

Reynolds in Stormy Trip
(Continued from page 1)

ing we found a note from a friend of Charlotte's, formerly one of her girls in Barbour House, New York City. She is now Children's Editor of one of the Vancouver papers. Under her guidance we were able to have some good hikes through the wonderfully scenic country around Vancouver.

On an autumn afternoon we left Vancouver and started out through the Straits for the open ocean. We reached the ocean some time during the night and were greeted by a storm which was prophetic of the weather we were to have almost all the way across. Charlotte proved a good sailor and refused to miss a meal. I was not so fortunate and had two bad days when seasick stories lost all their humor.

"Angry Waves" Literal

We were really quite proud of the fact that we ran into one of the worst storms in years. Or at least we are proud now that it is all over. The barometer went so low that for four hours the automatic recording device could not work and the storm exceeded expectations. For a day and a night our huge steamer was flipped and tossed about like a chip. We understand now the expression "angry waves." They do look actually and personally vicious. It was so rough that people had to stay close in their cabins to avoid being seriously injured. One Chinese boy was hurled against the wall and his head badly cut. One evening at dinner after the storm was over, the Bishop of Shanghai and others made speeches thanking the captain and his crew for their skill and faithfulness in bringing us safely through the storm. In replying the captain said among other things that this was the sort of experience that comes to a sailor once in a life time.

Japan more than made up for our stormy passage. Its picturesque beauty is far beyond any descriptive powers of mine. Although the storm made us over a day late, our boat made her regular stops at three Japanese ports and we thus were able to get several glimpses of the Island Kingdom. At Yokohama we saw a little of the city and were inside two real Japanese houses, thanks to a friend of Charlotte's. Her home is in a fishing village at the edge of the city and made you think of a doll house with its paper walls and its quaint garden. Japanese cities are remarkably well ordered and clean. The policeman has charge of everything and even comes around to be sure your closets are in order and that the regular bath hours are being duly observed. (A little of that sort of thing would not be amiss in Peking, I opine.)

Our next stop was at Kobe where we visited Kobe College and had luncheon with President De Forest. The campus is a hillside garden nestled under the heavily wooded mountains. The buildings look out across the city and the bay to the blue Pacific. The college has outgrown its quarters and is soon to move to a new site. The present grounds will be used for the Academy department. We saw the girls both at play and in the class room. They were having the elimination tryouts to pick a tennis team to meet another college and were playing some corking tennis. We were reminded of the time this summer when as guests of the McKinnays we saw the Japanese Davis cup team play the Indian team at Lake Forest. Later we walked over to the Glory Kindergarten. Miss Howe, who founded the school over thirty years ago, is still at its head. At one time when she was at home on an extended furlough, she taught a class in Pilgrim Church, Oak Park, in which Helen Firman and Charlotte were members.

She was delighted to see Charlotte and took her around to every class and introduced her to the Japanese teacher as one who when a little girl was a Sunday School scholar of hers.

Sea-girl Forest Isles

From Kobe we went through the Inland Sea to Nagasaki. Japan is really just a great cluster of mountains rising out of the sea. They tower up abruptly from the blue water, green and well forested with here and there a narrow strip of sandy beach while elsewhere the white spray roars up the rocks and breaks in silver plumes. Gray little villages nestle under the hillsides and often we passed so close we could see the brown fishnets drying and hear the children at play.

A unique sight is the coaling of the ship at Nagasaki. The work is all done by hand. As we came to anchor a perfect cloud of flat-bottomed coal boats swarmed around us. A series of narrow platforms is rigged and swung on the side of the ship just below each coal hole and reaching down toward the coal boats. A line then forms and baskets are filled with coal and passed along this line, up the series of platforms, and finally dumped into the coal hole. Each opening has its series of platforms, its coal boat and its line of men, women, boys and girls. They work with remarkable dexterity and speed and keep a constant stream of baskets pouring upward. They actually coal the boat faster than it can be done by machinery, it is said.

Following an afternoon of sight-seeing at Nagasaki, we launched out across the Yellow Sea for Shanghai. Someone had given us Joseph Conrad's "Typhoon" and we read its vivid picture of that terrible storm on the Yellow Sea, with unusual interest because we too had been through a typhoon. At Shanghai the ship cannot dock, but anchors fourteen miles out. We went ashore in launches and finally won our way through the maelstrom of the Custom. We lunched out at Shanghai Baptist college with a friend and former tennis pal of mine who is now Director of Athletics there. Later we went back to Shanghai and spent the night at the Mission Home and next morning started off for Peking.

Perhaps some of you make the same mistake I did. I fully expected to make the trip from Shanghai to Peking in eight or ten hours and did not realize that it is almost as far as from Chicago to New Orleans and takes two days and a night by rail.

Treeless China

All the country near Shanghai is lowlying and intersected by canals. These are used instead of roads. It is startling to look out across a field of rice stubble and see a big boat, heavy laden with merchandise and with huge sail spread to the wind, apparently gliding smoothly along over solid

ground. During the afternoon of the first day we began to get up into the hills and drier country. One of the things that strikes you first, especially after Japan and her beautifully forested hills, is the lack of trees. It is not that they cannot grow, for wherever there is a temple or a private burying ground, there are trees. The hills have been deforested and now every bit of wood is used and even the stubble from the grain is grubbed out and used as fuel. Some effort is being made to teach and practice reforestation. This ought to mean much not only in making the bare yellow hills more beautiful, but in preventing the soil from washing, in giving a more even water supply and preventing floods.

Everywhere there are hordes of beggars. Blind, lame, sick, ragged, they crowd the station platforms crying for coppers. Mothers with babies, little children, children carrying other children, they are everywhere.

Learning a New Tongue

Most of the second day we were in flat, rather uninteresting country, all very yellow and very barren because the crops are all in. Every city has its wall of brick and every village is surrounded by a mud wall counter-part. We reached Peking at 10:20 Monday night, October 31, came in through the Water Gate where the relief troops came through in 1900, and next day started in at Language School at 8:45, one day late for the November class. Since then we have been busy twisting our tongues and faces into most unpleasant grimaces, in an effort to approximate the sounds that pour so easily from the mouths of our Chinese teachers.

Perhaps most of you know that we are living with Mr. and Mrs. Lennig Sweet and Mrs. B. W. Firman, — and in a real Chinese house built around an open court. Len Sweet, Boys' Secretary of the Peking Y. M., is a son of William E. Sweet of Denver, one of our distinguished Congregational laymen. Mrs. Sweet and Charlotte grew up together in Oak Park and have been pals ever since.

Sincerely,
Charlotte Belknap Reynolds
Paul R. Reynolds.

NAMES LEGION LEADERS

Hanford MacNider, commander of the American Legion, has announced the appointment of the Legion's national legislative committee, as follows: Dan F. Steck, Ia., chairman; John R. McQuigg, E. Cleveland, O.; Earl M. Cline, Nebraska; Wm. R. McCauley, Bloomington, Ill.; James M. Hanley, Mandan, N. D.; Mat H. Murphy, Birmingham, Ala.; J. G. Scrugham, Carson City, Nevada; Wm. F. Deegan, New

York; Joseph H. Thompson, Pittsburgh; James A. Drain, Washington, D. C.; George L. Berry, Pressman's Home, Tenn.; Wilbur M. Brucker, Saginaw, Mich.; John Thomas Taylor, Washington, D. C.; John D. Markey, Frederick, Md.; Aaron Sapiro, Lexington, Ky.; John H. Sherbourne, Boston; Paul Edwards, Seattle, Wash.

FORGOTTEN!

Because he had not his commitment papers, Wallis D. Willis, a disabled soldier, was turned away from Government hospital to wander in the streets of Washington until overcome by exposure. Roused by Willis's treatment, the American Legion is starting a vigorous investigation of red tape evils.

Jesse L. Lasky presents
WALLACE REID
in
"Rent Free"



Another flitting with jaunty Wally into the place where the laughs live!
A story of homeless who camped on the roofs of New York.
Full enough of fun and excitement to make a landlord forget the first of the month.

a
Paramount
Picture

COMMUNITY HOUSE
Friday, February 3rd
7:15 and 8:45 P.M.
ADMISSION 25c

MAGAZINE AGENCY. Renewals and new Subscriptions to all Magazines solicited. Our specials: Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman and Ladies' Home Journal.

WILLIAM A. HADLEY
913 Oak Street. WINNETKA Phone Winnetka 323

CONSULT
R. W. BARTELMANN CO.
FOR
Frames, Sash, Doors and Interior Finish

910-912 Weed Street, CHICAGO
Near North and Clybourn Aves.
Phone Lincoln 7012-3

Iredale Fireproof Warehouse

Announce the opening of their new warehouse at
**560-562 CENTER STREET
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS**

for the transaction of general storage business. Household goods moved packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Telephones
Winnetka 1332
Wilmette 1332
Evanston 955

Jan. 28, 1922

**Watch Those Knocks,
Brother Motorist.**

Bearings that are not too badly worn can be taken up, but if you let them pound too many miles you may as well give them up.

**HAVE
YOUR
CAR
OVERHAULED
RIGHT
NOW**

Richardson's Garage
724 - 30 Elm Street
Phone Winnetka 25 - 841