

Summit, California,

Jan. 26, 1915.

Dear Brother Edson:

We are in the Snowsheds, and I cannot read, so I have unlimbered my Corona Typewriter, and will begin a letter to you. In a former letter, I think I told you that because of the heavy snow in Nebraska, we did not dare leave Lincoln Thursday night, as we had planned, and decided to wait till Saturday night. Then Elder Robinson asked me to spend Sabbath in Boulder. I arrived in Boulder about 9:30, and was met by the Sanitarium auto. At the Sanitarium you could see at a glance that it was under efficient management. Everything was clean and orderly, and the help almost as alert and efficient as in an up-to-date hotel.

The meeting-house was well filled at 11:00 A. M., and they gave very close attention as I spoke of the Blessed Hope. At 3:30 I spoke to the young people, and some others. In the evening Brother Legg took dictation for ten urgent letters, and I had a good treatment for "cold and headache." Sunday morning I talked to the helpers before breakfast, and led worship with the patients after. Dr. Green is proud of the institution, and as soon as Sisters Gotzian and Phelps came, he showed us all over the place. We inspected the Bakery, the Dairy, the chickens, and the new cottages. The place and its equipment show why they have not made more progress in paying off their debts.

Our train is due at Vallejo Junction too late for any connection home tonight, so I wired Mason that we thought of going to Lodi and getting home tomorrow evening. But a little this side of Reno, the conductor brought me a telegram saying that Dr. Paulson is at our place, and plans to leave this week. From Truckee I sent a

message asking that Herbert meet us at Benicia, at 7:15. If all goes well with him and us, and we make good connections there, we will be home at 11:00 P. M. tonight.

We have some very interesting fellow passengers. One is a young lady from Italy to Sacramento, to meet her husband. She is learning to talk English, and practices faithfully.

Another interesting fellow passenger we first saw in the Ogden Station. She was standing in a prominent place, talking to one of the ushers as though he was her only son, just off to the army. After he had located her in the car, near us, he departed, and inside of thirty minutes she had made up with a flashy business man, and was treating him to bad-smelling beer that she had brought in in a big bottle. Later she was talking garrulously to the brakeman, and afterward was playing cards with the business man. Now she is in the hands of a trained nurse sent up the line to meet her. The Pullman Conductor tells me that she was once the wife of a well-to-do business man in San Francisco, and that, coming West, she stopped off to drink, and lost her ticket. So her folks sent her money for another ticket, and enough extra for food and three drinks a day. The conductor seems glad to turn money and ticket over to the special envoy, who is an employe of the Travelers' Aid Society.

Another fellow passenger is Miss Betty Bates, a five-year-old San Francisco girl, who was put onto the train at Colfax, and who is traveling in care of the conductor to San Francisco, her home. She has been up the second time, she says, to visit a friend. She is a well-balanced, sensible little girl, and has made friends quickly with the agent of the Travelers' Aid Society, who declares that she will see her to her home on 17th Street, San Francisco.

At Ogden we met a sad little woman returning to Reno from Denver. She told Sister Gotzian that she was called to Denver to be with her sick sister. Her sister became hysterical, and the doctor gave opiates, and when they did not work satisfactorily, he gave a heavy injection of morphine, and the patient lay down and died.

Oh! The Blessed Hope, The BLESSED HOPE! If this old world is not renovated soon, what a place it will be!

Your brother,

W. C. White