Memoirs of various friends of Willard E. Straight

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Note: Most of these are copies. When possible the originals have been filed with the enclosing letter.

Some have been severely cut, particularly that of Hazel Straight Sanborn. Much of her memoir was used in Croly's biography of W.E.S., particularly for the early years.
Willard Straight's record as consul general at Mukden, China.

Mr. Straight's official record at Mukden is unique in the history of the consular service. He initiated policies of the most far-reaching importance and the political activities with which he was associated will always figure very largely in any comprehensive history of the Far East. Had it not been for the death of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager and for the downfall of the Yuan shih-k'ai in 1908, Mr. Straight's plans for developing Manchuria in the interests of Chinese and for financing China in a sound and statesmanlike way would undoubtedly have been realized and China's position in the world to-day would have been very much higher than it is.

Mr. Straight arrived in Mukden on October 7th, 1906, and left on August 17, 1908 and during this short period of less than two years he did more for the American and Chinese Governments than many others could have done in a life time. He undoubtedly did more than any other American to bring the Manchurian situation to the knowledge of the American people and to show the possibilities of industrial and commercial expansion in that region. His constant desire was to bring about more friendly relations between China and the United States and to develop the resources of Manchuria for the benefit of the Chinese themselves, and his high standing among the Chinese officials and his friendship with influential Americans particularly fitted him for this important task.

Mr. Straight realized that the cordial relations between China and the United States could best be improved by the cultivation of friendly relations between individuals and he not only encouraged Chinese to go to the United States for their education but he constantly endeavored to maintain the closest relations with Chinese returned students from America. During Mr. Straight's tenure of office in Mukden, Tang Shao Yi, a graduate of Columbia University, was Governor of Yangtien. He and Mr. Straight were the best of friends and

through their cooperation a large agricultural experimental station was opened at Mukden and a gift of seeds was obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture. Two Americans were appointed to take charge of the work and they were enthusiastically welcomed by the Chinese officials of Mukden. Unfortunately the Chinese Revolution caused the work to be discontinued and a great many of the benefits have been lost.

Mr. Straight was always very anxious to keep the sovereignty of China unimpaired and he furnished the American Government with a vast amount of valuable information which could have been used to great advantage in this direction. Mr. Straight seemed to have not only what might be termed a political instinct but he had the broader qualities in statesmanship as well, and with his keen analytical mind he presented the problems of Manchuria in a remarkably clear and convincing manner and if his advice had been taken by those who were in the best position to use it the situation in Manchuria would have been much more favorable to American enterprise than it is today.

Mr. Straight's relations with the American and European community in Mukden were no less cordial than his relations with the Chinese. He was at all times a leading social figure and was devoted to nearly every form of athletics. It is doubtful if there was ever an American Consular officer in the Orient as well and as favorably known as Mr. Straight. He was popular with all classes and was particularly interested in benevolent work and did a great deal for the local mission hospital and blind school. Mr. Straight was very much beloved by the members of his staff, he was not only a just and efficient executive but showed a friendliness and consideration towards his subordinates which they never fail to speak of whenever Mr. Straight's name is mentioned.

The most important plan with which Mr. Straight was identified was the Chinchow-Aigun Railway project. While Mr. Straight was Consul General at Mukden he discussed with the Manchurian officials possibility of constructing with American capital a railway to connect a port on the Gulf of Liaotung, near
Chinchow, with the city of Aigun on the Amur River. The Chinese were very anxious to develop the territory which this railway was to traverse and the use of American capital for this purpose would have been of the greatest commercial value to both the United States and China. The history of the negotiations in this connection are remarkably interesting and it was most unfortunate that the political influences which opposed this scheme prevented its consummation.

The respect and universal esteem in which Mr. Straight was held are well indicated by those who knew him best, and more detailed information with regard to Mr. Straight's work as consul general is contained in his despatches, listed on the attached sheet, which he sent to the Department of State and which the Department may be willing to allow his biographers to consult. Three interesting photographs described below, are also transmitted herewith.

E. Carleton Baker,
American Consul General.

Enclosures:
A. Letters from Messrs. Fulton, Gunn, Turley, Milz and Baker.
B. List of despatches referred to above.
C. Photographs showing (1) Mr. Straight with a group of friends at the Consulate General. (2) Mr. Straight and his British colleague, Mr. Robert Willis. (3) Entrance to consulate general where Mr. Straight's office and residence were located.

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"His personality had so impressed them all that unconsciously they had taken on some of his characteristics. Each one of them was better for having worked with him, and the good which he did in this way alone will endure for many years, and the waves of his good influence have reached many a distant shore. What was said of someone else many years ago may be truly said of him."

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After the Major left Paris, the morning following the dinner at the Crillon, he went via Chaumont to the Toul sector, then occupied by the 1st Biv. at Maniz-la-Tour. He went to the front lines there and brought back a piece of shell from a shell which had exploded near him.

Leaving there, he went on to Luneville, via Nancy, where the headquarters of the 42nd Div. had just been established. He said goodbye to Field, the driver assigned from Chaumont and put something into his hand. A little later, a knock came at the door of the room in which he was staying and in came Field. "Excuse me sir, but did you make a mistake in what you gave me?" "No, I know what it was" replied the Major. "Well sir, I can't thank you enough, you brought all my food and I thank you now and you have given me all this. This is the first time an officer has treated me like this since I've been attached to S. H. Q."

From Luneville, the Major went to the Staff College at Langres. The hours were long at the school studying the intensive course for officers. It was a hard life and he said he had never studied so much; since he learnt the Chinese language, when he went to China after graduating from Cornell. (He mastered the general principles of that tongue under three months). He said the course at Langres was only learning things to kill your fellow men, another name for murder.

He knew quite a lot about the early history of Langres. "Herot's works and told of amusing visits of Julius Caesar who came to see a young lady there. At his mess, a cocktail was dedicated to this young lady, the ingredients were such, that to hold it, was a credit to her. The only man who was immune was Irvin Cobb the more he took, the funnier he became. He came to dinner one evening with another correspondent named green and Mr. E. Sonn. Thru out the meal, it was one long roar of laughter, due to Mr. Cobb's anecdotes.

His leg had bothered him while at Langres and one morning, he could not go to the school. A Dr. came, who examined it, said he would send along an ambulance for him to come to the hospital to have it cut. "So you don't said the Major, "I'm going to stay here and I'm not going to have it cut". The Dr. said that was all he could do, so the Major thanked him and left him go. Another army Dr. came, who ordered the leg to be suspended and had it putridized with Chloride of Mercury. "He had knocked it on the 'Adriatic' coming over and it apparently had infected the bone.

All his books, papers, problems, etc. were brought from the school to his billet and the local carpenter was sent for to make different tables and frames for maps, etc. He said he could not do it. However, after the Major smoke awhile and did the thinking for him, he became quite keen and the things were soon completed. He'd a taste of the Major's enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was always infectious to those around and they would get in the same way. Although the Dr. had given orders to keep quiet, he was busy all the time. One thing he could not do was to remain quiet.

"Get a photographer and have some pictures taken of the house and have him here at lunch time, we'll have some pictures taken to send over to Mrs. Straight", said he, one morning later. When the man came, he had everyone connected with the house, officers and help, included in the pictures.
Madame, to whose house belonged, could not see why Marie, the refugee, should be so honored. She had her own ideas about rank, the European idea, but the Major said everybody.

About the end of May, he said he was going with the 3rd Army Corps and left Langres for Nancy-sur-Seine, there first stop. After the second day, he was ordered for duty with the 2nd Division 80 km. north of the town of Chaumont and opened a French military branch. He was the Adjutant of a French General. The place was filled with French soldiers and during the night, in which he stopped, cars, trucks, dispatch riders and others were dashing past.

The next morning he left for Montreuil-aux-Lions, and the second stop was very sunny morning as the car left at an early hour. Hundreds of refugees were marching along the road. Several times he stopped the car and asked them where they came from, sometimes they were too down-hearted to speak, but he would generally convert their woe by looking into smiles by something he would say, difficult to do when a person had lost their home and everything they possessed, or with what they could get together on a small cart. He would give them money, cigarettes and tobacco, but the smile he created, was worth the more to them and he always knew the right way to do it.

A Chinaman, one of a labor corps, that were working for the French, came along. The Major said to the driver, “Next time you pass a Chinaman, stop the car.” A gang of them soon appeared working unseen on a road. “Do you wish to stop, Major?” asked the driver. “Yes.” The Colonel who was with him and the driver wondered what was going to happen. It can be imagined who was the most surprised, the Colonel, the driver or the Chinaman, to whom he started to talk in his native tongue. The Chinaman laughed at something he said, then there was a rush by the rest of the gang to him. Shovels and pincers were thrown down and he was surrounded by a howling mob of excited Chinese all wanting to talk to the Major at the same time. They were in charge of a Frenchman, who couldn’t speak much Chinese and the Major was talking French to him, English to the Colonel and it seemed a variety of tongues to the Chinese. He soon began to figure out, how he was to get away; apparently he told them he had some success for them and they made a lane for him to the car, where he gave them cigarettes and tobacco. The Major left them with a cheer of How’s now! It seemed to sound like someone saying goodbye with a mouthful of hot soup. The last glimpse of them was the Frenchman having his own troubles trying to get them on the job again.

A contract was noticed a little further along, where a group of German prisoners were working and who had orders to turn their heads away. They were walking while the car passed, those long French bayonets showing to enforce the order.

More refugees were coming along from Chateau-Thierry, some told the Major that the German Army would come soon in Paris now. At that time, Chateau-Thierry was held by the German Army and American troops andmaterial were being rushed there. The car was held up at a railroad crossing by a troop train filled with Americans, the Major got out and went up to see

The next thing the Major said, “Boys, clean up the place, here it clean,” show the French people that the American soldier knows how to keep a place clean as your own home. The Major was very fond of that cheese, but he guessed he wouldn’t take any, he’d leave it for some of the others who had more difficulty in getting that sort of thing. This was a characteristic thought of his for others, many would have brought it because it was there, but he knew that things were not regular, that these kind of things were not obtainable all the time during this period, but that was his way.

Leaving Montreuil, he proceeded via la Ferte to Montreuil-aux-Lions, and the second stop was the headquarters for the division, the big officer’s billet. He located his billet there with the Colonel. The village had just been vacated by the French. The billet had been left exactly as the owners had lived in it, they had no time to take anything, the French military order had been for them to get out at once, train waiting, one hour between the time they received the order and the departure of the train.

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The same night, he met with the Colonel, went to see some of the real action. Big guns were continually roaring, airplanes hovering above, an endless stream of traffic passing along with supplies and ammunition to the front lines. Two mornings later, he saw the Marines go into action where they lost so many. One evening, while talking with some officers in front of the billet, a German shell came and landed at the back. They had not been coming in that direction, so there was some discussion on the subject and the Colonel said, “Now if anything comes we may as well have it here” said he. The Major was not afraid and if he had been given command of a battalion, which he applied for, greater things would have been heard from him. This was mentioned at the billet’s and it would be great to get with an officer like him in command.

He said he liked being there and was out every night, coming back early morning. The French were a little sore, been rough the General had pushed ahead too fast and of course, they had to go forward as well. It must be agreed that the Americans set the pace for the German Army did not advance anymore in that sector.
He returned to Nancy and on June 15th left there to join the 3rd Army Corps, which had been transferred to Remiremont. The family with whom he had been billeted at the Château des Forges, arranged a farewell dinner for him and all came to see him off.

The Major, via the front, was ready to leave for Remiremont in the afternoon. He was as busy there, as elsewhere. A field clerk named Clarke, one of the best men for work in the office, the Major said, would tell him that civil life he could always been up and finish ahead of his schedule, would be the next job, but the Major had him beat, he could never keep up with him.

The Major always supported the field clerk in an argument. He said if you want results, you have to pay for it. They liked him of course, but that applied to the enlisted men as well. They admired the Major for they knew they would get a fair and a square deal. This meant much in the Army as elsewhere. The boys in different outfits would say, if they wanted advice or satisfaction about anything, the Major was the one always ready to help. Officers and men came to him for advice. His way of giving it, was for them to have the impression that they had thought out the thing themselves. He never seemed to want to take any credit for himself. It was fine to hear the collisions of the boys at high, those who came in contact with him, also the different drivers who took them around.

Sometimes, they thought that he was severe because of his quick way of talking, they always changed that thought to, when they knew him.

Faireweather, was from Portland, Ore, attached to the 3rd. He said he would drive his car anyway for the Major. Passing thru Lampe, late one night, the Major saw Faireweather, seated in a car, looking pretty sick. He stopped and spoke to him, "Hallo, Faireweather, what are you doing here?" He said he was driving his car, "That's the matter with you. You're not well." "So sir," I think I have a touch of the flu" Can your officer drive?" "Yes sir," well you get right in the back of that car and I'll see that you are taking back."

He went to the Staff Officer, saw the Captain, asked him to drive the car back and report the man to the Doctor and to report to the Major upon his return what he had done. The other officer, taking him on a tour to Alençon, said the major in the morning, mostly dusty in the car at night. In the morning, he found some men away with his braces, he was having much going with it. Another car was obtained but as the man was over six feet and heavy, the only car available belonged to a small and light. The fit was a tight one. Then the Major heard about it, he gave him in money what had been taken.

The Major was ordered again to the Château Thierry front in August. He took the same route as formerly. One noted the progress of the American advances since June. In the streets of Château Thierry, there were many captured guns, long ones sometimes in the trees, some German guns on nearest plots with the soldiers near in German, his 80, and the company, painted on little wooden crosses. His destination was the head of the 42nd Div. To reach them, a muddy lane thru some woods was the only road. This was also the main route for supplies. Some ammunition weapons, rolling kitchens, ambulances and supplies of all descriptions. The woods were filled with men on both sides. It looked very picturesque to see their forms in the dark. The Major said the boys were taking an early drive in the morning. After passing thru the woods was a stretch of open road which was being shelled. It was a lucky ride apparently. The head of the 42nd were located in a small village, which just had been vacated by the Germans, the day previous. Much material was there, they having no time to take it. The Major, like all the others, was mostly framework. It was noticed QAt all the, the evidence was everywhere of the effects.

Returning later to Remiremont, now headquarters of the 5th Army Corps, he went thru the Barracks and Château. Major in the big courtyard outside the officers, would be hundreds of officers walking back and forth to the different departments, yet one could always pick out the Major right away when he came out. Perhaps it was his figure, yet again he always seemed to walk so much quicker than others. It was night when he left Château and passing thru a village on the way to Remiremont, he was told by a colored man, who asked the Major for his papers, "What the stopped by a colored N.P. who asked the Major for his papers?" The Major smiled, said, "Hallo! what are you doing here in command of this bunch?"

He was a friend of his, who told that the reason for the hold was, that many of the French people had been taking his men off in cars, filling them with wine and relieving them of their cash.

Another time he was upon a tour of inspection in St. Die. The battlefield hdq's were situated in some woods, composed of dagoes. A new hdq's company was coming that night to relieve the old company. The chance was to be at midnight, officially, it was to be 2 o'clock. At 2 o'clock, German artillery opened up with a terrific barrage. It was the first time they had started anything like this as it was considered a quiet sector. They had shelled the men, and the colonel make it seem worse. If a shell had struck his dog out, it would have been tap for him. The hdq's were in a valley and the enemy of the artillery, shell was brought in. Sullivan, a great favourite with the troops, was found dead on his machine gun seat with half his side torn off; it wasn't noticed until they touched him on the back and he fell over.

In passing a group of soldiers route marching, the roads would be either muddy or dusty, mostly dusty in France. The Major would always pass someone we pass these boys, we don't want to give them our dust. Other cars were noticed flying past, leaving a cloud behind. We have known the inconvenience and discomfort it gave to an outfit, who had been marching for miles with their packs and gun slung across their back. It was the Major's way of trying to make it easier for them.

At one time he was held up at a railway crossing. Near the car was an old Frenchman sitting in the dirt. "Hallo, Père, how are you?" said the Major cheerfully. "Yes, we'll be along," the reason "We are going to the south," the same thing. The Major had given all the corn. He said to him on the day before, so he gave him one of his own, a favorite at that, a Dumplin. It was a happy Frenchman left behind.

Thinking of it, and helping too many all the time, combined with overwork, the Doctor told him point blank that he had to go away and ordered ten days sick leave. He decided to go to Neustrville. En route in the train from Paris, was a Captain in the corridor, talking with another officer, both
in the Red Cross. The Captain was a New York lawyer. Noticing the Major seated in a compartment as they were passing, the Captain said to his friend "Look, that is Major Straight, one of the best men we have for organizing in the army. If we had him at the head of the Red Cross, you would notice a big difference". Many months later, the same Captain being asked if he remembered the incident, "Yes, I can see Major Straight sitting there now, he was one of the finest men that I ever knew, his passing was a disaster to the country'.

The Major seemed to know someone everywhere he went. It might be on a liner, a train, canal boat or any remote place, he was always meeting someone, all types of people. He had a wonderful memory as well as for remembering names of peoples.

His sick leave was too brief. He returned and was ordered to duty with the 1st Army at Ligny. While there, he spoke of peace and said, "My guess is, that it will be over before Christmas and I shall be glad to get out of it".

He still continued to give away lots of presents to different officers, the things that were useful, to add to their comfort, not things that he was throwing away. Many an officer, new to the job, had good reason to thank the Major for the different things. He always gave for the pleasure of giving, not for a purpose. He liked to share any of his gifts too. Sometimes a box of cigars would be sent him. Sealed a box arrived instead. He would say, "Well, someone is getting the benefit of them anyway". He would excuse. His gifts were always practical, as well as planned. In 1916 in England, he had a soda fountain sent to Glenside for the wounded. Just what was needed; it had not been thought of before. His reactions to a situation was prompt and effective. In 1913, on his way to Cornell to attend a memorial to his friend, Mr. H. Schoellkopf, with a group of guests. In the smoking room of the private car in which he was taking his friends, a boy had stolen himself away behind a chair. They were wondering what to do when the Major came in and saw the boy. The first thing he said to the weeping boy, "Are you hungry?" He took him alone to the kitchen and after the boy had eaten, he asked where his home was. At the next stop, he telegraphed the boy's parents, that the boy was coming on a train that he had arranged, paid the boy's fare, gave him money to go along, also some advice about running away from home.

The Major was not the ordinary man and people who came in contact with him, seemed to be controlled by his personality and did things subconsciously by being with him. It must have been the case, for they wouldn't have thought of the things, if he had not been there. He was the leader always and did the thinking for many. Had he been able to do his own thinking those last days, he would be here now.

The seeds that he sowed while here, will always live to benefit many others. It is up to those who knew him for what he was and did for them as well as his principles, to protect and keep alive those principles. The W. J. A. is one living proof.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
1. **Straight as a friend.**

For two long years I had been without promotion. This fact depressed me deeply, not only because a much needed rise in pay was not forthcoming but the more so because I imagined it to be a sign of displeasure with my work on the part of my superiors. I was too sensitive to let my friends see my grievance and tried hard to bear up a smiling face when in their presence. But one afternoon when having tea alone with Straight, he suddenly said:

"Look here old chap, what's up - you could not hide things from me, speak out."

"I am about to resign and will go back to Norway," I said, "things are not coming my way as I had hoped for." "Cheer up," he rejoined, "You have forgotten you have friends."

Nothing further was said on the subject, but the next day I learned that Straight had gone to Peking on business. He had - three days afterwards a despatch brought me a substantial promotion and, besides, one of those highly valued small personal letters from Sir Robert Hart, which could bring a junior's heart to burst with pride. Mine had an extra gallop from gratitude towards Straight.

II. **Straight in work.**

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foot with the post bag on my back. Straight had depicted this incident so humorously and at the same time so true to life that it would have created laughter and admiration had the cartoon with its accompanying little ditty been reproduced in Life or Punch. I kept these treasures for years, but they were unfortunately lost during one of my later travels.

Straight was at his best at this dinner. Never had his quick wits or oratory talents surpassed what he produced on that occasion, and we were kept extremely busy the whole time by having to reply to his numerous replies and speeches. Straight, of course, acted as toast-master himself and he did not spare anybody with his witty and good humored interruptions. After dinner we were all presented with souvenirs - all original and artistic as only Straight could produce them. The evening was closed with an improvised concert to the accompaniment of our host's mandolin.

V. **Our last handshake.**

It was two years after, my wife and I were riding in rickshaws towards the summer palace in Peking, when a huge grey motor car overtook us and was just brushing by when a familiar voice shouted out "Hello, old Bloxy" and before I knew Straight jumped out of the car and we were warmly shaking hands. He had not forgotten his friends - the big financier representing one of the most powerful financial groups in the world did not deem it below his dignity to stop his car and exchange a few cordial words with the little diplomat from the interior of China. It was Straight all over - nothing too big to tackle - nothing too small to overlook, and therefore, when the bugle called the boys to the colours in the biggest struggle ever existed, Straight came forth at once - of course he did - he would not have been the Straight I knew if he did not.

Nils Jugl Blix

Moukden, October 1st, 1919.
From M. Charles Bourcôme, Haemremont, France.

Le mort de Monsieur Le Major Straight survint très peu de temps après son séjour à Haemremont m'a causé ainsi qu'à ma famille la plus grande peine; car il était de ces hommes dont le souvenir ne s'éteint qu'avec la vie de ceux qui les ont vus.

Nous avions beaucoup apprécié cette nature si élevée d'intelligence, et de sentiments nobles.

Pendant le temps qu'il a été reçu parmi nous, il avait su gagner toutes les admiratives sympathies, et je pourrais citer bien des traits de sa délicatesse ainsi que des témoignages de son amour pour notre pays qu'il était si noblement venu défendre.

Il menait à Haemremont une vie de travail intense; mais quand il pouvait nous donner quelques moments de causerie intime, avec quel intérêt profond nous l'écouterions. Quelle joie pour nous de trouver cette similitude de goûts, d'opinions, de préférences artistiques et littéraires chez un étranger qui dès les premiers jours de son entrée dans notre intérieur était l'ami de la Maison, l'ami de la cause, l'ami de la France.

Son grand espoir dans l'avenir victorieux de notre pays redonnait à tous ceux qui l'écoutaient la confiance et la patience que les succèsifs événements malheureux venaient si souvent ébranler.

Et avec quelle joie profonde il nous parlait de sa famille qu'il désirait tant revoir.

L'on sentait quand il parlait de Madame Straight et de ses beaux enfants qu'il était constamment près d'eux en pensée malgré le grand éloignement et les occupations qui absorbent tout son temps.

Il n'a pas été pour moi et ma famille l'étranger qui passe; il a été celui qui a passé en laissant un souvenir inoubliable de grande admiration.

---------------------------------------------

My dear Mrs. Straight:

Personalities count so much more than incidents, and, as I try to write some memories of Mr. Straight's student life, I find that not many separate incidents emerge out of the haze of the past; rather do I see the keen forceful being, the searcher after new impressions and wider experiences, the leader in the activities of student life.

But I can remember so well the first day that Willard Straight came into my class, - a tall upstanding young man, with head set finely on his shoulders, and with eyes that looked keenly and straight into yours, eyes that were, watchful, kindly and true. I set him at the task of drawing a figure of Dante, and saw immediately a promise, for he followed suggestions with avidity and understanding. Even from the first he showed the analytical mind, for, unlike most students when it seems so difficult to persuade to analyse in mass - to go to detail from mass - to learn that the little should be weighed against the big and not the big against the little, he grasped this important element at once. This was always his strength - to grasp essentials. From the first, also, the Art side of Architecture appealed to him more than the more mechanical, or that which suggests engineering. Therefore he soon became one of the strongest in drawing in the strongest group that I have ever had in that subject since coming to Cornell.

In those days we were at the beginning of a new regime in the College of Architecture. The art side of Architecture had been entirely neglected. With our new director, Prof. A. B. Trowbridge, at the helm, this was remedied, and Mr. Straight's class was the first to enter under Prof. Trowbridge's regime. But we had not yet fully established what has since become part and parcel of our College curriculum. For instance, we had no life-class. This the students, themselves, saw the need of, and here was where Mr. Straight not only showed his clear insight, but also his leadership, for he was the head of a group of students who hired a model, asked me to criticize their work, and who not three evenings a week and drew (tired after a day's work) and without getting University credit. Willard Straight was treasurer, and conducted all the business. He, with André Smith (since become a
well-known etcher) and Mr. Ackerman (now one of our foremost architects) did the best work in this devoted group. And they had such a good time working. We were all one big family. Dean Trowbridge and Prof. Van Holt (Prof. of design) joined the class with the students, and they worked and sang, and in all and everything Willard Straight was the guiding spirit.

The architects became famous for their spirit all over the University. As I once heard one old graduate say: "The only College in the University that has a real College spirit is the College of Architecture."

This spirit was established by Willard Straight's class, and in this he was decidedly the leader. Furthermore, all the traditions of the College were started by this class.-- traditions of fun, of seriousness.

Before Dean Trowbridge's time, the College had been ruled by the traditions of a grammar school. No conversation was allowed, no fun. Therefore the students worked only the required minutes, and, as soon as the hour was up, pencil and pen and T square were dropped, and the work abandoned at whatever stage it might be in. And it was not thought of again until the next day. At 5 P.M. sharp, all work ceased.

Not so when Mr. Trowbridge came; the College became the home, the club, the gathering place. Work was done for work's sake and was kept up until 10 P.M. and after.

But, to do that, a feeling of liberty, of unrestraint, of a good time, must be introduced; and no classes could have been gotten together which could have been more fitted to take hold of this new spirit than Willard Straight's.

Song, good-natured mirth and horse-play, yes even good-natured scamps were indulged in.

But a spirit of guidance must also be felt, otherwise all might turn into an unruly mob. The students preferred to guide themselves. Therefore "tankings" (since one of the most valued features of self-government) was instituted.

I have no other authority but that of judging from other things, but Willard Straight was probably also the instigator of this custom.

Two large tanks, about 5 ft sq. and 2 ft deep, had been built so that large sheets of drawing paper might be stretched. Here was a golden means for summary justice.

If a student infringed on any of the College rules, for instance in the use of our valuable library books; if he ran counter to student rules of class conduct, for instance refusing to "sing" for the upper classmen; if he was overbearing, discourteous, or thought himself superior to his fellows; he was taken before a tribunal chosen by his fellows, tried before a jury, and if found guilty, was lifted (in whatever clothes he might have on, be it summer or winter) and heaved into the tank and raised up and down until the punishment was considered sufficient.

I might say, to show the good nature of the proceedings, that it was considered quite legitimate for the victim to pull his executioner in after him.

The effect of tanking was most salutary and beneficial. It had a democratic, levelling influence, for airs have never been tolerated since in the College of Architecture, and infringements of rules are rare because of the wholesome respect for "tankings." The annual "boat-ride" was also started by 2 or 3 of this class, and, of course, Willard Straight was one of these. This ride was for the purpose of fostering good fellowship and comradeship between all the students and also with the faculty, for they were also invited to come. In the open, playing games, eating a lunch of "hot dogs" (roasted over a brush-wood fire) cheese, rolls, and hot coffee, what could be more ideal for promoting good fellowship?

Life was also (as Mr. Ackerman writes to me) a great adventure to Willard Straight in the serious as well as the luxurious. Let me relate some of the pranks indulged in. Some of these involved the entire University; others concerned only our own College; but all of them made the College of Architecture stand out among the other Colleges. There is always a rivalry between the different Colleges. So Willard Straight conceived of the idea that if it were allowed to "leak" out that the Mechanical Engineers intended to have a scrap with the Law students, and also to have it "leak" out that the College of Law meant to have a scrap with Sibley College at a certain time on a certain day, there might be some fun worth watching. Between
classes there is an interval of 10 minutes to allow for going from one class to another. So the stage was properly set for one of these intervals.

Sure enough, at 11 o'clock one day the students of law were gathered in a compact body at their end of the campus, and the engineers at theirs. One waited for the other, and then the Sibley men started across at a run.

There was a beautiful scrap which was hugely enjoyed by the Architectural students who sat perched up high in the windows of the third floor of Lincoln Hall, cheering lustily and impartially for both sides.

Of course Willard Straight was loaded for his cleverness, and he, equally of course, enjoyed much the fruits of his deep plot. These ruses between Boardman Hall and Sibley became fixed traditions, and continued long after Willard Straight graduated. Finally, for fear of bitterness creeping in, a truce was arranged, good feeling established, and to show that the tomahawk was buried the Engineers went to a lecture on law, and the Lawyers went to a lecture on engineering. The Professors in each subject never batted an eye, but gravely lectured to uncomprehending ears, and wickedly insisted on the full hour. This was a little more than bargained for, but even professors are sometimes bright. Much would the author have enjoyed the outcome and climax of his plot.

Willard Straight conceived of the idea that there should be one distinctive College of Architecture Day. St. Patrick's Day was chosen, and, to show no partiality, orange and green colored banners were flung to the breeze in equal prominence; sometimes a green shamrock on a green flag. Long orange and green streamers were fastened all over Lincoln Hall, hung horizontally from window to window.

One year a 12 ft. St. Patrick was painted and hung out of the window on the side of the building with a great splash, 50 ft. long, chasing after him. In the afternoon these were taken down, and carried in solemn procession around the campus.

St. Patrick's Day was a regular College affair until the Catholics were so offended that Pres. Schuman requested that the feature should be abolished, which was good-naturedly done about 5 years ago.

Willard Straight was one of the editors of the "Cornell Widow." This was made in one year, from an uninteresting and rather stupid affair, into one of the wittiest and most humorous college publications.

The famous "Little Willy" series was conceived of and illustrated by Willard Straight and Andre Smith. They created such a furor that they were quoted and copied in the papers all over the country. Soon "Little Willy" verses were composed as an answer to or continuance of the Cornell Widow series.

I remember one (ill. by Willard Straight) which ran something like this:

"Little Willy hung his sister;\nShe was dead before they missed 'er.\nWilly's allus up to tricks\nAint he cuter he's only six."

There was a famous Professor of English (now long since dead) by the name of Corman, Hiram Corman. He was much of a character at Cornell. It was in the days of the song:

"High up in the coconut tree. Willard Straight made a drawing of Prof. Corman, with his long beard, (any one would recognize the portraiture) sitting up in a coconut tree, and underneath was the title; "My up in the coconut tree."

There was one joke about me, of which I always suspected Willard Straight to be the author:

"Freshman; What is the picture that Mr. Brumner is painting lately?\nHop: 't is that represents the Fall of the Angels.'\nFresh: 'Well, it certainly does look like Holi.'"

"Spring Day" was also largely conceived in his fertile brain. This is now an annual affair at Cornell. Athletic affairs was ever in need of money. So a sort of circus was devised with tents and side-shows; no change was allowed, and much money was made which was all turned over to the athletic associations.

But life was also a serious adventure. Much was to be learned and sought. The routine of the College of Architecture did not suffice, and thus Willard Straight
reached out, and hence his interest in and friendship for Prof. Morse Stephens. Of his relations with him you know probably more than I can tell you. Most of all, though, as it seemed to me, was his actively interested in art. He drew always, and made many portrait sketches of the different professors that might interest him. These were done with great skill, and some of them were published in the College publications.

He was one of 3 or 4 who would get up early in the morning and make a sketch before breakfast; afterwards making an 8 o'clock on "The Hill."

In the summer he was forever sketching, and you know to what good account he turned this practice in the exquisite drawings he made in China.

His interest in art led him, in his senior year, to specialize in decoration. He had, indeed, a strong decorative sense. This he showed even in the portrait he made of me one day in my studio. Mrs. Breuer considers this the best portrait ever made of me.

His interest in art, and his feeling of the great need for it here, was the reason for his giving so cheerfully his check to me for 250 dollars some years ago, so that we might arrange a room for exhibition purposes.

He was a gracious and graceful host. Mrs. Breuer and I remember with pleasure the dinners we had with him in his fraternity house.

But his wonderful loyalty was his greatest feature to me. He never forgot; and, when he had made his mark, he remembered his old friends, among whom was the writer of this.

A little thing, yes, but to me it meant much to have him remember his old instructor once in a while by sending him a box of delicious cigars, and that when he had so much to think of and with so many things on his mind. This loyalty he bore to his Alma Mater in the highest degree, and all feel that Cornell lost greatly when she lost Willard Straight.

As for his old instructor in the art he loved so well, he will always consider
Mr. Chairman - President Farrand - Ladies and Gentlemen:

I suppose the correct thing to do on an occasion of this kind would be for me to deliver a formal address on the Life and Career of WILLARD STRAIGHT, but I would rather be less formal and somewhat more intimate; and with a few rambling remarks I shall endeavor to recall to our minds and to describe the STRAIGHT whom we knew as an undergraduate - the man whom we loved and admired.

As I look back I can see him in my mind now, striding across this campus - a tall, young man with winning smile and vivid eyes - calling out a cheerful greeting with a wave of the hand to a friend, chuckling audibly over a mutual joke with his companion and continuing on to his class appointment, where always cheerful and always actively engaged he carried through the tasks of the day. I suppose STRAIGHT was the most active person in a constructive way whom I have ever known.

My first acquaintance with him occurred in the early part of my Freshman year when he, a Sophomore, came to call on me in my humble quarters over here on University Avenue. I was impressed immediately with the appeal of his personality and as our acquaintance grew to friendship I acquired an admiration and affection for him which I have never lost.

As a student STRAIGHT might have made a very brilliant record. He had powers of quick intellectual absorption and an unusual memory, but he chose to consider his classroom studies as incidental to his education and not the whole purpose of his being here. His was a broader education than that acquired solely from books. He had the unusual ability and inclination of discriminating between the essential and the unessential and he always chose to ignore the unessential.

Studying architecture as he did, he was constantly observing and recording both pictorially and by written work and as a draftsman and caricaturist he excelled.

He never seemed quite to catch up with his work which was much greater in extent than that of the average student, but he always completed essential tasks on time. He was the despair of his instructors and fellow students in design, as a problem which was supposed to take many days of mighty effort to solve and to render would frequently be left untouched by him until the last day when within twenty-four hours he might complete the task and, while not always winning first place, his solution was usually ranked among the best.

In all social activities of the University, STRAIGHT took a leading part. He was a member of the many clubs and societies to which one of his time might be eligible. He was, who with a small group of his classmates originated and organized the First Spring Day. Spring Day, as you know, has ever since been an annual event at Cornell although I fear in its present colossal form it has lost somewhat the spontaneity of play, the encouragement of which was its first purpose.

He was a leader and a power in the Chapter affairs of his Fraternity. The fraternities here, as you know, correspond to family life in the outside world. Instead of Father, Mother, Uncle and Aunt, there are elected officers to preside over the destinies of the family group. In his upper-class days, STRAIGHT was all of these in one and was beside the under-classman who failed to abide by the established standards of dress and deportment and the little niceties of life which go with right living.

As an undergraduate WILLARD STRAIGHT profited by his varied social and intellectual activities and left the University well equipped to begin the career in which he made such a splendid record. And Cornell is the better for having fostered a man who stood for and lived up to the ideals which were his.

Now it was my purpose to confine these brief remarks to the period of STRAIGHT'S collegiate life, but an incident occurs me in connection with STRAIGHT'S later career which bears so directly on his life here that I wish to speak of it.

At the time when this country was preparing to enter the world war, I spent a week-end with STRAIGHT at his Westbury home. He was debating in his mind just what part he should endeavor to take in service to the cause. He had already spent the past two summers at considerable personal sacrifice at the Plattsburgh Training Camp in the organization of which he had assisted particularly in stimulating interest and activity among College graduates. He stated that in view of his past efforts, and his connection with the Training Camp, he should be consistent and enlist for military service abroad. I endeavored to point out to him that with his talent as an executive and previous experience he would probably be of greater service to the cause as a civilian than as an active participant in the military forces abroad. He enlisted, however, and, as we know, rendered brilliant service abroad. Whether he was right or wrong we do not know, but we do know that he was sincerely and courageously loyal to his ideal - the same ideal that prompted his activities as an undergraduate - UNSELFISH SERVICE to his fellows.
W. D. STRAIGHT --- IN GEORGE CARY, ARCHT'S OFFICE --- July - Aug. 1900
Jan. - Feb. 1901

It was during the Pan-American year in Buffalo, at which time J. M.
Carrere, Walter Cook, J. G. Howard, E. S. Peabody, G. F. Shepley, and two other
local architects besides myself were working up the drawings for the Exposition
Buildings, that I wrote to Cornell University to send me on some of their strong
students, if only for their vacations.

Ackerman (now of Trowbridge & Ackerman) had graduated and came on
remaining with me a year, while Willard Straight came on for the summer and June
vacations 1900 -01, through the recommendation of his fellow student, Ackerman,
and though with me only three or four months he worked with keen interest on the
Mission Building; the Ethnology Building, which stood opposite the Temple of
Music in which McKinley was assassinated; and the New York State
building, (in front of which stood Mrs. Paine Whitney's statue of "Aspiration")
now the Buffalo Historical Society Building, the only remaining building of the
Pan-American Exposition.

He was so keenly interested in his architectural work that he
preferred working in the office nights, to outside social attractions that were
offered him, and impressed me as being a man of high principles, very observing,
and having the eyes for seeing, and his manly straight-forward manner in look­
ing you straight in the eye when spoken to made you feel his strong, lovable
personality, in other words - To know Willard Straight was to love him.

George Cary, Archt.
184 Delaware Ave.,
Buffalo, N. Y.


My dear Dorothy:

I am most happy that you have cared to
ask me to contribute my recollections to the life of
our dear Willard. I must have a certain number of let­
ters from him on business matters among my papers. Un­
fortunately I have brought nothing here; whatever I have
preserved is in Europe; no one but myself could find it,
and the date of my return is uncertain. All that I can
do, therefore, is to draw on my memory.

I have a very definite recollection of the day
when I made his acquaintance. I was Charge d'affaires
at Peking, so it must have been in the Spring of 1902 -
at one of those garden parties which Sir Robert Hart
gave every Wednesday to the diplomatic circle. I saw a
blond young man come in, very tall, very slight, and
very much at his ease, a happy, good-looking fellow
whose very fresh color made his face still more attrac­
tive, and distinguished him from the people who had lived
some time in China and taken on a Chinese hue. I re­
cord this detail because I remember being struck by it.
I recollect also that he was dressed entirely in brown,
with a big sombrero of the same color. Sir Robert in­
troduced him to me: "Mr. Willard Straight, my private
I talked with this young man; he told me that he came from Nanking, where he had learned the rudiments of Chinese; he had been called thence to Peking to take up his new duties with his chief.

Sir Robert Hart did him much honor in calling him to work with him in this close personal relation. Sir Robert Hart was a keen judge of men, a great organizer and a great worker. His private secretary was carefully chosen from the young men of whom their chiefs had given an especially good account, and was always someone whom he wished to know better, and to form according to his personal ideas. So one can say that Willard Straight had even at this time been noticed by his chief.

Of the second time that I saw Willard I have an equally clear memory; it was some days later. The French soldiers of the Army of Occupation of Petchili had organized a theatrical troupe, and a Revue where all the notabilities of China appeared in turn. This Revue was given in the Peking Club. During an intermission a surprise was announced; two imposing negro minstrels appeared on the stage and sang to a banjo accompaniment. At the end of their number they stepped down from the stage, and as I was presiding at this French festival they came up to talk to me. It was Willard and his friend Thomas Haskins, another promising young American who was at the time studying to be an interpreter at the United States Legation; three years later, when he had risen to the position of "Chinese Secretary" he died in a few hours of sunstroke. Who could have believed that these two magnificent young men, so light hearted, so full of humor that they made the whole room ring with Homeric laughter would both come to a tragic end in the prime of life!

His occupations and my own were such that I could not follow Willard closely at this time. We saw each other often, but not very intimately, talking more of sport and amusement than of business. He nevertheless impressed me by his intelligence, by the charm and amiability that he showed in all his intercourse, and by his character - the most attacking that I have ever met in any man - which won you by the profound honesty and the perfect uprightness of his feelings and ideas.

These remarkable qualities had already struck
me at this time. Since I have lived with him like a brother I can say that he is perhaps the only man I have known so intimately whom I have never heard express an idea which was not fine, and perfectly straight and frank.

He left Peking towards 1903, it seems to me, to go first, I believe, to Corea as Deputy Consul General; then, in 1904, to follow the Russo-Japanese War as correspondent of a New York paper; then to become the private secretary of Mr. Edwin V. Morgan in Corea; finally in 1906, I believe, he was appointed United States Consul General at Mukden.

In 1906 France and England, having decided to cease competition in the construction of Chinese railways, had favored the creation by the banking interests of a Franco-English Company; the "Chinese Central Railways," which was to negotiate through two representatives, one French and one English, the constructions of certain railways, and the loans necessary to their construction. J.O.P. Bland represented England, and I, myself, represented France.

As I had been urged by the Chinese Government to interest France in the situation of Manchuria I decided to go there, in September of October, 1907. I knew that Willard was at Mukden, and wrote to ask him to put me up when I arrived. He was living with George Marvin, in that temple at the city gate where I believe, my dear Dorothy, you yourself made his acquaintance. I found the young man I had known in the past singularly matured. In the tranquil city of Mukden he was indulging all his artistic tastes; he was illustrating the book that my colleague, Bland, was writing just at that time on House Boat Life; he was riding and taking part in every sort of sport.

His home was the centre of the small Mukden society, where everybody liked him. I remember the beautiful horse-back rides we had to the tombs of the first Tsing Emperors, and our wild gallops in the park which surrounds them, and a dinner with the good, fat Episcopalian Bishop of Baltimore, where the poor man seemed really overcome by our gaiety. But it was not merely a life of pleasure; Willard never sacrificed serious matters to pleasure. It was really at Mukden that he began to take part in the large affairs with which he was afterwards intimately associated; and if I insist on the visit I paid him at this time, it is because the
visit marked the beginning of our intimacy, and because Willard has often told me that it had a decisive influence on his life.

For some years, both as an official in Corea and as a war correspondent, Willard had been strongly impressed by the more and more complete control imposed by the Japanese and the Russians in Manchuria, in spite of the oft repeated declarations by which the two governments guaranteed the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Willard's spirit of justice, and the high idealism which was the foundation of his character, had been aroused by the wrong committed at the expense of the weak and defenceless Chinese by the two greedy Powers who surrounded them on the North and East. Furthermore, he had all the more tendency to defend China because of the policy of the American Government had been defined by Secretary Hay some years before as that of the "open door," and of "equal opportunities."

At Mukden he had found as High Commissioner of the Chinese Government one of the last, best and wisest Counsellors of the Empire; Shu-She-Chang. With him there was a Taotai, who has since become famous for his intrigues and his treasonable acts; Tang-Shao-Yi. At this time success had not gone to Tang-Shao-Yi's head. He was an extremely clever and a highly cultivated man who had been educated in an American University, spoke English perfectly, and was supposed to have much experience in European affairs.

Tang-Shao-Yi was a former Taao-ta of the customs at Tien-Tsin, and a confidant of Yuan-Che-Kai, and had been sent to Mukden to try to defend Manchuria against the daily encroachments of the Russians and Japanese. Willard was very ready to help him. A great intimacy grew up between them so naturally that Tang-Shao-Yi as he came to know the absolute reliability of his character, made him a confidant of all his thoughts.

Willard's tact, and the magnetism which flowed from him made him a particularly valuable helper, for the Consul General of Japan and that of Russia were under his charm, and lived on the best of terms with him. He even had a familiar acquaintance with the German Consul General.
for the improvement of the province and for the construction of railways reserved to China alone. I left a memorandum with Willard on this subject, which must be among his papers, wherein we proposed, by means of an international syndicate, to construct railroads reserved to the Chinese government in Manchuria. Later Willard Straight told me that he had spoken of this project to Mr. Harriman, who had been interested in it but unfortunately, died before he was able to begin to carry it through.

I have mentioned that J.O.P. Bland, who represented the British and Chinese Corporation and the Chinese Central Railways in China, was one of Mr. Straight’s friends and that they collaborated in a book; he was to be intimately connected with these affairs later on that I must speak of him here. He was an Irishman, a former official of the Chinese Customs, which he had left to become secretary of the International Concession of Shanghai.

While serving in this capacity Mr. Bland had gained so much influence over the Municipal Council of the Concession that he practically ruled it as an autocrat. He had, moreover, exercised this control with rare intelligence and for the general good. His qualities of hard work and perfect honesty made him highly esteemed. He had a ready pen, a lively and penetrating mind, and much wit, but such a sharp wit that he had lost more than one friend for the pleasure of making a bon mot. He was extremely combative and obstinate, and never forgave his enemies.

Mr. Bland had a profound knowledge of the Chinese tongue and of Chinese personalities. He was an intimate friend of Tang-Shao-Yi; like this Mandarin he loathed the Japanese, liked the Russians not at all, and wanted to defend China against them. He was a resolute partisan of the policy of the "open door," which was defended by England as well as by the United States. But he did not have confidence, as Mr. Straight and I did, in the policy of internationalization. Although he had quite recently - in conformity with an understanding that had been arranged between the British-Chinese Corporation which he represented, and the German banks - signed the contract of the Tientsin Park Railroad, in agreement with the Germans, he greatly dreaded German expansion, and with characteristic independence maintained that he should keep for England the greatest
possible share in all the concessions which could be wrung out of China. I must add that in relation to myself Mr. Bland always showed himself a most loyal collaborator and that he always strictly observed the engagements that existed between France and England.

The most dangerous of the means of domination established by the Russians and the Japanese in China was the Chinese Eastern Railway, of which the ownership had passed, in the south of Manchuria as far as Kowang-Chang Tze to the Japanese, and north of this point to the Russians. Certain branch-line rights had been conceded and others reserved to China, but the latter could not make use of them; both the Russians and the Japanese always united in putting obstacles in China's way when she wished to use her right to construct an auxiliary line. Accordingly, to oppose these railways and draw a line which might stop Japanese expansion in Mongolia Tang-Shao-Yi thought of creating a railroad from Kingdom to Hain-Tien and to Aigun on the river Lune.

This railroad was to follow a route in Mongolia undoubtedly to the west of the sphere of influence which the Chinese had in their own minds, assigned to the Japanese. The Chinese considered, in fact, that the rights conceded to Japan and Russia ended at the frontier of the three Manchurian provinces: Mukden, Kirin and Tsitsihar, consequently excluding all Mongolia.

The new line, which traversed a region definitely located in Mongolia, could therefore, in the opinion of the Chinese, be conceded to some foreign nation or other. These concessions were of such a complex nature that I am afraid I may make a few mistakes in names, with only memory to rely upon; but in any case I believe I am practically certain about the development of the facts.

American finance in 1907 was undoubtedly far from thinking of intervention in Chinese finance. Only two years previously Mr. J.P. Morgan had sold the Vice Roy of Hankow, the shares in the Hankow-Canton railway, that he had formerly bought from the King of Belgium, thus indicating that he had ceased to take an interest in Chinese affairs. Moreover, the sentiments of the United States Legation at Peking were not favorable to intervention. At this time the Legation was directed by one of the most remarkable diplomats which the United States has ever had, Mr. Henry Woodwill Rockhill. He was one of the men who knew China best, and had repre-
all financial arrangements, whatever their nature, would result in stirring up Chinese susceptibilities, and in the last analysis injure the liberty of China by increasing the debt of this Power and rendering the financial yoke which Europe had already imposed on her increasingly heavy.

Mr. Straight did not share these ideas for, generous though they were, they left China to accomplish unaided the financial regeneration which was so necessary to her. Though he was at bottom as idealistic as Mr. Rockhill, his ideas were more practical, and he realized that the participation of foreign capital was absolutely necessary to China; and that as this capital would certainly be loaned to her it was obviously to the interest of the United States to cooperate in the transaction, and obviously to the interest of China that she should do so; because of all the Powers which were interested in transactions of the kind, the United States was obviously the most disinterested.

As, however, they had no encouragement from the Legation at Peking, and were but little accustomed to foreign loans, American financiers had up to this time formed no group to deal with Chinese affairs. Willard Straight and Tang-Shao-Yi decided, under these cir-
circumstances, to approach J. O. Bland on the subject of interesting certain foreigners in the situation of Manchuria, and of the projected railway. Mr. Bland accordingly went to Mukden and received proposals for the construction of the railway - not, if I remember rightly, for the concession which had been given to America, but for the construction alone. Mr. Bland represented, as I have said, the British and Chinese Corporation, which was not only a financial group whose function was to assure and finance concessions, but an industrial group prepared to engage as contractor in construction.

This affair could not be accomplished secretly, without the consent of Russia and Japan, because of the European situation. At this period the Russo-Japanese war had given Russia and Japan a prestige which was certainly exaggerated in both cases, but real none-the-less. The Japanese victory, when closely examined, does not appear a glorious victory. Japan, with a navy greatly superior to the Russian navy; absolutely mistress of the sea, after the battle of Tsushima, and 48 hours from its supply base had only with difficulty been able to conquer the Russian army which was ill prepared, ill equipped badly armed and fighting without enthusiasm for a cause which it did not understand, six thousand miles from Russia with which - at the beginning of the war - it was united only by a railroad. And this railroad was badly constructed; the rails were too light for the traffic, which naturally required very heavy rolling stock; the line was single track almost throughout, and in any case in all the travaux d'art (N.B.) It was therefore a very fragile and not very valuable means of communication, yet the war had been a painful one, Japan had exhausted herself and gained but an uncertain victory.

The inference was therefore that Russia, for her part, was weak and that Japan, who had not been able to get the better of her save by exhausting herself, was scarcely stronger. Nevertheless, these two Powers, such as they were, were by their very geographical situation the two principal factors in the Far East. Under these circumstances no European power cared to quarrel with either one. Besides, the treaty which united France and Russia, and England to Japan did not permit the two countries most interested - geographically also - in the Far East to do anything there to which their allies might take exception.

N.B. (I do not know meaning.)
When, therefore, the British and Chinese Corporation had been notified of the proposition made by the Chinese to its representative, the Corporation had had to notify the Foreign Office, which in turn consulted Tokyo and Petersburg.

Russia formally refused the proposition, and Japan as well. Nevertheless, an English house, Paulding & Co., agreed to undertake the construction and its representative, Lord French, went to Petersburg to try to negotiate with Russia. But the Russian government intrenched itself behind the arrangement which had been made between Russia and England in 1895 (?), assuring Russia alone the right to build railways north of the Great Wall.

The Russian and Japanese governments refused likewise consent to any operation whose object was to finance Manchuria in a manner to permit the development of agriculture and mineral wealth by the Chinese. An American agricultural expert whom Mr. Willard Straight had helped the Chinese to engage, obtained no result after his arrival at Mukden. The Russians and the Japanese, in their anxiety to oppose the entrance of all other nations into Manchurian affairs, continued to assert that as they possessed special rights over the three provinces, they alone were entitled to furnish the funds for their development. Willard Straight did not, however, allow himself to be rebuffed by these difficulties, and carried on an active campaign to interest his American friends in China. Though, as I have said, the United States Minister to China did not share this point of view, this was not true of the first secretary of the Legation, Henry P. Fletcher, who on the contrary, understood all the advantage which both the United States and China would gain from the entrance of America into the consortiums which were being formed and extended.

Indeed a new factor appeared at the beginning of 1909; the entrance of Germany into the Anglo-French combination. This is how the incident occurred; it was of first rate importance because the United States henceforth remained the only great Power which held itself aloof from Chinese affairs.

The Anglo-French understanding, of which I have spoken above, had for principal object the construction of the railway from Hankow to Canton. This line had formerly been conceded by the Chinese government
negotiations seemed fairly well advanced, when, about January, 1909, we suddenly learned that Tohng Tohe Tong, then Chief Secretary of State, who had it in charge, had signed a preliminary contract with Mr. Henry Cordes, representing the Deutsch Asiatische Bank.

This was a thunderbolt for the English, and they protested. The Chinese replied that the terms of the contract proposed by the Germans were less severe than those which the British and Chinese Corporation had declared to be its last word. They had the right to give the business to the former, because the English had the preferential right only in case of equality of conditions.

But the question of the Hankow-Canton Line was so important to the English that an adjustment had to be reached. Mr. Bland, whose character had become too dis pleasing to the Chinese, was replaced as negotiator by G. Hillier, Director of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank Corporation at Peking, and a compromise was arranged.

The Chinese government granted the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank the concession of the railroad from Hankow to Ichang on the conditions accepted by the Germans for the Hankow Canton. Then an exchange of the two lines was arranged to a Belgian Consortium with King Leopold II at its head. The Chinese had ceded the concession to this neutral Power, fearing that the English might lay hands on the line in question, because of the proximity of Hong Kong to Canton. But King Leopold, being in need of money at a certain moment, had sold his shares to Mr. J. P. Morgan, and the latter, in turn, had offered them in 1905 to Tohng Tohe Tong, Viceroy of Hankow. This Viceroy, however, lacking money to pay for the purchase, had had to apply to England and borrow ¥ 200,000 from the Hong Kong government. This loan had been agreed to on condition that, in case China wished to raise a loan for the construction of the line in question, she would give the preference to England, other conditions being equal. Thus the very event which the Chinese had formerly feared took place; the English had acquired new rights to the Line.

For two years past, Mr. Bland, as representative of the British and Chinese Corporation, had been trying to obtain a decision from China to make the loan for the construction of this railway, and I was indirectly helping him to the best of my ability, because China had promised to call on England for such a loan. The
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between the English and the Germans; a single loan, in which the French group shared, covered the two lines. Such was the first Hukuan contract signed in May, 1909.

During the long negotiations Willard Straight had not been idle; in agreement with H.F. Fletcher he had used all his influence in the United States to induce American financiers to take part in Chinese affairs, and had more or less succeeded in shaking the inertia of his countrymen. During the Winter of 1908-1909, indeed, the representative of the International Banking Corporation at Shanghai had been sent to Peking to study the situation, and had paid me a call, in the course of which I had given him to understand that so far as I personally was concerned I was quite ready to see Americans enter into railway combinations in China.

The Hukuan Contract made this participation possible. After the Boxer troubles, as a matter of fact, negotiations had been undertaken by the Legations of England and the United States — each on its own account — to obtain a line which would follow the Yantze gorges and rejoin Itohng at Tohung-King, thus accomplishing the penetration of the Tae-Tchower. As the Chinese Government had taken advantage of the fact that

the two Legations were competing against one another to refuse the Line to both, it had been agreed that the Line should be divided between them. I was then Charge d'affaires in Peking and had been informed of the transaction by my colleagues. I had, therefore, warned Messrs. Hillier and Cordes, in the course of our recent negotiations, that American intervention was possible, as I knew that the Americans were disposed to enter into Chinese affairs. But the English and German representatives, having no faith in this change in American ideas, refused to believe me.

But the morning after the signing of the Hukuan Contract Mr. Rockhill, Minister at Peking, left for Petersburg, where he had been appointed Ambassador, and was replaced by Mr. Fletcher, as Charge d'affaires. Two days later the latter protested to the Chinese government and the English Legation against the concession of the Line to the English alone, and notified the signers — Hillier, Cordes and I — that an American group, supported by his Government was prepared to enter into the combination which was to finance and furnish the equipment of the Line. Some days later we learned that

After spending several days at Peking to get in touch with the English, German and French representatives, Willard Straight went to Russia to try to arrange the question of the Ching-Chow-Aigun. The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs was at that time Mr. Alexander Izvolsky, a panalavist without intelligence or flexibility, a violent, rude uncivilized person who detested America and the Americans. He received Willard Straight very ill and definitely refused all his proposals. I do not believe that the question has ever been settled since.

This refusal really embarrassed Mr. Willard Straight. The chief objection made by the English and the Germans to the entrance of the Americans into our combinations was that while we brought a contract in regular form to the enterprise, the Americans brought only vague rights and a financial participation which consisted chiefly in the issuing bank’s drawing a commission; for up to that time the American market had not absorbed foreign securities. Under these circumstances it was greatly to the interest of Willard Straight to offer a project for a definite contract in the name of his group; and the refusal of the Russians to allow the construction of the Ching-Chow-Aigun was a very serious blow.

But he turned in another direction. At the beginning of the year 1910 the Finance Minister of the Chinese Empire, Prince Tsai-Tao, went abroad. His visit began in the United States; the Prince studied the question of monetary reform which for some years past had been an object of special attention with the Americans. Some time before, in fact, one of the principal economists of the United States, Professor Jenks, who later became President of Cornell, had gone on a mission to China, and brought back a voluminous report in which he advised the adoption of the gold standard in the Empire. The Chinese who had sustained enormous losses in exchange when they had had to pay the Boxer indemnity, had not the least conception either of the cost or of the real difficulties in the change in the monetary
standard, and were attracted by the idea of becoming a country with a gold standard, like the great European nations. They had therefore received Professor Jenks' ideas very favorably. During his stay in America Prince T'ai Tao accordingly gave the American group the contract for the loan necessary to finance this reform. This was precisely what Willard Straight wanted; when the discussion arose as to the entrance of the Americans into the Consortium he would now have a contract to present in the name of his group.

For, though the European groups had agreed to the theory of American participation, it had never yet been definitely arranged. A modification of the Hukuang contract was needed to establish the amount of this participation which had been left very vague when the entrance of the Americans into the Hu-Kuang affair had been accepted in principle. During the Winter of 1909-1910 it was negotiated in Europe and in the Spring of 1910 was definitely arranged - for the Hu-Kuang Railroad and the monetary reform - at a meeting which took place in Paris, at which H.P. Davison, Paul Warburg and Willard Straight represented America.

Willard Straight then left for Peking, where I joined him in November and the negotiations began. It was then that his exceptional qualities as a diplomat could be appreciated at their full value.

His position was really much more difficult than it appeared, both as regards certain of his European colleagues and as regards the Chinese. For though I for my part was satisfied with the entrance of the Americans into our combination, the same was not true of my colleagues. In what concerned me as a Frenchman I could well congratulate myself. For in all these affairs I found myself isolated, between two more powerful partners. The situation of England as regards China, the prestige that she drew from the predominance of her commerce, made her the most influential Power. Germany's economic position was growing stronger every day; she was carrying on, in a form superficially favorable to China, a policy which was really regarded with fear, since the brutal annexation of Kiaochow and the reparations exacted after the Boxer troubles. She ranked as a Power, directly after England. As for France, desirous above all of keeping on good terms with China; showing herself constantly conciliatory in spite of the
incidents which were constantly happening, either because of the missions or at the Indo-Chinese frontier, she had a policy which often appeared too weak to the Chinese to be considered with the respect that the importance of France deserved. Thus, in the first Hu-Kuang convention, the French group that I represented had not entered on a footing of equality with the two others, but only as "associate of the English group." The entrance of the Americans was going to allow me to have the contract revised, and to reestablish equality between the groups.

The English and the Germans, on the other hand, were satisfied with their position and did not care to share it with a new-comer. They knew, moreover, that this newcomer, America, was a born protector of China, who came in without political views, and would always maintain the affairs into which she entered on a purely economic ground from which all selfish political maneuvering would be rigidly excluded.

What is more, America came bringing a contract, the monetary reform, which was not at all pleasing to Mr. Guy Hillier and Mr. Cordes, who were simply bankers.

Though the confusion and the difficulty of the question of exchange, resulting from the great variety of coinage in use in China, rendered industrial and commercial affairs very difficult, even dangerous, the business of exchange gave the Banks very appreciable and very certain profits; Messrs. Hillier and Cordes, who were practical men, too conservative perhaps, feared they might see the profits of the Banks diminished by a reform. In both London and Berlin the opinion of Messrs. Cordes and Hillier was shared. They had even persuaded Paris to take the same view. I myself was not of their way of thinking; I believed that the monetary reform, by facilitating business in China, would very naturally increase its volume, and bring about a corresponding development of the banks.

So if I was the natural ally of Willard Straight this was not the case with my colleagues, who had to be made to understand and agree that the monetary reform - which was the thing the Chinese cared most about - should come before the Hu-Kuang contract; for it was only at this price that the Chinese would consent to revision.

As regards the Chinese themselves, the situa-
tion was not easy. In order to satisfy the legitimate desire of the four nations in question, each to have a sufficient share in the Hu-Kuang railroad, it was necessary to obtain, if not a definite contract for the extension of the railway as far as Tcheng-Tu, capital of Sse Tchuen, at least a promise of the extension of the line to this capital. The Chinese, who always hesitate to engage themselves definitely, were scarcely disposed to grant this prolongation, all the more that they regarded the syndicate then being formed with a certain suspicion. As they had been accustomed to a policy which consisted in setting foreign nations one against the other, they did not understand the interest they might have in seeing them united. They did not understand that if the foreign Powers were bound together by a contract all pretensions to a selfish policy were thereby renounced. On the contrary the Chinese feared that the union of the foreigners would have no other object and result than to strangle China more easily.

As Willard Straight represented in the Consortium the Power whom the Chinese knew to be interested in the Hu-Kuang railroad, it was evidently his task to persuade them that the understanding of the Powers was, on the contrary, to the advantage of China, and would furnish them with considerable capital on the most favorable possible terms.

But Willard had still another difficulty to settle, this of an entirely personal nature. The suspicion which the American Group had encountered in the European banks had been somewhat shared by the diplomats. At any rate there did not exist between the French and American political representatives in China that mutual confidence which is indispensable to the success of affairs carried on in common. Here was a serious difficulty for Willard Straight and for me. It was overcome because these two men, who were equally intelligent and straightforward, were made to understand one another. But the rapprochement between Mr. William J. Calhoun, United States Minister, and M. de Margerie, Minister of France, was due to the tact and diplomacy of Willard Straight. They did not know each other. Willard Straight first brought them together intimately at his own house. But he did better. A few intimate friends who lived in Peking, Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun, M. de Margerie, Major and Mrs. Russell, M. and Mme D. de Mendoza, Lord Archibald, Willard Straight and myself met once a week at the house of each member in turn. Here we discussed with passion,
like Pico della Mirandola 'de omni re scriibili et de quibusdam allis,' politics, political economy, philosophy, history, above all the American and French Revolutions. [This club did more to create good relations between the United States and France in Chinese affairs than could the most solemn of treaties.]

The unusual qualities constantly displayed by Willard Straight, his good sense, his imagination, his adaptability which always found means to resolve a momentary difficulty without abruptness could not fail to strike men of the calibre of G. Hillier and H. Cordes. Willard Straight had brought in Dr. Gattrell, as a colleague of the American group; he was an eminent sinologue, an adviser full of good sense, who knew China perfectly and was very much esteemed by the Chinese. Soon both had so completely won the confidence of their colleagues that the latter put the drawing up of the minutes of the meetings in their hands, and the very delicate matter of drawing up the Chinese text of the proposed contracts.

Thus in the Spring of 1912 were signed first the contract for the monetary reform, and then the new Hu-Kuang contract, under conditions very satisfactory to all the parties concerned.

The following Summer was a time of rest; Willard Straight left to marry in Europe. On his return the revolution began, with difficulties of a new order.

In the early days it seemed as if the revolt which was taking place in the South and the Yangtze valley might easily be overcome. It did not apparently differ from other movements of the same kind which had not seriously shaken the dynasty. It was certainly not as menacing to the Europeans as the Boxer trouble had been in 1900. Willard Straight and I believed that if the Regent took appropriate measures, if he entrusted the power to a strong statesman, the Manchu dynasty was in no way lost. We thought also that we had nothing to gain from the Revolution. For some months the negotiations that we had to carry on had been placed in the hands of relatively capable Mandarins, like Tsai Tao.
and Sheng Kung Fao. They had succeeded, and it seemed as if the Manchus were definitely started on the road to reform. We were firmly convinced that the country was not ripe for a republic which would only lead to anarchy, and we believed that under these conditions if the Manchus would decide to entrust the government to a good Prime Minister, their maintenance was still the best solution possible.

A conversation which we had with this young man we made him understand two things - 1st that we should lend money to the Empire only if the Regent called his father to the Ministry; 2nd That if the Regent called Yuan Che Kai we should use all our influence to have him provided with the necessary funds to combat the revolution.

At the same time we took the necessary measures to let the Regent know our decision, through Manchus of our acquaintance. Unfortunately there were other people whose objects were completely opposed to ours. We were not slow in realizing it. A few days after our interview with the son of Yuan Che Kai, one of my Manchu friends came to see me. His name was Kuei Tchoun, and he belonged to the imperial clan. He was an intelligent man who had formerly been very anti-European, had even taken a momentary part in the Boxer movement, but events had brought him wisdom, and he had become a partisan of co-operation between Chinese and Europeans. He had just been called to the Department of the Interior, and came to consult me as a friend about the situation. I very openly expressed my opinion on the necessity of recalling Yuan Che Kai at once, telling him that it was
only on this condition that the dynasty could count on the help of European finance to maintain itself. He promised that he would communicate what I told him to the Regent himself.

As I, for my part, was anxious to know what European and especially English opinion was on the dynastic question, I went directly after this conversation to see Dr. Morrison, correspondent of the Times, in Peking. I found the latter very hot against the Manchus. He told me that the imperial family which was made up of liars, imbeciles and retrogrades, must be got rid of; that no confidence whatever could be placed in them, and the Chinese must be given their chance.

"But what will you put in place of the present Empire?" I asked.

"A Republic."

"But do you consider China ripe for a Republic?"

"In any case it will not be worse than the present regime. The Chinese who will come to power are more intelligent than the Manchus. They have studied abroad; they will appoint foreign advisers and will quickly see that they must listen to them."

"But do you believe that the foreign Governments feel as you do?"

"In any case the English Government has decided to do nothing for the Manchus. Sir John Jordan has received instructions to that effect."

When I repeated this conversation to Willard Straight he said: "The Manchus are lost," and in fact our colleague, G. Hillier, who till then had seemed personally rather favorable to the maintenance of the Empire received instructions from the English Minister to do nothing. Mr. Cordes followed the same line. Willard Straight and I could not act otherwise than our colleagues. Yuan Che Kai was indeed called to power. But Tang Shao I, who was then sent to Shanghai to negotiate with the Southern rebels, was won over to their cause. The Emperor abdicated, and the Republic was proclaimed. Dr. Morrison was appointed Counsellor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the new Wai Chao p'u. He could not, however, do more than the counsellors who had preceded him. His position was purely honorary, and he was never consulted.

It was useless at the beginning of the Republic
to try to carry on any business with the new government; the foreign Banks were too suspicious to launch any operation whatever with a Power of whose future they knew nothing. Nevertheless Yuan Che Kai had been made President of the Republic; he had taken Tang Shao I as Prime Minister and had gathered about him - at least in appearance and in the North - all the elements that might be called moderate. The South knew that it was he alone who had a chance of finding the money that he needed to disband the groups of revolutionists who were pillaging in every direction. The Southern chiefs therefore sent deputies to Peking to negotiate with him. Yuan had reinforced the Peking garrison with the troops - badly disciplined but faithful to him - of old General Tchang Konei ti. The 29th of February, 1912, these troops, to frighten the Southern deputies, invaded the Yamen where they were living at eight o'clock at night. Once they had left their barracks these troops began to burn and plunder. You remember the scene, and how you and Willard were obliged to leave your house in the night and take refuge at the United States Legation.

The next morning Tang Shao I, who had himself fled to the Hotel de Wagons Lits in the Legation quarter, sent for Willard Straight and me very early. Neither Willard nor I - we have often spoken of it since - ever forgot the painful impression which this man made upon us; pale, sweating fear, imploring us in a broken voice to furnish the government the means to resist a revolution which might become more dangerous than that of the Boxers. I remember that he alluded to T'ai ping. The attitude of Tang, his low intrigues, his almost treason at Shanghai, his lack of character, disgusted us profoundly. Just one hope of re-establishing order remained; to support Yuan Che Kai. Moreover Tang was not long in leaving the government, whether of his own will or not, and the man who replaced him inspired us with more confidence. We therefore did our utmost, in agreement with our colleagues, to obtain the consent of our Banks to grant a loan to the new government, which for that matter offered the best possible security; the gabel.

But during this time a new and very important element had been introduced into our midst; Russia and Japan had entered into our Consortium. This incident, where Willard Straight played an important role, happened as follows:
The entry of the Americans into the Anglo-Franco-German group had naturally aroused a lively interest in the Russian and Japanese governments. It had, naturally also, frightened them. Until then the combination...

Willard l.

Paper at the contract for the loan before they themselves had claimed a share in our financial combinations. The loan that the new Chinese Republican government was requesting from the Powers had, however, a definitely political character. The participation of Russia and Japan was allowed in this case; the understanding of the six Powers was an accomplished fact and negotiations opened on this basis.

It was a lively satisfaction to Willard Straight because he saw in this arrangement that complete internationalization of Chinese affairs which had been the object of his desires and his patient labor for six years. No one had worked harder than he for this end, and it was certainly a great source of satisfaction to him that the confidence which his English, French and German colleagues had shown him should be shared by his new Russian and Japanese associates; Dr. Gattrell and he were still delegated by us all to draw up the new contract plan.

This satisfaction was not to last long; he was recalled to America in the Spring of 1912 and replaced by Frank McKnight. At all events he did not assist at Peking in the withdrawal of the American group...
which took place the following December after Mr. William J. Bryan had taken possession of the State Department - when the policy of the participation of the United States in Chinese affairs was modified, at least for a time.

The important role that Willard Straight had played can be seen; although he no longer shared in it, he continued passionately to interest himself in the policy which he had done so much to create. As the American group had not retired either from the Hu-Kouang or from the monetary reform, it was he who continued to correspond with me on these two subjects. Such was the situation when the European war broke out in August 1914.

At the beginning of the war, knowing how much Willard Straight loved France and was desirous of helping her, I wrote him a long letter, in agreement with M. de Margerie, in which I asked him to help us find the horses we needed in America. He organized a company with this object, but the affair came to nothing.

He came to France with Mr. Davison, with a view to organizing the co-operation of Morgan's with the French government. Then when I came myself to America and when the Anglo-French Commission came to arrange a loan, he never ceased lending us his always wise advice and co-operation. He was already thinking earnestly about the period that would follow the war; he had long conversations with Homberg on this subject which would certainly have borne fruit.

I remember a conversation I had with him after America entered the war, which proves how clearly and reasonably he saw things. "One thing is quite clear," he said, "those who have not taken an active part in this war will be nothing afterwards. I am a father, as I know, and I know that I owe myself to my wife and my children. That is the reason I first asked to serve in the State Department. But as my request was refused I now wish to serve in the army. I will do whatever I am told. I have been asked to organize War Risk Insurance in France and I am doing it, although my personal taste and desire make me want to go and fight."

He did both, concerned with his duty to the end; before this duty his generous soul never hesitated. What a loss America and even the world has sustained in losing him only those can understand who have followed his example.
him in his work. Today when international questions have taken on so much importance; when associations between nations are evidently going to develop in a manner which few minds have foreseen, it can be said that he was among the very few who were prepared for them. His turn of mind, his work, everything had prepared him to play a role of the first importance. We who were his friends can well say that this role will never be filled by so flexible a mind, so great a soul, or so generous a heart as his.

Gasenave,
WILLARD STRAIGHT RECOLLECTIONS
BY R. M. COLLINS, THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, 24 OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.
NOVEMBER 6, 1919.

Two of the most important passages of Willard Straight's life were spent in Peking. He came first to the crumbling and fascinating Chinese capital as a junior member of the Imperial Chinese Customs in the deeply interesting days of 1903 and 1904 when the whole atmosphere of the Far East was quivering and rumbling with the intrigues and conflict of political forces which were to blaze into war between Japan and Russia. His second residence was in the years 1909 and 1910, with the important mission of representative of the American banking group in the five power financial consortium which was trying to organise the finances of the rickety empire. Between those two chapters of Straight's career - the student of the Chinese language fresh from an American university and the ambassador of high finance - was a span of only five or six years, but those years crowded with a record of work and experience which fall to few lives.

All doors of opportunity seemed to open easily to straight, but he could have discovered no theatre for education and opportunity more inviting to an eager spirit than China at the beginning of the twentieth century. And, as an alternative, none more fatal for promising and weak spirits likely to succumb to an attractive and easy going current.

There was a small and brilliant cosmopolitan colony living its own life, and a unique life, in the heart of the Chinese city: Oriental and European worlds mixing but apart, regarding each other with interest and curiosity, each inwardly sure of itself as the superior civilisation. In the foreign community were the members of the diplomatic body with their families, the officers of eight contingents of legation guards with two thousand men under their command, the staff of the Chinese Customs, two or three banking establishments, missionaries, and a few detached Europeans and Americans - newspaper correspondents, concessionnaires, and foreign advisers and employees of the Chinese government.

The Imperial Customs, needless to explain, was that institution without a fellow in the world, created and commanded by Sir Robert Hart, himself a character almost as alone as his creation. This was the one solid and honest department of what in China is called by courtesy the Government, standing forth like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It collected the revenues from foreign imports, disbursed the large share of income set apart for foreign loans, and did this - in China a miracle - without graft or "squeeze." Also, in its relations with other foreigners it claimed for its staff, and was accorded, the general official and social status of a diplomatic service. From the beginning Sir Robert Hart had made it an international body, the membership
enlisted from young men of all nationalities and the balance of power carefully preserved. Probably Sir Robert could have built a better machine if he had made it all British, but that would have meant the jealousies and opposition of others. He had early to teach the British Government the lesson that he was the servant of China and not of Downing Street. No Civil Service Commission selected his staff through school examinations; he was the autocrat and sole arbiter. He tried to find young men with both business and personal qualities, and attached most importance to personality. Nominations from high quarters carried weight but not to the disregard of the international question. An appointment meant an assured career, with gradual promotion and retirement on pension, - a career of safe and honorable routine and a snug harbor for those playing for safety.

Straight had served an apprenticeship for a few months in Nanking before he was transferred to Peking, whither the I. O. brought the most promising of his cadets to have them under his own eye. The designation of his status then was "student interpreter", which meant that he devoted several hours daily to study of the Chinese language under the tuition of a dignified old Chinese gentleman with flowered silk gown and pigtail, a gentleman of the old school now passing from view. The teacher, with Eastern peoples, is a personage, commanding profound respect and awe. His coming, and goings at the quarters of the student interpreters were enveloped in an almost ambassadorial atmosphere of salutations and ceremonial on his part, with reciprocal deference from the young men who sat at his feet.
thought with Mr. Henry Cookburn of the British Legation that it was the form rather than the substance of the real music and that the bandmen "always felt the wrong emotions."

Nor was this the only shock which the I. C. suffered through the exuberance of his young American attaché. Straight became interested in the Buddhist religion - among many other things, as was his nature - and to the length of taking part in its rituals. He made friends with the monks of the ancient Llama Temple at the North East city gate where inquisitive foreigners before the Boxer revolution were welcomed with menaces and clubs. The Emperor Kwang H'au worshiped there on an occasion of high ceremony. Seated with the first row of monks on the floor of the inner temple, with close shaven head and wrapped in a yellow and not over clean robe of the brotherhood, earnestly beating a drum and
unostentuously intoning the Tibetan litany, was Willard Straight, undoubtedly the first American to officiate in such a function.

The news spread as all news does in Peking, swiftly and without losing any color in its flight. The result was a quarter of an hour before the Inspector General with closed doors. Evidently Straight stood well with his chief because the I. G. was a strict disciplinarian, and a favorite treatment for young men guilty of originality was exile to some post on the border of Tibet or Mongolia where there was no society of their kind except missionaries. Incidentally Straight's pal among the monks who had been accessory to the indiscretion was suspended for a month from his priestly functions and revenue and his upkeep through this period fell upon Straight's purse.

How well Straight spoke Chinese I cannot say but there is no doubt that he picked up a conversational fluency very quickly. In native restaurants and shops he could joke with the attendants in the vernacular but probably he was not so familiar with Mandarin. Drawing was another of his accomplishments and unquestionably he might have made a name as an artist if he had devoted himself to that work. Before coming to Peking he had done the illustrations for "House Boat Life in China", a book written in lighter style by an "old China hand", J. O. P. Bland, and very good pictures they were. With all of his other work and diversions he made time for solid reading mainly of books on the Far East.

The human element of Peking in those days was an education for a young man attracted toward world affairs. One would have gone a long way to find elsewhere so many interesting figures, or in so small a circle so many men important or destined to importance. Sir Robert Hart was the Sphinx and the best known among all the Europeans in China. The extent of his influence in the Forbidden City, and how he used it, were questions for endless speculation, tradition being that he never offered the government advice until asked for it and that it was always followed: the position with other foreign advisers being that they always offered advice and it was seldom adopted. Russia had two remarkable representatives in the persons of Paul Lessar and M. Pokotiloff. Lessar was the Minister, a small slender figure of a man, and an invalid who had been one of the pioneers of Russian expansion in Central Asia, had a record of hardships and adventures seldom equaled, and now coming to the end of his career, with almost fanatical zeal was conducting the affairs of the legation from his death bed. M. Pokotiloff was nominal representative of the Siberian Railway and Russo-Chinese Bank, but was credited with being the real and final director of all Russian interests. He was believed to be of Armenian blood, had a huge frame and fierce black beard, looking altogether the Oriental, equipped with a working knowledge of the Chinese dialects as well as
most European languages. The figurehead of Great Britain was Sir Ernest Gatacre, a courtly and reserved diplomat steeped in the Victorian traditions of that service, who had spent nearly all of his official life in Japan and was an authority upon the Japanese language and literature even with theJapanese themselves. For Germany was Baron Mumm Von Schwartzenstein of the famous champagne family, a clever modern man, popular as the host at the best dinners given in Peking, and with a German passion for method illustrated by his scrap book which contained a daily record of his activities in the form of the menu of every dinner he ate, the program of every theatre he attended, the invitations he gave and accepted, even the time tables of the train he travelled on. One of his lieutenants was Herr Krupp Von Bohlen, who afterward married Frau Bertha Krupp and became a director of the great Krupp works. He was marked then as one of the young men with a future.

These were some of the men whom Straight knew in Peking. A young man just beginning work could hardly have come into such close contact with similar personal forces in any other environment one thinks of. He was able to see at first hand how power is wielded, what forces count in doing big things, he was behind the scenes of unique drama, and no doubt he measured in his mind his own abilities to become an actor. At the same time the routine life of a Customs official began to lose its attraction.

One thing that would have been impossible for Straight was to sit on the side lines at close range with stirring events and not have a hand in the game somehow. He was one of the most eager and interested in the highly
charged debates over the coming war which raged over the
Peking dinner table. Neutrality was the proper pose for
a member of the Customs but in the Far East of that time
there could be no neutrals. Japan was to stop the Russian
steam roller of colonisation, was to save Korea and Man-
churia, to safeguard the Open Door — that was the view
of the Americans and British near the scene. The German
community sympathised with Russia, and laughed at the
little Islanders who dared stand up to the largest power
of Europe and Asia.

When war began to seem a certainty The Associated
Press and Reuter's Telegram Company of London started to
organise a joint staff to be spread over Japan and the
strategic points of the Asiatic continent. Martin Egan
was sent from New York for The Associated Press and I went
from Peking to Tokyo to co-operate with him in this work.
Before I left Peking Straight had been tentatively pro-
mised a billet as a war correspondent if the war should
materialise. The offer was made with some misgivings,
because to take a young man away from a safe position and
an assured career for an enterprise that was temporary,
dangerous and at best a gamble, was assuming responsibility.
The hazards of the step were fully discussed, not the
least being that in such a war a correspondent who really
got near the fighting stood a large risk of becoming a
casualty. That consideration weighed lightly with Straight,
the danger was — an attraction — what did trouble him was

the point of his obligation toward Sir Robert Hart. For
light on this question Straight naturally went to the I. O.
himself. If he had met the attitude that the Customs had a
claim on him which could not be broken without ill-feeling
that would have acted as a veto on the proposal. Perhaps the
I. O. understood that he had a young man who would always be
restless in the harness of a slow moving machine like the Cus-
toms. At any rate there was a friendly understanding that
Straight might resign with the good will of his chief.

Some weeks afterward — the war in the meantime hav-
ing become a fact — Straight received a telegram to join the
newspaper forces mobilising from all over the world at the
Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. He responded with enthusiasm and
promptness. Under normal conditions the journey was a
There was plenty of occupation in Tokyo, however, both work and amusement. Egan and Straight and Henry Satoh had their hands full in reporting the diplomatic developments of the war, in handling the news from the front issued by the War Office which was often the first and best information of battles, and in wrestling with the press censorship.

formed personal friendships also which lasted throughout his life, with the American Ambassador Lloyd Griscom, with Richard Harding Davis and his wife, with John Fox, and needless to say Mr. and Mrs. Egan. What he lacked in knowledge of newspaper work was balanced by his enterprise, enthusiasm, and faculty for making friends among the people most worth knowing.

Opportunities to be a spectator of some of the great historical episodes of the war were the chief gains which the new venue brought to Straight. He was able to visit Port Arthur on the evening of the fall of the fortress and to witness the entry of the Japanese Army, the crowning event of Japan's ambitions of those days. Afterwards he spent some time in Newchwang just on the border of the fighting zone and

and under Japanese occupation, and later was with General Kuroki's army in the ancient walled Manchurian capital of Mukden which was afterward to be the scene of his first work as a member of the American Consular Service. The private advice from Tokyo which preceded Straight's visit to Kuroki's headquarters established his status there. It was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any foreigner to get credentials to see the Japanese Army. The Japanese staff was the first to adopt the modern attitude toward correspondents that all were suspect and possible agents for harm, an attitude which evoked much grumbling and ill-feeling among the correspondents and military attaches but which every army has since decided to be the only safe or possible policy. General Ian Hamilton was one of the most conspicuous critics of the Japanese on this point, yet probably his own later experiences must have confirmed the necessity for the Japanese methods. General Kuroki, a fine gentleman and warrior of the old Samurai caste, and his chief of Staff, General Fuji, both took to Straight and had him often as a guest at their mess. Incidentally his presence was a tonic and delight to the only correspondents then left with the army somewhat in the position of prisoners of state, Frederick Palmer and myself.

After the war it was my fortune to meet Straight but a few times. I spent a week with him in the American Legation at Seoul when he was the actual guiding spirit if
not the nominal head of that establishment and Koreans were coming at all hours of the day and night to lay at his feet their troubles with the Japanese administrators. Of his career as Consul at Mukden I saw nothing but heard much. The post was a difficult one because the Manchurians, like the Koreans, looked to the American officials as their natural friend and protector against the new masters. Friction between Japanese, on one side, and Chinese and Europeans on the other, was acute. There was one incident which caused great discussion in the newspapers throughout the Far East. The Chinese servants of the consulate had trouble with a Japanese postman, and one of them was badly beaten. Straight took a strong line and demanded satisfaction from the Japanese administrator. The policy of the American Minister at Peking who was Straight's superior, a policy probably imposed by Washington, was to avoid trouble with the Japanese at all costs. The Minister refused to support Straight, but all the sentiment of the Americans and English in China was with the young Consul.

Across the world from the Orient in recent days I had seen Straight only occasionally in London and New York. He had been in Peking during one of the military outbursts which came after the Manchu dynasty disappeared, living outside the Legation quarter near the home of Dr. Morrison. He described as the most trying moments of his life the night when the Chinese rioters came howling and beating against the door of the compound where was Mrs. Straight and one of their children. A party of marines and civilians from the American Legation came to the rescue and took them hurriedly away from the area of fighting.

When in London Straight's time was absorbed with financiers and public men, in New York he seemed to be living on the telephone. He had become an important and besieged man of large affairs, but his interests were as varied and wide in the larger world as within the narrow boundaries of Peking life. He was absorbed in the fortunes of India House, of the Asiatic Society, and of the New Republic Review, while none of the supporters of the Plattsburg military training propaganda were more enthusiastic. His personality matured but did not change, the East seemed always his "spiritual home", he was loyal to the friends of those days, and in the most strenuous times he never lost the touch of humor. Straight and Egan gave a dinner at the Metropolitan Club to one time Peking friend afterward resident in London, which was a reunion of all the old "Eastern hands" who could be collected. Every guest at the table ostentatiously flaunted a monocle as a cheerful affront to an American whose only pride in life was that he had lived for years in the British atmosphere and was still a mere American. It was easy to guess whose mind had conceived this unmerited tribute.

Throughout the European war Straight's sympathies were wholly with the allies. They could never have been otherwise. So when the United States came into the field all
who knew him knew that Straight would not be among those to stay at home. The news of his death was a shock, but not altogether a surprise to some who had watched him. Perhaps he had lived too strenuously, and tried to accomplish too much, and had burned life's candle too fast. How much he had accomplished! And where would have been the limits of his accomplishment? These are one's chief thoughts of that lovable and brilliant and valuable life.

ROBERT MOORE COLLINS.
It is quite impossible in a short memorandum of this kind to convey any adequate idea of Straight's activities during the three years he spent in Peking from 1909 to 1911, inclusive, when as a pioneer of American finance in the East, he was struggling to force an entry for his country into a field hitherto monopolized by the great Powers of Europe and their bankers. He employed every instrument which ingenuity could suggest, he threw into his task a rare courage and persistence, he met opposition asserting itself in divers ways, with a determination which never failed, and his tremendous faith and enthusiasm overcoming all obstacles, brought him the full measure of success. When he returned to New York from Peking, he had made for America a place at the Council Table of Chinese Finance and our voice was heard in the guidance of Far East affairs, speaking with an authority never known before, and what is more, permanence in our position was assured. This great achievement, however, was, through no fault of his, destined not to last in its original form. The Wilson-Bryan diplomacy of 1912, through some process of wrong-thinking impossible to understand, tore down all that he had built up, but the policy which inspired him to enter upon this work, has since justified itself, and Mr. Wilson is now endeavoring to reverse and repair the damage resulting from his stupid blunder of eight years ago. During these three years, though some may naturally have from time to time disagreed with Straight, none ever failed to admire his fine attributes of character, his high sense of honor, and his true regard for the rights of others. His natural chivalry, his enthusiasm and great generosity in mind and deed, always won for him friends, both among the Chinese and foreigners. Much that is difficult for others to accomplish was for him easy, as his winning smile, natural charm and fine-bearing went far to stimulate prejudice in his favor before he began.
At the close of 1909 the International Consortium, composed of the British, French and German financiers strongly supported by their respective governments, dominated China's financial relationship with the great money markets of the world. The Hukuang Railway probably had already been brought forcibly to the attention of our government as desirable business for American enterprise and at this time Straight had, but recently, returned to Peking as a special representative of an American Group of bankers. Some interest in this field had been aroused largely through his own personal efforts. They were now prepared actively to operate in China as a close association had just been reached with our Secretary of State, Mr. Philander C. Knox, covering support which could be relied upon from the American Government. He was represented in Beijing by Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, since, Ambassador, first to Chile, and later to Mexico. When Straight reached Peking, Mr. Fletcher had for some months been pressing the Tripartite or European Group through the United States diplomatic channel to admit the American Group into their syndicate for the financing of the Hukuang Railways, and while Mr. Fletcher continued this pressure vigorously to hammer on the situation along diplomatic lines, Straight started an energetic diversion in Manchuria. He initiated negotiations there with the Viceroy of Manchuria (upon behalf of the American Group) for a large general development loan for that province, and at the same time entered into a plan with Messrs. Pauling & Company of London covering the financing and construction of a railway between Chin Chow and Aigun in Manchuria. While these negotiations were apparently conducted with secrecy, it was not long before the Tripartite Group learned what was going on and as Straight progressed they became increasingly disturbed at this prospect of strong and effective American competition which threatened the monopoly they had maintained for so long over Chinese government finance.

This strategy finally gained its objective. The British, French and German Governments responded to the diplomatic pressure exerted from Washington and Peking by our own government and the Tripartite banks were equally influenced by Straight's activity in Manchuria where he was already at the point of closing this important loan agreement with the Viceroy. The American Group were accordingly given full participation in the famous Hukuang Railway's loan and the European consortium was therewith enlarged by the formal admission of the American group of bankers, which were under the management of Messrs. J.P. Morgan & Co. in New York and ably represented in China by Straight. American finance had finally established itself upon a basis of equality in a foreign field where the European governments and bankers had hitherto enjoyed exclusive rights. During these long and difficult negotiations, Straight always held the confidence of those high officials representing the Chinese government who closely collaborated with him, and the warm personal friendship which existed between him and M. Maurice Cassenave then representing the French bank in Peking, did much to facilitate the understanding which was finally reached between the European and American bankers.

The Inter-group agreement, however, covered only the Hukuang Railway's loan but since his return to China, as mentioned above, Straight had established most important rights for his group principally in the Manchurian district. His operations in this zone
were of particular interest both to the Chinese and American Governments, as, entirely apart from their purely financial character, which was attractive in itself, a broader political consideration was involved. The Japanese and Russians with the tacit agreement of the British and French Governments respectively, were so rapidly consolidating their position in Manchuria that China's sovereign rights and the "Open Door" were threatened by the imminence of a claim by either or both of these governments of special interests in this province, which, once recognized by the other European powers, would not only gravely endanger the opportunity for commerce in this vast territory but would at the same time accelerate the break up of the then Japanese-Chinese Empire. It was Straight's idea that these principles could be protected by the neutralization of Manchuria and Mr. Knox was of like opinion. It was his purpose then to share with his three new associates the Manchurian loan contract, which besides a general development scheme covered as well, a plan for currency reform. The Chinohow Aigun Railway agreement, however, always remained an unmentioned Anglo-American undertaking due to reasons, which will be mentioned later. During this period Straight was working under terrific pressure and his great gifts of resourcefulness, intelligence, tact and grasp of big affairs were heavily drawn upon. Not only were there many difficulties to overcome incidentally to the construction of the Hukuang Railway but our admission to the banking syndicate did not establish complete political harmony as the location and mileage to be allotted to the American section had yet to be agreed upon with governments and bankers who still regarded the American Group as unwelcome associates. Through these involved negotiations, closely working with Mr. William C. Calhoun, the able American Minister at Peking, Straight conducted himself with extraordinary skill and success.

Strong opposition to the Chinohow Aigun Railway soon developed from the Russian Government who openly threatened the Chinese Government if they permitted the American Group to complete this contract; and at the same time the Japanese Government expressed their disapproval to the British Minister at Peking, which prevented Messrs. Pauling & Company of London from receiving any real support from Downing Street. The situation eventually reached so complete an impasse that Straight left Peking for Petrograd with a hope of overcoming the objections of the Russian Government. His memorandum covering his interviews with practically all the members of the Czar's Cabinet was a most interesting and illuminating document. It disclosed the lack of co-ordination existing between the various departments of the old Russian Government and in the light of later events clearly foreshadowed the revolution of 1917 as these several officials with whom he conferred were administering the Government of that great country on principles which could have but little result. It is not unlikely that this visit to Petrograd was for Straight probably his most interesting political experience in connection with the revolution situation.

Shortly after his return to Peking, after an absence of some eight months, the first Chinese revolution began and for nearly a year the President of Manchou was deeply engrossed in negotiations with the British Minister of Foreign Affairs at Peking, the Manchu dynasty covering a loan of considerable magnitude, which...
was necessary to enable them to continue resistance against the republican forces, which were at the time conducting an active military campaign against the Imperial Army in the Valley of the Yangtze. The International Group had now been enlarged to include the British, French, German, American, Russian and Japanese bankers and their respective governments gave their full support to the old regime. During this period the political situation in China was extremely tense and the atmosphere heavily charged by plots and counterplots. When this contemplated loan was, however, practically completed, the Chinese Republican forces made such strong representations to the bankers at Peking that

the bankers had already advanced to the Imperial government considerable sums of money in anticipation. This obligation, however, was, however, assumed by the new government upon the abdication of the Manchu dynasty, as a result of these negotiations. Straight was extremely active and his personality went far in directing the rapidly changing policies, which had frequently to conform from day to day to a political situation, which was almost kaleidoscopic.
Medical Department were penetrating and suggestive, so much more so
than any discussions that I had heard by regular Medical Officers,
that I remember wishing that he might be made chief surgeon or at
least given some important administrative capacity in the Medical
Department.

We stopped for a little while in the town square after lunch
chatting as one or two other officers joined us. All displayed the
same affectionate relationship and all obviously accepted Major Straight
as an important factor in the First Army Organisation. As we drove
out of the town I saw the group still standing chatting in the rain
and remember Straight's face smiling as he talked energetically with
the men about him.
Moukden, Sept. 22, 1919.

Dear Mr. Baker:

Please excuse the delay in answering your request for some notes about Mr. Straight as I have been very busy.

I knew Mr. Straight very intimately and had some share in removing some of his initial difficulties and in securing for him his first consulate.

Though young and without the usual technical training for such a responsible position he impressed me as a man of very remarkable natural gifts and nothing seemed to come amiss to him.

In his intercourse with the Chinese official class he was a favorite; his frank open manner and pleasant smile and the frank view of things which he gave to men, created confidence which helped to allay surmise and remove prejudice. Being the first American Consul at Moukden he had a very high sense of the importance of his position and the greatness of his opportunity and was therefore keen to represent his country well, although there was very little American trade in Manchuria at the time he was always busy collecting information and writing reports on all sorts of subjects which would be of use to his government and to merchants seeking openings for business.

Having already been in China for a short time before coming to Moukden he knew a good deal about the country and the people, their peculiar manners and customs and was anxious therefore not to offend their prejudices. For this and other reasons he was always open for advice on all sorts of questions from the missionaries who had been long resident in the place. Socially he was always genial and cheery, had fine manners, was ever courteous, especially to ladies and kind, absolutely free from sly, generosity in thought and act and reserved to say or do a mean thing.

(Signed) Thos. G. Fulton
My dear Mrs. Straight:

The hearts of all Willard's friends in Peking, both Chinese and foreigners, have gone out in deepest sympathy for you these dark, sorrowful days.

I am grateful to you for giving me the opportunity to express a little of my admiration and affection for Willard. It has been my lot to serve under many Chiefs in my 20 years in China but the happiest period was when I was associated with Willard and trying to assist him to carry out his hopes and plans. His character called out the best that was in me and my memories of him are wholly pleasant and inspiring.

I trust that when I have written as my tribute to his character, influence, and work will be of service to those who are preparing his memoirs.

I am unable to say when I shall return to America but I hope the way will be opened soon. Mrs. Getrell is not well but she finds life somewhat easier than it was in California, where it was so difficult to get satisfactory help in the house. Unless she soon begins to improve, however, we shall have to return to California.

My own health is not good but by taking care I manage to carry on. Nelson is still in France but we hope that he will soon be released and go back to finish his college course. Lillian is with us here.

Princess Palun has been very ill for many months and unable to see foreign visitors, but we speak to her over the telephone occasionally. She seldom fails to ask after your welfare. The social atmosphere of Peking has changed very much for the worse since you were here and it is more heart breaking than ever to try to do business with the Chinese.

With kindest regards in which Mrs. Getrell and Lillian join, I am dear Mrs. Straight. - Sincerely yours. W. J. S. Getrell.

In 1902, when I first made the acquaintance of Willard Straight, he was already a marked man in the Chinese Customs Service and his social and artistic gifts had made him a most welcome addition to the life of Peking. He was always ready with his guitar and a song or recitation to contribute to the enjoyment of a party. His love for art led him to spend much of his leisure in the study of types of men and architecture and his paintings were always a source of pleasure to his friends. His whole being throbbed with healthy activity and he was always out upon one quest or another when many men of his age and rank were "killing time" in ways common to the East. He read with unusual avidity the best literature and the thoughtful annotations to be found in many of his books reveal the fact that he read with understanding and for a purpose. It was felt by all who came into close contact with him that he would "go far" some day.

In 1904, when the Russo-Japanese war broke out, Straight was still doing secretarial work in the Customs Service, but, as I learned later, he was restless and eager to be taking a larger part in Far Eastern Affairs. The opportunity to satisfy these restless longings came to him in the guise of an offer from Reuters, and the Associated Press to send him to the front in Manchuria as artist and correspondent. It fell to my lot to make the necessary arrangements on behalf of Reuters, and I well remember the keenness with which Straight set about making preparations as soon as the necessary papers had been signed. His sudden break with the Customs caused considerable excitement in Peking but his intimate friends were not greatly astonished.

I did not see Straight again until 1909 when he returned to Peking as Special "representative of the "American Group", though press reports and information from mutual friends had enabled me to keep in
touch with his activities. In 1909, however, professional visits to
Peking brought me again into contact with him. He was still the same happy,
active personality but a new dignity seemed to envelop him.

He was working hard, I knew, but what the nature and purpose
of it was I did not learn until May 1910 when it was my good fortune to
join his staff and to learn to know him intimately.

One of my first impressions of him at that time was, that he
had seen a vision and that he had devoted himself, body, soul and spirit
to follow its leadings. I soon learned from him that the impression was
correct, for he was ever frank in all his dealings.

It was evident that the years in which he had been absent from
Peking had been spent in association with big men and upon work and study
which had made him familiar with world problems.

His task was no sinecure. It demanded the utmost skill, tact and
judgement, and in addition, a personality peculiarly suited to the
conditions then existing in China, and a capacity for hard work.

Among his foreign colleagues were men steeped in the traditions
of their firms, profound in their knowledge of diplomacy and jealous to
guard the rights and privileges they had acquired through long years of
patient and costly endeavour. Among the Chinese officials with whom he
came into contact were some of the ablest of China's public men of those
days.

He was handicapped from the commencement by the failure of the
China Development Company to make good, and by the fact that he was a
strong advocate of a practical application of the principles of the
"Open Door" in the interests of the American trade. The re-entrance of
American interests was an uncertain factor in the Chinese problem.
Success or failure largely depended upon the ability and personality of
the man who represented these interests. The results of his work in
the signature of the Chihho-Siaung Railway, the Currency and the

"Hukouang" Loan contracts proved beyond cavil that he possessed to a marked
degree the unique qualifications required.

That the Chinese officials with whom he had to deal thoroughly
trusted him was evident by the frank manner in which they discussed the
many thorny questions which from time to time arose. They were not long in
finding out that he was fair and sympathetic; that he thoroughly considered
and carefully weighed all questions pertaining to their side and that he
was always anxious and willing to be of service to them. This being the
case they showed an extraordinary readiness to defer to his judgment and
to give him their confidence.

It must be said that their confidence was often put to the test.

At that time, as in these days, they were hoping that the United States
Bankers with the United States Government behind them had now come to their
assistance independent of other nations. The Chihho-Siaung Railway
contract, the first piece of business, which Straight was identified with,
was concluded after months of strenuous labour upon his part and upon the
part of Lord French. Diplomatic complications arose out of this contract,
however, and its operation was suspended.

The Chinese were bitterly disappointed but so high were their
hopes and so strong their faith in the United States as represented by
Straight, that it was not long before they again approached him for help.

This time it was a loan for currency reform. Currency reform was a
subject in which Straight was intensely interested. It was a big subject.
It must needs, if successful, bring in its train reforms in many other
Government departments and contribute no little toward the business
expansion for which Straight was working. American experts had made
investigations into the matter and their reports were in the hands of the
Chinese authorities.

With characteristic energy and thoroughness, Straight tackled
this vast, intricate subject. He studied it day and night, and discussed
every phase of it sympathetically and painstakingly with the Chinese
authorities.

In due course, a preliminary contract was drafted by Straight and
its terms approved by the Chinese. But by this time much had been learned
concerning political and diplomatic conditions and it was deemed advisable
to offer participation in this contract to British, French and German
interests. The task of inducing the Chinese to accept this participation
fell upon Straight’s shoulders and it is no exaggeration to say that it was
his skilful handling of the negotiations, his frankness and patient
discussions that overcame Chinese opposition to and suspicion of this move,
for they were looking to the United States to help them out of many dif-
ficulties. It was surely a sore trial to them but under Straight’s advice
and guidance they submitted. British, French and German interests having
accepted the offer of participation, and Chinese consent thereto having
been happily obtained, Straight was brought into intimate business relations
with the representatives of these long established interests. Straight
rejoiced exceedingly in the thought that American interests were now linked
up with those of the nations which stood foremost in world affairs in
general and China in particular. He kept the leading position in the
Currency Loan negotiations to which his work up to that time entitled him.
To him fell practically all the work of completing the contract and he
did it with untiring energy and rare wisdom.

In all the negotiations he never lost sight of the fact that he
was representing his colleagues. He consulted them fully and frankly and
having agreed with them upon the line of action to be taken, he was the
very soul of honour and loyalty in his efforts to carry it out. When
difficulties arose he gave himself no rest until a solution of them had
been found, and in many cases it was his thoughtful study of them and his
quickness of mind that provided the solution.

The next piece of work upon which Straight was engaged was the
“Hukuang” Railway Loan Contract, American participation in which with the
same British, French and German interests had been arranged by the direct
efforts of ex-President Taft. This was another big project, and as much,
strongly appealed to his imagination. He did not hold the leading position
in these negotiations as he had in those of the Currency Loan, but he
threw the whole weight of his ability and personality into them and gave
loyal and valuable assistance to his colleagues at all times. These
negotiations were far more difficult than those of the Currency Loan.
They involved the adjusting of intricate questions among the foreign
participants and even more difficult and intricate Chinese questions.
The nature and importance of these Chinese questions may be surmised from
the fact that it was the conclusion of this contract which precipitated the
outbreak of the Revolution which overturned the Hanlo Dynasty and
ushered in the republican regime in China.

The Hukuang contract was signed May 20th, 1911. During the
stormy days of the revolution, Straight and his colleagues were harder at
work than ever before, for money was urgently needed. Negotiations were
commenced at that time which finally ended in the conclusion of the Re-
organisation Loan.

Straight returned to the United States in the spring of 1912. Up
to the time of his departure from China he rendered the same loyal,
conscientious service to his colleagues amongst whom by that time had been
included the representatives of Russian and Japanese interests, and in New
York his keen interest and strenuous efforts continued unabated until the
spring of 1913 when, shortly before the contract was concluded, the American
Group, for well known reasons, decided to withdraw from the negotiations.

I refrain from speaking of the general effect which the with-
drawal of the American Group produced here, but I desire to record, as a
testimony of the high esteem in which Straight was held, and as an
appreciation of his arduous and faithful work, that his former colleagues
and friends were unanimous in expressing their personal sympathy for him.

In 1914, I saw Straight again in New York. The collapse of his
most cherished plans had been a heavy blow to him but he was still hard
at work on various enterprises connected with the expansion of American
business in China, and hopeful that the near future would witness United
States financiers once more taking an active part in international efforts
to set China upon the right road to peace and prosperity.

Upon my return to Peking, late in 1914, rumours were abroad to
the effect that Straight had lost all interest in China and was preparing
himself for the Diplomatic Service. This rumour was soon contradicted,
however, by the receipt of information that he had entered the American
International Corporation as one of its Vice Presidents, and was in charge
of its Far Eastern Department.

In 1916, tangible evidence of his continued interest in China
appeared in Peking when a group of men arrived representing the American
International Corporation and some of its allied interests.

I joined the American International Corporation in 1916, and I
can testify that up to the time that he put aside all his personal interests
to serve his country in the war he never failed in his efforts to foster
and strengthen the new American venture in this field.

It was my privilege to see Straight [Major Straight then] in
Washington in 1917. All of his extraordinary energy, and capacity for
work of a constructive character, were then being devoted to his country's
service in connection with a war risk insurance scheme for the American
Army and Navy. He was expecting to go to France at any time to put into
effect his scheme which, on the day I parted from him, had been approved
by the Secretary of War.

Straight touched many lives in his career in China, and his touch
was always beneficent. He was a painstaking host and his dinners and other
entertainments were always a pleasure. He was ever ready to lend assistance
in all social events. He was generous to a fault. He never knew him to
refuse help to the poor and unfortunate even in cases which were not of the
deserving type. That he was a tireless and conscientious worker the files
of his correspondence, much of which was written at night by his own hands,
must show. China has lost a most valuable friend. Chinese officials
with whom he was once associated have spoken to me within the last few days
of his high character, of his fairness and of the sympathetic manner in which
he treated them. Former servants have expressed their "bitterness of heart"
and have praised his kindness and generosity. I venture to say that of his
former colleagues, friends and associates, there is not one who could not
say that Straight always "played up and played the game". Always self-
sacrificing he has now made the Supreme Sacrifice, but His influence for
good and the faithful work he did remain and will yet bear their appropriate
fruit.

T. J. E. Stetwell.
August 11, 1920.

Dear Mr. Fielder:

I am enclosing a letter from John M. Gill of one of the Oswego newspapers, in which he contributes a slight memoir of Willard Straight.

Please keep it for your files and for Mr. Groly's use.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. As W. Fielder,
125 Broadway,
New York City.
JOHN M. CILL
Owego, N.Y.

Our Chamber of Commerce is alive and well, with a little better success than usual. Duke makes a good president and we through this effort have been able to sell a little smoother working machine here. They say we raised most of the time trying to do too much, and as I follow the Duke around on other activities or else as drafted by him, most of the time I am away from home and don't see as much of my kids as I did once.

I got a little billet doux from the Navy Department yesterday asking me where I intended to put in three months at sea after July 1st. I haven't replied yet, but when I do I am fearful that I shall be taken up for using the mails to convey unwholesome and nasty talk. I don't see the navy anything, but like every other lad who gets a taste of discipline once I presume that when orders come I shall pack my kit and desert swelling, if that will be possible.

There isn't a lot of news bulletins. Some of them are very interesting. Tom Hunter has gone to Michigan to work, the once fast crowd has slowed down some through a lack of supplies; Betty Garthhouse is just coming out of a series of promenades; and hundreds of others are either sick or afraid they are going to be. As for me, who have had no drink for a long time, I missed not at all, but confess that I long once in a while for one of the old drinks. But I am getting old, and feeling so. Let me hear from you, and let me know your leaders of the country. And, let me hear from you afterwards, and where you are so that I can tell you where you can see more of the China shore hang out.

As ever,
Sincerely yours,
Johnnie

[Signature]

P. Martin does not read any more.

[Signature]

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Willard Straight is remembered by Oregonians as one whose rapid rise in fame and fortune never clouded his democracy and the friendliness that was always his characteristic. His visits to his old home were always brief in time, but never too short for him to make the rounds of those who were good to him in his youth. He was liberal in an unpretentious way with school companions when fortune had treated less kindly than he. He was and is held up as an example to facing generation of Oregon boys as what one may accomplish through individual effort and by seizing opportunity when it comes. And when Willard Straight passed on, Oregon felt the loss just as keenly as did those with whom he had more closely associated in the later and busiest years of his life.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your favor of the 20th inst., asking for personal recollections or information of interest regarding Mr. Willard D. Straight's life and work in the Far East, I am sending you under separate cover a good photograph of Mr. Straight and Mr. Robert Willis, British Consul, who was at Newchwang, Mukden, Harbin and Tientsin, they were intimate friends. Charles informs me he has handed you an album with a group picture taken at the Mukden Consulate, those in the group were Dr. Oliver, Commissioner of Chinese Customs, Mr. Pulford, British Consul, Mr. J. Meter, German Consul, Mr. Straight, Mr. Liebert, German Vice Consul, V. Nikolits, Russian Vice Consul, G. J. Arnell, James A. Brown then of the W. A. T. now manager of the Standard Oil Co. at Vladivostock and myself, if this picture shows the file it should be of interest.

Besides the above gentlemen Dr. Christie, Mr. Pulford, Mr. Turley, Rev. Jas. Webster and Mr. Bliss knew Mr. Straight well.

I met Mr. Straight in Yokohama at the time he was war correspondent waiting a chance to get over to Manchuria like many others at the time of the Russo Japan war. He impressed me as a forceful, energetic type of a young American with a most amiable manner. These impressions were unchanged after knowing him most intimately at Mukden from Jan. 9, 1907 until his departure. At the time of my arrival the Consulate was located in a small six roomed Chinese house in the compound of the Menlin Kwam Hotel not far from the small west Gate of the walled city; the sleeping rooms were left intact covering one third of each room. Mr. Straight was artistic in his tastes as had made his temporary surrounding comfortable and businesslike as possible.

Any work undertaken was always pushed to a finish. He had a lot of energy and did not wait but "did it now." He was fond of
1st. June, 1919.

Dear Mrs. Straight:

I received some 3 weeks ago a letter from the Inspectorate General of Customs in Peking in which I was invited, at my friend Lewis Palen's suggestion, to assist in providing material for a series of newspaper articles concerning your late husband, Mr. Willard Straight. I was asked to write direct to you, and I therefore do so very gladly in the hope that what I can contribute may be of value in helping to perpetuate the memory of one whom I knew very intimately during his first days in China and always regarded with the greatest esteem.

On joining the Chinese Customs Service in 1902 your husband was first appointed to Hankow where he was sent to study Chinese. The house in which he was a rambling Chinese "Kung Kwan" of a type possibly known to you, all courtyards and draughty rooms and passages, but picturesque enough, some 6 miles from the Yangtse River where the Customs House was. I had myself spent 8 months there during the previous year, studying the language with eight others among whom was Lewis Palen. The city of Hankow contains probably a bigger area than any other walled city in China. The walls are 22 miles in circuit and distances are great.

In those days practically the only houses of European type were those of the missionary community; there were hardly any other foreign residents. When your husband arrived I was living with my office colleagues in a hulk moored some 200 yards from the south bank of the river, just below the port, and I remember well enough the morning (the 8th January, as I see from an old diary) when your husband arrived. He came direct to me with a letter of introduction from Palen, his fellow student at Cornell, and liking him instinctively and at once, I did what I could to cheer him up in the first days of his life in Hankow. He found two fellow students already in the "College" as we called it - when he arrived, with neither of whom he had much in common, and I think he liked to get away from the city and come down to the "homashing", or both.

Custom House,
Shanghai, China.

At any rate he came most week-ends, dining or sleeping on board on Saturday nights and going out with me for long tramps over the surrounding hills on Sundays. We had many such days together and he used to say in after years that I "saved his life" when he first came to China. His interest in things Chinese had then not been awakened. One is apt to see at first only the sombre side of Chinese life, the dirt and the slipshod ways of the people; and it is only when one looks deep that one sees the fascination. But this soon came to him. He was always keen to learn anything he could about the why and wherefore of what he saw around him. Chinese art, life, superstition, ceremony, were all fascinating for him and his keen brain and his equally keen senses of humour and his discrimination helped to dispel the feeling of homesickness that had depressed him at first.

The number of students at the college was increased shortly after his arrival from 3 to 6. Of these, besides himself, two were French, two British, one Austrian. There is only one of these now in China, Mr. Norman Shaw, who, with me, is at present stationed here. As regards your husband's studies, the students were examined after 6 months work. Straight was easily head of the list, getting as I see from my diary, 850 marks out of a possible 900.

In his spare time he drew assiduously. Picturesque coolies from the street were bribed to come in and sit to him as he accumulated a considerable number of pencil studies of remarkable merit as the result of his stay in Hankow. One of these I have now and value greatly. He did not care for shooting game as far as I remember, neither owned a gun nor expressed any wish to do so. He was very fond of riding and with two of his fellow students used to gallop over the country with huge enjoyment. He was always welcome in my house into which he went, firstly for himself, but also for his music, for he played the guitar very pleasantly. I well remember a concert that he organised in the College in April. I helped to the best of my ability by accompanying some of the songs on the piano -- the words, strictly topical, being his husband's. The rest of the foreign community came, the function was a great success. He played tennis
keenly and well and we had many games together.

He left Hankou on 28th June 1902, transferred to Peking where he soon found opportunities of showing his exceptional qualities. He wrote me many letters of which I now have six, — two illustrated with his clever pen. These I enclose — they may be of some use. I should like to have them back if you can spare them. But they may give you some data as to his life as a journalist in Korea and Japan.

After the Hankou days I saw him only once or twice again, for I was on the Yangtze till Dec. 1904, when I was transferred to Tientsin by which time he had already severed his connection with the Customs. The last occasion on which we met was in Tientsin in April 1907 when I was on the point of going home via America. He gave me, I remember, six letters of introduction to deliver should I be able to do so, — it was a great regret to me that my plans did not admit of this.

That I never saw him in after years was always a great grief to me. I always felt that he might have made a name for himself in any walk of life that he adopted, but I was always happy to hear of him again as an artist. As a business man I never knew him but I like to remember him — and I can very vividly — as I did know him, full of fresh enthusiasm, artistic, genial, of simple tastes, of great imagination, yet full of great intellectual promise.

My wife and I hope to be in the States in late October this year, and if, as is likely, we pass through New York, I shall be very glad to call upon you, give you any further details that I may be able to supply about his early days in China.

I am, dear Mrs. Straight,

Very truly yours,

E. J. Howell.
understand, or by one of its subsidiaries.

My recollection of Straight's attitude toward the Chinese proposal would be that Morse Stephens found no difficulty in "persuading him to get to the East," on the contrary that he was quite disposed to go there and hesitated chiefly because it meant abandoning his intended profession of architecture, which might disappoint someone, as most I think, who had helped him to meet his College expenses.

My impression is that Straight was rather eager to go and confirmed by my colleague, Professor H. P. Andrews, born in Oswego, and a life-long acquaintance of Straight's, and also by Andrews' wife, who was a Miss Putnam, whose father, as it happened, was Straight's guardian. Mrs. Andrews suggests that if Straight was at all in doubt or hesitated about going to China, Miss Rachel Straight, his sister, probably would have known it.

I seem to recall an afternoon meeting with the three men at Morse Stephens' study in Cassandilla Place—was the University's building called where he lived—when the situation was explained by him and talked over by all, but my recollection is that Morse abstained from using direct persuasion, merely discussing the pros and cons and leaving each youth to decide for himself.

I do recall that Straight came to see me several times after he had decided to go out, probably in the spring or early summer of 1901; that we discussed the relative advantages of the routes via San Francisco and Suez; and that he chose the latter as affording him a chance to see a little of Europe before his cycle to Cathay. We planned his trip so as to include some places where there were buildings or picture galleries that he particularly desired to see, and he noted in France and Italy which he, traveling on business, had found comfortable and not expensive—the latter a point in those days important to him, as it had been to me a dozen years before (and still is). On my file I find a picture postcard from his dated Rome, December 6, postmarked there for the 8th, bringing Christmas greetings and thanks for the Baedeker's lent him, which he was mailing to me again.

All this is told because it is what I recall and it does not include any particular persuasion of Straight by Morse Stephens to go to China. I doubt that there was any. But in other connections Morse's influence on Straight was, I am confident, profound. That remarkable man had the greatest capacity for genuine and stimulating friendship with his juniors that ever it was my good fortune to know. He was not a great teacher in the sense of furnishing a school, or of being a group of young scholars determined to study, and to write upon, his own topics. But he had a catholic concern for worthy boys of the most diverse gifts, a quick sympathy with their aspirations and ambitions, and an unrivalled capacity for stimulating their interests. Undeniably he preferred a gentleman to a boy, however worthy morally or able intellectually the boy might be. In consequence most of his young friends, as it was sometimes amusingly observed, were from families whose wealth had offered opportunities to the boys. They were welcome however, not for their wealth—surely Straight had none—but for their personal qualities, for varied appetiveness and quick re-

Spontaneity, for capacity to have sentiment and make no parade of it, for moral and intellectual honesty, men of whom it might be said, as it was of another Cornell student:

"Men as he tried that day to God as walked he from his birth
In singleness and gentleness and honor and clear mirth.
In the luxury of such friends Morse Stephens indulged himself without restraint.

Straight was one of the group of undergraduates, more likely to be students of engineering, or of law, or of forestry, or almost anything else than of history, who gathered fortuitously, of a Thursday evening, in Morse's big, book-lined, otherwise rather bare and always smoke-filled study, to read aloud from books, or to discuss subjects, quite remote from their class-room studies with a man who seemed as completely as they did that he was ever their school master. I recall, particularly, the delight with which Straight rehearsed the comparisons that Morse drew, after showing them various reproductions of 'coronation pieces' by Halévy, and Vander Heist, and Rembrandt, between the custom that evoked those glories and their own way of being photographed in fraternity 'groups.' But of those sessions I know only by report. Morse reserved them jealously for his boys. And that, I am sure, the boys liked.

That Straight was a leader in this group, as in much else of student activity, the enclosed circular letter may indicate (please return), which produced the loving-say given Morse when about to go to California. The names attached reflect, to one who knew the signers, the high and varied qualities of his friends. There is Straight, and Alfred See, new Chinese Ambassador near the Court of St. James's (as you know); and anybody in Cleveland today will tell you who beamon little is.

Morse Stephens' family were all Anglo-Indians. Britain was to him the Empire rather than the United Kingdom. He never tired of talking of Asia, and I feel no doubt that he thus continued, perhaps even aroused, Straight's Eastern interest, and very likely contributed indirectly to determining his going to China. But of direct permission I fancy that, as above stated, there was little, perhaps none.

Sometime in March, 1906, I happened to pass through Havana on my way home from Antigua, and ran upon Straight on the Malecón and we spent hours of the evening in a harbor cafe, talking over his plans and prospects, the chances (or lack of them) that our diplomatic service offered a promising youth; the possibilities of architecture and of journalism, the uncertainties of 'business,' and of politics; and his then disilusionment towards marriage. My recollection of it all is confused, but much such as it is, would be at your service if desired.

Yours sincerely,

Charles H. Bull

End GHELPING

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

Sketch of the late Willard D. Straight's life at Cornell University.

Willard Straight entered Cornell University in the fall of 1897, being registered as a member of the freshman class in the college of architecture. He completed the four year course and was graduated in June, 1901, with the degree of Bachelor of Architecture.

He satisfied the requirements for admission to the University by taking all the entrance examinations—an unusual and rather difficult thing to do; almost all students enter Cornell by favor of a school diploma or certificate. His entrance papers received high marks as he was admitted without a condition. Throughout his course at Cornell, Straight maintained a standing that proved him to be one of the best students of his class and of his college.

Straight, then seventeen years old, arrived at Ithaca, in September, 1897, in the company of Frank Sutherland Baker of Rome, N. Y., who was a member of the sophomore class of that year.

Professor Charles H. Hull, who knew Baker and who afterwards became a warm friend of Straight's, relates that the two young men stopped at his home on their way up to Buffalo Street from the railroad station to rest for a few minutes on account of the heat of the day. Baker was a member of the Cornell chapter of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity. Straight joined that chapter soon after his admission to the University, and while he lived in Ithaca he made his home at the chapter house, which is at the junction of Stewart Avenue and Edgemoor Lane, just off the campus.

While doing his work faithfully and getting high marks in the school of architecture, Straight found time also to take part in a number of the enterprises that the students themselves conduct. He contributed sketches to The Widow, the students' comic periodical, and articles of various kinds to The Era, a more sober publication which was then issued every Saturday. He obtained his reward for that work toward the end of his sophomore year, when he was elected to membership in the editorial boards of both Widow and Era. About the same time he was elected Art Editor of the Cornellian, which was published every year by the Junior class. He supervised the pictorial side of that annual for the academic year 1899-1900 and contributed twenty-nine drawings of...
Meanwhile he had been winning the recognition of his fellow students in other ways, and had received the distinction of membership in two select organizations - the Savage club and Aleph Samach.

The Savage club of Ithaca is an offspring of The Savage Club of London. It originated in the visit of the Cornell Glee and Banjo Clubs to England in 1895. Through the courtesy of the late Henry Morse Stephens, then professor of history at Cornell and a member of the Savage Club, the Cornell singers and players had been made the guests of the Club in London, and they had received permission to found a similar club in Ithaca. The Ithaca club includes in its membership both town and gown, both faculty and student members. The qualification for membership is ability to sing, recite, play, or do some other "stunt" of an entertaining nature, and the club's chosen function is the entertainment of distinguished actors who visit Ithaca while the university is in session. Straight was a member of the Savage club of Ithaca in his Junior year and its president during his senior year.

Aleph Samach is a small society, membership in which is held by a few students in the junior year, being handed down from class to class. It is regarded by the undergraduates as an honorary society because admission to it is the reward of usefulness in some undergraduate enterprise, athletic or journalistic.

Straight belonged also to Bench and Board (now extinct), a club that existed in order to give its members one stunning banquet in the junior year. It had a counterpart, called The Mermaid, in the senior year, and Straight was a member of that club too.

In the Spring of 1901, the Cornell students, in order to raise money for the support of their athletic teams, gave a circus. A number of ingenious undergraduates, of whom Straight was one, devised a variety of shows to attract small change from the pockets of students, faculty and townsmen. The circus was so successful that it was repeated yearly thereafter, and, under the name "Spring Day", became virtually a fixture in the university's calendar.

Straight's energetic sharing in student activities led to his election to Sphinx Head, one of the two societies which are made up of the most widely known, self-sacrificing...
and respected men of the senior class of each year.

His wide circle of friends at Cornell included a number of members of the faculty. He formed an attachment particularly with the aforementioned Professor H. Morse Stephens, the result of which was a lifelong friendship between the two men. Professor Stephens, an Oxford man, liked the society of American undergraduates, and used to entertain periodically at his lodgings on the campus a certain small group. Of this group, Straight was one.

At Cornell almost every student acquires a nickname. Straight's was "Izzy". Its origin is uncertain.

There is no record to show that Straight, as a student, "went out for" anything that he did not succeed in getting. As a member of the senior class he had "made" about everything on which the student sets his heart - membership in a fraternity, the favor of his teachers, prominence in undergraduate activities, an honorable place among the leaders of the student community, and finally that summit of the student's ambition, membership in a senior honorary society.

His "write-up" in the 1901 Class Book was as follows:

"Willard Dickerman Straight, Delta Tau Delta, Aleph Samach and Sphinx Head, comes from Oswego on the Lake and has taken a course in Architecture. He intends, however, to adopt the profession of Journalism and has taken up the Era for a starter in the right direction. Since this the Era comes out intermittently and the circulation has increased so that the people on the campus at least know of its existence. His artistic work on the Widow has been its drawing quality. Izzy is prime mover in all new and flighty schemes and as a member of the Savage Club and all the banqueting societies has furnished amusement for the crowd."
From Miss Alice Frackwiler

Dear Lu:

Thank you for your good birthday letter. I am so happy the two of you have had such a wonderful summer. I am also glad that you gave Anna Williams the pleasure of that visit. She will feed on it for a long time.

As to stories of Mr. Straight, you know I did not know him well. He was already dying, and Mrs. St. doing his work for him. While substituting for him, she drew his salary; when in her own right, characteristically they gave her $600 less. Everyone talked of his kindliness and studiousness—They had met at the Oswego Normal School you know, both teaching; she at one time one of his students, I believe. Everyone said, she was the better teacher. She herself was not strong, but always doing for others.

I remember keenly the dark, hair, wavy—the deep set dark brown eyes and thin face; the dark brown, soft, loose woolen gown she used to wear. It always delighted me to stick a brown-eyed Susan in her buttonhole. You see, I was agonisingly shy and uncertainly in those days; she was truly my guardian angel and took the trouble to draw me out. At her Sunday afternoon informal teas, to which a few close friends, like Sarah Butler, Mr. Pits and others used to come, I sat watching and listening; at first present only because she had come to my room after me. Those were the old dormitory days.

Her offer to take me with her to Japan, as Kindergarten and Primary teacher, made me very happy and helped me to self-confidence—Grandmamma's objections nearly broke my heart; but I did not go.

Her long letters, which she wrote me from Japan, were gems. I never had the courage to destroy them. I fear the cloud burst in Rocky Ford this summer did this for me as for some other treasures.

I used to admire her two beautiful children and quite envy Anna Williams her care of them, being too shy to make any advances myself.

I hope I will meet Mrs. Straight some day. Just now I feel farther removed from my family and old friends than I have ever been. These reminiscences are very subjective and probably not what you want at all. They have taken me back into one of the happiest and one of the most critical periods in my life. The memory of arid friends helps over the hard places in life. I wish I might know that I have been as good a friend to someone.

Drop me a line occasionally. I am foolish enough to be lonely at times.

Lovingly,

Aunt Alice.

924 Water St,
WILLARD STRAIGHT

Of course I had heard of Straight long before 1917, but
my first glimpse of him was at a meeting of the Executive
Committee of Mayor Mitchell's Committee on National Defense
in the Mayor's office at the City Hall. It was one of the dark days in March,
following the severance of relations with Germany and before the national
policy was formulated. Congress had been called to meet at the time of Mr.
Wilson's second inauguration, and nobody knew what it would do or felt sure
what the President would recommend. The moment that quick bright eye fell
upon me my interest was excited, and a relation began which quickly ripened
into friendship. He had a genius for friendship.

Col. [Later General] Vanderbilt had been the first
Chairman of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense,
which was organized in October 1915 and included a
thousand citizens, representing a cross section of the Community. His
military duties soon compelled him to retire, and Mr. Straight took his place.

The latter's first notable accomplishment was the report
of the Executive Committee of January 8th, 1917, upon the
mobilization of the National Guard in the previous year.

The Guard had been considered and in fact was part of the first line defense.
In 1895 the volunteer system, which furnished the best Indian and Philippine
Armies, consisted of the comparatively small Regular Army and the relatively
large National Guard federalized. Since then, by act of Congress, the National
Guard organizations which conformed had been taken over to the extent of
being armed and equipped according to United States regulations and under
Federal supervision. High hopes were entertained that through this procedure
the next emergency would find ready to meet it a body of troops capable of
filling the place assigned and thus able to vindicate the continuance of
the volunteer system in America.

The test came when the National Guard was mobilized in
the summer of 1916 on the Mexican border. There was a
minimum strength of 180,000 but only 114,000 were called, of whom 22,000 dropped
out. About the same number were rejected because of physical disability so that
only 57,000 stayed in service. In order to produce a total force of the
number needed, over 70,000 new recruits were taken in. The attempt to raise
the 136,000 additional men desired to bring the National Guard up to war
strength was a failure in spite of the most earnest efforts in its behalf,
through proclamations, parades and publicity of all kinds.

Even with the deficiency thus shown the regiments were
unable to get enough tents, blankets, shoes, clothing and other supplies for
their immediate needs. Regulations had required that the Guard, as it existed
before the call, was to have on hand equipment for at least peace strength
so that the Federal Government need only take care of recruits. The shortages
were found serious, partly for the reason that there was not enough to go
around, and partly because the material on hand was unserviceable, often to
the extent of fifty per cent. or more.

ECONOMIC

These figures were startling enough. The economic
situation as it immediately developed was worse yet.

We did somehow guard the Mexican border, but at the
cost of serious hardship to the men who served and to their families. Over
six thousand, when the situation became acute, were discharged for dependency.
Many more who did not make claims were of course needed by their families
just as much as the others. Only the appropriation of $4,000,000 for
relief, the formation of Committees all over the country and the discharges already described prevented widespread want, and in some measure alleviated the desperate plight of the marines and their families.

All this and much more, which there is no space here to describe, was set out in the Committee report. Its conclusion was the necessity for general military training and compulsory service. It was widely circulated and its effect upon the public mind during the first few months of the war, when the sentiment for the draft was being painfully developed, cannot be over-estimated.

I speak of the dark days when I first saw Straight, because I remember vividly the local conditions as they appeared at that time to us. In spite of von Bernstorff's elimination, the propaganda for which his name stood was still active. Indeed, German sympathizers and pacifists eagerly attempted to conceal their determination to go to any length rather than permit the United States to vindicate its honor. The foreign language press all over the country wrought daily on the passions of its readers. German-American organizations met and passed volumes of resolutions. The legacy of the German-American vote was paraded everywhere and the more weak-minded politicians trembled with dread of their constituents. The members of Congress were bombarded with letters and telegrams, nearly all to the same purport. One willing to accept surface indications might well have believed that a majority of our people were traitors or cowards. Straight knew otherwise.

A particular drive was made by pro-Germans in the City of New York, where too many citizens and other residents of German and Austrian stock repeated the specious arguments furnished to them, and sought to combine with those who held anti-British sentiments.

The most pressing duty was to show the President of the United States that a city whose every activity is daily heralded all over the country held no divided loyalty, and was prepared to support him in the enforcement of American rights.

From this conviction sprang the so-called "Declaration of Loyalty." To one who reads this statement today, its confession of faith appears, to say the least, simple and self-evident. Yet I well remember a prominent citizen of German stock complaining to me, with tears in his eyes, that it was un-American and dictated by a partizan hatred of Germany and a slavish adherence to England.

Those who have ever attempted to obtain a few thousand signatures to a petition can realize what it means to secure a million in three weeks, yet that is what was done. This is where I first saw the brilliant qualities of Willard Straight.

A special organization was created almost overnight, numerous headquarters opened, every manner of civic, social, religious and patriotic organization drafted, the churches and schools came in, and when the President laid before Congress early in April a solemn statement of the facts and request for the recognition of a state of war, he was able to point to the greatest city of the country, solidly behind him.

When war became a fact the President called for volunteers, and in spite of the deep conviction of the Committee as already expressed, a great effort was made to secure the desired result. A Recruiting Committee was formed, branch headquarters sprang up all over the city, posters were issued at the expense of the Committee and its friends, patriotic meetings were held by day and by night, in halls and on the street, the battleship "Recruit" was built in Union Square and immediately became the central point of Navy recruiting in New York.
COJIll!PIIIII

But this was only one matter, though an important one.

COORDINATION

The greatest problem of all was to secure immediately the main result for which the Committee had been formed—that is, the coordination under the city administration of the many patriotic committees and movements which arose on all sides, so as to produce harmony and to prevent duplication and waste. The Governor prepared a scheme for activity throughout the State involving the appointment of a Home Defense Committee for each county. Our Committee being already organized and equipped was designated to take charge of the five counties of Greater New York. From that time and as long as the Hitchel administration lasted the New York Mayor's Committee on National Defense was recognized as the official agent for war purposes of the state and nation.

ARMY VOLUNTEERS

This recognition came none too soon. Recruiting was not a failure, because it supplied hundreds of thousands of young men for the Army and Navy who, because they wanted to fight for their country and offered themselves early, were particularly valuable. Nevertheless, it soon became evident that a volunteer system would not do for a war of such magnitude. The required quotas of the Regular Army, Navy and Marine Corps in New York City were, nearly reached and, shortly after, those of the National Guard, but the rest of the country had not altogether awakened to its needs and a draft became inevitable.

REGISTRATION FOR THE DRAFT

The theory of the draft fitted in wonderfully with our organization, for the Mayor was designated by the President and Governor to devise a scheme to secure registration of all male residents of the city between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, and he promptly delegated this duty to the Committee. He suggested the machinery of the Board of Elections under the supervision of City, Borough and District Boards. This plan was accepted at Albany and Washington, and the Committee acted throughout the registration which followed as unofficial adviser to those in charge. Over 400,000 men were enrolled without a hitch and without the slightest hint of scandal or serious disorder. During registration day we held ready and furnished on demand several hundred additional registrars of high type, and our transportation department furnished nearly one hundred automobiles throughout the day. The future historian who knows how smoothly the draft worked will find it difficult to believe that prophecies of riot and refusal to register on an enormous scale were widely made, and that the Provost Marshal General looked with anxious eyes on New York as the great national nerve center, to see what it would do. Yet such is the fact. It is not too much to say that one of the greatest military services performed in the war was the successful handling of the beginnings of the draft by John Parry Hitchel and Willard Straight.

GRADE MILITARY CENSUS

Another task of great importance was the taking of the state military census. This project was ridiculed at the time, and has been bitterly attacked since as a useless expense. However, the military laws of the State of New York authorize conscription, and at the time nobody knew with certainty whether there would be a Federal draft. It was the Governor's constitutional duty to provide a basis for state conscription if it came, and we felt it our duty to assist. At the request of the Governor we nominated a Director of Census, and helped him in getting his fifty thousand volunteers, while our transportation committee furnished for the use of his agents about $45,000 in the value of free automobile service. Approximately three and a quarter million men and women in New York City between the ages of sixteen and fifty were thus enrolled.
Now came the actual drafting of New York registrants under the Selective Service law. It was due to our Committee's urgent representations that the Appeal Board (which crowed the system) was authorized to cover the whole city instead of being divided as elsewhere according to judicial districts.

This modification alone secured the coordination of draft work with police help and public cooperation. At the mayor's request, the Committee nominated on his behalf to the Governor the members of the New York district boards - 667 in number - which with our help in furnishing advice, volunteers and transportation, have completed their organization to the extent of eighty per cent. before the work was formally taken over by the State authorities for the Federal Government. Even then our offices were used by the new Draft Director for several weeks, and after an interregnum of some months the office of the Draft Director came back to the Mayor's Committee and there remained until the end of the war, with the Director of the Committee as Director of the Draft. Even during the period of absence, the great volume of volunteer work and transportation assistance was handled by the Mayor's Committee.

Among the other numerous activities for which Straight's organizing abilities were responsible I mention the Americanization campaign. In a city like New York, where eighty per cent. of the people are foreign born or the children of foreign born parents, it was important to be watchful and at the same time to be helpful. The Committee on Aliens assisted the Government in the registration of enemy aliens, at the same time protecting the rights of the aliens themselves, observed the utterances of foreign language newspapers, and conducted a wide and important Americanization campaign. The hospitals were put on a war basis, the beds were tabulated and a census of nurses taken by the Hospital Committee. In short, the Committee became the recognized center of civilian war activities for the city of New York.

The desire and ability of patriotic women to do their share was recognized by the Mayor and Mr. Straight in the formation of the Woman's Committee. Miss Ruth Morgan, its first head, soon became ill, and Mrs. Willard Straight, its Vice-Chairman, was the acting Chairman, and so continued after he had entered the Army.

Major Straight obtained a commission in the Army in April 1917, and was called to service the latter part of May. After a few months at Governor's Island he left for the South, and with the activities of the Mayor's Committee of National Defense after that date he had nothing directly to do. His foundations had been laid deep, however, and so long as my own relations with the Committee lasted, that is through 1917, the marks of his planning and his work stood for all to see. His devoted staff remained true to the lessons of patriotism, energy and tact which he had taught.

We all know that Major Straight performed great service in the Army as a Brigade Adjutant, as the Paris head of the overseas insurance Bureau, in staff duties in the Corps, and in preparing at Paris for the labours of the Versailles Peace Conference. We know that he died in harness. He died of overwork, tired out by hard and continuous labour. Nevertheless, I personally shall always feel that his most important service in the war was when under our great Mayor, like him later a martyr to patriotic duty, he organized and developed into a powerful auxiliary instrument for the war service of his country the civilian resources of the city of New York.
This was one of Straight's favorite expressions — the
one which seemed to me the most characteristic of his
vivid and magnetic personality. His thoughts were winged,
and fast after them flew his words and acts. His contagious
mirth and ready
wit enlivened the most serious task, though they never concealed the earnest-
ness of his convictions and his splendid character. He was intensely,
sympathetically human, and a host of loving hearts followed him and follow
him still.

I saw Major Straight five or six times abroad, twice
at the Army General Staff College in Langres, where he had been
a marked man as student and to which he frequently returned to
obtain the latest advice and information bearing upon his staff
duties — several times in the office of my Division — once at
Army Headquarters — and once in the field during a liaison prob-
lem. I like to think of the tall figure in the big plain near
Rambervillers, surrounded by the officers from the various
divisions in his Corps and instructing them on the demonstration
which they had just seen, while the signalling planes roared
overhead and the light of the sky was reflected in those brilliant
sparkling eyes.
In the Spring of 1907 I was appointed Deputy Consul-General at Mukden, Manchuria. At the American Consulate at Dairen, in the Japanese Leased Territory, I found a letter addressed to me from Willard Straight. At Groton in May Kermit Roosevelt, then a fifth former, had proudly shown a photograph of temple gates received from "Mr. Straight in China", and in Washington Robert Bacon, then acting Secretary of State, had read aloud extracts from recent dispatches, written by the Consul-General at Mukden after Neal Fairchild’s death, to show Fairchild’s successor how greatly assistance was needed at that post. They journeyed together across Canada and the Pacific on the way to our respective oriental stations. Ned Bowditch several times spoke of the man he had known two years previously in Korea. They were both, as he said, "Pin-yanigans", meaning that they shared with R.H. Davis, Barrett Wendell, Edwin Morgan, Leigh Hunt, and some others of the elect, what was then the rare distinction of having actually inhabited Pin-yang.

Such various items of information were only glimmerings, but together they were enough to indicate a destination out of the ordinary. That impression was confirmed by this first of many letters from Straight.

It contained a formal welcome and some specific instructions for the trip from Dairen to Mukden. At that time the Japanese were standardizing the gauge of the South Manchurian Railroad, and several bridges, replacing those demolished by the Russians in their retreat a year before, had been washed away by floods. Straight wanted a detailed report, made en route, on the progress of construction; the approximate mileage rebuilt, character of ballast, condition of bridges, amount of new rolling stock; and he asked for notes on the quality and quantity of Japanese travel moving northward from the Leased Territory into Chinese Manchuria. Written in his own careful longhand — the neat characters blocked like type on wide-margined pages that afterwards became so familiar — the letter faithfully represented its writer. One was aware of the keen mind of a consular officer definitely on the job. And yet, what was more abiding, the formal expressions to a stranger had a distinction and a charm super-consular. There, all at once at the first contact was Willard Straight; the thoughtfulness, the insistence, the grace that were his. And there stood his main preoccupation during Mukden days — the activities of an encroaching empire in Manchuria.

A week later, at daybreak on a hot August morning, I found Straight in his temple at Mukden. His boy, who had met me at the station, awakened him on our arrival, and he came out across the shadowy court bareheaded wearing...
a grey silk kimono, his feet in Japanese sandals. There was no wind blowing that morning, no yellow dust in the air. The sunrise painted the eastern sky bright red. On the parade-ground outside the temple, buglers of the Viceroy's new regiments were practicing their calls. Every now and then in life comes a harmony of things, when the elements of a moment, human and inanimate, are composed by some spiritual agency as though with a destined propriety. The triumphant dawn over sad brown plains around the old Manchuria city, the oriental temple, and Straight, youthful, tall and grave, all belonged inevitably together. It is impossible for the few who knew him in Manchuria to think of Mukden without its brightest spirit, and the thought of Straight, for one at least of his friends, always had - as now it has - a Mukden background.

The Mukden Consulate in those days was a cross-roads of the East, a caravanseral, a Mecca. And Straight, in addition to his consular duties, was host, guide, counselor, friend and good Samaritan. That first morning was typical of many of those which followed. Breakfast time, four or five hours after our meeting at dawn, discovered a houseful of guests. Major Oleen Swift, U.S.A., was living in the temple while making a strategic study of the Battle of Mukden for the War College at Washington. Haskins, Chinese Secretary of the Peking Legation, and Peck, a student interpreter, had come north on semi-official diplomatic pilot, and Chandler, U.S. Vice-Counsel at Dalny, was on route back to his post. After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Stowe-Phelps, of Morristown, New Jersey, dropped in on their way around the world, and later in the morning appeared Professor Blakesley of Worcester, Mass., working up the Far East for future lectures at Clark University.

These various guests - - like all the rest who subsequently came and went in an almost uninterrupted stream - - the temple absorbed, ministered unto, fed, and sent forth singing its praises. That first morning Straight was very busy getting ready to leave the following morning. Twenty-four hours after my arrival I took charge of the consulate and there was only one day in which to absorb instructions, get a rough idea of consular routine, and be prepared for eventualities. Straight accomplished this transfer of responsibility in addition to his own work and found time besides to get Major Swift properly chaperoned by Japanese officers, arrange a boy-conducted tour for the Phelps', set Haskins and Peck to work, and answer patiently the interminable questions of the learned Blakesley.

That afternoon we rode for the first time "out to a temple in a deep enchanted forest" (as the entry runs in my diary) - the forest and the Manchua tombs of Pei-ling.
And that night - the climax to a long day of vivid impressions - the entire company dined together out of doors in the inner court. The occasion was quite perfect. Hardly any two of us around that table had anything in common - except that we were all conventionally dressed for dinner - but the place and our host subdued the group to temporary accord. Shaded candles glowed over linens and silver and flowers on a table charmingly arranged on a red rug in the centre of the paved quadrangle. The well-trained boys, in silk brocaded coats and tasseled hats, faded in and out of the shadows noiselessly. And a different moon, the moon of Asia, looked over the temple roofs silhouetting fantastic figures on the eaves and flooding the court with silver magic. We sat for a long time afterwards smoking and talking, each one with that sense of ease and goodwill and attention which was part of the abiding charm of the place, and made people care for it and want to return to it.

By and by Straight got his guitar and sang for us. He sang unaffectedly and well - his head tilted up in the air and forehead wrinkled - but never so appropriately as there in his temple court which seemed a part of his songs to those of us who first heard them there.

"Last night I dreamed I was a Mandarin - Yo-ya-moe, Yo-ya-moe, Yo-ya-moe." He had several negro melodies and old Cornell glee club tunes, but best of all were the songs he made of Kipling's verses:

"Danny Deever", "For to Admire", and "The City of Sleep". During that summer and in the following year there were many other dinners in that same court by moon and candle-light, but most of them are merged together now in a composite memory. This one remains distinct because it was the first.

During Straight's absence of a little over a week I had my first experience of his many responsibilities and cares while acting Consul-General and host. It is not profane to say that people went into Straight's temple with thanksgiving and entered his courts with praise. It was really one of the show-places of North China, besides being a kind of sanctuary and a haven where everyone would be.

The South Manchurian Railroad had a habit of landing people at Mukden at unearthly hours. From Dairen or Harbin guests generally arrived - and departed -, at dawn or in the middle of the night. The Imperial Railways of North China which linked us with Tientsin and Peking were more human, but in those reconstruction days, a year after the Peace of Portsmouth, there was a good deal of dust and dirt and general hardship connected with Manchurian travel in any direction. Approached by the long Russian boulevard from the station, with its many roofs surmounted by a tall white flagpole, the American Consulate loomed across a bare parade ground like a small suburb outside the city walls. The late Vicerey, whose monument it was, - and from whose mercenary heirs Straight had secured
its lease - had departed recently to his long home.

His memorial temple, therefore, was comparatively new
and in an excellent state of preservation. Under
Straight's orders our fifteen servants kept it cleaner
inside and out than any other Chinese dwelling I ever
entered.

Imagine, then, the feelings of the average guest
frozen or boiled according to the season of the year, but
always dirty and tired, and detrained at what then seemed
the jumping off place - to find himself in a haven of
cleanliness and comfort surrounded by the conveniences
and small attentions which go with big modern cities.
And all of this astonishing well-being discovered in a
fantastic oriental setting which neither words nor photo-
graphs can adequately represent.

That part of the big viceroyal compound in which
we lived consisted of three successive courts. Through an
ornamental gate in the outer wall you entered the first
and largest of these, in which the central object was a
high pylon of granite and wood richly carved and painted.
Grotesque stone dogs guarded its abutments, quaint gargo-
yles clung to its slanting ridge poles, and under its
intricate eaves hung little bells that tinkled with the
slightest breeze.

From this wide ceremonial court you hurried over
the high threshold of the gatehouse into a smaller central
enclosure; directly across through an aisle of potted
plants and flowers, the drawing-room barred its further
side; Straight's room flanked it on the right, mine
on the left. In the gate-house were two guest rooms.

Each of the other rooms was a separate building in it-
self. Beyond the drawing-room through which it must
be reached lay the innermost court, the penitentia,
closed on the opposite side by the Viceroy's shrine.
It was here that we dined when the weather was clear
and warm. On the right of this court stood the dining-
room and on the left the best guest room.

These three successive courts with their con-
stituent "chairs" were built on the same longitudinal
axis, so that when, as on the occasion of a big dinner
or the periodical ceremony, provided for in the lease,
of kowtowing to the Viceroy's dust, the intervening
great doors of the gate-house and the drawing-room
were flung open, there lay an alluring vista from the
outer gate clear through to the innermost shrine, a
distance of a hundred yards or so. By day this was
impressive enough; by night, with long lines of lanterns
stretching through the courts, it became celestial. In
other buildings near at hand, but not part of the central
axis, were the consular offices, the "hot bath", kitchens
and stables, and over in the adjoining compound of the
Llama priests - - pensioners of the dead Viceroy and
guardians of his shrine - - reached by an arched gateway
through the low intervening wall beyond the office.

Straight had laid out a very good clay tennis-court. Near
one corner of the tennis-court, flanked by colossal bas-reliefs of carved stone and dominating our entire village, rose the tall white flagstaff set up in August 1907 and believed to be the highest in North China. The country was so flat around Manchuria that you could see the Stars and Stripes of the American Consulate several miles away in any direction.

Thoroughly in keeping with this oriental demesne were the retainers who made up its very competent domestic staff and daily, though unconsciously, contributed to the humor of life in Manchuria. The entire ménage looks quizzically out of an old 1907 photograph pasted in my diary. Not counting the suave Mr. Kao, our Chinese writer, nor the "barber by special appointment to Their Excellencies, etc.", nor the little Lama neophytes who in summer pursued tennis balls and ran errands in all seasons, there were fifteen of these worthies in the more or less permanent establishment. Willard had names for some of them. Most important were old "Clarence" the gate man, who had come with him from the Na-lin-kan, and "Chester", the night watchman, neither of whom recognized any hours or limits to their faithful services. No one got by "Clarence" day or night, though he shrewdly came to recognize a few privileged local characters like Heager, Oliver or Watson, who might properly be permitted to wander in unannounced. He was the first to wear the consular shield on his coat, and took enormous pride in his job which involved admitting Vicerays, Governors and Ministers.

"Chester" was a very big Manchu, well over six feet. Whenever he slept was a mystery, for he was always pottering around on various self-inflicted jobs during the daytime, and in the night it gave an added sense of comfort when you woke to hear old "Chester" on his rounds rapping on the walls and flagging, with the club he carried, to scare away evil spirits and cheer up his own.

Among the "William", originally my boy, came to be most identified with the temple and Straight's subsequent affairs in other years and places. To a rare degree he possessed the quality of unswerving faithfulness. An impediment in his speech had the effect of making his eyes as large as butter-plates with inarticulate explanation. His tall slim figure is woven into memories of Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, and Paris, and he died far from home in the service of his master.

Mr. Kao, our Chinese writer, belongs in a separate category. He spoke English fluently although with some
quaint idios of his own, entertained official ambitions and took himself generally with great seriousness. Like Chinese of his class he was efficient in all that he had to do and an indefatigable worker. His position in the American Consulate gave him a great deal of extra "face" in the Chinese community, and his exits and entrances, with a swish of silken skirts and a flick of his extra long queue, were often the occasion for quiet exchanges of glances between his nominal superiors. From Mr. Kao to the metheurst water-coolie the entire establishment was devoted to Straight, who bore toward them a kind of feudal relationship. He was the overlord and master, uncompromising but fair, rewarding them in various ways for services which money alone could not buy.

In 1906, after my resignation to enter the service of the Imperial Chinese Government, my official connection with the consulate and residence in the temple ceased, but on several occasions thereafter, I was again in Mukden with Straight until the time when we left together for home in September of that year. My Chinese diaries record names and dates for the entire period and chronicle a succession of daily events of no particular value now except to show how quaintly and hopefully — sometimes how gaily — life went there and then. Unfortunately the 1906 diary, containing details of our joint efforts in the cause of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria and the maintenance of the "Open Door", cannot now be found. A transcript of the 1907 entries at Mukden, already written, does not make sufficiently clear Straight's position and influence in the local community and in Manchuria.

At that time Willard was less than thirty years old. His colleagues and competitors, the officials of the government to which he was accredited, his friends and associates, without exception, were older than he in years, but his was the initiative, the leadership. Surrounded by mediocrity, tempted by easier ways, and worn by routine he dreamed the dreams of a young man and saw the visions of maturity. He impressed all with whom he came in contact by his winning personality and by his force of character commanded their respect.

From widely divergent and prejudiced points of view his integrity was tacitly acknowledged. With Hau-Shih-chang (then Viceroy of Manchuria and now President of China) and Yang-Shao-yi, constantly besieged by concession hunters, facing official pressure from British, French and German interests and threatened by the Japanese, he was persona gratissima because he so faithfully represented the bona fides of his own government which China was then coming to recognize as her only friend in the international scramble. But beyond this official relationship there were many evidences of warm personal friendship between the Chinese officials and their youngest, most intelligent and amusing foreign associate. He
alone among the consuls at Mukden spoke Mandarin and knew and loved things Chinese.

The Russians, useful but not passive, and greatly intrigued with the importance they attached to a growing American-Japanese irritation, saw in Straight the representative of a new order in the Far East. Their own consular establishment, disorderly socially and officially, was the complete reverse of his, but, while wondering at his punctiliousness, they did not resent it. With the German and British representatives he remained on terms of comradeship which were mutually appreciated. It seems strange now to think of an American, German and Englishman fraternising on the most intimate terms, discussing with the greatest frankness their respective interests, troubles and theories. Although of different nationalities, Neiser, Fulford and Willis, Oliver and Watson, Straight's colleagues and friends, all spoke the same human language. Via a visa the Japanese it was another matter. During the entire time of his Mukden consulship, Willard remained a thorn in the flesh of Dai Nippon.

There remained, outside of his official relations, a small foreign community which recognized in Straight's temple and in his personality a kind of general safeguard or reassurance. The English and Scotch missionaries came to him with their troubles and their plans and found him always sympathetic and helpful. The pioneer trade-people who adventured into Central Manchuria also recognized in him a keen advocate and a helpful influence. Many of our neighbors felt themselves to be cut off from what they called civilization and rather succumbed to a self-imposed exile. Willard's drawing-room was lined with bookshelves regularly replenished with new publications; he subscribed to several newspapers and magazines which did not come to us freely through the consular mail. Printed news from home reached us generally from a month to six weeks after publication, but through his subscriptions to the English newspapers published in the China and Japan coast ports, we kept pace with the times only a week or so behind the cable.

This leadership so generally acknowledged, and the atmosphere of intelligence, wide interest and refinement he had managed to create in so short a time, made life in the temple extraordinarily keen and interesting. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that there was no better talk in China. The conversation never degenerated into mere personalities of the commercial traveler type of stories. It must be remembered that this was the China of the Empire. The Empress Dowager was then the great inscrutable personality of the orient. Mystery was undispeled; the Forbidden City was still forbidden; queues hung down the banks of China. The echoes of the Russo-Japanese War were still rolling over Manchuria, and rumors of other wars came faintly on the air. There was plenty to talk about. And the people from Mukden and the ends of the earth who came to sit about Straight's table and blow the smoke of his Havana cigars up into the painted rafters of his drawing-room knew...
what they were talking about. Wonderful tales they unravelled, facts far wilder and stranger and more alluring than fiction, and one had the added interest of knowing that each narrator was a doer or a seer of the things he spoke of. There was little or nothing of the second-hand. Almost everyone in those days who sojourned in our consular hotel had a hopeful adventurous interest in life and in one another. Among them all there was no interest more vivid, no mind keener, no figure more striking than this boy's who was their host.

There was always a strong sense of the dramatic in much that Willard did, and in Manchuria in those days the dramatic was normal. He loved ceremony. He made little ceremonies out of flag raisings, dinners, toasts, the arrival and departure of guests. The decanter of port must always circulate around the dinner table from right to left, and even at informal luncheons he personally arranged the seating beforehand. He was unhappy if the less important of two people occupied the right hand place in a carriage or motorcar. In Mukden nothing was synchronized, but Willard was almost invariably late in reaching functions and equally invariably arrived with eclat and was promptly forgiven on arrival.

Had this trait been merely a love of show it would have proved a weakness; it was instead an evidence of strength. He was by right of rank and seniority of residence Dean of the Consular Corps. He insisted on the forms and the prerogatives which went with the office of American Consul-General in China; when they happened to be disagreeable he did not shirk them any more than he shirked the responsibilities of the office. Sometimes we "rode in triumph through Persepolis" but far more often, and with equal devotion, he maintained his dignity in a derelict drosky or shouldered the wearisome burdens and services he might easily have avoided. And then behind the high value he placed on appearances there was always the deep feeling he had about right living.

In a place such as Mukden was fourteen years ago little things counted in morale. The tendency was to compromise, to grow careless, to slump. Straight did not so much overcome his oriental environment as bring it into agreement with his own standards. In principle he conceded nothing. Our life was robust enough. We met the rest on even terms, with a live-and-let-live attitude; there were roaring nights and adventurous days, but always a fine fibre running through the weave of personalities which was Straight's contribution. I can't remember that he ever took a censorious or critical attitude toward his neighbors and associates, but by the force of a consistent example he carried more weight and exerted more influence than would have been possible by any amount of preaching. It was a quiet insistence, flavored with a saving grace of humor. Whether we had guests or not, we always dressed for dinner at Mukden, summer or winter, and there was no difference in the de-
portment of the house servants no matter who was present. Straight believed in keeping as physically fit as the climate and the onerous official and social duties of his position would permit. Some form of exercise was part of every Mukden day.

Generally we rode. In the temple stables were four oat-fed ponies - "Mable", "Willie", "Cramreuch" and "Nikko", named by Straight without regard to sex, and all of them grays. In the warm weather there was a good deal of tennis. We introduced in Manchuria what we were pleased to call "polo", making up in zeal what we lacked in skill. Sometimes we took long walks or runs. (This latter form of diversion convincing some of the neighbors that we really were crazy). We sent to Shanghai for boxing gloves and started sparring on rainy afternoons, but as these encounters broke up so much furniture and tended to loss or impairment of consular face, they were eventually abandoned. When nothing else would do we fell back upon the "Sandow" chest weights bought in Tientsin and installed in my room. Riding brought by far the happiest results, winding by tracks in kioliang fields to distant little hills, through the always wonderful nocturnal city, and often to Pei-ling.

That sense of unreality which haunts life brooded over Pei-ling. There, faraway was near. Through the still pine groves and aisles of the Manchu tombs, tended with priest-like care, stirred an influence felt and acknowledged by different kinds of beings. Straight often spoke of

this. Life at Mukden, as elsewhere, was made up of elements commonplace and banal enough, but once we had ridden across the downs into the Mancha forest, it often assumed a quality of dream.

Hating endeavors to give some impressions of Straight's personality and the social side of his life in Manchuria, it now remains to outline very briefly his official service and accomplishment there.

In common with all other consular officers in China Straight was directly responsible to the Department of State at Washington, and indirectly to the Legation at Peking. Our dispatches to the Department were almost always duplicated to Peking, and generally copies of important informational letters to Mr. Rockhill, then American Minister in China, were sent to Washington. The establishment at Mukden, however, was expressly the most important north of the Great Wall. In that area Straight was the only American Consul-General. His powers, however, were not defined with sufficient detail to avoid friction or to limit an ambitious conception of his position. During the summer and autumn of 1907, Straight organized and put into operation an effective liaison system linking up all of the American Consular establishments in Manchuria with the Mukden office. In order to do this he had to secure the hearty cooperation of the other consuls, and to act without instructions, or rather in the spirit but beyond the letter of his instructions.
The results more than justified him. Roger Green, our representative at Dalney in the Leased Territory, was of course primarily responsible to the Embassy at Tokio, but he at once recognized Straight's plan as strengthening American interests in Manchuria, and on account of his great liking and admiration for Willard, fell in with it intelligently. During the next twelve months he kept us supplied with information of the greatest value with regard to Japanese activities, opinions and projects in his jurisdiction -- information which we could not have reached or relied upon through other channels.

On our trip to Vladivostok in November 1907 to meet Secretary of War Taft, Straight used his time in Harbin to reach a thorough mutual understanding with Fred Fisher, our consul there. As in the case of Green, Fisher at once saw the advantages of close cooperation and was so stimulated by Willard's keener mind that he too became thenceforward a very useful and loyal ally. The remaining territory was covered by Charles Jonathan Arnell at Antung on the Tala River, and by Consul Heenan at Neu-chwang. Arnell had previously been Straight's consular clerk and held office nominally as vice and deputy consul on our own Mukden payroll. He needed no additional urging as, with nothing else to do in his bailiwick, he kept us fairly swamped with beautifully written reports of no particular value which had, nevertheless, to be digested, rewritten and distributed by the

deputy consul general at Mukden. Mr. Heenan, formerly consul at Odessa, became firmly lashed to Willard's chariot-wheels during his short visit to the temple in October 1907 on route to his new post.

It has so frequently been the experience of men working in the government service abroad to find their best efforts and most ambitious plans thwarted and misunderstood on account of little official jealousies and personalities among their subordinates or superiors, that Straight's success in getting the entire consular body in Manchuria to work loyal and together with him and through him was as rare, as it was an able, performance. Unfortunately his relations with the Legation at Peking were not uniformly so successful.

Throughout nearly two-thirds of my time in China there existed a distinct difference between the Mukden consulate and the American diplomatic representative at Peking. This was founded upon a misunderstanding which grew chiefly because of the distance between the two posts. It was entirely removed before Straight left China by the visits of Mr. Rockhill and of Henry P. Fletcher - then First Secretary of the Legation - to Mukden, and by the gradual appreciation in Washington of Straight's efforts and accomplishment. On Willard's arrival in China, he had requested permission from the Legation to proceed to Peking in order to establish a closer relationship between the Legation and its most strategic outpost, and to talk over with Mr. Rockhill
pending questions of American policy in Manchuria. Mr. Rockhill rather peremptorily refused the request. It was his habit to minimize the importance of things and, before he knew Straight's character, he rather resented what he took at long range to be mere officiousness. With Fletcher much the same wrong impression had grown into a fixed idea. On my first visit to Peking in October 1907, it became quite evident that the Legation felt Willard was carrying things with a high hand in Manchuria and magnifying the responsibilities and scope of his office.

Mr. Rockhill was a reactionary, one of the two or three most noted sinologists of his time. He sat cross-legged on the floor and talked with the Dalai Llama of Tibet in his native tongue. His heart was in old China. He was an acknowledged master of the old diplomacy of forms and laissez-faire. As a matter of fact, however, it was he who first phrased the doctrine of "The Open Door and Equal Opportunity for all" which John Hay's advocacy established as a cardinal principle of American foreign policy. He also won distinction as American representative at Peking in the settlement of the protocol after the Boxer Rebellion, and it was through his good offices that the balance of the Boxer indemnity was refunded in 1908 to the government of China. He was all his life a great friend of China, but he entirely missed - or rather he did not acknowledge - the constructive commercial possibilities of his office.

Straight's attitude toward China and especially toward the Manchurian situation was entirely distinct from this more academic attitude of the American Minister. Mr. Rockhill was rather content with the doctrine of the "Open Door"; Straight jeopardized his life and nearly brought about a break in diplomatic relations with Japan by his insistence on maintaining the Door in Manchuria actually open. The confidential correspondence between Tokio and Washington during the spring of 1908 shows that American consular activities in Manchuria, coming at the time of the crisis in California Immigration, brought the State Department during a nervous period of ten days face to face with an impending ultimatum from the Japanese government. Straight saw opportunities for development of American trade in North China, for railway building and exploitation, which Mr. Rockhill ignored. He detected and reported Japanese treaty infringements which were very disturbing in Peking and Washington. And so it is easy to understand how for a long time there was a lack of mutuality between Haiden and Peking. But out of that misunderstanding grew eventually one of the strongest friendships of Willard's life.

The absorbing occupation of Straight's career was China. With the development and larger phases of his Chinese affairs his biographer will deal with proper perspective and in due proportion. Only a little remains to be said here, therefore, concerning the beginnings of these things.

The American consulate at Haiden in 1907-08 was really a diplomatic outpost in Manchuria. During that
eventful year I do not remember that an invoice was ever signed there. Commercial reports were regularly made to the Department at Washington and every foreign mail brought a number of trade inquiries - about thirty per cent intelligent - to be patiently answered. Straight's real task, his major responsibility as well as his great opportunity, was diplomatic.

While these pages are being written the Disarmament Conference at Washington has reaffirmed the principle of The Open Door in China, and taken the practical precaution of appointing an international door-keeper at Peking. During the fourteen years which have elapsed since Straight's consulship in Manchuria, this theory has been generally recognized. By one nation at least it has never been lived up to in practice. During the two years of Straight's administration of our consular interests in Manchuria, the principle was repeatedly being violated by the Japanese. It will be remembered that after the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese secured, by the terms of the Peace of Portsmouth, in addition to the unexpired Russian term of the Leased Territory of Liao-tung at the tip of the Manchurian Peninsula, the additional rights to the South Manchurian Railroad as far north as its junction with what was left of Russian railway enterprise at Kuang-chung-tsun. By subsequent treaties with China the Japanese bound themselves to respect Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria outside of their Leased Territory, the railway zone, and certain specific open ports such as Mukden, Antung, Neu-

chwang and Kirin, named by China in the Treaty. With these international agreements signed and sealed and their texts in every legation and consulate available for reference, the Japanese nevertheless systematically set to work to accomplish their own ends without restrictions.

In the later years of his life Straight came to appreciate and to sympathize with the Japanese point of view in their relations toward China. But at the time of his Manchurian consulship, in the interests of his own government as well as for the sake of a helpless Chinese government, he fought Japanese aggression unflinchingly. The Japanese attitude was understandable. Forced into a great war by the unscrupulous aggression of Russia, they had overwhelmingly defeated, in a series of brilliant campaigns, what was then believed to be the strongest military power in Europe. Practically without a check they had driven the Russians out of Korea and Manchuria, taken "impregnable" Port Arthur, and made "Adan [sic], the bear that walks like a man", sit up and beg for peace at Kuang-chung-tsun. Their victory had cost them heavily in blood and treasure. Japanese public opinion felt that the nation had dearly bought and paid for whatever rights their representatives at Portsmouth claimed. It was a bitter disappointment, therefore, when the published terms of the peace made it evident that Japan had only gained about 50% of what she had asked for. In the course of the next two years the Japanese government characteristically remained silent in the face of very serious popular
disapproval of the war settlement. There were no published post mortems, but the Geono just as characteristically set to work to accomplish in fact what they had failed to get accepted in principle.

A steady tide of Japanese immigration was flowing into Manchuria during the period of 1906-08 while Willard was at Mukden. We could see their settlements grow along the railroad, and the Chinese reported rapidly increasing figures in alien population. Korea had proved a barren and inhospitable promised land materially as well as politically. Manchuria was rich in agriculture, in mineral deposits -- the vital raw products which Japan needed -- and it offered vast possibilities in markets for Japanese manufactures and railway exploitation. Manchuria was a necessity for Japan; for the United States it was a doctrine. To the government at Washington the Open Door policy undoubtedly meant something definite. It left the American people cold.

Therein lay the irony of our situation and efforts. From this distance in time and geography a series of events which appeared to us then so important and dramatic, events which tended toward tragedy, appear now rather as the materials of an amusing comedy greatly exaggerated in character. With the exception of the ubiquitous Standard Oil Company and the British-American Tobacco Company, no American trade of consequence took advantage of the Door which Willard held open for two years in Manchuria. There were, however, as I have said, a great many feelers in the

shape of trade inquiries, and every mail brought quantities of advertising material printed in English and utterly useless until laboriously translated and adapted to Chinese attention. But the Japanese were taking no chances of equal opportunities for all. They were barred by their treaties from open discrimination but they were in a position to discriminate very effectively in practice. Nearly all of our foreign mail had to pass through the Japanese post office before it reached us, and Japanese mail was always given precedence. Important official correspondence from Washington came in sealed pouches, but other mail was repeatedly opened in transit. Our consular code was stolen. Shipments of freight over the South Manchurian Railway were almost frankly discriminatory, and competing shipments got held up on docks, at way-stations, or were mis-sent. Abundant evidence of this was on file in our consulate, corroborated from Har-ohwang and Antung. American freight frequently arrived in bad shape, and it was difficult to obtain redress for damages. Trade marks were borrowed, altered and appropriated. And most important of all, through our own agents but more emphatically and thoroughly through Chinese sources, we learned of a systematic Japanese trade exploitation of cities and towns reached by the South Manchurian Railroad which were not open to foreign trade. Even into the Province of Kirin and the borderland of Mongolia the tentacles of Japanese enterprise were thrust.
Without going any further into details it may be readily seen that sufficient cause for international friction existed. Willard's opposition, however, was the one effective barrier to Japanese plans. The British were constrained by their alliance, German interests were focussed in Shao-tung, and in the new project of the Tientsin-Fukow Railroad, and Franco-Belgian attention was chiefly directed along the line of the Peking-Hankow Railroad and the Yangtze Valley. But intimately linked with the interests of the United States was the principle of Chinese sovereignty, now at least (February 4, 1922) firmly recognized by the eight signatory powers at Washington, but then, except for the friendship of the United States, a forlorn hope. It was this community of interest which brought Hau-Shih-chang, Viceroy of Manchuria, and Tong-shao-yi, Governor of Mukden (Feng-tien or Central Manchuria) into the closest sympathy and cooperation with Straight in his championship of Chinese-American rights. The strategic importance of this association may be appreciated when it is known that at this time Tong was secretly the right hand man – really the unofficial Minister of Foreign Affairs – of Ysam-Shih-kai, and that with the approval of the Empress Dowager he was at this time building up a great project for the development, not only of Manchuria but of Central China as well, by means of loans to be negotiated in the United States and with

the administrative cooperation of American business enterprise under the protection of the American government. It later developed that he was even at this time beginning to cherish the fond hope – doomed to disappointment – of an alliance with the United States. What happened in Manchuria at this time, therefore, had a significance for all China, and Willard Straight, a young man of twenty-eight, found himself for a few months in the position of a man into whose hands is given the making of history. It was the golden age. At this time and at this distance the thrill persists, incomunicable as it may be. With youthful enthusiasm we believed we were playing a part in the destiny of nations. And, making all due allowances, we were not very far wrong.

Out of Willard's cooperation with Hau and Tong in the cause of Chinese Sovereignty, strengthened by the continuing aggressions of the Japanese, grew the idea of my appointment in the Imperial Chinese Service as a means of getting the truth about Manchuria fairly stated throughout the Far East and abroad. This was Willard's conception and at first he had hoped to get someone like Martin Egan, Percy MacDonald, or Frederic McDonnell of the Associated Press to tackle the job, which involved an intimate knowledge of Chinese affairs and publicity methods as well as an almost quixotic devotion to the cause. The proposition was duly brought to Egan and MacDonald on the Trans-Siberian Express between Vladivostok and Harbin. Both were inspired by its possibilities and gave me excellent advice, but neither
man wanted to tackle it himself —— they believed they had more important concerns in the Philippines and at home in connection with Mr. Taft’s candidacy —— and could not at the time suggest anyone else exactly appropriate. Consequently, after many long talks, it was finally decided that if the plan proved acceptable to Yuan in Peking and implicitly to the Department in Washington, that I should resign and try to do the best I could with its possibilities.

The value of Straight’s idea may be realized when it is understood that up to this time China had actually never felt the necessity of publishing its case before the world.

“The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain.”

This was literally the first occasion in Chinese history when the Imperial Government had appealed to international public opinion for justice. On their side the Japanese had for years understood the value of publicity. With the exception of an occasional utterance, such as the books of Thomas Willard or the dispatches of Frederic McCormick, Peking Correspondent of the Associated Press, and of the redoubtable Dr.Morrison of the London Times, (impertinent to distasteful alliances) no news was published about Manchuria which did not originate in Japanese sources and reach the press through Japanese-controlled channels. It is not an exaggeration to say that up to February 1906 three-quarters of the so-called news regarding Manchuria was propaganda. My task was to counter-check this well-organized propaganda, by a clear statement of the Chinese position, an exposition of events and tendencies north of the Great Wall, and to gain for such revelations the widest possible publicity.

The success of this endeavor was insured from the outset by the eagerness which we unexpectedly found in all quarters to learn the truth about what was then the most nervous region in international political geography.

On December 28th my resignation was accepted in a personal cable from Mr. Root, so worded as to convey approval of Straight’s course. Tung meanwhile had secured the approval of the Viceroy, then absent from Peking on a two months tour in the Northern Provinces, and Peking was already in accord.

At that time no one else knew of the fact of my resignation nor anything about the circumstances affecting it. A brief interruption camouflaged the event.

The morning after the cable arrived from the Secretary of State, as United States Marshall I took over from the Chinese custody of McKinley, the American fugitive from justice, and after an amusing two days convoy handed him over for safe keeping to the British consular jail in Tientsin. Thus happily ended for all but McKinley a perplexing case in international law in which Straight established a precedent. The Chinese were given the credit and “face” of arrest and recapture of the criminal, they were pleased by a temporary waiver of extraterritorial rights, and the fugitive was daily brought to justice in Oregon, convicted
and sentenced. (The transcript of my 1907 diary records the preceding facts in this case.)

On my return to Mukden we at once set to work organizing our campaign. A rough itinerary was mapped out and from our own records and those glibly furnished from the governor's yamen we compiled a truly formidable amount of hitherto unpublished material. With generalities we were not concerned. My dealers consisted of statements of fact, backed up by chapter and verse references and reinforced by exact figures and dates. Personalities, however, were scrupulously avoided and we discarded everything which might appear to be merely sensational. Equipped with this ammunition, a carte-blanche expense account from Tong, a bundle of letters of introduction from Willard, and squired by the faithful boy "Chang" - who afterwards became "William" - I set forth about the middle of January upon the new adventure.

I was gone more than three months. My travels took me to Tientsin and Peking, thence to Hankow, down the Yangtse to Shanghai, by steamer to Hongkong and across to the Philippines. Working back north from Manila I stopped again at the China coast ports and carried the campaign right into the enemy's country at Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, and Osaka, wherever there was a foreign language press, through Korea to the Yalu, and thence back home by Euroki's narrow gauge military railroad over the Hsien-tien-ling to Mukden. It was the end of March. Manchuria was desperately dreary with wind and thaw, but Willard eager-eyed was at the station to meet me, and there was Chester to look after the trunks, and the ponies the same as ever.

Willard's plan had succeeded beyond our fondest hopes. The material was excellent. Everybody wanted it and clamored for more. All I had to do was to put the stuff together and prod it out with discrimination. From the very start the China coast papers carried our news and the foreign correspondents cabled and wrote it to their home papers.

The Chinese vernacular press in Peking, Hankow, Shanghai and Hongkong jumped at it. McCormick of the Associated Press at Peking promptly became an ally. In Manila Joe Ohi of the New York Herald, and the Manila Times were sworn in, and General Wood and Governor Forbes became actively interested. It was the same way with the foreign language press in Japan. Afterwards we found that our material had been copied and printed in Italy and France and even in far away Spanish America. And, while placing all the information then at my disposal, I was so fortunate as to establish at each point visited connections and open channels which made possible a continuing and wider distribution of information thereafter.

Although this pilgrimage carried me thousands of miles away from Mukden, I remained in spirit throughout my absence closely linked to the originator of the plan who was chiefly interested in its development and success. We had an ingenious code and telegraph code which I think would have perplexed almost any expert. And as our mail was so often tampered with we had gradually adopted, even before...
I left Haiden, a cryptic language of our own, used orally
as well as in correspondence, which was sometimes so
cryptic that we could not even read it ourselves. The
Japanese were the "Bandarlog", and we had rather profane
and ridiculous nicknames for most of the prominent person-
ages with whom our correspondence was concerned. Willard
was "Straight", Fletcher was "Prather" and the inflection
of words like "hoto-batho", "frookoo coato", etc., added
flavor to the dialect. My interest never flagged in the
work itself, but Straight's welcome letters received in
distant cities invariably kindled added enthusiasm.

And then, wherever I went, his letters of intro-
duction were not only an enormous help in facilitating
my work, but also the means of my making many delightful
acquaintances. They were always open sesame to hospitality
and goodwill and pleasant associations. It was really
wonderful how far Willard's charm had cast its spell.

Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald in the British Embassy at
Tokyo, Sir Robert Hart and Sir John Jordan at Peking,
Gordon Paddock at Seoul, the Viceroy at Hankow, Denby
at Shanghai, were only a few of the friends whose names
occur to me now who were more than willing to do favors for
Willard Straight. And so, all things considered, it was no
wonder that our plan succeeded.

The plan succeeded altogether too well. In inverse
ratio to Japanese consternation the Chinese were delighted.
There were congratulations from both Hsu and Tong, and we
were given to understand that there was some satisfaction
registered inside the Forbidden City. Nothing that had
happened, however, quite reconciled me to moving out of
the temple. But a move was of course imperative. Arrange-
ments were made through the Viceroyal yamen with the Llama
priests whereby I secured the lease of the compound next
doors. and repairs had already been started on the additional
buildings when Tong was called to Peking by Yuan-Shih-Kai.
A few days later, at Tong's request, I followed and took up
my residence in Peking, where I continued for several weeks
under Tong's direction, to carry on our propaganda.

Meanwhile Japanese concern had grown to alarm and
hostility. I was shadowed and my mail tampered with. At
Haiden Straight had several embarrassing occurrences culminating
in the so-called "Haiden Incident", when a Japanese postman
and one of his compatriots forced an entrance into the temple
compound and were driven out after a brisk fight in which
Straight was nearly involved. I well remember coming into
the Peking Club one afternoon with Bland and McCormick to
find this sufficiently alarming news, greatly exaggerated
in the Chinese telegram, posted on the bulletin board. It
was at first reported that Willard had been shot. A few
days later at Washington, Baron Takahara, the Japanese
Ambassador, called at the State Department and quietly asked
for an explanation of the activities of an ex-American consular
officer in the Chinese service. It so happened that this query
came at a most critical juncture in the diplomatic crisis over
Japanese immigration in California.
Japan was quite prepared to go to the mat. But American public opinion except on the Pacific Coast would not then have supported a policy which might have driven us into hostilities with Japan. In the minor detail of our enterprise there was only one thing to do. Through the Legation at Peking I received a cable from Mr. Bacon which left me no choice of action. The Chinese, ignorant of conditions outside their own immediate interests, could not understand why I laid down my commission at the very height of its success. Tong was deeply disappointed. There was disappointment in Mukden too. As for me it was the greatest disappointment I had ever known. Afterwards we became more reconciled when we realized with calmer judgment that the Chinese sovereignty plan had been radical to say the least, and that it had for the time being accomplished its purpose.

I did not see Willard again until late in May, although I kept in touch with Mukden affairs through an uninterrupted correspondence. In the meantime, having been appointed by the Chinese on a commission with Admiral Sah to welcome the American Fleet at Amoy, and living in Peking with Henry Fletcher, I had come to appreciate the legation point of view on Chinese affairs. And after many conversations on Manchurian matters, it was suggested that Fletcher and I make an informal visit to Mukden with a view to reaching a mutual understanding on outstanding questions affecting legation and consulate. On our way we stopped at Tientsin for the race meeting, and I bought a gray pony to add to Straight's string at Mukden. This animal we had shipped in an open box car attached to our own train and at Kajang-tsu we had gone forward to see whether the mafu had fed him and was giving him proper care. While we were talking there the train pulled out of the station, and who should climb over the side of the car but Willard, almost as spontaneously glad to see us as we were to see him. He had come from Neun-chwang, where he had gone on the anniversary of Neal Fairchild's burial in the cemetery there, to put flowers on his grave.

That was the beginning of some halcyon days. The weather was glorious. There was work to be done and it was successfully accomplished. In the afternoons we rode or played tennis. In the evenings there were brave dinners with various members of the old Mukden Colony as Straight's guests. There was one rare Sunday when the boy was dispatched in the morning with a Chinese cart and supplies to Pei-ling, where in the late afternoon we had lunch under the trees after a long day's ride. On the last night of our visit we dined alone and sat up talking together, Straight and Fletcher having reached a thorough understanding. When at last we started to turn in, to our utter amazement the dawn had come over the city. Straight, suddenly inspired, summoned the sleepless boy and ordered a bottle of champagne.

During the preceding months the Japanese propaganda had alluded to American consular officials in Manchuria as "brawlers", quite failing to understand the superficial amenities under which their own plans were being blocked and other plans,
even more far reaching, were being patiently worked out.

That night we founded "The Mukden Brawlers", a triumvirate consisting of Willard, Fletcher and myself, which endured in name and in fact for many years and in many far distant places. When Willard's champagne was brought, the boy filled three glasses and, standing in the court, we drank a bumper to our new bond. There being no fireplace in which to break the glasses, we threw them on the tiled roof of the drawing-room, where the breaking glass glittered like bright spray in the morning light.

No mention has been made thus far of Straight's constructive scheme for the American-Chinese development and exploitation of Manchuria. On his visit to Korea in 1905, the late E.H. Harriman had become interested in Straight and that interest had continued to the point where Willard had some reason to believe that he could get abundant financial backing in New York for a sound railroad and shipping scheme in the Orient, coupled with railroad and mining concessions in North China. During my time in Mukden he had already tentatively discussed such a project with Tong and Hau. It was partly due to Willard's cooperation that Lord Hagen succeeded so promptly in obtaining his concession for the Hain-min-tun-Panmen Line, which was to have been financed by an American loan. As time went on this plan grew and developed into ever wider proportions. Indeed it was a great dream as Straight dreamed it. He might well have been --- indeed he was for the moment --- a potential Rhodes or Clive of North China.

With the funds remitted by the United States government from the Boxer indemnity, Tong was very anxious to begin American-Chinese development in Manchuria. With his ideas Straight was entirely in accord, but Mr. Rockhill vigorously opposed any such use of the money and succeeded in getting his own project of devoting the money to a foundation for the education of Chinese students in the United States adopted by the Wai-Wu-Pu. Then Yuan-Chih-Kai had Tong appointed by the Empress Dowager as Special Ambassador to return thanks for the remission of the Boxer indemnity. Under cover of this formality Tong had two great objects in view, both of which were sanctioned by the Imperial Government: the first was to negotiate in New York a huge Manchurian loan, to secure in Washington governmental approval and backing of a joint Chinese-American development programme, and, if possible, establish something in the nature of a treaty or alliance -- an entente cordiale -- between China and the United States. It was a very ambitious undertaking.

In order to insure Tong's representations to Harriman and facilitate his negotiations in the States, Straight applied for and received permission to proceed to Washington on leave in the Autumn of 1908. Before this time I had been appointed by Tong as a sort of adviser-manager of his special embassy with instructions to proceed to the United States, there to make arrangements for the reception and establishment of the embassy during a stay of some months, and draft with the Department and the Chinese Legation a tentative plan of procedure. Straight and I came home.
together across Siberia and by way of Moscow, St. Petersburg and London. With J.O.P. Bland I left Peking late in August and arrived in Mukden a few days before our departure. These proved to be our last Mukden days.

For many months Willard had been overworked; he was under a constant strain, his responsibilities and difficulties had increased as his plans and hopes had matured. Throughout a major portion of the time he had been without clerical assistance in the office, and had been obliged to carry on all of the irksome consular details himself. But his spirit was so bright and his eagerness over the approaching leave so absorbing, that neither he nor we realized how near the limit of his endurance he had gone.

The last twenty-four hours before train time we worked without interruption, except for meals snatched in the midst of packing and writing. In the early morning we drove up to the station in the derelict drosj. Chester, William and the coolies had all our baggage on the train. For once old Clarence abandoned his gate to see us off. All the old friends were there and a crowd of Chinese and Japanese officials jammed the platform. As the train pulled out of the station Willard stood on the lower step of the car. Chester and William ran along as far as they could go in a dumb kind of way trying to say goodbye and yet hide any show of emotion. When they had dropped behind Willard stumbled up the steps and into the car, the tears running down his face. He tried to say something, but all he could say was "Chester", did you see -- Chester". He collapsed into a seat and it seemed to us as if he had suddenly grown ten years older.
My dear Mrs. Willard D. Straight.

There is nothing in this paper that I am sending that demands immediate attention. Read it when you have leisure to do so and enjoy it.

The picture I mention is one I really want to give you IF YOU CARE FOR IT but I value it so highly that I do not want to give it up if you already have one. It now lies before me between the pictures of his father and mother. I am keeping the three in an envelope marked, "To be sent to Willard D. Straight (Oswego Normal and Training School) or to some of his family."

I hope that when I am through with them, they may be sent to some one who appreciates them. In the mean time, as I before stated, I would much rather have the pleasure of giving them, at least the baby picture to you if you have none.

I laid it aside for your wedding present and have kept it long enough. My "Oswego name" was Miss Kate L. Leonard.

Yours most sincerely,

Mrs. E. L. Miller.

November 1914.

REMINISCENCES.

It was in the fall of 1879 that I found myself back once more in the familiar rooms of the old Weiland.

I was graduated in '76 from the Elementary Course of the Training School and had for two years, while teaching in Peru, hoarded every possible dollar to take me back to my beloved school that I might better prepare myself for the High "school teaching that I longed to do, and so, with visions of College in the dim future, I hopefully and happily wandered through the rooms of the NEW building of the Normal and Training School.

It was there I first met Henry E. Straight, one of the best, one of the most helpful men I ever knew.

In my first sojourn in Oswego, I had made myself notorious by having a very severe case of typhoid fever which had been cared for by Drs. Lee and Banier; so it was that these doctors became my very dear friends, and at the beginning of my second "sojourn" in Oswego, I often met Mrs. Straight in their office at the Weiland; and there she and I first became acquainted.

One day, Jan. 31, 1880, I think - during the evening meal, the clatter of dishes and tongues was suddenly hushed by the loud peal of the table call-bell.

Then Dr. Lee stood and said, "Willard Dickerman Straight presents his compliments to the ladies of the Weiland."

For half a minute one could have heard a clock tick (had there been one in the room) and then such a clapping of hands, I am sure those old dining room walls never heard before nor since. We were fairly hilarious with joy.

Months after that, Mrs. Straight told me that she could not remember saying it, but that when she was told it was all over and that "it was a boy", she said "Ring the bells and tell the girls at the Weiland."

Some weeks after this, three of us girls called upon the new baby and his mama, and I shall always believe that one remark I made during that call was the cause (at least in some measure) of my being the one chosen some
time after to enjoy the hospitality of that home.

The baby cried and his mom said she thought he had the colic. I remarked as one having much experience, "He will get over that when he is three months old; all babies have colic for three months."

About that time, for reasons of economy, I left the Walland and joined seven other girls in a club. We rented some rooms and kept house by ourselves. There wasn't a real housekeeper in the lot, but there were enough old maid neighbors among the bunch to make us keep things in order and we got along beautifully and had delightful times — All of which is another story, however.

About this time my health began to break so that Mary "Heldon forbade my "preparing a single lesson" for her History class and Mr. Straight did not want me to "Study" for his but both told me to attend the classes and learn all I could during the recitation hours. I had good reason to know that my name had been brought up in the faculty meeting and some were a bit afraid another case of typhoid might occur and so it was that I was dealt with most kindly by the dearest company of teachers ever placed under one roof.

Mrs. Kreul gave me a nice little talk about my health, but I think I never went into Mr. Kreul's class without being thoroughly prepared (neither would you, if you could help it) — Now I'm wondering.

I must refer though to the two delightful hours (because of my extra time) that I spent in the laboratory each day with Mr. Straight. I had "passed" in Zoology when Dr. True taught but Mr. Straight allowed me to do a good deal of extra work in his rooms. I think my enthusiasm was larger than my service. But Mr. Straight seemed glad to have me help him get ready for his classes and I most thoroughly enjoyed being around.

He so patiently explained just what I should do and never found fault when I blundered. He always made me feel that I was wanted and praised my efforts even when he could not extol the results.

One day when he had his hands full, the big cat in the box that had had its dose of chloroform, began to be active; We both rushed to it and he said, "Kate, sit on it". I did. I was afraid to get up and afraid to sit still as it bounced frantically seeming to get madder and madder. But I obeyed him implicitly. I always did. What a time we had that day.

And then that week that his class studied oysters and I daily placed two at each of those many tables. They (the oysters) became rather stale after a few days and it was some time before my normal appetite for oysters returned.

I was a member of his Chemistry Class. One day he said — as he passed me during that recitation, "Kate, wait after class, I want to talk with you."

I waited. He began by saying, "Do you like babies?" I admitted that I did — certain ones.

Then he told me that he and Mrs. Straight thought it would be nice for me to come to their home and VISIT a week, helping with baby during his morning bath and at his evening slumpy times and occupying the little room (over the hall) off the front bedroom where Mrs. Straight and baby slept so as to be on hand in the night if help should be needed. That there was little if anything to do, yet Mrs. Straight needed someone to call on occasionally, etc., etc. I went.

At the close of the week he said, "Well Kate, we have talked it over and Baby likes you so well that we think we must keep you; so if you will just stay", etc., etc. etc. This second invitation was more surprising to me than the first. He appealed to my health, my pocketbook and to my desire to finish the school work. I staid to the close of the term, and it was the spring of 1880 unless I have my dates mixed.

After a time Mrs. Straight and I slept in the bed room down stairs with baby in his little crib. How often she used to reach out to be assured that he was all right. One night she became nervous. She awake and thought a rat MIGHT bite baby. Maybe eat him. She had once heard of such a case — and she knew there were mice around. She heard them. So I had to go up stairs and send the man of the house down to protect Willard from probable mice and possible rats.

[Now, if a rat had eaten our baby all up that night, this account would
In need of more sleep than I wanted, I struggled to appear at ease, with no more sympathy than a thannnn probable never been written—certainly not the remainder of it—His papa slept down stairs for a time and I upstairs, but soon Mr. Straight found that he needed more sleep than he was getting in the capacity of a protector; so we changed places again and after that I held the fort along protection lines.

This is long, I know; and bids to be much longer yet I am leaving out much more than I am recording.

One funny incident comes to my mind as I write. It was that time when several of the Normal boys and girls were calling on Mrs. Straight and all were admiring the dear little boy and I quietly placed him in the arms of Uldrick Thompson. Poor Uldrick. How awkward and unhappy he suddenly became and how I watched his struggles to appear at ease, with no more sympathy than a fisherman does the writhings of his fish. (Mr. Thompson went to Honolulu afterwards—not on that account, though) Mrs. Straight thoroughly enjoyed the joke, but her sympathetic heart would not let the man suffer long and she took baby.

I wish I could describe the intense pleasure with which each of these fond parents watched the opening but that had been given them. I have often wondered if she wrote down the many things she said she was going to about the dawning intelligence of this amusing darling baby boy.

Once she came home from Mrs. Krusi's and told what Mrs. Krusi had said "Herman did when he was no older than Willard". Then she added, "Now, I don't see how that could be; I just believe mothers forget and I'm going to put down things and give the dates and then I will never make any mother feel bad or chagrined by getting things mixed up that way."

The first day baby's eyes followed a ball was a most eventful one. She told his father about it as soon as he came from his work. I am sure he couldn't have been more excited if she had announced the discovery of a gold mine in the back yard.

That yard was where she gave the little fellow a sun bath on bright warm days after he had taken his water bath. She would get him real dry and warm and run through the kitchen out of the back door and hold him out for the sun to shine on every part of his dear little body— for just a few minutes when she would bring him in quickly and dress him.

Once, while there, I sowed some seeds out in that yard. It was not long before I left and I often wondered if it came up all right. She told me to sow the seed any place I wished and she did not know how I did it but with a stick I wrote WILLARD in big capitals and sowed the seed in the drainings and covered all over so she would not know about it until the plants began to grow.

She and I went with Willard to have his first picture taken. He was then four months old. I value it very highly, but have always wanted to give mine to his wife or daughter, should he have one, provided he did not have a copy of the picture. We all pronounced it a very good picture of a most remarkable boy.

I recall "Norm" and her several followers in the kitchen. Poor Mrs. Straight. How she did dislike to see her dishes broken. She did not have a large supply and with baby's advent, she had to give up her short course in house work. I remember one of the new girls who came on trial was handed over to Mr. Straight and in hiring he offered her $2.50 a week less than had been given. He told her they would give her this much a week, and then at the end of each week, if she had not broken any dishes, they would give her $2.50 besides. I trust the scheme worked but I have forgotten. However, it was just like him to want to reward rather than punish.

I have in my scrap book an article he wrote on "Delsarte and His Exponent." He wrote it while I was there and read the manuscript to me before it was published to see what I thought of it. Criticise? I would as soon have thought of criticising the sunshine or the coloring of a flower.

We always had our meals on that beautiful square table in the back parlor. They had no real dining room table. Mr. Straight sat at my right, Mrs. Straight at my left and Baby opposite in his little high chair with his back to the kitchen.

What fun they used to have when they called "Norm" to wait on us. They would tap a plate with a spoon, or the table with a knife, or make some
funny little whistle or call and then they would laugh at their poverty of bells.

So Willard and I thought of "just the thing" and talked it over and kept the secret to ourselves until the wedding anniversary came (the seventh, I think). It may have been some other holiday but I think that I am right. When papa and mamma came to the table they found Baby with a new, silver call-bell in his hands. With considerable help on my part he was induced to present it to them. I had engraved upon it the date and "From Willard." and thus it was that I became an interested party in the first gift that Willard D. Straight ever made to any one.

Mrs. Straight was the most brilliant woman with whom I was ever intimately associated. She easily "took in" half a page of a book at a time (and at times even more) when reading. I have never known of another such case. Her knowledge of history and literature was to me marvelous. Her memory and reasoning faculties both were well trained, and altogether she was a delightful companion. She so often referred to stories she had read years before and we would talk then over as illustrations of "current events in the home". I remember one over which we often laughed - "Do you like onions?" Well does your brother like onions? "I have no brother." "But if you did have a brother, would he like onions?"

When flowers began to fade she would have me take the baby away or turn him from her while she burned them. She used to say "I don't want him to see them withered and I don't want him to see them burning".

Now I used to laugh at both his papa and mamma when they chanted some such dialogue as this -- "Will you take the baby while I attend to this work?" "Yes, I'll gladly take my boy, I will walk with him." "Be careful, here he is, now have a nice time with him." "I'll be careful, yes I will, I have a story now to tell him." etc., etc., etc. and then such marvelous tales of what was being done over in the laboratory would be poured into baby ears.

Mrs. Straight had a wonderful faculty of finding a funny side to most everything. She called their noisy carpet sweeper a lawn-mower, and we all enjoyed the joke when "Nora" came in and asked her if she should use the broom or lawn mower that day.

Mr. Straight was a hard worker and gave long hours to the school work over there, and it was in the various laboratories that I learned to enjoy what years before I would have believed impossible. How proud I was when I finished mounting my first ANTERIOR SYSTEM OF A CAT. It was beautiful and he was so pleased.

He took it, examined all the work, the list of the names of parts, the dates, etc., even to the explanation of "Taken after death" (for he had assisted in the chloroform act and started the dissection work) and then my pride was unbounded when he placed the big card in one of those show cases, locked the door and showed me the key. It had not dreamed of such honors; at the same time it seemed to me too great a treasure to donate to the school and I begged its return. He promised to give it to me in exchange for another equally good.

I conformed to his demand and later brought to Mr. Straight the priceless treasure. I placed it in the cabinet with shells and other curiosities. Here it was never appreciated, was repeatedly insulted by my friends and at last dropped to pieces. Ditto all my pride in it.

Once I mounted the skeleton of a very large rat -- with Mr. Straight's assistance. That was while I was at the Walland. I boiled the meat off on one of the stoves there much to the disgust of the girls who did not like the odor -- it was pretty strong, I admit -- and they had no scientific aspirations. But my teacher friend encouraged me. He showed me how to wire the little bones together and we had it stand on a little block that he showed me how to make. He always helped me to help ourselves. When all was complete I felt myself a kindred spirit of Agassiz.

Once I have been told he wrote a little pamphlet on Guides to Laboratory teaching. I have never seen it but can imagine some of the things he must have said. I hope someday I may come across it.

During the summer that I spent among the mountains of Vermont I loaded my trunk with such quantities of specimens for the Geological cases that all the
...baggage man who handled it on my return to Caswe groaned and made unkind remarks to me when I was near; but I did not care for I know how Mr. Straight's face would light up when I carried to him my well labeled specimens, rough on one part, smooth on another and highly polished on a third. I brought all complete even to the Course Grit, Fine Grit and Scotch Eme that were used in the polishing; and I assure you that money could not have paid for my work in the "Thank you" that he gave me.

These are just a few glimpses of those never to be forgotten days spent with a most wonderful teacher.

Mr. Straight loved, not only his school but all the little details of his home life and we had much to tell him every time he came home. The first subject of course was the baby. Then came others of less importance.

We were all interested in Takamini. Hideo was his first name but he was always called by his last, and we did our best to pronounce it as he said we must, without accenting any syllable. We were in the same Botany Class taught by Miss Mary Sheldon. One day when he was reciting she compared something to the inside of a peach stone and he replied, "But, Miss Sheldon, I never saw the inside of a peach stone". She asked the class how many had and great was his look of amusement when he turned and saw all hands up. After a puzzled moment, he looked up with a smile and said, "That is just the difference between the Japanese and the Americans. The Americans always want to see the inside of every thing."

Thinking of Mrs. Straight being in Japan reminded me of Takamini but I must not get away from my Straight friends. Those were happy days that I spent in that delightful home. I think, today, that I appreciate the opportunities I then had, more than I did at the time. If I had it all to do over I would never have let go hold the I then had on that splendid family.

After I returned to Indiana, a few letters passed between us. At the time of my marriage she sent me a wedding present but soon after I lost trace of her and did not know of her death until some years after it occurred.

She died two years, looking a few weeks before my baby boy arrived and then it was that I thought of her and of Willard so much; then it was that the events of those few months a dozen years before were so often in my mind; then it was that I continually followed her in acts and visions.

When my boy was about two years old I had just one letter from Dr. Ranier and it was never answered. I just put it off until she too, had gone; and one day I saw the announcement of the engagement of Willard D. Straight and Dorothy Whitney. Then I said "Dorothy shall have a letter", but again my own little world claimed all my attention and the letter was not written.

Later I saw a notice of the wedding and again I was reminded of my baby Willard during some trouble in China when I caught a glimpse reference to the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Willard D. Straight.

Another time I saw a picture in a daily paper of him. I cut it out and have kept it. I have looked in vain to find some reminder of his father in the picture but I have felt sure I could see a bit of the dear mother even in this newspaper view. How much I would like to see the boy. Now, today, I find his name and address in our literary Digest, and so have taken a seat at this typewriter and have written for many hours, for I do not write rapidly.

But I am glad I have taken this time for this purpose. In so long an account, surely there must be some items that will bring pleasure to the son of my very dear friends. If I can do that for their boy, I am sure I am glad to do so.

Again, I am sure that the son of such friends must be a wise boy who would show good judgement in his choice of a life companion. Therefore she must be one who would appreciate some little glimpses of the baby of nearly thirty-six years ago.

I have told of the father and mother to please their boy; I have told of their baby to please his wife.

Because of all this, I have no apology to make; not even for the length of this paper. I trust they will both enjoy what I have written even more.
than I have enjoyed writing it and that they may read between the lines how much
I feel that I owe to my old time friends, Henry B. and Emma D. Straight.

pp. 231 - 232.

..........All that autumn the brilliant young Willard Straight was pleasi-
ing for this loan in the chancellories of Europe, while Chinese dignitaries
would come in state, with a suite and numerous outrider MAPOGS, to discuss
its provisions with Mr. Calhoun. We pilgrims of pleasure watched the affair
breathlessly, and the very night before our departure in late November we
joined in the enthusiastic welcome Straight's friends gave him on his return.
Charm is a much-abused word, but this young financier-diplomat, this son of
a missionary to whom Chinese was a native tongue, and big affairs an instinct,
had it to a superlative degree. His talents were numerous; he took drawing
easily in his stride, and carried intricate negotiations with dash and vigor.
But perhaps his greatest talent of all was for friendship. A close and
sympathetic intimacy with the Calhouns began after I had gone; the pleasure
of it was not interrupted but doubled by his marriage to Dorothy Whitney, and
when he died, still young, in Paris during the War, the bells of sorrow
tolled in many hearts all over the world..........................

***************

Located
Source of above,/in the home of Marge and Arnold Sundgaard, Old Westbury, L. I.

I copied this for you, sir, in
case you had not seen; it
seemed to qualify some
of your remarks.
A TRIBUTE TO WILLARD STRAIGHT

By Gerald Morgan

I first met Willard Straight in Tokyo in November 1904, but we were friends before we met. His friends had been mine, and mine his, and the fact that we were so often in the same places, but at different times, both then and afterwards, never interfered with the intimacy of our friendship in the fifteen years throughout which I knew him. He was in Korea when I was in Japan, in Japan when I was in Manchuria, in Manchuria when I was in New York. We were both in Havana, London, Washington and Paris, but only rarely at the same time. The last occasion when I saw him was at Chamonix in the winter of 1917-1918; he went to Longres and I to New Chateau.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war Willard Straight left his position in China, and eventually returned from Seoul to Havana with our minister Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, who had been transferred from Korea to Cuba. But soon afterwards Willard Straight was appointed in the Consular Service and took his place in Hsinmin. From that time on the Far East, but particularly China, became definitely his field of activities.

Now as to what he was doing in Hsinmin I had at that time no precise idea. His occasional letters were brief, but I realised that he was doing much more than ordinary consular work. And then one day he turned up in New York, and came to stay with me.

I was shocked when I saw him, he was only the shadow of his former self, extraordinarily thin, and so weak that he could scarcely walk. We went to dinner, he looked so ill that I did not like to ask him what the matter was, thinking it might be incurable. He merely said that he had been overworked. Then little by little he told his story. The impression of his character which he gave me then I have always kept.

For he possessed an optimism which was proof against all obstacles. He knew that he was on the right side, and he knew that the right side would win in the end. He never doubted that justice must and would be done in China, whatever Japan might devise and the powers accede to. He never stopped trying, never stopped hoping. He was an idealist - so much an idealist that some people thought he could not be practical, so practical that some people thought he could not be an idealist - and it was only by chance that the Far East became his field, for in any other field he would have been the same. But it is unfortunate, both for China and for the United States, that he is not still hoping and still at work today.

The sort of enthusiasm and optimism which he had is hard to find. Moreover he had the painstaking capacity for work to make his dreams come true. In everything he did, whether in China, or in New York, he made his high ideals a practical necessity to his every day work.

His interests mainly lay in China, and to him that country owes a debt of gratitude, and suffers, as much as his own country, a great loss. But had his interest been formed elsewhere, his career ought fundamentally to have been similar to the career which he actually achieved. For his enthusiasm and optimism, coupled with that equally necessary devotion to practical details, must have given him an equivalent standing in the forces of progress in whatever field he had chosen.

The day is coming when China will not be so far away as she is now.
Modern inventions in motive power are year by year engaged in making the whole world one. The four hundred million inhabitants of the Chinese Empire cannot live much longer out of touch with western progress. In spite of themselves they will have to take their part in the activities of the world. How they play their part later depends largely on foreign influence now.

Willard Straight was one of those pioneer influences, one of the very best. He was successful there, successful for China, for America and for himself. It lies in the power of other young American pioneers, who have imagination, high standards, and the capacity for hard work, to do as Willard Straight did, to make names and fortunes for themselves, and to do an equal service to their own country and to the Chinese Empire.

Willard Pickerman Straight was born at Oswego, N. Y., on the last day of January 1880, and died in France December first, 1918.

Although he accomplished much, the story of his short life has its abiding value less in what he did than in what he was; in his personality; in the quality of his genius.

Both his parents possessed unusual powers and he selected as his inheritance the best in each.

His father, Henry H. Straight, was an idealist whose chief aim in life was to advance the cause of education. Captivated by the fundamental ideas promulgated by Pestalozzi which were beginning to influence educational methods in this country, he gave himself to the work of building up a system of teaching which should extend Pestalozzian methods not only through all the public school grades, but through the high schools and even the universities. With characteristic breadth of view, he saw the whole problem while most others were hammering away at details in the kindergartens and lower primary grades. He chose Normal School work because to prepare and inspire teachers to go forth and educate the youth of the nation in the new methods seemed to him the best way of broadcasting the priceless seed.

Altho his special subjects were physics, chemistry and biology, including physiology, he was vitally interested in the methods of teaching all subjects, viewing school training as a whole to be conducted on one broad general plan.

The development of the individual was his favorite idea. He believed that in every department of education the pupil should be led to see and to think for himself and that to this end he should have his own outfit, make his own tools and diagrams so far as possible and conduct his own experiments.
He aroused sufficient enthusiasm to be allowed to test his ideas in the Oswego State Normal School where with consummate skill he planned and equipped a set of roomy laboratories for practical students' work, among the first on such a scale -- perhaps the first -- in the country. It was an expensive experiment when conducted according to Professor Straight's demands, and in a few years he moved to Normal Park, Ill., to pursue his vision in the Normal School there which had just passed into the control of Colonel Panker, whose broad ideals and vivid enthusiasm as exemplified in the public schools of Quincy, Mass., had given him a national reputation.

Professor Straight's advanced ideas and his remarkable organizing ability gained him a warm reception at Normal Park where his system of laboratories was quickly repeated and perfected and where he enthusiastically pursued his great plan of revolutionizing methods of teaching throughout the whole country until he was stopped by an untimely death.

Professor Straight was tall, thin, square-shouldered with strong clean-cut features and clear eyes beneath a fine intellectual forehead. His hair, reddish brown and curling slightly at the ends was of that soft quality which denotes a sensitive temperament. He wore side-whiskers and a full mustache. His chin, clean shaven, was strong and square. In temperament he was calm, friendly, self-contained and cheerful.

He was a theorist and a dreamer rather than a man of action, although in the direct line of his work, he was indefatigable. He lacked the gift of diplomacy, seeing but one thing and moving directly towards it. He unconsciously strove to absorb everything and everybody into his work, his enthusiasm occasionally laying him open to the accusation of being blind to the needs of other personalities. For this he was sometimes called selfish, but he was not, unless the sky that draws water from every streamlet as well as from the great ocean in order to transmute it into the life giving rain to be distributed over the face of the earth is selfish. He gave himself more freely than he gave others.

When he became the victim of an insidious disease, consumption, he calmly accepted his fate but his enthusiasm burned the brighter. He watched the progress of the disease and calculated the number of years he would have for his work, not more than ten, he decided. Very well! What can best be done in ten years towards completing his scheme of education? He worked it out like a problem in mathematics. At the end of five years he would have reached such a point, at the end of ten -- the work might be sufficiently defined and tested to make it practicable for others to carry on. But fate wills differently. In less than ten years and when he was only years old and his work unfinished, his hands were folded. But who shall say that his concentrated passion is not a motive force still in operation?

Emma Dickerman Straight had a personality as unique as her husband's, but entirely different. She could never have moved heaven and earth for the winning of one idea, because she saw a thousand possibilities instead of only one. Where, outside his great enthusiasm her husband was placid, she was vivaciously alive to everything.

In appearance she was slightly below medium height, slender, full of energy. While not beautiful according to classical standards, there was something in her face that attracted attention, -- strangers looked again -- and asked who she was. She was dark, with high cheekbones, a fine mouth with beautifully chiseled lips, a straight nose with sensitive nostrils, heavy black hair that grew beautifully about a low wide brow, and eyes -- how can one describe her eyes -- very dark, somewhat deep set and glowing with the emotions of a soul never at rest. She had a keen sense of humor that leaped out from her eyes and otherwise expressed itself in a short, characteristic laugh. This power to see the funny side of life saved her from what might otherwise have been a
destructive emotional intensity, and also saved her from the bitter side of satire, which her quick intellect made a tempting form of expression.

Temperamentally she was an artist with no natural leaning toward scientific methods. She loved poetry, pictures, literature, beauty in all forms and, above everything else, people. She was by nature religious with a touch of mysticism. She possessed deep sentiment without being sentimental and had a passionate desire for social expression. Not that she cared for "society", but those rarer contacts, the companionship of great natures, of interesting personalities of whatever rank in life, of those she could not have enough. She was the kind of woman to have created a brilliant salon. As it was, she came in sympathetic contact with the most interesting people within reach, and her Normal Park apartments were the center of the most inspiring social life of the students. Her interest in people was not confined to her own pleasure in them. She was keenly alive to the needs of others and was forever extending a helping hand to those in any kind of trouble.

While her husband had a comparatively simple nature, hers was extremely complex and contradictory. To her, artistic and deeply emotional nature was joined phenomenal executive ability. To conceive was to execute. She drew the charts and diagrams for her husband’s lectures and had them finished almost before he had done explaining what he wanted. They were beautifully made and strictly accurate, illustrating what he needed better even than he had expressed it. She was in perfect sympathy with her husband’s aims and his work, but outside that she had a great soothing life need of her own which she partly satisfied by books, music and the society of loved friends. When Professor Straight’s failing health made it necessary for him finally to leave his work and go to Southern California for reprieve, Mrs. Straight assumed his full teaching and lecturing and gave to it the impetus, the inspiration of her own ardent nature.

After Professor Straight’s death Mrs. Straight went with her two children, Willard aged (eight?) and Hazel (five?) to Japan which mysterious land had long held a beckoning charm for her. Her interest in Japan began in the persons of two Japanese students who had come to the Oswego Normal School to learn Western civilization. Through the influence of one of these she received her call to Japan, not as an ordinary teacher but in the unique position of one bringing Western civilization for the first time to the women of Japan. She was the head of a department of the Girls’ School of Tokyo, a government institution, connection which gave her privileges not accorded to other foreigners. Instead of having to live in the foreign quarters, she occupied a native house in the city and she was privileged to attend certain native (court?) functions, besides enjoying other special favors. Of course she met all the interesting foreigners living in Japan.

It was a position peculiarly suited to her genius and where she could have satisfied all the demands of her multiple nature. But alas! She had taken from her husband the seeds of the fatal disease which in her ran a quick course, the damp climate of Japan being favorable to its development and before her first term of office had expired, she was obliged to return to America where in California she died and was buried at her husband’s side.

In such parents was material for the fashioning of genius.

Willard, the only son of Professor and Mrs. Straight was born in the Oswego home surrounded by an atmosphere of love and reverence. The new education placed special emphasis on the fact that in the child lay the future of the race, and this child was dedicated to the betterment of mankind.

At the hour when Willard first opened his eyes on an interesting world, a young Normal School teacher, a special friend of the family, was
alone in the sitting room when Professor Straight entered and walked up and down, a radiance never before seen transforming his face. At length he stopped, looked at the friend with eyes that she felt saw her not and in a voice unsteady with emotion said, - "Unto me a son is born."

It is needless to say that this child was destined to be educated. But theories do not work smoothly where the material is so unknown; a quantity as a highly individualized human baby with unusually well developed features and his mother declared, when he was six months old that he had a sense of humor.

However that may be, the education of Willard was a very puzzling problem to his parents in spite of the fact that they were two of the finest educators in the land. Theories do not work with genius and Willard's education was equally an education of his parents in ways that were astonishing and totally unlooked for.

When in despair his mother would pour out her heart to her father with dire forebodings for the future, he, puzzled but optimistic would reply, "After all, there is nothing in him but what came from us. Let us be patient."

The child's beauty and his activity, it was soon evident that he had inherited his mother's ardent temperament as well as her executive ability, made him the cynosure of all eyes among the hundreds of teachers and students who surrounded him at Normal Park, where it was a common question - "What is Willard's latest?" Fear was not in him and when he was about three years old he held up the express that was obliged to stop at Normal Park because of a cross road. This beautiful train had a great fascination for the children and one day it pulled out and was well under way before one of the trainmen noticed a small white object fluttering on the step of the rear car. Hastening to the spot he found Willard Straight clinging tightly to the bar, eyes gleaming, face tense with excitement. The train had to be stopped and backed some distance to the

station where the hilarious truant was restored to the arms of a frantic nurse upon whose head was poured out in full measure the indignation of a furious and frightened train conductor, for the child had come within an inch of death and the great limit had lost time.

Equally characteristic was a scene witnessed perhaps a year later and at the sea shore. Willard had the inspiration of organizing a military company and there must be an immediate creation, by his all-suffering mother, of striped, shoulder straps and caps cut out of colored paper. A little later the army was heard approaching and there appeared a column of boys whose captain, about half their size, marched grandly at the head, clutching his sword and vociferating orders, his yellow curls blown back from the edge of the cap, his face tremendously earnest and bright red from the combined action of the sun on a fair skin and vigorous exercise. The spectacle was so funny and so pretty that everybody stopped to look, laugh and applaud.

Willard's chief accomplishment for the first years of his life was the unconscious but successful modification of his parents' pet theories of education. One principle was that children should be coerced as little as possible, working out their destiny themselves and learning from experience to correct their mistakes. This was the theory most severely strained by Willard's activities. For instance, when about six years old he conceived a great affection for the mother of his chum Jimmie who let Jimmie do as he pleased with magnificent disregard of consequences, and one day Willard informed his mother that he was going to live at Jimmie's house. Impulsively she replied, "If you love Mrs. --- better than me, you may go." After that, with a naughty and very funny gleam in the eye Willard gathered up the needs of the moment and departed.

Against his mother's expectations he not only spent the night but did not appear next day. From feeling hurt the abandoned mother became frightened. She knew he would eventually come back, but while
perfectly healthy he was not robust and a hostess sent word that he was doing well, his mother had visions of a luxurious diet that might agree with Jimmie but prove fatal to Willard. A family council was held when the placid father, casting his pet theory to the winds walked over the Jimmie's house, took Willard firmly by the hand and marched him home.

Whatever Willard did, even as a child, was done on a large scale. He had his father's broad vision and his mother's quick understanding and remarkable executive power. Money was never anything to him except as a means to an end and he had the power of persuading others of the value and the necessity of bringing forth his visions. What he wanted, he wanted furiously and by one means and another, always honorable, he usually achieved his ends.

When he was about (eight) years old he went to Japan with his mother and his little sister.

Mrs. Straight's path in Japan was a thorny one, for amidst the new and stimulating life there where she needed her splendid vitality unimpaired to enable her to play her part creditably, she almost at once became aware that she was the victim of a disease that was rapidly sapping her strength. Willard was a source of the greatest anxiety, for the Japanese custom of deferring to the man of the family, whatever his age placed Willard above her in authority. The servants obeyed him instead of her and she had not the physical vitality to cope successfully with the situation. He did as he pleased and as he pleased to do many fine things as well as some very trying ones, he got from his short stay in Japan a love for the Orient which made it easy for him to return in after life. He took painting lessons from a native artist and showed a vigor of expression that promised success in the career of artist which for years was his ambition. But life was too insistently in other directions.

Mrs. Straight returned to California with her children and in a few months was laid to rest beside her husband.

The children were sent back to Owego to live with their mother's friends, Dr. Elmer Reinier and Miss Laura E. Newkirk.

Under the circumstances no better choice could have been made for the guidance of the brilliant, spoiled boy than Dr. Reinier, Aunty Doc he called her. She herself felt that a man's influence would have been better for him, but she did the best she could. She was wise and she was adamant. Added to this she was human, and she devotedly loved Willard. He naturally fell to her control while Miss Newkirk mothered the little sister.

The education of Willard under Aunty Doc had thrilling episodes. For the most part she conquered as she was right and Willard knew it. In proportion as he was forced to obey just laws he came to respect and love the lawgiver. But there were tragic scenes at first, in which Willard's intense emotional nature, lurid against the granite of Aunty Doc's will, broke into uncontrollable tears, to his rage and humiliation. He would argue manfully, the tears running down his face, his hands clenched in rage at his own weakness, which he objurgated in parenthetical clauses between the sounding periods of the main argument. It can be believed that at such times the air about the two was tense. Aunty Doc was magnificent, never yielding an inch, altho she confessed that at such times she found it hard to keep her face straight.

She admired Willard as well as loved him and his way of always choosing his companions from among the very best boys in town gave her great satisfaction as well as a feeling of security.

For Willard at a critical period of his life to have fallen into the hands of no wise a guide as Dr. Ranier, was a good fortune that helped prepare him to meet the inevitable trials of life that lay ahead.
everything he kept his high courage and his big outlook. In his maturity as in his boyhood he drew to himself always friends from among the best and he fulfilled the destiny to which his parents had consecrated him at his birth. He was a force in the betterment of humanity.

From Miss Margaret Morley.
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLARD D. STRAIGHT

It should be understood that this account does not deal with Willard D. Straight, successful man of affairs, the Hon. Willard D. Straight, Counsel General to Manchuria, Mr. Willard D. Straight financier and Special Envoy to China for the Banking House of Morgan & Co., or with Major Willard D. Straight, A.E.F.; but has to do principally with certain incidents of his early boyhood and young manhood which perhaps may throw some light on the charm of personality which he displayed in the vigor of real manhood.

I was intimately acquainted and closely associated with Willard from the time he first came to Oswego in the late 60's until he went to China in 1901, to enter the Marine-Customs Service. After that time our association was not so close, but the relationship was always maintained during his life, alas.

Our first meeting, as I well recall was as follows: A boy's recollection of the manner in which he gains information is always more or less vague in later life, but I was given to understand that a new boy was coming to town, that I was expected to look after him as well as possible, be nice to him and that I probably would meet him at school. I learned that the boy and his sister were orphans, that his parents had been residents of Oswego and intimate associates of my parents and their friends, that they had left Oswego, New York, to go as missionaries to Japan where Mr. Straight, the father, had succumbed to tuberculosis some time ago.

Great interest was manifested by the old friends of the Straights when the condition of affairs was made known and they cast about among them to see who to choose for adoption. I would take the children to bring-them-up. Two estimable maiden ladies, Dr. Rentier and Miss Laura Newkirk, finally qualified and the children were sent for and formally adopted.

I must admit that the news of all these matters and the imminence of the arrival of a new unit to the gang did not make much impression upon me, little realizing that the person involved was to grow to be my best and most intimate friend.

It was a surprise to me that I noticed a new boy. I had not seen him in the classroom, did not know who he was, but rather imagined that he must be Straight. I did not pay very much attention to him, but watched him out of the corner of my eye, sizing him up by boy fashion, to see how I was going to like him. If indeed it proved to be the one expected. I wasn't allowed too thorough an inspection, however, because the new boy presently presented himself called by name and asked if I was not the one named. Admitting the fact, the newcomer introduced himself as Willard Straight and informed me that his aunt, Dr. Rentier had instructed him to look me up at school and make myself acquainted. That's about all that happened at that time, except that I invited Willard to come to my house that afternoon after school. Our house was a gathering place of all the boys then about us; we had a large yard, the freedom of which was extended, as I can see now, in the hope of keeping us sometimes near the house.

I remember that Willard came that afternoon and from then on we became very close friends. The new boy did not make very much of an impression. He was thin, pale, rather helpless, so that one felt sorry for him, rather than experiencing any other emotion. I think that all the boys were impressed at that period by his lack of physical vigor and the remorseless romantic circumstances through which he came to our little town.

To better understand some of the instances to be related it is necessary I think to try and give a picture of the two ladies who took Willard and his sister
under their wing. Dr. Benner, "Aunt Doe," as we learned to call her, was a tall, strong, well-built and perhaps a trifle namby-pamby type of woman with a kindly face and most competent manner. She was a practicing physician and a member of the first lady physicians. She was quite self-contained, nearly always in a good humor, but there was something about her that made us feel under considerable restraint in her presence. In later years, of course, when we understood Aunt Doe we learned to love her as she so well deserved. Aunt Doe made her home and had her office in the house of her friends, Miss Laura Newkirk, the last of an old family.

Aunt Laura, as we called her, was understood to be, while not wealthy, sufficiently supplied with this world's goods to keep the wolf from the door. Aunt Laura was of an entirely different type from Aunt Doe and it was a long time before we could understand that she had any sympathy with things that a boy of nine or ten men understood in. She looked and acted prohibitive on nearly all occasions. She had a sharp tongue and did not fail to use it. Somehow or other I particularly remember her bonnets, which seemed to be characteristic. They were nearly always ornamented with black jet of the variety which dangles and I well recall that when she walked down the choral scale on Sunday morning convoying the two children to her pew, she presented a very formidable aspect. In later years we discovered that this formidable man was largely assumed with the idea that it was necessary to confine herself that way to help her property bring up the unmentionable children in her charge. I always understood that Aunt Laura was to take a particular interest in Hazel, the sister, while Aunt Doe was supposed to interest herself in the boy Willard.

I may have drawn a rather forbidding picture of Dr. Benner and Aunt Laura, and it is indeed true that they seemed to be particularly severe with Willard at times in detaining him at home perhaps so do the necessary chores around the house and the yard, thereby keeping him from indulging in the activities of the rest of the boys. It is now appreciated, however, that doubtless these seeming severities were the very best thing which could have happened to Willard because of his high-strung nature. It wasn't until afterwards, of course, that it developed that he possessed his brilliant mind and talents, but there were manifestations of them and the discipline to which he was subject no doubt set his feet in the right direction and assured the proper foundations for the development of the talents which were later manifested. There can be no doubt that these two ladies grew to love and cherish the children as deeply and sincerely as any natural parents could have.

As time went on it must be understood that Willard took by no means a leading part in any of the activities naturally indulged in by boys in the early grade was classes. He always wanted to lead, was anxious to be in "anything that was going on," tremendously curious and enthusiastic about the details of any plan for future settlement. Since he was never insulted or bored principally, I think he was not able physically to take the place of a leader, or even of a First Lt. in the games and pranks indulged in by boys of that age. He could always be counted upon, however, to swell the multitude when numbers were needed. While he was not at all of a belligerent nature he would fight if necessity arose, but nearly always came out second best. Most of the boys could cut him in a hand to hand tussel. It was perhaps because I dominated over Willard a trifle physically, but would not permit other boys to do so that we became buddies. To illustrate Willard's status in the boy gang the following incident is recorded.

Incident of the Rescue from "Cane" Harvey.

A small party had gathered in my backyard one afternoon and after resorting to various devices to amuse ourselves had fallen to playing at Cannibals.
Incident of the Calling Cards.

There is no way but who remembers who disastrous it was to conform to all the regulations prescribed by those in charge relative to the social amenities. Willard was no better than the rest of us, as the following incident will show. Aunt Doc and more particularly Aunt Laura were most anxious in their requirements that all the niceties of social usage should be observed. For instance, if Willard had been invited to a party they saw to it, if possible, that Willard made the proper call within a reasonable time. Like the rest of us, of course, he was supplied with his personal cards and learned the custom in regard to them. He learned also that if a call was attempted and the people called upon were not at home the leaving of a card canceled his appearance. Many of the other boys managed to squirm out of this in one way or another, but Willard was held strictly accountable and must always smile when I recall how he managed a good many duty calls." He always carried with him, carefully wrapped against soiling, a sufficient number of his calling cards to meet any emergency. At any time during play, no matter how exciting a situation might be, should it chance that any of the people on whom his aunts expected him to call, passed, or he could learn in any manner that they were not to be at home Willard would immediately cease playing and calling until he said "Mama says earnestly "Pete, Mrs. So and So is out driving, let's go and get credit." Most often he would have to go by himself, but go he would and leave his card.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Typhoid Fever.

It is needless to say that Miss Hewkirk and Dr. Remler took every known precaution against the children contracting the same disease to which their parents had been victims. If the weather was inclement they were always carefully bundled, the necessary amount of sleep, proper food were seen to and everything done which they could do for the best interest of their bodily welfare. Willard, however, did not of course appreciate the necessity for such great precaution and one winter while skating on the frozen harbor carelessly drank from a hole through the ice near the outlet of a sewer. Not long after this he was down with typhoid. The fact that he was sick did not make an immediate impression upon me, or on any of the other boys I think until it was reported that he was not expected to live. As death was a new thing to the crowd I know myself was, and I think all the boys were greatly impressed, was Willard mingling between life and death for weeks. One expected each morning on going to school to learn that he was no more. After months as it seemed to me, he was reported as doing a little better than holding his own and shortly after that word was brought that I was to hold myself in readiness for a visit as he had asked for me and Aunt Doo considered that it would be safe to allow him to see me for a few minutes. I well remember how serious the occasion seemed and how carefully I was coached by Remler. I was instructed as to the condition in which I would find Willard and that I must not seem to notice it. I was not at all sure that I could play my part properly. However, in going into his room things went off very satisfactorily. He was delighted to see me, of course, after such a long sickness, during most of which he was unconscious, and during none of the time had he seen the faces of any of his boy friends. We chatted a few minutes only when I was called away by Aunt Doo in order not to unnecessarily excite or tire the patient. After his illness Willard seemed to progress more rapidly both physically and mentally. Perhaps it was because he had so much to make up after being so far down, but it was at this time that he began to show evidences of talent along various lines.

For instance, he was always drawing something, mostly boats at first, but soon he was drawing pictures of people that he knew. He was also writing little sketches of stories and poems. Most people who knew Willard in later life know also that a great artist was a great salesman or a great journalist was lost in the financier and diplomat. He could be very entertaining with his pencil and was so on numerous occasions. He nearly always sat next to me in Sunday School Class and almost invariably during prayer by the Superintendent would be sketching something on the leaf of the hymn book. There was one Sunday in particular that quite a disturbance was created in this way. Our Superintendent was a man not well liked by the boys. He had no children of his own and was not the kind of a man to understand them, particularly boys. He was always harsh in the class room and particularly intolerant of errours. We frankly did not like him. This particular Sunday, as everything was rushed in prayer I glanced about and saw Willard employed in his usual occupation with a hymn book. He was just commencing, but with a very few strokes of the pencil as a preliminary and a few supplementary dabs thereafter produced such a perfect caricature of the Superintendent's head that it was attached to the drawing could not help but laugh also, as was a very considerable class.

The prayer was brought to an

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A Fight in School.

This aptitude for drawing was partially responsible for Willard's serious difficulty in the high school. He was continually in hot water in the classroom over one thing and another, but the superintendent deplored particularly the fact that he spent a great part of his study hour (if not detected in drawing pictures) whispering, throwing spit balls, or something worse.

The chief offense was the fact that he could draw pictures quickly which would convey meaning more sharply than a page of written matter. Willard, therefore, occupied a front seat right under the principal's nose. One day during a quiet period in the study hour something was thrown, a book perhaps. I do not know now who threw the book, but I do know it was not Willard. The principal did not know either, but he immediately accused Willard as the most likely person. Willard, of course, immediately denied the charge, which was forcibly reiterated by the principal, who seized his birch and started in Willard's direction. Right at this instant I think is the turning point in Willard's life. It was the first occasion that I remember in which he asserted himself. Heretofore he had always acquiesced to the dictates of others. This time, however, it was different. Willard knew that he had committed that particular offense and did not propose to be punished for it. The room was therefore electrified when Willard arose from his seat and informed the superintendent that he was to stay where he was and make no further approach. We all understood that Willard was very angry. Of course, the principal could not recognize such a demand and continued on his way toward his intended victim. Thereupon Willard seized anything at hand to defend himself, books, inkwells, rubbers, pencils, erasers, and anything to which he could lay his hands and threw violently at the principal.

He did not receive the personal punishment which was intended for him, but of course was expelled. As in affairs of this kind in those days at least, the principal's word far outweighed the statement of any pupil. The next fall Willard was sent away to the Borden General Military Academy, Bordenstown, New Jersey.

Incidents of the Penta No. 1 and No. 2.

It is only necessary to state that the town of Oswego is situated on the banks of the Oswego River which flows into Lake Ontario, for one to know that a great part of the boys' time during the summer was spent in and around the water. There were a number of favorite bathing places where either deep or shallow swimming could be had, row boats and sail boats and the improvised watercraft of boyhood were available.

A chief entertainment, however, was in playing follow my leader about the lumber docks, piers, and coal trestles lining the harbor and the sailing vessels which were laying at dock loading and unloading lumber and coal and other materials in the traffic between the United States and Canada. Willard could never be "stumped" in this game, unless it was through lack of power or physical ability to perform the feat required. If nerve and daring were the requisites Willard always came through. One stunt which was not spectacular, but became run after the first trial resulted in a contretemps to Willard which furnished considerable amusement. In this stunt the leader would proceed along the lower part of the coal trestle to the upper part of which loaded cars were drawn by cable for the purpose of dumping the coal into the waiting vessels below. The leader would climb up, would go aboard the vessel and ascend the ratings to the cross-arms. From the cross-arms to the end of the main boom were two parallel ropes averaging about 12 inches at an angle of about 45°...
apart. The idea was to sit upon these parallel ropes lopping the arms and legs over the ropes for support and sliding down to the end of the main boom and thence to the deck. The kind of clothes that Willard wore, as can well be imagined, were the kind selected for him by the maiden aunts who, of course, lacked all experience with the result that some times he was subjected to embarrassment because the other boys poked fun. On this day he was wearing a new pair of pants (they were still of the short variety) and the pattern was such as had called forth considerable comment. A game of follow the leader was instituted and the leader chose to slide down the main life. Under ordinary circumstances this might not have been disastrous, but the boat had nearly completed its loading and the air about the rigging had been laden with coal dust for upwards of several hours. On a quiet day all the ropes and other rigging of the vessel were covered by a fine sediment of black dust. It was Willard's first experience. However, nothing daunted, he followed the man ahead and slid down the ropes only to discover when he arrived on deck that the new pants were irreparably ruined, coal dust having been thoroughly ground into the material in his shoes. This, of course, was a great joke to the rest of us, but a very serious matter to him as a pair of pants were expected to last him almost to the bitter end.

Note: Those pants figured in another incident which was always recalled with amusement. They were the same kind that made the saphier incident all the more amusing. It was at least two years after and the boys had become interested in football, a really too vigorous a game for Willard. He had not yet learned enough to be sure, but the thickness and weight were lacking. He was not to be denied, however, and would play any time the rest of the boys would make a place for him. Needless to say his guardians were violently opposed to the idea of football in general and to Willard's indulgence in particular. He was not allowed to have anything approaching a regular suit for the game and so he wore these pants now old and almost ready to be discarded. The game was rough and Willard was always in the roughest place if he could get there. There was quite a gathering watching the scrimage when along came one of our friends called "John Hadley," who was considerable of a wag and immediately grasping the possibilities of the situation invited all our attention to it after an introductory whoop, "Look out boys, don't hurt Willard." Then again, "Be careful of those pants." After this not more than half of the attention of the onlookers was given to the game because people were more interested in seeing that Willard was poked fun at about not being hurt and about his pants. The best part of this, however, was that Willard enjoyed it as much as the rest of us.

The other players in the game saw it that the celebrated pants were completely ruined this time. This was positively their last appearance.
The next most noticeable change in Willard was observed after his return from his first term in the military academy. This was the first time that he had really been away from home with the spur of strings completely severed and thrown upon his own resources. Not only was he away from home influence, but he was away from me and as I have tried to indicate before Willard nearly always followed my lead, or that of someone else rather than his own initiative. His growing independence and assertiveness was brought closely home to me as shown in the following incident.

It was my peculiar fancy not to receive from or give to any of my friends the usual Christmas remembrance and I had been able up to this time to make my notion effective. On the Christmas morning during the holiday recess Willard called at my house to pick me up for the purpose of making the round to the homes of our various friends and greeted me by producing from his pocket a knife as a Christmas gift. Following my usual practice with Willard I tore into him and gave him a sound scolding and rehearsed my position in these matters. I can remember that I delivered quite an oration on the subject. I really was very much touched by his act, but wished him to recall that I was tremendously cross about it. He let me finish completely what I had to say and then calmly told me that he did not care whether I liked it or not; he wanted to give it to me and I would have to take it. Thereupon I realised that Willard was no longer my man, but that henceforth we were on equal terms. I may say in passing that the quality did not last very long as Willard soon outstripped us all in the quality and quantity of his attainments.

To carry this idea a little further and in illustration of his complete emancipation from the dictum of others the following incident is cited.

It was upon his return for a visit to Owego after having served as the Secretary at Havana to the U.S. Minister of Cuba. In a previous paragraph I have tried to convey the strictness, almost amounting to severity of the discipline under which he was raised by his aunts. Nothing like smoking a cigarette could be tolerated and the taking of a drink of course was not even to be thought of. I had gone to his house and we had repaired to his room where some unpacking was in progress. The day was hot and sultry and whilst myself was comfortable enough Willard in his work apparently considered that he needed refreshment for he called his sister, loudly, (a very unusual thing in that house). Hazel appeared promptly and asked in a subdued manner what was wanted. My astonishment may be imagined when I heard him tell Hazel—\

"to prepare and bring to the room as soon as possible "two of those drinks" after the time they appeared and I had sampled mine, never having had one just like it before inquire as to its ingredients and was calmly told that it was a "Rum Highball" made from a particular variety obtainable only in Cuba. Rum served in that house and by permotutory order. Willard was entirely his own man.

In concluding these remarks it is pleasant to be able to state that I can recall no incident or occasion either as a boy, youth or man when Willard ever deliberately committed an offense or hurt any ones feeling. Most every man can recall little mean acts and words which he himself has committed. Usually his friends can remember a great many more of them. I am confident that no one who ever knew Willard as a boy can remember anything of that nature in their relationship to him.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
New York, N. Y., March 19, 1919.

Mrs. Willard Straight,
1120 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Straight:

In accordance with the suggestion in our conversation of some weeks ago, I have made the following notes, which I trust may be of some use to you:

**Arrival in China.**

As Professor Stephens will probably have much better information on the motives of Willard's decision to go to the Orient, I shall begin with his arrival there. He landed at Shanghai between Christmas and New Year 1901 and lived with me for about a fortnight while he was getting together his furniture and equipment for Nanking, whether he had been ordered by the Inspector General to study Chinese. His viewpoint of approach to everything Oriental around him was delightful in its expression of art and humor, which had already combined in some of his college work.

**Nanking Days.**

From Nanking, for example, he sent me some delightful letters telling me of his native surroundings, with all the life of the street of the ancient capital, which attracted him greatly. I remember in one he drew on the margin a picture of a very rotund and good-natured Chinese teacher with all the impediments of tortoise-shell glasses and silk-tipped queue. In another letter he sent a request for a hat and he sketched on the margin a picture of the broad-brimmed English fedora with puggaree, all of which was accurate and artistic but of no value in comparison with the very remarkable likeness of himself on which he had mounted this graphic order for a head covering.

His Nanking days were evidently very free and easy and I believe it was there that he more or less rushed through the illustrations for Sand's "Verse and Worse", working only outside the very trying schedule of Chinese studies which he had laid out for himself.

Before leaving for America in 1902 I visited him for a few days and found him working on these drawings for Sand and on some general sketches. One day I discovered a water color of a Chinese soldier, a type I had known so intimately during the previous year when I was studying on the images. When I admired the sketch he replied that under the law of the Arab, it was mine, cut it off from the board and handed it to me. It hangs now in my Harbin home, together with a very clever pencil sketch of a Chinese boy which he also gave me during this visit. This letter, I consider, ranks with the very best pieces of his work that I have seen, as he put into it with a fine economy of lines, a richness of expression which makes it a masterpiece.

A similar sketch I found on this trip at Mr. and Mrs. Spinney's Commissioner of Customs at Chihliang. One day while on their veranda he had called up the old gate-man of the commissioner's compound and with a red, blue and black pencil he had left on a half sheet of blue writing paper a likeness of the old servant which at once became a treasure in their household. I believe it was also there that I saw a very attractive poster-style water color of a big Chinese junk done all in sepia.

As I was leaving for America late that month he sent me a letter of bon voyage containing a pen sketch of myself and my much-lettered suitcase on board steamer off for America, while on the other page he sat cross-legged over a great Chinese tome with a pagoda in the background, studying the lesson I had seen fit to abandon.

It was sketches and work like this the men who were with him at Nanking told me filled the few leisure hours he had from Chinese studies and riding. Through it all there seemed to be no especial evidence of an artist about him. He just drew pictures of things as he interested him and I think it was this entire absence of outward evidence of the cult that gave his work one of its best stamps of culture.

**Transfer to Peking.**

I believe I am right in saying that it was the marked progress he made...
in Chinese at Hankow that secured to him the transfer to Peking to continue studying part of the days and working the remaining hours in the inspectorate. His studies there carried him on so well that, when he left the service in 1904 to go out for master, I have heard he was slated to be made assistant Chinese Secretary. His training in line and drawing helped him much with the written character -- so he once intimated to me.

I take it you must of course know the story of his going disguised as a Buddhist monk to the midnight ceremony where the emperor went to worship on some festival occasion.

Manduria.

The next time I saw him was after my return to China where I was teaching in St. John's College in the spring of 1905, when he passed through Japan on his way north to try to get to the front. Then following his days in Korea after the closing of the war, with Minister Morgan and as acting consul general at Seoul and the completion of his year's contract with Mr. Morgan in Cuba, our paths next crossed in the autumn of 1906, when he came to Mukden as consul general and offered me the post later of vice and deputy consul general.

I think that one of the incidents in his eastern career which most clearly brought out the real temper of the man and won the respect of those in close touch with him during a very trying period was his action at the funeral in Memchow of Fairchild who had been his deputy and was supposed to have shot himself at Mukden. At the grave when the sexton offered a prayer in which he made some reference which was not in keeping with the character of Fairchild and which I believe contained some regrettable reference to the fate of those who die by their own hand, Willard stepped forth at the end of the prayer and offered one himself which men who were there say was one of the noblest, finest utterances that they have ever heard.

When I passed through Mukden in March of 1907, he was, as I remember, still in the old Chinese hotel which they had taken during those first rush days for the consulate there. Later that spring, in May, I think, he visited me in the customs at Antung, where he wrote almost incessantly but hardly touched his pencil.

Incidentally, during this visit we had one of those delightful out-of-door journeys which can only come in China. We took a great junk and sailed down the river, between the wonderful green-clad mountains of Korea and lower hills on the Chinese side, enjoying life to the full. It was during this trip that we had the wonderful experience of seeing the skipper with a fifty or sixty foot boat try to hurdle a narrow strip of mud across the creek, illustrating what Willard and I had both learned of the Chinese character, that it tries instead of thinking. Of course we stuck and had to go home by cart, leaving our comfortable old cruiser high and dry.

Our next meeting was in Mukden in February 1906, when I noticed a very definite change had begun to show itself in him. The seriousness of the government problems on which he was engaged reflected itself in his own frame of mind. He worked almost incessantly and was very definite as to what the government must do in order to hold the loyalty of men like himself who were trying to fight its battles in the Orient. With it all he was a wonderful host during these days and gave to the old temple at Mukden a reputation for genial hospitality which reached quite around from Manchuria to Washington and back again. Travelers came from all over who seemed to have known him in every country in the Orient.

It was at about this time that his trip with Mr. Taft, when Secretary of war, took him through North Manchuria and it was either during this trip or not long after that he saw the great agricultural possibilities of the Jungari valley and the Black land country of Northern Manchuria. He went home while I was still at Antung and we consequently lost touch until 1913 or 14.

Manduria.

Assured that the combination of soil fertility, cheap labor, cheap lands and improving transportation was one that could certainly be counted upon to yield good returns if properly taken advantage of, he always showed keen interest in the work we started from Tientsin to develop the Jungari river Ranch. When I came home in the autumn of 1915 to secure additional capital for our
further development, he tried to interest some of his financial associates here
without result. Then after succeeding elsewhere in pledging enough capital to
ensure the fruition of our plans and went back to ask him if he would take a
place on our board of directors, he not only accepted the position but sub-
scribed to the capital as well and gave us his best efforts in successfully
launching the new company. Even though we have met with the severe reverses of
two years of flood and other difficulties, he wrote to Mr. Fiedler during the past
year from France that, although he believed we might be some time in making good,
he was willing to stay by the undertaking with the feeling that ultimately we
would bring it through.

I feel that it is but right that I pass on to you a statement made by
Ambassador de Cartier, whom I happened to meet him one day this winter on the
Washington train. He said that, even though he was a Belgian,--than which
nothing can stand for more of suffering in this war,--the loss of Straight had
affected him more than that of any one else whom this colossal struggle has taken
from us.

Also I should like to add that Willard had a circle of very close
friends among the Chinese officials, from whom nothing will probably ever be
heard but who have shown peculiarly close feeling for him during his life in China.
Yours very sincerely,
Lewis S. Relem.
Louis G. Frolich, Esq.,
Publisher of Asia,
627 Lexington Ave.,
New York.

Dear Mr. Frolich:

Some time ago I received a letter from you
asking me to give you reminiscences of Willard Straight's
life in France. I enclose some pages which are quite
unworthy of the subject. In them, however, I have endeavored
to bring out what Willard Straight did in France so far as I
was personally acquainted with his actions.

In his biography I hope that something will be
said about his connection with the Canton Christian College
for he was a member of its Board, and he and his wife were
liberal contributors. It was through him that I became a
member of the Board. He always tried to give it the assistance
that it essentially needed, and his knowledge of War Eastern
matters was such that he knew whom to go to. His death was a
great loss to that Board.

Very truly yours,

Herbert Parsons

Enclosures.

Willard Straight attended the second course of the Army General Staff
College at Langres from the last week in February 1918, through March, April
and May, 1918. There were 150 officers attending the second course, about
80 of them regular and 70 reserve officers. While the course was substantially
the same for all, those who attended the course were divided into three sec-
tions according to which of the three sections of staff work they had followed
or expected to follow upon leaving the College. Most of the lectures however
were given to the Class as a whole and the map problems were the same for all.
Straight was assigned to the C1 section, which was the section which had to do
with the transportation and supplies. Had he remained in that section and be-
come an Assistant Chief of Staff of a Division he would have been responsible
for the plans and their carrying out, for food, clothing, equipment, ammunition
and transportation of a Division composed of 50,000 men. The Great War has
sometimes been called a C1 war, for the fighting which could be done by stalwart
Americans was limited only by two things, the ability to get ammunition and
supplies to them and their own endurance. The work of C1 however was supposed
to look towards the rear. Willard wanted work which would look towards the
enemy lines and bring him into close touch with troops. He therefore during the course assured a transfer to the 3-5 Section, which was the section that had to do with operations. Some of his friends criticised this transfer and contended that his energy and business ability and training would make him more useful in the 3-1 section which needed the knowledge and drive and quickness that were peculiarly his.

All his work at the Staff College was admirably done. Lectures were given by British, French and American officers. The methods of the British and French armies varied somewhat. In some respects the American doctrine had not yet been determined. There was therefore some conflict in the lectures. Willard made a comprehensive compendium of lectures as they went on, and was in position immediately to refer to the authority for any particular view.

The course consisted of three lectures a day, except Wednesday and Saturday, which from 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening, except for lunch, was given up to map problems. These map problems would suppose that a division or part of a division was located in a certain area with reference to a map and that it was designed to make the division or make an attack or some such thing; the problem was to write out the necessary orders and usually to accompany those orders with a map. The orders had to be just what the orders would be if it was a real event. The localities were localities on the western front. The problems were frequently problems that had actually occurred. The test was one which the officer might often have to meet later on in his daily work. It was a splendid method. While the student could use any book or lecture he frequently did not have time to look into them and he learned his subject as well through the problem that it stayed with him as part of him afterwards. Those hours from 8 to 6 were hours of intensive work. Willard's work was always done as a result of thoughtful planning and in a clear logical manner. His maps because of his artistic ability were well-nigh works of art. Occasionally he did a little decoration on them in the last 5 minutes if he had time, and they became famous.

As the result of his work at the Staff College he was recommended for a staff appointment. It is said that he was recommended for a greater variety of positions than any other student at the College, and that although he was only a reserve officer, his marks were among the highest.

The head of the Staff College then Col., later Brig. Gen., Sjovin, was selected during the course to be Chief of Staff of the 3rd Army Corps, which had not yet been formed. He selected Willard to be one of the members of that staff and of its 3-5 section and put him in charge of Liaison. Liaison,
which means all ways of communicating orders and information from the division staff to the front line and back, is one of the most difficult problems in warfare. The side that has the best system of communication has a great advantage. It knows and knows instantly and can act accordingly. The side that does not know can only act unintelligently. Liaison included communication by telephone, wireless, runner, signalling, pigeon, aeroplane. It involved communication from the division headquarters to Brigade headquarters, Regimental headquarters, Battalion Headquarters and so on down to the outposts, and also communication to the units on each flank and to the artillery. It sounds simple. In practice during battle it is a most difficult problem. There had been lectures in Liaison at the Staff College. There was a French booklet which had been translated for the American Army. The difficulty was to give the best practice. Willard went at it fast and hard. He talked to American officers who knew or were supposed to know about Liaison. He got hold of a young French officer who was supposed to know everything about it. He with other members of the 3rd Corps staff prepared problems. A week before the 3rd Division went up to go under fire for the first time at Chateau Thierry, a problem in Liaison was held by it in its training area, skeleton formations being used. The problem had been prepared by the 3rd Corps staff and was attended by all the members of the staff College, and is important was it that Gen. Pershing himself came down to see how it worked out.

The 3rd Corps did not long remain where it was first sent. In the course of a few weeks it was moved to Hamatrement which was back of the Vouges and Aisne front. While the 3rd Corps was there Willard made expeditions to the front line. After one of them he was ill for several days. Some gas was lurking in a trench that he went through and he became slightly gassed. Always studying the question of Liaison, he went up to the north to be with the marines of the 2nd Division in the Battle of Belleau Wood which he spent at a regimental headquarters.

The results of the work which he did theoretically and practically, and of his observations of the plans and working out and breaking down of systems of Liaison led to a preparation by him of a memorandum which except for a change on one noted point, became the standard for the American Expeditionary Forces, and was issued as such by Gen. He also received the great distinction for a reserve officer, of being asked to lecture at the third course of the Staff College on the subject of Liaison, which he did.

The 3rd Staff went to the north. Willard was transferred to the 5th Corps. He was extremely anxious to be given command of a battalion and be
with troops, a life of much greater exposure than staff line. He had requested this and had received some promises and thought they were more likely of fulfillment if he remained where he was. To his great disappointment this wish was never gratified.

While he was at Remiremont he came up to St. Die in the Vosges at the time that the 8th Division was to make the only change in the line made on that front in 3 years and take the village of Frelon. He came there to see. He talked with the people he knew. He went into the front line. He spent a great deal of time with the Battalion Commander, always eager to learn and help. From Remiremont he was sent up to Ligny-en-Barrois, which was the headquarters of the American First Army when it was first formed. Just before the Battle of the Argonne the first army moved up to Souilly on the Route D'Orleans to Verdun, but Willard was back with the rear echelon at Ligny in charge of personnel, Red Cross, and T.M.O. activities under the 5-1 section of the First Army. This was not at all according to his liking, and he was impatient at being kept so far from the scene of activities and at not having work which would tax his mind and strength.

Weekly meetings took the writer of these reminiscences to Remiremont, and he always saw Willard when he went there, if Willard was there. He also saw him at St. Die. About 3 weeks before the St. Mihiel battle, and when the writer was leaving the training area of his division to go via Langres and Chimaux up towards the St. Mihiel area he met Willard on route. Willard had then been ill for the third time since he had been in France. His first illness had been towards the end of his time at the Staff College. Some poison had got into his leg, and riding, of which he was very fond, had irritated it; the attack coming on probably because he had ridden without stirrups and therefore had caused greater irritation. He next had the illness above referred to caused by the gas in the trench. The poison in his leg however had come back to trouble him and when not at the time just mentioned he had been at the French sanatorium recovering and had been told that the Americans were to attack the St. Mihiel salient.

While at the Staff College it was obligatory to ride horse back four times a week, Willard usually rode fire. The writer and he were in the same riding section and frequently took long rides together, mostly across country exploring. There was not a bit of woods or little valley within 5 or 6 miles of Langres that we did not know. It was charming country to ride over. When the riding start-
Then the planting commenced. It was dark rich soil, growing lighter as it dried out. The Langres country is a rolling country, and the color of the soil harmonized beautifully with the colored tile of the roofs of the French villages. There were no isolated farms. People lived in villages and went out into the land to work it. Later these rolling hills became green. At all times they were beautiful. Willard planned in some future year to take his family to that vicinity, take a house and let his children learn what France is really like by riding over that land.

At the Staff College Willard had rooms with Maj. later Lt. Col. Gregory M. P. Murphy, who had been head of the American Red Cross in France, but having been educated at West Point and served 4 years in the army before entering business, had insisted upon resigning his position in the Red Cross which he had held with the greatest credit, and go into Army Service. In the house which they occupied was a mess composed besides them of Maj. Col., later Col. H.L. Stimson, who had been Secretary of War, and the writer. All 4 were members of the Staff College, and until Col. Stimson was advanced to the position of a group leader, all 4 occupied a study room together and formed a staff for the
solution of staff problems together. Willard ran the mess. It had the best food and the best drinks and the best cigars and the best cooking and the best singing and the best conversation in Langres. Their fellow officers were entertained; heads of the college and Staff officers from G.H.Q. were entertained; Red Cross, V.M.O., generals, officers and other friends were entertained as they passed through. The British officers and other friends were entertained as they passed through. The British officers who were instructing at the Staff College were guests; likewise the French officers; likewise the French officers at this school of the army at Langres. About once a week there was time enough for an evening or several hours' entertainment. If the case was at all special Willard generally would illustrate cards for the guests and they were always appropriate and entertaining. He liked good talk and saw that any guest was made to give of his best. A guest who had special information did not leave without having given it. The evening was never a success until Willard had sung, accompanied by a guitar which he had found thereabouts. The members of the mess discussed many things when there were no guests. The night before a map problem they would in turn give their opinion as to what the problem would probably be and the points which it would be designed to bring out. But they discussed many other
things than matters which concerned them as officers of the General Staff College. They discussed the war politics at home, etc. They had ideas of service for the future to be rendered, by the four of them helping one another.

Of all this life Willard was the principal inspiration.

His energy was constant. He wished to get what he could out of the various army schools that were established. He learned to shoot different kinds of machine guns; to throw different kinds of hand grenades; to shoot the 3 inch millimetre gun, etc. His charm, ability and energy was soon recognized by both the authorities of the Staff College and his fellow students. He was selected as one of the Committee to prepare for the final entertainment of the College.

It was always a delight to hear Willard talk about his experiences in the Far East. He gave vivid accounts of the Japanese practice of the Open Door policy in Manchuria. He told of his experiences in Vladivostok during the Russo-Japanese War, of some hair-breadth escapes that he had, and of the service he had been in keeping these neutrals, one of them a German, out of the clutches of the Japanese when they were suspected of being Russian agents.

Outspokenness was one of his marked characteristics. He knew when to be
One day when we were all children in the kindergarten of the old Normal School, Mr. Straight brought his little son, Willard, to spend the morning with us. He was perhaps three years old, because he wore a little dress, and not the title that in those days proceeded pantaloons in the hands of growing boys. He was a funny, sturdy child, with a thicket of yellow curls. His mother took off his cap and coat, and we children were eager to have the little yellow join us and sit in the circle.

But shyness kept him close to his mother's knee. Gravely he watched us from that safe distance. Soon we put aside chairs back, and marching and games set our restless little feet a-moving. One game was about a lively rabbit that hopped and hopped, and a tinier dog that chased and chased him. Usually the rabbit escaped safely into his hole in the ground, represented by the rest of the children taking hold of hands in a circle. The chase was always quite exciting, with squeals and laughter. we would forget to cry until
the nimble rabbit evaded the dog.

The first round of this game brought that curly headed little chap to the children with his eyes shining. "Would you like to play too?" asked the teacher. "I'll be the dog," announced Willard, and from the delighted group was chosen a six year old who magnanimously -- and untruthfully -- played down to the baby. Instead of scampering as fast as he could to shelter, the rabbit ran slow. Making after him full tilt, the "dog" caught him before he was fairly started -- not only caught and held him fast, but set his sharp little white teeth firmly into the rabbit's arm and shook his head, as a dog warns a cat.

A howl from the rabbit brought the game abruptly to an end. To the expectatation of Mrs. Straight and the teacher, the boy answered, "That's the way dogs do." That dogs did exactly that way, especially when they caught rabbits, there was no gainsaying -- All we children knew it was the better rabbit knew they did. Here was dramatic realism, justified
by observation and we children felt that this was a playmate who knew how to get out of a fence all this was in it.

Not long after, my mother took me with her when she called upon Mrs. Straight. There I had another glimpse of the baby that played dog as well. This time he was a horse, prancing about the room, trotting, galloping, cantering, and crowing about, absorbed in his make believe, and utterly oblivious to my friendly advances.

Francis Welch, who had been nurse maid in those days for Willard, later worked at our house, and she used to say, "Willard Straight was an awful cute baby", and she certainly was.

When he and his sister Hazel came back from Japan, others, having alone, and adopted it seemed that romance could do no more for such children, and we viewed with satisfaction the photograph of the two in real Japanese dress. Willard came often to our house with a crowd of boys to which both my brothers belonged.
They were in and out with
games and pranks and such
durin' as ususly engage
durin' lively days. My mother
and my aunt liked Willard,
and he always took nice
way with older people. Was
away at school, as Iremember,
a good deal of the goin's on
of the "gang."

Once a vacation when Willard
must have been in High School,
for he was lengthening out in
'ta tall, thin lad, I met
him down town with a
big parcel under each arm.
"What are you doing," said
me, brought his ready laughin'
answer "Oh, I'm working now.
I'm helping the photograph
man. These are pictures he
has framed and I am
delivering them." Whether the
photograph man was Mr. Reebit
or Mr. Shays I can't recall.
Boote men left Orleans long
ago. How long Willard
worked or what else he did
to help the photograph man I
don't know. But that summer
morning I certainly was impressed
with his leanin' grown to the
estate of a wage earner.

Once he came back from
college in what seemed to me
sufficient attire. His shoes
were markedly superior—and
we promptly and openly admired
them. "How do you think I got
these shoes?" said he. We couldnt
guess and related ourselves to
be told the tale. "You see, I had
to leave some extra good shoes
so I made a good looking factor—it really was—and took it to
the man that owned the shoe
store. He seemed quite all
right; he said he'd like to
have it, so I handed it over,
and he let me pick out
the pair of shoes I wanted.
There are the ones— and
he stretched them for us, while
we admired the shoes and
the masterly manner in which
they had been acquired.

My aunt used to laugh over
a surprise she once had. She
was in the kitchen when a
step on the porch made her
turn toward the door. There
stood a rough looking Frank,
rumpled, shabby, dusty. For a moment she was startled
as the tramp opened the screen
doors and came in saying
hesitantly, "Have ye a bite
of something, ma'am, you
could give to a hungry man?"
Sure enough, he did look
a bit thin and pealed—and
his shoes showed he had
come a long way on foot.
In to the pantry she bustled and out again with a plate full of bread and cookies. There stood the
tramp shaking with laughter.

"Willard Straight - of all
things - where in the world
did you come from?" she
cried. "Just in from
Buffalo," said he. "After
College closed, I got a job with
an architect in Buffalo. There
wasn't a great deal of money in it,
so when I got through, I thought
I'd try walking home. I'd come
along gradually, sometimes
getting a lift from a farmer.

Meal times I'd pick out a clean
looking farm house, whip out
my sketch book, seat myself
in full view of the kitchen
and begin to draw - the
family always came out to
see what was up - we'd
get acquainted, and then I'd
be invited in to eat with them.

I generally slept where I had
supper - like as not, in the
farm on the hay. Usually
I'd give them the sketch as
a memento - but here are a
few I kept." They were rough
crude pencil sketches - but full of
life and humour. A cross
farmer with a scraggy
beard.
My dear Mrs. Straight:

You asked me if there were any incidents of Willard's boyhood that I could recall that will be of interest to you. He was a nice clean wholesome boy, full of the right kind of mischief which any boy should have who is going to amount to anything; he was about the age of our second son, Jesse, and they were together a great deal, so we saw Willard at our house quite a bit and we always enjoyed having him there.

I note that many accounts speak of his father and mother as missionaries. This is incorrect. Mr. and Mrs. Straight were members of the faculty of the Normal School here at Oswego and were loved and esteemed by all who knew them. As I understand, they went from here to Japan and there taught in the Royal School. After a time the father died and then the mother, later in Chicago, I believe. and the two children, Willard and Hazel were left without relatives to care for them, so that their position was really pitiful. Then Dr. Ranier and Miss Newkirk, two of their [the parents'] most intimate friends, knowing of the situation, adopted these two children, not legally but better than legally, for they took the position of both parents with a full-heartedness that commanded the admiration of everyone. They did for them everything that a fond mother could do for a child.

Willard and Hazel were always most grateful and appreciative of all that was done for them; a spirit of gratitude was highly developed in them both, and on every proper occasion they made acknowledgement.

When Willard was some fifteen or sixteen years old his heart was set on going to West Point. The time came when there was a vacancy at West Point for this district and our then congressman gave notice that there would be a competitive examination to fill the place. Dr. Ranier, wishing to gratify Willard in the matter, came to me and asked if I knew the members of the
examining committee appointed by the congressman to hold this test at Watertown. I told her that I knew them well; then she remarked that it was too bad that Willard had no father or other male relative who could take him to this examination; that she felt it was a sort of handicap and would I take him? I told her that I certainly would with pleasure, although it would do no good further than to advise the examining committee that Willard had friends and they were deeply interested in him; that they were men who would deal with absolute fairness, but it might help matters a little in case it should come to a point where the decision was balanced between Willard and somebody else. So one summer morning about six o'clock, he and I took the train for Watertown; arrived and I went with him to the rooms where the examination was to be held and there introduced him to members of the examining committee as my boy that I had brought over to get that appointment. The examination occupied the better part of a day, and along late in the afternoon the papers were marked and the record made up, and it developed that Willard stood third out of some twenty boys. They were to appoint a delegate and an alternate, so you see that Willard was just a trifle below the lucky ones who had first chance for admission to West Point. Shortly after we took the train for home, and you never saw a more broken-hearted boy than he. The trip from Watertown to Oswego was a very doleful one for him and I was principally occupied in cheering him up and assuring him that while it was awfully hard for the moment that it was the best thing that could have happened to him—that life in the army was not what he was built for; that it was altogether too inactive and he would tire of it. I could not satisfy him so I finally landed him at home in that frame of mind; he felt sure that the world was hollow and his soul was stuffed with sawdust.

Some years later I called his attention to this and asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good prophet. What a loss it would have been to make a Second Lieutenant of Willard.

The foregoing are some of my thoughts in this matter, quite crudely expressed, but will no doubt be of interest to you. If anything further occurs to you that you think I can in any way help you in, or furnish you data in regard to, I trust that you will feel at perfect liberty to call upon me, for I will regard it as a real pleasure to do anything I can to aid you.

With very kindest thought for you and yours, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Elisha B. Powell.
Major Willard Straight was appointed by Secretary wrote in October, 1917, to organize a party to proceed overseas and handle the administration of the war risk insurance act with the American Expeditionary Forces.

After long conferences with the war and treasury departments in Washington a scheme for handling this work in the American E.F. was evolved and on December 12th, 1917, Major Straight together with thirty-four other officers and sixty-five enlisted men embarked sailed on the S.S. Adriatic for France.

Prior to embarking Major Straight had laid out an entire program of operations among the American E.F., and took with him what he considered necessary equipment to do the work. In this connection it was amazing to find how exactly correct Major Straight's conception of what the difficulties to be encountered would be, with no information as to the situation in France he conceived plans which exactly fitted conditions.

Upon arrival in France two officers and eight enlisted men were detailed for duty in London to handle war risk matters with the American troops stationed in England. The remainder of the party proceeded to Paris, which at that time was headquarters, line of communications.

It was found that American officers and soldiers of which there were approximately 250,000 were at that time scattered among approximately 800 towns and villages. Due to the war and other conditions, transportation was exceedingly difficult. Through the cooperation of the American Red Cross, Major Straight secured the loan of a number of Red Cross automobiles, and the Y. M. C. A. loaned the use of all their bunks.

The period of automatic insurance, that is, the period during which officers and enlisted men were by the government automatically covered by insurance without any premium payments, expired February 12th, 1918. This was exactly two months from the day the party sailed from the United States. The party landed in France December 27th, and in the short period between then and February 12 the entire American E.F. were canvassed for insurance and allotments, insurance aggregating approximately $1,200,000,000 being secured.

Major Straight was transferred from the war risk section to the Army General Staff College on February 14th. He left the War Risk section with a tremendous amount of work on hand which was most able and brilliantly handled by his successor, Major Henry D. Lindsay, later Colonel Lindsay. Many of the problems which Colonel Lindsay later had to face were unthought of by Major Straight, but it is a fact that the plan or organization conceived by Major Straight in Washington prior to his leaving the country was the basis of the entire organization of that Section during all of the time it has been in operation.

It is also a fact that this organization which only for a short time exceeded 2500 persons handled the entire insurance and allotment matters of the American E.F., which at the signing of the armistice were said to have amounted to 2,500,000 men.

This record speaks for itself of the ability as an organizer of Major Straight and his successor, Colonel Lindsay.

With reference to Major Willard D. Straight's services with the War Risk Section of the American Expeditionary Forces, Colonel Henry D. Lindsay requests to make this statement:

"The soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces and their dependents owe a lasting debt to Major Willard D. Straight for the service which he rendered in the original organization and administration of the War Risk Section with the American Expeditionary Forces."

When Major Straight got together his officers and men in December, 1917 to go to France, he had practically no actual knowledge of the conditions overseas. France was a closed book to the people of the United States. Entering upon this uncharted sea, Major Straight showed an intuition as to the actual problem and its successful handling which cannot be characterized by any milder word than "marvelous". He carried with him not only men but a complete equipment
which enabled his new organization to commence operations with the entire American Expeditionary Forces in Europe practically on the date of his arrival there, and his work was so carefully thought out that no part of it was overlooked or postponed beyond the very short time within which it was necessary to reach every officer and enlisted man with the American Expeditionary Forces.

The friendly relations which Major Straight had with officers of the highest rank with the American Expeditionary Forces enabled him immediately upon arrival in France to establish that cordial co-operation with every branch of our army, so essential to the successful administration of the War Risk Section.

While the record of Major Straight's life is one of achievement after achievement, there is in it no more brilliant page than that which records his services in organizing and directing the work of the War Risk Insurance Bureau with our soldiers overseas."

u. H. Kemnich.

When Willard D. Straight entered Cornell as a freshman, there was nothing in his appearance or manner which would differentiate him from or attract the notice of his hundreds of classmates. He was a quiet, unobtrusive and obedient freshman. He was friendly to a certain degree but he was also inclined to have a slight reserve or hesitation in offering his friendship promiscuously. Never in his whole course did he seek popularity although he achieved it.

He was a clean-minded, rational, well balanced boy and if he had a love of things artistic, it did not develop in him any eccentricities. His career in college was simply an unfolding of the character and personality within him and it was all without consciousness on his part.

But this reserve and quiet enjoyment of college life could not withstand the friends he was acquiring. He had a perfect talent for making sincere friends of the solid type and what is more rare and valuable, a genius for retaining them. As I say, never a half fellow well met boy, he nevertheless as he progressed through his four years at Ithaca, unhampered by any peculiar athletic prowess or political leadership, he drew to himself by the sheer pleasure of his companionship, the best elements in his class and in Cornell.

He chose to study architecture, influenced largely I believe, by his love of beauty and a certain artistic instinct. He enjoyed his work I know but it did not severely engross him neither did it make any heavy drain upon his energies. For a time there is little doubt but that he fully intended to follow the profession he was studying and this was true until he fell under the sway of Prof. H. Morse Stephens. That I believe to have been one of the great turning points in his career.

Willard Straight was studying for a technical profession, the preparation for which does not unfortunately, provide a liberal education. Morse Stephens was a liberal educa-
tion in himself. He opened up a new sphere of life for Straight. His conversation ranged from history through literature, dwelling with emphasis upon the more verile phase of life and generally leading his listeners into the great world and the problems of international life. Prof. Stephens was the great exponent of Kipling and all he stood for and the fascination of Kipling's world on the other side of the globe gripped Straight's imagination.

As I say, from the time Willard Straight came into intimate relationship with Morse Stephens and met with him in that delightful club of under graduates which he gathered about him in his rooms each Thursday night, his outlook on life changed. It was clear to anyone who had the confidence of Straight in the beginning of his Senior year that he would never spend his years in building up an architectural practice. The great world was going to be his arena.

And so it was that, through Morse Stephens, he decided to cut loose from the conventional life which he had chosen and he set his eyes toward the orient and all of the fascination which it was exerting upon him. Of course, this is written years after the happening of these events and it is difficult to see with the eyes of those days but it is my memory and I believe that if I had then been asked to analyse what was going on in Willard Straight's mind, I would have said he was finding himself through the medium of Morse Stephens and his own awakening consciousness.

But while all of this was going on more or less subconsciously, Straight's college career was unfolding itself in such a manner as to be a matter of pride to his friends. His really important social activity was the artistic editorship of the Cornell Widow, which during his regime, improved very greatly and as a consequence thrived.

Honors came easily to him. He was sought by all the various clubs and in his senior year the honor was literally thrust upon him of the presidency of the Savage Club. And this in face of the fact that he was hardly qualified to be a member of a club, which at that time was almost entirely composed of musicians.

But it proved a wise choice. The Savage Club at that time was in a somewhat moribund condition; it was not making itself felt. Straight's executive ability was soon felt and the present Spring Day, one of the outstanding features of Cornell College life, is directly attributable to the Savage Club under the leadership of Straight. The athletic funds in the winter and spring of 1901 might almost be said not to have existed. Straight and others organized a parade on the campus, advertising a great performance at the Lyceum by the Savage Club. That parade and that show was the first organised effort of the undergraduates to get back of the finances of the athletic council and all that Spring Day has since become is but a development of that day in March, 1901 which Straight was the instigator of.

When the class of 1901 came into its last term, every one knew that we had, if not a future great man, at least a wonderful companion, a boy clean and whole-hearted in all his occupations and pleasures. He was not the most popular man in his class, but I think it could safely be said that among the men who counted for most in the class, he had become, without any of the false glamor which surrounds athletes and others in high political college offices, one of the really great forces and at the same time, enjoyed the friendship, admiration and love of all who really knew him.
The story of Willard's childhood is that of one who lived in the abundant life of his imagination. It is, therefore, a record of interruptions, so to speak; of the breaking in upon him of the irrelevant, and of the jarring of commonplace of daily existence upon the more vivid realities of his own world. Indeed Willard's whole life seemed to be given over to the high adventure of pursuing the visions on his bright horizon, and giving to the world not only the inspiration of them, but the zest and joyous vigor of the race. He "reckoned his life as a thing to be daringly used and cheerfully hazarded," because he was continually painting on a mental canvas infinitely larger than anything which could be mastered by daily or yearly achievement. It was the color and the glow of this inner fire that lifted him "a tip-toe on the highest point of being."

"On my way to school," said he at four, "I saw a enormous lion!" and set the pedagogues wondering whether that was an early indication of low ethical standards, or a sign that he was to become a master of fiction.

Happily his parents believed in a richness of literary background, but it was all more real to him than his daily bread.
life, could ever have. To understand him aright, one
should have known her, her love of life, and the cool
courage with which she faced it.

"A pard,—like spirit, beautiful and swift."

His head was always full of plans. At one
time he and two intimates formed a partnership in ama-
teur photography; the notables of the entire district
were soon to be begging for the honor of its patronage
and the firm to live in affluence for the rest of its
life. In addition to the ignominy of being a girl, I
was just enough younger to be disqualified for active
part in such proceedings,—but I remember constantly
living in the exhilarating atmosphere of big business
going forward,—the launching of new enterprises, the
excitement of some vast scheme about to startle the
astonished world. His firm belief in the plausibility
of whatever he had in mind always fired his companions;—
his hopes for the success of the next undertaking carried
them over present failures.

The place once gained, he used it as a means again, never an
end. I do not think that any ambition he ever fulfilled brought him
the satisfaction of an accomplishment completed; for the achievement
instantly became a part of a larger scheme. This characteristic gave
him patience and taught him how to enjoy the incidents of the chase.

"Don't worry," he once wrote me during my first year in college,—
"about not being known too soon; for sophomore gods make senior quacks."

And later, "Never take yourself seriously. If you lose, remember
its all in the day's work; if you have a piece of luck, laugh and wonder
how you did it."

Yet the earlier years left a habit of self distrust that was
hard to overcome, and that sometimes appeared later in spite of all
the assurance he had gained.

Once in college the way ahead was clearer for finding what he need-
ed. All the social stimulus was therefore forging ahead, he had become
sufficiently accustomed to depending on his own resources and knew
fairly well what they were. Yet the period was not an easy one for all
that, because the results of all his experimenting in different lines
of activities became definite enough to be taken seriously and he
knew not which to choose. He took the architectural course, and even
returned for two months after graduating as instructor in that department,
but he was associated with so many other kinds of interests that few
remember that fact.

Later he wrote of it jocosely, "it doesn't make much difference
what course you take. I designed little houses all through college
and here I am adding figures in the British Maritime Customs Service."* 
Later he regretted not having taken more history when he entered the
diplomatic service but his real regrets never lasted long as such, for
they became an immediate cause for action in making up the loss.
Dear Mrs. Straight:

I have been asked, through Mr. Falen, to give some details of Mr. Willard Straight's early days in China. But first let me express my deep sympathy with you in your loss, which I heard of with great feelings of sorrow. He was so full of vitality and high spirits that it is hard to realize that he has gone. It is a consolation to know that he gave his life on duty for his country and for the great cause of the Allies, where so many of us have lost our dearest and best.

I was with him for four months at Hankow, in the Customs College, at the beginning of 1912, when China was an open book to us, with all the strange, fascinating ways of the people to study. I believe that Kipling must have had a strong influence on him, as he was often quoting from those pages which mirror the East so well. It may even be that Kipling's books helped to decide him to come out to China - this point would possibly be known to his Cornell contemporaries.

How he threw himself into the study of Chinese and of all things Chinese! He used to go out through the narrow lanes of the city or onto the marvellous wall which girdles the city, and, note-book in hand, get right into contact with all classes. His sketches of faces just caught the true character of his subjects (he was not at his best in "Verse and Verse") and must not be judged by that book. Among remarks I remember of his was one when he and I were looking at some old coins for the first time, and he was struck by the great age - 3000 years more or less - of the tokens. His mind was one singularly open to impressions, and his imaginative faculty was well developed. At the same time he was very practical, and he made phenomenal progress in his Chinese studies. I have still the mark which he obtained in the first examination, on the result of which he was chosen to be Sir Robert Hart's private secretary. They were as follows: CRAL 869 out of 400; Written: 469 out of 500, total 888 out of 900, or 98.63 per cent; practically perfect. There was not a trace of "side" in him about this.

I am glad to be able to send you a photograph of an entertainment given by the students of the Customs College (I was away myself but heard a good deal of it). W. D. S. is on the right with his banjo. Yes, he was certainly full of the joie-de-vivre. His songs still linger in my memory "Last Night I had dinner with the King of Spain", etc. And I fear he shocked some of the more austere missionaries by singing Kipling's " Mandalay" at one sing-song: I remember his indignation when he was told of this!

In our mess we had W. D. S., one Austrian, two Frenchmen, and two Britishers. Round the devoted heads of the two last (myself and another also gone in the Great War) great arguments went on at mess about the Boer War, then still being fought. The two Frenchmen attacked the British policy, and the Austrian and W.D.S. defended it. Arguments were very vigorous; the two Britishers kept silent throughout; W. D. was an excellent advocate. He certainly amused the whole of Hankow with his soon songs and he was the life and soul of any party where he was present.

He was in earlier days at school in Japan, where his mother was a school teacher, but of this time I know nothing (the I was at the same school myself for a time) - but it surely is worth recording, and must have had some influence. I remember that at that school (which was French) the American and English boys used to stand up to all the others as allies, leaving friendly groups aside for July 4th. W. D. was later than my time, but this must have influenced him. He certainly had the glamour of the East in his veins. I remember a pregnant remark which showed his powers of observation. He said that he had found it was quite untrue that the Chinese do not respond to the beauties of nature, for he had seen a man admiring a
beautiful sunset on the City Wall.

As to his deeper feelings, I shall never forget the time when I was much upset at a wire giving me the news of the death of my father, and how he burst into my room and gave me a warm handshake telling me how deeply he sympathised with me. It was very hard for him that he lost his parents when quite young, but it had made no difference to the brightness of a very genial nature. I met him once again in 1907 and recall how generously he spoke of a man whom none of us had liked, but who had acted well on just one occasion.

Please excuse the scantiness and scrappy character of these notes. All of us who were in Nanling carried away memories of a bright, straight fellow who helped to make one's first days in China more lively and interesting than they would have been had he not been a member of our mess.

Yours sincerely,
Norman Shaw

Enclosed is a photo, which I still have of the entertainment given by the Mess in April 1902. W. D. got up as a coon, is on the right. The other men are French, British and Austrian - from right to left.

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From Mr. and Mrs. Spinney.

Sometime before the outbreak of the Boxer uprising.

Mr. Conger, then American Minister to China, made complaint to Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, that while there were senior men, there were no young Americans coming up to fill their places and to represent their country in that most cosmopolitan of services. This Sir Robert admitted but said it was so through no fault of his. The opportunities in America to make a career and to make money quickly were so numerous and the rush and stir of life were so alluring that American boys were not content with what China had to offer, especially as time went on, and with the growth of the Service promotion came more slowly. While a number of men had come out at one time and another, few had been content to remain. Mr. Conger said - given the right to appoint some men, he felt sure of finding good ones who would stay and he accordingly did name four. Whether any of them are still in the Service I cannot say, but certainly one man from Cornell resigned after a year or two.

This must have been near the time of Willard's graduation.

Since the years of his childhood, spent in Japan, he had always had a great longing to return to the Far East and knowing of this man's return he wrote direct to Sir Robert asking to be allowed to fill the vacant place. I think the spirit of the request must have pleased the old man for Willard was at once given the appointment he asked.

We were in America at the time and one day a young Chinaman came to see me - Alfred Sze. I am not sure how he Anglicised his name. A Cornell man himself, he was back I think to place some Chinese boys in school in America - among them his own younger brother. You very likely know Mr. Sze. If I mistake not he was in after years Chinese Minister to
Washington. He came to tell us about Willard and to ask our advice for him as to outfit, journey, and the like.

We were glad to be of any help and as we were just about to return to China, a lively correspondence ensued, ending in a request from him that he might travel with us. We were going via Suez and wanted time in London and Paris en route. This plan suited him well as he still had things to attend to, so he followed by German mail direct. Mrs. Hewley and her daughter - two gentle ladies from Milwaukee - were also to be of the party and we all met at Genoa where we took steamer for China.

This was at the beginning of the winter of 1901-2. I wish I could make you see Willard as we saw him that sunny day in Genoa, - our first sight of him - a big, handsome, sunny-faced American boy of the best type - good, kind, courteous, full of enthusiasm and the joy of living and far too genuine to affect an air of being bored, which so many boys imagine makes them appear manly. He was only a boy, for if I mistake not, he celebrated his twenty-first birthday during the voyage.

We had the pleasantest of journeys and though it was an old story to us, he made us see so much of it through his fresh and artistic eyes, that it was almost like taking it again for the first time. How he did enjoy it and especially every touch of the East.

We had as deck passengers, many Kanon pilgrims, and he would stand long with arms folded on the rail looking down on them and then in the evenings, under the cabin lights, he would draw group after group of them, old men, little boys playing games on the deck. Once Mr. Spinney stole the sketch book and took it down to the lower deck and the pilgrims recognized face after face with many a laugh. You know how great a gift Willard had for catching a likeness. I have a charming little sketch he made then of my husband smoking and reading in his deck chair -- but he said he could not draw women - he did "not understand them". As we went farther and farther east, how he did delight in Ceylon - Penang, etc.

He and I had many a long talk. He had a longing to be an artist but he felt sure that without ample means it was not a life to give oneself to, that for his work of that kind undertaken to keep the wolf from the door and not for love and with a care-free mind, could not be of the best. The assured position, both socially and financially, given by the Service in China - the interesting work which still left a man some time to give himself to other pursuits that interested him - and the thought of what he might do with his pencil, especially in a country so little known as China - all appealed to him and through it all he felt "the call of the East". I think if life had not called him to other things, he might have gone far as an artist. Our long living in China was much of it under circumstances which gave us a greater knowledge of the Chinese than falls to the lot of most and certainly to my eyes, his Chinese were truly Chinese and not merely Europeans with oblique eyes.

In those days in the Service there was amongst the men of many nationalities which went to the making of it, a wonderful esprit de corps, and Willard looked forward to entering it and to life in China with its varying aspects with the most intense interest. Whether he had further ambitions I cannot say, but he certainly tried to get the most and the best out of every passing moment. Knowing him as we did, his after successes did not come as a surprise to us -- only as something to rejoice in.

I wonder if you know Hankin. Doubtless there are more beautiful parts of China but to my mind it is the most picturesque and interesting of all the China ports and to Hankin Willard was sent on his arrival in China to study Chinese. At the same time Mr. Spinney was sent as Commissioner to Chinkiang, the nearest port on the Yangtze to Hankin - so near that Willard could easily come down for a holiday with us and once I went up to see that all was going well with him. Our
Consul at Peking and his two charming daughters were friends of mine and we did have a very jolly little visit together, picnicking amongst the ancient wonders and the newly opened flowers in the glorious spring weather.

I found Willard living with a number of other wide-awake young men, all working exceedingly hard over their Chinese and here his quick, well-trained eye stood him in good stead. His progress in Chinese was quite wonderful and won him a quick transfer to the Inspectorate General in Peking, which is, of course, always looked upon as a compliment and an opportunity. About the same time Mr. Spinney was transferred up the river to Kinkiang, where later he fell very ill, lying between life and death for months. As soon as he could travel we made our way to a specialist in Europe, under whose care he made a complete recovery and eventually we returned to China for a time, but we did not see Willard again till he came to us in Switzerland, not very long before your marriage. We never quite lost touch with him in all those years, but while my husband was so ill, I had little time and thoughts aside from him and meantime Willard himself wandered far afield. He wrote from time to time but we ourselves were such wanderers letters were destroyed as they were answered and I am sorry to say I have none of his I can send you.

We have spent much time in Peking and at the time Willard was there we had friends there from whom we heard more or less of his life there and knowing him as we did, it was no surprise to us that he became a general favorite and in spite of the many kindnesses that were heaped upon him he left Peking as whole-souled and unspoiled as he came.

Of his leaving the Chinese service to be war correspondent for Reuter during the Russo-Japanese war - of his work with Mr. Morgan in Korea and Cuba and later for our own Government, you doubtless know far more than we.
As the train drew into the station or rather into the station at Peking - a tall, fair, cool day - we stood on the platform to greet the morning's official of greetings with our usual custom. He had been expected of our arrival - it was a hot day - late in Peking it was dark. He asked us to wait a moment. We assumed we had been made aware of his kindly solicitude. No attention, our unknown friend.

Arriving at Peking late at night - the weather was so cold that we literally shook all over - and when nothing in the world he expected us for more as long quiet by). He kindly serve... really this morning Peking to have it.

[pressed copy of original still in private hands]

[4th day] We found that "The Guide..."
The Premier having been absent 5 Harney Peters
acting as Charge d'Affaires I can supplement
not the 2 men who into the Legation
being the first landing on June 5 12
bel downwind and buoied Sufficient
upon being independent as we said by settling
down in the tsetse. In the first success we
time came off victorious but one
victory was short-lived be one at least
for 2 days. The ignominiously reverted to
health in the other compound
for the first time since we had left America
4 months before. We had a new Kemp at the
New York W. I lived and worked next door
in the big Legation building + the ladies

maintained an independent existence in
this foreign situation. My host agreed to
a friendly hand. Secondly detached interest in un-
their object remained was kept right
they were in the foreign to understand
Europe China + that they might act as members
for several days all went well + nothing
occurred except the apple cost - Legation was
its ordinary color. The funnery of that time
but for during these 2 weeks it so happened
right he was free from official duties. He then
devoted his. Time to -- planning. Introducing
3 bedrooms ladies "the ladies' chamber"
Two of the morning we started by in rickshaws
for some temple. a for some quaint country
the city. To revel in the park walk or stucco

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
in the city were - on the prairie before the parade.

Afternoon rides - out along the canals - or along the great wall - to oubliving temples or ruins on the plains. In the evenings a walk along the wall was always inspiring - in order to see the sun set & the gold of the plumes - along the purple of the distant hills. Below - way below - the life of the city went on. The cries of street vendors - the howl of dogs. The rumbling of carts - the shrieking of tuk-tuks - the volume of sound - the haunting - that it yet melancholy - yet sweetly. 

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Though all these start from the current a tour of the tea garden—a pursuit which
led him from his background of clear, lofty
outlines, with his hand was only a Chinese
language he acted as a sorter, a regular—nothing
with the prints in the wells of the
china dollars. Then another—fuel and maintenance
of the famed court. He had always a
quick word that brought a laugh to their lips
with his own natural wit, and his
air was full of unreality and indicated a
lack of human understanding. But
And the void ness of the days is reflected
with his curiosity, his own reading, his love of books.

Then one came a trip to The St. Louis—
Heading towards the town, the train ran along different
affair. The magic of China seemed
the face before the magic of a human personality.
The inherent gaiety dominated the gloom of the day.
He had been suddenly beset with visions of
something new—something new. Changed the

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Nature was hideous upon separation - our hands did not touch. The future - it seemed impossible - images - he held all my trust to reach home. That as I? The train drew into the station. I knew that on the road a car was cool - that life was different.

I said not to be afraid to six months - but even he would not reach that across. In the land of Asia, the letters seemed to close. He called repeatedly. Finally, in May, he found a bridge to cross.

The "Travelers" meanwhile had come upon Egypt into drag. He found us in Milan one perfect morning in May. There was no pretense then. After the first week of guessing, he told me why he had come - standing against the curtain.

The little door I was sitting in. With his feet still in his head, he poured out in his present of his heart. Human nature does two (countable things) - who had been living for six months in the anticipations of his day. Suddenly found myself afraid and uncertain. The consummation seems too quick. Confronted with the reality, I drew back in hesitation and doubt.

For two days we think in Milan - sitting by the river in the city. Called - going to the cemetery at Pavia. Returning again the 19th.

The study in the morning. In the hotel. Smoking a cigar. On the 3rd day he visited Lake Maggine from Nun. Found another place - flowing in a pool.

Train back to Turin - leaving me in a hotel.
Throughout that summer, he had lived together in Paris—intending to divorce at Côte-des-Baïes— in Switzerland—although as time went by I knew that I cared more for him and admired, I still refused to face the ultimate decision. It involved such a complete breach with the past—such a fracture into new surrounding circumstances—such an extraction from the past's loved life, that it was a fright even at that time.

The first longer I found myself helpless to lead away—illarded with deep insight and patience understood my indecision. I tried to substantiate his own impatience. But it was hard to deny my miserable tenacity—fixed in the autumn. As a gift for Pekin—milk—my heart but cool understanding were

After a while, that feeling rising for help, I was returned across Siberia in the spring again—only to be engaged almost immediately upon his arrival. He were married a week later in Geneva—It had been days of preparation in Italy, 5 days on the Tsy Trail to China.

It was the beginning of very real life. For 23 yr, I had lived among a limited circle of friends—doing the essential, unimaginary things. I had learned the meaning of coming out. I had gone to dance various parties without interruption—except in a week spent in the Trois SIGNIÈRES, I had been with The success in guest-houses—inviting friends, and I had known what is the proper men about town.
Almost imperceptibly things assumed new values - new proportions - I began to shape his own mind. Life of imagination + dreams as if to the reactions had an existent I felt things described long before. I began to own known heights of exploration. Life instead became an adventure - a quest - or at least a task all for a quicker & bolder truth. And in teaching me to look into the heart of things he taught me a new insight of the Chad more dreaming. The process was an unconscious one at first I was more subdued. He taught me how I trusted to lighten my infection of the very life of the world current; I could not analyze.
On his return to New York, as he crossed the brooks to the hotel, he said to himself, "I shall not find in full use of his ideas in his view."

The company was a favorite with him. But his view was different for him, though he had remained in the hotel. But his view was different for him, though he had remained. Even in the hotel, he saw the railroad always from the standpoint of cooperation, something he found around in the top room, like it might not forever be immediate or even profitable. He hated the idea of absorption of competition in which he found the thought of monopoly. He was indirectly in what seemed to him the conclusive things that might be done, and it seemed like his heart to see his ideas still-born because they were born...
not immediately lucrative — the 20-year
opportunities of helping China —
but Prior paid to abandon — a book
for establishing new trade relations
with S. America — plans for a fair
policy in regard to the employees of a
railing house — plans for stimulating
interest in foreign affairs — in education
public opinion — plans for making the
traditions live — new ideas circulate
plans for international cooperation in behoof
Countries — plans for trade under treaties
but the peoples of the world — plans in
general for more enlightenment at home —
for higher commercial relations abroad —

Most this plan will translate for the Chinese
leaders. He was considered too radical
too much of an idealist — too immature
in business experience — I can see
these and that he was — a prophet some
day business may be run on different principles.
In addition timing of creative activity
was lived away in 1st type of his friends. He had
a gift for friendship many have seen and enjoyed
he had not natural friends — to his day
consciousness — no childish inhibitions. He drew
his friends primarily — ship from "Turkey" the
Ethiopian in Egypt who struggled in Texas for
strangers in some more easy — to his elders
and taxi drivers — best men — to
Shakespeare — to men of all nations. And
I remember piano music—on a different day—having the same girl—exclaim with astonishment—"Oh—aren't you funny. Straight—my husband knows it. Husband my self." And her husband was a gentleman of mine in New York.

He has intimate friends he cherishes—his enthusiasm < interests—

He was essentially a social human being—He liked people—found the exchange of thought that their contacts brought him—He will his friends.

He was always gay—Always full of gay interest & activity—human—Christ-like

I have never felt in the presence of bringing people together. I believe they have to gather to reveal the best in human beings. I do enjoy other—He never being a sociable person accomplished this way—With his friends, where men have felt devoted to common or the common.
again in h. t. there is always better — always

groups of people this, but knowing each other

and in mutual distrust. like a genius

for making things go — he has failed

totally, in this way — a new basis

to human cooperation & understanding

in his order knew his friends he

that compromised himself — the friends he

said of him —

again —

I don't know how he continued to think of the

many things he tried for before. so often

it was the least expected thing that

had to do — something that he knew how

entertained my own mind — he was always

hurting people give — always having

better communication — always giving

advice — always extending a very

active hand of friendship — he delighted in

giving things to friends — cigars — cigar

cases & little gifts) communication.

They always send warm his good times he

had had.

People have said that he had the

concern — his judgment

enlightened my thoughts — he did
dedicate himself to me — it was the thing he
hated war. He was constantly aware against a habit - against anything that defied their nature. He knew he then the had voted honestly, comparatively, even the he might not agree with them. And he was generous to a degree. It was almost quite the having no fear of grudging in his nature. He was also always to rejoice in the other man's successes. And then people believed he was always right and his ways were justified by any bitterness, but always felt that he was better able to consider them. There were many ways this way to show nearly all the time where he knew and that he was treating matters or other circumstances. Always.

Acting because it seemed the right thing or this part - or because he couldn't bear to hurt anybody himself.

Intuition - he was not nearly so intellectual but a human attribute as with. The failure was evident in U. S. Co. His thoughtfulness. He will always prefer that he had not been other - always included in the good things that came along. And he was always ready to anticipate a need. I recall one occasion when we went down to New York in the country who had a my diminutive household. Stop afterwards. She reminded me in those words of an incident then.

II
to be persuaded to give anything in writing hence he taught me to love the idea

To think Lively about the things I believed to arrive at true belief by a process of the

best reason he had ever

ever made himself that he would always try to revise his opinions in the light of new

experience. He always respected the opinions of those in whom he had confidence and

came to an agreement without he continued a life in one of his letters indicates this

addendum
One of the last lines that we have suggested without knowing the source of Louisé's reason.

The following lines, I believe, upon Louisé's death: to make people as happy as we can in the quality of this own life. - thought

The rest that I have given me had indeed been a sort of persuasion - alternation that had at times quite contray to his intention - compelling me always before - I felt myself always

luminous style for its grace - it was so many

guarantees of its - so did in itself - that

I do my best, if it - quality by

But just because he made it: life for us - because he taught us - 

life for us - life for us -

First - because he knew his spirit - because he was kind - because he knew his spirit.

because he lived the abundant life of the spirit - because he lived the abundant life of the spirit.

I wish to be happy. - because he lived the abundant life of the spirit.

I wish to be happy. - because he lived the abundant life of the spirit.
But just because he taught me true life will never done
spirit quickened my being - because he taught me life. Life. The abundance of it - now that he has given I cannot feel that the joy -
meaning of existence must quite lose - had he given me less in my been less equivalent to life without him now. But had given me everything I can still have life as an adventure that he revealed - the great family not to enjoy. The creative enterprise of.

There was much the artist in him and there was a deep other side to his.
He was a happy person. And they had kept him happy - and
happy, I trust the time, there was

The moment I came back

The moment was the time, there

Reaching - disappointment. There moment once shared my life - this kind = to his friends. The

The artistic could he remained always the vital

Dynamic persisted, they knew no defeat.

Need he give me -

Less I had love been less

Against the world - life without the.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Westminster House, 7, Millbank, London, S.W.

September 17th, 1919.

My dear Mr. Proelick,

I received your letter of August 20th, with enclosure, and am very much interested in the proposal you submit with regard to collecting material for a biography of Willard Straight, of his relations with the Far East - his life and accomplishments etc.

I have never written anything for publication but feel in high sympathy with what you are undertaking.

A few days ago I had a talk with a Mr. J. C. Bland, formerly of Peking and who was a friend of Willard Straight's and in Peking during the whole of the time that Willard Straight was in China. No doubt you have read some of Mr. Bland's Books, and I consider him thoroughly qualified to write a biography of Willard Straight and in this connection I might mention that Mr. Bland is sailing from here some time next month for New York, and will call upon Mr. Straight - and I would like for you to get in touch with him. Mr. Bland has already intimated that he would be glad to write a biography of Willard Straight as he knew him and his accomplishments in China, and I hope that when he arrives in New York, you will have a talk with him and get him to commence the work.

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The biography that Mr. Bland would write would be a useful incentive to all young men of all nationalities and most gratifying to Mr. Straight and to their children.

I will now relate to you something of what I knew of Willard Straight in China and leave it in your good hands to edit what I say, thereby making the Article readable. At any rate I hope you will be able to work up an article from what I say below:

Willard Straight was endowed with a determined pioneer spirit. In the latter part of 1902 I was returning to China, via Marseilles. We sailed from Marseilles at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and I was given a seat at a table for four. Our party consisted of a lady and gentleman, also returning to China after many years resident in that country. Willard Straight was travelling out to China to join The Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs under Sir Robert Hart.

We soon became acquainted and talked China, its people, customs, and the future in World's affairs. Very soon I discovered that our young friend Willard Straight had a good working knowledge of China. He was young, strong, accomplished, just out of College and was going to China to learn all that he could about that wonderful Country. His broad vision of Asia and the Far East appealed to me to the point that I was determined to at once cultivate his acquaintance and make a friend of him, and to if possible get him to join the commercial interest that I was associated with.

The voyage was a pleasant one, we became friendly and were on common ground in talking China. I mentioned that I did
not see much future for a young man in the Chinese Maritime Customs service and that there was an excellent opening in my Commercial undertaking for young men, and further, that a position for him was to be immediately had at more salary than he was to get in the Chinese Customs Service. My proposition was taken under advisement and after a few days I received Willard Straight's frank reply that he thought he had best at least remain in the Chinese Customs Service until he had learned to speak Chinese. His decision confirmed my first impression of the man, namely, that he would make good — and he did.

We parted at Singapore with the understanding that we would keep in touch with each other, and I wish I had the correspondence that passed between us during several years at hand now, for I am certain that it would be interesting.

Upon Willard Straight's arrival in China, he was placed in a small Customs Station on the Yangtze river; was later transferred to Korea and when we next met he was Secretary to the United States Minister Morgan at Seoul and could speak Chinese and knew China so well that he foresaw many things which took place years after. He made friends with and knew well many prominent Chinese and Chinese officials and had their respect and confidence — one could see at a glance that he was not long to remain in the Chinese Customs Service.

Willard Straight conceived the idea of building the Chinohow and Anguin Railway and with the assistance of His Excellency Yangshih Yi, he secured the franchise to build this railroad. However, before definitely deciding to submit the proposition to Capitalists he travelled from Mukden to Tientsin by rail and from Tientsin he secured the necessary transportation and food outfit and crossed country to Anguin and from there back to the railroad head and to Mukden; in order that he might see for himself the commercial possibility of the proposed Railroad, the topography of the country, in fact he made a preliminary survey of the country before submitting the proposition to financiers. On his return to Mukden, he secured the franchise and immediately proceeded to Peiping to have the franchise confirmed by the Imperial Government of China, all of which he carried out successfully. Both Russia and Japan objected to this Railroad being built on some pretext or other, but personally I could never understand why, for it would have been to the interest of these two Powers to have had the Railroad built and to have given the proposition their support.

Willard Straight was a great big broad-minded man who could instantly see over all petty jealousies and international turpitude. He was just, not only to China and his own country, but to the Nationals of all countries. In qualification of why I think it would have been to the interest of Russia and Japan for this Chinohow and Anguin Railroad to have been built, I might say that my experience teaches me the fact that it is always cheaper to buy a Railroad after it is built, than to build one. It was to the interest of China, England, Russia, Japan, and America to have had this road built and these powers were dealing with a man who would have taken all interests to heart for the general benefit and development.
of China for the Chinese and all Nationals concerned.

In Mukden one morning I called upon the Honorable Willard Straight, United States Consul General at Mukden - an appointment given to him by President Roosevelt after he had met the President. This appointment was given, in my opinion, on true merit and Willard Straight filled that office with credit to his country and to himself. It was a difficult position which he filled, several of the Powers were establishing Consulates at Mukden and trying to arrive at a working basis with regard to the three Eastern Provinces of China. These Consulates were established soon after the Russia-Japanese War. I mention this to emphasize the fact of the difficult position which Willard Straight had undertaken as United States Consul General at Mukden.

Willard Straight entered finance through the diplomatic door and located himself in Peking with the American group of Bankers. One of his first moves was to organize the four power group of Bankers - the idea being open door and free opportunity to all Nationals in China. The four power group consisted of England, France, Germany and America, later Japan and Russia were admitted to this group of international Bankers who would undertake to negotiate loans with China for the development of that country. This consortium had the approval of the respective Nationalities and the negotiations for loans to China proceeded; and in the meantime the Honorable Woodrow Wilson was elected President of the United States and it appeared that the Wilson administration was not in accord with the terms of the Loan Agreement consequently the American group of Bankers withdrew from the consortium. A loan however was made to China in 1913 by the five Powers, which assisted China greatly.

Willard Straight was a kind courteous civil man who always took at least seven steps out of ten in civility. In so far as his operations in China were concerned he was dealing with a most difficult subject.

Financiers are apt to view investments on purely a financial viewpoint and any financial proposition that borders on Politics does not interest them to the same extent as a purely financial proposition and it naturally followed that any financial proposition which Willard Straight submitted to Financiers was difficult to handle for the reason that any Security which had a political tinge to it was hard to market. My belief is however, that Willard Straight was a constructive Financier who looked into the future.

When America entered the World's Great War, Willard Straight immediately volunteered and went to the Front although he was over the Draft age. His untimely death in France is a great loss to his family, America, China and his friends.

I could say a great deal more with regard to Willard Straight but I do not think it necessary for the reason that I am certain a great many of his friends will be writing something for this biography which will be more interesting than anything that I could say.

In saying what I have, I have tried to keep away from Politics and if I have said anything in the foregoing that is too
Dear Mr. Carleton Baker:

I am sorry to have delayed so long in replying to your letter of the 2nd inst.

I first came into touch with Mr. Willard Straight almost immediately after the War between Russia and Japan, when he was appointed your first resident representative in this city. He was from the start very kind to us, and one of my first recollections was a note from him enclosing fifty Mex. Dollars for the British and Foreign Bible Society, entirely unsolicited, and he also urged others to aid the work of giving God's word to the Chinese.

He took a very keen and practical interest in the few wee blind girls whom we then had with us, and until his call to the Better Land he always sent us an annual contribution, directing his secretary to keep it up whilst he was away in France. He gave the first order to our girls for some of their work, and was much concerned and amused when he heard that two girls had secretly set up nearly all one night to complete him a pair of socks, as they were convinced that as it was bitterly cold, the poor Consul, being unmarried and away from his mother, would need them. He was kind enough to write from New York, six years afterwards, to tell the girls that he was still wearing their nicely knitted socks.

I casually made the acquaintance of a small lad at the Railway Administration in Harbin, two months afterwards, the lad ran away and turned up at Mr. Straight's asking for me. He was anxious to get to America and gain the land of freedom. I could not help him and, in fact, felt annoyed with the lad. Mr. Straight saw that he was worth saving and arranged for him to be sent to California and given a chance in life. He was always aiding someone.

Some of us were much concerned over a colony of bad women, westerners, who had settled in this city. Firstly they gave out that they were British and then American but W.S. found out they were neither, and eventually they were
induced to go away. Probably his bank account might reveal the secret, but
certain it was he pitied their wretched condition.

When his colleague Mr. Fairchild, suddenly died by his own hand, Mr.
Straight rose to the occasion nobly and did all possible to make things as bright
as he could for his family. We, by the way, admired Mr. Fairchild much too and
missed him greatly.

Mr. Straight had a long and hard fight to gain the freedom for
foreigners to reside inside this city, and to accomplish this he had personally
To live in anything but the best surroundings for a long time. It is to him and
Mr. Rulford that all foreigners owe the privileges of living within the city if
they so wish.

He was known as "STRAIGHT BY NAME AND STRAIGHT BY NATURE".

Clean and high souled, strong in mind and body, with a very warm
heart and most kindly, though somewhat reserved manner, we feel that in him we and
our sightless family have lost a real and splendid friend.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Robert T. Turley.
When I first saw Mr. Straight, he seemed to me to be the unexpected person, which he showed my first impression. He was the courteous gentleman.

This was so marked a characteristic that some of the less developed students failed to see his vision occasionally overstepped the bounds of discretion and order. A time short would perhaps have caused more surprise than the sudden rightness which even his long-suffering patience could offer no further excuses for these thoughtless young people and he felt the class was being imposed upon.

and. That disrespect for the world might result.

Therefore no one cared to try how far he might go in the Science Class. It was a tribute to the teacher and his work as well as to the staff in himself that one of the young men came back the next day and offered a full and humble apology for the glad smile and hearty hand clasp with which he had not must have gone with him through life as it had with one of those who saw it.

Then the vision, the wide searching gaze pushed out in every direction where the light might come on the three new works of introducing "Nature Study" into the public schools.
from the Kindergarten up. No course of possible supposition, information or aid was rejected. He was eager to get them all from anybody or anywhere. He gave up the chance of a scientific career, arguing which the latter offered while Mr. Straight was studying under him— to save the quality of his mind. Arguing give Mr. Straight (perhaps others too) a disk of ashes with instructions to find out what they told. After careful study the latter reported his findings. "Good, but try more."

Another search—another report: "Excellent, but there is more yet."

"Still something you can find out." Another attempt.

There is one more thing you can learn—try again. The thing was found—all others had given up long before. This was Mr. Straight's mode of derivation. They, going without honor, money, care, were as nothing to carrying on a step in advance what he conceived was for the liberation of the human mind, and of the schools from the set, narrow curriculums. There were the characteristics which appealed to the more idealists of the students and won from the the devotion of disciples. But he was no mere theorist.
a practical application - the detail of the means for that ap-
plication was carried along. In the plan - a plan which incul-
cated not only the study of nature but through it the introduction
of the scientific method into the schools. To learn what the
application might involve he
himself spent his leisure vaca-
tion time in pottery or woodwork
shop for example. Here he
worked out one time a combination
workbench and desk for the
individual pupils - having in
compact form place to work,
for tests, for books, farm, jelly,
black board, clay mold in-
quisitive and convenient for the
child to carry on by himself.

his own work and investigations.
That same summer he brought
home specimens of his attempts
at design and execution
which caused his fellow workmen
and his friends much surprise.
One always wishes to look beyond
the public life of one hour, not so
much, I believe, to pry into private
affairs as from a longing for
perfection and to assure oneself
that the ideal has not lost of
shape.
Here as in the classroom, the
same idea - neatness, his
life - crystal clarity of thought and
action, courtesy, interest in his
friends, thought for his child-
ren. There was always an
aptitude, a detachment from
trivial things, always near.
The surface thing for which he cared, so that any question would pose him to instant correct speech of it when he would become almost oblivious of what was going on around him. "It partly mischievous, partly admiring—and came as played on little things of this. His fellow teachers and students at his table would start some discussion of the works and when Mrs. Straight was off in her drayman. Begin to face him. The various dishes which he would habitually suspend and then absently set unfinished down in any unoccupied space within reach. The joke was to fire a volley of requests for those dishes collected near him and

when he came to see his surprise at their all being in his vicinity. In the general laugh he would join leaving the table bearing scarcely tasted food.

This lack of thought for his own comfort was very characteristic and was partly accountable for the frail health and slender build he had in life. From a boy struggling for a college education the mind of the body was subject to those of the mind and get little indulgences. Not that he advocated its neglect, but conscientiously tried to give it its due; but the spirit was always taking flight beyond it.

He enjoyed studying children as well as was interested from
a scientific or pedagogical point of view. Once, reading a book of folk ballads to his little girl about three, a Chinese pip story caught her fancy and she laughed delightfully. To please her he read it over then again and again. Each time new the laugh and demand for repetition. Amused and interested he read it until coughing and exhausted he passed the book and baby over to another with the request to continue the reading as long as she liked it. It may be of interest to notice that over a century and a half ago, during the second quarter of the last century, a legend was told that a small boy, when he was cut in half by an axe, was able to live, and that he died only when his head was cut off. He must drop his work; he must midst availing face! alone

to fight the losing battle alone because Mrs. Straight must continue the work in her place. Towards the end a friend in California where he had gone last seeing his son, wrote to Mr. Straight telling her what the latter believed he would have told. She went to him and dived his longing for his children. He went for them. She said he would not ask. Through the last painful stages to the very end there were the same smiles, the same gentle courtesies to those around. He faced it with eyes open.
and undaunted. One of his last utterances was that it
would be sweet to stay and
work, and it was sweet to go
it wasn’t for him to say.
Recollections of Willard Dickerman Straight
and His Work

By E. T. Williams

One evening, probably in 1903, the American Minister in Peking and his wife were holding a reception. Among the guests who came was a young American, a member of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Service, who had just been transferred from Hankow to Peking. He was a fine specimen of young manhood. With a splendid physique, a clear eye, a frank face and cheerful manner, he won a warm welcome on every hand. Later acquaintance proved him to be an attractive character as in appearance, alert in mind, impulsive and generous in disposition and unifying in energy. This was Willard Dickerman Straight.

I cannot claim a place in the list of his intimate friends; there was too great disparity in our ages for that; I was twenty-six years his senior. But our acquaintance, which extended over many years, ripened into a real friendship, such as may easily grow up between an elder and a younger man.

It was our custom to spend the summer months in the Western Hills, about ten miles outside the walls of Peking. For seven years we lived during the hot season at Pi Ho Yen, “the Dark Demon Cliffs,” in a Buddhist monastery, called by its founder a thousand years ago, “the Monastery of the Blessed Kow.” An image of this founder, the Master Lou, still sits in the cave that was his cell, over-hanging the ravine, and the stone tower, built by his disciple, still stands in the court-yard. In modern times a large group of buildings has been added, separated one from another by courts and gardens, with here and there screen of undressed rock work, and here and there open terraces and pavilions shaded by ancient trees. On one of these terraces, when the great hill across the gully threw its shadow over the monastery, we would sit and look down the valley, and over the plain, watching the play of light and shade on farm-stead and village, far away to Marco Polo’s Bridge, six miles in the distance.

As language secretary of the American Legation, I was charged with an oversight of the consular students attached to the Legation for the study of Chinese and was thus brought into daily intercourse with them and their families. Every week-end in the summer brought some of them out to our monastery, and with them came frequently students of the British Legation and young Americans from the Canton Customs Club. At times the whole group rode out with the others. There was no railway in those days to disturb the quiet of the hills and we went and came on horse-back.

Some times Straight brought his banjo with him, and in the cool of the evening, when we sat on the terrace under the stars, its melodious tinkle added to the charm of the summer night. At times I would sing and Straight would add his guitar and both would sing and rang on the air or grand old hymnus awakened tender memories of the homeland so far away.

The true American is said to be a versatile man; he turns easily from one pursuit to another. Straight was a man of many gifts. In so far as I know, he never attempted anything that he could not do well, and he did many things very well. He had an excellent voice and sang well. He was a good mimic and could imitate Paul Du Chailu in his lecture on experiences in Africa with such fidelity that those who had heard the great explorer had to admit that he was scarcely a caricature of the lecture although we were all convinced with merit.

He had the artistic temperament and he had a great deal of artistic talent. Readers of Asia have seen reproductions of some of his water-color sketches. Of equal merit are the drawings with which he illustrated Blund’s “Houseboat Days in China.”

His artistic sense added to his professional training enabled him to see, as many did not, the admirable features of Chinese architectural construction, and the beauty of Chinese decoration. When a secretary of the American Legation wanted to convert an old Chinese house into a comfortable home without losing a hideous German monstrosity, it as had been done with other buildings, it was to Straight that he turned for suggestions. The result was one of the most attractive homes in Peking. Let the lines of the buildings were not changed and every thing was in perfect harmony with the Chinese environment. The walls of the courts were decorated with Chinese landscapes; chimneys were added to the buildings, but without destroying the curves of the roofs; the windows were designed to look like Chinese lattices. The doors were painted in Chinese colors and the interior walls were covered with wood carvings such as may be seen in many a Peking palace. This skill in transforming a Chinese house into a modern home fitted with all the comfort of Western civilization was shown even more marvellously in the remodeling of the group of buildings which Straight selected for the headquarters of the American Group in Peking and which became his home for a time in 1911 and 1912.

As I have already intimated, Straight had fine social qualities. In the various meetings of the American community at Thanksgiving, Christmas and on Washington’s birthday he was always an energetic promoter of merriment and good fellowship. He was equally at home in the gatherings of the whole international community, whether at the Club, on the polo field or elsewhere. Anywhere that a great social event was held in speaking Chinese he was there as well as in his home for meetings of the American and Manchus as among his own countrymen.

During the first period of his residence in Peking it was very difficult for a foreigner to obtain admission to certain services of the Lama Temple. It was therefore at some risk to himself that one winter day with the conveniences and assistance of a friendly Lama he disguised himself as a monk and became apparently a participant but in reality a careful observer of the whole ceremony. But he was a sufficiently good actor to escape discovery.

Throughout his whole career he was a real friend of the Chinese people. He liked them and they liked him. Princes and high officials of the
state, merchants and peasants, arrives in the Customs Service, jinrikisha coolies and servants - all were his friends. His open-heartedness, his spirit and geniality, his honesty and generosity, won their confidence. All barriers of race and language seemed to disappear as he chatted with them and joined in their bantering and jesting. Then Chinese officials, visitors, came to the United States in recent years, Straight, if he were at home, was always foremost among those planning a hospitable welcome for them.

Although he was first of all an American, deeply interested in the prosperity of his country and jealous of her good name, his sympathies were not narrow. He saw the good in all men and he had very close friends among men of other nationalities. He had no more loyal friend than Dr. C—— an Englishman, and none more devoted than M.C—— a Frenchman.

In 1904 the war between Japan and Russia broke out and Straight left the Consular Service to accept a position as war correspondent for the Associated Press and Rotter's Agency. At the close of the war he entered the American Consular Service as Vice Consul General at Seoul, Korea, at the same time being Private Secretary to the American Minister there. He was thus a witness of the tragic loss by Korea of her independence, the sad abandonment by Japan of her solemn promise of the year before to preserve the independence of Korea and the equality and expansion by the United States of its obligation under the treaty of 1885 with Korea to use its good offices, if any other power should deal unjustly with the little oriental state, to bring about an amicable adjustment of the difficulty.

When the American Legation was withdrawn from Korea, Straight was transferred to Ruyong. During these two years, 1904 and 1905, I did not meet him. But he could not remain away from China. In 1906 he returned as Consul General at Mukden. This appointment placed him at the political, social and intellectual center of the Far East. The Japanese still had a large army in southern Manchuria, and the Russians were busy but slowly evacuating the northern portion of the dependency, while the Manchch owners of the territory were being ground between the upper and the middle stream. Korean conditions began to return there in the following year when the military government of Japan gave way to civil administration of the sovereign power and the Custom resumed control of the foreign trade.

The Chinese Government at last, but perhaps too late, showed some appreciation of the seriousness of the situation, for they decided to organize the dependencies into provinces of the Empire: The three provinces; Heilungchihang, Kirin and Shenching, were each given a complete provincial government and a viceroy was placed in authority over the whole. It is significant, too, that when the Manchch Court looked for men who might possibly be able to move to the dynasty its ancient heritage, the most capable men were found among the Chinese. The Viceroy and the three Governors chosen all were Chinese. The Viceroy was Hsih-ch'ang, now President of China, and the Governor of the province of Shenching, or Fengtien as it is also called, was Tseng Piao, a graduate of Yale. The acting governors of Heilungchihang were not so well known.

The task set before these men was not an easy one. Referring to it

on his return home in 1909, Straight said: "China has now undertaken the difficult task of attempting to establish an efficient administration in a territory over whose most important communications she has no control". He referred, of course, to the fact that the Russians were operating the railways in northern Manchuria and the Japanese those in the southern part of the territory. "At the same time," he said, "the Russians are trying to accomplish this task." "Manchuria to-day is said, "is more efficiently governed than any other portion of the Chinese Empire." 4

While he was serving as American Consul General at Mukden he made a journey through a part of his district almost wholly unknown to the western world. There he came upon Frederick, an ancient capital and a place with wonderful gardens which, some suppose, may have been that described by Culdey but located wrongly by him at Hamad, or Shangtu, as the Chinese call the place:

"Hamad did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river ran,
Down to a sunless sea."

The river and the cavern are there and the surroundings are said to correspond fairly well with the descriptive given in the poem. 5

As consular representative at Mukden, which was both the vice-regal and the provincial capital, Straight was brought into constant and close relationship with Viceroy Hsih and Governor Tong. The latter spoke English, but the former knew no language but his own, and it was an advantage to Straight that he spoke Chinese so fluently. He remained until near the close of 1906 and the next three years of his residence in Manchuria, besides the great opportunities, his previous training and his natural gifts, he acquired a firsthand knowledge of the Far Eastern problem which few others possessed.

The problem, then as now, was political rather thanCommercial in character, as he stated in his address at Clark University in 1909. He saw in a measure how far-reaching the effects were likely to be of a condition of affairs which was growing more and more complicated day by day.

In the address, to which I have just referred, he said:

"The history of the Far East is for some years to come dependent upon the fate of Manchuria. Shall China be able peaceably to develop, to consolidate her strength and to work out her own salvation free from alien interference, or will Japan, poor in resources but rich in disciplined efficiency, be successful in her endeavor politically to dominate and to direct the commercial growth of her continental neighbor? That is the Eastern Question."

The situation has grown less acute during the years that have passed since these words were spoken. Those, who are disposed to think to-day that Japan's aims in China are in any sense altruistic, should ponder this further statement made eleven years ago:

"Where Russia has not unnaturally been reluctant to recede from Japan has constantly endeavored to better the position in which she found the Far Eastern question. She seized large tracts of land at Surprise and near Mukden."


The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Antung and Kuangchengtau and other cities along the South Manchuria Railway were occupied by Japan during the war. The occupation of the coal mines at Pienchih, near Mukden, has been carried on despite the Chinese protest, and the methods employed by the Japanese officials in charge of the Yalu Timber Bureau would long ago have caused serious friction had China been in a position to resist. The occupation of Chientao, a region in south-eastern Manchuria, and the adoption of the Chinese constitution in that district, which recently terminated the operation of the coal mines with the Imperial Chinese Telegraphs, the disregard of China's postal rights, and the present determination of Japan without China's consent, to commence the construction of a broad-gauge road between Mukden and Antung where her treaty provisions only entitled her within a period, which terminated April 15th, 1909, to improve a military railway built during the war, are the more important of the many incidents which taken as a whole, and without sufficient evidence to the contrary, must be regarded as giving the keynote of Japan's Manchurian policy. 4

A little farther on he added: "The fact remains that while Japan drove Russia from Manchuria for the avowed purpose of restoring the Three Provinces to China and in order to preserve the 'open door', she now holds to all intents and purposes the same influence and position which in Russia's possession she found so irreconcilable with her ideas of international equity." 5

It was not race prejudice, neither was it national prejudice that led Straight to say these things. As American Consul General, he was of course, in the interest of American citizens, deeply concerned to see that trade handicapped by any evasion of Japan's obligations under the 'open door' agreements. But, while he condemned the insincerity of Japanese official professions he was unable to acknowledge the many splendid qualities of Japanese character. On the other hand, although he so often championed the cause of China, he did not hesitate to condemn in unsparing terms the corruption and inefficiency of the Chinese Government. Moreover he was a practical man and when it came to the adoption of practicable measures for the solution of the Far Eastern problem he was among the first, if my memory serves me correctly, to advance the plan for the improvement of the Grand Canal. He was interested in the Japanese proposals for a broad-gauge railway line from Mukden to Shantung, he was confronted by a condition not a theory, and that, if the work was to be undertaken in any near future, it would be necessary to give the Japanese a share in the enterprise, which he did.

But to return to the period of his residence in Mukden, it was at this time that the fact not only of the peculiar conditions prevailing there, Straight first became interested in the Chinese financial situation and the measures being proposed for its amelioration. To prevent the absorption of Manchuria by either of the two great nations that were trying to crowd the real owner off the premises, the Viceroy and the Governor of Shengking naturally sought to interest the citizens of other countries in the development of the Three Eastern Provinces. These officials say, as Secretary Knox did afterwards when the matter came to his attention, that, in order to save Manchuria to China, it would be necessary to give the foreign interests there a broad international character and thus prevent domination by any one power.

The Chinese officers, however, did not then realize that a cooperation of the foreign powers in a systematic development of the country would serve China's interests much better than internal strife with attendant friction and mutual obstruction. They clung rather to the old Manchu policy of trying to get the foreign powers one against another in order to profit by their differences.

The first effort made by them in this direction was that of creating a rival to Japan in the southern part of the country by the grant of a contract to a British company to construct a railway from Hailun Fu, about thirty miles west of Mukden, to Fukusen, fifty miles northeast of Hailun Fu and one of the gateways in the old 'open door' agreement between Manchuria and Mongolia. This would apparently be nothing more than a short extension of the line from Shanghailuan to Hailun Fu, which had been built under British supervision and was still under British engineering control. In reality, however, the grant was a test of the Japanese professions of adherence to the policy of the 'open door' and an exposure of the secret clauses of the convention of 1905 between Japan and China, in which China had been made to agree that a railway line parallel to the South Manchuria Railway would be constructed. It was known in fact that the line, if constructed, would be continued from Fukusen to Taitiahsar on the Chinese Eastern Railway and thus afford an inside short line of communication between the Shanghai-Harbin Railway, which would deprive the South Manchuria Railway of much of its importance. Japan of course at once protested. This protest was made in the autumn of 1907. 6

In the summer of 1906 Governor Tong Shao-yi talked the situation over with Consul General Straight, endeavoring to get an American interest established in Manchuria. He proposed that a loan of twenty-five million dollars be made by American capitalists for the creation of a bank which was to be the financial agent of the Manchurian government and assist in the development of that great country. There was, I believe, at the same time either a memorandum or an understanding which provided for the construction of a railway line from Taitiahsar to Aigun on the Amur as one of the enterprises to be financed.

During that same year, 1906, Congress passed a resolution to return a large portion of the 'Boxer indemnity to China. This gave opportunity to send Governor Tong Shao-yi to Washington to speak in person with the peculiar conditions prevailing there, Straight first became interested in the Chinese financial situation and the measures being proposed for its amelioration. To prevent the absorption of Manchuria by either of the two great powers that were trying to crowd the real owner off the premises,

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Clark University Lectures: China and the Far East, pp. 143 & 144. 7

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It is no more than fair to Tong Shao-yi to say that he denied that there was any such secret clause. He said the matter had been discussed and that fact was recorded in the minutes, but that no such agreement was made by China. See Rockhill's Treaties, Conventions, Agreements, Ordinances, etc. relating to Manchuria and Korea, p. 144, of vol. ii.
currency reform, etc.

Consul General Straight, with a memorandum of the proposed loan of twenty million dollars, returned home about the same time, November 1908, and was attached to the State Department where he supported Tong's proposals. In December Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. of New York initiated an agreement for a loan, but owing to the death of the Emperor and also of the Regent Dowager of China, which had occurred a short time before, no step was taken by the government at that moment in the loan, as it had to be temporarily postponed. Straight, however, remained in Washington and assisted in organizing the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the Department of State, the first of the political-geographic divisions among which much of the diplomatic work of the department has in recent years been apportioned.

While he was engaged in this work it came to his knowledge that a group of British, French, and German bankers had entered into negotiation with the Chinese Government looking toward the building of a system of railways, known as the Hulun Buir railways, to extend southward and westward from Hankow as a centre. The Department of State recalled that in 1903 and again in 1904 China had promised that if foreign capital should ever be needed for the construction of a line from Hankow to Szechuen, an enterprise for which both American and British capitalists had offered to undertake, the first option would be given to British and American capitalists. China's attention was called to this proposal, but the reply of the Chinese Government at first was unfavorable. The American Government was told that it was too late, that the contract had already been initiated. President Taft thereupon sent a personal telegram to the Prince Regent, asking that the promise be fulfilled and the Prince at once issued instructions to the officers concerned to admit the Americans to a participation in the loan. The Department of State then requested the bankers who had intimated the loan contract with Tong Sze-yi, to which I have already referred, to take up the American share of this railway loan. Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Co. invited three other banking houses in New York to join them in this enterprise and thus the American Group was formed consisting of the houses of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., the First National Bank and the National City Bank. Straight was then asked to represent the Group in China and went out for this purpose.

In the meantime the British Group that had tried and failed to secure a contract for the Hankow-Pekin-Railway had modified its proposals and was endeavoring to obtain a contract for a line to be located much farther west, from Chinchow via Kwan Pu to Tientsin. When Straight arrived in China this proposal was combined with that included in Tong's memorandum of 1906 for a line from Tientsin to Aigun and the whole line, called Provisional railways, including the Chinchow-Aigun Railway, became the subject of much correspondence between the American and the Chinese Governments. The plan was to have the newly formed American Group furnish the funds while the construction was to be undertaken by Messrs. Brown, Pooling & Co., a British firm. Straight signed the preliminary agreement on October 22, 1909 and an imperial edict sanctioning the project was said to have been issued but was not published until January 1910.

In the earlier negotiations I was serving as Consul General at Tientsin and knew of the affair only indirectly, but in the autumn of

1909 I was called home to the Department of State to assist in the work of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, and from October that year I was somewhat familiar with the details of these enterprises. On my way home I met Straight and had a talk with him about the two projects and noted the enthusiasm with which he was pursuing them.

Connected with the scheme for the Chinchow-Aigun Railway was that for the construction of a harbor at Halutao at the head of the Gulf of Chihli. The whole plan was one whose realization would have been of great benefit to China, since it would have opened up to settlement and cultivation a region rich in agricultural possibilities, much of whose soil had never been touched by a plow. To Russia, too, it would have been of immense advantage, for it would have made the Chinese Eastern Railway independent of its connection with the South Manchuria Railway and would have given Russia access to the sea at Halutao by a much shorter route than that via Harbin and Dairen.

But while advantageous to China and to Russia, it would have been in some degree harmful to the South Manchuria line, since much of the through trade with Europe would have taken the new route. Nevertheless the interests of the Chinese people ought to have had the preference. The proposal discussed with China in December 1905, but which Tong Shao-yi says was never signed, to the effect that China was not to build a line parallel to the South Manchuria Railway, even if it had been agreed to by China, could hardly be said to apply to a line to be built 150 miles west of the latter railway and one which was to serve an entirely new region. Moreover Japan in the Treaty of Peace with Russia had agreed not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries, which China might take for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria. In a later convention with Russia, that of July 30, 1907, Japan again formally recognized "the principle of equal opportunity in which commerce and industry are free to enter and to participate in commerce and industry all nations in that empire" (China). Once more, in the Root-Takahira notes of November 30, 1908, Japan agreed with the United States to "preserve the common interest of all powers in China by supporting by all possible means the independence and integrity of China and the principle of equal opportunity for commerce and industry of all nations in that empire," China would seem, therefore, to have been quite within its rights in securing the agreement with Straight as the representative of the American Group, and the American Government to have been equally within its rights in sustaining the agreement.

President Taft and Secretary Knox took great interest in this project. Secretary Knox, however, remembered that Russia at one time had favorably considered a proposal to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway to Mr. Harriman and that the Japanese Government had entered into negotiations with Mr. Harriman for the financing of the South Manchuria Railway, which, if the loan had been made, was to have been operated jointly by the Americans and Japanese. A memorandum to this effect had indeed been submitted by Prince Itc, but later he had been over-ruled by Marquis Komura and his party. Subsequently the death of Mr. Harriman brought all negotiations to a close.
assurance that it had been ratified by an unpublished edict, the American Government believed that Americans had a stake in the country and consequently felt entitled to make proposals in regard to the railway interests of Manchuria. To Secretary Knox it seemed that internationalization would be better for China and for all concerned than international rivalry with friction that might result in further strife. He therefore first consulted with the British Government, whose subjects Messrs. Ponting & Co. were the contracting engineers who were to build the Chinchow - Aigun Railway. Great Britain too was the ally of Japan and could be trusted to place the proposal before that government in the most convincing manner. Secretary Knox proposed that an international syndicate should be organized to take over all the railways in Manchuria and operate them in the general interest upon scientific and economic principles.

Secretary Knox has been criticized for putting up the two propositions together and to Russia and Japan at the same time, but it was the conclusion of the Chinchow - Aigun contract that enabled him to make a suggestion which otherwise would have seemed impertinent. Moreover perfect frankness was desirable in one who, assuming that the powers concerned were sincere in their professions of adherence to the policy of the "open door", was making a proposal which he believed to be in the interest of all.

There has been a good deal of misunderstanding of the scheme, which was not an offer to abandon the Chinchow line if Russia and Japan would agree to internationalize their respective railways in Manchuria, but 

\textit{which\ } was a proposal that a common system, scientific and economical should be provided for Manchuria under the ownership of China, and financed and constructed by an international syndicate. The plan would have included the development of the region to be served by the Chinchow - Aign Railway, but might demand the re-drawing of that line to make it a part of the general scheme.

When I was asked on my arrival at the Department of State in the autumn of 1908 to give an opinion upon the neutralization proposal, I expressed the view that it would fail of acceptance here and wonder and Japanese nor Russia would agree to it. Nevertheless the plan was conceived in wisdom and, had the powers opposed it been perfectly sincere in their professions of a desire to preserve the territorial integrity and administrative unity of the Chinese Empire and equality of opportunity there for the commerce of all nations", it would have been adopted.

If the new international consortia should succeed in making a loan that will enable China to develop her railway communications upon some uniform and economical plan, it will no doubt persuade the participating powers to abandon their claims to special interests here and Poland the various options in some scheme not unlike that proposed by Secretary Knox in 1909 for Manchuria.

When this plan for the neutralization of the railways in Manchuria was laid before the British Government, Sir Edward Grey approved of it in principle after which it was submitted to all the powers interested.

Russian opposition was less to be expected than that of Japan, for the preservation of the "open door" in China, Japan, however, was not convinced and Great Britain acquiesced in the attitude of her ally. So the "open door" was closed.

\textit{Russian memorandum declining to support the internationalization scheme was dated January 30th, 1910, where still remained the possibility of Russian cooperation in building the Chinchow - Aignu line. A careful consideration of the project was advocated both by the Government press and by that of the opposition. This was to be expected, of course, for, as I have pointed out, the railway, if constructed, could not but be of great advantage to Russia. On February 2d, 1910 the Russian Government asked for time to consider the scheme before making a definite reply. The American Government on the 14th of the same month expressed its willingness to consider any suggestions which Russia might like to make. The Japanese Government proposed that the line be moved still further west, that instead of building Chinchow to Aignu a railway should be built from Peking via Urga to Khalkhita. This of course would take it far from Russia's interests, and would also leave the rich, undeveloped region that was to be served by the Chinchow - Aignu line without the communications so greatly needed for its colonization. Russia affected to consider China for strategical reasons, that is, to say, to enable her to have a line of approach to the Russian frontier. The proposed line from Peking to Khalkhita would also reach the Russian frontier and be more protected line of approach up to Peking. Russia objected also because China was said to have agreed in 1899 that railways to the north of Peking should be built with Russian capital. That agreement, however, did not refer to Manchuria, but would be made from Peking to the north or north-east, if undertaken, should be built with Russian capital, in case foreign capital should be needed. The agreement, therefore, would have been more applicable to the line proposed by Russia than that from Chinchow to Aignu.

While this correspondence was taking place, anti-American sentiment appeared to increase in Russia, caused in part by American sympathy with the Jews in Russia and in part by the opposition of the American Government to the establishment by the Chinese Eastern Railway Administration of a local government at Harbin. The outcome of it all was the Russo-Japanese entente, expressed in the convention of July 4th, 1910, a date...}
chosen, no doubt, with the purpose of calling American attention to the provisions of the third article, a notice to all concerned that if any thing should arise to threaten the status quo in Manchuria, the two high contracting parties would enter each time into communication with each other with a desire to arrive at an understanding to the measure they may think it necessary to take for the maintenance of the status quo.

While the negotiations regarding the neutralization scheme and the Chinchow-Hankow Railway were going on Straight came home and had many conferences at the Department of State. Before Russia had definitely declined to collaborate in these projects he went to St. Petersburg with the knowledge of the Department but upon his own initiative, and only as representing the American Group to endeavor to remove the misunderstanding that prevailed there as to American aims. As I have already intimated, the effort was not successful, but the fault was not his. Russian feeling was stirred against us and the time was not propitious.

The Chinchow-Hankow Railway project was definitely halted, but the Hukuang Railway plan was pushed through to the conclusion of a contract. In May 1910 the four groups came to an agreement as to the division of the line, the apportionment of engineers, the purchase of materials, and other matters, and unitedly pressed China to ratify the contract.

While this was pending, the Chinese Government on September 22d, 1910 requested the American Government to obtain a loan from American financiers for the reform of the Chinese currency. The request was brought to the attention of the American Group and Straight at once, of course, became deeply interested in this. There were two reasons why the request was addressed to the United States; one was that through a desire to carry out a provision of our commercial treaty of 1903, we had that year sent out to China a commissioner, Mr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, to study the conditions and to recommend measures to be taken; the other was that when Puyi Min-yi visited the United States in 1906, he had arranged with Hershey, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., afterwards united in the firm constituting the American Group, for a loan, a portion of which was to be used for currency reform.

The Minister of Finance at first asked for a loan of fifty million taels, but on October 2d, 1910 suggested that it be increased to fifty million dollars and made to include a loan of twenty million taels which had been promised for tenement development. This was done. The agreement was signed on October 26th. In accordance with an understanding between the American Group and its associates in the four-power consortium this loan was shared with them after approval by China. The contract was signed by representatives of the four groups on April 15th, 1911. 47

In the following July I was ordered back to Peking to take charge of the legation during the absence of Mr. Calhoun who was coming home on leave. On my way to Peking I met Straight in London where we talked over the situation. From London I went on to Berlin. Both capitals were in a state of excitement over the Agadir incident and the demands which it was said Germany was making upon France as a condition of the former's withdrawal from Agadir. It looked for a time as though the great world war were to begin then instead of three years later. Straight went from London to Switzerland where he was married in September. I proceeded via Moscow and the Trans-Siberian to Peking where I arrived in August 1911.

A few weeks thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Straight came to Peking and found a most hearty welcome awaiting them. They made their home in the group of buildings and courts, of which I have already spoken as having been so attractively transformed by Straight's artistic skill. There were many of us who enjoyed the hospitality of that home.

Mr. and Mrs. Straight arrived at a very critical time in the history of China. An insurrection had broken out in the province of Szechuen and was spreading to adjoining provinces. It was the beginning of the revolution which ended in the following reorganization of the abdication of the Manchu and the establishment of a republic.

The grounds of discontent that led to the revolution were many, but the insurrection that precipitated it was due to the dissatisfaction with the action of the imperial government in taking over the Szechuen Railway. The Hukuang Railway contract with which Straight had been so constantly occupied for two years preceding was provided for the construction of a line which was to connect Hankow with Kusiouchow, just inside the eastern boundary of Szechuen. The building of railways within the province of Szechuen had been reserved by the national government to the enterprise of the people of the province, who had asked this privilege and had organized a company for the purpose. The company, however, had done little work. The President of the company had misappropriated a large part of the funds subscribed, and the imperial government decided to nationalize the railway. The matter had already been brought to the attention of the four-power group and the members of the group had agreed among themselves as to the division of the railway, the conclusion of a contract, and the study of the conditions and to recommend measures to be taken; the other was that when Puyi Min-yi visited the United States in 1906, he had arranged with Hershey, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., afterwards united in the firm constituting the American Group, for a loan, a portion of which was to be used for currency reform.

The imperial government offered the Szechuen company shares in the nationalized line to the amount of its remaining capital and promised to pay for earth-work already completed. The company demanded shares in the full amount of the capital original subscribed. As the President who had misappropriated several millions was an appointee of the imperial government, the latter should be the loss. When this was refused many indignations. The demand of the city of Szechuen and a protest was sent to the Prince Regent at Peking.

But before the agitation had reached this point a league had been formed, under the number of 1912, which had demanded the cancellation of the contract with the four-power group. The movement was backed by the provincial legislature and the President of that body had been arrested by the Viscount of Szechuen. His friends gathered a crowd and proceeded to the Vice-regent's garden to demand his release. Soldiers stationed there fired into the crowd and a number of persons were killed. Day by day the feeling gained momentum. The revolutionists seized the opportunity to advocate the overthrow of the Manchu government and found a sympathetic hearing. The movement spread rapidly in September and when Li Tsan-huang on
the 10th of October led his troops at Wuchang in a mutinous rising, the revolution had become a reality.

A few days after his arrival in Peking, Straight came to the legation to talk over the situation and reminded me that when a few months before he had telegraphed that the ratification of the Hanhun Railways contract was being delayed by the popular opposition in Manchuria, the Department had replied that that aspect of excuse had become ineffective. I admitted that this was true, and confessed that I was the guilty person, since I had drafted the telegram. It landed heartily on its unamused audience. I had seen so many rising and rebellions attempted in China and so many good works obstructed by the excuse that the people would create a disturbance that it was difficult in Washington in 1911 to realize that the opposition really existed.

We had a good many conferences during the weeks that followed. It was not only the Hanhun Railway construction that was being held up, but the loan for currency reform also. The contract for this latter had been signed and ratified in April, as I have already said, but the group had been allowed six months to study the programme for monetary reform before making any further advance than had been made already in behalf of Manchuria.

One of the provisions of the currency loan contract was that which promised the appointment of a foreign currency adviser. At the beginning of the negotiations the Chinese Government had offered the post to an American, but when the British, French and German groups were given each a share in the loan, they objected to the appointment of an American and it was finally agreed to appoint a Dutchman, Mr. Vissering, the President of the Java Bank of Amsterdam. Much time was lost in securing his acceptance. When all other difficulties had been smoothed away, he asked that he be given the same rank as a minister plenipotentiary. Of course the Chinese Government could not assure him that the Diplomatic Corps would receive him as one of themselves, and finally it was decided to grant him a mandarin button of the second class. This would give him rank equal to that held by most of the cabinet ministers and some of the viceroys. While Mr. Vissering hesitated, the revolution was making progress and when he was ready to accept, the group declined to act until the political situation had cleared. The loan was never made, but with the organization of the new consortium it is to be hoped that this great reform will not be much longer delayed.

Straight remained in Peking during the dark days of the revolution, but after the abdication of the Manchu Emperor and the establishment of a republic he returned to New York to take charge of the group's interests there and was replaced in Peking by Mr. F. Hille Wright.

But before he quit Peking he discussed with me and others a plan for the establishment in New York of an Asiatic Institute. It was proposed to be a rendezvous for all who were interested in Asiatic affairs: scholars, explorers, missionaries, merchants and diplomats. The various embassies concerned in Asiatic research and enterprise, it was thought, might be willing to make the Institute their headquarters. There was to be a library, of course, an assembly room for lectures and gatherings, and for the president of the group there would be set a purse for the collection of interesting souvenirs. A club was also to be maintained for visitors from the Orient. The plan was not carried out entirely although a beginning was made when he reached New York, however, it became interested in India House, which is both a club and a repository for many souvenirs of the early days of the China trade, particularly the prints of the movable-press.

He urged me several times to visit the place, which I was glad to do more than once. I found it all that he had described it to be.

While the revolution was in progress and before the republic was established the Chinese Government had at first an idea of a foreign loan, needed for the maintenance of the army that was attempting to suppress the rebellion and restore order in the empire. But the principal foreign powers had agreed to go together during the period of civil strife and it was not possible of the United States and Great Britain was thrown in favor of a strict neutrality, which meant that since no money was loaned to either side, the monarchy could not make headway against the revolutionists. The sympathies of the American people were naturally with those who were struggling to overthrow the imperial government.

In a footnote to Straight's address on "China's Loan Negotiations" delivered at Clark University in 1913, he said:

"Had it not been for the agreement between the six powers to take no separate and individual action during the revolution Japan would have sent an expedition to China to keep the Manchus in power. She was prevented from taking this step by the representations of the British Government which insisted that nothing should be done to prejudice continued joint action by all the great powers. Great Britain, as the ally of Japan, was the power to approach Japan in regard to this matter, but the correspondence will show that from the beginning our own government also urged very strongly the need of this agreement among the six powers to preserve a neutral attitude.

The address to which I have just referred was delivered by Straight in November 1913 just after his return to the United States. It gives a very interesting account of the origin of the four-power group and its evolution into a six-power consortium. This change took place after the republic was established.

The most pressing problem of the new government was that of obtaining a loan for reorganization purposes. The negotiations for this began immediately after the abdication of the boy emperor on the throne. She was prevented from taking this step by the representations of the British Government which insisted that nothing should be done to prejudice continued joint action by all the great powers. Great Britain, as the ally of Japan, was the power to approach Japan in regard to this matter, but the correspondence will show that from the beginning our own government also urged very strongly the need of this agreement among the six powers to preserve a neutral attitude.

During the negotiations for the reorganization loan this group endured a good deal of Jewish criticism. Some of it perhaps was not altogether undeserved, but most of it was very unfair. It is difficult at any time to get six men, representing different interests, to think alike, and when on the same side of six different nationalities, and being advised or directed by six different foreign offices on another side of the world, the difficulty is immensely increased. It is surprising that the negotiations occupied no more than a year's time. Delay was caused also by the political condition of Europe. The Balkan trouble threatened to involve all Europe in war. In January 1913 the group representatives in Peking received telegraphic instructions from London, where there had been a conference of the bankers interested, to inform the Chinese Government that it might become impossible to make an advance at once on account of this situation in Europe. The Chinese Minister of Finance, on receiving this message, was piqued and said he would look

1\[Clark University Addresses, 1913, "Recent Developments in China" p.155.\]
... grouping and they were pressing to do so later. One said "yes," the other refused to promise. Then the representative of that group, whose government was making such impossible demands, declared that if the two groups acted as they were proposing to do, he would enter the field alone.

Some of the governments interested were also guilty of undignified wrangling over the appointment of the foreign advisers required by the contract. Originally it was intended that there should be but three,—an Inspector General of the Salt Gabelle, which was to be the security for the loan, a Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Loans, and an Adviser of the Bureau of Audit. Two of the governments demanded the inspectorship of the Gabelle; one government thought that it was necessary to save the contract. He asked if those not ready to initial would be permitted to do so later. One said "yes," the other refused to promise. Then the representative of that group, whose government was making such impossible demands, declared that if the two groups acted as they were proposing to do, he would enter the field against them and underbid them. This caused a halt.

The criticism of the Consortium for its insistence upon the appointment of the three advisers originally demanded was not, however, a just criticism. A reorganization of the Salt Gabelle by an expert was greatly needed to stop the waste. The central government had been receiving money from this source out of a total of at least twenty millions that had been collected. Under the expert management of Sir Richard Zane since his appointment as Inspector General the revenue has grown to be about ninety millions or more.

It was also necessary to have some trustworthy supervision of foreign loans to put a stop to reckless borrowing and protect the credit of the country. Originally proposed was the provision for an adviser to the Bureau of Audit, in order to control expenditures. These provisions were as important to the people of China as to the lenders of the money.

Discussing the Strait in his address at Clark University in November 1913, said:

"Those who have criticized the attitude of the six-power group have in a measure lost sight of some of the elementary functions of a banking house which handles foreign loans. They have forgotten that it is not the bankers themselves who provide the money to finance a foreign loan, though they may for a time advance from their own resources, or from their agents. The bankers, when sold to the public, the bankers receiving their commission on the sale, and the reputation of a house of issue like that of any other commercial establishment depends upon the quality of the commodity which it sells. By other words, the security demanded for the loan and the supervision of expenditure provided was for the protection of the bankers' clients who really supplied the money.

At the time that this address was made there was a suspension of the negotiations and it was not known whether or not they would be resumed. Referring to this, Straight said:

"For the sake of the preservation of China's integrity and the commercialrozen door it is to be hoped that some mutually satisfactory understanding may be reached between China and the six-power group. It is to China's interest that this combination be maintained and it is to the interest of China as well as of the United States that we should retain our present position therein. China's greatest problem today is to preserve the United States to be an active party in Chinese loan negotiations."

This statement was made immediately after the Presidential election but before it was known that President Wilson's attitude towards the loan negotiations. As I have already said, the American Group was formed of the Department of State. The election of President Wilson and his appointment of William Jennings Bryan to be Secretary of State implied the possibility of a change of American policy in the Far Eastern zone, but it was mereessler. President Wilson, therefore, sent a personal desire to learn whether or not the new administration would give to the loan negotiations the same support as that extended by its predecessor. President Wilson directly to give this support and the American Group at once notified its representative in Peking and its associates in the Consortium that it was withdrawing from further participation in the negotiations.

Among the reasons given by the President for his refusal were the following:

"The conditions of the loan seem to us to touch very nearly the administrative independence of China itself; and this administration does not believe that it ought, even by implication, to be a party to those conditions. The responsibility on its part, as much as the Chinese government's, would be implied in requesting the bankers to undertake the loan, and we might conceivably go the length in this, and even the possibility of forcible interference in the financial and even the political interests of the government of China in a measure of its power and of its obligations to its people.

The conditions include not only the pledge of particular taxes, but also the property of the nation and its foreign rights. The responsibility lies on the administration of China, not by foreign agents, but also the power of the government of China in its own hands.

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part of our Government implied in the encouragement of a loan thus secured and administered in plain enough and is obnoxious to the principles upon which the government of our people rests."

The Chinese Government and the people of China appreciated the lofty spirit of disinterestedness which had inspired this action of the President and his Secretary of State, but those who were best informed rejected it nevertheless since it withdrew from the Consortium the power that was most inclined to treat China sympathetically and leniently, and thus temper the conditions of the loan.

The action of the new administration appears to have been undertaken representations that were not wholly correct and possibly upon advice which, unknown to those responsible for the action, was not entirely disinterested. Five years later the administration was convinced that the only practicable method of helping China financially and of putting an end to international friction in the Far East was to adopt the method to which its support was refused in 1913. In June 1918, these bankers along with others were invited by the Department to attempt the organization of a new consortium. This has been done, but the American Group is made much larger than the old one and is representative of all sections of the country. This is an improvement and has been made possible by the more widespread interest in Far Eastern affairs which has developed in recent years.

Any loan which this new consortium may make to China, however, will have to be secured by taxes similar to those pledged in 1913 and there will of necessity have to be provisions for control of expenditures and not improbably expert assistance in reforming China's fiscal system.

The old American Group retained of course its interest in the Ku-Kuang loan and for a time in the Currency Loan also. XXX in June 1917 the latter was given up. By this Department, at the request for assistance in financing the reform of the currency had been made of the American Government, not of any group of bankers, and informed the Chinese Government that the United States had not lost its interest in the proposed reform, so essential to the development of foreign trade and provided for in our treaty of 1903.

When the American Group withdrew from the six-power consortium in 1913, Straight was of course disappointed in the outcome of so many years of hard work, but he was not the man to yield easily to discouragement. He left the banking house with which he had been connected, but not long thereafter he assisted in the organization of the American International Corporation which began at once to look for business in China.

A contract was signed with the Chinese Government for the construction of some 1,100 miles of railway, the lines to be selected from a list of railways which China wanted to have built. Another contract was made for the improvement of the Grand Canal. In the attempt to execute these contracts, the Corporation found itself hindered by the obstruction of powers that claimed here and there special spheres of interest in which they held or claimed to hold options on certain kinds of industrial enterprise.

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21 Clark University Addresses: "Recent Developments in China", pp. 159 & 160
Some Mokden days from an old diary of 1907-8 in China are here transcribed as written fourteen years ago. It is to be regretted that the pages have not caught and held more of the serio-comic flavor, the adventurous spirit, the unfamiliar charm of those days. In general they briefly recorded matters of fact for the writer's reference thereafter, and were often by necessity written hurriedly and after the dates they represent. Much was deliberately excluded at the time as either too personal or too official for casual writing. More that remains merely personal is excluded in transcribing. The inclusion of additional material now - although the temptation is great - would be out of key and disingenuous.

Nevertheless these random entries may possess some value for Willard's memory if only by reanimating the procession of varied personalities, drawn from the four corners of the earth, which passed through his jurisdiction, and the very human events which there occurred during those crowded Manchurian months. They may help to give an added sense of reality to what has elsewhere been written of this brief period in his life.

Wednesday, August 14.
I am writing this review of the past three days in the temple, in Straight's room, with his pen, at his table. Straight and the others have all gone leaving me alone in charge of the Consulate with Charles Lyon Chandler, Vice-Consul at Dalny, as temporary guest. * * * * * Dinly heard the others leaving at five this morning: Straight and Haskins to Pei-tai-ho for a week, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps to Peking for good, Peck and Major Swift to the Fushun Coal Mines, returning tomorrow. Breakfasted at 8.30 and opened Consular office for the first time at nine. Accomplished first consular business; registering Department letters and sending off two dispatches for Straight. * * * * * Two Americans and an unclassified cinematograph man called. Couldn't make them sit down although felt decidedly inclined to lie down myself.

Tuesday, August 20.
Very light day in the office. * * * * *
After Straight's return much more work is anticipated in getting up monthly report and answering a basketful of trade inquiries. I keep plugging away at the typewriter for practice. * * * * Gunn and Captain Andrew from Neu-chwang, who has come to put up new flag-pole, called this afternoon. Major Swift leaves tomorrow for An-tung and Mo-tiew-ling. * * * * * Good dinner and smoke on temple steps in moonlight.
miss the Major but expect Straight back tomorrow.

Wednesday, August 21.

Captain Anderson and twenty coolies worked all day putting up flagstaff - fine stick, with topmast 113 feet high. Wonderful ride late this afternoon around the Manchu tombs of Pei-ling. "Brushwood Boy" come true (Straight sings the "Policeman Day" song to his own music). Delightful late dinner at 9.30 outdoors in the court. Waited for Straight until then but "no have come" said the boy from the station, and no word either.

Thursday, August 22.

Peck dines early and went off to beer night at the German "Embassy". I met Straight on arrival of the Kain-min-tung train at 8.30 and we dined late together in the court.

Friday, August 23.

Straight's return precipitated very busy long day in the office. He's very patient with my rotten typewriting. Met Oliver, Commissioner of Customs, and Pulford, English Consul-General, who came to call this afternoon.

Straight has petitioned the Department for my appointment as Vice-Consul General, having received a telegram from Washington appointing me U.S. Marshal of this jurisdiction, whatever that may imply. Fine ride tonight - Sunset and moon together. Good dinner in court - singing with

Straight's guitar - little devil-catchers on the temple roofs make a barbaric skyline.

Saturday, August 24.

First American flag raised in central Manchuria upon the highest staff in China. Among those present were:

Willard Straight, Consul-General,
O. H., Deputy Consul-General,
Willy Peck, Student Interpreter,
Engel Gunn, Manchurian Trading Co.,
J. A. Brown, British American Tobacco Co.
"Admiral" Anderson, Skipper of "Zephyr", Sou-cheung (who did the work).

The ceremony took place at 8 a.m., entire force of boys, coolies, and Lama priests attending. Straight, bare-headed, raised the flag while all the rest of us uncovered, and afterwards a toast was drunk by the principals in champagne. The "Admiral", Gunn and Brown all stayed to tiffin with us. Rest of the day spent in answering trade inquiries in the office. Three French priests called.

Played tennis with Straight, 2-6, 2-6, 6-1. Dinner again in the court - Moon finer than ever. The table is set in the centre of the innermost court - between drawing-room and dining-room - on a rug laid down over the stones. Candles make a yellow light and the boys move about noislessly on their watchful "pigeons".

Sunday, August 25.

Peck left by early train for An-tung with seven "pieces" baggage for Captain Reeves. Holiday in the office. Studied the Battle of Mukden and talked with Straight. Most
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Galls from the Director of the Foreign Office, three Japanese secretaries, Sternberg of the Russian Consulate, and Watson. Had good tennis with Straight this afternoon, court having just been repaired by the Llama priests. Irwin Laughlin, Second Secretary at Peking, arrived tonight en route to his new post at Petersburg. A most interesting dinner with Morrison, Laughlin and Straight, revealing an enormous fund of Chinese information, especially Peking international gossip. The talk kept up until 2:30 a.m. without a dull minute, I doing heavy listening and full of unmasked questions. Rugs were put down in the drawing-room today which now looks immensely homelike and comfortable (and is).

Saturday, August 31.

Galls from Yoshida, Japanese Vice-Consul, and the Tartar General (a cocker). Hagiwara and Watson came to lunch with Morrison, Laughlin, Straight and myself. Another educational meal. In the afternoon rode with Laughlin to Peiping where in one of the long aisles we met Straight. All of us guests tonight at Hagiwara, Japanese Consul. Present also: Yoshida, Grounsheteky (Russian Consul General) and Watson. When we got back we found Peck and Captain Reeves U.S. Military Attaché at Peking, had arrived from An-tung and installed themselves. The temple is now full up. Straight for the first time tonight broached the subject of my taking the editorship of a subsidised Chinese newspaper.

Sunday, September 1.

* * * * * Straight and Laughlin rode to Fuling (the western tombs) for the day. Morrison tiffined with Oliver. * * * * * Straight gave a dinner tonight in honor of Governor Tjung. Present, beside the Governor and host; Oliver, Peck, Laughlin, Morrison, Captain Reeves and G.M. On leaving, Tong invited all present to dine with him tomorrow night. Relations between U.S. Consulate and the Viceroyalty appear to be intimate and friendly.

* * * * * Dinner tonight at the Governor's Yamen, again a very genial and jolly occasion with the strongest impression of harmonious relationships between those present. Chinese, British, and Straight seem to be in one another's confidence. There's the impression of lots brewing. With Straight and the ponies saw Laughlin off on the night train for Harbin at one a.m.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Tuesday September 3.

G. O. P. Bland, Esq., and Lord ffrench ([that's the way you really spell it] out from England by way of the Trans-Siberian, appeared at daybreak and were put up in my room just vacated by Dr. Morrison. The latter has gone off to shoot pheasants, this being the way — so says Straight — he covers his periodical expeditions around North China in search of news. Brings back birds too — "plenty". With Straight made calls on Russo-Chinese Bank, Oliver and Gunn. Played tennis with 5-6-4, 6-1, and doubles afterwards, Lord ffrench and I vs. Straight and Bland; 1-6, 2-6, 6-4. Peck
goes back to Peking tomorrow and we saw the last of him tonight. Bland is writing a book called "Houseboat Days in China" for which Straight makes the illustrations.

Wednesday, September 4.

Bland and Peck left for Peking at 4.15 a.m. before the rest of us were up. Captain Crimmins (U.S. Army, Philippines) turned up for breakfast -- This Consulate is becoming an hotel. Invitations arrived from H.E. Hau-Shih-chang to a big dinner on Thursday, and from Hagiwara to a garden party on Friday, both functions in honor of the arrival of General Oshima, Japanese Governor of the Kwing-tung Leased Territory. Tennis with Straight; new balls just arrived from Tiensin greatly helped the game.

Thursday, September 5.

Great event was the dinner given tonight by the Viceroy to General Oshima in the new Exposition Buildings. Really a very rare and memorable occasion. Straight made an admirable speech, he, as Dean of the "Diplomatic Corps", being the only one called upon besides Oshima, the guest of honor. H.E. Hau, considerably helped by Tong, presided. I sat between Captain Crimmins and Captain Nakashima of Oshima's staff, a veteran of the Battles of Mukden and Liao-yang. Straight's speech was in English which hardly anybody but Crimmins and I -- and Tong -- understood. When he finished, Tong arose and approved the sentiments expressed so highly that "he would ask Mr. S. to put them into Chinese for the benefit of the majority of those present", and Straight there and then actually did it! It sounded all right and all the Chinese applauded and said something which sounded like "how-la". Crimmins, who was quite tight, cheered heartily. Very heavy dinner, but a magnificent sight with all the uniforms and flags, and raw Chinese decorations softened by artificial light. Dr. Heintges lost plenty imperial German face in North China by getting bowled clean out. After a swan song he passed peacefully away at the table and was borne, hayfoot, strawfoot, into outer darkness by two coolies. Several Japanese officers got up and saluted as he went by.

Friday, September 6.

Rode to a grand review of Chinese troops -- Straight, Captain Crimmins and I, all mounted on grey ponies, and Crimmins making unexpectedly strong performance -- at ten o'clock, and joined General Oshima, the Viceroy and Tong with their Aides under a big red and blue pavilion pitched on a hill. We arrived late but saw the regiments of new infantry go by making a very creditable appearance. Afterwards we all rode to the Chinese Army Headquarters where Hau and Tong gave a stand-up luncheon to Oshima, his staff and guests. We were taken to the head table with the Viceroy, the Governor, Oshima, Grochotsky and the rest of the nobility. The hall was beautifully decorated and the tiffin extremely well and regardlessly put on by a caterer all the way from Tiensin. But no one was hungry at eleven in the morning. Going in and out we passed through long lines of Manchurian infantry presenting arms, with Tong's new and powerful band playing their (and our) heads off with renditions of national anthems. They held us outside to give the band a chance to get their wind and
change their music to "Star-spangled Banner". The picked men
of the Viceroy's guard are all over six feet tall and very
smart in uniform and evolutions. The rest of the day was rather
broken up and anti-climax. Oshima's aide, Captain Makashima, called
with Yoshida, the Vice Consul, presenting p.p.o. cards, and short-
ly thereafter I rode with Straight's cards to the Japanese head-
quarters. In the late afternoon rode with Straight and Grimes
out to Pei-ling - fine cool evening, good jumping over old war
trenches and dodging Chinese burial mounds. Dined bravely at
home - candle-light in the court, and drove all three in the
dreeky to Hadiwara's garden party at nine-thirty. All the world
present to the number of about five hundred: the whole kit of
Japanese and Chinese officials and officers, the consular body,
and resident foreigners except criminals. Oshima and the Vice-
roy made speeches, both bands Japanese and Chinese played
against each other, and Oshima and Hsu each led "banzai's".
The Japanese National Anthem when well played is stirring. Sat
up until about three a.m. talking with Willard and reaching a
thorough and gratifying understanding about the true signifi-
cance of this post. • • • • • • • • • • •

Monsieur Casinave, Director of the Banque de l'Indo-Chine,
ar-rived this morning early from Paris and Harbin and spoiled the
hot bath by cleaning himself in it. It was on his special car,
containing Madame Casinave and two children, that Laughlin em-
barked last Monday night for Petersburg. The Casinave's bearded
maid took Laughlin for another Hugh-buze when, at 1:40 a.m., at
the station, after leaving us, he climbed by mistake into her
compartment at Haidian. Casinave is Goqelin sadet to the life.

He and Grimes played together with visits to the palace and a call
on Tong. Good tennis tonight, much faster, and our third-class game
is improving. Seven sat down to dinner tonight: Casinave, Grimes,
Weisburg of the Russian Staff, Frisk and Blanker of the Russo-Chinese
Bank. Great talk of wars and concessions and sieges and interest
on money. • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sunday, September 8.

Hopes of a peaceful Sunday were dispelled by the arrival
of citizen Baldwin, American concession hunter from Australia, who
took most of the morning getting wise to the Haidiwan Consular Service.
Began by taking us for a combination hotel and Cook's Tours. Casinave
had an interview with Tong this morning relative to projected loans
and this afternoon rode with us to Pei-ling, a particularly good
ride, all three ponies going splendidly and the forest cool and mys-
terious. • • • • • • Tonight arrived Bishop Mackay-Smith
of Pennsylvania and the Rev. Mr. Wells, a clergyman from Wilmington,
Delaware, formerly of Waltham, Mass., (whom I have heard preach in
the little stone church which he built and where we used to go on
Sundays from Wayland.) We shall miss Casinave, who leaves by early
train tomorrow for Peking. • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Monday, September 9.

Casinave departed at dawn unheard. Had the clergy on
our hands all the rest of the day. Took both the Bishop and Mr.
Wells to the palace and the Yokohama Specie Bank. Tong sent special
deputies by whom we were admitted to the Imperial Treasure House:-
embroidered vestments, jeweled crowns, pearl necklaces, diamond
hilted daggers, rare porcelain, jade boxes, etc. Late in the after-
noon the clergy drove out to Pei-ling, falling in with Baldwin on the way, who was commanding a three-coolie rickshaw. While doing Cossack stunts with Straight I was thrown from my pony in the Pei-ling Woods landing on my head, the animal afterwards getting away with Straight in pursuit. Wandered about for several hours before finding the right road home, probably dazed by fall. Finally what had seemed a range of distant mountains turned out to be the railway embankment, from which I could see the far distant glow of the city lights. Just outside the walls Straight mounted coming out at the head of a big search party, lanterns like red will-o-the-wisps quartering the night, and fifty soldiers getting under arms to look for me. Pony turned up later intact. Managed to dine very late, the clergy sitting down with us for their second time. Later we saw them off for Harbin on the 1 a.m train, and returned with thanksgiving to the first empty house since my arrival in August. Willard behaved wonderfully throughout the accident. * * * * * * * 

Tuesday, September 10.

One Mother, Yale 1907, arrived this morning from Korea (Youth and college days). Gone is our momentary isolation. He and the Swedish attaché tiffined here. Mother came also to dine and played tennis with us in the afternoon. Frisk and Falford called. Mother taught us a good song - "Come Fill The Rosy Goblet High", which was so successful that we took it over after dinner and tried it on the German consul. We stood outside among the twisted trees under their windows and suddenly burst into chords - Mother, air, Straight tenor, I base. All of the Germans tumbled out into the darkness with their drinks and made us sing the song repeatedly. We never turn in before midnight and Providence (?) sends us one continual succession of guests. Telegram came tonight from Fairman Dick announcing his arrival at Dalny on the Fourteenth.

Wednesday, September 11.

* * * * * * * Stiff and lame from fall Monday * * * * * * * Several calls in the office this morning: Peterson of Kwang-chung-teu - the famous Petersen - remained to tiffin and contributed another unique portrait to the extraordinary gallery of this place. He is a tame Genghis Khan. Played tennis with Mother and Straight. Dinner tonight at the German consulate; "Baron" Heintges, Siebert, Knipig (German Consul at Tientsin), Dr. Sternberg, General - of the local Chinese troops, Colonel - commanding the Mukden Chinese Gendarmerie, Tao (Chief of Foreign office), Mother, Straight and myself. Very bibulous and very musical. Grand opera after dinner rendered by the whole cast. Some extraordinary choral effects with Sternberg attaining a superhuman tenor.

Thursday, September 12.

* * * * * * * * * We long for the simple life and more sleep and clearer heads. Boy number one and my boy have both folded up with fever and are retired for a few days, the consuls and trip continuing to run fairly smoothly under the command of Number Two boy, who rises quietly to the emergency. Mother, that gay troubadour, left at daybreak for Peking and is generally missed in this section. Only exercise consisted in
evening walk with Straight combining calls on Pulford and Gunn with some shopping. Quiet evening with good talk.

Friday, September 13.

• • • • • • * Long overdue American mail in. • • • • • • * Dinner tonight with Sternberg at the Russian consulate. The Manchou General was there as were also Blacher, Frisk, Heintges, Siebert, Knipping, a new Austrian, Weisberg, Grouchetsky, Li, and two minor Russians. This was my first big sakeaskin. Several capitulations occurred, including the old Manchou General, but S. and I lasted through the battle. We can always last, but we are very apt to feel wan the following morning.

Saturday, September 14.

Lord ffrench and G.- came in from Peking on a special mission to Tong-Chow-yi and stopped with us for tiffin. Very busy day in office answering foreign mail etc. Rode out tonight with Dr. Sternberg and Blacher who came to call, but left them tired on the open plain. Then S. and I rode clear around Pei-ling. That country now is always a little affected by my long walk home in the dark after the fall. It is beautiful and wild. It is the "Dowas" of the B.W.B. Strange that Straight should know that. We dined alone tonight - thank G. - and had a quiet evening with new home papers. • • • • • • • • •

Sunday, September 15.

Quiet morning with letters and reading, a very decided relief. Also a quiet tiffin à deux. • • • • • • •

ffrench and Gimmel, Watson, Gunn and Van Ness of New-chwang, dropped in for tea about five. Had some doubles tennis: Watson and Straight vs. ffrench and me - two sets each. Watson, Gimmel and Lord ffrench stayed to dinner, which was made very amusing by Watson’s and ffrench’s reminiscences of South Africa. Watson having been there in the early eighties and Lord ffrench during the past fifteen years. ffrench has an enormous nose and a fine dry sense of humor. Watson’s laugh is very infectious. • • •

Monday, September 16.

Rainy, overcast and cold, turn in the season, "die Sommer ist hin". Extra hard day in the office with many letters to write, registrations etc. Straight bangs away in his office and I, across the hall, in mine, while Tang, the office coolie, makes letter-press copies for both of us, and Mr. Kao, the urbane Chinese writer, does all the translating of dispatches for the Foreign Office. Yoshida called, writing and inhaling, and left tickets for a Japanese concert on Wednesday. Wittlenbergsky - ex-Austrian cavalry officer, also dropped in at tea-time, talking German to me and French to Straight. He is the Austrian counterpart of Watson, entirely bad, but debonair and possessing unquestionable charm. After dark Straight had the pigeons saddled and we took a hard gallop down the broad road to the station and back. Dined late and had a quiet evening. Straight re-began tonight his drawings for Bland’s book, while I read aloud to him some of the manuscript which B. has sent up from Peking by way of suggestion for illustrations. S. does for each chapter a heading, a tail-piece, and an initial. He works very quickly, first in pencil, and then in ink, and gets the happiest results. Bland’s narrative is in essay style, very Stevensonian but not quite convincing (Lo, the unburied Groton schoolmaster!)
Tuesday, September 17. A glorious clear day.

* * * * * * * We waited up until midnight for Dick, who arrived at 12.50 a.m. from Dalny. Straight and I met him at the station and sat up till about three chewing the rag.

Wednesday, September 18.

Weather like wine. Dick and S. out together all morning. * * * * * * * After lunch driving we called on the Education Commissioner. Got permission from him to visit Peng-tien schools and get all available material for school report to Department of State. Rode with D. and S. out to Peiling - a wonder of an afternoon, as clear as crystal. On our return, dressed hurriedly and drove to concert for Japanese Orphan Asylum. There we met the beautiful Mrs. Learmouth (like Sergeant's Lady Agnew), a medical missionary, and Dr. Learmouth, her husband, from Hain-min-tun. Returned to dine about nine o'clock and went to bed early for a wonder. Mrs. L.'s face is one to remember.

Thursday, September 19. "This is the day which the Lord hath made."

Dressed to ride at breakfast all three and rode to call officially on H.E. Wang, the Director of Commerce. Thence to call on Mrs. Learmouth, whom we found with the missionaries on the river-bank in Dr. Chrystie's Row. She took us about among the gardens and showed us things that might be done with our temple grounds. Took a long ride back home around the entire city outside the mud walls, for the day was too good. One, Bennett, called before tiffin to get a pass for the tombs and turned out to be a Cornell man, vintage of 1904. Tennis this afternoon, doubles; Fulford and Dick vs. Straight and me, 6-2, 4-6, 2-6. Dined tonight with J.A. Brown, Gunn and Van Ness. Good food but rather depressing occasion. Dick got lost in his rickshaw going but turned up O.K. about an hour late.

Friday, September 20.

* * * * * * * Dick got six snipe this morning on his first day's shooting and says any quantity of birds to be had. Major Bela Dani de Gyarmata, Austrian military attachée at Tokio, and with Kuroki's staff two years ago, and Bent Bossemale Nepveu, Dutch attachée at Tokio, called this morning and stayed to tiffin, the former extremely interesting with war talk, and the latter exceedingly good-looking. * * * * * * * A hard ride with D. and S. north of the city and around by the tombs before dinner. The beautiful Mrs. Learmouth, Dr. Learmouth, and three other lady doctor missionaries came to dinner. Hard to describe how beautiful the temple was with lanterns and moonlight and Mrs. L.'

Saturday, September 21.

* * * * * * * Straight and I beat Dick and Fulford four straight sets today. Another fine dinner tonight: Lieutenant-Colonel Pereira (British military attached at Peking) Bela Dani, Nepveu, Fulford, Dick, Straight and I. Straight proposes my going to Peking with Dick on Tuesday.

Sunday, September 22.

Quiet rainy day at home much to everyone's relief. Read and wrote letters from morning until night, Straight making some sketches for the book. Before dinner turned out dressed for heavy weather and did about five miles on foot through the mud. This being the Chinese Autumn Feast Day, the boys all had a day off -
cold dinner and other tribulations for us. All hands re-
ceived two yen a piece, for which bounty the entire ménage
including cooks, mauf’s and water-coolies, very gravely appeared
at the drawing-room door and bow-towed three times. Have de-
cided to go to Peking Tuesday with Dick.
Monday, September 23.

Rained all day, with thunder and lightning in
p.m. Not much to do in the office. * * * * * * *
Packed up, and do not care in the least about going. Excellent
opportunity to see Peking with Straight’s letters and as Casimove’s
guest must not be missed. Willard opened champagne tonight in
honor of the departure.


All day in the train from Sham-hai-kuan to
Mukden * * * * * * * Met a Russian lieutenant of
artillery with whom I talked most of the way in from Hain-min-fu.
Feeling very strong in Russia, he said, “For a Japanese-American
War”. Straight met me at the station and we rode the ponies up.

It was fine to get back. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. McClellan from
Hou-chwang are stopping here and dined with us about nine o’clock,
with music on the new piano afterwards. Things are changed. A
black and ugly American stove spoils the drawing-room and with its
pipe, projecting through the window, is the first sign of winter
quarters. Peking trip has been most successful, and educational
* * * * * * * * * * 

Friday, October 4.

We devoted half the morning to entertaining the
visitors, who departed after tiffin to continue their visit at
Dr. Chrysatie’s. Both are very agreeable, their presence adding
something to the temple which we don’t like to admit we lack.*

* * * * * * * Worked after dark with lamps until about
eight o’clock, when we got the ponies and rode to the station
to meet Mr. Rockhill and Dr. Morrison who arrived on the train
from Kau-pang-tsun at 8.25. Had a six-man ceremonial chair for
the Minister, with huge official lanterns out ahead, and Straight
and I rode back as escort, one on either side of the palanquin.

Dr. Morrison jolted soberly on behind in the Chinese cart with
the luggage. Got a telegram from Peking to arrest a man named
McKinley, alias Mack, a fugitive from justice and wanted in the
United States for Oregon land frauds.

Saturday, October 5.

First duty as U.S. Marshall in arresting the criminal
McKinley. Straight and I got up at six, broke out our Colt automa-
tics and rode to the Chinese foreign office, where we got from
Tao a sergeant and six gendarmes * * * * * * * * * *

Rode to the office of W. J. Read & Company, (the company being identi-
fied as “Mack”), dismounted and got into the shop before anything
was suspected or alarm given. Struck Read in the outer office, who
at once knew what was up. S. remained there and I pushed on into
the back room with Read following, and there found Mack being
shaved by a Japanese barber. I put him under arrest and handed
him over to the Chinese chief who had followed me at a discreet
distance. Mack turned as white as his lather, but showed no
other panic, and the Jap was allowed to finish shaving him. * *

* * * * * * * No doubt exists as to identity of prisoner *

* * * * but both he and Read announce intention of resisting

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imprisonment and fighting extradition. Straight says I shall probably have to take him to Shanghai, our nearest consular jail. There is no way of keeping him as a prisoner in our own compound. We are everything else but a jail. The fine piece of diplomacy here is that we have really extended an international courtesy while at the same time relieving ourselves of the custody of one of our nationals. While the U.S. marshall actually made the arrest, the Chinese escort constructively made it, and, in handing over the prisoner to the Chinese for safe keeping, we have to that extent waived extra territoriality. I don't believe any other foreign government represented here would have dealt with the matter thus tastefully, and the credit should go to Willard. Whether or not the Legation and the Department will support us is another question. On the frontier one has to act and hope for authority later. Oliver came to lunch with Mr. Rockhill, Morrison, Straight and myself, and afterwards took off the two Pekingese for a ramble around the city. It is a liberal Chinese education to be in the same house with these men. Polo began at Mukden today out on the downs between the railroad and Pei-ling. (I had brought some mallets and polo balls back with me from Tientsin.) Ponies were at first very mallet-shy and neither man connected more than fifty percent with the ball. Firm conviction possessing both of us nevertheless that it is a grand game, and we may be able to play it some day. Tong-Shao-yi came informally to dinner tonight with Mr. Rockhill, Morrison, Straight and myself. The street and the parade-ground were full of escorting soldiers and lanterns but inside the temple gates it was a family party. A very late affair with extremely interesting and significant talk, the Governor not pulling out until after midnight. A large day for Mukden (or anywhere else.)

Sunday, October 6.

Went to bed very elated last night and slept correspondingly late this morning, getting up just in time to breakfast at ten and drive in Governor Tong's two state carriages -- Mr. Rockhill and Straight in the first and Dr. Morrison and myself in the other, outriders, cavalry escort, and children crying -- to the Viceroyal Yamen, where we were received by H.E. and a big group of officials military and civil. Tong then took us personally (Mr. Rockhill) over the entire Manchu Palace now in the course of reconstruction -- showing us treasures, porcelain, paintings, library and all -- a process absorbing all the rest of the morning. It was evident that Tong deferred to Mr. Rockhill's judgment on several matters of period, quality of glass, etc. Mr. Rockhill unfroze and was as happy as a child in his proper element. Finally returned -- -- sentries, soldiers, police and civil officials in two solid ranks with banked populace behind them, lining the whole way. Tong then had a group photograph taken of his American visitors and himself, together with a few chiefs of departments, on the steps of the Yamen. He has promised to send us an autographed print. (This he afterwards did.) A good tiffin chez Tong followed, and we returned to the consulate in the late afternoon with the same ceremonial as in the morning. Had a brisk walk of two miles up to the station and back with Mr. Rockhill and Straight before dinner. Fine talk. No one could have been more agreeable than Mr. Rockhill has been today. Greshetsky called to pay his respects at tea-time. Mr. R. and Dr. M. left.
at ten o'clock tonight for Peking, Straight and I convoying them to the station, where we saw them aboard a very luxurious private car loaned by Baron Goto, President of the South Manchurian Railroad. Mr. R. has evidently enjoyed himself and it would appear that whatever misunderstanding existed between himself and S. has now been wiped out.

Monday, October 7.

Back to the office again. Very cold indoors as stove has only as yet been put up in the drawing-room and dining-room. We can see some hardships ahead of us in this temple residence, which was built as a memorial to the dead and never intended as a residence for the living. Straight called on Tong with regard to the Harriman Loan... After tiffin a photograph was taken of the whole consular establishment: Straight, Kao and I, and fifteen boys making up the house force, including my new boy from Shangai, who has arrived to take the place of sick Fu-Chow, valet, who goes Fu-Chow side to recuperate from fever. Gunn called, also Reik, with whom S. and I went over the Hack case, which assumes larger proportions and is sure to prove interesting since the law is ill-defined and this instance may prove a precedent in extra-territoriality. Played polo for an hour — some improvement in hitting the ball and ponies behaved much better. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. McCaslan are here again tonight, seeking refuge after a four-hour wait at the station on account of a break in the railroad. Argued again until midnight with Straight as we did last night, in re. Hack.

Tuesday, October 8.

Mrs. Clark was taken sick at the moment of depart-

ure and will probably have to remain with us two or three days. She was put to bed and Dr. Christie called. Boy Number One, sick boy, and Number One coolie left together this morning for Fu-Chow, reducing our house-force to a meagre twelve... The wind blows and soft coal smoke fills the rooms, leaving everywhere a generous deposit. Got permission from Llama priests next door, who have charge of the temple — sort of real estate agents — to put additional holes through the outside walls for chimneys higher up, thus getting a better draft. The problem of winter quarters with its attendant expense looms bigger every day. The Department has been memorialized but we hardly hope for any assistance in time. Polo again this p.m. — much the best yet. "Habel" begins to take to the game, though "Willie needs sparring and "hickko" pulls your arms off. The first time S. played "hickko" I was faint with laughing. S. would get under way, and make a mighty swipe at the ball, and disappear involuntarily in the direction of Mongolia. Later on, while I was methodically carrying up the turf, there would be a great clatter of hoofs and S. would grizzly reappear out of the north — make another frantic gesture at the ball, and immediately disappear for points south. (Note: Willard drew an amusing picture of this in my diary). Mrs. McCaslan came to dinner with us, Mrs. Clark still being confined to her bed. Music in the evening and early retiring for the first time since Peking... Mrs. McCaslan has a good song called "Echo" and another called "A Song of Sleep." She sings them very well in a contralto voice. They are sad songs and stick in your head.

Wednesday, October 9.

Number one weather but saw very little of it be-
cause of solid day's grind in the office. Mrs. Clark still in bed, though improved. S. has done everything for her, many little attentions that most people would not think of. Carpenters came in to make estimate on winter additions. Need called and filed a formal protest in McKinley's name against arrest, custody and deportation. I believe he is entirely right. Warm enough to have coffee after tiffin out of doors in the court with the usual oriental tableau. In the afternoon Oliver called bringing with him Mr. Gardner, the new manager of the Hongkong-Shangai Bank, who is establishing a branch here. Invitations arrived from the Tartar General to dinner on Friday. Grouchinsky's invitation to dine with him tonight we gracefully danked on the ground of the ladies staying here. No exercise today except Sandow pulley-weights (brought from Tientsin).

Friday, October 11.

Willard woke me up last night at twelve with a telegram from Dick, returning from his Mongolian hunt, saying he would arrive Maiden on Sunday next. Had our tiffin served in the drawing-room because the masons were tearing the dining-room up relamping the stove. Mrs. Clark still in bed: Mrs. McGaslan still cheerful. * * * * * Steady improvement in polo today, but only "Mabel", among the quadrupeds, takes at all naturally to the game. Offside fore-handers are fairly sure now, but nothing else. It gets dark these days at six and we have two hours of kerosene lamp-light before dinner.

Saturday, October 12.

Wonderful weather - still, clear and sparkling. No dust, no wind. The whole region seems in a kind of tranquil smile.

Sir Alexander Hosie called with Fulford this a.m., while Straight was away calling on him. Telegram from Peking arrived stating that Mack is to remain here in Chinese custody until the arrival of a government agent sailing from San Francisco. No Shanghai trip therefore. Took Mrs. McGaslan out to Pei-ling for an airing and to pick wild flowers, she in a rickshaw with two coolies, I running beside her. (The flowers are arranged in big jars in the drawing-room - a rickshaw - full of them.) We have singing every night now by Mrs. McGaslan and Willard and it sounds fine. Mrs. Clark well enough to appear at tiffin today.

Sunday, October 13.

Unlucky day passed with no corresponding event to mark it. * * * * * Celestial weather continues. Willard and I rode sixteen miles this morning out to the Northern hills where we found a small temple in such excellent repair and so attractively situated that we at once annexed it for a summer palace. Got back to Pei-ling for late tiffin with Mrs. Clark and Mrs. McGaslan and Gunn, who afterwards took Mrs. McH. off for a buggy drive in Friek's new Russian trap. Met Dick at the station on his arrival from Tientsin. * * * * * * *

Monday, October 14.

S. and I saw Mrs. Clark and Mrs. McH. off on 7.40 a.m. train for Hw-chuang. We have enjoyed their visit and hope they have too. After tiffin we rode around the city to the Agricultural Experiment station, which has been established and is being operated by the Japanese. Fine ride home through the city after dark, nearly running over a hundred people and dogs.
Tuesday, October 15.

All day on the Hank case. S. looked up the precedents and law—what there was to be found—while I prepared a statement of facts. We have drafted a long dispatch to the Legation and Department asking the latter for a ruling in such cases. No exercise. Tea in the office. Keenan, Esq., for twenty-two years American Consul-General at Odessa, arrived in the middle of the night. Put him in the gate house.

Wednesday, October 16.

The sleeping rooms being arranged for cold weather. Beds are in the small compartments behind Japanese paper-screen partitions, and everything else centralized around the stoves in larger part of the rooms. Stoves are now installed in every "chien" (building) though we still chaffer with the carpenters over terms for the enclosing contract. The stoves are very ugly American things, bought through Gunn, and spoil oriental interiors which they fail to warm. Russian heat would be much more appropriate and expensive. The scheme is to enclose the essential buildings with an outer defense of wood and oiled paper, thus joining the outside pillars and turning the porches into connected covered ways, more or less wind and snow proof. Shopped in the street of the copper-smiths this evening with S. and D. Keenan told us tales of Odessa until we grew sleepy.

Thursday, October 17.

Perfect weather. Keenan left early this morning for New-chang. Straight doing the honors at the station. Spent most of the rest of the day indexing office files and getting all papers in readiness for the annual binding. Bought a large wooden chest to keep clothes in for which I paid thirteen yen, and, according to S., got well stung. After tiffin S. and Dick in fine rainment went forth to the palace. All played polo at 4:30. Dick joining the team on "Willie" and encouraging us by being noticeably worse than we are. Peaceful dinner and evening.

Saturday, October 19.

Edward A. Filene of Boston, called this a.m. with letters from McCormick, Alfred Sue, and others. [Note: Alfred Sue, Willard's classmate at Cornell, 1901, had recently been appointed Tao-tai at Harbin]. Had him to tiffin and subsequently—-the inevitable procedure—S. asked him to stop over Sunday. Played tennis this p.m. Straight and I, vs. Dick and Frisk. Dick tiffined with the Russians, as generally, more well than wisely. Oliver and Watson came to dinner with others. An interesting discussion afterwards regarding British vs. American policy in the Orient. Filene talks very well but considers himself as having arrived at the jumping off place and doesn't clean his finger nails.

Sunday, October 20.

American mail arrived this morning. Filene brings also many transcripts and Heralds which produce home atmosphere. Reed called, evidently getting over-trained. After tiffin rode down over the old Russian battle-lines along the Man-Ke and back across country, Dick riding Weisberg's pony, which he expects to buy. Filene more or less on "Mabel". Very cold and cloudy, with a keen north wind blowing dust in our eyes and down our necks. Dined chez Dr. Lehman—Sternberg, Frisk and Gunn also being present. Exceedingly humorous dinner. On returning to
the temple at 12:30 a.m. found one forlorn American female from
Manila installed behind the stove in the drawing-room. We were
properly puzzled by "Clarence's" announcement at the gate, in
Chinese, which Willard translated. He nobly gave up his room
to her — this guest business is being overcome. We are being
let in for everybody coming through Central Manchuria. This
last guest answers to the name of Miss Norton and is writing up
railroad advertising literature. It would be interesting to
collect data on the definition of a U.S. consulate in China.

Monday, October 21.

Lady DeTroy turned up smiling at breakfast which
was rather more than we could do under the circumstances. She
departed later for Port Arthur, promising (sic) to return. Very
bad polo for an hour or so this afternoon. Farewell dinner to
night to Heintges. Those present: "Dr. Met Heintges, Kaiserlich
Deutscher Konsul", Seibert, Watson, Yoshida (representing very
ably Hagiwara), Dick, Grouhetzky, Frisk, Blucher, Sternberg,
Straight and I. Straight brewed six nepenthes which he called
"punch". He was working on it most of the afternoon, from time
to time bringing samples to the office to try. He must have put
everything in it including at least one of the stoves. Instead
of slicing the fruit he chopped and shaved it, so that the resulting
composition had a substance like soup. * * * *

Tuesday, October 22.

Day out. "Der schwarze Tod" produced high
mortality. (Note: The dinner of the night before was a highly
amusing occasion. We had looked forward to it with apprehension
as the guest of honor was always a difficult person, and several
others of the guests were not homogenous. The German always
afterwards referred to Willard's punch as "der schwarze Tod instituted (the Black Death)." It quickly obliterated all prejudices of
nationality or personality and insured the complete success of
the dinner. (administered before dinner in water glasses. Dick
acting as Gunymede.) One of the most amusing developments was
the dramatic arrest and trial of little Frisk for an alleged
statutory offense: Seibert as gendarme, brought the prisoner
before the High Court consisting of Heintges, Watson and S.,
all sitting in baks on the top of the long divan in the drawing-
room. * * * *

Wednesday, October 23.

Busy day getting things cleared away for Straight's
departure tomorrow for Peking. This morning Hagiwara and Kato made
their official calls, the former saying "goodbye"and the latter
making his notification visit. It is the general impression in our
local "circles" that Hagiwara has failed, and Kato, his oily
successor from Tsien-tsin, has been sent here to insure better re-
sults in concluding negotiations with the Chinese. The real truth
of the matter is that S. has blocked Hagiwara's game with marked
success by establishing the most cordial relations with both Hsu and
Tong, and also by the suggestion of other matters which cannot pro-
perly be set down here. This afternoon the second "Legation" pic-
ture was taken in the drawing-room court, the first having proved a
failure. Dick acted as Second Secretary and Kato as Second Chinese
Secretary. Afterwards I rode with Willard to make several calls,
notably Tong, Tao and Oliver. Took over charge of the consulate
from S. tonight, he departing to Peking in the morning, over ten
days covering Holwill's wedding.

Thursday, October 24.

The first frost last night - ground covered with white lace crystals. Dick and I broke out at six and saw Straight off on the early train for Peking, driving down all three of us together in a resurrected drosky with a mule, flanked by two ponies, in the triumphal arch. Sister Norton got back from Port Arthur at 10.30 wreathed in miles and again took possession. She brought an armful of flowers for Straight, and pockets full of rocks, picked up on "203 Metre Hill" for Dick and me. Sent her under escort to the Pei-ling tombs, gave her Willard's room, as per instructions to that effect, etc., in return for which oriental hospitality she took the opportunity to write our guest book full of her own extempore verse. One Hohchlin and lady friend called during the morning out of the Great Unknown and were told what they wanted to do. Very busy day for all hands in the office with large mail and accumulated bequests from Willard to get through.

At seven o'clock tonight rode with Heintges, Neugler (the new German consul who has come to take Heintges' place), Siebert and Dick - - very tasteful and formidable group of men - - to the station to see Hagiwara off with suitable obsequies. Rather a shabby performance on the part of the Japanese, who generally do these things well. A few Hansai's, second-class carriage reserved on their own train, and a general effect of limping out. Miss Norton dined with Dick and me, rather a bore, but well sustained by all. Temple never the same place without S.

(From October 24th to November 2nd Willard was absent from Mukden. He acted as usher at the wedding of Claude Holwill, of the Maritime Customs, to an Italian lady at Peking. During his absence from Mukden Dr. Heintges was succeeded at the German consulate by Oskar Meuser, a younger man, intelligent and eager, a great reader in English, French and German, sentimental and humorous. He formed a sincere admiration for Willard and became during the ensuing months one of his closest associates, and a great addition to the intellectual life of our polyglot community.

On October 27th Fairman Dick, provided with Chinese passports and other official safeguards by Tong, departed for North-western Mancharia on a tiger hunt! With him went our washman, a husky big Manchu, as personal servant, and young Scott Webster as interpreter. At Kaiyuan he fitted out with a military guard, ponies, supplies etc., and disappeared beyond our horizon for a month. Other guests, however, continued day by day to claim or deserve the hospitality and services of the consulate.)

Friday, November 1.

Cleared up all routine reports in office today and have a big pile of unsigned correspondence waiting for Willard on his return tomorrow. A letter from him to this effect this morning, stating that he is bringing back with him Lord Frenich. Attended a meeting at Gunn's place, called to consider for the first time the formation of "The Mukden Club". Gunn presided and reported on premises available for a club house, which a committee of the members will visit tomorrow. According to old-timers like Watson, this is the first international club in China including in its membership Chinese. Dined alone. Sat up until midnight again with Ian Hamilton's book.
Saturday, November 2.

Finished up all outstanding paper work, leaving a clean slate for S. Role alone this afternoon, a long ride • • • Dined with Pulford, Watson and Grime at the British consulate, after spending one hour and forty minutes, and consuming three rickshaws in finding the place, arriving a full hour late without incurring hatred. On my return found Straight and Lord ffrench arrived from Peking, the latter to negotiate with Tong for the Main-min-tun-faitaihara railway concession.


Most of the neighborhood outside the mud walls, especially down by the railroad, looks like a Japanese settlement. Flags all over the place and Japanese of all conditions on fête. "So desks". Kato, the new Consul-General, gave a big reception to the entire consular body and the chief Chinese and Japanese military authorities. The Chinese band was on deck, and showers of warm champagne fell on fertile ground. The "Diplomatic Corps" turned out in frock coats of many different vintages, but, bar the Japs, only Willard, Moser and I mastered topcoats and hats. Moser came to lunch with us afterwards as did Lord ffrench, the former very curious re. the affairs of the latter, but getting no information. With S. rode in the late afternoon to the new club premises and fair field. Nokko behaved abominably. It is often an unsettled argument as to who is taking the other riding, he or the man on his back. Talked over with Willard this evening all that had occurred locally during his absence. He had news and gossip from inside the Wall and pictures of the Holwill wedding party.

Monday, November 4.

A cable from Washington authorizes the Vladivostok trip for both of us. Arnell (Charles Jonathan of the interminable dispatches) will come up from Am-tung to take charge during our absence. S. is to meet Secretary of War Taft at Vladivostok on the 19th, where he is scheduled to arrive from Manila on the cruiser "Rainbow". Dine with S. to call on the Webster's. Found Mrs. and Miss, the latter exceedingly pretty, in fur cap and coat, bright eyes and good color. For their sakes we promised to go to church on Sunday.

Tuesday, November 5.

Steady grind at the office until 4 p.m. Then played polo out on the downs until too dark to see the ball. Much the best we have done yet. We each made several runs the length of the field managing to carry the ball and pay the entire distance - "Nokko" not present. Grime and ffrench dined with us - long talk re. railroad matters. Warm autumn night.

Wednesday, November 6.

Extraordinary day for weather. This morning warm enough for pongee clothes. About ten a big dust storm blew up out of the north and raged all the rest of the morning, with showers of rain in the early afternoon. As night came on, the wind increased in violence, with sharp thunder and lightning, and then a howling blizzard fell upon us with snow drifting through the courts and damaging our native paper and wood Japanese outworks. Lo, the great change and winter is come at last. Lord ffrench continues to negotiate with Tong. Rather a dull evening, the
first that I remember here. Made plans definitely today to
start for Vladivostok, Tuesday the 12th.

Thursday, November 7.

The ground is covered with snow and drifts in the
courts are more than two feet deep  
. Attended
first regular meeting of the Mukden Club at 4.30, walking up
and back through the wintry streets with S. Mukden is trans-
formed, and had I not already made deep friends with her I should
now find her desolate and forbidding. Willard showed me in a side
street the Ka-lin-quan Hotel where he and Neal Fairchild started
the American Consulate in Mukden and where the tragedy occurred  
Dined alone with Lord ffrench and turned
in early after a little Ian Hamilton.

Friday, November 8.

Lord ffrench signed today with Tong-Shao-yi and
Hsu-Shih-chang a contract to build the first section - fifty
miles to Takeda - into the long projected railroad from Hain-
min-tun to Tsitsinár. This agreement he read to us in the temple
and a further contract wherein the provincial authorities bound
themselves to Paulings for the remainder of the line. Thus
England gets one of the most valuable railway concessions in
the East - - valuable in itself, and with enormous exploitation
possibilities. ffrench made the deal in one week - - the
fastest on record in China. The contract price was about
$1,500,000 for the first section - - at rather over 600 pounds
per mile, including stations etc. Called on the Japanese consulate
to ask Kato to join the club which he promptly did. The Websters,

Lord ffrench and Menger came to dine. Miss W. was very pretty
indoors, and played passably on our piano. Peters rather dramatic
but rather an excellent simple person. After the others had
gone, cracked a bottle with M'Lord ffrench in honor of his suc-
cess, and sat until nearly two o'clock feeling in close touch with
current history.

Saturday, November 9. King Edward VII's Birthday.

We duly achieved a call through the mud on Fulford
at the British consulate, with whom we drank His Majesty's health.
It was warm enough to be quite comfortable in a drowsy without
an overcoat. Palmyra weather - Had a fine maddly ride out
around snow clad Pei-ling this evening with S. The whole place
was enchanted in the winter afternoon light. Mukden continues
beautiful albeit in places almost un navigable.

Sunday, November 10.

Went to church for the first time since Dalny, the
occasion being (a) the opening of the First Chinese Christian
Church in Mukden, and (b) our promise to the Websters to attend.
Dr. Martin came up from Peking to preach and the Reverend Webster,
Dr. Crystle and the Chinese pastor also spoke. About six hun-
dred Chinese converts, beside a goodly representation from the
foreign community - mostly unconverted, filled the building. A
big tiffin party with the Websters after the service. Slender,
Frick, Seibert and Phillips from New-chuang also present.  

Afterwards to the Russians for tea. Dined very late
waiting for Arowell to turn up, which he did not. Invitation ar-
rived from Hsu- and Tong for the Empress Dowager festivities.
Monday, November 11.

At break of word came from the foreign office by messenger that "McKinley has escaped in the night by a hole from the prison house". Reed, his probable accomplice, also still at large. This means for me at least postponement and perhaps abandonment of the Vladivostok trip. A poor Austrian turned up asking help and S. turned him over to me on account of German speech. In the work of the consulate, Willard negotiates all the French, which I can read but cannot speak, while I do the best I can with German, which S. can neither read nor speak.

With S's knowledge of Chinese and Japanese we cover the ground. Both of us attended meeting of the new club at the Hai-t'ih-cham. The Viceroy and Governor have accepted membership as well as several other Chinese officials and all the consular body.

Officers were elected for the first year as follows:

President, Gunn,
Vice-president, Ono,
Secretary, Brown,
Treasurer, Blank,
Clerk of the Bar, Selbert (exceptionally well qualified for the position).

An announced formal call at the Viceroyal Yamen on the Viceroy and Governor this afternoon. For the first time we went in ceremonial chairs, each carried by four coolies, and preceded by a mounted courier. We were received with all the formalities, guard at present-arms, and master of ceremonies meeting us at the outer gate. It is no joke getting in and out of a ceremonial chair without knocking off your top-hat and losing face. Arnell arrived today from An-tung. • • • • • • • • •

Wednesday, November 13. (Written afterwards, and up to and including November 17th, on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, Wagon Lits' Express, between Harbin and Vladivostok).

Arnell showed fine spirit by jumping in and doing a full day's high speed typewriting and making himself generally useful around the office. In the afternoon, a gendarme arrived from the foreign office with a note saying that McKinley was suspected of being in hiding in Reed's premises, and requesting authorization to search — a delicate concession to extra-territoriality rather qualified by their suggestion that the U.S. Marshal hold their hands while making the search. Accordingly, by S's instructions, I rode to Police Headquarters, got six men in plain clothes and, after waiting until pitch darkness, about 8 p.m., raided Reed's place. The ensuing search, although all present were armed in expectation of a fight, proved quite ridiculous. No trace of McKinley was discovered, but abundant materials were for a report on the inefficiency of the Chinese Police.

Thursday, November 14.

Another inefficiency as above noted, Reed appeared early this morning to protest against the Police, under cover of their yesterday's search, stealing several of his watches and a cash box. The Intendant of the Eastern Marshes came to tiffin and spent most of the afternoon. He resides normally at An-tung, and is priceless; has one son in Sam's class in Harvard, and another in school in Boston. After tiffin he sang us Chinese love songs and had his picture taken in Straight's top hat, S. wearing the Marquis' headgear. You would suppose this party could not happen outside of a book. We worked hard all through the morning up to H.R.'s arrival and late after his departure, getting all consular chores done prior to leaving for Vladivostok. At midnight, joined by T.B.Hall — an English mining engineer from Korea who has been with Leigh Hunt and the Reserves —
we embarked for Harbin with one Number Two boy, blankets, fur overcoats, and chow, on a special second-class refrigerating car reserved for us by our esteemed colleague Kate, the Japanese Consul-General. • • • • • • Turned in on narrow shelves used as seats under everything we could pile over us, facing premature demise by asphyxiation from a charcoal brazier burning forlornly in the middle of the car.

Friday, November 15. Empress Dowager's Birthday.

Last night and this morning, a memorable experience - to forget. Temperature dropped heavily during night and a young blizzard blew in from the North. Snow drifted through cracks into the car across our shivering forms, and all over our effects. On the outside of the car door was pasted a notice in Japanese characters which we supposed indicated that the car was especially reserved for H.E., the American Consul-General, who was not to be disturbed in transit. Apparently the sign read that H.E. was to be disturbed at every possible opportunity. At every station, at all events, the door was yanked open to admit the blizzard and about two-thirds of an inquisitive Japanese sentry, who ignored remarks addressed to him in several languages. • • • • • • • •

The charcoal brazier had died during the night. Dressing the following morning made us very sympathetic with Admiral Peary and other explorers. After dressing, we sat blue-nosed until about two o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the Jap rail-head at Kwang-chung-tsu. Here we had a sketchy tiffin of coffee and borsch in the station, then got a drowsy and drove four miles over unspeakable roads to the city. On the way we met Colonel Penieff, in command of all Russian troops between Kwang-chung-tsu and Harbin, an old friend of Willard's whom he had met a year before when coming out to his post across Siberia. In the city, we found old Peterson in a wonderful big white castle of a house let down as though by Aladdin's agency in the midst of a perfect Chinese puzzle of frozen mud and hovels, dogs and garbage. Our host was in mourning for his sister, who had been murdered two weeks ago in Harbin. He had with him Prince and Princess Mischerevy and two other charmingly well bred Harbin ladies making him a visit. After another freezing drive back to the railroad, we found the boy had diligently transferred our things to the Russian Post Train, leaving Harbin at 6.30 p.m. Through the courtesy of Colonel Penieff, who was also bound for Harbin, we secured a first-class state room for ourselves wherein we passed a comfortably hot and stuffy - but unbuggy - Russian night.

Saturday, November 16. Harbin!!

Landed in this place at 5 a.m. Fisher, U.S. Consul, had sent his Russian clerk and interpreter to meet us, and through their able assistance we made a quick transfer in the perfect darkness before dawn - the thermometer eight degrees below zero - to the New Grand Hotel, where we took off several layers of clothes, and doze into good clean beds for three hours real sleep, abandoning all unpacking etc., to the half-frappeau boy, who, for vanity of his new silk jacket, cannot be made to put on over it an old fur coat. • •

Formal call on Fisher at the consulate, with whom and wife we afterwards tiffined. In the afternoon called on the Russian Consul-General (you would never know it but this town is supposed to be Chinese territory) General G. - commanding the Post, Colonel Penieff (who has offices both here and in Kwang-chung-tsu), Konvalieff, Commissioner of Customs, and an old Peking friend of Willard's. In the evening the Fishers, very magnificent in sables, came to dine with us at
the hotel and took us afterwards to the Gradensoff Theatre, where we saw an otherwise excellent, albeit interminable, performance of "Triiby", finishing at one-thirty a.m. During the entr' actes we repaired all together, with a disreputable citizen called Zimmerman, to a shooting gallery under the theatre, where we knocked the heads off wooden Japs, started musical clocks, made wind-mills whirl, and beautful women of pasteboard appear in response to bulls-eyes. During the performance, we sat in our box enveloped to the ears in our fur coats, and nearly got into a fight at the door as we left. A mad drive home through moonlit streets in galloping droskies. After leaving the respectable Fishers, Zimmerman hauled us off with him to a most disreputable café Chantant, where were all the nations of the earth gathered together. * * * In Harbin, one is clean out of China. The Chinese are about as noticeable as they are in New York. Not even Port Said is wilder, and that means no place is wilder. Peterson's sister was murdered two weeks ago, General O. was not receiving because his brother had been stabbed to death the day before yesterday. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher drove to the theatre with automatics in their pockets, and nearly everyone in the café is armed. Zimmerman begged us to wait and go home with the crowd from our café - which meant staying until daylight or thereafter - saying that we should certainly be robbed in the hundred yards between the café and the hotel. The nocturnal rule in Harbin is "If anyone speaks to you after midnight, reply automatically".

Sunday, November 17.

Took the Wagons Lits Transcontinental Express at 9.30 a.m. Norton and Fisher appeared at the hotel and greatly expedited the departure. Willard and Fisher have reached an understanding about more effective team-work in consular-diplomatic affairs. Fisher will send copies of everything to Mukden; he is quite willing to comply with Willard's suggestions, and shows a fair grasp of the Russian side of the international question in North China. Left boy behind in Harbin since there are no accommodations for him on this train, and he could not, in twenty-four hours at Vladivostok, justify his transportation.

Monday, November 18.

On our arrival at Vladivostok at 11.30 a.m. were met at the station by Martin Egan and General Clarence Edwards who took us out on board the "Rainbow", flagship of the Asiatic Squadron, at anchor in the harbor, to tiffin. There we were presented to Secretary Taft, Mrs. Taft, Admiral Hemphil, Mrs. Egan, Carpenter [Secretary] Aides, newspaper cohorts and others. After tiffin went ashore with the Egons, old friends of Straight's in Japan and Korea, and spent the afternoon shopping, making official calls, and driving insanely through the streets behind lunatic Isosikas. Dined on board the "Rainbow" with the wardroom mess and afterwards visited two cafés chantants ashore with Percy MacDonald, correspondent of the "Sun" at Manila, and a member of the Taft party. By some oversight or a bad error in judgment, we were not invited to the Russian General's dinner given to the Taft party. Willard didn't cheer up during the entire evening, though both of Mr. Taft's Aides joined us afterwards with some of the Russian staff at the "Apollo", and the entertainment was wildly amusing. Excitement is in the air. There was a mutiny day before yesterday on board some of the
Russian destroyers lying at their moorings in the harbor close to the anchorages of the "Rainbow"; several men were killed and the destroyers messed up by machine-guns. We can see the havoc from the "Rainbow's" decks. Some apprehension of the mutiny spreading to the troops ashore. We saw some troops going by in the streets. Russian infantry always looks clumsy and lumbering in their heavy overcoats and fur hats. These men looked extra dirty and lowering.

Tuesday, November 19.

Made a very late morning and just had time to pack, buy some things, and join the Taft party at the train at 2 p.m. We were at once assimilated to the Secretary's official entourage and so photographed -- rather an impression of remorse for last night's oversight. After much ceremony the train pulled out slowly to band music, the platform crowded with officers saluting. Charley Taft came to tiffin on the train with S. and me. In the afternoon Straight by appointment laid his Manchurian case before Mr. Taft and explained Captain Reeves' confidential report to General Edwards. 

(Note: Willard's instructions from the Department of State had been to meet Mr. Taft on his arrival at Vladivostok on his way home after the opening of the Philippine Congress at Manila -- and make the railway trip with him as far west as Harbin, using that time to put the Secretary of War closely in touch with the progress and tendency of affairs in Manchuria with particular reference to the treaties made at the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War and the "Open-Door Policy" in China. It was a rare opportunity thus to reach one of the most influential members of the Roosevelt Cabinet actually on the ground and give him confidential information first hand concerning a problem which was then beginning to assume a new significance and a threat in our foreign affairs. The opportunity was further emphasized by assurances that Mr. Taft was certain to be the Republican nominee for President in 1908, the following Spring.) During the day we talked over with Egan and MacDonald Straight's project of a subsidized newspaper or publicity bureau run by an American in the Chinese Service. 

We were invited to dine with the Taft party and spent most of the evening in the Egan's compartment singing trios with Mrs. Egan, the Tafts' playing bridge.

Wednesday, November 20.

Had an interview by appointment with Mr. Taft regarding the advisability of my going to the Philippines in the Spring to make a report on the Insular Schools. 

(Note: This idea had been approved by President Roosevelt at Washington in June. Mr. Taft warmly recommended it at this time on the Trans-Siberian. Straight opposed it on the ground of the projected Chinese service being far more interesting, constructive and necessary. Events proved that he was entirely right.) 

S. and I were invited to lunch with Secretary and Mrs. Taft at a special table. Both were most cordial. On arrival of the train at Harbin about four o'clock we were met by Fisher, the Russian General, the Kirin Tao-tai, and a great crowd of Chinese and Russians surging around the banks of the Guards. Passed out from train over a red carpet through lines of Chinese and Russian infantry at present arms, entered
carriages and were escorted by a squadron of Cossack cavalry on the dead gallop to the Grand Hotel. There refreshments were served, a long U-shaped table having been arranged buffet fashion, with caviar and other refreshments and champagne. Everyone stood up. Toasts were given and the Russian band outside played all the national anthems, Chinese, Russian and American. Willard acted as toastmaster, and Mr. Taft responded in an excellent speech, a good deal of which had either been prompted or drafted by Willard on the train. After this ceremony, we all tore back to the station, a violent red sunset doing all it could to make the occasion still more spectacular. After the departure of the Taft party had tea with the Fishers and Zimmermam. Everyone breathing naturally again and general satisfaction expressed with the reception ceremonies.

Dined with Konovaloff, of the Imperial Maritime Customs, and the Russian Consul-General, Loubat, who is the image of Falstaff, inside and out. Our hosts took us to the opera, "L'amour d' Enfer", a Russian version of "Faust", Mephistophiles and all, and, in spite of the name, highly moral and exceedingly well sung. The whole place, however, was bitterly cold for Hell. Afterwards Konovaloff and Loubat took us with two actresses, one French and the other German, both derelicts left on the beach by stranded war companies, to the "Portsmouth" Café Chantant. This performance was also exceedingly well done but, unlike the opera, highly immoral. We got to bed very late after a refreshing drive home in the frosty starlit night.

Thursday, November 21.

10.30 morning train to Kwang-chung-tau; Fisher and Norton again most helpful in getting all the work done and leaving us only the onerous duty of driving to the station and receiving salutes. Continued our interrupted sleep on train almost all the way until about three in the afternoon, when the boy whom we had again picked up intact at Harbin, brewed us some tiffin supplemented at a convenient way-station by Russian borsch and tea in long glasses. Arrived at Kwang-chung-tau pitch dark, no one to meet us and no transportation available. Every living thing clears out at nightfall for terror of the Hung - huts, who have made some recent raids. Accordingly we passed the night in our railway carriage, on a siding, barricaded and armed. Met Baron Secundorff on the train going with his wife and two children - two Chefoo, and they joined our garrison over-night. Before turning in we trudged over to Col. Penieff's quarters almost a half mile from the tracks; in Harbin he had begged us to stop over with him on our return, but we found him too drunk to be civil. He didn't even recognise us.

Friday, November 22.

Looked over Japanese operations at their new station; - They are making extensive terminal facilities, building new roads, and have started a very decent concrete hotel not far away on the road to town. We drove past it on the way from the station to Kwang-chung-tau - called on Prince Hinotetsuru, the Russian Consul, and on our return to Petersen's house, found the long lost Fairman Dick swaddled up in a big white sheepkin coat and just arrived from his tiger-hunting expedition with everything but the tiger. By that same extraordinary chance which seems to govern
Manchurian affairs, Watson, also bundled in furs and with icicles on his moustache, blew in all the way from Kirin followed by two very amusing Semitic friends of his. Tiffin was a roaring, wonderful meal. - Petersen putting on a Delmonico combination of food and drink and one of the Semites doing Schumann and Grieg on the grand-piano. Then we drove via the Japanese "Club" - - as they call their hotel - - to the station, Dick coming back with us joyfully in our special refrigerating car.

Saturday, November 23.

Arrived back in Mukden at 4.30 a.m., dark as the inside of a pocket and utterly cold. Conduit of Japanese railroad guards en route cannot properly be characterised in writing. Number one boy and "Chester" were there to meet us. * * * * * * *

Made the transfer to the consulate in a cart and once more had the great satisfaction of a hotto-batho and chance to spread out. Found a large pile of home mail and everything O.K. in the temple * * * * * At two in the afternoon the ponies were ordered and we got up to the station in good time to see off N.E. the Viceroy, who goes North for two months. Both he and Tong - partly by reason of a previous special interview that morning with Willard on the results of the Taft trip, in which felicitations on the part of their Excellencies were returned through Willard by Mr. Taft - - were unusually cordial. All the familiar "diplomatic corps", with the exception of Fulford, turned out in war paint, and there was an excellent military display on the part of Tong's Guard in new uniforms. Mr. Curson, of Akron, Ohio, came to tiffin. Arnell dined with Brown. Dick, tired out, went to bed early and Willard and I dined alone, clothed in our most imperial minds, which we hope are also the right minds.

Sunday, November 24.

* * * * * * * * * To, the old Tartar General, and the Intendent of the Eastern Marshes, came to tiffin. S. and I rode with Hoegger, who came with Gunn to dine. Very cold. Text of cable received: "Take 12, Harvard O" (signed) Pilene.

Monday, November 25.

Farewell dinner to Fulford who leaves Wednesday. He, Willis (the new British Vice-Consul) who has come to take Fulford's place, and our four all present - - a purely Anglo-American affair. Willis seems a decided addition, Cambridge man and good sportsman, much discouraged over the consular layout he has inherited from Fulford. There are a wife and children somewhere in the offing. Fine ride in the afternoon with Hoegger and Willard around Peh-ling. Clear and still and very cold. We have our stirrups wound with sheep-s-wool and woolen pads over the saddles. The minkhat hate, brought back from the Legation Guard at Peking, come in finely now.

Wednesday, November 27.

Had a small photograph of the staff taken by a Japanese in the First Court, to be later pasted on our official consular red paper and thus made into Christmas cards. Whang called from the Foreign Office to make arrangements about lease of the temple. Willard wants to extend the lease to ten or twenty years in order to make permanent improvements. He has memorialised the Department to this effect, but the heirs of the old Viceroy, in whose temple we live, do not seem keen about a longer lease of life for
Thursday, November 28. - Thanksgiving Day.

Slept late. After dinner, Dick, S. and I rode out beyond Pei-ling "in the high blue afternoon". The pine woods are beautiful as ever. Cook put on a notable performance of ten courses for dinner, including a Chinese approximation to mince pie (We crossed ourselves before eating it), flanng plum pudding, and Dick's biggest pheasant in lieu of the regular bird. A fine company consisting of Willis, Watson (who arrived in time from Kwang-chung-tau), Grims, Gunn, Dick, a Tibetan explorer named Brooks, who called in the morning with a note from Palin at Antung. A joyful and temperate occasion, breaking up at one a.m.

Friday, November 29.

The plan of my entering the service of the Chinese Government, Straight's idea, decided upon after our return from Vladivostok, matured today and now waits only the sanction of the Viceroy by telegram. Under the circumstances I will cable the Department, through Willard and with his approval, for permission to resign, so phrasing the cable as to imply the significance of the move. Started work on three consular reports: Mukden Tramway, Manchurian Fur Trade, and North China Train Connections. Anderson, of Kau-pang-tsu, engineer in charge of the Chinese Imperial Railways outside the Great Wall, came to dinner bringing with him a very stolid individual named Jameson of Tong-shan. Meager also called, much disturbed over rumors regarding the Manchurian loan. Willard still further mystified him. Quiet dinner for a change with Straight and Dicko and comparatively early bed, i.e. midnight.

Saturday, November 30.

Another quiet day with few of guests. The last day of November and a whole week since we got back from Siberia. A long day's work in the office. Finished the two reports on the Tramway and the Fur Trade respectively. No exercise except the Sandow chest weights. Willard and Dick went off to call on the Websters. Dined alone, we three. S. gave me Noel Fairchild's letters to read tonight. He understood Mukden. "Et tu in Arcadia venit".

Sunday, December 1.

Telegram from Dick Derby arrived at breakfast announcing his arrival tonight. Long quiet morning with home papers. Willard worked on pictures for Bland's book and after dinner drew some illustrations in my diary. All afternoon ride with Dick, Meager.
and S. Messer brought a young Jap lieutenant, like a monkey on top of Heintges' big black charger. Messer said the lieutenant had admitted being a horseman before starting, but after bouncing wildly about for two miles during which time we put up a red fox and ran him through a Chinese graveyard, he pulled up in a complete state of finish, dismounted, and started back to town on foot. We rode along arguing with him, but he was only persuaded to remount by the united eloquence of all present.

The hot bath is a great feature of these winter evenings. We come in tired from riding, undress and, in sweaters and overcoats, trek across the courts to the bath-house. Inside it is way below freezing, ice formed from vapor turning the wood work as white as though painted. But after taking the lid off the hot water tank and chancing hot water over ourselves the place becomes less arctic. After the ordeal of scrubbing-brush and soap, all hands climb into the hot tank, a la Japonaise, where we sit cheek by jowl, rendering "The Rosy Goblet" or "Nanna", are there any angels Black Like Me", etc. Exceptional acoustic qualities as in most baths. Thereafter in a great glow we climb out and undergo the cold water treatment, or rather punishment. Then, impervious to and scornful of any weather, back through the frosty night to our various rooms to dress for dinner. The hot water soaks away aches, fatigue and grouchess. The fog rises so thick in that ice sheet from us and the hot water that you cannot see two feet, are only aware of your neighbors by voice and touch; the solitary candle is miles away, a glimmer in a London street. While drying ourselves, the stalactites on the roof, warm up, melt, and come down on us in the form of unmerciful rain from Heaven.

We all three went to the station to meet Dick Derby at eight o'clock and dined all four at 9.30.

Monday, December 5.

* * * * * Tiffin with Orme at the Foreign Office. Dick and Dicko, having preceded us by one hour, via Christie's Hospital and other way stations, were well welcomed on our arrival. Pei-ling in the afternoon, Dick and Fairman on good ponies loaned by the Chief of Gendarmes. Four men melodiously in the hoto-batho. Watson to dinner. We lose both Dickos tomorrow.

Tuesday, December 6.

The sad day of the departure of the Dickos, Fairman and Derby. Spent most of the day getting home mail and Xmas presents ready for them to convey, the opportunity of delivering things by hand within a month in New York being too good to miss. Messer came in to tiffin, and we were joined by both Dicko and pais tree from a morning with the Russians. After tiffin, the last ride together was decreed and we turned Pei-ling at a great rate of speed, all five on the galop most of the way. In two droshkies at 8 p.m., after a good, albeit short, dinner, we drove the two D's to the station. Sternberg and Frisk turned up to speed the parting guests and returned with us to a resumed meal. Gunn made all the arrangements for the D's, booking them through by Waggon Lits to Moscow, this ticket agency being one of his new jobs.

Wednesday, December 7.

All morning, en the Fur Report. In the afternoon embarked in a droshky with S. to make calls: Key, Hau (not the Vicaroy) Ta-tai Chung, Brown, and the ladies. Key regaled us biographically - Yale etc. Madame B. was most attractive and speaks English fluently. Have invitation to dine tomorrow night with the Willis's. Quiet evening with books.
Thursday, December 6.

Wild day of wind and dust and yellow leaden sky outdoors, and coal gas, and more dust, and slatting paper walls indoors. Mundan at her worst. Worked all day on the "Pur Trade" and finished full-up with coal dust and gas just before dinner. Brown came to tiffin and he and S. went up to superintend the new club afterwards. S. is supervising the interior decoration of the building. Dined tonight with Willis's and found Mrs. W. a most unexpectedly delightful person, very English. Because of the needs of her infantry (two) she must spend the winter in Neuchâtel with periodic visits to Willis here. American mail long overdue and we are afraid it is going to arrive on Friday the 13th again. Received a telegram from Harbin as follows: "Missed the Waggons Lit. Kill Gunn. Open door in Harbin. Off tonight. Dick, Derby."

Friday, December 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis came to tiffin with the Blachers - two civilized women at our board at the same time. Blacher gave his Russian trap to the Willis's in which they drove out to the tombs. S. and I riding alongside -- Willis very cold and introspective; Willis very warm with enthusiasm and our furs. Dined tonight with Mezger who had as his guest Captain Kuloh, German Military Attaché at Tientsin, who had crossed from Kobe to Dalny with Dick Derby whom he had found "ein sehr netter Mensch." With him I talked more German than I know. Long expected American mail in today. * * * * * *

Saturday, December 7.

Light day in the office. Willard working on his

Vladivostock report to the Department and I on a letter to the Outlook. Key came in to dinner. * * * * * *

Sunday, December 8.

After long suspense and great expectation, only one small white puppy was born to Gwendolen early this morning, but died after one hour of this cold world. The lady G. seems none the worse and runs heartlessly around the place quite oblivious of either maternity or eternity. The little night-have-been lies frozen somewhere out on the plain, - - Chinese obsequies * * * *.

Tiffin at the German Consulate, Mezger afterwards making a long ride with us to the West beyond the high pagoda to a temple on the Hsien-min-fu Road, then back across fields and ditches, about a million crows going to roost in the black trees against a bright yellow sky. Austrian Minister expected tonight, but did not arrive. Captain Kuloh called with Mezger this morning. The Germans are taking more notice up this way. * * * * * * * A small Russian waiter from Harbin begged our assistance on his way to alleged family in San Francisco. He was panic-stricken at the thought of approaching his own local Russians - a volume in that. S. was very kind to him but held him over until tomorrow to investigate. * * * * * * * *

Monday, December 9.

* * * * * * * * * * *

We sit up very late every night, even when guests are not here, talking and planning and building castles. Never get to bed before twelve, and breakfast correspondingly late. That moves everything ahead, so that we must make up by working long after dark and until dinner in the office. Periodic attempts are made to move things up on a daylight schedule * * * * * * * * * *
Tuesday, December 10.

The little Russian boy went on his way this morning to his beloved "To San Francisco", armed with letters from Willard to Holwill at Ching-wang-tao and to the Geoffrey Wheeler at Shanghai, and wearing a hat given him by the number one boy. He, and the Russian officer at Vladivostok (an incident omitted in this diary) make you realize the tragedy of Russia. Dr. Morrison strolled in from London and with Willis remained to tiffin. Thinking the Austrian Minister was quartered here, he betook himself with characteristic humility to the Mao-lin-quan whence we were unable to dislodge him. Rode to the Agricultural station to call on Chung, who was out, so came back to the Websters in time for tea. Both daughters now at home and with firelight, tea things, and Mother W. in a big chair sewing, make an interior foreign to Central Manchuria. Another quiet evening at home. We keep very warm and comfortable now, with better coal and better draught, in spite of the weather and the State Department.

Wednesday, December 11.

Called on Tao at the new Foreign Office - - Tong's reconstructed Government buildings in red and grey brick. S. negotiated several matters affecting aliens not officially represented in Mukden. * * * * * Afterwards drove over to the Russians and were prevailed upon by Sternberg and Groachetsky to stay to dinner, Watson and some others also being present. On the way home stopped for a drink and a long talk with Watson at his new quarters which he has now made most comfortable with Russian stoves, new rugs, and Tientsin wall paper. We drove home in our new consular equipage behind our own isvoshchik. Despairing of anything more appropriate from the Department we have finally compromised, with some grim humor, on this relic of the Russian time. We put up the house in the washman's shack, moving the latter to Tao's house, give him twenty rubles a month (about $9.40) and allow him five more for his stable accommodations with the Lama priests next door. * * * * * * * * New rugs woven on local looms arrived from Gunn for the bedrooms. Very handsome and cost apiece, wood money, $55.70 = $16 gold.

Thursday, December 12.

Solid day in the office with no exercise except Sandow before dinner. Dined with the Websters, about an hour late. Elder sister very intelligent, younger ridiculously and rather helplessly pretty. On the way home blew in to Greene's dinner party, finding there Watson, Meager, Willis and Brown. Drive Willis home in the official barouche. Streets are in excellent condition now, the ruts worn down smooth by traffic, and the old drozky quite comfortable as you sit well wrapped in furs taking stock of the inscrutable moonlit city passing by. Very late hours we kept and not much hope of change ahead. Signed up the Websters, Brown and Greene tonight for Xmas dinner.

Friday, December 13.

Pulled through this day without any catastrophe and no bad news, although as before an American mail arrived * * * * * In the p.m. S. convened a meeting of the entire consular body to settle the status of unattached aliens in Mukden. It was decided to let the Chinese look out for them -- another evidence of tact. Bridge tonight for the first time at Watson's place with Willis making up the four. My first offense and a terrible bore.
but redeemed by the drive home through moonlit Marco Polo Streets. "Desirée".

Saturday, December 14.

The Webster's, father and girls, with Willis came to tiffin, all of us walking out afterwards across the down to the almost invariable object of all walks and drives -- Pei-ling. "Ivan" with the drosky trailed us and brought back the ladies, the four men walking home. An extra fine tea with music.

Dined tonight at Willis' place with old Watson. "Much Better", says Watson "without the damned foreigners."

Sunday, December 15.

Willard off all morning riding with Meager. Weisberg just back from Tientsin called while they were away and remained to dine this evening. Meager and Grose came in and Weisberg kept all of us entertained by his character-reading from exhibits of handwriting in the guest book. He got everyone correctly, except Irwin Leekham. S. was "self-confident and reserved, concealing everything of importance"; Meager was "high in mind, but low in will"; I must have been wrong. "capable of sacrifice for a person or an ideal". Weisberg believed it all implicitly himself -- a rare sight, all whiskers and beetling eyebrows bending over the book, erupting new and then, explosions of French and German prophecy. The rest of us spellbound, tears of sentimental tension in Meager's eyes.

Monday, December 16.

Very cold day, way below zero, though luckily no wind. American mail in with many welcome letters. At the Russian consulate our hosts seemed rather frosty for the first time. Possibly some apprehension of growing U.S. influence.

Weisberg put on a very refined dinner this evening, rather a stiff and perfumatory occasion but very nice to look at. His guests being the Kato's, the Klachers, all the Websters, with the exception of Mother. We think our other colleague is smitten with the Christmas Graphic beauty of the younger Webster.

Tuesday, December 17.

"Mabel" went lame on the road so our ride was given up, and we went to walk with Willis and "Dinah". Visited the new British consulate which Willis has taken over and will rebuild and furnish. Tiffined and dined alone with Willard, a very rare occurrence.

Thursday, December 19. Birthday of His Imperial Highness, the Czar of Russia.

Windy day with the air full of Mongolian dust. Many narrow escapes from falls, mounted and on foot, and some falls. The Russian Consulate was at home to all comers from eleven a.m. to 2 p.m. Groushetisky, Mkhiles, Sternberg, and Sivicko, all very beautiful in full Russian consular uniforms, and the entire diplomatic body and Chinese officials milling around with salt fish and caviar and vodka -- all except poor Meager, who is honestly ill. Groushetisky's Guard were in clean white tunics and fresh haircuts and looked very smart. From the Russians we drove to the other extreme, i.e. to tiffin with Dr. Chrystie, Dr. Phillips from Neu-shwang the only other present -- nice Chrystie children and bad food and a cold house and warm hearts. Willis came to dine with us and dear old dissolute Watson dropped in.
Friday, December 20.

Seventeen below zero and a blizzard, which began in the night, continued all day. The temple courts are drifted deep. Worked from morning until after dark in the office chiefly in adjusting joint consular finances upon a thoroughly sound basis. In sealskin caps and boots called on Mezger about six, wading through drifts nearly waist high in places. Found him sitting up and entertaining. S. dined alone with Willard who is bunting on the doctor's orders. We both sent off many Xmas cards in the form of photographs of the consular establishment.

Mezger says public opinion is very strong in Germany today against a future union with Austria in the event of a split between Austria and Hungary on the death of Francis Joseph. Germany must retain a Protestant majority along her present anti-clerical line, whereas the Catholics in Austria-Hungary would swing an Imperial majority; furthermore, as Mezger says, "The Austrians are not a serious people. They would add nothing to the Empire but weakness". "It is the people of Waltz and Hofsbräu, light, volatilley. Also" says K., "the Hungarians must stick to the Austrians or be eventually amalgamated by the strong Slavic races surrounding them". Mezger also quotes Sir John Gordon, at Peking, to the effect that the dismemberment of China has practically begun.

Saturday, December 21.

"I am sure my time is right" says Mr. Kao, our Chinese writer, "my wife is keeping the watch, and she has nothing to do all day but keep the watch".

The shortest day in the year, but not devoid of interest. The Day of Beautiful Snow, and the Great Fire. A heavy fall of snow yesterday made Manchuria pure white, with deep drifts here and there. The thermometer is way below zero - cloudless blue sky and not a breath stirring. Mezger, unable to stand it alone, waded into our office about ten, saying that Pei-lung was a vital necessity, essential to the best German-American interests in Manchuria. So we jumped to horses and away: -

"I galloped, Straight galloped, we gallopped all three," and surely Pei-lung was forever memorable. Willard got some pictures, but no photography could do it justice. After tiffin, S. and Mezger went off to a Committee meeting at the Club, I to the office for a long session with American citizen Lipenov about the latter's debts in Peking. Into the midst of this conference burst the water-coolic with "Fire". Rushed to the drawing-room, trailed by Lipenov, to find smoke pouring from Willard's room, the interior full of our domestic warriors - washerman, cooks, nalu, and all, hammering at the walls every man for himself, throwing S's stuff outdoors into the snow, and all exhorting each other at once in a fine fire music. Sent a runner into the city after S. and at once assumed Fire Chief pidgeon. Got Willard's stuff saved for by one squad, another squad lugging water - which they threw with fine abandon over us and the real estate, while boy Chang and I hammered with picks at the wall to reach the burning beams behind. Smoke very thick; we had to work in relays, going outside for air. Fought fire all the afternoon with crowd increasing steadily. News was
slow reaching the Club but Willard got back and jumped in at once without any talk. Eleven fierce arrived about 5:30 and helped us finish up with a hose led from the Japanese bath and worked by a hand pump. Finally defeated the fire about 6:30 am, coated outside like chain mail with ice, repaired dead beat to the hoto-baths and a good dinner. Our clothes stood up by themselves. S's room is a complete wreck and must be made over again entirely. Thus vanish, literally in smoke, our dreams of an economical December. The financial crisis continues. La joie de vivre seemed keen tonight, with the fire conquered — glorious deeds of the past recalled, and pledges for the future. Worthy of special commendation at the fire were Chester, Roy Chang, who worked like a white man, and the substitute mauf who so distinguished himself that we have decided to create a permanent job for him. The fire seems to reveal the truth that, in spite of their shortcomings, our retainers are really devoted and loyal.

Sunday, December 22.

Willard pulled out before the freezing dawn to catch train for Kuang-cheng-tsu, there to meet Madame Bland en route to Peking. About nine-thirty, I was awakened by Brown, blue with cold, who had returned from the station. Straight's train two hours late and thermometer sixteen below zero, with wind. Stacked Brown up next the drawing-room stove and kept him on for breakfast. Spent the morning bousing the repairers in Willard's wrecked room, whose name was legion and whose Chinese language went up to the wintry skies out of our courts in one solid volume of gargled vowels. * * * * *

* * * * * Tiffined with Mesger, Witte also present, and later, playing Christmas tunes on his violin. All the afternoon and evening until past midnight on reports and correspondence.

Monday, December 23.

Straight missed Mrs. Bland at Kuang-cheng-tsu and did not arrive back until late tonight (really two a.m. Tuesday). I attempted unsuccessfully with horse and foot to meet him on the arrival of the regular south-bound 7:30. A note arrived from Foreign Office requesting an interview at noon in re. McKinley* *

Tuesday, December 24.

Breakfasted with Straight and heard about the privations of his trip North, another instance of his heroic thoughtfulness. Christmas dinner at Mesger's: Straight, Lehman, Seibert, Websters (four of them) Witte, Higcomb (from Neu-chwang), Grone, Blix, Mesger, and G.M. Very cordial and pleasant occasion. Mesger's house heavily decorated with Christmas greens. Talked German solidly throughout the evening. Spent most of the afternoon with Straight getting presents for our own tree tomorrow. Bought a harmonica and played it in the twilit street for a crowd of grinning coolies and Chinese shopmen, the latter delightedly keeping time. Willard both delighted and vexed.

Wednesday, December 25. Christmas Day in Mukden.

Complete holiday in the U.S. consular service. Happy hard work all day long getting ready for the evening. The washman and three coolies cut down an enormous tree in
the Pei-ling woods which was brought in by cart and put up at one end of the drawing-room, where it reached up into the dim painted ceiling, candles and Christmas truck hung all around it.
The dining-room and drawing-room were festooned with evergreens from the Pei-ling forest, and we brought in clusters of mistletoe to hang around at strategic points. Eighteen people sat down to dinner.— Blacher, Madame Blacher, Reverend and Mrs. Webster, the two Webster girls, Dr. Lehman, Mosher, Brown, Edgecomb, Watson, Gunn, Seibert, Blix, Frisk, Witte, Willard and I. Straight had arranged the table beautifully and the boys had made elaborate Chinese designs with different colors of rice over the linens.
There were flowers and mistletoe, glass and silver, and plenty of candles making an effective light. Straight took in Mrs. Webster, and the rest of us followed two by two through the lantern-lit Japanese passage-ways from the drawing-room. It was a real Christmas dinner!— turkey and all, and the cook oudid himself. The three boys were quite grand in new brocaded silk gowns with consular shield on their left chests. Afterwards in the drawing-room presents were distributed from the tree, one for every guest and we played foolish games like a lot of children.
Blacher made such sincere music on the piano for "Going-to-Jerusalem" that the stool folded up under him, but he went right on playing sitting among the debris on the floor. Everyone including old Mrs. Webster wore the hats extracted from their bonbom at the table. Straight drew dinner cards for everyone and I made doggerel verses to go with each present.

(Sote: a few of these Christmas verses, preserved with other memorials of the occasion, may be of interest:

Mrs. Webster

"Mrs. Reverend Webster,
How often we've blessed her,
Since she came from Bon-chwang
To the City of Tong,
Bringing hearty good cheer
To us lonely chaps here."

Mr. Webster

"We're glad we've a parson
Amongst us tonight,
And if there's more aron,
He'll set us alright.
For temples may burn
And bring us disaster
But I'm sure we all turn
From burning hereafter."

Blacher

"Banking, Broking, all the day,
E. Blacher is most clever.
For men may break and banks may break,
But he goes on for ever."

Gunn

"Though guns to the left of them,
Guns to the right of them,
Volleyed and thundered,
We do not care a guns
N pluribus omnis
Gunn's in the midst of us,
Nikule's Four Hundred."

Dr. Lehman

"If we were very ill
And nigh to pass away,
We'd never take a pill
Nor surgeon pay.
But 'cept of every pain
Doc Lehman in we'd lug
To dine with us again—
And hang the drug."
Thursday, December 26.

Straight called on Tong-Shao-yi and concluded with him the Chinese Sovereignty scheme. On his return I cabled Mr. Bacon at Washington for approval of resignation from consular service to enter service of Chinese Imperial Government.

Saturday, December 28.

Cipher cablegram received from Secretary of State this morning as follows:-

"Straight American Consul General Resignation accepted with good wishes for prosperous career. Root".

Willard and I uncoded this message together in the office. It seems to show that the Department approves the big plan. At tiffin we had the national colors brought in and drank a silent toast in champagne standing.

Went to the station with six soldiers to meet McKinley on the morning train from Kuang-cheng-tau, but he did not come. Both of us dined tonight with Kate at the Japanese Consulate. Also present: Madame Kate, Wesper, Ono, Grumbelisky, Miketing, the Japanese post-office, Yoshida and a fourth Japanese secretary.
Two days have now passed on the train and we are going through the Ural Mountains, fast approaching the border line of Siberia. As I sit here now looking out of the window the country reminds me somewhat of places I have seen in the Adirondacks— the small pines and birch trees intermingling, and giving a glorious contrast of color. The mountains are imperceptible— perhaps they exist in name only— but the woods are fresh and lovely and reminiscent of home— so I love them.

So far the trip has been very comfortable— for my compartment is very large and wide, and there are three electric lights— one directly over my bed, so that I can read at night. We have all our meals in Willard's compartment, which we find is a far pleasanter arrangement than eating in the stuffy dining car. The food is pretty fair, for they always have fresh eggs and butter, which they take in at the various stations as we go along, and also they give us delicious birds— something like partridges which are cooked with a very good Russian sauce of sour cream. The coffee is terrible and tastes exactly like maple syrup but I gulp it down quickly and immediately fall to on fruit and chocolate barmyeties.

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Here we are in Peking at last after two weeks on the train and it all looks exactly as it did two years ago when we were all here together. ***

The weather here is perfectly glorious—like our wonderful October days at home, and a great relief and joy after the snow and biting winds of Siberia. We spent four hours in Harbin where Willard was met by three or four friends of his— one of them being Mr. Watson, who was staying with Prather when we arrived two years ago—do you remember? At Mukden the U.S. Consul came down to the station to see Willard and a few others, who brought him all the latest news— so that W. was fairly well an orient when we arrived here in Peking. Not a soul knew when we were to arrive here, as W. had given instructions to his secretary to tell no one— so we alighted in perfectly quietly, avoiding the fire crackers and other terrible celebrations they had prepared for us.

We were quickly installed here in W.'s house, or rather the Group's house— which is really most fascinating and very comfortable. I have a lovely sunny bedroom and sitting room and bathroom all connected, and Louise also has a fine suite and W. has his own room and bathroom beyond and. The big living room is full of lovely Chinese things and round the top runs a frieze of pictures that is very unique and fascinating. The tone of the walls is very yellow and restful and the whole room had a great deal of character and individuality. Several alterations were made in our bedrooms so that the house isn't actually ship shape yet and we are sleeping now in the adjoining quarters of W.'s secretary. Poor Louise has not yet struck Peking! What do you suppose she did? When we stopped at some station in Siberia a week ago Louise dally stopped out to take a walk and then we don't quite know what happened to her— except that the train pulled off without her and we knew nothing about it. When we discovered what happened W. telegraphed her to take the next train and he sent her back her bags and some money and some books to read— so that she came along two days behind us quite comfortably.

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I'm going to begin now to write you diary letters, adding each day a chronicle of our life here and posting the whole interesting(?) collection it is a week since the Siberian
Oct. 14th

Not much news again today, except that Willard is still feeling wretched and he passed another night with fever of 104. This evening however, his thirst is beginning to feel somewhat better and the fever has dropped two degrees—so I am hoping that the worst is over. It's a very unfortunate time for him to be ill, as there is a great deal of work for him to do—and he had arranged an important meeting today with the Minister of Finance, and besides, all Peking is in a wild state of excitement now over the revolution in Hankow! The revolt is directed entirely against the Manchus, and so far, the revolutionaries have carried everything their own way and have kept秩序 and issued very dans and sensible edicts. Three men are leading it, and I hope the government will try to do as little as possible and not commence hostilities against the Manchus. The diplomats here in Peking are all maximalists; a few have run in here all day to see Willard and tell him that the revolution will spread north and that there will be another Boxer revolt—and that the present dynasty is destroyed. You must imagine the excitement in the air! Yesterday afternoon Dr. Morrison—the famous correspondent of the London Times—rode up and down Legation street saying that the end of the Khedive was at hand—and that the French have strengthened their Legation guards and everyone generally is in a blue funk. Willard thinks it is all nonsense and that it is very hard to put an end to all this business.

Oct. 15th

Still no news—Willard is really improving but the doctor will not hear of his getting up yet. His thirst is still very painful, and many friends come to see him today. First of all, Dr. Morrison, who is Willard's colleague and representative of the French Embassy here, is very kind and delightful person and apparently perfectly devoted to W—for he used to see him two or three times a day and always call "little boy!" child in a nice fatherly manner. Later, Dr. Gruenberg appeared, and Secretary of Our Legation—then I had the pleasure of meeting his wife. He has lived in Washington most of his life and is an intimate friend of Leg. Chong, lying in the other legation. After Sammul's visit, several men came to see him, so that by evening he was very tired, and I read the "Under One Sky" aloud to quiet him.

Late this afternoon I took a walk again accompanied by Willard's little fox-terrier—one of the nicest dogs I ever saw. He knew Willard the moment we arrived and he has hardly left him now and seems to go to bed at night. He is so devoted to W that he pays no attention to anyone else but now he is beginning to follow me and I feel quite safe in his keeping when we walk.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

Original in private hands.
Tuesday-Oct.17th

Your cable came this morning, together with one from Pauline, and they both worried me a good deal. I had no idea that the Paris Herald would be alarming in its statements about China, otherwise I would have cabled you myself several days ago to tell you not to worry. I imagine the newspapers publish as facts all the alarming statements that we hear as rumors, and I am very, very sorry that you have been worried.

As far as the revolution goes now, it is really great fun, and if nothing further occurs of a serious nature I think the memory of it will be a source of amusement, for the reminiscence of some terror-striken people here will always cause a good laugh. I think, if you only knew some of the funny things that happened you wouldn't think it all a very amusing experience to be here at this moment.

Today we did a great deal of work in the house, which is now entirely finished and really very fascinating. Everyone here has been saying it is the loveliest house in all Peking and I really think it has an extraordinary charm. Late this afternoon W. and I went shopping together in the Chinese city, walking through picturesque narrow streets and topping at all the bazaars and small stores, buying some nice foolish things for the house. We bought a lot of reading and interesting books on all sorts of subjects, and a cozy time.

Wednesday-Oct.18th

This morning Willard went to a meeting of Group representatives here, so I played around the house and wrote a few letters and had a very quiet time. We lunched with Ossenove and found a large party gathered there— the Russells (successors of the Barnette and very nice), Count de Lazard, German first secretary, a Captain Shipley and his wife, ravishing. We went to a tea dance at Tokyo, and various other people. I sat between Luxembourg and Shipley and while the latter bored me to extinction the former proved very intelligent and responsive and told me a lot of interesting things about industrial conditions in Germany. Willard and I walked home afterwards with Lord Freeman and later a spent a tedious evening calling on all the legation staffs. It was a great relief to come home finally to our cozy little sitting room and have a peaceful evening by ourselves. We have long talks about art and history and everything else, and Willard is certainly a very communicative and pleasant person. Louise confessed holding forth about him again today and promptly burst into tears. She says she has never seen anyone so thoughtful in her life as he is, and she is much impressed by the fact that he seems to care for me as much, if not more, than he did when we were engaged. I really don't know what she expected! She certainly is a funny person. I think all this outburst was occasioned by the flowers which Willard sends me every day for the almost empty vases whenever they arrive.

There is a scarcity of news from here. I'm afraid, but I shall tell you all that happens none the less. Willard had a busy morning at a meeting again, so I tried to get very busy with housekeeping and I made the Chinese boys dust and wrap before my eyes until everything looked really clean. Ossenove came to see W., about 10 o'clock and talked to me for an hour until Willard returned. He is really quite a delightful person very well read and interested apparently in all sorts of subjects outside of his work. Willard and I had a quiet lunch and later in the afternoon he played polo and I was invited to your tea for all the spectators. I met so many new people that I felt quite bewildered and talked to all the men by their wrong names. Most of them are pretty unattractive I think, and besides the few friends whom Willard is really fond of there is absolutely no one here I particularly care to see. We have already refused too invitations to dinner, and we are going to be very quiet in the evenings.

This morning the superintendent of the T.I.A. here in Peking came to see W. asking him how he was making. We decided to draw all their designs in their building which we will do for the house and in the afternoon W. and I went down to the building and we both became very much interested. W. is going to draw all their designs for them, and I am going to pay the expenses for furniture, etc. So we are beginning to feel as if the T.I.A. were our own child. It is only for the foreign soldiers here—all the Legation Guards—and not for the Chinese, so we both are especially interested in doing this for our own people. I think we can really make a very nice place for them, and Willard has some very good and practical ideas for their rooms. I'm glad we have an interest of this sort together however small it may be.

Oct. 20th

This morning W. and I had our first ride—off in the direction of the Yellow Temple. It was perfectly glorious and as I had a very pretty and comfortable dark Russian cloak that W. bought for me. I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. Afterwards we had our first lunch party, consisting of the Russells, Ossenove, Shipley, and Lord Freeman—just the people we like best (except Mr. Woodrow). In the afternoon Willard had to go down to the Legation to have a long conference with Mr. Lambros, the charge. I went next door to see Mrs. Russell, who lives in the Barnett's old house—so you remember? W. wanted some for me there, and we continued our arduous duty of paying calls—on the French and English legations. Thank goodness, this task is practically finished now. I was home when we returned home, Mrs. Lorraine, the Second Secretary of the British Legation, came here to talk over affairs with Willard, and we practically hadn't a quiet moment to ourselves until dinner time. Then we are alone as we always dine in our little sitting room by the open fires, and we have our evenings very much as we please.

Oct. 21st

Willard had a busy morning seeing Mr. Williams at the Legation and then Schuh—who sent for him to talk over business. The latter is trying to get a contract with the Chinese to build their battleships for them, and if he succeeds it will certainly be a fine feather in Mr. Willard's cap. Schuh himself is too unattractive for words, and travels about everywhere with a beautiful lady.

Revolutionary rumors are still floating about in Peking and we hear on all sides that the government troops have all revolted and may attack Tsientin and Peking at any moment. The strange part of it is that many of the foreigners themselves are entirely in sympathy with the rebels, and all the high officials who are Chinese are also secretly in accord with this anti-Manchooi revolt. It is really very interesting to hear all the discussions on this subject. China is absolutely bankrupt at the present moment because there have been no returns from the southern provinces, and for the first time she has told the foreign powers that she has to default on her indemnity payment. This has been quietly raised up and the governments have given publicity to it—for of course in that case China's credit would sink so low that no further loans could be floated and no business done. So Willard, with all these other men here, have been having daily meetings and they have decided that the only practical course is to give the government a loan now to tide them over this period until their resources are again in a normal condition—thus saving China's face and her foreign bondholders. Willard tells me all the details of everything so I feel as if I were really taking part in it all myself.

Oct. 22nd

After the departure of the Jennings family Willard rushed off to the Legation for a conference with Mr. Williams, and then to our infinite relief we had a nice peaceful evening alone. We have refused invitations to dinner out that we have received for the week, but so far we have refused everything for the week after, and we want to be alone as much as we can without actually seeming rude to the people we really like. Willard never wants to accept any invitations out as we feel that's a mistake we have finally compromised by deciding to go out twice a week—sometimes three nights a week, but never more, it
certainly doesn't seem to be worth while.

Today, I had a very interesting interview with Yuan-Shih-K'ai's son. He wants
W. to persuade the groups not to make loans to this government, unless the government
gives them the assurance that Yuan will be made President. It would really be the sal-
vation of China and the best thing in the world for the foreigners, as Yuan is the only
strong man in the country and the only one able to maintain order. It is quite an in-
teresting situation for Willard.

Oct. 24th.

This morning Dr. Morrison came to see us, and I thought he was the most interesting person
I have met in a long time. I imagine that he and Casanova are the two cleverest men
out here, and it is delightful to listen to their conversations. Dr. Morrison gave
Willard a wedding present which is so exquisite that we really think it should be in
a museum. It is an old Japanese carved ivory figure of Kamakura which he bought years
ago in Nagasaki, and the beauty and delicacy of it simply amaze one. He wrote Willard
a very nice note saying that he had always admired him very much and wanted to give
him something now which he knew he would appreciate.

Willard had a long interview this morning with Sheng, the president of the Board of
Communications, discussing new laws which are to be instituted in the govern-
ment later this year. Even if it is to save the Manchus and establish a
regime of their own, they will be in need of funds also, so it looks as if this would
be the last time that the foreign bankers had ever had. It certainly will be something
doing in any case, and the situations will be interesting.

We discussed with Lord French, finding there the Manchus and the Kardoom, Commander
of the Belgian Guard—a very popular young man with the ladies. I thought it es-
specially attractive. In the afternoon there was polo again—another match between
the single and married men, which the former won by one goal. We dined at Mr. Carrière's,
the Belgian Minister, and I apparently the guest of honor, for he took me in.

The Manchus and Russells were there and several extra men— including Casanova, Luxembourg,
Lorraine and Lambert. These people comprise the circle which is considered the most
amusing and attractive in Peking, and I quite enjoyed the discussions which we had after
dinner, with Casanova leading the conversation.

The revolutionary excitement still continues at a high pitch, and I believe that
the different legations have sent for more troops, and an American vessel is coming
up from the Philippines. This is just a precautionary measure, for they all feel they must be ready for any emergency, although many doubt the need of such a step.

The Chinese princes and officials seem in terror every day to the legations and to the
priests of French missionaries asking for refuge in case there should be trouble in
Peking, and many of these have been promised visas. Fortunately no one has approached us
eyet but we expect a request at any moment.

Oct. 25th.

William had a very busy and interesting morning discussing with his colleagues the
desirability of Yuan-Shih-K'ai's return to power as a condition of new loans—and then we
lunched with the Manchus—surrounded by Russells, Jardinings, Casovas and Sunder-
lin. Willard went again in the afternoon while I wrote letters, until later in the
afternoon, when some men came to tea at Air Lorraine and a friend of W.'s called Alexander. After

We dined with Luxembourg—just the Manchus, Dr. Morrison, Casovas, Lorraine and Carrière.
They all know each other very well, so the conversation was usually general and often
very amusing—but W. and I don't get much of a thrill and prefer a quieter sort of
soirée. I'm going to break up now and try to do some work of some kind—have French lessons and go
to the Mission to see if I can help there—and Mr. Russell and Mr. American and I are
going to commence a serious reading class next week, and perhaps then I shall begin to
feel the wheels working in my brain.

Oct. 26th.

Nothing very interesting has occurred here today. While Willard worked this morning
I spent my time shopping for various necessary things in the house, and then we lunched
home. Lord French came in to talk business with W. afterwards and Saty Jansens came
to see us, so we were quite busy with visitors until the polo hour of 4 o'clock. After
a thrilling exhibition of this great game I bravely did my duty by going to tea with
Mrs. Williams—her day at home, just as dreadful as it sounds. She herself is a very
sarcasm person—aside from ugly but with a mind as keen and clever that when she tells
she is really transformed into a very interesting personality. She is a remarkable
Chinese scholar, having read all the Classics in their original, and I believe, written
Chinese poetry herself. Mr. Williams, who was formally a missionary, and now owns
Brandt de Duhr, is a very different person—quiet and unassuming but very efficient and hard
working and extremely nice. He and Willard get along very well and work in perfect
harmony.

This afternoon we dined with the others—quite a party consisting of the Russells,
Casovas, with Jardinings, Casovas, Casovas, and Casovas (and French secretary) and a man (named)--a
Portuguese lady and a very attractive one. Everyone seemed to have a good time but I
must confess that I went very much thrall and felt myself struggling or stilly hard
to keep interested.

Oct. 27th.

We had a horrid dust storm today which reminded me of the one two years ago when we
all sat in 'Brother's' house and felt glad of the shelter. This morning Willard had a
long visit from Secretary of the Viscount of Manchuria who brought all kinds of
attractive letters about the Japanese activities up there. They apparently began by distrib-
uting newspapers with such startling accounts of the revolution that they succeeded in
thoroughly alarming everyone there. They then proceeded to create a run on the banks
and general panic and later came forward with kind offers to assist the Chinese by
giving them any loans they wanted. Their idea is to create such a chaos that we will
have the excuse to bring in new troops to Manchuria under the cloak of necessary pre-
tection to their subjects and interests. Their great card, however, is that they are
endeavoring to persuade the Imperial family here to come to Peking for protection and
offer them a large palace and safe guides—and of course if that event occurs
they will bring in unlimited troops with the fine excuse of protecting the Imperial
Family. This has been actually proved, and there is hardly a person in Peking, not
even the wise Dr. Morrison, who doesn't think that this is the real revolution—
they are actually aiding and abetting the Imperial family and this has been quite
proved.

This morning Willard went to the Legation for a meeting at 9 o'clock, while I had a
very dull French lesson here, but we walked together for an hour before lunch and
enjoyed it very much. Lord French and a friend of his called Subban lunched with us
and stayed on indefinitely afterwards. Later there was polo from which Willard and I
walked home and Casovas came in to tea with us. W. and I dined alone and had a
busy evening doing a cable to New York—W.'s secretary being out and unavailable.

The revolutionary excitement here is increasing every moment and everyone now thinks
there will be some trouble in Peking. In the South the revolution has been well orga-
nized and led, but here the Legations are open to danger. Our house is just in the midst of the Manchur
province and there is constant and continuous trouble. If the trouble occurs, we will be in a very dangerous position. Willard insists upon moving into the Legation at once, but I think we must not.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Oct. 27th—(continued)

The Chinese are eager for loans and would make almost any terms -- and Willard and Chennault are both recommending their groups to accept, feeling sure that as Tsan-Shi-Kal is coming back to power the government will be perfectly sound. Yet the groups apparently take another view—perhaps a wiser one—and refuse to enter into any loan negotiations now—so of course some other individual groups will step in and probably do good business. It seems too bad to miss this opportunity of making a loan contract which the terms would be so exceptionally favorable to us. However the groups know best, and their judgment is probably wise and sound.

Today the National Assembly here sent a memorial to the throne asking for the execution of Sheng, president of the Board of Communications and the man who engineered the German and Huangh Loos. The Imperial Family were so terrified they could do nothing, and it seemed as if all the other officials too had turned on Sheng and wanted to kill him. Dr. Tenney—(our Chinese secretary)—got wind of the whole thing and decided to save Sheng’s life—so he communicated with him and arranged for a special car tonight to carry Sheng to Tsingtau where he will board a steamer for Tsingtau.

Then Williams went to the British, German and French ministers, explaining the situation to them and they have all promised to uphold our Legation in this rescue of Sheng. So tonight he will leave Peking secretly, escorted to Tsingtao by two British, two German, two French and two American soldiers—really a very dramatic exit for the one man who has stood fearlessly for real reform in China and faced all political intrigue without war. The sympathy of all the foreigners goes with him, and his courage is a source of courage and quick action of two Americans—Williams and Tenney.

This certainly is an interesting time here and one of constant thrills. The Manchus are flying from Peking every day, and the officials are sending their wives and children out to the hills, so they are pretty thoroughly scared. I have never been in the midst of this kind of excitement before and I am only too glad of the experience.

This morning I had a walk with Dr. Morrow who is always an interesting and delightful talker—and then Willard and I lunched alone. In the afternoon I commenced my French lessons, with a Swiss lady who has a terrible accent but speaks very clearly and correctly. I’m afraid I shall not make much progress but it is always worth trying.

Willard finished his work at 4 o’clock so we read along for a while and had a nice cozy time by ourselves in front of the open fire. Various people came to dinner—the Chennalls, Belgians, Lourdes, Captain Russell and Mr. Stuart—a very nice Englishman who is the 1st secretary at Peking. Afterwards we all sat on the floor and played Truy, and they all seemed to enjoy themselves a great deal and stayed till about 11:00.

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Sunday, Oct. 29th.

This is the first day we have felt any serious concern about the situation in Peking. This morning Willard had an interview with Duke Tsi Tsen and also a long talk at the Legation with Williams and Tenney, who, apparently were rather alarming in their predictions. Willard came back to me really very much worried, and he has been in a state of nervous tension all day long, being anxious about me. Williams and Tenney firmly believe that there is to be a rising in the Chinese City within the next 48 hours—and they have arranged for the Messrs and ourselves to move into the Legation at the first sign of danger. The foreigners are really so frightened today, that many of them are not going out of their houses, and some of the women are packing up their clothes and household goods, in order to be able to evacuate at a moments notice. You really can’t imagine how interesting and exciting it all is and I wouldn’t have missed this experience for anything. Willard and I rode together this afternoon from 3 o’clock until 6:30—then we stopped at the Legation for further news. It was too heavenly to be on a horse again, and we had a perfectly glorious ride over the plains, strewn with ruins of tombs and temples. It did us both no end of good. During dinner—which we were having alone, by the fire in my sitting room—a soldier arrived from the Legation with a letter to Willard from Major Russell, sending him two large army revolvers—deadly looking weapons.

We are really commencing to feel rather businesslike—for W. is going to sleep with a loaded revolver by his bed—and I have another—unloaded by me. It would be rather exciting to be attacked by a wild mob in the night.
Monday, Oct 30th.

The night passed away peacefully after all, although Willard hardly slept a wink, and we imagined often that we heard strange clamors in the streets! About 10.30 after we had gone to bed, there came a knock on the door, and a voice calling out that Casenave wanted to See Willard immediately. So W. went out to the sitting room and the two men sat together and talked for some time. Poor Casenave had received an appeal from Lord Li - Li Hung Chang's adopted son - asking him for protection for himself and his family - so poor Casenave has to lend his house as a refuge, and Lord Li has planted himself there with four wives and any number of retainers. Fortunately no appeals come to us, as we are outside of the Legation quarter, and therefore not a very safe place of refuge. We had a lunch party here today of newspaper men - Mr. Ohl, of the Herald - and Mr. Patchin of the Tribune - both keen and amusing - and in the midst of a perfectly pleasant conversation came the news of the Imperial Edict, granting constitutional government to China. It really is a tremendously dramatic moment in the history of this country - Everyone is waiting breathlessly to know who the new cabinet ministers will be - for everything now seems to be hanging in the balance, and perhaps this capitulation comes already too late to help the Manchus. Yuan-Shi-Kai is of course the man of the hour, and the only able candidate for Premiership. As he himself is supposed to be managing the National Assembly - and the Assembly working the army - it means that Yuan is pulling the strings of this revolution and holding unlimited power already in his own hands. The Japanese are playing their own little game with the revolution - but Yuan is the real master at the moment - and the future of China lies with him. If he is not given the Premiership - and a man like Ha Tung put in that position - the revolution may continue for months longer, with the real doom of the Manchus at hand! Willard fortunately is on the inside of everything that goes on - for he sees the Chinese every day, and the Legation staff, and the bankers - and so he hears from all sides the news of all the moves and changes which take place. We continued our calling duties this afternoon and fortunately found no one at home except one English lady and the Japanese minister's wife - who was quite amusing and conversational - in the evening we had a dinner party for the Sidney Webbs who have just arrived in Peking for a week's visit - bringing among other letters of introduction, one for Willard! Casenave and Luxburg and Dr. Morrison were the only other guests and we expected to have a very interesting evening. Well - the Webbs arrived and we had rather a shock when we first saw them! He is only about 5 feet high - with a large black shaggy beard, little eyes and a huge Jew nose! She has rather a sweet face and to me she was very attractive - but not one of the men could stand her - She talked in an absolutely positive way about things - which put a damper on the conversation as no one cared to argue with her. Their attitude was one of great intellectual superiority - and they seemed to take no interest in any remarks but their own. They got on Dr. Morrison's nerves to such an extent that he left right after dinner to send off a telegram and never came back - and he told Willard on the way out that he simply could not stand them a moment longer. When he first arrived, he invited them to lunch with him tomorrow - and now he thinks of writing them not to come - as an excuse, finding he is too busy. That really seems too rude - but I suppose sometimes one meets people who annoy one so much that it is really impossible to be nice to them. Willard liked Mr. Webb very much and thought him wonderfully intelligent - but I'm afraid that I am the only one who found any charm in Mrs. W. Oh - how I wish that you had been there - for you would have known how to get along with them, and how to really bring them out! They talked a great deal about democracy - both social and political - and she made some rather
Monday, Oct 30th.

annoying and insulting remarks about America - doubtless perfectly
true but we all felt that she might have said them in a somewhat nicer
way. After dinner she talked about her school in London, and her work
and her books - and about science and mysticism and the fourth dimension,
until I thought I should die of exhaustion. After they all left Willard
and I just sank down in a chair and gasped for breath - Oh dear - I
couldn't stand many intellectual evenings of that kind - but it certainly
is a wonderful education every now and then.

Tuesday, Oct 31st.

Your letter no 5 - arrived this morning - written October 16th, and
it made me long more than ever to see you, and to talk everything over
with you. I'm terribly distressed to realize how worried you have been
over this revolution, and I'm sure the newspapers must have exaggerated
all accounts to such an extent that very little truth remained in them.
There has not been the slightest sign of disturbance in Peking, and even
the people who are most alarmed admit that foreigners would be absolutely
safe whatever happened. China simply can't afford to injure any foreigners
- for she paid too dearly after 1900 to ever forget that lesson. No
one has any idea of leaving Peking - for certainly there is not the remotest
possibility of a siege, and if there is rioting in the streets the
Legation quarter is absolutely safe - surrounded as it is, by high walls
and guarded by 1600 soldiers. There is really not the slightest risk in
staying here and you may be sure we wouldn't do anything that is fool-
hardy. I'm sure life here is just as safe as it is in Paris or London or
any big city - with their multitude of taxi cabs and cars - and Willard
is certainly very careful - over careful, if anything - to keep me from
any possible risk. So really, we are not taking any chances, and, of
course, we wont take any chances, should the question ever arise. I'm
only sorry that you have been worried, and I wish that the distance be-
tween us were not so great, and that I could communicate easily to you
the real state of affairs. These last three weeks have really been too
interesting and fascinating for words, and I am tremendously grateful for
this experience, which I shall never forget. If only you were here too.
Today we lunched with Dr. Morrison - the party consisting of the Sidney
Webs - the Patchins, Lord ffrench - and a Chinese member of the foreign
office, called Dr.Yen. Afterwards we all simply lost ourselves in Dr.
Morrison's library which is a world famous collection of Chinese litera-
ture and art. You would have been interested too, in seeing the pictures

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Today I spent my morning, as usual, having a French lesson, and trying to do some serious housekeeping. Willard and I lunched alone and afterwards went to Miss Jordan's wedding—the daughter of the British Minister. All the social life of Peking was gathered together in a rather sad and looking array—although the men wore uniforms, and there was much crossing of swords and slanging of spurs—and the bridegroom was dressed in a beautiful red coat. But in spite of all the glittering uniforms, the occasion was, somehow, rather mournful—and the service of the English church—by the bluntness of its admonitions and exhortations, loses much of the solemnity and beauty of the shorter American service! Willard and I left the reception as soon as we could, and while he had a meeting of bankers during the remainder of the afternoon, I went to Beatrice Menocal and had a nice long talk with her. In two years she has changed more than anyone I have ever seen. Two years—do you remember? we thought her rather cold and calculating—not much in love with her husband, but thinking principally of herself—with the desire of achieving great success and prominence in the social world? Now—she is really a totally different person—and instead of being hard she is really very sweet and thoughtful—absolutely devoted to her husband—and apparently indifferent to society, and her own place therein. We get along extremely well, for being very intelligent she is an interesting person to talk to and her horizon is not confined to Peking. She and Mrs. Russell and I have planned to read together, three times a week—and carry on some serious line of education for ourselves. I'm sure it will be good for us! Willard and I gave another dinner party this evening for the Sidney Webbs consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Williams—(charge d'affaires) Lord French—and two Chinese—Tong Kai Son—and Chow Tze Chi—both senior counsellors in the foreign office. The latter is the nicest Chinese I have met and very easy to get along with—talking openly on politics and education.
and all sorts of serious subjects of the moment. I really enjoyed my conversations with the two Chinese immensely - The Webbs were much more friendly than they were before, and not quite so condescending - so we all got along with greater mutual satisfaction. The Webbs have certain stock phrases which they are always referring to - every time we see them. They informed us first of all, that the world was all classified in two classes - A - and B - 

A - Aristocrats - anarchists - artists -
B - Bourgeois - benevolents -

The first class represents the individual element, the second, the collectivist -

Then, they say, that the ideal form of government is one in which the people have the consciousness of consent - without actually having any decisive voice in legislation - merely, the satisfying feeling of giving consent. The Webbs also pronounced their definition - or rather John Stuart Mill's definition - of the ideal marriage - which is this - "An absolute equality - which is reciprocal superiority - in which each enjoys in turn the advantage of leading and being led" At first it meant nothing to me - but now I'm beginning to understand it - and it seems to me to be a very wonderful relationship - in which each, by leading can help the other to a higher ideal.

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Wednesday, Nov 1st.

There is always so much I want to talk to you about each day, that I'm afraid my letters must seem very long and detailed. But if you really enjoy reading them as much as I enjoy writing them, then I shall continue as I have begun, to tell you everything. This morning, after my French lesson I rode with Willard for a while around the track near the polo field - just for exercise for both of us on this glorious day. Lunched with Casenave - and found another large party there - the Sidney Webbs, the 'Russells', Count Luxburg, Dr Morrison, and Lord Li; Casenave's Chinese guest. The conversation was very interesting and amusing, and I enjoyed to the full, the role of listener. There was polo again in the afternoon, and later, when Willard went to the Chancery to see Mr Williams, I walked over to Frather's old house, and called on Mrs Williams, and immediately got into a bridge game, which lasted till 7 o'clock. We dined home alone, and I read aloud, while Willard drew pictures in our new scrap book - and so the evening passed very quickly. In the middle of the night Mr Williams called up Willard on the telephone with important news from the Legation, so that W. had to set his stenographer to work and send off a cable to New York at 12 A.M. This certainly is an interesting and exciting life - and I love it. Willard is getting rather tired and discouraged with the whole game and wants to go home - but I am so interested myself that I don't want to go until some definite business is done - which certainly ought to be soon.
Friday, Nov 3rd.

This has been an interesting day, when one regards it from the angle of Chinese politics. The throne has just issued Edicts granting to the National Assembly all the 19 articles of their constitution - so it looks as if the Manchus were in such a state of abject terror that they are willing to give in to any demands. Hundreds of them are fleeing from Peking every day - taking their favorite wives with them and leaving the remainder of their menage behind - helpless and unprotected! Miss Corbett is organizing a relief society for these poor deserted women and children and she is housing many of them in the mission compound. She told me today that hundreds of them were appealing to her for refuge. It really is a dreadful state of affairs. We continue to lead our lives in a perfectly peaceful and uninterrupted way - and this morning I rode with Willard, and attended the first meeting of the reading class with Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Menocal. We have commenced with a French book on Art - which resolves itself into a series of conversations with Rodin, giving all his theories and ideals of art. It is really extremely interesting - and very conducive to argument. Casenave lunched alone with Willard and me - and afterwards when they went off to business, I called for Miss Corbett and took her with me to see Princess Fu Lun. She received us this time in the Chinese part of her house, which is far more attractive and interesting than her more pretentious European rooms. Do you remember them? She was extremely conversational and friendly - and when the children came in she told them to call me "Aunt" - for apparently they have always called Willard their uncle! He used to draw pictures of cats and dogs for them, and they immediately wanted to know when he would come to play with them again, and they seemed to take far more interest in him than they did in me. The Princess is wide awake to everything that is happening here - she reads three or four newspapers every day, and no phase of the situation escapes her. The consequence is - she is simply overcome by terror, and wants to move to Miss Corbett's house for protection. It really was quite pitiful to hear her talk - and to see the tears come to her eyes. Miss Corbett and I tried to cheer her up somewhat - but I'm afraid the terror and dread which all Manchus are suffering, have sunk deep into her heart. We stayed with her for an hour - and I enjoyed every moment of my visit, because she was really intelligent and responsive - and not at all shy. Willard and I dined home alone again - and afterwards we worked hard on the drawings for the Y.M.C.A. building.
Saturday, Nov 4th.

Not much news today—except revolutionary rumors which come in thick and fast. Yuan-Shih-Kai was appointed Premier yesterday, but apparently he doesn’t mean to accept, and in the case of his refusal, everyone predicts chaos! He is the only man in China who is thought capable enough to handle the situation—but if he will not take the responsibility, then matters will go from bad to worse and no one knows what will happen. Some people think that he has refused the appointment of the throne, because he is waiting to be elected by the Assembly—thereby proving that he has the people back of him. So perhaps he will be Premier after all. The revolution grows more and more serious in the South—and the diplomatic corps in Peking is pulling a long face and talking hot air, and doing nothing. If only there were some Minister of Force here, he would get the diplomatic body behind him, and issue a proclamation—telling the Chinese that if any trouble occurs in Peking the foreign troops will take over the city—and police it! That would probably be sufficient to stop any premeditated disturbance. But no one seems to have very much gumption, and we all wish that Mr Calhoun were here. This morning I played around with Mrs Russell and Mrs Menocal, after which Lord French lunched with Willard and me! In the afternoon Mrs Russell and Menocal and I went over to the Methodist mission for a lace sale—and later ended up at the polo field where an international match was taking place—America versus England—which unfortunately, was won by the latter. We dined home alone, and had a very nice peaceful evening—which is far preferable to going out.

Sunday, Nov 5th.

This is Sunday again—and since early morning we have been out in the country. Our ponies met us outside the wall and we rode for two hours along the Imperial Jade Canal—and then across country to the Bell Temple, where we had a picnic lunch. Willard sketched afterwards—and then later in the afternoon we rode all the way home—and I enjoyed every moment of this glorious Autumn day. We talked of you a great deal, as we rode along the Canal—and wished with all our hearts that you were with us. We dined with Scott and Lorraine—the two English Secretaries, the occasion being the latter’s birthday. The Menocals were there, a Scotsohn man called Wallister, and the Wilcoxes’ (Americans of the Legation Guard). It was quite a nice genial party, with close harmony, and foolish dancing—and various amusing stunts—which lasted till after midnight. At such times one forgets about the revolution and the strained atmosphere of outer Peking. Yesterday Shanghai was quietly taken by the rebels, and now, the fall of Tientsin is expected—and perhaps also Peking. This is a mooted question—although Mr Williams, Dr Morrison and Willard seem to be the only people here who feel pretty confident that there will be no serious trouble in Peking itself. Everyone else appears panic stricken, especially the French and English Legations—and an ominous black cloud seems to be suspended over us. It certainly is a novel and interesting experience to be living in the center of a revolution.
Monday, Nov 6th.

Another day during which the revolutionary rumors have thickened, and the Chinese and Manchus are leaving the city by the thousands. The streets are filled by trucks overladen with boxes and cases and luggage of all descriptions - all bound for the Legation quarter, to be safeguarded there. The general panic seems to be increasing. I spent my morning in the usual manner, a French lesson, followed by the reading class with Mrs Russell, Mrs Menocal and Casenave. Afterwards Willard and I took a walk together and luncheoned alone - and in the afternoon we had a series of callers. First Casenave came - then the Sidney Webbs - and last of all Han-Shih-Chang - one of Willard's greatest friends among the Chinese. He was formerly Viceroy of Manchuria, and is now Vice Premier in the Cabinet here. He brought an interpreter and three or four retainers with him, and paid us a long friendly visit. He and W. talked business for a while, and then we all made pleasant conversation, and had quite a nice, cozy time. In the evening W. and I had a dinner here - consisting of the Wilcoxs' - Menocals - Mme d'Almeida - A Portuguese - Casenave, Luxburg, Lorraine and Summerlin. Afterwards Mrs Menocal sang for us - and everyone enjoyed the music so much that the party didn't break up till nearly 12 o'clock. Although her voice is small it is really very pleasing, and she uses it to great advantage. I think you would have enjoyed the singing too.

Tuesday, Nov 7th.

This 7th of November has been a very exciting day for us - filled with alarming rumors. This morning the Menocals sent around to us a letter from the French Legation, proclaiming the news of General Wu Lu Chang's murder by his troops - and also notifying us that the French and Japanese considered the situation so serious that they were asking their nationals to come immediately into the Legation quarter. Willard, at once, called up Mr Williams on the telephone, and if he had not been very reassuring I think we would have moved into the quarter ourselves! Mr Williams thinks there is no immediate danger - although he mentioned the fact that the Board of Rights was on fire - which indicates the first real sign of trouble. We hear also that the rebellious troops which have been quartered at Lanchow - on the railroad between Mukden and Peking, have moved up to Fungtau - which is only about ten miles from here.

There has been a general panic since the promulgation of this news - and 10,000 Chinese are supposed to have fled from Peking today. No one knows of course what the further movements of these troops will be, but the already frightened population jumps to the conclusion that they will march on Peking, and take over the city. We went to the Legation Guard this morning for another army revolver for Willard's secretary Geare - but the answer came back from Major Russell that there were no more to be had, as he had already distributed 150 within the last twenty four hours. He sent us instead two rockets, which we can use as signals of distress in case of disturbance in this vicinity. A sentinel on the wall will be watching always for such signs. At polo this afternoon, everyone was in the wildest state of excitement - even Casenave was up in the air when he told us that the railway and telephone connections between Peking and Tientsin were stopped. This tale was afterwards proved to be untrue - but at the time it caused some consternation. Casenave tells me I should pack up every single thing we have in the house, and be ready to vacate.
Tuesday, Nov 7th.

at any moment. Mrs Menocal's house is absolutely dismantled, and she has already sent her furniture to the International Bank. People are moving into the Legation Quarter from every direction, but I can't bear the thought of leaving this house and tearing to pieces what we have just put together. Of course the moment we go, the boys will all run away, and the house will be open to loot, and anything left here, will be lost and gone forever. So both Willard and I feel strongly opposed to moving, unless we are actually driven to do so. Willard has already telegraphed to Mr Calhoun at Harbin, asking him if we may shelter ourselves in his house, should the occasion arise. Major Russell will send 20 guards in such an event, to conduct us in safety to the Legation, so I think there is nothing to fear. A cable came from Harry today, which worried us both a good deal. I'm afraid that the newspapers at home are unnecessarily alarming, for really this situation is not serious enough to warrant any anxiety for us. The rebels are especially careful of foreigners, and the Legation Quarter is absolutely safe as a refuge. If Harry only knew how careful Willard is about me, he would be very much relieved. I'm sure. W. either telephones or goes himself to the Legation almost every hour, for news - and he keeps in close touch with Dr Morrison, who knows more about this whole state of affairs than anyone else in Peking. Willard is far more nervous on my account than I am myself, and I think if I showed any signs of being frightened, we would pack up immediately and go to the Legation. But I want to stay - and watch events from here. We dined home alone - and spent a somewhat restless evening, after hearing the latest reports from Geare, who returned at 8 o'clock from the Club. He tells us that the troops from Fungtai are believed to be marching on Peking, and it is expected that they will arrive at midnight - 5,000 of them. Geare also says that several large field guns have been taken up Coal Hill today in the Imperial City - which would seem to indicate that the Manchus mean to resist. As we are directly under the line of fire of Coal Hill, it would be no joke for us - but Willard thinks that this story is entirely fabrication, as no guns could possibly be moved to such a conspicuous eminence without being noticed. These rebel troops, according to reports, are wearing white bands on their arms, which bears out a story that Mrs Menocal told me today. It appears that her tailor informed her this morning that he had just received an order to make 7,000 white bands for the arms of the revolutionaries, but having already a great deal of work on hand, he had refused to undertake this - and had passed on the job to a friend of his. I wish I could write you all the hair raising stories we hear, but I'm afraid I have neither the space nor the patience of mind. All Peking, is becoming wild-eyed and breathless and faint of heart - and we have to use what small amount of mental balance we have, to keep from becoming nutty ourselves. Willard has just been talking again to Mr Williams over the telephone - who discredits also the rumors of imminent attack; so we are going to remain here, in our own house, until the Legation gives us the word to move. We have been sitting by the fire all evening - listening to every sound in the street, with nerves somewhat on edge. Daylight will be a relief I think although I must confess to a sense of keen enjoyment throughout this uncertainty and excitement.
Wednesday, Nov 6th.

The night passed off quietly, although poor Willard hardly slept a wink, listening intently through the long hours, for the slightest sound of disturbance in the streets. The morning sunshine brings a certain warmth of reassurance, and makes us laugh at our fears of the night before. The effect on our nerves of light and darkness is really very marked. This morning all the shops are closed, and cart loads of wares are being carried into the Legation Quarter. Even the merchants in the Chinese City have sent cases innumerable of merchandise to the foreign banks and houses for storage, and it is impossible to make a single purchase of silk today - for everything - everything is closed. We have just hoisted an American flag over our compound, and it waves a hand-off warning to any intruders. It is the first time in my life I have lived under our flag - regarding it solely as a protection. It is quite a thrilling sensation. The mail goes off now in five minutes, so I shall have to stop at this point - and say goodbye - until this evening when I shall commence writing again.

Wednesday, Nov 6th, con.

My last letter was ended rather abruptly on account of the sudden departure of the mail, so I am going to continue now exactly where I left off. Although nothing unusual has occurred in the city during the last twenty-four hours, the nervous tension is still the same, and everyone is expecting a crisis of some kind. The report is abroad now that the Imperial family fled last night, and the absence of Manchu guards from the palace gates today seems to corroborate this story. Soon there will be no Manchu officials and nobles left in Peking. Half of the members of the National Assembly have run away, and the president of the Chinese bank has departed, and the various Boards are left leaderless. All the funds of the Chinese bank are being transported to the vaults of Casznave's bank - which shows pretty clearly the Manchu state of mind in taking this measure of last resort. The great question is - how far will the rebels go in their demands? Is this revolution merely political, or is it racial as well? And do the rebels want to actually drive the Manchus out? No one knows the answer yet - and time alone will show. There was a meeting this morning of all the Commanders of the Legation Guards - at which they decided to unite all their forces, and not spread their soldiers over the city to protect the various foreigners and missionaries living outside the Quarter. The Russians have only 17 soldiers here - which shows up their policy in a very clear light. They are hoping that riots and conflagrations will occur, perhaps even the destruction of foreign lives and property - thereby justifying intervention by the Powers, and allowing Russia her long sought opportunity of quietly taking over Mongolia.

Willard and I had an interesting talk the other day with Korostovets, the Russian minister - who came out quite openly with a statement of his policy, admitting frankly that his only idea was to keep China as weak as possible and oppose always the establishment of a strong government. The policy of Russia and Japan is diametrically opposed to that of the United States and the three European powers, for we want to build up a strong China and insulate our investments and our opportunities for trade. It will be an interesting struggle to watch in the years to come. No news of Yuan-Shih-Kai, and still all eyes are turned towards him with hope and expectancy. He has half accepted the Premiership, but no one knows whether it is definite or not - and all wonder at his delay. He seems to be the only real man in all China. The terror of our Chinese servants increases every day, and the head boy has now brought his wife and baby to live in our compound. He came to me this morning to know what I thought of the situation, and seeing how frightened he was, I tried to be very calm and reassuring, and laughed at his anxiety. He confesses that he is afraid of being murdered by the Manchus - while all
the Manchus are running away for fear of the Chinese, so they are mutually terrified of each other. I think that all this panic is partly mental suggestion. Mr Williams told Willard this evening, that he fully expects a crisis within the next forty eight hours, but Dr Morrison still maintains there is no cause for alarm. However, to be on the safe side, we have commenced packing up our clothes and our most valued personal possessions so that we can move away from here at a few moments notice, without losing very much. I still have a feeling that the storm will blow over, and that nothing disastrous will happen. We held our reading class as usual this morning, then entertained at lunch, Lord ffrench, Mr Ginbara, and an English couple called Shaw. Willard and I took a wonderful long walk along the Wall this afternoon - and in the evening dined at the Russelle - The Monocles were there, and the Sergolas - (Russians) and Casemove and Loraine. The two women sang after dinner, and Mme de Sergolas played the piano most beautifully. So it was a very nice evening.

There have been practically no new developments today, and the atmosphere seems somewhat clearer. I spent the greater part of my morning packing up my books and letters - for we decided to send three trunks into the Legation today. A general called Chang Kuei Ti is now in Peking with his band of ruffian soldiers, and, given the slightest provocation they will commence looting wherever they get a chance - in fact they have already divided the city up into districts to simplify their campaign of looting. Willard and I saw a number of them on Sunday when we were riding home, and they certainly have the appearance of a wild looking collection of robbers and cut throats. If they want to have a successful looting expedition I think they had better go to the Legation Quarter, for the houses and shops in this part of the city are practically empty and treasureless. We lunched with Captain Summerlin today - and had a nice time with him, and a good talk about home. He is one of the few people with whom we have the bond of real home interests in common - and it does us all good to get together and discuss our friends in Washington and the political trend of things there. He is living in Leland Harrison's house - and it is a great relief to go in there and sit quietly by the fire and not have to listen patiently to Pa Harrison's accounts of his high-life friends and intimates. Will you ever forget his stories!

In the afternoon the finals of the polo tournament was played and Willard's team won - so we came home with a nice silver cup under the arm. On our way back we stopped at the Legation, and while Willard talked to Mr Williams in the Chancery, I called on his wife and had tea with her - and then we came back to dine peacefully alone - Geare appeared again after dinner to tell us the latest news - and this time it is the murder of Yuan-Shih-K’ai. Probably it is another groundless rumor, and it is wiser not to give credence to these reports until they are confirmed. However, they give one food for thought and for excitement.
Friday, Nov 10th.

The black cloud of fear seems to be blowing away from us, and for the first time in many days the wrinkled brows and long faces of our friends are changing again to more cheerful lines and expressions. This morning I saw a drill of the American Guard which struck a deep chord of patriotism within me - and their good looks and efficiency made us all feel very proud. After the drill I went to the usual meeting of our reading class at Mrs Russell's house, and from there Willard and I walked home together. Casenave and a nice French boy, called St Phalle - lunched with us - and in the afternoon Willard and I rode for an hour, and came home feeling full of health and energy. Later in the afternoon I had a young man for tea - my first real date of this kind - since the good old days of single­ness. The young man was Loraine, of whom I have already written you. He came at 5, and stayed till after 7, playing me, on the piano, the music of "Rosenkavalier" - Strauss' new opera - I enjoyed the music, but I was very much bored by the conversation, and so was he, I'm afraid. Willard came in towards the end, and I was so glad to see him, that I'm sure Loraine must have thought me a very uninteresting and uninterested person. Casenave and all the other friends we have here, tease us because we always want to play together - and not go on the picnics and other parties which they all give - and because Willard always comes and sits by me, when we go out. I think they forget that we have only been married two months and that we are very much interested in each other. We dined tonight with the Aglens' - He has taken Sir Robert Hart's place, as Inspector General of Customs, and both he and his wife are delightful people. But their dinner party was a dreadful bore - and I struggled hard first with an Englishman on one side, and then with a German 2nd secretary, on the other. Willard had a pretty bad time too - and we decided with great fervor, that Peking diplomatic society is a horrible Bore.

Saturday, Nov 11th.

I have spent a morning reading newspapers from home, the Times and Herald both, and they bring me very close into the atmosphere of our past life together. How I wish we could discuss all the interesting political questions together and the Steel-Trust and Tobacco Company, reorganizations! I am hoping that you will write me, and have already written me - all the news of the Consumers' League and the Day Camp, and the other interests of which my mind is still full. I don't think I could ever lose interest in all these things. Today we hear rather discouraging news from Yuan-Shih-Kai. Apparently he can't make terms with the rebels, and so he refuses to accept the Premiership. The rumor of his death was false, of course - and perhaps this is another story of the same kind, spread by the fires imagination of Peking diplomats. I walked to the Legation and back with Willard this morning - and this afternoon I walked with Casenave to the polo ground. He and I have become great friends and I like him better than anyone else here. He loves Willard so much and is so sweet with him, that I feel as if he really belonged in the circle of our best and dearest friends. I'm sure you would be fond of him too. Dr Morrison came to see Willard after lunch, and gave us a very interesting dissertation on the present situation in China. He believes that the Japanese have no active part in the revolution, but that they know more about it, and keep in closer touch with it, than any other people - hoping always that intervention will be warranted. Tonight, when we dined at the Williams' - Willard had a long talk with Ijin - the Japanese minister - while I talked with his wife, and they are certainly both very bright and quick and easy to get along with. Ijin himself is probably the cleverest diplomat here - and certainly Japanese efficiency in all things political and administrative, stands out in marked contrast to the inactivity and cowardice of the Chinese officials. This afternoon at polo there was a horrid accident to an Englishman which struck terror to the hearts of many wives. His pony fell and rolled on him, bending
Friday, Nov 11th.

his arm in two, and the poor man writhed on the ground in agony. When the other players rode up, the sight of it made them so sick that they just stood around and did nothing - and Willard and a man called Dr Hart, had to attend to him alone. I never saw such an exhibition of helplessness among five perfectly strong and healthy men. Willard had to hold him, while Dr Hart set his arm - then they lifted him up and took him home in our carriage - while all the other men stood around and watched. I don't think that foreigners have very much nerve under these circumstances. Did you read in the papers about Alfred Sse's appointment as Minister to Washington? He is a classmate of Willards - and a very intelligent and progressive Chinese. He went for W. suddenly the other day, just on the eve of his departure - for he wanted someone to sign papers for him, and witness his letter of credit, and check up accounts for him - and he felt that W. was the best friend he had among the foreigners. They had a very amusing morning together, after which W. went to the train to see him off. Life in China, is often like a comic opera.

Sunday, Nov 16th.

This has been a very long, but a very delightful day. We got up at 7 o'clock this morning to meet Mr and Mrs Calhoun, who arrived on the Trans-Siberian Express. Thirty people at least, were at the station to greet them, and they received the warmest kind of a welcome. Mrs Calhoun has brought her niece with her - a young girl called Miss Root - and also an older woman called Mrs Leggett, both of whom expect to spend the winter here. After returning home for breakfast, and reading our newspapers, etc - Willard and I went back to the Legation, and spent most of the morning with the Calhouns. I had a nice long talk with Mr C, and it was good to hear him say that the only thing he had been really looking forward to, during these last weeks, was seeing Willard again. I love to watch them together - those two - Willard and Mr Calhoun - for the latter's attitude is a wonderful combination of a certain paternal affection, mixed with a very real and friendly comradeship - Miss Corbett told me that last year she had felt that the relationship between Mr Calhoun and Willard was one of the loveliest things she had ever seen. It quite touched me today to see how sweet they were together, for there is something very fine, I think, in the friendship between a young and an old man. Willard and I lunched at home, and had as our guest a Chinese Senator called Hsu-Ting-Lin - who is one of the progressive members of the National Assembly, responsible for the present reforms, and for the new constitutional government. He is one of the ablest and most important individuals of this present crisis - and I was very glad to have this opportunity of meeting him. He and Willard had a most interesting conversation during lunch - for they both talked very openly about their political ideas for China. Afterwards Tsu sent me his photograph, carefully signed, and I shall frame it and take it home. In the afternoon, Mr Calhoun asked Willard to come and see him again, so we went back to the Legation, and stayed there for two hours. Mr Calhoun told us many
Sunday, Nov 12th.

interesting things about Illinois politics, and discussed the possibility of his taking the governorship. I imagine, if he refuses to run for governor, he will go into politics nevertheless, perhaps through another channel. He certainly would be a splendid, upright figure in the political world. Willard and I left him at five o'clock, and walked home along the Wall, with a glorious sunset behind us. The purple hills are always reminiscent of the days we had all together here two years ago, and we think and talk of you and Marraine and Prather, with a great deal of tenderness and longing. Tonight Willard and I dined home alone again, and read aloud for a while afterwards. Our evenings are happy and peaceful again, for the prospect of riots and revolutions here, seems now unreal and improbable. I was wondering today if my letters might seem to you almost too cut-and-dried and not personal enough! You see, I tell you everything that happens day by day - all the little incidents - and all the murmurs that I hear about me - and it never seems to me as if there were anything else to tell about myself. As for my health, it is very much o.k. - and even Louisa, who is a severe critic tells me that I look wonderfully well and have more color than usual, I feel splendidly and not at all tired or nervous, for my life here is certainly a very restful one. Willard watches me very carefully and when he sees the slightest sign of a black line, under my eye he makes me lie down and rest. This is all the absolute truth, and I am just as strong and well as I can be. Our inner life is a very happy one, and we always enjoy the times that we have alone. I think we really have a great deal in common, and we never seem to get talked out, just as you and I, never have. The more we know one another the fonder we grow of each other, for there seems to be no sensuality at all in Willard's love for me, and he cares for me just for myself alone. Of course we occasionally disagree about things, but we manage to compromise successfully, and we seem to pull along very well together.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Every day now the external excitement grows less and less, and our fears of last week seem now like a dream. Poor Yuan has a giant task before him, and it is pretty difficult to see how he is going to co-ordinate all these revolutionary forces. The different provinces are already establishing republics, and falling further and further away from the central authority. If the whole empire becomes divided up this way into republics - or even if one great republic be established - it means the dismemberment of China - for there is very little patriotism in this country, and not enough cohesive power to hold together this vast territory under a republican form of government. A constitutional monarchy is the only possible solution - and Yuan doubtless, will unravel the tangled threads and weave them again into this pattern. I wrote letters this morning and then had a visit from Casenave at 12.30. He stayed to lunch with Willard and me, and we all three had a very good time. In the afternoon there was polo again, after which I went on a calling tour with Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Menocal - a ghastly performance. We dined with Cartier again, and came into a company of diplomats. The Italian Minister took me into dinner, and on my other side I had a Belgian called Evarts - the last secretary. Then after dinner I talked to Count Rosthorn, the Austrian Minister - and also to Major Russell - and tried hard to be interested and amused. I'm afraid I'm very partial to Americans, for I always like them better than foreigners, and certainly with one's own people there is always the same background in common, of dear old U.S.A. Of course we have to go a certain amount to the foreign dinners, but we have been refusing a good many invitations lately, and we are going to try to cut them out more and more, as time goes on. We both enjoy our dinners at home, infinitely more than anything else.

Tuesday, Nov 16th.

Willard had a very interesting afternoon with a Chinese official called Hsi-Liang - and tomorrow, he has been sent for, by Hsu-Shih-Chang to discuss the possibilities of real business. Now that Yuan is back into power there may be something doing.

Thursday, Nov 16th.

Still no news, for I have been in bed again all day, and W. persuaded me to give up another dinner this evening - and he has read aloud to me instead. He has just received word that Yuan-Shih-Kai wants to see him tomorrow afternoon - so the business prospects seem more encouraging. A Great deal hangs on the result of this interview - in fact all our plans for if Yuan refuses to put through the Manchurian railway, and if he won't give the proper assurances for a large new loan, I think we may pack up and go home next week. If, however, some business prospects open up I think we will stay to finish the negotiations which should only take a few weeks, as the government needs money at once. I want W. to do this - to finish up his work here as well as he can, for I doubt if we come back here for many, many years. At least W. has written to Mr. Davison to ask if he will appoint someone else to fill the position here. Don't say this to anyone, will you?
This day has been a full and interesting one, and time never seems to drag. After my French lesson this morning I had a visit from Mrs. Calhoun - and then followed a meeting of our reading class - which usually gives birth to an interesting dissertation by Casenave. He is one of the most cultured men I have ever met, and talks as well on astronomy and biology as he does on love and matrimony; and it is always a delight to listen to him. Willard and I had a nice quiet lunch alone, and afterwards when we were sitting by the fire talking - we were suddenly interrupted by a call from General Munthe - a Norwegian - who is one of Yuan-Shih-Kai's closest associates. He has only been in Peking two days, but he wanted to see Willard at once to talk over business with him - so after they had finished their pidgin, W. brought him to my sitting room to see me. He told us all sorts of interesting stories about the revolution and about the different fights at Hankow - and he said some very soothing things about the Japanese. Apparently there is not the slightest doubt any more but that the Japanese are playing this revolution as their own game - and that they have deep laid schemes which are working out step by step exactly as they planned. Yuan-Shih-Kai hates the Japanese, and is keen enough to see through their little game, and realizes their menace, and the calamity which their presence in China forebodes. Later in the afternoon Willard and Lord ffrench had an official interview with Yuan himself which went off extremely well. The Manchurian proposition will probably be settled, one way or the other, in a few days - and Willard is keener about that than about anything else, because it means work for Lord ffrench - who has been dreadfully down in the mouth this past year. The other business discussed was the question of a large loan for general reorganization purposes - and of course the Chinese are so hard pressed for money that they will make almost any terms; terms which the bankers would not think of demanding. Yuan came to Willard with this proposition, but W. has asked him to give the English the lead - for America wants to keep in the background just now, and not fan the fire of jealousy with which all the other foreign powers regard every act of the United States in her Far Eastern policy. I have never seen such an atmosphere of suspicion and jealousy - and Willard is so disgusted and so tired of it that he wants to go home, and work in a cleaner and freer atmosphere.

By turning this whole proposition over to the English, it means, of course, that America shares equally - but that the weight of the negotiations, doesn't fall upon us, and our government and bankers want to adopt this conservative course, at the present moment. We are both very glad - for it means that we will be free to go home pretty soon, at least, as soon as these two negotiations have commenced in a satisfactory way.

While Willard was with Yuan this afternoon I went to a reception at Mrs. Calhouns - which turned out to be quiet a delightful entertainment, with good Amateur music! Willard and I dined home alone, but had a somewhat interrupted evening. Mr. Mayers - (English banker) came at 9.30 to talk business with Willard, and stayed till 11 o'clock. They insisted upon my remaining in the room all the time, and although I said nothing, I drank a good deal, and found it all very interesting - Casenave appeared at 11 o'clock - but then I went to bed, and they are still keeping poor Willard up.
Sat, Nov 16th.

We have had another interesting day, and I always wish that you were here to share everything with me. General Munthe and Colonel Tsai came to lunch - the latter being also one of Yuan's associates, and one of the most delightful Chinese I have met. Casenave and Lord French were with us also, and the conversation all through lunch was tremendously interesting. Suddenly when we were half through lunch a card was brought to W. and Tang-Shao-Yi walked in upon us. He sat at the table with us - and afterwards when we went into the next room they all stayed on and talked together for more than an hour - Tang had spent the entire day before with Yuan, and he is really closer to the Premier than anyone else in China - and so he was able to give us all the latest news. He took Willard off into a corner for awhile and opened his heart on various subjects - then Casenave and I came into the conversation and made Tang talk to us. He only arrived in Peking yesterday - and it is pretty nice to feel that the very next day he wanted to come here and talk to Willard. I really think that W. is closer to some of these Chinese than any other foreigner - at least, so they have told me themselves - and they seem to trust him absolutely, and to take him into their confidences. Today Tang told Willard that Yuan felt that this situation was perfectly hopeless - that he was endeavoring to reconcile elements that were absolutely irreconcilable and that the only possible solution was the abdication of the Manchus and the establishment of a republic. Poor Yuan is in a terrible position - having to stand loyally by the throne and yet knowing in his heart that such a course will only bring ruin to the country, extend the revolution and cause foreign intervention - the most dreaded bug bear of all. The feeling all over China is so strongly in favor of a republic that any continuance of Manchu rule seems impossible. Tomorrow Tang is going to have an interview with the Regent, and after putting the situation before him, he will try to persuade him to resign and to abdicate. I should like to be behind the curtain, to hear the conversation. Tang told Willard some other interesting points of the present situation - but I shan't bore you, with long letters of detailed information which will seem very dull and very stale, when they reach you, I'm afraid. They are bad enough as they are. Tonight we dined with Dr and Mrs Woods - he, being the American doctor of the Guard, and the successor of Owens - do you remember? It was a dinner given for the Calhouns and a very nice small party - consisting of the Russells, Mrs Leggett, Miss Root, St Phalle, and a man called Donegan. We had heated discussions afterwards on woman suffrage, and the intellectual possibilities of women, and it was really great fun. Miss Root and I upheld the cause very strongly, and Mr St Phalle helped us along somewhat with his very idealistic views on women in general. He told Mrs Russell privately that Willard was his ideal of a man. Oh dear! fortunately Willard and I have senses of humor, and don't take ourselves seriously - or any remarks of this kind, which are made about either one of us. They are amusing to look back to, sometimes.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Sunday, Nov 19th.

We have had a glorious day here, filled with sparkling autumn sunshine. This morning I insisted that Willard should sketch, so we procured a man with an interesting face who sat here patiently for an hour, while W. worked with pencil and pastelle and succeeded in making an excellent drawing - at least my judgment tells me it is good, although Willard himself is never satisfied with his own sketches. Mr and Mrs Calhoun lunched with us alone and stayed till 3.30 - after which Willard and Mr C. went out for a walk, while I drove with Mrs Calhoun to a baby's party - given by Mrs Wilcox. The baby herself was exactly one year old, and so sweet and adorable, that when I took her up in my arms and played with her I felt again the great wave of longing for the "Greatest Wish in the World" - I think I had forgotten how much I loved all little children but the desire has come back to me again today, and the call is a very strong one. Willard and I have been dining home alone and reading aloud Stevenson's "Aes Triplex" - which gave us both a thrill of inspiration.

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Monday, Nov 20th.

I'm sure these journal letters of mine must seem very uninteresting and narrow, compared to the broader life at home which you are leading, and I often long to hear about the work that our different charities are undertaking this winter. I do hope that you have written me all about the C. E. and the Day Camp, for those things are continually in my mind. I repeat myself very often, I'm afraid when I say that my mornings are spent taking French lessons, followed by the reading class. Today, it was as usual, but we had some fine discussions on the immortality of matter, which theory was strongly upheld by Casenave as being the only form of life everlasting. Some English people lunched with us - and in the afternoon I dutifully paid some calls, while Willard sat at a group meeting till after 7 o'clock. We dined with the Calhouns - a party consisting of the Russells, Namocals, Lord ffrench, Casenave - and Mrs Leggett and Miss Root - the two guests of the Calhouns. Willard and I conceived the idea of organizing a dining club of these ten people to meet once a week - and read aloud after dinner - and tonight was the first meeting. Mr Calhoun read us extracts from a short volume by George Hamlin Hitch called "Comfort found in old books", and he gives his estimate of the greatest books in the world it was very conducive to discussion. Mr Calhoun reads aloud better than anyone I have ever heard, and we were all interested and absorbed in listening. It was really a delightful evening - and instructive, as well.

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Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Tuesday, Nov 1st.

This has been a rather uneventful day, and there isn't very much to tell you about. Lord Li Ching Mai lunched with us, and afterwards he and Willard had a long serious talk on the political situation. He is the son of old Li Hung Chang - and though not as able as his father, he speaks English very fluently, and jollies along most easily with everyone. It is really great fun to have the different Chinese come to lunch with us quietly, for in that way I really have a chance to talk to them which is more interesting for me than anything else. In the afternoon there was polo again and later Mr Scott came to tea with us - and we three had a nice cozy time together. Every afternoon there are late callers, but I always give some good excuse for not seeing them, - Mr Scott being an exception. Willard and I dined home alone and read aloud again afterwards, and we enjoyed our evening so much that we feel less and less in the mood for going out. The political situation is growing denser instead of clearing up - and no one knows what the end will be. Yuan, ostensibly is loyal to the Manchus - and yet his sympathies are entirely with the rebels. His plan is to keep the young Emperor on the throne with a Chinese Regent - and to establish a constitutional monarchy. However the rebels wont hear of that, and their only cry is - "out with the Manchus - hail the republic" They wont even talk over any terms of peace with Yuan, until he promises to rid them of the hated Manchu. Poor Yuan has tried in vain to persuade the Prince Regent to abdicate - everything seems to be at a deadlock, and it looks as if the fighting would continue - and the last state of this country shall be worse than the first.

Thursday, Nov 3rd.

In my letter yesterday I'm afraid I didn't give you very much news, and so now, I shall condense the journal of two days into one letter. As a matter of fact, there was very little to say about yesterday's happenings, except that we had an interesting visit in the afternoon from General Hunthe, who is Yuan-Shih-Kai's aide de camp. Yuan is in desperate need of money and unless it is forthcoming within the next two weeks he will be driven hard against the wall, the unpaid soldiers will mutiny and possibly run amuck - and there will be general chaos. The four groups refuse to lend money at this time as they feel that the condition of the country is too unsettled, and so there seems to be no light ahead whatsoever. There is a rumor afloat that Yuan may chuck everything and go off to Tientsin, but he seems to be a man of force and courage - and that type would never run away - so this tale, no doubt, is another false one. We hear also that the Court is preparing for flight to Jehol, but thus far there have been no signs of a premeditated departure. Everything here is speculation and supposition - and facts very seldom stand out in any clearness of outline. Last night Caesnav and Cordes dined with us (the latter being Willard's German colleague) and they all sat by the fire for hours discussing every phase of the situation - and I enjoyed listening to all their accounts of the difficulties and intricacies of Chinese finance. It is certainly very interesting for me, to be taken into these business and political discussions, and I love it. Today Cartier lunched with us alone, and we had a nice talk with him afterwards, all about Washington and various home affairs. He was Belgian Secretary there for several years - and married an American girl who died a few months after their wedding. When he left us, Willard and I went off to polo together after which I repaired to a musicle given by the Pirys' (he is head of the Postal Service). It was really extremely good for amateur music - and I sat back in my chair and enjoyed every note of it. I wonder if my standard has sunk already!!
Thursday, Nov 23rd.

We dined tonight with Mr and Mrs Ohl (he being the N.Y Herald correspondent) and afterwards we were all most beautifully entertained by an amateur theatrical performance on the well worn theme of the ballet dancer and the burglar! At dinner I sat beside Mr Aglen - to whom I talked steadily from beginning to end, and we got along most beautifully. He is the successor of Sir Robert Hart - and a very attractive and perfectly human and responsive Englishman whom it is a pleasure to talk to. He and his wife are really two of the nicest people in Peking. There has been great excitement here over the cables of Andrew Carnegie and William Randolph Hearst - expressing their sympathy with the revolutionists and an earnest desire for the establishment of a Chinese Republic. They little know what harm they are doing - nor how serious the results of such a step may be. The Manchus princes have lost all their power, and are on the point of abdicating now - and there is always the possibility that with their 16,000 troops - instead of running away - they may turn around and fight and just simply run amuck. These two cables from America have embittered them terribly against the foreigners - and especially against Americans, and Mr Calhoun heard today that there was a serious possibility of the Manchus attacking the Legations, with the object of revenging themselves on the foreigners. They stand nothing to lose - for they go out of power anyway - and the burden of indemnity would fall on their hated successors. I hope that some day Mr Carnegie will learn to mind his own business and not always seek to be in the limelight. It always seems to be Americans who make fools of themselves in meddling with the affairs of other countries.

There is very little to say today - and the political situation remains the same. It looks as if the Manchus were doomed to go, and yet they won't give in, so there may be fighting in Peking after all. Everything depends on the result of the battles which are now being waged in Hankow and Wahang and Nanking. Several Americans dined with us today, Mr and Mrs Williams, Summerlin, and Dr and Mrs Ferguson (Dr F. being head of the Red Cross of China). In the afternoon Willard and I rode all around the Temple of Heaven grounds - and stopped later at the Calhouns for tea. The weather is very cold now - and after riding one feels that wonderful tingling, glowing sensation which makes one glad to feel that one is alive. Willard insisted upon my lying down for an hour before dinner - while he read aloud to me "Dream Days" - and we both enjoyed all over again, the wonderful freshness and subtle charm of those stories. The awaken memories of one's youth which have long lain dormant in one's inner consciousness. We dined tonight with Casenave - a large party of 42 Americans, given for the Calhouns - I was placed on Mr Calhoun's right hand, which made me gasp with astonishment, for I was one of the youngest people there. The company was all divided up into small tables - so there was much singing and speech making, and general hilarity. Some of the speeches and the repartee were really very bright and amusing, and we all laughed a great deal, for everyone seemed to feel in the spirit of the occasion. It was by far the most amusing evening we have had here, although Willard and I left in the midst of the dancing afterwards and refused to make a real night of it.
Saturday, Peking, Nov 26th.

There is still less news today, for the snow has arrived driving people indoors, and Willard has been reading "Dream Days" aloud to me all afternoon. We lunched with the Gatrells - and dined with Captain and Mrs Williams, of the American Guard. I sat again beside Mr Calhoun and had a very nice talk with him, all about the Civil War, and the various military phases of American history. I always come home on these occasions with an intense desire to study the history of my own country, but I'm afraid that usually a long nights' sleep cools the fever of my thirst for knowledge. I always say to myself that I really haven't the time for study, even here - but of course there is always time for the things one wants to do, and I'm afraid I'm sadly lacking in the "carrying-through quality".

Sunday, Nov 26th.

Another Sunday, and I tell off the weeks by each Sabbath day, as I always have. Willard sketched again all morning, and did two very interesting heads of Chinese jugglers. We lunched alone, and in the afternoon I sent him out walking with Mr Calhoun while I sat in the Legation and talked to Mrs C. for an hour. She is an extremely nice woman - not intelligent - but a very good sort, and very kind and nice to everyone. Their house is by far the most popular one in Peking, and everyone here speaks a loving word for both of them. Willard and I dined alone in the evening, and had a nice cozy time reading aloud.

Monday, Nov 27th.

You tell me to cable Grove if we expect to remain here longer, but it is very difficult at the present moment to make definite plans. We have our accommodations engaged on the train for Dec 19th, but if loan negotiations should commence now I doubt if we would get away then. The group Representatives have meetings here every day, and messages are carried from Yuan back and forth, but nothing has been actually done yet. All the powers are waiting for the reconstruction of the government, and then they are going to put in their little demands and get as much out of this little pie as they possibly can. It is an interesting time - and within the next month great changes may take place in the relationships between China and the different powers. If anything occurs during the next few weeks which intimately concerns the interests of America in China, then I want Willard to stay here and see things through, but if nothing of any importance turns up I think we might just as well go home. Willard wrote to Mr Davison three weeks ago - asking what he wanted us to do - so I suppose the answer will come in a few days by cable. If it weren't for seeing you and Mairaine, I should like to stay here much longer. Today, some men lunched with us - and afterwards I spent a very interesting afternoon calling on two Chinese ladies - The Prince Kung and the Duchess Tsai Tse. The latter wrote Miss Corbett that she was very anxious to meet me, as she had known and admired Willard for a long time. Prince Kung appeared while I was calling on his wife - so we all had a nice time together, and afterwards they showed me all over their house. His collection of Chinese works of art is one of the most beautiful in Peking - and he showed me all his treasures with the greatest pride and enjoyment. I never saw such lovely jades and porcelains, and old bronzes, and lacquer and ivory things. It was a great joy to look at them all. The Duchess Tsai Tse was just as nice as she could be, and we got along beautifully together. I really enjoyed myself so much, that I am going to try to play with all the other Princesses too.
Tonight, the Reading and Discussion Club dined with us - and Mr. Calhoun read aloud and we all talked till 12 o'clock. It was great fun.

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Tuesday, Nov 28th.

When I sit down at my desk to write to you I always feel as if there were endless things to write about, but I'm afraid my letters must seem very long and uninteresting to read. It is a joy to me to feel that I am sharing every little incident of the day with you. You don't know what pleasure it gives me. Today we had some more English people to lunch - among them Mr. Hillier, who is Willard's British colleague. He is some blind and past middle age, but his courage is so splendid that one is filled with admiration for him. Willard is very fond of him, and is anxious to do something to help the poor old man, so he asked Mr. Hillier to come to us twice a week in the afternoons at 5.30, when we can read aloud to him. Mr. H. simply jumped at the idea, and seems very grateful to W. for the small evidences of his friendship. In the afternoon while Willard played polo I went to the Legation to help Mr. Calhoun receive two Chinese princesses, the Princess Kung, and the Princess Yu-Lang. The latter is quite old, and one of the cleverest women in China - with very sharp face and a still sharper tongue. She dictates the political policy of her husband, and knows very little thing that goes on in the world about her, quite an extraordinary personality. The Princess Kung totally different, being very sweet and attractive, and extremely human and responsive. It was very interesting watching them both together, as talking to them in the nice informal way we did. Willard finally came me there at 5.50, and we walked together to the Hongkong-Shanghai Bank, where I left him for a group meeting. We dined at the Firly's and I sat next to Resthorn, the Austrian Minister - and a Frenchman called Gory. Afterwards there was music and we didn't get home till very late.

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The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Weanesday, Nov 29th.

You say that Mr. Davison tells Harry that there is not the slightest use of our staying here now - but he hasn't told us anything of the kind. It is really very hard to know what we ought to do. Mr. Calhoun and Willard's three colleagues tell us that if we go home now, it is not playing the game at all, for they are all quite sure that within the next month or six weeks there will be a general reconstruotion in which the question of foreign financial control will be discussed. In that case the four foreign Powers involved should have their representatives on the spot for the question of foreign supervision and control in all financial matters is one of the biggest problems to be solved, which stands up on the horizon of China. Willard is going to cable the exact situation to Mr. Davison, and ask him what he desires us to do. As far as I am concerned I want W. to finish his work well, and if it means remaining here a month or so longer, I think it is worth it. Willard gets quite blue on the subject, for he says that you must think him very selfish to keep me out here all this time, and he feels so grateful for having me at all, that he thinks he ought to take me right home where I belong, and not stay out here in China any longer. He says he promised you to bring me home in December, and it makes him miserable not to keep his word. I really think he is frightfully sick of all this business here, and is very anxious to get home, but it doesn't seem to either of us, as if it would be quite right to leave at this moment. I am influencing him to stay here a month longer, at least - and by that time we will be able to see, pretty definitely, just what the prospeots for business are and whether W. can leave things in Gatrell's hands to be carried out. We may then be able to get away, with clear consciences, by the 1st of January. A few weeks really don't make very much difference, if, by remaining here, one can do some useful work for one's country and one's employers. My two paramount thoughts are these - I want Willard to do the best work he can with his life - and I want to see you and Marraine, and be a great deal with you. Nothing else seems to matter. Today, after my French lesson and reading class - Willard and I lunched alone, and afterwards walked to the polo field to see some international sports, which were won by U.S.A. Afterwards we came home and had tea together and sat by the fire and talked a long while. We dined alone too - and read aloud afterwards, enjoying the peace and quiet of each others' company. Our thoughts are with you and Marraine, even when we are alone together.

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The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Thursday, Nov 30th, Thanksgiving Day.

This morning Willard and I went to the Thanksgiving service, at the American Mission Board - which in a simple way, was very impressive. Mrs Calhoun was there, but practically all the other people were missionaries and we listened to a very good sermon on the spiritual gifts for which to be thankful. Afterwards Willard introduced me to some of the missionaries, and we all had a nice friendly time together. We lunched alone - W. and I - and in the afternoon we went to a grand reunion of all Americans at the Legation - a party lasting from 4 until 6 o'clock. There were hundreds of missionaries there, and poor and rich Americans alike, coming from all parts of America, and gathered together here in a distant land, under one roof. It was like one great family, and when we all sang hymns, and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" all together, I was really so touched by the spirit of the gathering that I could hardly keep back the tears. I don't suppose one ever experiences this kind of a feeling anywhere but in a country of this kind - which is so far away from home, that one is drawn very closely to one's own people with a bond that is tightened by the very fact of our isolation. I can't exactly explain what I mean - but I know that I was very deeply touched by the service this morning, and by the reception at the Legation this afternoon. When Mrs Calhoun had received everyone, we all went into the big room, where a concert was given, singing, and violin and piano playing - all very good indeed - after which everyone sang hymns, and later filed into the dining room for refreshments. Willard meanwhile gathered together some men from the Y. M. C. A. and a few others, and commenced singing close harmony in the hall, so that as people came out from the dining room they all gathered around to listen to the dear old coon songs and darkey melodies, which bring always a wave of homesickness to everyone's heart, I think - There were many eyes filled with tears around me - and when people went away many spoke of having enjoyed the chorus of men's voices - best of all - singing the dear familiar darkey songs. They touched me too, more than anything else - for somehow they always remind me of Papa, and of the blessed Long Ago, in Aiken. And it made me both happy and sad today, to hear Willard singing them all again with the social workers and missionaries and young student interpreters of Peking. Willard and I walked home together late, under a wonderfully clear and starry sky - and sat by the fire awhile and talked till nearly dinner time. We dined with the Monocools, and found only men there - Cassenaye, Lord ffrench, Luxburg, Loraine, Fitzhugh, (English officer) and Gimbara (Lord ffrench's guest). Afterwards Gimbara and Mrs Monocal sang - and we all proved a very appreciative audience. In many ways I have enjoyed this day more than any other we have spent here, and as a Thanksgiving Day, I shall never, never forget it. It has brought me homesickness and a longing for you and Marraine - and yet when one feels things very keenly there is a certain inward joy which is aroused by the deep sense of living, and of being awake to the realities of existence.
This morning after my French lesson I walked down to the Legation to see Mrs. Calhoun for a while and then walked home with Willard and Captain Sprecher. The Takahia Mr. Calhoun and Miss Borrett landed with us after which Miss Borrett and I went off together on a walking tour to the Princess Taui Hau and Princess Taui Chou—the latter being the daughter in law of Prince Ching. Their palaces were lovely but none of them have as fine works of art as those at Hangfong. Many people say that the Chinese palaces are dull but I find them very interesting and have enjoyed my visits to them immensely. I shall continue to play with them as long as we are here. For they tell Miss Borrett that they like us and enjoy having us come to their houses.

Mr. Willard cleaned this afternoon at 5:30 and for an hour and a half Willard read aloud to us one of Macaulay’s Essays. Poor Mr. Willard enjoyed it tremendously and we have accordingly arranged to read aloud with him this way twice a week. We dined with Lord French—a nice small party consisting of the Williards, Calhouns, Scott and Calburn. We all did various tricks and stunts after dinner and had a very enjoyable evening.

Oh, such a glorious day! We rode for two hours this morning and have never enjoyed a ride more than this one. The fields looked almost white in the brilliant sunlight and the Western Hills stood out in clear outline against the blue sky. We lunched alone and Willard sketched until late in the afternoon when we went to the Legation for tea. We dined alone again and spent a happy evening reading aloud, and then another Sunday has passed away.

Although nothing is unusual during just now in the way of foreign affairs, Mr. Willard has been doing a very interesting piece of work for Yuan-Shih-K’ai. One of the problems which confronted the Premier was the question of taking the Powers to recognize the new government, and thereby without giving it much publicity, reorganize the rebel states in the South. Willard thought our scheme for doing this which was approved by Mr. Calhoun and received with great appreciation by Yuan. The Premier’s two secretaries Taui-Pin-Kau and General Sunthe came to see Willard twice yesterday and again today to thank him for what he did. It is really very amusing.

I think I shall draw a heavy veil over the Journal of my mornings for they are always spent in the same way— an hour’s French lesson followed by the reading class. The fruits of my studies are afraid are very slow in ripening.

Today a very curious interesting old Chinese official luncheved with us—one Shey-ling by name, who was formerly Viceroy of Manchuria and is now Governor of another province. He is an old friend of Willard’s and a very quiet and interesting character. It is really great fun to have various Chinese lunch with us alone this way for they seem to unfold entirely and talk freely about everything they think and feel. Willard afterwards took him to the Legation to see Mr. Calhoun while I walked on the Wall for an hour with Joan Chi aged 21. Later Mrs. Van Bredon came to tea with me and told me many interesting stories of her experiences here during the siege. She has received decorations and medals for bravery, which have never been given to any other woman.

We dined again with Lord French—the third meeting of our Monday evening reading club. Mr. Calhoun as usual was delightful and read aloud to us until 11:40—and we always feel that these evenings are very well worth while.

Dec. 3rd.

The revolution still continues in the South but an amicable has been agreed upon now at Hankow and the British Consul is going to take part in the negotiations. It is hoped that some terms of peace will be agreed upon and that the rebels will be willing to accept a Constitutional Monarchy and not insist further upon the establishment of a republic. Poor Yuan has no money at all, for our Gown refused to lend at the present moment and his only hope is that the Sulta loan may be floated—a loan which was made by an individual Frenchman six years ago at 6% instead of 3%.

Dec. 6th.

This morning Mrs. Williams and I went up to the American Mission Board where Miss Borrett took us all through the girls school and the kindergarden. Do you remember when we went there two years ago? I was very glad to see it again. I want to compare it now to the Chinese government schools to which Miss Borrett will take us when they reopen. They are a closed now on account of the total lack of funds.

Lord French, Calhoun and a very interesting American man called Mr. Burgeson dined with us today. The latter has travelled all over the world and done every sort of thing imaginable and he talked to us for two hours on his experiences in Italy when he was there studying inquisition and the Inquisition. We were all perfectly absorbed by his conversation and wished we could have kept him here all afternoon. He is now writing for the Chinese Daily Tribunes and industriously collecting Chinese works of art for a museum in Chicago. He is one of the most versatile and most interesting people I have ever met.

This afternoon Willard and I went to the Legation and while he talked business with the Minister I played with Mrs. C.—and then we walked home together. We had an interesting dinner at Lady Fordham’s, and I was present when the Powers to recognize the new government were given to Yuan. We are now in the process of bringing this to a close.

Dec. 7th.

Today I’m afraid there is very little to write about as we have had a very quiet time. W. and I lunched by ourselves afterwards which General Sunthe and Col. Paul-Fin-Kau come to see Willard. They are Yuan’s secretaries and are very close to him in all matters of state, so they always bring some interesting news. Today they told us of the Prince Regent’s abdication and of Yuan’s clever moves in bringing this to pass. It is hoped that the rebels will now make terms with the Manchous—and it is impossible to tell whether they will stop at any thing short of a republic. All the foreigners here feel that a republican form of government would be fatal for China and everyone hopes that the constitutional monarch a will be established.

Willard spent most of the afternoon at a meeting of the Group representatives and I politely called on Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Williams in the Legation. Willard and I dined alone and talked afterwards till nearly 11 o’clock. Being the eve of a 3 month wedding anniversary we seriously reviewed each other’s characters and sought to know whether marriage had improved us. It was really quite amusing.

Dec. 7th—Thursday

I hope that the papers at home are giving you true accounts of China—not startling headlines and sensational rumors—for everything is absolutely peaceful now and every

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one seems in a normal frame of mind. Today Dr. Doisy and Cassenave lunched with us
and the conversation was along the grooves of Chinese politics entirely. Doisy maintains
that the organization of the rebels is most remarkable — which is a view confirmed
by nine out of ten people here, who say that there is practically no real organization
at all. Doisy also thinks that Yen's power is of temporary duration, for he believes that
this great wave of popular sentiment which is sweeping the country
will break down the dam which Yen's strength and personality have erected. Cassenave
and Willard argued the different points with him and the conversation was real.
interesting.

Willard and I rode in the afternoon with the Embassadors starting at 3:30 and returning
at 5:30. We went over some wonderful country called the Happy Valley to Prince
Su's tomb, and home along the canal. It was glorious and a beautiful sunset lay ahead
of us all the way as we rode back. Lord French and Cassenave and Dr. Doisy came in
too with us, ostensibly to talk business with Willard, so that we had no time alone
to read aloud. We dined with the Vickers—(U.S. Legation Guard) and spent a very long
and tiresome evening although the conversation was extremely slow. Willard gets very easily
bored with these people when he talks about going out, he reminds me of
the things you often used to say. He seems to enjoy staying home and reading aloud
with me better than anything else, and we both to speed evenings at Westbury
reading aloud with you and Harrison.

Friday-Dec. 8th

Now that the revolutionary excitement is dying down my letters must seem like a very
uninteresting chronicle of events. Today we had a lunch party of eight — a mixture
of English, Russian and American— all perfectly was satisfactory to each other, I am sure
and yet the usual tension along the way. In the afternoon Willard had a lanc
sealing which lasted until 7 o'clock, while for two hours I poured chocolate with a
fixed smile at Mrs. Calhoun's reception. Hundreds of people seemed
to flock there and there certainly is no doubt that the American Legation is the most
popular place in all Peking.

We dined tonight with Cassenave—a very cozy party— just the Embassadors and his
young secretary called St. Moile and afterwards they talked about Greece and the
wonderful art of that country. Mr. Cassenave

We had a visit today from Dr. Doisy telling Willard that he must read a hero
sometime longer— at least until these conditions are restored. It is difficult to
know exactly what they mean but apparently it puts an end to our plan of going home
on the 12th of December. A large loan to the Chinese government is not being discussed
by the four groups as I suppose Mr. Doisy wants Willard to stay here for the negotia
tions. He wrote a long letter saying that he was less to come home. As I suppose
Mr. Doisy will give us our leave just as soon as he feels we can freely do so. I think
this loan negotiation should be entirely finished in a month, so perhaps by the middle of
January we may be flying home. I suppose it is really impossible to tell.

Sat.-Dec. 9th

Today we lunched with Sumner— a small party given for the Calhouns— and as I sat
by the Minister I had a very nice time. He was feeling rather disgusted with the
Chinese and with the diplomat here and said that the only two people in Peking whom
he trusted absolutely were his wife and Mrs. Willard—and incidentally myself, although
that was of course added for friendship's sake. He really is a delightfully old man
and I am growing very fond of him.

I hurried home from lunch to receive Princess Kung who arrived punctually at 3 o'clock
to call on me. Miss Corbett was here too of course and asked Mrs. Willard to
join the party also, as she knew she was eager to meet some of the Princesses. We
had a very successful time altogether, and the Princesses were so kind as to go out 5,
having been out only 3 times in the month. While we sat they said two pictures and amused themselves in various ways
looking about the house. She is really very attractive and I always enjoy seeing her
and talking to her. I think I shall give the Princesses a lunch party before very long.

Apparently the Calhouns and I seem to be the only foreigners who see anything of the
Chinese princesses, and I must understand why the women in the different Legations

Dr. Willard reads us aloud another of Maunslay's

The weather here now is too glorious for words and we have been out in the air all
day joining a picnic party of the Embassadors. They started out early this morning for
the country but Willard and I waited until 2 and then rode alone to the Princess's
 Tomb where we met the others for lunch— the party consisting of Lord French, Loraine
and Luxburg and the Embassadors. We had a most delicious hot lunch on the marble
termine of the tomb and afterwards we walked down to the canal which was frozen over
and there we got on sledges and pulled by oolos for three miles up the canal.
One oooie pushed while the other pulled, so that we really went very fast and raced
each other all the way. We got back to the Princess's Tomb at half past three and
from there we rode home again. Arriving here at our big open fire for tea. It was
really a most wonderful day and I enjoyed every moment of it.

We dined tonight with Cassenave—the fourth meeting of our dining and reading club
— and this time Mr. Calhoun read aloud extracts from Carlyle's "French Revolution".
It was very suggestive and interesting and led to serious discussions on the social
and industrial conditions of France and England and America at the present day—
compared to the conditions at the time of the French Revolution. It was a very en-
joyable evening altogether—and I always look forward to these weekly evenings.

I have consumed many French books lately— "Proust Jeune et Rieur Ains"— and "Mme
et de Gonzague" by Peabody— both of which I read with my French teacher— then in our
reading class we have been discussing "Maupassant's "Maupasant— "L'Etranger"—
and I am reading "L'Etat de Nature". They all interest me enormously.

Dec. 12th.

Willard has been writing an article all afternoon for the Magazine of Political and
Social Sciences and I have been reading a large collection of home newspapers.
After dinner I sent him off, much against his will, to a meeting at the T.T.O.A.
and in the meantime I have been trying to write one or two of the twenty or thirty
letters that I owe. Moreover I have a large amount of reading to do besides this
rest of my correspondence has been entirely neglected— and I am beginning to feel very
much ashamed of myself.


Nothing much doing today. Willard and I lunched alone and in the afternoon while he
was busy with various Chinese I wrote letters dutifully—and then later at 5:30 we
read aloud for two hours with Miss Corbett. I wonder if you have ever read "Lay Norns" —
Today Lord Sfrench and Miss Corbett lunched with us and at half past two promptly the Princess Pa Lunn arrived for a formal call and remained until four o' clock. Between drinking tea and making cigarettes we carried on a long and friendly conversation — until suddenly at 3:30 the Princess Paul Hau walked in and the party commenced all over again. They gave me various points about sables and pearls and jade etc. and they told me a number of their Chinese customs, so that I had a very interesting and delightful time with them. I have invited them to a tiffin party next Thursday and if any photographs are taken I will surely send you one.

After the departure of the Princesses I made some calls myself and later picked up Willard at the Legation. We dined with Lui XHL — party of twelve — with the Scorsis, the Roots, Carter, Prince Bears and an Italian called Antonelli. The people were nice but somehow the party had no spark and we came home vowing that we would accept no more invitations.

In the financial life of Peking there is still nothing doing and no loan seems to be forthcoming just yet. The French, German, English and American banks all signed their willing guess to lend, provided they are banked up by their home governments. The French, German and American governments have answered that they are willing to follow the course which the British government takes, but as the British refuse to take any definite action at the present moment, everything is at a standstill. Inactivity is always rather annoying, I suppose when one feels strongly that something positive should be done.

Friday-Dec. 16th

Today Mr and Mrs Galbraith, Miss Root and Colonel Paul-Mun rook lunched with us and the conversation between the men was perfectly delightful. Colonel Paul-Munro is by far the most attractive Chinese I have ever met — also one of the most intelligent — and it is always a pleasure to have him with us.

In the afternoon Mrs Russell and Beatrice de Moust and I went to see Gamara who was recovering from an operation he had had last Tuesday. It was good to see him again but of course we only stayed a few moments and then proceeded to the Legation for Mrs Galbraith's reception.

This evening Willard and I gave a large dinner party of 20 people — all Americans and most of them very young. We divided them up into three tables so that they all conversed without any other for ages and放置炒肉 and without being busy it was a very gay and amusing party and everyone seemed to have a good time. Afterward we played games for prises — such as being to Jerusalem and the man run potato races and gave us a performance of blind boxing in which everyone got quite hysterical. Finally at 11 o'clock we returned to the dining room for a which which Beatrice de Moust and I cooked for us — after a little joke everybody the party broke up at 11 o'clock. I think it was really a very successful evening.

Dear Beatrice,

The delays and the uncertainty would not be half as hard to bear did I not know that you at home are longing for Dorothy and that she, here, is longing for you. It all makes me feel like a gold brick artist — and one who had lured her away and bamboozled you with false promises. But it isn't my fault and I assure you that if I won't that my New England conscience would make me to hate it. But it went for with everything in the melting pot, as it is at present, it's not fair to the Group and to Davison to run away — especially since we are both well and so happy — but the fact that we can't get away on Dec. 16th, as we had planned.

It will be small satisfaction, I hope — but anyway, you can say "I told you so" — and I will reluctantly accept the stigma, for I assure you when I promised a speedy return I had no idea that we were going to arrive on the very day the Dog of Bovril began to bark. You can depend upon it anyway, that the first ray of light that can justify me in saying there's nothing more to be done for a time — we will be off, for we are both anxious to get home. I can tell you.

Dorothy is looking very well and seems very happy. She takes such a wonderful interest in everything and everybody, and all those who meet her adore her. As for me, it seems to work the opposite way, for I take so much interest in her that there's little room or time for the rest all combined— and they seem more boresome and wearisome than ever by comparison.

I only wish that we all had been together for Christmas, for this really I had hoped — and now I'm sending a small card just as a token, though a tardy one. For I mislaid the time. Please take the will for the deed and on January fifth or sixth or whatever it is that day. I mean that this reaches you. Enjoy Christmas Day and know that it carries blessings and much love.

W.S.
This morning Prince Pa Lam called on Willard and me and stayed with us from 10:30 until 11. He helped me choose a mable boat and then he talked to me about old bronzes and Buddha and Chinese paintings and gave me a great deal of interesting information. Willard and I lunched alone and in the afternoon I called on Mrs. Williams and persuaded her to read me some of her translations of Chinese which were perfectly delightful. Willard then came at 6 o'clock to us and Willard read aloud to us from Croker's "Right," it is wonderfully interesting.

We dined at the British Legation - a party of 15 - and I sat beside Sir John and a very nice Englishman called Fraser who is a correspondent. We talked of Korea and of India and had a very nice evening.

We have spent another Sunday morning reading New York papers. Lord French lunches with us alone today and stayed till 10 o'clock. While Willard made a sketch of him I read about two stories of Ripplings - "The Sands of Nash Point" and "The Judgment of Danger." Both excellent stories. Later Willard went off to a rehearsal for a foolish melodrama which is to take place at Mrs. Callahan's house on Dec. 20th. The play has been written by Patchin and the parts are all taken by stage I imagine it may be quite amusing. Mrs. Callahan persuaded me to take part although I wasn't very keen about the idea. However I am glad he is doing it because he has a very special relationship with the man whom Pumpernickel is the leading spirit.

We dined tonight with the Callahans - a very nice party of Americans, comprising the Callahans, Wood, Wlllams-Sumerlin and others. Willard has grown to like Pumpernickel and Sumerlin very much and I am glad he has his special relationship with the man who himself better than the women, with the exception of Beatrice de Montes.

Today after my French lesson I went with Beatrice de Montes and Mrs. Russell to Chasen's house where we continued our French classes by his bedside. He is now declaiming to us a new French play which appears in the "Illustration" - and which he considers both dramatic and interesting but with which I'm ashamed to say rovies no enthusiasm in me. Willard and I lunched alone after which I had a visit from the Princess Tsai then and the Duchess Real-Se. The latter is perfectly delightful and the most aristocratic of all, I think. We always find new topics of conversation and they interest me more every time I see them.

I have been ordered to go to the University to give a lecture on "The British Legation." After the Princesses departed I called on Lady Jordan and the played bridge with Mrs. Williams and two other women while I went to see the monkey show and we can have quite tea parties at home again. We dined with the Russell's, and rather the whole Monday evening dining club met there - and Major Russell read us afterwards a very interesting paper on the "Psychology of the War." Chasen then talked about some incidents of the Civil War and our Monday evening was again a very delightful one.

When I think over the incidents of this day it seems like a very uninteresting diary to write you about. Willard and I lunched alone and in the afternoon I went to see an English lady called Mrs. Ear, and played with her three little boys - who were too adorable for words. Later I stopped for Mrs. Patonin and we went together to Sussevisual house where the daily rehearsal was taking place. We stood outside in the sunshine throwing things at the window and excluding air bags which sounded like pistols. Of course we expected the curtain to go up and we arranged to go inside and destroy the furniture when they pushed upstairs and threw water down upon us - and then came the end of our day. We really had a very good time - so good in fact, that we never left there till 7:30 - and we had a dinner party starting us in the face at 8 o'clock. We dined with English people called Mayers - and I talked all evening to Mr. Callahan so I thoroughly enjoyed myself. For I love his society dearly every day. We get along very beautifully together and I think he would rather play with Willard and me than with most of the other people here. After dinner a Russian and a Bohemian gentleman played the violin and the result was extremely good. Perhaps my enthusiasm over the result was the result of my low feeling standard. There is no music in the political world and all eyes are turned towards Shanghai where the peace conference is being held. The answer should come within a few days from there.

I today gave my lunch party for the Princesses - four of them - Poon Lam, Kong, Thai-Te and Tain Huan - and besides Mrs. Callahan, Miss Hoot, Beatrice de Montes and Miss Pumpernickel. Miss Kong was an hour late, went to the scene and disguised of the three other, so that when she arrived she was treated very badly by them. They were too amusing for words, and just 11 small children. They all talked and ate a great deal at lunch and made most complimentary remarks about the food. While we were having desert I ordered a large birthday cake to be brought in and so I had a big ring and a gold band because it created great excitement and pleasure. After lunch Mrs. Callahan and I took photographs and then they smoked and talked and appeared really enjoyed themselves so much that they never left until a quarter past four.

Before leaving the Princesses Lam sent me four large boxes of flowers from her own garden - bulbs and miniature fruit trees, all beautifully arranged in pretty pots of china. The house is lovely and new with its added flower decorations.

Then my party was finally over. I went to another party at Beatrice de Montes's and this time the guests were real children. We all played games and sang songs and I felt again as if I were a child among the children. It is such a joy to be with them - even though I have no claim of relationship upon them.

Tonight Willard and I are dining alone but later we have promised to go to a small dance given by the Ohio, from which we expect to escape after a few moments. We "Nothing" dining clubs are in the dining line out here.

On Tuesday night when Mr. Callahan and I were talking together he said that Willard had opened his heart to him about a few days before. Willard told him that he felt very much troubled about keeping me out here in China when there were so many interests for me at home and so many friends to whom I wanted to return - and then he
felt so needed himself that I truly belonged at home and should be living there now.

Mr. Calhoun asked me what I felt about it, and I told him frankly that living in Peking was no sacrifice and that I was very happy here and very glad to stay—but that there were two people at home whom I loved with all my heart and whose lives were intertwined with mine. I wanted Willard to make good in his work and to go home now with something accomplished. But I want you too!

Dec. 22nd

Mr. Davison tells us that we may be here indefinitely although W. says we must certainly wait some time longer than the spring—and of course we may still go home in the winter. While the peace negotiations are taking place in Shanghai there is no slight chance that the question of a loan will be discussed until peace is assured absolutely. So in the meantime we sit about and wait, and the suspense is on Willard’s nerves—although he is always busy with something—either writing magazine articles or sketching or seeing and talking to Chinese officials. I suppose we have been too long in the office and the loan negotiations will be shown, but now during these days, we try to keep in mind the words of Milton—"They also serve who only stand and wait!"

We have done very little today. Willard and I limped and limbed alone at odd moments as we went to the Legation and to Casenave’s sick room—where we accomplished some necessary Christmas shopping. It was good to be so much alone together, and that is the compensation of these seemingly idle days.

Dec. 23rd.

Instead of having a French lesson this morning I went to the Xmas celebration at the American Mission School. Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Williams, and I were the only foreigners there besides the teachers, and it was quite amusing to see and hear and join in their various stunts and receive their Christmas gifts from the tree. I talked to all the missionaries there and I think they are beginning to look upon me as a real friend, and a very interested one.

A couple of the man of de Vois, joined with us—Belgians—and he is a colleague of Willard’s. The men talked European politics afterwards. In the afternoon, W. and I went out together and later Mr. Miller came in for his afternoon reading. Governor’s "Egypt" is really too much for me, and I didn’t find many similarities between Him and Egypt which they like to discuss.

We dined home alone and I have been reading "The Outcasts" to Willard while he drew Xmas cards for Miss Root and Mrs. Chi.

Sunday—the 24th.

This morning Willard and I voted for two hours and Mr. Calhoun lunched with us alone and stayed till after four, while Willard made a sketch of him as a Xmas present for Mrs. Calhoun. It turned out to be a wonderful likeness and a very good picture of Mr. C, telling me that he ought to study more seriously and not worry about politics and finances—perfectly good, hot-air advice!!!

We dined tonight—Xmas Eve—at the Legation—a party of 60 Americans, and it was really a wonderful party. It is strange how Americans who have to cease their associations, common past which brings them together from on occasion of this kind in a far country, are so close to each other that it seems as if they were all one big family. Mr. Calhoun and two or three other men made some fine speeches and then we all sang patriotic songs and Christmas songs and it was a very merry and comfortable evening. When Willard and I got home at 11.30—what should I see when I came into our sitting room but a Xmas tree! Lit up, adorned by presents—and two stockings hanging by the fireplase. It was a surprise to me and a very happy one. Willard had arranged the whole thing with Louis and the effect was really lovely, with just the fire burning and the radiance of the tree. I opened my stockings and my presents weren’t all the while a real childish delight in the whole. Then we sat by the fire and talked a while—now Xmas day itself has dawned.

Christmas Day.

This morning at breakfast your cable came, and it brought us gladness but sadness too! It is the first time in eleven years that we have spent Christmas apart, and it has all seemed very strange and incomplete without you. Your cable brought the blessing that we both were longing for and all the other 60 cables that we received seemed to make very little difference as long as we could feel that you and Harma were close to us.

This morning we took our presents to the Legation where we found Mr. Calhoun sitting alone at his desk. So we persuaded him to come out with us and together we went to the poor sick Casenave’s and drank Captain Favrot’s toast to the festal, delicioso egg-nog. All the Americans in Peking were there and the party was almost as gay as Major Butt’s yearly egg-nog party in Washington. Willard and I have been looking alone and sitting by our little Christmas tree talking, so really is so many absences that I want to say a prayer of thankfulness for being married to a man who has the power of feeling things intensely.

Dec. 26th

I left my diary unfinished yesterday, and so I shall pick up my thread of Christmas day and continue to recount all the incidents that occurred. In the afternoon, while Willard went to the hospital to see an American student who is dying there, and later to a rehearsal of the Legation orchestra, I attended a Xmas tree and children’s party which Mrs. Calhoun gave. Miss Root and I played games with them—handed out their presents and marched them into the dining room to feast on hot chocolate and ice cream. It was great fun and gave me the proper touch of Christmas. Being a Monday night the reading club dined at Casenave’s house and tried to cheer his loneliness and give him a happy evening. We all sat in his darkened room with the fire burning and instead of reading, Willard played the guitar and he and Mrs. Calhoun and the Willards and some songs and slow old melodies. It was really lovely, but very sad—and I enjoyed it all in a quiet way, not feeling very hilarious myself and yet longing for music. Willard had wanted to stay at home Xmas night with us alone but I felt it would be kinder to go to Casenave’s, and now we are glad that we were able to make the day a little brighter for him.

Our house is filled with tiny Japanese fir trees and plants of all kinds which people have sent us and we have just received four lovely blossoming fruit trees from the Princess Paul-Hau. Orangeflowers and narcissus are around us everywhere and our rooms seem as fragrant as they always did at home since the acquisition of the green house.

Wed. Dec. 27th

I think I shall write my letters home forward in the mornings, giving you the diary of yesterday—for in the morning before my French lesson I have a free hour and I like to commence my day by writing to you.

Yesterday after my French lesson and my daily visit to Casenave and Willard I lounged alone with my stenographer, who departed in the afternoon for London and New York, never to return. Last week W. had a cable from Mr. Davison saying that a copy of one of his letters to the Group had been offered to some Washington newspapers, and Mr. Davison felt convinced that Sears was the culprit who insisted upon his immediate discharge. We felt quite hurt Willard dreadfully for he had trusted Sears absolutely, but had been good to him in all manners of ways and had felt always that he was loyal. After the receipt of Mr. Davison’s cable Willard went a long talk with Sears who convinced him that the latter was innocent and that the whole accusation
Mr. Galusha asked me what I felt about it, and I told him frankly that living in Peking we no sacrifice and that I was very happy here and very glad to stay — but that there were times when my heart would ache for home. I want Willard to make good in his work and to go home now with something accomplished. But I want you too!

Dec. 22nd

Mr. Davidson tells us that we may be here indefinitely although W. says we must certainly want to stay later than the spring—and of course we may still go home in the winter—while the peace negotiations are going on in Shanghai there is not the slightest chance that the question of a loan will come up again until peace is assured. So in the meantime we sit about and write, and the interesting part is getting on Willard’s nerves—although he is always busy with something;—either writing magazine articles or sketching or writing and talking to Chinese officials. I suppose some fine day soon the loan negotiations will begin but now during these days, we try to keep in mind the words of Miltton: “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

We have had very little today. Willard and I dashed alone on a wild moonlight excursion we made to the Legation and to Consulave’s sick room and we accomplished some necessary Christmas shopping. It was good to be so much alone together, and that is the compensation of these seemingly idle days.

Dec. 23rd

Instead of having a French lesson this morning I went to the Zema celebration at the American Embassy. Mrs. Willock, Mrs. Williams, and I were the only foreigners there. There was quite a crowd of little Chinese children—very amusing to see the Chinese children do their various stunts and receive their Christmas gifts. I talked to all the missionaries there and I think they are beginning to look upon me as a real friend, and a very interesting one.

A talking English name of you—lunched with us—Religious and he is a colleague of Willard’s. The men talked European politics afterwards. In the afternoon W. and I went out together and later Mr. Miller came in. For his afternoon reading, Grover’s talking about European politics and the two men find many similarities between China and Egypt which they like to discuss.

We dined alone and I have been reading the Outlook to Willard while he drew Zena cards for Mrs. Rutt and Mrs. Ohi.

Sunday the 24th.

This morning Willard and I rode for two hours and Mr. Galusha lunched with us alone and stayed till after four, while Willard made a sketch of him as a Zena present for Mrs. Galusha. It turned out to be a wonderful likeness and a very good picture and Mr. G. tells Willard that he ought to study art more seriously and not shut out politics and finance—perfectly good, hot-air advice!!

We dined tonight—Zena Eve— at the legation— a party of 60 Americans, and it was really a wonderful party. It was strange how liberals who have no ties and no politics, so common a social group brings them together, long a very occasion of this kind in a far country, some as close to each other that it seems as if they were all one big family. Mr. Galusha and two or three other men made some of us speeches, and then we all sang patriotic songs and Zena songs and it was a very movable and musical evening. When Willard and I got home at 11.30 — what should I do when I came into our sitting room but a Zena tree all lighted up, surrounded by presents and two stockings hanging by the fireplace. It was a complete surprise for me and very, very happy one. Willard had arranged the whole thing with Louis and the effect was really lovely, with the fire burning and the radius of the tree, I opened stockings and my presents and I was feeling all the while a real childhood delight in the whole scene. Then we sat by the fire and talked a while and now news day itself has dawned.

Christmas Day

This morning at breakfast your cable came, and it brought us gladness but sadness too. It is the first time in eleven years that we have spent Christmas apart, and it has all seemed very strange and incomplete without you. Year after year brought the blessing that we both looked for and all the other cables that we received seemed to make very little difference as long as we could feel that you and Harris were close to us. This morning we took our presents to the Legation where we found Mr. Galusha sitting alone at his desk. So we persuaded him to come out with us, and together we went to see poor sick Consulave and the captain of his house for a perfectly false Christmas. All the Americans in Peking were there and the party was almost as gay as Major Blu’s yearly agnostic party in Washington. Willard and I have been baking alone and sitting by our little Christmas tree today. He really is so sweet sometimes I want to say a prayer of thankfulness for being married to a man who had the power of feeling things intensely.

Dec. 26th

I left my diary unfinished yesterday, and so I shall pick up my thread of Christmas and continue to recount all the incidents that occurred. In the afternoon, while Willard went to the hospital to see an American student who is dying there, and later to a rehearsal of the Legation vaudeville, I attended a Zena tree and children’s party which Mrs. Galusha gave. Miss Dietz and I played games with them— handed out their presents and marshaled them into the dining room to feast on hot chocolate and ice cream. It was great fun and gave us the proper touch of Christmas. Being a Monday night the reading club dined at Consulave’s house and I tried to cheer his loneliness and give him a happy evening. We all sat in his drawing room with the fire burning and instead of reading, Willard played guitar and he and Mrs. Monceaux and the Russell sang some songs and jingle old melodies. It was really lovely, but very sad—and I enjoyed it all in a quiet way, not feeling very hilarious myself and yet longing for music. Willard had wanted to stay at home Zena night with me alone but I felt it was kinder to go to Consulave, and now we are glad that we were able to make the day a little brighter for him.

Willard’s house is filled with tiny Japanese fir trees and plants of all kinds which have sent us—and we have just received four lovely blossoming fruit trees from the Princess Taul-Hou. Cypresses, magnolias, and oleanders are round everywhere and cabbages seem almost as fragrant as they always did at home since the acquisition of the green house.

Wed. Dec. 27th

I think I shall write my letters hereafter in the nights—giving you the diary of “yesterday”—for in the morning before my French lesson I have a free hour and I like to commence each day by writing to you.

Yesterday after my French lesson and my daily visit to Consulave Willard and I lunched alone with his stenographer, who departed in the afternoon for London and New York, never to return. Last night W. had a cable from Mr. Davidson saying that a copy of his letters to the Group had been offered to some Washington newspapers and as Mr. Davidson felt convinced that George was the culprit he had written an immediate despatch. The whole affair upset Willard dreadfully, for he had trusted George and had been good to him in all manners of ways and we felt always that he was loyal. After the receipt of Mr. Davidson’s cable Willard had a long walk with George which convinced him that the latter was innocent and that the whole accusation

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
It was a mistake. So he sent an answer to Mr. De—as or less to that effect, hoping that they would give Bears another chance, but the reply came again that Bears must go immediately. Finding that he was in debt here for some furniture he had bought, Willard decided to move and finally after some last friendly words of advice, W. shipped him off yesterday. I have never seen such loyalty as W. showed to Bears, in the face of condemning facts, and when in saying goodbye W. shook his hand warmly, Bears's eyes filled with tears and he sworn that he could never, never show W. the gratitude he felt. Willard feels convinced that he will clear himself when he gets home.

In the afternoon Willard and I added a cable to the group, after which I went to the American Mission Band and had tea with all the rest there. They are fine and interesting people and I love to go there and talk with them.

Later I followed Willard to the Legation where I washed the rehearsal for a while, and then we both came home together and dined alone. I nearly fell asleep walking up and down after dinner, so Willard put me to bed and tucked me in at 9:30—and I was sound asleep in a moment and still sleeping peacefully when he came to bed at II.

Dec. 30th.

Yesterday so little of interest occurred that it hardly seems worth writing about. W. and I walked together to the Peking house where we lunched alone with them - incidentally organizing the "Turkey Nath Club" which it to meet every Wednesday at lunch at one of our respective houses. They are both just as nice as they can be aged 27—and he especially is very bright and very promising. In the afternoon we went to a rehearsal again and afterwards talked to Dr. and Mrs. Hallam until 7:00. This evening we spent alone by our fires, talking peacefully together and going to bed at 10 o'clock.

The news from Shanghai seems to point in the direction of a republic and the delegates at the peace conference are perfectly determined, apparently to cast the Manchu forever. Tong-Shao-Yi has betrayed Yuan, and gone over to the rebel side, and so Yuan seems to stand alone in upholding the constitutional monarchical. Peking held great banquet and W. and I got along pretty well. As revolutionary leaders, and certainly in judging personalities they seem like 30 cents compared to Yuan. I really wonder what the outcome will be.

Dec. 31st.

Yesterday the political developments took a rather disheartening turn—for Yuan attempted to resign after his failure to secure conscription from the Innoki province. It seems too dreadful that the results of this revolution depends entirely on the question of funds—on justice or right or the will of the people— for a very small percentage of the population in China is even aware to the changes that have taken place, and still fewer have any revolutionary convictions. I suppose there is no revolution in history in which the real popular sentiment has been so little felt.

Today General Wu Tshe launched with us alone, and being such a near friend and a fellow of Yuan's he was feeling very fine and depressed. He told us that two weeks ago Yuan discovered a plot of the Japanese—the main object of which was to ship a large army to China and boldly take possession of the northern provinces. The army was all prepared to leave when suddenly Yuan changed his mind and refused to let the armistice of the British as well as the Japanese are playing a double game—encouraging the revolutionaries at Shanghai—refusing to support Yuan with money—and yet professing confidence and admiration for him as the only hope have any revolutionaries in China. The policy of the foreign nations in China is the "politic of gold":—irrespective of means and ends by playing up to the revolutionaries and to Yuan also, is preparing to reap her advantages whichever way the tide may turn. An evil appears to be the most disinterested of all the foreign nations who have a hand in the destiny of China.

Still later we dined at the Legation, entirely alone with W. and Mrs. Calhoun and enjoyed every moment of it. Just before dinner Dr. Tenney appeared to report to the Minister the results of his interviews with Yuan. There was nothing new—only the same discouraging story of failing funds—and last month Yuan's soldiers were given eighty half pay. He has now only sufficient money to carry on the government for two weeks longer—then—it must be the end. He says at the end of two weeks unless he is given money he cannot guarantee cease in north China—which may mean pillage and riots—organized by angry or of his unpaid soldiers.

Dr. Tenney's idea that he was shot by Yuan's changed appearance—he has turned white in a few weeks, and his face wearing the sad and hunted look of one who is ill. Mr. Cal- houn became so indignant again that he sent off, then and there, a cable to Washington emphasizing the fact that unless Yuan is given money to support his soldiers there would be chaos and possibly bloodshed in the north of China. Willard also sent a cable to the Legation to Yuan and then there remained there until peace in the North is established. Whatever happens I'm sure we will be safe.
Jan 3rd, 1912

Yesterday I spent the whole morning and most of the afternoon at the Legation receiving missionaries at the rounds. It was a splendid sight, and the young American students showed off very well. This morning, W. and I went to Mailliet's funeral in the British Legation, and it was really quite wonderful because the Guards of all the nationalities marched in the procession. Later in the morning Willard and I sketched again and then we went to see Mr. and Mrs. Colburn at their home. The conversation was perfectly delightful for the Mailliet trial led us into a discussion of labor unions and strikes, and his association with labor leaders through various legal cases in which he had been engaged. I became interested in his subject and he really is one of the most delightful people to listen to at the Legation, as he has been to all the other places where I have been.

Jan 4th

I have been reading your letters over again and it worries me to have you say that the present condition of affairs may continue some time longer. I hope for the best, but it is difficult to keep up with politics and the general current of events at home but we try to read all the magazines and review them.

Jan 5th

My letter has come from you this week because the mail train has been stopped again at Lianhuo by the rebellious troops. However, Yuan has sent several regiments up there to quell the rebels, and as I am hoping that the train will proceed without further delay and bring us a cherished letter. Today I am reading and receiving newspapers and Willard has been playing the guitar and singing to me - so I am feeling very peaceful. Yesterday was an interesting day, though not very eventful. We gave a small lunch party consisting of Polly, Willard, and some other people, and the conversation was very interesting. In the afternoon Miss Corbett and I called on the Princess Tung-tang, and had a most interesting visit. She is by far the loveliest woman in Peking, and Miss Corbett says that in many ways she resembles the late Empress Dowager. She set a table today with her legs crossed, puffing a cigarette out of one corner of her mouth, and continually spitting on the floor - and her eyes looking up through and through. As soon as we came in she grabbed Miss Corbett by the arm and exclaimed, "How I want to hear all the rumors that are circulating in Peking." She left after lunch and I returned to the Legation and sang a while, and later I launched into a most telling allegory of Yuan, expressing my confidence in the foreigners that he will not forget the alliance he has with them and the time he has had with him. He is the only man who could cope with the situation at all. She also expressed the greatest admiration for him and told us that he was a brilliant man - and all the other men who have supported him have supported him with their own money, and would continue to give him all they could. We told her of her border to the effort that her husband had hired an assassins to kill Yuan, but she brushed the idea aside and laughed it to scorn, though afterwards she became more agreeable.

Jan 6th

There is very little to write about in this daily letter. We had a small dinner party with the eldest and oldest headed person here, and I trust his judgment first and foremost. I'm glad that you are not worried about me, and I'm quite sure you have enough confidence in me to feel convinced that I will run no chances for my safety. And now back to the story.

Yesterday morning Willard and I visited again and enjoyed it even more than the first time. The festivities lasted a long time - being the second meeting of the Yuan, each of the officers and officers we went to Mr. Henry's funeral in the American Legation. The funeral was very simple and crowded by the students themselves, and the whole service was very affectionate and kindly said; the friends of Yuan and Willard and some of several other men and women sang "Lead Kindly Light" and "Praise Perfect Peace," from the adjoining room and the voices sounded really very soft and lovely. The girl that was in love with him couldn't bear to go to the service and it made the occasion, somehow, all the sadder.

Mr. Fraser came to tea with us this afternoon and later Mr. Hillier arrived for the party. We both made it up with him and he went with the Fuchianese at the German Legation - quite a large party and I sat by the Minister to get a greater surprise. Afterwords twenty or thirty people came in and there was music and dancing.
last night-- the Wood-Williams, Patricks, Polly Root and a few extra men. Afterwards we turned out the lights and sat by the fire singing close harmony-- and as the men were all had good voices the result was very successful. I enjoyed the evening immensely, for being comfortably settled in a corner of the sofa by Willard I felt very peaceful and content.

We dined yesterday at the Pu Lun's - and had a very enjoyable time - the party consisting of the Calhouns, the Williams' - Polly Root, Miss Corbett and ourselves. The Pu Lun's were both very genial and friendly, and we all had a good time together. Yesterday, Dr Morrison lunched with Willard and me, and afterwards posed for a sketch, which turned out to be very good. He is an interesting person to meet on all occasions, and always has more news up his sleeve than anyone else. Later in the afternoon we had many callers - last of all, Loraine, who stayed until nearly dinner time. We are becoming quite intimate with him these days, and he seems to enjoy dropping in here occasionally for tea. Willard and I dined alone, and instead of reading aloud after dinner, we got deep into a conversation, and talked until a late hour. We are getting to know each other pretty well out here, but there are new joys and new discoveries every day which seem to strengthen and deepen our love.
Tuesday, Jan 9th.

There will be a scarcity of news in this letter I'm afraid - for yesterday was a very quiet and uneventful day. Willard and I lunched alone - and afterwards, seeing that I needed the air, W. insisted upon our taking a drive together. So we made a round of the Imperial City, circling the wonderful pink wall - and returning home with a glorious golden sunset behind us. We dined with the Mencocals - another meeting of our Monday evening club - and this time Mr Mencocal read an article by Barrett Wendell on witchcraft - entitled "Were the Salem witches guilty?" It was extremely interesting, and led into a discussion of hypnosis, mental telepathy, and clairvoyance which thoroughly absorbed us all. Mr de Margerie - the French Minister - has now been elected a member of the club - in Lord ffrench's place - who departed from Peking a month ago. I think our new member will be a great addition - although W. and I miss Lord ffrench very keenly. Through the efforts of Willard's Lord ffrench has gotten a new job - as representative of Morgan, Harjes & Co., in Petersburg - and he was so happy over it, that it really gave us more pleasure than anything else which has happened since we have been here. He was sick of China - and his work here seemed so hopeless, that he hung on to it with great effort only. His courage and cheerfulness were really a wonderful inspiration.

Wednesday, Jan 10th.

Peking seems so quiet now - and there is so little possibility of any business revival for several weeks yet - that Willard cabled yesterday to Mr Davison asking if we might take a short leave of absence, and go to the Philippines. My longing to see Manila is very great, and we both feel like getting off by ourselves for two or three weeks, and having a glimpse of certain corners of the Far East which are unknown to us. We could always return here within ten days - should the occasion arise and so we have great hopes that Mr Davison will allow us to go.

Today the news of Russia's coup has fallen like a bombshell into Peking. Apparently, last Sunday, the Russian charge d'affaires presented a note to the Chinese foreign office - demanding that Mongolia be declared independent - and under the suzerainty of Russia. This sudden move has taken everyone's breath away - although in a sort of undefined way, something of the kind has been expected. Now, the question is, what will Japan do. The partition of China has begun, and none of the foreign powers will be willing to make any attempt or any pretense, to uphold her integrity. England is commencing an agitation for the independence of Tibet - and Manchuria practically belongs to Japan already - so doubtless, before long, China will consist of the southern provinces only. It is certainly most interesting and thrilling to watch the march of events. Yesterday we had another quiet day. We lunched alone, after which Willard walked with Mr Calhoun on the Wall, while I attempted to write letters - and later I met him at the Legation and we had tea there all together. We also dined alone - and talked most of the evening. Willard playing the guitar at intervals.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

006178
Thursday, Jan 11th.

Yesterday the answer came from Mr. Davison, telling us kindly and firmly, to remain in Peking. We are both sadly disappointed, for I had already begun to visualize the Philippines, and to plan the good days we would have there with Peter Bowditch, Warwick Greene, the Hugh Minton's, Fairchild and others. However, it is probably wiser to remain here, awaiting developments. Willard also received a cable from Harry yesterday morning, saying - "We all would be glad to hear Dorothy had gone to Japan, also hope you are coming home soon". When I first read it I laughed, for Peking is certainly as quiet and peaceful as any place in the Far East - and there is no reason why there should be any disturbance here at all. I cant imagine what the newspapers at home are printing. Willard took the cable very seriously and answered that he would send me to some absolutely safe place should there be any prospect of trouble - and that naturally we would go home, just as soon as the Group allowed us to. Down in my own heat I was wondering whether Harry labored under the delusion that we were remaining here by preference. If he wants us to go home so much, why doesn't he ask Mr. Davison to give us the permission - Personally I'm very glad to stay here, and see the whole thing through, and accomplish something definite if we can - and certainly the experience is the most interesting one I have ever had. Somehow, I didn't quite like the tone of Harry's cable, but I may be mistaken in reading a wrong feeling into it. Willard and I haven't discussed it very much together - so I don't know what his impression is - but it's a relief to talk to you about everything, and tell you what my inner feelings are. I shall continue this letter anon. To take up my diary once more. Yesterday was rather uneventful again. We lunched with the Patchins - according to the rules of the Turkey Hash Club, which meets very Wednesday - and then in the afternoon Willard worked at his magazine article, while I read old newspapers - and later we went down to the Legation for tea. The Gatrells and Prince Pu Lun dined with us - and stayed until a quarter past one - imagine it! However, we had a most thrilling conversation, for Prince Pu Lun, told us the entire inside history of China since 1900. He said, that of course, heretofore, he had never felt at liberty to talk in this way - but now, since those pages of Chinese history are turned forever, he felt no compunction in relating the plain facts of the last few years, as he himself saw them behind the scenes. And so he talked steadily for four hours - cursing out Prince Ching, Duke Ts'ai-Tze and others, and showing us the obstinacy and stupidity of the court. It was a long story and a very interesting one - but I won't attempt to summarize it in a letter. Willard and Dr. Gatrell are going to write down what they remember of it - and perhaps some day we can tie the story together into readable form. Willard has just procured a very nice new secretary to replace Gear. His name is Chambers - he is a Princeton graduate, and has lately been in charge of the Y.M.C.A. here in Peking. He is extremely nice in every way, and apart from being W.'s secretary, he is going to be a good friend of ours too. These days are really very happy here, and the time seems to pass very quickly - and I think that Willard and I care for each other more and more.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Friday, Jan 12th.

There is very little news today. Mr McCormick lunched with us — and we talked afterwards about a big scheme which he is evolving. Willard has had the same idea for a long time — and so McCormick was fired with renewed enthusiasm when he discovered that we were ardent supporters of his plan. I’ll tell you all about it when we can talk together. In the afternoon W. walked with Mr Calhoun for awhile — then we had tea at the Legation — and came home to receive a six-o’clock visit from General Munthe — who brought us news of Yuan. Willard and I dined alone and talked by the fire afterwards.

Saturday, Jan 13th.

These days the political situation is assuming a new interest, for everyone is beginning to suspect Yuan of playing a very deep laid game. We hear on all sides now that he is scheming to place the Manchus into such a position that they will be forced to abdicate, and at the same time, implore him to remain at the head of affairs — thus saving a certain amount of face. These same doubters of Yuan, maintain that if he were really sincere in supporting the constitutional monarchy, would gather his men together and fight — for his position and his forces at Hankow are far superior to the revolutionists — Yuan’s friends say, on the other hand, that he is prolonging the armistice and postponing the battle because he feels convinced, that as time goes on there will be a split in the revolutionary party — mutual jealousies will disintegrate their forces, and their present united strength will be greatly diminished. It is impossible to know the truth — and perhaps it will never be known — and future historians who write of the Chinese revolution, will be forced to draw heavily on their imaginations. One fact is paramount however — and that is the power of Yuan himself — for he is the great man of the present era in China — so great indeed, that one feels, as long as he stands at the head of the nation, it makes very little difference whether it be a republic or a constitutional monarchy. Mr Calhoun and Willard are having a hard fight here, just now — for there is terrible bitterness against America — owing to our insulting abrogation of the Russian passport treaty. The Russians are so angry that they will try in every way they can, to wreak their revenge. England, at the present time, is making up to Russia in all possible ways, in order to secure her support against Germany — and of course, France is directly under Russia’s thumb. So it means, that here in the Far East we are so strongly antagonised by Russia, England and France that they will do all in their power to block us, and throw discredit upon us — Casenave tells Willard some of the remarks that
are now being made about Americans - and the American policy - and the jealousy and suspicion of us are so great, that Mr Calhoun and Willard, feel, at moments, as if they wanted to break off official relations with everyone here. It is really terribly disheartening. Even Cassavese himself said yesterday that there were only two people in Peking whom he trusted - Mr Calhoun and Willard - so that shows pretty well the quality of Peking diplomacy and finance, when a Frenchman admits that he cant even pin his faith in his own people - and can only trust two Americans - Because Mr Calhoun and Willard play absolutely fair, and lay their cards on the table - they are accused of having underhand motives in everything they do - and so the constant hands of suspicion meets them at every turn. However, Willard tries to rise above it, and not be hurt by it - but there have been some pretty hard situations to face lately - and no plain sailing at all. Yesterday during our reading class we had a visit from a former Japanese friend of Willard's - called Major Tanaka. They had known each other during the war - at which time Willard made a sketch of him, that now hangs in our little sitting room. So the Major felt quite at home when he walked in. He was extremely nice and most amusing, and we enjoyed his visit immensely. Cassavese and Col. Ting lunched with us. The latter is a Chinese officer, who took active part in the battle Of Hankow - and he talked steadily for two hours on the subject. It is the first time we have heard an account of the fight from an active participant - and he told us many interesting things which we had never dreamed of. We were quite absorbed in the conversation. In the afternoon Willard and I walked together, and ended up at the Legation for tea - the day being Mrs Calhoun's weekly reception. In the evening Willard and I gave a dinner party, which was a great success, consisting of the Hart­ hausens', (German Minister) Jordans, (English Minister), Calhouns and Scott, (English 1st secretary). The party had a great deal of snap, and everyone seemed to have a good time. Afterwards we all went to a musical at the Dutch Legation.

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**Saturday, Jan 13th.**

**Sunday, Jan 14th.**

Yesterday was quite an interesting day - and a glorious one, as far as the weather goes. I skated in the morning, and then went to a lunch party which Mrs Calhoun gave in honor of four Chinese ladies. I sat beside Madame Ho-Wei-Teh - the wife of the Minister of foreign affairs. She was educated in America - speaks English perfectly - reads five newspapers every day - and knows, apparently, everything that goes on. We had a very interesting conversation, and got along most beautifully. The other three ladies were less interesting - but better looking, and each one had a distinct personality - so that I enjoyed talking to them all. The party only broke up at 4 o'clock - which proves, I think, that everyone had a good time. Last night we dined with Cassavese, a party of twelve, given for the Swedish Minister. The night before when I met him, at the Dutch Legation, he told me that he had been tremendously struck by my resemblance to the Crown Princess of Sweden, as she appeared 20 years ago. I wonder if it is a compliment to be told one looks like the English royal family.
Monday, Jan 16th.

Today a cable came from dear Mr Edwin Morgan, telling us that he had been appointed Ambassador to Brazil - and so we have been rejoicing for him, and sending him our congratulations. I'm glad he has gotten his promotion, for he certainly deserves it, as few men in the service do. In the newspapers we have also been reading about the diplomatic transfers - and Chile was our first concern. Neither of us knows Paxton Hibbon, who has just been appointed as secretary to Santiago, but Patchin tells us that he is not attractive, and now worth very much. So we are disappointed, when we think of poor Frather. However, Frather himself will soon be leaving there, I suppose, so it makes practically no difference to him anymore, who the new secretary is. Yesterday, we had a perfectly delightful time in the country, all day. We rode out, with Loraine and the Menocals - to the race course - about 8 miles from here, where we lunched with Fraser and Captain Fitzhugh. In the afternoon a wonderful gymkana was held, in which, practically all Peking participated. The only ladies competition was a so-called - Bending race - which meant riding in and out of a line of stakes - turning around - coming back through the stakes - and racing at the end to a given line. I was riding one of Willard's polo ponies, so I entered the race, just for fun - and to my great surprise I won it - beating six ladies, who were old hands at the game. It was really great fun - and later in the afternoon, another pony of Willard's won the flat race, so we had quite a field day. Willard entered into practically everything - even the tug of war, and the donkey polo - which was too ludicrous for words - and caused intense amusement. We rode home again with Loraine and stopped at the Legation to see Mr and Mrs Calhoun. Fortunately we had no dinner engagement, so we had a quiet evening together, and went to bed at 10 o'clock - feeling very healthy and comfortably tired.

Tuesday, Jan 16th.

These days are very quiet, no business, and no apparent change in the political situation, although we hear that 3,000 revolutionary troops have landed at Chefoo, and that the Court is hovering on the brink of abdication. On the surface, however, Peking seems very calm and unconcerned. Yesterday Mr Cal and Captain Gillie lunched with us - and talked politics afterwards. In the afternoon I went to the American Mission Board to see a collection of porcelains which is being sold there - and later I met Willard at the Legation, and we came home together. Our evening proved to be one of the most delightful ones we have had in Peking. Our reading club met at the Calhouns, and after dinner the Minister read us an essay of William James - called "The Moral Equivalent of War". Every word of it was interesting - for one never quite realized, until the end of the essay, that he was aiming at socialism - as the moral equivalent of war. We had a tremendous discussion afterwards, in which practically everyone joined - but my chief delight is always in listening to Mr Calhoun and Casenave and M. de Margerie - for they are three of the most intelligent and interesting talkers I have ever listened to. I must confess that Willard is splendid on these occasions also - for he is very versatile and full of ideas - and I like to see the workings of his mind in defending his various points. I think I shall always look back to these Monday evenings as some of the most enjoyable and delightful social experiences I have ever had.
Wednesday, Jun 17th.

I hope you haven’t been worried by the unexpected and somewhat alarming event of yesterday. The papers, of course, have given you an account of the bomb-throwing - and doubtless, a far more graphic and sensational account than I can give. However, Willard and I were practically on the scene at the time, so we know the details more accurately perhaps than the newspaper men. Every day that Yuan goes to the Palace he passes through our street - and at the time of his passing, the streets are lined with soldiers - and he, himself is accompanied by a body guard of forty or fifty men. Yesterday morning, when he was returning from the Palace - a bomb was hurled at him from the 2nd story window of a shop, which was only about 100 yards from our house. Willard was telephoning to Casenave at the time, and I was calmly sitting at my desk writing letters, when we suddenly heard a sound like the booming of a cannon - and we both immediately exclaimed that it must have been a bomb. Willard and Mr. Chambers rushed out into the street - and while they were gone I quickly put on my hat and coat, and prepared to follow them. By the time, I got out, the street was filled with soldiers, but cleared of all traffic and bystanders - and Dr. Morrison, the Menosals, and ourselves were the only civilians on the spot. The soldiers were arresting all the Chinese they could see, and beating them with their guns, in a most brutal way. One poor Chinese, with a double fracture of the leg, was being pushed and beaten along, by the excited soldiers within a few yards of us. It was really a sickening sight. A dead horse was lying near us - and also the bodies of several wounded soldiers and police - but Willard kept me away from these things, and I certainly had no desire to go any nearer. Dr. Gatrell was the hero of the occasion, for he rushed forward with his bag of bandages and tourniquets, etc., and attended to the wounded. The police meanwhile had surrounded the suspected shop - wherein they discovered two young boys with more bombs on their persons - and so these boys were accused of being the assassins. But the police were not satisfied with capturing only two culprits - and so they arrested everyone who happened to be on the spot - bystanders and all. Eighteen people were wounded and all of them came under the care of Dr. Gatrell. It appears that two bombs were thrown - only one of which exploded - and it fell directly behind the Premier's carriage, in the midst of his body guard. If he himself had been killed, I think there would have been an immediate stampede, and alarming outburst of desperate rage from his soldiers. However Yuan was untouched, and his carriage went tearing down the street - back to his own house, as fast as he could go. We saw Colonel Tsi in the afternoon, and he told us that Yuan was very cool, and only concerned about his wounded men. For several hours the street was shut off by troops, and no one was allowed through the lines - but later in the afternoon traffic was resumed again; the street filled with carts and rickshaws, and people with unperturbed faces, and no one would have known that anything unusual had occurred. For a time our excitement had been at a high pitch - but we soon calmed down to the usual level, and continued the daily routine of life without an anxious thought. It certainly was an interesting day. Incidentally we lunched with the Menosals, and found there the Japanese 1st secretary - who has lately been consul general in New York. He has just arrived in Peking, bringing a letter of introduction to Willard from Mr. Schiff - and he seemed very nice and agreeable, but somewhat garrulous. Important Item! - His name is Midsumo. In the afternoon, I took a most delightful walk on the Wall with Polly Root - and later returned to arrange a dinner party of fifteen - guests, whom Willard and I entertained. We had the Austrian, French and Belgian ministers - and wives, and secretaries, and others. Afterwards we played bridge, and they stayed until midnight - and the party was a great success. Thus ended the day, which commenced by a bomb explosion. I do hope you are not worried - for there is really nothing to be worried about - and you don’t know how much I enjoy these days here.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Thursday, Jan 18th.

Today everything is so quiet, and everyone so unconcerned, that all the fears of yesterday are dispelled. The assassins have confessed their guilt, and although Yuan has advocated merciful treatment they will be strangled to death tomorrow. To a Chinese, this form of capital punishment is the most desirable, for they go to the next world with their bodies intact. Yuan refuses to go to the Palace today for an audience, and so I imagine there will be no immediate developments in the situation. Yesterday morning Dr Morrison came in to pose for a picture which Willard is drawing of him — and we all had an interesting talk together. Afterwards the Patchins lunched with us — and in the afternoon Mr Lorraine rode with Willard and me — for two hours. It was such a glorious day that the ride gave us all a feeling of exhilaration.

On our way home we stopped at the Legation for tea — and then as usual — on Wednesday afternoon — Mr Hillier came to us at 6 o’clock, for a reading. We have almost finished the 2nd volume of Cromer’s “Egypt” — and we have all enjoyed it immensely. Prince and Princess Pu Lun and the Gatrells dined with us — and they remained until 11.30. The men talked together in the smoking room afterwards — so Prince Pu Lun opened up his heart again and talked quite freely about the situation. Apparently there is a great deal of bitterness against Yuan among the Manchus — for they feel that he has not upheld their cause as earnestly as he might have done — and in sending Tang as the Imperialist representative to the Shanghai conference — the Princes feel that Yuan played them false — Pu Lun doesn’t share these views as strongly as the others do — and he is certainly most liberal minded in every way. He also said that the Court was determined not to abdicate yet.

Friday, Jan 19th.

I’m writing this letter from the Legation, for we moved here last night, and will remain, I think, until the crisis is over. There seems to be no cause for alarm, but Willard was growing somewhat anxious and persuaded me that he would feel easier if we were safely installed in the Legation, of course, I wouldn’t leave him now for anything in the world — and as long as we can be together in the Legation Quarter, we can ask for anything better. It is very comfortable here, for we have a nice large bedroom, a dressing room and bathroom — and Mr and Mrs Calhoun make us feel absolutely at home. Yesterday morning I had my French lesson, as usual — after which Casemove lunched with Willard and me at our house. In the afternoon Willard and I had a most wonderful walk together on the Wall — in the face of a glorious golden sunset. The air was very crisp and clear, and the hills stood out in bold outline against the glowing sky. It was really very wonderful. While we were dressing for dinner Dr Gatrell came in to tell Willard about the Imperial Edicts which had just been issued. One of them proclaimed that foreigners lives and property must be protected whatever happened — and the other notice — (which was something less important than an Edict) — hurled a challenge at the people who were endeavoring to persuade Prince Ching and the Empress Dowager to resign — saying that abdication would come only as the very last resort — even though it meant bloodshed and death. These two proclamations seemed to indicate that there might be an attack on Yuan by the Manchus.

So without any hesitation Willard insisted that we spend the night at the Legation. So after dining with Jamie — we came over here to the big house — and W. took two soldiers up to our place to stand on guard. However, no excitement occurred and probably nothing will, but I suppose it is just as well for us to be here — in this place of safety.
I am wondering what the papers are printing these days in New York! No one here quite knows what is happening or going to happen, and it is difficult to get any definite news. Apparently Wu-Ching-Po and Tang-Chiao-Yi and Sun-Yat-Sen had come to some sort of arrangement with Yuan, whereby he was to be acknowledged the head of the provisional government, but last night a telegram came from Sun declaring that as he had heard Yuan was trying to organize a government of his own— he, Sun-Yat-Sen would no longer be willing to send his place to Yuan, and so the negotiations are again at a standstill and the promise of a settlement seems once more to be far away in the distance.

Yesterday we all had a quiet day—my morning being spent in hiking a French lesson and afterwards shopping. Bertie de Mannon and Polly Root and I spent our afternoon in reading about "Prometheus Bound" and in discussing, in sublime ignorance, our ideas on the Greek drama. Cassanove is giving us lectures on Greek literature and our morning reading class these days, and so we are getting a certain foundation of knowledge which is very helpful and very interesting.

Mrs. Calhoun gave a dinner of 27 here tonight and afterwards we all danced till midnight. After dinner we sat between Dr. Davison and Summervil and our place was a very desirable one, my right hand neighbor being one of the most interesting people here, and the other neighbor one of the noisiest and sweestest. However these parties never give me much of a thrill, and I should like to return to the peace of our own fireside.

Jan 22nd. Legation: Still-at-the-legation.

Yesterday was an interesting day, for Mr. Calhoun had an interview with Yuan! The Premier was very depressed and despondent and seemed to feel that his task was hopeless—his efforts a failure—and that there was nothing left to do but to resign and retire to Ptenian. The Kambus are bitter against him and they refuse to abdicate—and so it looks as if the present deadlock would not be broken for some time. Sun-Yat-Sen has just sent up his ultimatum, saying that if the foreign powers insist on recognizing the republic, and afterwards the question of the presidency will be discussed. Of course the Powers refuse to acquiesce in this demand—and so there is no immediate settlement. Mr. Calhoun was very much shot up by Yuan's cool and advance tactics, and he said that the whole atmosphere of his surroundings was very sad and depressing.

Yesterday afternoon I spent at our house receiving two Chinese ladies—Miss Hsiu-Wei Teh and Miss Hia. They were both very nice and we had a long and friendly talk together and afterwards Mr. Holmstron came in for tea, and then Willard and I walked for an hour on the wall. It was too heavenly with a lovely little crescent moon above us. We dined with Scott—a farewell party for Lomine, who leaves tomorrow for his new post in Paris.

Jan 24th.

This morning a personal cable came from Mr. Davison, of which I am sending you a copy. He apparently realizes that we want to go home but feels that we should remain here for the time being—probably until the situation is cleared and the government construction loan is made. This will doubtless be finished in the spring and so we are already planning our homeward trip in May. However, these things are in Mr. Davison's hands and not in ours, and I know he will look after us and do what he feels is best.
Yesterday was the most glorious sparkling day I have ever known. While Willard worked in the morning I went on the walk with Mrs. Wilson, and then we lunched alone with the Calhouns. Willard had told them it was my birthday and so in the evening we had quite a celebration. Our reading club, which was postponed from the day before yesterday, arrived at the Legation again; and Willard ordered a large cake for me and various foolish toys which were placed on the table—so the effect was very gay and bright. Afterward the Calhoun ladies read us some parts of Wells' "New Worlds for Old" and we discussed socialism with great vigor until 12 o'clock. It was really very amusing and also very interesting—as these evenings always are.

And now what do you suppose we are going to do? Willard cabled yesterday to Mr. Darwin to ask if we might go off on a trip to Shanghai and the Philippines, and today arrived the answer that granting us the permission. So we are off tomorrow with two trunks and a handful of books—and we don't expect to return until the end of February. There is absolutely no business to be done in Peking, conditions are very unsettled and Willard wants to take me away for a while. I think we will have a splendid time and I am delighted to be going.

Jan 29th.

I can hardly realize that we are leaving Peking this afternoon, and that this letter is the last one which I shall write from here for many weeks. Now that the hour of departure has come I am almost loath to go. However I think we will have a very interesting time in Shanghai seeing all the revolutionists—and we may even go up to Hankow to have a look at Sun-Yat-Sen. It is really a great opportunity to see the revolution from the other side and get into the republican atmosphere—but without very much whether we will be converted.

Jolly Bert is coming along with us, for I discovered that she was very keen to go, and that the Calhouns felt it might be her only chance of seeing southern China and the Philippines. She is an extremely nice girl and very good company and I have really grown quite fond of her. I suggested to her yesterday that she might come with us, and she agreed. I noticed such a difference that we immediately settled the matter and she leaves with us today for Talung, where we catch the German steamer for Shanghai. Our plan certainly form themselves very rapidly.

I spent most of my day yesterday at our house and we had a lunch party there consisting of the Gabriels, General Mutha and Dr. Gilbert Reid, who is a sort of missionary to the Chinese "Higher Life." He has just come from Shanghai and is being somewhat enshrined with the republican spirit by General Mutha and other interested friends. It was most pleasant.

We dined last night with Dr. and Mrs. Wood a—very nice little party composed of the Calhouns, Calvins and the Dick Williams. Afterwards we all went to an amateur performance given by a Russian—a performance which commenced with a mad scene and ended in the ballet. The comedy was good but the dancing was very pretty and when we got home we all amused ourselves by imitating the old-fashioned ballet dancers and amusing the floor in the way they did. I'm afraid that such performances are always open to ridicule.

This morning another cable came from Mr. Darwin which has been almost taken our breath away. He says that in view of Willard's repeated desire to have his successor appointed by the President, who has decided to send Mr. Williams to replace Willard temporarily. Meanwhile Willard is to return to New York and help Mr. Darwin in reorganizing the group—which will probably mean the establishment of a bank in Peking and some other arrangements. For the help of American missionaries Willard has been working for during the last year, he foretold that the group was not properly organized and that we were much handicapped by not having a bank. It really seems too wonderful that the Chile is actually going to be done and that they went Willard at home to help in the reorganization scheme. We are both so surprised and so excited that we are almost speechless and I can hardly believe that it is true. Mr. Dickinson is due to arrive in Peking about the 10th of March and the group desire Willard to remain there after his arrival. The date of our departure is still uncertain, though I imagine we can leave here by the 1st of May. I really feel as if I had been swept off my feet by the suddenness of this news.
to ten with us in the afternoon, including Mr. Wilson, the American consul, who is rather a terrifying person with a particular face that never smiles. We dined with the Wheelock family and had a nice evening with them. Mr. Jackson and the Huddles being also of the party, Mrs. Wheelock looked so pretty that I could hardly take my eyes off her and I found her even more charming then I did yesterday morning.

February 5th-
Bumper Goeben-
Kordtenscher Lloyd-Bremen

I'm sitting now in my cabin on the "Goeben"—a sister ship of the "Luftow," and very comfortable and spacious. We have four nice cabins against me so we feel very luxurious and happy. Illaards discovered an old friend of his on board—a man called Kellor who is travelling with his aunt—Mrs. Taylor. He apparently lives in Cleveland and knew Mama and the rest of my family quite intimately, so we had a long talk the other night about the Binghams and the Joneses and everyone else.

Today we have spent in Hongkong. Illaard and I went to the Hotel and in the afternoon we all went up to the Peak, and had tea with Mrs. Tones and her daughter. The former was perfectly charming and reminded me so much of Emily Hammond that I'm sure I sat there for a perfectly open and my eyes popped out of my head. The American who had just returned from the British School where she had known Floria quite will, so we all became very friendly at once.

As usual I have enjoyed the sea trip immensely and Illaard and I have been happy in being alone. We spent one entire afternoon sitting in my cabin and talking and there never seems to be an end of the things we want to say to each other.

We leave for Manila tomorrow morning on this same steamer.

Thursday—February 6th-
Malacca Palace-Manila

We landed this morning at 9 o'clock but I was up on deck at 7:30 to see the approach to the harbor and the lovely chain of islands through which we passed. The harbor is really very beautiful—shaped as a horse-shoe with a wonderful background of mountains all around. Mrs. and Miss Fairchild, Cudworth, and Peter Bowditch were at the dock to welcome us and they brought us back here to the Palace where we reside as the guests of Governor Forbes. This house is an old Spanish palace—built on the banks of a little winding river and surrounded by lovely spacious grounds, shady with big trees and bright in color with all sorts of tropical flowers and shrubs. A splendid long verandah runs along the side of the house here we can sit and gaze at the mountains—blue and hazy in the distance. Even as I sit here in our private parlor, where we have three bedrooms with folding screen windows like Japanese houses, I cannot keep my eyes away from the heavenly view before me. And oh, the sunset which we had this evening! It was too glorious for words and I can only describe it as being absolutely amazing with pink and golden clouds. We watched it from Colonel Cudworth's little house by the bay, where the sun was set behind the horizon, and we stood in the glory of the sky and the mountains looked dark as they stood up in sharp outline against the flaring sunset. It was so beautiful that I could not bear to breathe. It looked wonderful and only the mountains looked dark as they stood up in sharp outline against the flaring sunset. It was so beautiful that I could not bear to breathe in wonder.

The climate here is far cooler than I expected and quite different from Singapore and Java. The air has no heat and there is always a fresh breeze from the bay, so that one feels like riding and playing tennis and being generally active. Apparently everyone sleeps with blankets at night, but in the morning when they are up the heat is still on. We all started together in the quaint old Spanish dining room and then hurried off to see a review of the troops. It was quite interesting as there were several Filipino companies which passed by in line before the Governor and General Bell and General Furst. Illaard and his old friend of the artist at the Review and has received messages all day from men who want to see him. He certainly has a large circle of acquaintances in the Far East.

This is Carnival time in Manila, so the place is gay with decorations and the streets are filled with people in bright costumes and masks. A special exhibition is being held in honor of the occasion and Peter took us there this afternoon, after the Review.

The Philippines province is represented in the Exhibition by a building, in which all the native industries and exports are exhibited. It is really an education in itself and gives one a better idea of the Philippines. I imagine, than anything else could.

Some of the native brass work is really quite lovely and Illaard and I bought several examples of it to take home. You should have seen the exhibition of the native fruits and flowers—which were too enchanting for words. And of course in each building there are natives of the various provinces dressed in their original costumes. We are feeling very much at home, and I am sure we will return to see it all over again another year. We all went together to the Carnaval Ball in the Exhibition Grounds. It was quite a wonderful sight and all of the Filipinos seemed to be there. We had a very nice and large party with them and afterwards sitting quietly on their verandah and watching the glorious sunset. Later they dined with us and we all went together to the Carnaval Ball in the Exhibition Grounds. It was quite a wonderful sight and all of the Filipinos seemed to be there. We had a very nice and large party with them and afterwards sitting quietly on their verandah and watching the glorious sunset.

We had a most interesting and delightful day. Illaard spent a busy morning going to see various business men, and so Polly and I went to the Exposition, trying to absorb the interesting lessons that it gives. At lunch I had a talk with the Govor which positively thrilled me, for he is one of the most idealistic and imaginative people I have ever met. Although all unconsciously, he makes one feel that he is a man with a real mission in the world, and in all singleness of purpose he works into the highest ideals in which he believes. Our experience in the Philippines has been wonderful, and I am sure that it has made an indelible impression on me. I have tried very hard to absorb the lessons that it gives me, for it is such a wonderful education and I feel that I have learned much from it.

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Manila—Sat Feb 10th

Another day which has been filled with interesting incidents: This morning after breakfast eight little Igorot girls called on the Governor, accompanied by their American teacher, and the Governor received them with real courtesy. These girls, simple and unspoiled, have established a remarkable relationship with all these people, and Peter tells us that the Filipino assemblymen do anything which he personally asks them to do because of their tremendous respect for, and faith in, him.

Later in the morning Polly and Willard and I went to the Bureau of Public Works, of which Vivrick Adams is the Chief and who showed us all the new buildings, and explained the remarkable innovations of the work. For instance, for all the new buildings in Manila and elsewhere they intend to build a wonderful boulevard running along the bay for twenty or thirty miles. You cant imagine how lovely and idealistic the plans are. There is an idea that Manila will really be a beautiful city, and it is building magnificent roads all through the islands, digging artificial wells and inaugurating all kinds of new and practical improvements.

After thoroughly investigating his bureau he took us to the new hospital, Bulacan, which is certainly the finest hospital building I have ever seen. Dr Strong, who is the head of it, took us all through it, and as far as I could see was not a single fault to find. He showed us the hospital, the nurses and all the new buildings that have been erected—these clubs and Y.M.C.A.'s to schools and public bureau, etc. We were rather astonished when we ended our sightseeing morning and repaired to the Hugh MacDowell house for lunch. Afterwards we all lay back on sofas on their verandah and only went to sleep. At four o'clock there was another polo tournament so we spent a very restful afternoon and had tea under the mangoes of Sally Petrillo's. We dined tonight with Dr and Mrs Strong (the former Willard's host in Peking). It was an affair of 20 given for the end of the season and we all sat on the porch and sang songs. It was really delightful and we are enjoying these lovely days in Manila.

Sunday—Feb 11th

We have had another heavenly day, spent entirely with Peter, Vivrick and the Petrillos. This morning we all motored for two hours to Cavite and went through this tropical country and little villages of tin shanty houses built up on stilts. After lunching all together at Vivrick's house we motored again in the afternoon in the opposite direction, passing through some old Spanish towns which had picturesque reminiscences. These towns are all gay with banners and have really given us a real taste of the country all around Manila. I only wish we had time to go up to Baguio, the summer capital of the old Spanish district. The Governor went up there yesterday and asked us to accompany him but unfortunately our day was numbered here and we have time for everything. The Governor has also asked us to go with him on a cruise to the Southern Islands next week, and of course we would rather do that than anything else. But as Willard is being summoned back to Peking I am afraid we must return just as soon as we possibly can.

Tonight Vivrick and the Petrillos dined with us and afterwards sat on the verandah over the river and had some harmony again from Willard and Peter. They sing very well together and we all enjoyed the peaceful restfulness of sitting back in our chairs under the starry southern sky and listening to the mens voices and the soft accompaniment of the guitar.

Monday—Feb 12th

Today has been quieter and less eventful than our preceding days, but we have enjoyed it none the less. This morning Polly and I were taken on a shopping expedition by Mrs Gilbert—the wife of the lieutenant-governor. We wandered first to a gem shop where we found some interesting old Spanish jewelry and lace and where I purchased also a quaint old Chinese fan. After this we went to a new embroidery shop where I bought several sets of dressing room table centerpieces and 'dolles'. They are made of very fine linen, and the embroidery itself is really quite pretty. I shall present these sets to our friends in Washington. We were then called away from Mrs Gilbert and came home soon to lunch.

In the afternoon we motored into the suburbs and talked with Peter and Willard. Afterward we worked at reports for two hours, while I had a long and wonderful talk with Peter. He is one of the sweetest and finest men I have ever met, and it really does one good to talk to him. He and Willard sit up together every night until 1 or 2 o'clock having book hour talks, and they certainly know each other very intimately. It has meant a great deal to Willard to see Peter again, for they have some very close to each other and their friendship is very deep and true.

Later in the afternoon we all went out to the polo field again and this time Willard played also—having been lent a pony by Dr Strong. It was quite a good game to watch and far superior to Peking polo so it was excellent practice for us. We dined home alone tonight—just the four and afterwards sat on the wonderful verandah and talked for hours. It is this kind of a peaceful evening which one always enjoys best of all.

Tues Feb 13th—Manila

Such an interesting day again. The morning commenced with a game of tennis, and ended with a visit to the Bureau of Science, which is supposed to be one of the finest laboratories in the world. Mr Strong is making a study of tropical diseases there and although he has been offered a position in the Rockefeller Institute in New York he will not leave Manila until he has finished his investigations here. I suppose all doctors and scientists are filled with a spirit of self-sacrifice which is really an inspiration to all other workers.

Vivrick dined with us and afterwards we motored out to Fort McKinley and then to the famous prison which is the admiration of everyone who sees it. The prison itself is built into the hill, and cells are set into the wall and on the necessary dominoes which are immediately put to work and the whole place is like a trade school. They make a lot of the furniture which is sold in Manila— they weave the carpet mats, make carriages and tools and some are employed in the laundry and kitchen. It is really the perfected system of prison life I think. At 5 o'clock they all marched out two by two and saluted Wetherill, who is to be the next Governor, and we were all presented to the Governing Board and the Governor.

From there we went to a lovely old Spanish burying ground called the Paco Cemetery and to Mrs Strong's house for tea. In the evening we dined at the Willards and another party given by Mrs. There were some of the Americans there—Justice Carson and his wife, two doctors and several army men. Afterwards we danced a little while and then sat out on their verandah and talked.

Wed Feb 14th—Manila

Our last day in Manila. Tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock we leave on an army transport for Bagac, and fortunately Willard was able to arrange this—otherwise we could not have had the pleasure of being. That is the first time in our most successful experiments in Manila.

Could it have been her?
This morning Sally Fairchild took us to a Pilipino trade school which I'm sure you would have approved of— for the children are only taught the most useful and practical kind of trades. Sally Fairchild, who is a sort of expert on schools, speaks very highly of all the educational institutions she has seen here in Manila. Isn't it really wonderful that the Americans have come out here and established the best of everything. I don't think anyone could come here and not feel proud of what our country is doing.

There was polo again this afternoon and then we dined once more with the Fairchilds and Warwick. A member of the Philippine Commission was also there—a Mr. Elliot—and afterwards we all talked in groups on the verandah. I'm really sorry we can't stay here a week longer, for I have grown very fond of Sally Fairchild and Peter and I think the place itself is quite wonderful. Warwick Greer is just as clever as he can be and he has been extremely nice and thoughtful—and altogether our week here couldn't have been pleasanter.

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The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University

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Monday—Feb. 26th. & Tues-the 27th. Peking

Once more I'm writing from Peking, having arrived here early yesterday morning after travelling ten days northward from Manila.

I have just been spending a heavy hour arranging the flowers all through the house and you can't imagine how lovely and fragrant the whole place is—each room being filled with peach blossoms, lilacs, carnations and violets. Willard sends me these flowers every day and as we arrange them carefully in pretty Chinese pots and vases they constitute one of the chief glories of our house.

Thursday Casavene and the Gartells and Willard's secretary Mr. Chambers lunched with us, and the conversation was principally business and present Chinese affairs. Willard and Casavene afterwards went off to a bankers meeting which lasted the entire afternoon—so I went for a long walk on the Wall with Mr. Calhoun who was just as interesting and delightful as he could be. It is really a great privilege to see him in this way, for with Willard and me he always opens his heart and talks to us quite freely of himself and of all the things which interest and concern him. Without Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun Peking would be a very different place.

As we were walking we saw the arrival of Tang-Shao-Yi and he bowed to us as he passed. Imagine the sensations of this man who left Peking for Shanghai three months ago as the representative of the Imperialist cause and returns now as the representative of the Republicans. His triumph must be almost overwhelming—for of course he has always been a revolutionary at heart, and now he sees this great capital decked out in one mass of revolutionary flags.

Willard and I said alone and talked a long time afterwards—most peacefully and happily.

Feb. 26th Peking

These days in Peking are very peaceful and quiet ones and there seems to be a touch of spring in the air, which breathes always a wonderful promise. Willard and I have been wondering these last two days whether there is to be a very special and sacred promise for us, but we both feel for it so much that we feel sure it will come yet. I suppose after all, a man wants "The Greatest Wish in the World" nearly as much as a woman does, and I'm just beginning to realize what it all means to Willard—and that he too, has been longing for it almost as much as I have. We cling to each other with a new and wonderful happiness, and perhaps just because we have waited these months it seems all the more wonderful now. It makes us feel, somehow, very humble and very reverent—for after all I suppose, in some mysterious way we are all working out our destinies under a Divine law. Willard and I feel that we should try to be very good—better than we have ever been—so that we may be more worthy of this blessing. You can't imagine how sweet and sunny he is these days—and in the wonder of this new happiness there are moments when we are very close to tears from sheer intensity of feeling.

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Feb. 29th Peking

Today was quiet and uneventful again—although Willard has been busy since early morning seeing Tang-Shao-Yi and the bankers, and he only got home at 8 o'clock this evening. They expect to finish their new loan agreement in a few days—a loan of $200,000,000! Just think of it! Casavene came to dine with us alone and as we only had dinner at 9 o'clock he stayed until after 11—being deep in conversation.

These are busy and useful days at last.

I have had a happy peaceful time walking with Mrs. McChesney to our Legation for tea, and then lying down for two hours reading "La Conqueste de Jerusalem" by Miriam Haskell. I love quiet days of this kind when I can feel that I am working hard and accomplishing something.
Feb. 29th—Continued

I suppose I must come back to my journal again. Our journey from Manila to Baguio on the army transport was very uncomfortable — though we were somewhat cramped for room— the boat being crowded with officers and their wives and children. We made friends with half a dozen of the men, with whom we played bridge, and as we had dinner at 6 o'clock every evening the days seemed to pass very quickly. It was really quite an amusing experience, after spending a morning in Baguio during which we saw two lovely temples and various other sights, we took the train to Shimomori and crossed over that same night to Pasan. The new steamers are perfectly lovely, with large cabins looking very fresh and clean, with pretty blue curtains and lace and white beds everywhere. Such a contrast to our old boat. In Seoul we spent an entire dry, lunching incidentally with the Soshinos, and meeting by accident other friends of Willard's. Mr. Soshino who is the Consul is also the brother-in-law of the author's, but unfortunately his absence opened a breach in our old boat. We finally rode a cario down into the market where a few of them were for sale and there we also bought some lovely Korean screens. Willard has a wonderful eye for these things and although he has never had my training he has a certain instinctive flair of judgment which is remarkable. The streets of Seoul seemed less picturesque somehow, than they did before— and my former thrill was not aroused.

The new Antung-Haborn line is open now, and one goes in eighteen hours from Seoul to Harbin, the last way in a large, stumpy, plush-covered Pullman car. The change was so startling that we sat at moments with our mouths wide open hardly able to take it all in! As we flew past Tsao-Han Kou I wanted to wave my hand in triumph at the wretched little hut where we all slept the night before. We had been so thoroughly taken in Antung, so we breakfasted there with the Commissioner of Customs—a very nice person called Holwell—another intimate friend of Willard's. When Holwell was married Willard was his best man, and later when a small son arrived the Holwells rushed to their open garden and Willard rushed to the big door and pulled it open and the Holwells sang with joy and were extremely nice. We thoroughly enjoyed our two hours with them.

In Haborn—our next stop—we had an afternoon to spare which we spent in driving out to the Peiling—this later Willard called that Victory, who clipped him up with both hands and kept him for nearly two hours in conversation. We dined with the Willis— in their new house. Mr. Willis and Willard had a most beautiful time reminiscing and telling us stories of the early Hunsden which is remarkable. The Willis were quite a nice couple. But Willard said that I was a little late. At the last minute Willard called on the Holwills. The Holwills were out. The whole trip, however, was very well arranged and I think we all enjoyed the intense contrast to the deep and philosophical essays we have hereafter been reading.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Oahle: All safe—don’t worry—lots of fun—

Sat. March 2nd—

And now I’m going to continue the chronicle of events where I left off abruptly yesterday. I only wish that I had a vivid pen so that I might graphically describe each incident as it occurs— but perhaps some day Putnam Veale will draw from his tending brain a word or picture of the Revolution and the impressions of these history-tellers of a turbulent period— even as we all lived through the siege with him in his "Indiscreet Letters From Peking".

Let me resume what I left off yesterday. Last night the Chinese official drive into the Summer Palace and called on Mr. Calhoun. They came officially from Yuan to apologize for the disturbance of the night preceding, and instead of condemning with them Mr. Calhoun grew hot in his denunciation of Yuan’s inability to preserve order. The trouble occurred apparently because the soldiers’ pay had been reduced and also because they heard rumors to the effect that Yuan was going to Mankung and that the troops would be disbanded. They appealed to his general but as he could do nothing for them they decided to break lines and steal for themselves— after plundering the city they rushed down to the railway station and boarded trains for neighboring towns. The police immediately dispersed as soon as the trouble commenced and there seemed to be no police troops who could stop them. The troops were sent out— but the city was out of control.

Yesterday morning we watched the barricades go up around the Legation and wire entanglements stretched across the streets leading into the Quarter. Goulies from every household were busy making sandbags and it all seemed very warlike and thrilling. Willard and I spent most of the day in our house hastily packing up our curios and books and papers etc— while Louise and I made a world’s record I think in packing up all our clothes. We brought everything into the Legation with us, for it was feared by all the diplomats that there might be a repetition of the looting. Towards evening I walked with Gasemore up to the Wall and from there, sure enough, we could see the fires commencing in the far western section of the city. Before long we heard shooting again and the roar of the guns increased and all through the night the northern and western quarters of the city were burned and looted, exactly as our neighborhood had been destroyed the night before. Of course there was nothing to do and we had to help for it, and we could only wait and watch and listen. We are getting accustomed now to the sound of rifles at night, and we all a sleep quite peacefully in spite of it.

Today there is added excitement in the air, for it is rumored that the Manchus and Russians are returning to Peking bound on an expedition of robbery and destruction. There are no republican flags to be seen anywhere and the streets are filled with the worst kinds of riff-raff— half starved beggars, who go about among the ruins picking up scraps of burned wood and iron. Mrs. Calhoun and Willard and I drove about everywhere where this afternoon taking pictures and we were really quite startled by the entire frenzied looking crowd which thronged the streets. We also went into a curio shop opposite our house, and the whole place was a mass of broken glass and porcelain—a complete ruin. I hate to think of the misery into which these poor innocent people are plunged, and of the terrible poverty which will ensue. Willard has already been providing his wife writer with funds, for the unfortunate man lost everything he possessed—even the clothes he needed, and there are hundreds of cases of the same kind. It all seems too brutal and sad.

Sunday-March 3rd

This has been another day of thrills and rumors and it seems quite hopeless at times to sift out the truth. However as outrages came into Peking yesterday from Tientsin it was evident that some trouble had occurred along the line, and last night after dinner a telegram was brought to Mr. Calhoun from Tientsin—reporting trouble there, and fighting and general stoppage of traffic. Upon hearing this news the Commanders of all the Legation Guards met together and decided to petition their Minister to send a more important force so as to act with more precision when we felt that we were face to face with a very grave danger. Willard was absolutely cool and level headed all the way through and kept us from being really frightened. I am glad now that we had the experience together although I should not like to live through it again. Without saying anything to me Willard rushed back into the dangerous quarter last night to send you a cable, for his first thought was of you. I hope it arrived at the same time that the newspaper reports came to you.

Today everything is quiet but I shall wait until later to write you of the further developments. I don’t feel the slightest ill effects from our last night’s experience and so far it has done none of us the tiniest bit of harm.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
Fortunately there has not been the slightest evidence of anti-foreign feeling anywhere and when foreign deaths occur it is usually through some accident—usually because they exposed themselves unnecessarily in attempting to interfere with the looters. We are all in years here because one of the beautiful gates into the Imperial City was burned and of course it can never be replaced. I believe the estimate of loss through fire and destruction in Peking alone reach the sum of $50,000,000.

William and Casamaya had a most interesting experience this afternoon. With pistols slung around their waists and a small guard of French soldiers, they went out to Prince Ching's palace to bring his treasure back into the French bank for safe keeping. When they arrived at the palace they were met by his two sons who ushered Casamava and William into his private apartments—even into the Prince's own bedroom where they all proceeded to rip up the rug and the bed, under which the treasure was hidden. They threw it all into wooden boxes which were piled again on cars and then the soldiers started homeward. No attempt was made to waylay them and they arrived safely at the Legation at 7 o'clock with many interesting accounts of Prince Ching's palace and bedroom. I spent a delightful afternoon with the Barton children, having tea with them and playing every sort of game. Mr. and Mrs. Barton—in the British Legation—are two of the nicest people here, and they have four naughty, fascinating children with whom I always love to play. There was a new joy in my relationship with them today, and a new song in my heart, because of the hope that before long I may be playing with my own blessed children. I don't care very much how ill I feel now, because of the underlying thought which now transforms even sickness into happiness.

Tonight we all dined at the Russells, and by way of diversion, while the men were lost in a discussion of state affairs, the ladies repaired to the dining room and made a judge. I'm convinced that this is precisely the right kind of competition during a time of strain; it is not only amusing but helps to keep the mind at ease. The situation allways a threat to me, and tonight it was all too loud and nervously discussing the situation. We were also interested in the judge that we completely forgot to listen for the nightly sound of firing.

Mr. Galhoun just heard that the Vicory of Tientsin has raised the foreign consul to take over the policing of the city. This looks like the beginning of INTERVENTION.

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Wed. March 6th

**The Legation**

Life in Peking is resuming its normal aspect again, although the shops are still boarded up and outside of the Legation Quarter no Chinese are allowed on the streets after 7 o'clock. This gives the city a very deserted appearance. All the officials are now donning foreign clothes and we have seen Chinese ladies driving about with feather hats and white veils and elaborate foreign dresses if it were not so harrassed it would be too sad for words. Willard and I spent one man today wearing Chinese clothes and a derby hat, which sat on the top of his head and gave him apparently to his satisfaction, the necessary republican touch. These are days of strange sights and the streets are as interesting and entertaining as the procession in a circus.

Yesterday Willard and I spent our morning and afternoon peaking about in curio shops, endeavoring to get a few good things from the ruins. The shops are one mass of broken glass and proscenial and very little has escaped from the hands of the vandals. We bought a few nice things but nothing really good—and as a matter of fact the curio dealers have had their real treasures carefully buried since the rumour of a fire which is one of the very worst—so all the objects of value are unavailable. It's really a great disappointment.

Willard went to a meeting late yesterday afternoon, and so I walked on the Wall with Mrs. Paton. The bankers are proceeding to lend money to Yuan—a stipulated sum monthly until the reorganization loan of $300,000,000 can be negotiated. Willard expects to sign the preliminary agreement to this loan before we leave for home, and it

will be one of the biggest undertakings he has ever been connected with. The great problem is whether the Russian and Japanese banks should be allowed to participate, and as the French, German, English and American governments are strongly in favor of doing so it looks as if the groups would acquiesce too.

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March 7th-

Today we have had the sad details of the deaths of two foreigners—the German doctor at Tientsin and an English missionary at Peking. Although they were both brave men and one died while he was trying to rescue his friends, and the other was shot because he tried to interfere with the looters, the Legations are distressed and saddened by the news and it has thrown a shadow over all of us.

The political discontent is breaking out all over China now, and the Peking mutiny experience is being repeated at Taku and at many other cities of the north. No one seems to feel that the republic is going to be successful, and every one is far from sure that the real troubles are only beginning. The situation is growing from bad to worse, as Willard predicted it would if a republic was established, and that is the reason why he and all the other bankers and Mr. Galhoun were in favor of the retention of the limited monarchy. The Chinese people are naturally law abiding and they have always looked up to great reverence to the throne and to the "Son of Heaven"—but for Yuan now there is comparatively little respect since the outbreak of the other north—there is famine in the south, and poverty and misery in the north—where the people are becoming lawless. Of course so far the serious evidences of discontent have been manifested among the soldiers only, but that is a momentous question alone, as there are 500,000 soldiers who should be disbanded—and if that order is given they threaten to revolt and loot and turn everything upside down.

I'm afraid China is facing the real crisis now—and no one cares to look into the dark days ahead. All the Legations here are so crowded with refugees that dinner parties and dances have all been given up and no one has felt at all like going out.

Last night, however, in spite of troubled times the Sforzas entertained and we all dined at the Italian Legation. I sat between Mr. Galhoun and Mr. Calhoun, and although I
felt rather sick and faint at dinner as I always do, the delightful conversation of the former. Afterwards a small orchestra composed of Italian sailor played and sang very charmingly and as a young Caruso stepped forth and sang solos we all applauded with great enthusiasm.

March 9th

Yesterday was a quiet day and being a 7th Willard and I lunched alone at our house and spent most of our time together. He had another meeting in the afternoon and so I took a long walk by myself on the Wall, not caring for other company.

Last night we all dined quietly at the Legation- a nice family party of the refugees, consisting of the Memons, Willows and ourselves - and then we all played poker until 11 o’clock. Every night Willard and Mr Calhoun sit up together and talk until after 12.

March 9th

We are still living in the Legation and Willard feels that it is safer to remain here for several days more. We expect Mr McKnight to arrive on Tuesday or Wednesday and so I imagine we will move back into our house when he appears upon the scene. No one could be nicer or kinder than Mr and Mrs Calhoun and they have done everything to make us happy and comfortable. She has created a wonderful atmosphere in her house, and one feels always that the Legation is ready to open its arms and take everyone in. It is really a very wonderful spirit.

Yesterday I had an interesting morning with an English art dealer, who represents some important English London firms in China and collects everything of value which he can lay hands on. He told me that there was no shop in Peking which had anything really good to offer, and the only way of acquiring treasures was now was to buy them from the princes and officials. Most of these Chinese are not willing to sell their best things, and the individual pieces of porcelain which they offer for sale are about two or three times as expensive as the same things would be in London or Paris. He himself was feeling rather discouraged, especially as the fine collection of bronzes belonging to Tuan-Pang had been snipped up by the Japanese and Tang-Shao-Yi has withdrawn his collection from the market.

It seems almost impossible to realize that in sixteen days we will actually be leaving Peking. As Mr McKnight is due to arrive on Wednesday I think we will certainly get off on the 26th - and after five days in Paris and a week in London we could easily sail from England by the 20th of April.

These days in Peking are fairly quiet again, although alarming rumors come to the Legation constantly which prove that peace is far from being established. Yesterday morning I went up to our house as usual for my French lesson but I was forced to end it somewhat abruptly and return here to the Legation to lie down.

We dined last night with the Belgian Commandant of the Guard. The French and Belgian Ministers were there- also the Russells and Casements- and so afterwards we all played bridge and had a very jolly evening.

March 11th

Yesterday afternoon at 2 o’clock Yuan-Shih-Kai’s inauguration took place very quietly in the Wal-Wu-Pu building and although there was a great deal of unrest in the city and several stampedes no actual trouble broke out. The service was very short and simple and apparently not at all impressive- and no diplomats were present- only the foreign employees of the Chinese government and several newspaper men. Yuan is now the president of the Provisional Republic of China and during the summer when the National Convention is called, it will ratify his election and pass the Constitution. But until that time the present government will be provisional only.

This morning Willard was busy as usual, and so I went out with Mr and Mrs Calhoun and Polly to see the collection of an American art dealer called Joshua. He apparently lives in Tokyo but he comes to Peking every year to pick up any good things that are on the market. This winter he has found very little- only a few pieces of porcelain - one enormous and very remarkable statue- and a marvelous bronze bowl from the collection of Prince Kung.

Tonight we all dined peacefully here at the Legation- and being Sunday we burst forth into hymns afterwards. It really was a nice home evening.
March 12th

Today Willard gave me a perfectly lovely present, which was examined by our connoisseur Mr. Grofts and pronounced excellent. It is a jade pendant of the most exquisite color and hanging from a string of jade beads the effect is quite lovely. Nothing could have pleased me more.

Yesterday was a quiet day again. After lunch Beatrice de Muscal and Polly and I read aloud for 2 hours "Gosta Berling" by Selma Lagerlof, and then I went out for a delightful walk on the wall with Mr. Galhoune. We walked several miles and the time passed only too quickly.

Last night the "Purple Cow" met for dinner at the Legation and Mr. Galhoune read aloud some essays by Chesterton. With great earnestness we discussed many questions until nearly midnight, and all enjoyed the intellectual stimulus.

March 13th

This morning we moved back into our house and it has given us a new thrill of happiness to return here together and to realize again the beauty of our surroundings. Mr. McNabb is expected this evening, so we will have to place him temporarily in the secretary's room adjoining Willard's office. The longer I live in this house the more I love it, and I'm glad sure I shall often be homesick for these pretty courtyards and my room, and for the fascinating, artistic rooms where we have spent so many happy hours. Everyone who comes to this house falls in love with it.

I spent most of my day yesterday arranging things about the house and trying to prepare Mr. McNabb's rooms for him and Willard worked here in his office and it seemed like old times again. We had another nice family dinner party at the Legation after which I read a Kipling story aloud. Various men had come into tea in the afternoon and as my health has considerably improved I felt myself able to take a keener interest in people again.

March 14th

Mr. McNabb arrived last night at 9 o'clock and as the train was due at 7 Willard and I had to wait two hours in the station. We hurried back to dinner at which Casamova joined us, and we sat up until half past eleven, talking business and politics. I really feel very sorry for Mr. McNabb in the face of the utter loneliness which confronts him here, for he seems utterly lost without his wife, and in spite of the fact that he is intelligent and efficient he will have a difficult time making his position here. People tell me every day that Willard's loss will be a terrible blow to Peking, as his frank personality, his clear mind and his absolute fearlessness have proved one of the greatest factors in preserving harmony and cooperation among the bankers and the ministers and in creating a closer understanding with the Chinese. Sir John Jordan wrote Willard a letter which touched me very much, and every day the people I meet speak with regret of our departure. Last night when Casamova mentioned the subject his eyes filled with tears, and he said it was impossible to express what he felt about Willard and me. We too will miss him always, for he is one of the closest and dearest of our mutual friends.

There is no news today except Yang-Shao Yi's appointment to the Premier's office. He will go to Nanjing in a few days to form his cabinet and then return to Peking for the permanent administration of affairs.
to stay in town to meet him and come back here tomorrow evening.

Sister and I came up to town in the motor yesterday afternoon and then Mr. Davison came to see me at tea time and I enjoyed his visit immensely. He leaves tomorrow for Aix to be with Mr. Morgan for a week—returning to London for the Conference which commences on the 14th. Unfortunately the German banker is unable to come before that date so the Conference had to be postponed on his account. We expect to sail as soon as the Conference is over.

Willard and I dined over at “Rose and Juliet” at hammersteins Opera House—and then to the Savoy for supper. It was the first evening of the kind we have had for a long time and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Tonight Edwin Morgan is dining with us and going afterwards to “Tristan” Willard managed to get uptown for lunch today and we gave a party at the Ritz consisting of Mr. Bland, Edwin Morgan and Lord ffrench. It was one of the most amusing parties I have ever been at and the conversation between the men was very bright and entertaining that I sat back in my chair and laughed all the time.

Willard is getting so tired that I shall soon be worried about him. He works every day until 7 o’clock and then gets up at 7-18 to ride with Mr. Grenfell. He certainly has wonderful energy but I am afraid he will tire himself out. Tonight we are going to “Aachen” and I hope the music will rest him.

May 2nd

Willard and I dined alone last night and went off on a spree—first to “Rose and Juliet” at hammersteins Opera House— and then to the Savoy for supper. It was the first evening of the kind we have had for a long time and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

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“Deepdene” May 4th—Saturday

Willard and I dined late and sat up until 8 a.m. in the morning and on Sunday night they sat up again until after 1. On Sunday morning the men played tennis and in the afternoon Prather and I motored over to Shaperton to see Mr. Bland.

I wrote you last Monday, so there is very little news. Willard and I dined that evening with Bill Phillips and as Prather was the only other guest we had a perfectly delightful time. Yesterday Willard and Prather and I dined with Mr. Grenfell alone, and had a most interesting and delightful conversation. He is really one of the most attractive men I ever have known and when he and Prather and Willard get started talking they are really worth listening to. Afterwards Prather and W. went off to the Carlton for supper, but they came home so early that I am afraid they couldn’t have felt very badly—although they seem to have enjoyed each other’s company.

I am now lying down on a sofa under strict orders from Willard. What do you suppose he did? Without saying anything to me he went off to see Dr. Adams, to ask him just how quiet I ought to be and he persuaded the doctor to write me a letter ordering me to remain in the country all next week. I really never saw a man think as much about his wife’s health as Willard does—neither telephones me always once, and sometimes twice, a day to know how I am feeling and whether I am resting or not. He has made me refuse a lot of dinner invitations and he keeps me as quiet as he can. I never imagined that men could be so thoughtful.

May 10th—London

Yesterday Mr. Grenfell told Willard that he wanted him very much to stay on in London after the Conference and carry on the Chinese work in the office here. Unfortunately Mr. Grenfell thinks that Jack Carter is no use and as London is the center now for Chinese finance he wants W. to stay and take it all over.

There are many news—Joseph Addison and Prather dined with us Wednesday and vaguely went to Mr. Temple in an amusing little play called “At the Bar.” Last night W. and I went alone to the theatre to see the play which everyone is talking “Milestones.” We were rather disappointed in it.
Dear Dorothy,

This is the last I shall write to you. By the time this reaches you Dorothy will have sailed and our departure for home has been again postponed. I am terribly sorry, for you sake and for Harriet and for Dorothy. It seems too hard, but after this separation which has been so hard for you, and so terribly hard for her too, just when we thought we could get away, that the axe has fallen once more. Dorothy shows me one of your letters in which you quoted my saying any how saying that I had told her we might be home for a couple of months. I may have said that— but not unwittingly, sure that after the last experience I always say—"I don't know— maybe two weeks— maybe two months." I really thought however that we would make the "insitans"—especially as I had reserved passage here for Davison as well. I arrived here Saturday night. Davison had already suggested that he thought we might have to stay on. Yesterday he and Davison talked it over and this morning Davison put it up to me—that there would be little for me to do in New York now that I—while London would be the cool pit for the next two months—so it will be and that they wanted me here. There is no denying that they are right, for the Chinese situation is more involved than ever owing to the admission of Russia and Japan, and it is here that we must fight it out after all, these questions. So practically—though not in every word—put it up to me, that either I had better take Dorothy home on the "insitans" and be ready to come back myself for a couple of months— or else I'd better make plans to settle down here for that period in such a way that Dorothy would be comfortable. Up to date I have been tending to Pauline, but though nothing like that I used to seem to me, its much too nervous for Dorothy—so I'm trying to get a small house in the country for two months so that we can at best be together, some weak-end parties down here and where we can be as quiet and peaceful as possible.

I thought in some ways that it might be best to get Dorothy home now, and if I had to come away to leave her with you. She says "no"— and I am selfishly glad— for it would be too awful without her.

For three days I've been as rushed all day and so fogged in the wee hours when I could at last turn in, that I haven't finished this letter. The conference is over—without very satisfactory—though not very unsatisfactory—results, but in any case we have to stay on, and I am terribly sorry. Dorothy was broken up about it.

The room is full with telegrams and my cases, so I must quit. Dorothy is very well and she is being looked after by a Doctor who is supposed to be the best here.

I wish we were coming home now with Feather instead of sending you this.

With much love to you and Harriet.

Willard.
It was very, and after meeting Willard at the house we went together to Ie.

Willard hadn't been an angel to me all this time, for it certainly made all the new Arnold Bennett book on Germany and whether Mr. Davison would finally let me go home in August, and on the bus in England and whether Mr. Davison will finally let me go home in August.

Edith Thompson, Major and Lady Wilson by J. M. Graham and the Illinois Co. Clinton to the writer. In Germany must have, I'm very grateful to you as hope the State Department will be washed up in time.

We are just back from our Sunday at Chilton with the Ward, where we had a very nice quiet week end. The party consisted of Count Bednaczek (Austrian Ambassador) Mr. Whymper (a famous naturalist and bird artist) Lady Theo Anson, and Mrs. Parke-Grahame. The four men went off fishing together all day Sunday, so we ladies sat around peacefully on the terrace, and walked leisurely over the grounds and through the gardens and greenhouses and dairy, etc. The place is perfectly lovely and the house an old Georgian structure which has been most beautifully furnished by Jean. Willard got along most beautifully with the men but didn't seem to hit it off quite so well with the ladies.

I wrote you last on Friday, and that night Willard and I dined alone and went to see "Fanny's First Play" by Bernard Shaw. It is one of the clearest and most sparkling things he has ever produced, and Willard and I just sat back in our chairs and laughed merrily all the way through.

Tonight we expect to dine again at the Wards alone, but as we have to meet Mr. Davison on the 10.30 train from Paris I think we won't attempt a play.

Chinese business is going dreadfully badly these days, and poor Willard gets pretty discouraged over the situation. You see--its this way--the four governments have invited Russian and Japanese participation and so the bankers of the two last named nations came to the Conference here on May 15th. They then proceeded to make such impossible demands that the Four Groups fell they could not agree to them--so the Conference broke up and nothing was accomplished. France now declares that she will break loose from the Four Groups unless the Russian are taken in, and as France is absolutely the tool of Russia and China seem to have arrived at a perfect deadlock.

Mr. Shiff is also making trouble in New York by declaring he will drop out of the American Group unless his business friends, the Japanese, are allowed participation.

However, it was silenced by a personal cable from Mr. Morgan--but unfortunately no one sees anything of silencing the French Government. Mr. Davison has been interviewing various officials in Paris, but all to no account--and each day the situation becomes more tense and more discouraging. It may all end with a break, and perhaps that is the best solution after all.

Monday--June 3rd.

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Tuesday- June 4th.

Not much news today. I have just been luncheon with Ethel Higgins and now, in half an hour, Willard and I expect to motor down to our place. He is somewhat exhausted today--he has been discussing business with Mr. Morgan, Mr. Davison, Grenfell and Whigham. Apparently Mr. J.P. showed great interest and remarkable understanding of the whole situation. He certainly has a remarkable mind and it seems to be unlimited in scope.

All these men and many others such as Mr. Lodge and Mr. Nine are all disgusted over T.T.'s victories, and Willard is the only one here who ever says a good word for him. I didn't realize the feeling was still so bitter against him. Jean told Willard a story about Taff the other night which shows he's as weak and flabby a person as he is apparently at some dinner which the President attended mention was made of Lloyd George whereupon Taff exclaimed--"Who is Lloyd George?" When he was told that L.C. was an important person in England he only answered--"Oh well, international politics don't interest me very much, anyway"--I last it too incoherent.

To join the friends in China business. Neither of them have any interests in the Far East, nor any money markets on which to float loans, and the whole proposition is so ridiculous that neither Mr. Reid nor Mr. Phillips would present it to the English Government. Mr. Davison was furious when he heard it and cabled immediately to New York so we hope the State Department will be washed up in time. Bill Phillips says that our relations with England have been very strained and difficult these last two years, because of the idiotic instructions which are sent by the State Department. Huntington Wilson's game is to play up to Germany and of course Germany tries to embroil us with England, and we manage to do things just wrong at every turn. I do hope T.T. will get in and start an entirely new administration and State Department. How thrilling the Ohio Convention must have been.

Sunday--May 20th--"Deepdene"

I can't understand why you haven't seen so many of our letters--for I wrote you on April 9 and May 3rd; and apparently none of these letters reached you. I'm wondering if one of the letters you missed contained an account of my visit to the doctor. The night when we were staying at Beaco-field, Willard consulted Bill Phillips about doctors and found that he and Caroline recommended Dr. Phillips, who takes care of Jean Ward, Beatrice Grannard and most of the Americans over here--and that they did not think very highly of Dr. Eden. After hearing all this, and saying nothing to me (he knew I would object) Willard went to see Dr. Phillips himself and asked him to see me--and apparently Dr. Phillips was extremely nice and said he would. In spite of my being Dr. Eden's patient I'm very grateful for such care. I don't know what I should have done if Willard hadn't been such an angel to me all this time, for it certainly made all the difference in the world and I shall never forget it.

Pauline is having a large house party this week end consisting of the Grannards, Edith Thompson, Major and Lady Florence Willoughby, Mr. Murray--Graham and the Italian De Miesis. The men play tennis and golf most of the time and the ladies play bridge. Willard also rides with Olive so his day is filled with exercise.

Wed. May 30th--"Deepdene"

You ask about our plans, but the trouble is Willard and I never know. It all depends on the business situation and whether Mr. Davison will finally let us go home in August as he said he would. So I can't answer that question of yours now and I realize how annoying it must be for you to be kept in suspense as to our plans. I only wish we could make our own arrangements but I'm afraid that's impossible and I suppose we must just try to make the best of things as they are.

Our guests departed yesterday and so today Pauline and I have been very quiet again. It is really pithful to see her with all her troubles and I feel so sorry for her sometimes that I just want to sit down and cry. I have been reading aloud to her the new Arnold Bennett book of short stories--"The Matador of the Five Towns"--and that seems to keep her quiet for a limited length of time.

Thank you for sending me June Adden's book of last summer--"The Search After Ultimate Truth" by Crane (Trine)

May 31st--39 Berkeley Square, London

We are back in London. I came up in the motor yesterday afternoon with Louise and after meeting Willard at the house we went together to see Mr. Morgan. He was just as nice and sweet as he could be, and we had a long talk about art and Chinese symbols and the New Theatre and all sorts of other things. Just as we were leaving he asked about our plans, and when I told him that Mr. Davison was keeping us over here he laughed and said--"Well, when Dave doesn't treat you well, you can appeal to me", He has this habit that is sweet and lovable behind all his greatness--and I'm really very fond of him.

We took Mabel Gerry and Lord ffrench to the Harrison girl's concert last night, dining there first at the Hotel. It was a sort of left-over party of Paulines and as she couldn't come up to London the joy of entertaining fell on us. Mabel was very amusing and talked gossipy steadily all through dinner which amused me but rather bored Willard and Lord ffrench. It was really a funny party, and I enjoyed the humorous side of it. The concert was lovely and the girls played beautifully. They commenced with the magnificent Brahms double concerto--then Beethoven--Harrison played a Schumann, and Mozart, Gluck--Concerto--and it was all perfectly wonderful.

This morning I went to see Dr. Phillips and he says that I'm fine. Willard and Jack Carter and I lunches at the Ritz--and now I have come back to the house to write to you and to rest. Tomorrow we go down to Chilton to spend Sunday with Jean Ward and then on Tuesday we hope to move to our place.

Original in private hands.

The Willard Straight Papers at Cornell University
This is my first letter to you from our new house- and I have spent two busy days moving furniture around, hiding away a collection of drawers in a sideboard and attempting to get things into shape. The servants seem to be very nice but I'm afraid the oak excels in looks and not in food. We moved down here on Tuesday night and as W. was kept in the office until 7:30 I never got to the country until 9 o'clock. Yesterday after asking about the house I lay for hours on a long chair under the trees, and the trees thoroughly enjoying the peace and freshness of the surroundings - and I imagine I shall spend most of my days here in this way. The birds sing all day long and I love to lie in my chair and listen to them, and now that the roses are beginning to bloom there are lovely masses of color everywhere.

Bill Phillips came over to tea with me yesterday, but Willard himself only returned at 8 o'clock. He brought me the news of the End Conference which has been held very hurriedly and takes place tomorrow in Paris. Consequently Mr. Morgan, Mr. Davison Whigham and Willard all quickly packed their bags and tore over to Paris today - and I am here quite alone. Willard wanted me to spend these days with Caroline Phillips but I refused to be persuaded to leave this house and as long as I can't be with you and Marianne and Willard I am far happier alone. W. was rather troubled about leaving me but I feel perfectly happy and peaceful here by myself, and as he expects to return at midnight on Saturday it only means spending three evenings alone. Of course Pauline has been trying to persuade me to go back to Deepdale, but I put his foot down there and told her that he refused to let me take that long motor trip again. Willard manages to convince Pauline of things far better than I can, and whereas she usually pays no heed to what I say, she always listens to him. Poor Sister - I do feel so terribly sorry for her, and I'm glad she stayed with her all these weeks and helped to cheer her up instead of moving sooner to our house. It was a great joy to be with the children but I'm sorry to admit that Dorothy dropped me like a hot cake when she discovered how entertaining Willard could be. He was always drawing foolish pictures for her, and telling her wonderful tales, which my imagination was not equal to at the time, and the consequence was that she came into my room in a hurry and then asked - "Where is Uncle Willard?" Whereupon she would disappear into his room and not come back to see me. It was really too funny - and everyone used to laugh at her - for she was very amusing about it and thoroughly indifferent to all the rest of us. Oliva alone remained true to me.

Sat. June 6th-

How I wish that you were here now, sitting under the trees with me - reading aloud and working and talking. I am hardly wait until the middle of July, and I am counting the days until you sail. These last two days have been very quiet ones, and as Willard is away at the Conference in Paris I have been spending some lonely evenings. On Thursday afternoon I drove with Caroline Phillips to Maidenhead where we had tea with a great friend of his called Lady Boston. Her house is too attractive for words and she has one of the prettiest gardens I have ever seen - all laid out along the edge of the river. Her place adjoins Clivedon and the situation is supposed to be the loveliest stretch of the Thames. Yesterday Caroline luncheoned with me and I spent the rest of my day sitting out of doors on the lawn reading and superintending the arrangement of the tennis court. In the evenings I usually play the piano and make a feasible attempt to read some opera scores - and then when I get tired of that I usually pick up a book again. At the present moment I am very much absorbed in a large volume called "Parenthood and More Culture" by Professor Saleby - a combination of biology, sociology and the writer's own ideas. Miss Garrett told all the members of her class to read it last winter, but as I failed to do it then I have undertaken it now - and I find it an interesting that I had to lay it down for a moment - and now that I have begun studying the subjects I think I shall take up Herbert Spencer next and endeavor to understand him.

This morning to my intense surprise Gladys called me up on the telephone from London and asked if she and Lasslo could come down here for Sunday. So I expect them to arrive this afternoon at 6 o'clock - our first guests. - and Willard got up here at midnight - having taken the 4 o'clock train from Paris. I'm afraid he will be tired again after these busy days in Paris and the hurried trip back and forth - and especially as the Conference failed again to bring the different elements into agreement - there can be any semblance over the results. I have just been lunching once more with Caroline - and this time Bill was there also as her younger brother and an attractive German lady called Baronesse Shroder - who lives in London and owns a most attractive house. Her husband wants his back to be represented in the Four-Power-Groups but thus far no encouragement has been given to him. Willard has talked to me a great deal about him and so I was interested in meeting his wife.

Monday June 10th-Amersham-

Willard returned Saturday at midnight - and we had a nice quiet day yesterday with Gladys and Lasslo. In the evening while the two men sat about and talked Gladys and I walked to the little village church - and in the afternoon we all motored to the River and hired a little row boat to go down the Thames from Bourne End to Maidenhead. It was really perfectly delightful - and we afterwards had tea at Maidenhead and motored home from there. The men are now playing tennis as a finale until 8 o'clock. Today I am alone again and I have just been having a lunch on a tray under the trees. It is lovely being out of doors that I hate to be in the house even for a moment. Louise is now packing my bag for I decided suddenly to go up to London and spend the night with Pauline as it may be my last chance of seeing her before she goes away. She leaves next week for Kiel.

Wednesday June 12th-Amersham-

After a day in London we are back again in the country now, and I am writing to you once more and all the peace of these surroundings. Listening to the dear little birds singing all about me.

I wrote you last on Monday just before going up to London. I took a very comfortable train to town and arrived at Berkeley Square at tea time and as Pauline was alone we had a long peaceful talk before dinner. In the evening we went off to a club concert with Almerio and Willard and I and had a nice time together at the opera listening to "Wagner". Gladys and Mrs. George Montague lunches with Pauline and me yesterday. I had a long talk with her about the Consumer League. She wants to start it in London, and I gave her some idea what had been accomplished in New York.

It seemed too heavenly to return to this peaceful place again and I eat outside on the lawn for an hour doing absolutely nothing but enjoy myself. Willard arrived at 6 bringing Mr. and Mrs. Hine with him for the night. He, as you know, is the President of the First National Bank - and just as nice and amusing and friendly as he can be. They have always been very kind to Willard and he has stayed with them several times at Glen Cove and crossed on the steamer with them - and of course he has always seen Mr. Hine down town in connection with Group business. Mrs. H. told me that both she and Mr. Hine were very fond of Willard and had always thought him a very fine young man. They made us feel that they truly enjoyed being with us both.

And now they have all departed again and I am once more alone with the roses and the birds.

After writing on Wednesday the Bobbie Grants came down here that afternoon and spent
two nights—leaving again this morning. She is just recovering from an appendicitis operation so we spent a very quiet day together yesterday. And when the men came down they played tennis hard and took all the extra exercise we got. Caroline and Bill Phillips also appeared in the afternoon, so we all had a nice time together and we three ladies watched tennis with great enthusiasm. Willard likes Bobbie Grant immensely and as I feel very keen about them both we decided that they were the finest kind of a couple to have with us in the country. However we want to be alone now—after all this gaiety, and perhaps later on we can ask them to come to us again!

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Sunday night—June 18th—Amsterdam

Willard and I have spent two very quiet days alone and I enjoy these evenings when we can read together and feel thoroughly peaceful. He played tennis both yesterday and to day with Bill Phillips and this afternoon we motored over to Heemstede to have tea with the Grenfell. Willard played tennis again with some of the men there while I sat on the sidelines with Lady Dunmore and Mrs and Miss Grenfell. We didn’t get home until 10 o’clock. Poor Willard has to sit up for hours tonight writing a memorandum and a history of these last negotiations— for the 3rd Conference takes place on Tuesday, and tomorrow Mr. Grenfell Mr. Addis and Willard all go over to Paris together. Mr. Davison had been already there. If no settlement is reached this time a definite break will probably be made with the Russians and Japanese—and possibly with the French too. No one seems to feel very hopeful about the situation.

Write me what books you read. Mr. Prather told you about “The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.” I have just finished two short plays in French and think the most wonderful.

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Tuesday morning—June 19th—London

Willard has gone off to Paris for the Conference and I expect to spend one lonely day again in the country, returning there this afternoon. I came up to town yesterday primarily to see the doctor. I spent a part of the afternoon with Gladys and Ad and then came here to Berkeley Square to be with Pauline. She leaves on Thursday for Ireland, but as she threatens to return in ten days to see me I can’t feel that this is a really serious parting. The Bra nards tried to persuade me to dine there last night, but I firmly declined to go out and had my dinner on a tray upstairs.

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Thursday—June 20th—Amsterdam

I have been alone here now for three days and poor Willard is so tied up with his Conference in Paris that he doesn’t yet know when he can return. The Russians are making a lot of trouble and nothing seems to be going very well—so even the conferences fail to bring satisfactory results. Mr. Davison is growing very impatient and asked Mr. Morgan the other day to allow him to go home and attend to business there—whereupon Mr. J.P. replied—“You will remain here—consider this Chinese business more important than anything else at present— as it seems playing a part in international politics!” Mr. Davison told me the story himself the other day before going over to Paris and we both laughed nervously when we realized that it was Mr. J.P. himself who was showing the keenest interest at the present moment. Willard writes that he has had several talks with Mr. Harrick, the new Ambassador, and he sits up every night until six o’clock and talking things over with Davison and Grenfell. I’m afraid he will be tired out again when he returns, and I only wish he could have a few days holiday here in the country and get well rested before he goes off on another conference.

I have done nothing whatsoever during these last days but lie under the trees and read and take quiet walks in the woods. Caroline Phillips lounged with me today and we read aloud. Howland’s “Life of Ruskin” —and as I have had all my meals alone—my lunch always on a tray outside. Yesterday afternoon the chambermaid’s wife came to pine and the whole scene was so like an old English novel that I could hardly control a continuous smile.

After writing you on Tuesday from London I spent a very interesting morning there going to Christie’s auction rooms. I became so fascinated by some of the things on exhibit there that I left bids for them—and I have just heard today that two of the carved ivories now belong to me. The collection of old French porcelain was perfectly wonderful—and although I left a bid of 600ls for one of them it sold unfortunately for 82 ls. I am still waiting to hear about the Daumier drawings which I hope will come to me. Beginning on “July Ist there is going to be a really wonderful sale at Christie’s—the works of art of the late John Edward Taylor. Even the New York Times prints a long column about it—so I imagine it is well known everywhere. It consists principally of Italian things—pictures, bronze, marbles, majolica, etc. I think I shall go up to London to see the exhibition and leave my bids again. Tell Carrolle that I bought some Chinese porcelains for her on Tuesday at the good London shop. Of course I don’t know old pieces from modern ones but I think these are lovely whatever they are.

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Friday—June 21st—Amsterdam

I am luncheon today with Caroline to meet Lady Balse—another neighbour—and that will be my only guilty. I really love the quiet life here

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June 25th—Amsterdam

Willard returned on Friday evening for dinner and we sat up talking until all hours. W. telling me about the Conference—which after all turned out successfully. The Russians finally gave in and consented to the proposals of the Four Groups—and on a new and more detailed, and now the Russian and Japanese banks belong to the Chinese International Group. It remains to be seen how the combination works out in practice, but after the signing of the new agreement everything seemed to be peace and harmony. Willard was much impressed by the German Old Masters and was pleased with the Conference. Mr. J.P. presided at the Conference and I expect to spend a few hours with him when he returns. It really must be very discouraging to put all your trust in a man that you are dealing with and then have him turn around and play you false in every possible way. Mr. Davison presided at the Conference and I’m told he was splendid and commanded great respect. Having finished his work over here now he expects to sail home in a few days. Willard now has the pleasant task of writing up a full history of these conferences and negotiations and then mapping out a general scheme for the forthcoming loan proceedings with the Chinese under the system of foreign control. He has been reading about the administration of the Turkish debt and such things and reading all the information he can. Fortunately he writes very easily and very well—having a perfectly clear and well ordered mind—and I have seen him dictate rapidly to his secretary in Turkey the most detailed and complicated schemes of monetary reform, etc., and then have to make a single correction afterwards. It certainly is a great help to be able to think thus clearly and quickly—and I suppose as a matter of rhot, that all men are able to work in just that way if they have had the training.

On Saturday the Frenchmen—Mr. Maddison came to us here for Sunday, and although we expected the party to be sticky, it really turned out to be quite a success. On Saturday afternoon we went out to a garden party given by Lord Burman who owns one of the finest places in the neighborhood. I met his daughter—Lady Ruskin—at Caroline’s lunch party the other day, and so after that I suppose she felt it her duty to invite us to her father’s garden party. We went primarily to see the place—and it was certainly well worth visiting. The grounds are perfectly magnificent— laid out on a very large scale with a lake in the center—and wonderful long vistas everywhere leading to pretty marble temples. And such hedges and restful sloping lawns

Besides this Garden party on Saturday night we had also a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell who motored over for luncheon. As a Grenfell, though nearly stone deaf, is one of the most entertaining people I have ever met and she and Willard always have amusing conversations together and get along beautifully. There is something she doesn’t know—from American politics down to the best methods of transporting munition from Australia.

On Sunday morning we went out quite independently of each other—the Frenchmen to
going to Mass in the neighboring village. I going to church here. Willard and Bill Phillips playing tennis while Addison sat around the house and did nothing. Mr and Mrs Bland motored over to lunch bringing Mrs Murray Campbell with them--- and in the afternoon we all hired a launch and went on the river again. Being "Ascot Sunday" the Thames was really quite a sight—so much color and life everywhere that it was almost bewildering. It was really a heavenly afternoon and I think we all enjoyed it.

Bland is going to America in November for two or three months to give the Lowell lectures at Harvard and so I wrote Helen and asked her if there was any possibility of engaging him for the Colony Club also. I had a most enthusiastic answer from her asking me to arrange everything with him directly, and so we are deciding on dates and general outlines, etc. If he speaks as well as he writes I think the lectures ought to be a great success—but of course it is always a terrible gas blip.

Today I have been alone again and I have resumed my nice peaceful life of reading and working and writing. I began this letter under the trees this afternoon and now I am finishing it upstairs in my room before going to bed while Willard is working at some papers in his little smoking room. I had tea this afternoon with the Drake family who own 6,000 acres here, and a most wonderful old house dating from Charles 1st's time.

I was perfectly fascinated by this place and I spent an hour there being shown over the house and grounds. Mr Drake is a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake and they have many old portraits of him throughout the house— and all the presents which Queen Elizabeth gave him. It was all most interesting and fascinating. Mrs Drake has written me several notes and has been very polite to us—asking Willard to play tennis there etc— and so I took this opportunity of calling formally and having tea with her as the easiest means of acknowledging her hospitality.

Yesterday I had such a delightful surprise. Willard presented me with two little white Aberdeen terriers—the sweetest and most foolish dogs you have ever seen. He had heard me say several times that I wanted to get one—as I have seen two or three lately to which I took a tremendous fancy—and so Willard went ahead and found these two for me and they are both prize winning puppies. They are really too sweet and I know you would love them. I seem to be developing suddenly a great feeling for dogs.