My dear Dad,

The Chinese New Year is next Monday, the 11th, and by course the whole country is preparing for the festival. For five days, all the shops and offices will be closed. And everyone who has the least pretense of being out will spend the holidays at home. There will be much calling - the younger generation will bow down to the elders, and in turn will receive presents of money wrapped in red paper. All the servants too will receive presents mostly of money. I will describe more fully after the festival is past, as since there have been away from home, I am forgetting a great many facts.

But one thing I know - all debts and bills have to be paid before the New Year, and in some stores, as the shopkeeper has bills to meet, they are reducing the price of their merchandise in order to attract the crowd.

Tomorrow is Saturday, and I hope does not allow us to buy things on Sunday.
Jan. 4th. I take my little brother down town to buy fire-crackers and fire-works—two play things dear to the heart of every child in China rich or poor.

Mother has been shopping day and day preparing for the festival. She believes that it will be a far greater occasion than Christmas.

Have told you that we have a large mahogany violin, bought years ago? It sold our old oak one, as it did not match the reception room furniture.

Miss Kendall was in Shanghai for a few days from Peking. She wrote us after she arrived here, and asked her to Jack for a drive, and then back to the house for tea. It was a very warm day; so we sat on the veranda in large wicker chairs at first. Later, we sat in front of a glowing fire place.

My face is well now, although it still has scars. They will disappear in time. However.

I met a missionary the other day.
a typical one, I mean! She asked me first of all what I was doing for China. I replied that up to the present, the climate here had done me no good. Later we happened to speak of moving pictures. She said that she once went to a movie and when she got up from there, she felt as spiritually grown in dirt as some men near her. She then added that no one could make her go again. I innocently said that to my humble mind, thought movies are all right. She then asked, "Would you like to be forced there if Jesus Christ were to come to the world again?"

As I did not to scandalize her, as my mother is considered one of the most upright and prominent Christians in Shanghai, I kept my silence. I certainly did feel like saying, "Sure, Mike! Provided that it was a screamingly funny one!"

It would amuse you, though the wrong face I made after her back was turned! But sure coming home, have
learned to keep opinions and pet remarks to my humble self and to you in letters. I suppose though every one feels like a boiler waiting or rather swelling to burst at times. When things get too thick, try to find and practice oppressors, they are really quite effective to relieve "over-timed" self-expressions!

By the way, Miss Kendall was delighted to see so many magazines in the house. She said that this is the first house that she has visited in all China, both foreign and Chinese, where the occupants seem to wish "to keep up" with questions going on in the world. She was particularly struck with "The New Republic" and borrowed several of them. She says that she expects to settle permanently in Peking after she resigns from here.

Higgins asked Professor Kallen in secretory to Charlie Chaplin, the movie actor. Did you ever? No, never.