

I finally decided to buy milk for the baby about whom I wrote you at length in my last letter. I talked to his mother, and she thinks she can get along on one small tin of carnation a day. It seems that there is something the matter with her breasts so that only one of them functions, but she said that with the next older child, she was able to keep him going after he was five or six months old on rice, etc. without milk. They bought milk for him up to that time. For the two older ones they hired a wet nurse.

Murlin Mobeck, my friend in Minneapolis, sent me a check for five dollars which makes about sixty mex. and that would buy milk for nearly three months, so I think I shall use it for that. Ever once in a while I get a little money. I decided that if I didn't do something and the baby died, I would feel sorry all my life that I hadn't. I know that I've never felt sorry for the times I've given, even when the result was not what I expected, but I can remember several times when I wished I had done something.

It is just that the family is in straitened circumstances because of the war. Under normal conditions, they would have enough to take care of their children. I don't believe at all that they are the chronic poor. Not to disparage them, but there are too many of them for me to start trying to do much for them.

I hope also to get the children outside our gate into school next term. They are all friends of mine now, and normally I think would be in school. It may be to balance my budget for the kindergarten I shall have to pay their tuition. Among them is "Little Devil" who is already pretty much of a major general. Whether she would insist upon being principal would be a question, but perhaps we could persuade her to accept a subordinate position for a year or two. She told me she was eight, but I don't think she is much more than six really.

I saw Katherine Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet" when I was in New York City. I thought she was lovely. I've seen such a few plays, that they stand out in my memory. Fortunately those few have been some of the most famous actresses.

Sometime when you think of it, I wish you would send me your formula for feeding a baby. I'd just like to know more about it.

I don't know what I do with my days, they slip by with nothing done. I get up and begin work at seven fifteen when I study Chinese. This morning, I spend the time from eight -fifteen to nine looking up some English books for a teacher at Ginling, then I taught from nine to nine thirty, came home and wrote an answer to a note about a girl entering senior high, and then went down to Marie's to their closing exercises, got there so late that it was almost over, then came back and corrected my exam papers, for a while, then went out to dinner, came back about one, rested until two, finished my papers, and took them over to the church, and by that time the girl who teaches me Chinese on Thursday came and then my English class and by the time they were gone it was five o'clock. When one ~~man~~ starts at seven, I think one needs to rest a little in the middle of the day. If I don't I fold up long before quitting time.

Incidental to Margaret's leaving us, we settled up our fuel bill, and repaid her for her share of coal and using the servant's estimate of the amount of coal that we had burned in the month that we had fire, we figured that our fuel bill had been about \$7.50 a day. Don't think that we had been comfortable at that. It was just a matter of keeping the chill off. I wore my padded coat most of the time so you can see it wasn't hot.

And boy, did it seem luxurious to get into a house with steam heat. Fortunately we had very mild weather all the week we were there. (Margaret is still there so far as I know.) When I got back I found that Miss Golisch had gotten concerned about our fuel situation and had let the dining room fire go out, so we have been getting along with almost no fire. We keep the door open into the kitchen and that manages to take a little of the chill off. Fortunately there have been a few days of very mild weather, when the temp. got up to about sixty in the middle of the day. But our nice weather has come to an end and there is a cold north wind blowing. I find that it isn't so difficult to keep warm except for one's hands. I put on my snow pants and my padded shoes and my padded coat and it really isn't bad. Except for one's hands. I think I shall have to make myself some fingerless gloves such as the Chinese use. But when the weather gets cold again, of course we will have to have a warm room somewhere. But when it is only round about fifty, I don't think it will do any harm. Anyhow when this coal is gone, the next will come at one hundred fifty or more a ton.

I saw two movies while I was in Shanghai, "The Young Man Lincoln" and the "Wizard of Oz". I liked the former very much. Couldn't do so much for the latter, possibly because my education had been neglected and I had read none of the Oz books.

Leona sent me two new books, "And then the Rains Came" by Bromfield, and Rhinehart "The Album" a detective story. I also borrowed an interesting book "Palestine on the Eve" which I haven't gotten around to read. I hope to borrow some more tomorrow from a family who is going on furlough. The lady said I could take care of them for her. She has some good biographies and books on current topics and I hope to lay in a year's supply.

I heard a concert given by the Shanghai municipal orchestra, which is very good. I enjoyed it very much for it was Mendelsohn, and Bach and other old classics. None of this modern stuff which I find a bit perplexing. I guess I don't go often enough to be properly educated along that line.

We had a hundred per cent increase in salary beginning the first of October so everyone is feeling very flush. However I return to Nanking to find the situation like the story of the Million-pound note. By Mark Twain, I think it is? The question was would a man with a million-ound note manage to keep from starving in London. The writer made him get by with it by just flashing it on the waiter in the restaurants, they gave him indefinite credit. My experience however is that a person could starve on a lot less right here in Nanking, simply because he couldn't get it changed. There is such a shortage of change throughout occupied territory that unless one has the right change, a sbre won't sell to you. You can't offer a five dollar bill for a fifty sent purchase, they won't take it. They think you are just trying to get some change. One has to pay a premium of from three cents up to get money changed on every dollar. It works the greatest hardship on the very poor who ordinarily buy in lots of a few cents. It really means a tax of from three to five per cent on all money. There really is a shortage of change since none has been issued in the two years since the war but it has suddenly got very much worse. I've e quit taking an offering at Junior church because only three or four our of a hundred would have a one cent stamp to contribute. They used stamps for a