am trying to write a number of Christmas letters as well.

This is the coldest day we have had so far, and believe me furs and everything else I have feel good. The only part about me that suffers is my feet. I'm afraid I shall have to have some woolen stockings. I could wear the Chinese woolen ones if it wasn't for the fact the Chinese women dress more like our men and wear short length hose. I'm afraid to ask for some to be sent from home because it would take so long for them to come and the duty might be so enormous I couldn't pay it.

Your letter last week spoke of my visit to Tokyo. Since then Dorothy (Norton) Peatross has had so much trouble with her head, - the doctor has ordered her to the States. So she and her splendid missionary in the form of a husband have to give up their work and live in America the rest of their lives. Isn't it discouraging?

Don't do anything as rash as write a letter to N. Y. to ask about me, - I shan't write there any oftener than I can help because they like to print things. Mr. Wood followed me with a letter from Alaska asking me to write him about the work, etc. as soon as I reached Hankow. But I haven't written yet, because I'm not in Hankow.

Furthermore you must not be worried by not hearing regularly. I shall write at least once every week as I have been doing all along. You are the one who writes irregularly.

Neither J. + I - write me, so I don't know what they are doing. Is J - happier than last year in Trenton? I hope everything will come out O. K.

Poor Olivera is having loads of trouble, - I'm so sorry. But I'm sure everything is straightened out by now. That's O. K. to think it well for her to have a few knocks to begin with, but it hurts to say them. I know how Aunt Ad talks and you too some-times, - I hope you have given only words of encouragement this time, - Conscience

does the rest.

Last week was a very busy week as usual, - we worked hard in class and were either encouraged or discouraged at the end of each day depending upon the kind of work we did.

Our early service at the Legation All Saints' day was so sweet and lovely, - it made the rest of the week brighter.

Yesterday, Miss D - , Miss J - + I were invited to tea at dear old Bishop Scott's home. They were so lovely and refined + cultured, - it was a treat to be with them. They insisted that we go in very often to see them, + if we find no one at home to just go in any way and order a cup of tea (Eng. style you know) and rest awhile or read as we feel like doing. And they were so friendly, - he, his daughter and his son, - you feel the sincerity of the invitation and long to accept it more often. I do wish we were nearer the Anglican mission. All of them are so nice to us, but I enjoy the Bishop's hospitality better because I can understand what he says. The ladies at the mission are mostly from north England and to save me I can't understand what they say half the time. It sounds more like Chinese than English.

We had news yesterday that a nice Victrola with records is being sent us as a loan for this year in the hostel, - and I tell you we are happy about it. There is no musical instrument for us to use at all on the place.

I have been asked to play in a private recital next Monday, so I am trying to practise a great deal for the occasion.

Tell Aunt Ad I'll not have time to write her I'm afraid but send my Xmas greetings with this collar + cuff set. They are hand-made also.

With much love

Venetia.