

WRITES FROM  
HUNAN, CHINAMiss Esther Sellemyer,  
Missionary, Is Nearing  
Her Destination

Miss Esther Sellemyer, former Decatur young lady who is returning to her missionary work in China after a furlough with relatives in the United States, has written a letter to her parents in Los Angeles, California, and the letter has been forwarded to relatives in this city. Miss Sellemyer is nearing her destination, or was on October 22, when the letter was written. Since she has many relatives and friends in this city, her letter is printed herewith:

Changteh, Hunan, China,  
October 22, 1925.

Dear Folks:—  
So far, so good, but I'm just near enough to my destination that waiting around makes me awfully miserable. I arrived in Changteh last Friday morning, Oct 16th, after a more or less uneventful trip on the launch from Hankow. I don't know just where I left off in my last letter recounting the details of my wanderings, but I'll take up the story now from the point where I think I left off, at least.

You will remember that I said I was trying to get a wire through to Changteh asking for my cook to come to Hankow to meet me. From the wire that I received from Elizabeth, I concluded that he must be waiting for me there, but I wasn't sure. Well, finally after waiting in Hankow for almost a week, I received a wire from the Presbyterians in Changteh saying that my cook had left for Hankow, and sure enough, he arrived the next day after I received the wire. He had brought all my bedding, cooking utensils, and other journeying necessities, so that all I had to do was to make reservation for us on the launch and buy up three weeks' food supplies to take along. Accordingly, we left on the launch the very next day, which was Monday, Oct. 12th, and arrived here the following Friday. With the exception that the trip was slow and uncomfortable, I had nothing to complain of. The launch, being fairly clean, I encountered no rats nor bed bugs, although there were quite a few roaches, and flies and mosquitoes galore. My

greatest discomfort was occasioned by my inability to get off my bed or to see out. It was just like being a prisoner in a dungeon from Monday afternoon until Friday A. M. You see, I had given orders that I was to have a room with two beds (that means two rows of boards instead of one). Well, when I got on the launch, I found that I had been given a room with only one bed, and therefore, scarcely no room at all to put things. The cabins that have two beds in them are a little larger, and we usually plan to sleep on one bed and pile our things on the other. That way, most of the floor space is reserved for standing room, and the added cost is so little that it pays one to pay the difference and have a little comfort at least. But to resume, there was nothing to be done about my room, so I proceeded to arrange myself and my belongings. Imagine! The cabin was about 5 x 6, and the bed was 3 x 6. That left a floor space of 2 x 6 to put my steamer trunk, two bags, two brief cases, a typewriter, crutches, cane, hat, coat, my roll of bedding, the cook's roll of bedding, a box containing cooking utensils, a large basket of charcoal, and nine boxes of freight containing food supplies and stores. There was not even a foot of standing room left, so my bed was sitting room, standing room, dressing room, dining room and sleeping room. I never budged from it from Monday afternoon until Friday morning, and by the time I got to Changteh, my legs were so stiff from being doubled-up all the time that I didn't know what to do. When it was meal time, I put the box of food supplies and cooking utensils out on the passage-way, and the cook got my meals out there, and I sat on the bed and ate. While eating, I always had an audience peeping at me thru the window, the door, and along practically every crack in the walls of the cabin. The window and door consisted of two holes up near the ceiling of the room, so I couldn't see out unless I stood up, and I couldn't stand up straight because the ceiling was too low, and therefore, it goes without saying that I didn't stand up often or very long at a time, and so, didn't see much along the way.

I am waiting here now for an escort, consisting of a fleet of Chinese boats and a convoy of soldiers, to assemble. When they all get together, then eventually we'll leave for Chenchow, but I don't know how soon that will be. These convoys are such uncertain things that one can't depend

on what they say when it comes to travelling schedules. They may leave in a few days, and they may leave in a few weeks. We have no control over them, so it's simply a matter of being stuck here until they go. But with so many bandits along the river, it's impossible to start out without them and they know that. Between bandits, rapids, and soldiers I may have more interesting material to fill a letter the next time I write. However, they do say that the river is not quite as dangerous now as it was during last winter. The bandits, they claim, have been somewhat starved out.

The other day as we were crossing Tung Ting Lake, my cook called me to the window to see eight people who were sitting on a plank and floating around in the water. Not far away I saw their battered boat still on top of the water, but just about to sink. Evidently, there had been a collision, and these folks had managed to get onto this plank. Our launch had passed quite close to them, but by the time the cook had called me and I got to the window, we were quite a distance away. I said to the cook, "Why don't we turn back and try to rescue those folks?" He said, "Oh I guess the captain thinks it would be hard and troublesome to rescue them." Then he added, "Besides, I guess the Chinese on this launch think that if the river god wants the lives of those people, it would be disaster to them if they would interfere." And so we went on, and my cook told me that undoubtedly all of those eight people would be drowned. As we continued on our way sweetly indifferent to what was going on about us, I couldn't help

thinking of the contrast of the crew of this boat and the crew of any one of the foreign ocean-going steamers, who, at a cost of hundreds of dollars, stop a vessel going at full speed in mid-ocean to rescue even a baby which accidentally may have fallen overboard. But it's just the difference between what Christianity does and what non-Christian religion does for suffering humanity. I haven't been able to get the thing off my mind even now yet. I just thought we would have to turn back.

Well, my cook will soon be here to take this letter to the post office, so I must stop. Am getting anxious for home mail, but nobody knows how long it will be until I get to a place where there is some. Hope this finds

you all well.

With ever so much love,  
Esther.D. C. STEPHENSON BECOMING  
EXPERT CHAIR-MAKER

Michigan City, Ind., Dec. 10—(United Press)—D. C. Stephenson, the man who once boasted that he was

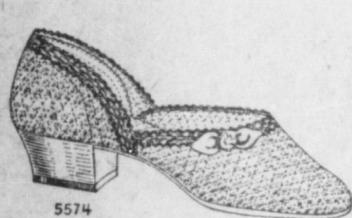
regarded as a model prisoner by the officers at the penal institution. Since his arrival at the prison Stephenson has worked regularly in the wicker chair department of the prison, with the exception of one day when sore hands forced him to take a rest.

Indications are that Stephenson will be given another rest when he is taken to Noblesville under guard to hear the arguments on his plea for a new trial.

Warsaw — The Kosciusko county court has ordered Donald Vanderveer, of Milford, receiver for the Farmers State Bank of that town to sell the life imprisonment, for the murder of building and fixtures. The bank failed Madge Oberholtzer of Indianapolis, last spring.

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CHARLIE VOGLEWEDE  
The Shoe Seller

you all well.

With ever so much love,

Esther.

D. C. STEPHENSON BECOMING  
EXPERT CHAIR-MAKER

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