

SOCIETY

From the Astor House hotel, Shanghai, China, on twenty-second of October, Mr. J. W. Gardner writes an intimate family friend that his party was celebrating Mrs. Gardner's birthday. "Our trip is most wonderful," writes Mr. Gardner, "but quite strenuous. I won't attempt to tell of our experiences except that we are all well and in love with Japan. In China every depot is guarded by soldiers and every car carries a guard of soldiers on each platform. We spent part of a day in Nanking and the havoc done by the Chinese soldiers when looting the city was complete. They burned hundreds of houses including the only hotel in the city for Europeans. We stopped at a house which the hotel man had rented for temporary use and its doors, walls and windows had been riddled by shells and bullets. The people in the city were almost starving and I never saw such misery. I must admit I had a sort of creepy feeling when I retired on the sleeper the night we left Nanking. Our stay in Peking was cut short on account of train service as they are just getting the road in shape to operate and run but one through train a week. We are enjoying Shanghai, which is called the Paris of the far east and it is certainly a contrast to what we have seen in China. I enclose a copy of a letter showed me by a friend to give an idea of how a Jap can get mixed up on his English."

The following is a copy of the Jap's letter:

"W. Morling, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I am compelled to complain that by your small dog I was bitten and skin was wounded and my trouser was broken. It was event at six o'clock this evening. Mr. C. R. Morling called me to take the photograph. Carelessly I was going to small house at right side of your gate to ask for Mr. C. R. Morling at your box. At that moment suddenly your small dog with black