

Cranford Cottage
Training Station Road
Newport, Rhode Island
March 5.18

Dearest Mother,

Bob met me at the Newport station yesterday and here I am established with him and Helen in their dear little house. I was awakened this morning by the music of the regimental bands, 112 pieces in all, and a most beautiful sound it was to be brought out of slumber by. B. has gone now to the Hospital and

Helen and I are going to Thamer Street to choose wallpaper for the baby's nursery. This house is lovely, sunshine everywhere, and I am wondering how people can make up their minds to live in dark city houses. I don't mean 323, for that too is always sunny and bright.

Newbold is coming tonight to dinner and we are all going to the movies. I believe there are some good Japanese pictures that Bob especially wants me to see;

He and Helen saw them last week. One of my China friends wrote me lately that there is much anti foreigner feeling in China and stones have been thrown and they are called "foreign devil" in the streets. Their letter was from [Souchors?] where we have a splendid mission station - large church, boy's school, girls' school etc.

Helen is waiting for me so I'll close. Give Father + Madge my love and much to my dear daughter when you see her.

Very lovingly,

Dora.

(over)

P.S. Last Sunday was Billy Sunday's last day in Washington. I went to the morning + afternoon services, Alice Paul with me. The tabernacle was packed. We sat on the platform as I had my pass with me, and enjoyed it all. After the second service as he was hurrying down the aisle to get out before the crowd did, he shook hands with me and said he had seen "Doc" lately. He has had a splendid campaign in Washington. The people thronged the tabernacle at the meetup and very large hunters hit the trail. Hundreds on Sunday.

Good bye again dear mother.