Dear Dada:

Having been laid up for a week does make writing rather difficult. I am just over the influenza now, and have come downstairs sitting before a fire which out of generosity won't burn.

I look to bed with the world looking like winter, and came down to see that it has blossomed into bewitching spring—a soft, delicate mass of apple blossoms, cherry blossoms, tender willow shoots, silky magnolia buds and nodding dogwood, and best of all, fragrant wafts steal into the air.

I have received the two books by Ford Dumasney, and have found infinite enjoyment in them. The pieces are so simple that it does seem as though even I could write them, yet that is exactly where I am mistaken. The plots are simple and unpretentious but formed so neatly and knitted into such harmony that I think his imitators will have difficulty in copying them. The whole family has enjoyed the books greatly. Thank you so very
much.

Miss Hazel was in Shanghai for the day about two weeks ago. I met her at the luncheon Miss McCausley gave in honor of her. She spoke of Evan Bates, and said she had met him in N.Y. when he seemed to be finding great enjoyment in his work. She seemed surprised to learn that she was down with the appendicitis. Sophie also spoke of you, and said that she hopes you will continue with your writing as she believed that you really have talent for it.

After luncheon Sophie sightseeing went to see Bubbling Well, which was only a dirty trough with a few bubbles. Yet for it is named one of the most famous sights of Shanghai! Also took her to a Chinese temple, where Sophie was much enchanted with the lanterns, the idols, and the various lacquered boards. She seemed much that I suggested a talk on these articles alone mentioned. Then we took her to a sweet shop where we got some sweets. Finally we ended up at a silk shop where Sophie went wild over the silks, and
announced the etchings by her statues.

Sophie had with her as companion a doctor from some one Loreto Western College. It seemed that they became acquainted on board ship, and since then Sophie had rooted that woman all over Christian town, and from appearances all other heathen town as well. Personally, I was not fond of the doctor. She dressed and looked funny. Sophie must have been pretty legally harmless to have picked up that specimen.

Your letters telling of your trip to California with Helen S. and your trip to see De Long aroused me by scribbling. You must pardon the restlessness of this letter, for I am not quite ready to the mark. I feel even less weeks to lose very temper, — a fact which did not not by any means escape my sharp-eyed mind.

With love,

Mary ble.

Link of MacDonnell Coal Corporation is sailing for U.S. next week. Will send you something through him.