

Dear Willie, -

Your letter was very welcome & interesting and we enjoyed all that sage advice which we have been so kind as to let our friends share. Your letter didn't seem so very long to us for we laughed until we cried at it.

Well, Tri. letter has been started for a week more or less, but started seems to be all.

Last night we went up to call on the Kingsbuns from Bulgaria. They are very nice I think. Joe Kingsbury, the son who is half a year younger than Mary and I is in the White Mountains waiting table. I wish he was here. His mother says these waiters there are all college boys. He writes Dartmouth next year. Margaret Kingsbury is fifteen

and a very attractive girl. She is larger than Evelina and looks exactly like Margaret Larned. Mr. Kingsbury said they had always felt vexed about Mamma and Papa's leaving the mission.

I have been waiting on Ned & Roy Merritt at table. Of course I never talk to them. They are not there at the parlor time for Roy is only there when Ned is away whose patient he is taking care of. Ned has three years more before he enters college and I don't know how long Roy has, I imagine about the same. Royal is not stout at all now, not any more so than Ned. Many say "Roy looks like Willie Bullen". They seem to be very friendly with all the nurses here. All the nurses seem to think

Harry O'Neil is about right. I also wait on him some times. He seems to be very quithumaily. His brother is in our dining room too. I hear their father didd just a little before we came here. Clova waits on both men, perhaps you remember that William, a Swede who was married to a poor girl in the old Sanitarium Chapel. He is out of there. I don't think it is fair that the both men should be in the nurse's dining room and the both girls in the servant room. One of the men at the table always calls the waiters "Sister".

We had a very nice letter from nanma and Evelina today. Evelina has been so lovely about writing to us

and we haven't yet written  
her a letter except in the  
general letters. I feel so sorry  
she has so much to do that  
she can't get time to read  
and enjoy herself more. I  
believe we have more time  
than the people at home  
from our regular work, but  
we feel about as driven  
as we do at home or in your  
time. We are trying to best  
to have something extra.  
that I hardly feel even as  
if I had time to practice  
wash drawing or any  
such thing which I think  
will bring some return in  
the end.

About a week ago, I  
spent my spare part of the  
afternoon painting with  
Elsie, for we couldn't  
get any India ink

and I will keep you the  
product. I just did it to  
try and see if I could use  
my best. I want to try  
for the annual page, you  
know. If you or Eviline  
want the picture you can  
keep it, otherwise please  
destroy it. Perhaps Mamma  
can see one or two glaring  
faults which she can tell  
me of if she thinks of it.  
Mary, and I like it here  
now for a rate and I  
nearly think better than  
Clara, Eviline, or the others.  
Clara made a calendar  
which they have hanging  
up and each day they read  
of one number, and they are  
so much nearer home.

We went to chapel last  
Sunday and service was  
held inside. Three seats!

First church people don't  
know what comfort is. Nellie  
said she kept feeling that she  
hardly belonged there. We do  
not take any more liberties  
than if we were fresh from  
Ireland and consequently  
the girls haven't even seen  
the reading room, parlors  
or any thing in the guests  
part but the dining room  
and office. We don't have  
fresh papers in our reading  
room and consequently  
we know nothing about  
what is going on in the  
world. Nellie had a paper  
that she got off a table in the  
dining room which gave  
us some information  
about the terrible troubles  
in China. How dreadful

Obelisk seems to be much  
affected, at least we read  
that the Sproague, Mr. White  
& Dr. Sheffield etc were killed

How sad about those two  
Obelisk boys who were suf-  
focated. Caddie had a  
clipping about it - Mr.  
Gilman and Mr. Lewis.  
You know they were on a  
train and went to sleep  
in a place where they were  
killed by charcoal fumes.

I'm sorry to hear about  
Prof. Andrews and hope  
it is nothing serious.

We have not written to  
Margery, Emily, or any  
body but Auntie and  
Mama Dandys since  
we have been here. We  
haven't had time - Love

3  
you heard from Helen?  
It is true for Dennis and I  
must leave.

Mr Bodwell goes around  
as fast as any body. I see  
her walking all around  
the park and in the street  
you never would think  
she had been such an  
invalid.

With much love to all

from your loving sister

Ellen Crantock Pilder

Tuesday

Q