

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

**Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149**

**Finding aid for collection available at:**

**<http://hdl.handle.net/10079/fa/divinity.149>**

**Series: I. Correspondence**

**Subseries: Family correspondence**

**Box / folder: 1 / 1**

**Folder label: Abbie G. Sanderson (AGS) to family, within U.S., en route to west coast on journey to China**

**Dates: 1912 – 1918 Mar 10**

For copyright information see: <http://www.library.yale.edu/div/permissions.html>

Originals of collection held at:

Yale Divinity School Library, 409 Prospect Street, New Haven, CT 0511  
(divinity.library@yale.edu)

Scanning and computer output microfilm prepared by Conversion Service Associates LLC, Shelton, CT with financial support from The Center for Christian Studies, Shantou University, 243 Da Xue Road, Shantou, Guangdong, China 515063

Friday, Oct. 4, 1912 -

Dearest Mother mine :-

I suppose you are safely home again - Do you know, I almost half expected to see you - I wanted you to come to Waterville so, when you were in Portland. I didn't really think you would come, of course - because I know how things are - but oh dear me, I wanted so to see you! -

Has pa been elected on the Ex com. again - ? I haven't yet found any one to do my work, Thanksgiving - but Miss Butman sort of likes me I think, and I think she will let the girl who makes rolls do both jobs - because there won't be many here. Joe came back last night, and I feel as if a load were taken off my shoulders - you can imagine - I was glad enough to see her - Fishing still progresses. I think we are going to take more than any one else - and get almost all we want, too - In fact, I think we would take more were it not for the fact that we can't have more freshmen than are in all the rest of the fraternity - We expect now to take 15 or 16 -

"These is the busy days" - can't find time to

do a thing - There are lots of things that happen that are too long and can't bear to be written about.

So write and tell me if you got the mileage all right, for I'm anxious to know. I kept thinking all the time that the Convention was next week instead of this, and that's why I didn't hurry about it. I'm very sorry -

Did you see Mrs. & Mr. Whittemore? While they were in Portland (Wed. night) we had our X-2 reception at their house. Wasn't that splendid? Only I wish she might have been there; she is one of our patronesses -

Sunday P.M. I meant to finish this and send it right off, but here it is.

Well, mother, I have made a decision that may mean quite a lot to me - I have decided to become a student volunteer - if you know what that means, and of course you do, and you realize too, what it will mean - Do you approve - or what do you think of it? I have prayed about it and, of course, can't see an inch ahead of me because of the obstacles - But - from now on I hope I shan't be quite so rudderless - I know I'm

not fit, and probably never shall be, but  
I can't teach all my life - yes - I can teach,  
too - if necessary - I will - I can't explain  
myself - but I want to do what is right - so -

Money is scarce - very - I'll send you my  
account soon -

There, I meant to write a long letter, but  
I'm sleepy, and must go to bed -

With love

Abbie - S. S. -

When does pa come?



THE SPACE ABOVE IS RESERVED FOR POSTMARK.

# POSTAL CARD

THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mrs. Elisha Sanders  
Montville,  
Conn.



"The Cottage". Don't wish to be called  
"a cottage". Don't wish to be called  
"a cottage". Don't wish to be called



Mary Low Hall  
Waterville, Maine  
Oct. 10, 1912.

Dearest Mother mine,

You can perhaps imagine how anxious I've been to get your letter. It seemed as though I couldn't wait. However, it said just what I was positive, dead sure, absolutely certain it would say, only you didn't say at all what you thought about it. I don't believe you are very rebellious to the idea, from your letter - but you didn't say -

Tell pa that I have thought of such a thing for over two years, and almost decided some time

last winter. So Mr. Schwartz  
really sent just the final shot  
that was needed. His talks appealed  
to me very much. I heard him  
first at Sunday school - a little  
very short speech, and I liked his  
look, very straight forward. Then  
in the afternoon he spoke to the girls  
of the cabinet, and I was very  
much impressed with what he said.  
He told us of the great need for  
people of good education, and said  
that people were realizing more and  
more that not everyone could go on  
to the foreign field. He said there  
were certain essentials necessary -  
Of these essentials I remember two



courage that cannot be daunted, and an  
inborn ability to make friends. I felt how  
unworthy I would be to fill such a place -  
very doubtful whether I had either of these  
characteristics - and when he asked if there  
weren't some girls in college who were interested  
I wanted to say that I was and had  
thought strongly of being a student volunteer,  
but - no, before those girls I was simply  
dumb - I just couldn't say a single word!  
There were Eva Macomber, Christine Lippa  
Wall, Pauline Hansen, Belle, and Phyllis -  
(Marian Ingalls & Idella weren't there)

I know you can sympathize with me as  
to how I felt, because I know you've probably  
felt just that way yourself -

I haven't handed in my name or  
anything, to be a S.V. but I hardly believe  
I shall change my mind before I have the  
opportunity. In the middle of the year  
sometime, the girls' student volunteers  
Secretary - or something, comes around - and  
that will be the time for me to sign my  
name, etc. - What does pa think of his  
S.V.? and have you told Arthur? I  
have made this decision - and I don't believe  
I shall change. I may not be worthy of it, but it is a worthy  
decision, I think

I have told Idella - that's all.  
She wondered what you people at home  
would think about it - Of course I  
couldn't tell her - because I didn't know -  
until this morning - I told her  
I guessed you had no strong  
objections -

Mother dear - please tell me -  
are you glad? Or can't you tell yet?  
I might be a failure, you know?  
Keep on praying for me - I do need it!

I have been elected Treasurer of  
the Sunday School class - dear me -  
I believe I shall get a little tin  
chest with a lock on it, to keep my  
own money - and my Lord's teeth,  
and the S. S. class money in - in little

apartments, you know - Mother, I find him  
just exactly as busy as I thought I'd be - and  
a little busier - I did get pretty tired when  
I was still at Hebron - and did catch a  
terrible cold - but its getting better now -  
though I had thought it wouldn't ever -

Fishing Lac deau rather strenuous, I'm  
glad it ends tomorrow night - and shall  
be gladder still when we get all over the  
Langnet and irritations and everything -  
I can call me an aesthetic finisher  
all he wants to - but the work is harder  
this year than ever before - I like  
chemistry very much - although I  
know very little in it and shall  
probably flunk all my exams and  
everything -

I like my rhetoric very much and  
guess I am doing pretty well in it so far -  
but when it comes to writing "in the  
style of" Eliot, Poe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, etc.  
I guess I'm a goner.

Idella sends you her love - and hopes you will  
come to see us some time. Mother dear, you are a  
terrible bother to me - did you know it? If you were it and  
a dear good lady, I shouldn't have so much to say to you and  
be sure nobody ever had as good a mother as I - honest!

40 Chase Street, Newton Cts.,  
Dec. 5, 1917.

Dear Mother !

Ever since Monday my fingers have been itching to write and tell you all about it, but they instructed me not to tell a soul, not even to write about it to you, until the thing was done today, and settled for sure. Today I met the <sup>Woman's</sup> Board and received my appointment for Swatow, China. An emergency cable has come, and I am urged to sail from Vancouver the 14th of March, though that date may be changed to April 11th if I decide very soon. My formal appointment from the General Board will be some time next week, but plans are already begun. I am not to worry about Phonetics, or the Bible Study that I haven't completed, or <sup>any of</sup> all the things that I haven't finished. I will be much more valuable if I go now, because the need is immediate and imperative.

Never have I dreamed of such a thing, of course, and when Mrs. Henderson told me Sunday that I was summoned to appear before a committee on Monday, my heart sank, and my first thought was "Oh, what have I done now!" - I still had that feeling when Mrs. Henderson went in with me on the train Monday. Then she gave me a hint of what was coming. Of course that set my head in a whirl at once, and you can easily believe that I have lived in a topsy-turvy world ever since! Here I was thinking that maybe I'd have little

bits of advice given me about studying harder, or housekeeping more neatly, or wearing a bigger hat etc., and the only question that Mrs. Peabody asked me ~~was~~ after Miss Hunt had stated the need. "Would you consider filling this position now?" - When I answered that I hardly felt there was a decision to make, since what they planned must surely be better than any thing I could decide about it, Mrs. Peabody's eyes filled, as she said "It reminds me of Jean McKenzie, who when she was called back to Africa to leave in ten days, answered her father's query 'Are you going?' in this manner, 'When a person is called to the front nowadays, he goes!'" -

It was then that they asked me to come in to the Board Meeting today. (That had been only a candidate committed meeting, and those present were Mrs. Peabody, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Young, Miss Brigham, and Miss Hunt. Mrs. Young brought Mrs. Henderson, Miss Hunt & me home in her car afterwards.) Today about 12 women were present, and the whole affair was over in about ten minutes. Every thing lovely was said about me - and my "work up in Maine" (!) Helen Hunt has wanted me for this place for a year she says. Miss Brigham answered part of the musical question by saying that I have a very sweet voice - but was too modest to say so. They asked me if I was a good letter writer, and Miss Hunt promptly spoke up "She writes simply

splendid letters". (!) Oh they were all so lovely to me. Mrs. Peabody shook hands with me again when I went out (She's lovely, isn't she?) and said "Oh we are so glad you have such a fine spirit, and are so glad you're going willingly." I said that I could be only proud to be sent, and sent as soon.

You may perhaps imagine how sorry I am for Mabel. I was in terror for fear she was going away to teach and would leave me all alone here to go up on the hill - and we do find each other so helpful and congenial in every way. Now the tables are turned - they're surely turned way over, too - I dreaded so to come home tonight, especially on her account. She said "Isn't that fine?" when I told her - and all the while she was just fighting for control of herself. She has told me tonight - ~~that~~ she is glad for me, but her heart is just broken - We had so many beautiful plans about going over together, etc - She feels almost that she doesn't care what becomes of her now - Poor girl - my heart aches for her - because I know she can't help being lonely after I'm gone -

You may be sure that you and Father are much upon the hearts and minds of people here - Mabel said tonight that she thought you were the bravest woman she knew of - Everybody knows how hard it will be for Arthur and me to go away at so nearly the same time - Of course I shall not come back here after



the Christmas holidays, which begin here Dec. 22 -  
Now, Mother, dear, don't you see your duty clear?  
Would you think of trusting two hundred whole  
dollars to the tender care of your helpless, incompetent,  
gullible, and sometimes extravagant daughter, and  
allow her to purchase such things as bedding, table linen,  
underclothing, shoes, furniture, etc., etc. without your  
blessed judgment? For you know that she is all too  
likely to buy mosquito netting sheets, cotton tablecloths,  
immodest underwear, ultra high heeled shoes, etc., etc.  
unless your restraining hand is present to guide?  
Oh?

Moreover - I have been too engrossed in my  
subject to tell you that Miss Eden (appointed to Africa  
last spring) leaves for home tomorrow on account of  
appendicitis and other troubles which may or may  
not lead to a serious operation. Her room, right  
across the hall, will be vacant, for you - Mrs.  
Henderson thinks it would be splendid if you  
could come the last week I'm here. - The week of the  
16th - and help with the shopping - I am determined  
it shall be so - You won't have much time to  
stop at the farm if you come now!

I write to Mrs. Ballman (home on furlough)  
tonight to find out ~~about~~ the details of outfit,  
clothing, etc.

When they first said March I thought it  
would be impossible - Though it's much cooler to  
arrive there in April than in May - There is  
so much to be done - Then, I thought of how  
you felt about Arthur's going last July; that

ym couldn't have endured it if he had stayed a day longer - Then I wondered if the extra month would be just an extra strain on ym - If ym feeling about this would be similar - Please say frankly what you think - I don't dare to think at all about leaving ym so soon, - but I have decided to wait until I hear from ym on this point, before I decide finally - Dr. Everham, a young woman who has not been here at Hasseltine House but has been in a Boston hospital, was appointed to Swatow or Kitgang, today. She will be going all the way with me - She's lovely - but she's not Mabel! I mean we don't know each other so well - She could manage to go in March - but will wait until April if I decide I must.

Why was I the first to be chosen, do you suppose? Why did they think I could get along with <sup>Phonetics</sup> ~~without~~ Phonetics any better than Mabel could? She's a brighter girl than I, more studious and scholarly, naturally, than I, and more thorough in every way, it seems to me. Why?

Miss Cully of Swatow comes home on furlough soon, leaving Miss Fielden there with me. Miss Fielden is out on a three year term, so when Miss Cully comes back to China, Miss Fielden will come home for good, I suppose, and I'll be left there with Miss Cully - A girls boarding school, you'll see by the "book in the Orient" - Oh, there are such heaps of things I ~~about~~ to say - but haven't time, for it is midnight now -



Had the S. S. register board laid aside - and will measure it to see if it can go into my trunk - If not, I'll ~~send~~ leave it sent immediately.

You'd better save some cards and things for me - For you see I shall have no time for presents this year!

I am too stirred up now to write of other things - If you are coming maybe we can talk instead of write -

Love from your own & only

Daughter -

Mabel wants me to send you her love -

Jan. 20, 1918

Dear old Dad;

I said this won't get  
to you quite one time, but it's to wish  
you joy on your 57th "6th of March"  
and to wish you may continue to enjoy  
"Marches" to the end of the century  
With much love - Abbie

Baptist Minny Training Sch.  
Chicago -

So far, so good!

Only - I have just found out  
at Montgomery Ward's that neither  
my order for the goods, nor the  
money order, have been received.  
Mr. Jorgensen, whose card I  
am enclosing, has advised me  
to have you send a duplicate  
order to him immediately, and  
also to get from the Bridgewater  
P. O. a duplicate money order to  
send him. I do hope that you  
have kept the slip better than I  
would have if I had been doing  
it!

I picked out my rocking chair  
today. It is the homeliest one  
in the bunch, I guess, but the  
only comfortable one - very similar  
to the one I am enclosing. But  
I'm not going out there to furnish

a Fifth Avenue apartment  
so I must be satisfied at all  
events, mustnt I?

Let me say before I forget,  
that the freight bill on the  
boxes is to be sent to the  
rooms in Boston to be refunded  
to Father. By the way, it  
has just occurred to me that  
since you have not yet sent  
the lists of the boxes & contents  
etc, to M. W. & Co - maybe you  
havent sent the order or  
anything. Is that the case?  
I told him it was sent  
Feb. 23. !

Cant begin to tell you what  
a wonderful visit I had  
with Myrtle. Her husband  
is a practical, hard headed  
business man, who is bound  
to succeed in his business  
and who is a good provider

the exact opposite of dreamy,  
idealistic Myrle - They are  
fathoms deep in love with each other  
though, and so proud of that  
blessed baby. (who is the  
sweetest darling that ever tired  
tor -) I like Everett, very much -  
and although Myrle has had  
hard experiences of loneliness  
and readjustment, I think  
they are very very happy -  
Everett was very much impressed  
by my going, thought 5 yrs would be  
a plenty - but I think of spending  
one's life there! It was very evident  
that he has thought much about  
my going. So cordial to me, too -  
I feel as though I had known him  
much longer than 2 days -  
The first night he said to  
Madge, Myrle's little sister, "Let's  
see, isn't Miss Sanderson the  
one that Charles Rich used

to like? Wasnt he sweet on her?" I wasnt going to let him tease me about ~~that~~ <sup>one</sup> little bit, so I answered, quick as a flash - "Well, I don't know about that", but they did say I was sweet on him!" That happened to be just the right answer to make, for he didnt keep on that subj. any more -

Myrtle thinks that Chas. was not to blame, and was simply threatened by the girl's father. — I'm going to write to Minnie -

Last night I began to worry and worry, for fear I couldn't get my ticket where I ought - and for fear I couldn't get to Vancouver in time - that trunk wouldn't be in Chicago - and all

sorts of the weirdest bugaboos  
came into my head - I needed  
a night's rest I guess - For I  
arrived in Chicago 5 min. ahead  
of time, Miss Mear met me -  
I got my trunks all right, and  
then went immediately to M. W.  
+ Co's - we had lunch together  
and now I'm resting here -

It has been so good to  
get your letters in each place  
where I have been! I wondered  
whether that was your plan when  
you took my addresses - I wish  
my letters might have been  
fuller -  
If I neglect to answer questions  
just repeat till you get the  
answer -

Love to you + pa -  
Abbie

**R. C. JORGENSEN**

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**  
**MISSIONARY BUREAU**

**CHICAGO**





67. EAST RIVER DRIVE, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EAST RIVER DRIVE FAIRMOUNT PARK,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Drive in East Fairmount Park  
Green Street and extending to  
hicken - among the most romantic  
que scenery.



Thurs. Feb 21  
Spent on the train leaving  
Philadelphia - we had  
a wonderful time - and  
the scenery & the train  
about 40 - but I haven't  
had a minute in which  
to take any extra breath!  
Dad & Elsie - who is in  
hospital - two later -  
- 1901

POSTCARD

THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY



Mrs. E. Sanderson

Tullon

Vermont.




Below Island Falls

Dear Mother -

Mr. Dunn (Chas.) got on the train and rode with me as far as here so I couldn't write and send the letter back on the one o'clock as I thought maybe I could -

Eva and Dot ~~was~~ at the station with a beautiful silver teaspoon - from R. C. J. - Mrs. Dunn was there and Mr. Speed - with some things which I can take and some that I can't - I have a Turkish towel which I shall send back at first opportunity. One dollar was in Mrs. Speed's letter and the other Mrs. Scott gave me at Bridgewater station but I had no chance to give it to you - you know I want to start away with the exact amount that I had - You'll be glad to read Mrs. Dunn's note and Mrs. Speed's - and

I shan't have to throw them away  
nor stuff them into my bag -  
The towel is the only thing I'll  
have to send back, I guess -  
The other things were some  
little bars of Woodbury's  
facial soap that I'm delighted  
to have - I took them out  
of the box and tucked them  
into my suitcase. The spoon  
is that favorite shape of  
mine  you know - its a  
little one - solid - and a  
beauty. Stenson and Larsson  
were at the station - and  
a crowd of girls came  
running down the last  
minute with some letters  
~~in~~ their hands - but the  
train had started,

I could distinguish only  
Grace Todd and Ruth Olson.  
Mr. Justin was there & spoke  
to me —

Harvey got on the train  
but I was sitting with  
Pearl — When I've got  
to Houlton he came along  
and said goodbye — and we  
both in the same breath —  
said to each other "Be good" —  
"Hut that odd?" He said  
"Good is my middle name" —  
I said "Well, mine begins  
with G" —

Gave Eva the note I wrote  
on the train with the  
bracelet — & Uncle H's  
address —

Wish you would get the  
pictures as soon as possible

and send me the ones of  
you and Arthur - you  
may have the other two!  
I don't see how that  
bill can be so much -

My mind is rambling  
as you see - am  
putting things down just  
as I remember them

I suppose the first thing  
that you picked up  
when you got home  
was my knitting needles -  
Of course don't send  
them if you haven't -  
for I'll buy some in  
Boston -

I want Hattie to know  
about the sweaters, whether  
it's ever finished or not -  
and the doll returned, of  
course -

I'm sending the towel to  
myself - or at least I  
think I will - so no one  
will guess about my  
sending it back -

Well. I guess that's enough  
for now -

~~I've just fastened my skirt~~  
placket - Arent you glad  
to know it is all hooked?  
Be sure to get the weight  
of boxes on the paper.

Beyond Richmond  
Sunday A.M.

Dear Mother -

Well! I had the weirdest dreams of missing trains in Chicago and boat in Vancouver, but I hadn't stopped to think of bad connections before I got out of the State. My train had gone when I reached Northern Maine!

But wait till you hear, and you'll understand that I can't feel very badly about it. I called Eva up immediately, and told her that I would be in Waterville from 5 to 10 P.M. She hadn't been able to get out but she would make the try of her life, she said. So after waiting over an hour in Northern Me. I took a train that went only as far as Waterville, and Mr and Mrs. R.E. Owen met me at the station and had about 15 min before they had



to go - They both look splendid -  
well-groomed, you know, and very  
much up to date, etc. Eva hasn't  
been very well lately - an  
injured back - and that is all.  
She gave me the price in the  
paper, and you'll get one  
too. She is going to send you  
one - well - !

Then I went down to 4th  
Hall, Hazel Whitney met me  
at the door and took me  
in to dinner. When they  
told Butty, she sent in  
word to me that she  
would surely expect me to  
come late! She actually  
didn't know that I had started  
for China, and was very  
cordial and lovely to me when  
I went out afterwards to see  
her. I found I knew a good

many more of the girls than I had dreamed I would - Dean Cooper was very nice to me and I visited in her room a little while. -

I telephoned to Miss Gilpatrick but she was out - so I left word for her to call me up - I thought I might go down to see her -

Later in the evening she called me up and wouldn't let me come down there, but came up to see me at Fox Hall - and I had a splendid talk with her. She told me a whole lot about Marjorie Meader's marriage and about R. H. Bowen's loss of religious faith - He is in a state of agony because he is a pacifist and they call him a slacker, etc. - Has enlisted in the Aviation Corps because

he thinks it is the surest and  
quickest way to get killed -  
She says he is really, in  
a most pitiable condition -  
She also told me, confidentially  
that Robert told her that  
Katherine doesn't like teaching  
and hasn't made a great  
success of it, and will probably  
not teach any more after  
this year - Her ability, mind,  
etc are not appreciated!  
What strange things do transpire  
in this world!

Wasn't it lovely of her to  
come up and see me?

Right after supper I telephoned  
to Aunt Susan (who now has  
a phone, by the way) - and  
told her how I was being  
up - They were just about  
to go to the train to meet me

Gordon Gates came down to see  
the Helen Baldwin and I  
saw them both (and talked  
with them a minute or two -  
I also met Anna Anderson, who  
was rather shy about meeting  
me (pencil broke!) but who wanted  
very much to meet me. Saw  
Johnnie Sanborn, and Margaret  
Wilkins, and all the K & girls -  
Then about a dozen of the  
girls went to the train with  
me - I got to Richmond at 11.17  
and Sam & Frances met me -  
(Rode down on the train with  
Hazel Cole, a Tr Delt 1911, who  
called me Julia Sanderson for  
15 minutes before she remembered)  
Went to bed about 1, got  
up at 7 and had a very nice  
visit. Talked with Arthur on

phone from <sup>Bellingham</sup> ~~Dover~~ last night (at Richmond) and I'm expecting him to get on at North Berwick and ride to Portsmouth - All three came down to the station to see me off, and also Mrs. Baker - Will stop now and eat the three remaining sandwiches, some cookies and a chocolate! (new tip (t))

Arthur got on at Biddeford and rode as far as Portsmouth with me - (Sharpened pencil for me!) It was just grand to see him - He never has owed that woman any money and wrote so to us in a letter - has been writing to us twice a week right along - Didn't know you had received the allotment - Letters have been lost I guess -

Lena Cushing got on at Salem and we had the visit as planned - It was all very

lovely - She hasn't changed a bit,  
except to grow a good deal grayer -

She seems to think just as much  
of me as ever. She is a good deal  
more up-to-date than she was -

Lou met me at the train here -  
the other girls were all out speaking  
or something - Ruth Smith is  
visiting in Plymouth, will be back  
today -

Everybody is lovely to me - I'm  
in the guest room - you may  
well envy me for being in this  
warm house ~~with my four friends~~  
not freezing & alone!

Mabel is the same dear old girl -  
you'd better send my hot water bottle  
stopper to Columbus - where I will  
be sure to catch me - Patsy has  
sent back my knitting needles she  
had, so I'm O. K. - I shall not  
send the turkish towel back, after  
all, because I'm to open my  
trunk tomorrow to put in a

package someone wants Miss  
Parish to take to Burma -  
So I'll be putting into the  
trunk anything that I find  
I don't need in my suitcase

I have worn my same waist  
ever since I started - haven't  
caught cold, so haven't had  
to wipe my nose very many  
times -

Barrels of love to you & pa -  
Obliv

Writing case from the girls is  
a beauty!

Tuesday. 2 P.M.

Dear Mother -

We are some where beyond New London. I don't know just where. In spite of the fact that I knew there was no possibility of seeing Gladys there, I somehow couldn't help keeping my eyes open, you know! But all I saw was the Harbor, and the ships - and the dingy back yards, and the hill that leads up town from the station. I'm going to tell Gladys when I write, though, that I thought of her every second of the time I was there.

Where shall I begin? There is so much to say that I'm sure I shall forget to tell you most of it, and not have time for all of it, any way (I do hope you are able to read these scribbles that I write on the train. I know they are most horribly scrawly, but



maybe this one won't be so bad, because parlor cars are not so jerky -)

Let me see. - I have to begin with Monday morning, don't I?

Mabel and I left on the 9.16 train for Boston. Went right up to the rooms, and Margaret Forbes, who had telephoned the night before that she would see me at the Rooms, was there ahead of me. Poor girl! I saw her at minute, then went to see Miss Hunt and Miss Prescott. When I came back to her (in a waiting room) Mabel had gone up stairs, so I stopped a minute more to see Margaret. Then we planned for them to go over to the North Station, and I would meet them there so

soon as possible. Then I  
marched upstairs for a session  
with Mr. Wheeler. I went right  
in, sat down at his table,  
and he explained everything I  
needed to know, in this I heard  
clear, patient, painstaking,  
friendly yet most business-like  
way. Then I had to see  
the British Consul, he said  
and he would himself escort  
me to the Consulate office,  
which is down on Atlantic Ave.

I must have my passport  
"visa'd" (pron. veejayd) which  
that may mean - something  
about being seen or inspected.  
I suppose the British  
gentleman, after several 5 min.  
glances, and 3 mins. thoughts  
decided that such precaution

would be superfluous, and  
would have sent us away, except  
for the insistence of Mr. Wheeler  
upon this point + "safety first".  
Then Mr. Wheeler said goodbye, and  
left me to wait — for — the  
pleasure — of — the —  
British — gentleman — Mr.  
Bumfreigh, by name! So —  
when the passport was returned  
to me with the proper additions,  
it was 11.46 A.M. and Margaret's  
train was to leave North Station  
at 11.50 — I lost some time  
by rushing madly up the  
exit to the State Street  
Elevated Station. — (Lucky Mr. Wheel-  
er went with me as far as he did —  
Hope no one I know spied that  
little stunt!)

So of course, by the time I got  
back to North Station, Mabel was

waiting for me alone - Poor Margaret  
she did want to see me so badly -  
I suppose I ought not to have  
let her come out to Boston to  
see me but she begged hard, so  
I told her she would have to  
take the chance of seeing me -

I must stop to say that Mr.  
Wheeler is surely the right kind  
of a person for his position -  
No hat on his head in an  
elevator and you see so many  
who aren't careful about that -  
Always on the outside on the  
street - always such a perfect  
gentleman and so testy -  
Example; He was trying to  
arrange for a berth in a stateroom  
on the Empress of Asia for  
a Chinese lady who wants to  
go back with us. There was  
only one chance - and that  
was an upper, in a stateroom

on the deck above us. I heard  
him turn down that, because  
Miss Parish was the one who  
had said she would go out  
of the stateroom and let the  
Chinese lady come in with us.  
(The steamship people can't  
put a foreigner in with other  
people unless they say so.)  
And he said Miss Parish  
was not one of the younger missionaries  
so he wouldn't like to climb  
into an upper. (all this on  
the phone) Then he turned to  
me and explained what I have  
told you above - without stopping  
to think of how unpleasant  
it might be, I asked if he  
couldn't arrange it by putting  
me outside - (I suppose that  
is just what he wanted me

to do, but you'd never guess  
that it had entered his head.  
He said so gratefully, "Would you  
really?" Well I did to make  
a long story short, he wired  
the Chinese lady's husband to  
find out what he wanted  
done; I went down stairs,  
and when he came down, a  
few minutes later, he had  
received the answer, saying that  
a friend in New York was  
making all the arrangements,  
and I shall still be with the  
girls - "Ain't I glad" that I  
wasn't stingy - and tickled  
to death that I didn't have  
to be a martyr after all!  
I'm so proud of myself!  
Well - that isn't what I meant  
to tell about Mr. Wheeler when  
I wrote Example - but my mind

some how switched off suddenly -  
This is the Ex. -

While we were talking, Mr. Wheeler  
asked if I had my passport with  
me. I did - but, you know where!  
So I said - "Well - I can get it" -  
and I got up to go somewhere to  
get it out - and he said -  
"Oh, it's downstairs - never mind,  
as long as you have it to take  
to the British Consul -" He knew  
just as well as I that it wasn't  
downstairs, at all - I'm sure - But  
you see he wouldn't hint at the  
slightest thing that would even  
sound indelicate - Oh, I could  
have told him - He told  
me a little girl has come to live  
- horse since I left Boston at Xmas -  
and spoke of the problems of  
supporting a family on that small  
salary given by A. B. F. M. S.  
I think he means to continue,  
however - Lucky he's married! It  
would never in this wide world  
do to have him around the  
mission rooms under other conditions!

Joan White didn't come to  
dinner - I still wore the orange  
waist, because Mabel wanted me  
to - Grand preparations for  
dinner. No word from her  
and they think it strange, but will  
let me know when they find out  
what happened. I would like to  
have seen her so well - The  
Mines Colborns came over in

the evening and we all knitted  
(I'm glad you sent the needles,  
for they are just what I want,  
and I hadn't bought any others)

Mabel got some yarn at the  
Newton Center Red Cross, which  
I'm going to knit into as much  
of a sweater as I have time for,  
then send it to her to finish,  
if necessary - wash, and  
give back to them - I'm  
happy now, you see!



Well! Mabel and I rushed home  
together just in time to snatch a  
bit of lunch and run into the parlor  
to a book keeping class conducted  
by Mrs Hunt. She is doing things  
pretty thoroughly - so I wasn't able  
to get much out of that one lesson -  
After that I called up Annie  
Hill and told her I had wanted  
to see her, but feared there wasn't  
time to get over and back in time  
for dinner, so guests were invited -  
She insisted that I have a taxi,  
and come if only for a few  
minutes - I was rather sorry  
that I still had on my orange  
waist (though everyone saves  
about it.) But there wasn't time  
to change - I had a lovely talk  
with her - about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr - then went  
back in taxi to H. H. Annie  
insisted upon paying - Mr Hill  
would bring the clock to the  
train in the morning -

Well! This is getting bulky, so I'll  
have to let it go with one page  
more.

At the train this morning, Miss  
Huntson saw me off, and Miss Hunt  
and Miss Prescott were there &  
presented me with a huge bouquet  
of violets (corsage) - Mrs. Goch,  
a member of the Board from  
Watertown, was there with a  
parcel which has turned out to  
be a huge basket with grapefruit,  
several oranges, apples, plantains,  
figs and whole English Walnuts  
with the compliments of the N.E.  
District. Mr. Hill came running  
with a very pretty travel clock  
in a beauty of a folding  
leather case. I do hope it

won't mold!

I have the sleeper at night  
and parlor car almost all  
the way by day - Such luxury  
will spoil me for the severe

hardships of missionary life, I  
fear!

I'm using the new writing  
case, which is surely a boon!

Father's very lovely letter was most  
gratefully received - Will be  
delighted to hear that I have  
been battered by neither Charles  
nor Warren!  
I believe, I'm tired of writing,  
for now!

Love & yours both,

Haughter -

Just stopped at Bridgeport, now -  
By the way - the name of my  
garbo car is "Bridgewater"!

Albany to Trenton N.J. Thurs. AM.

Dear Mother:

So far O. K. In

writing with the free Uncle Homer gave me. But this is not a parlor car, and so I can't take as much comfort writing to you as I did with my last letter to you. The train goes slow once in a while, and stops, of course. I always think I will write like a house afire when the train stops, and then I never do, because I forget and look out of the window to see what is going on.

Uncle Homer met me safely (!) at New York, and piloted me through the maze out to Bloomfield - I was pretty glad to see him. But he insisted upon carrying my bags himself - and wouldn't let me have a porter or a carriage man -

HA 100 If he ~~does~~ <sup>had</sup> sore arms or  
shoulders then I miss my guess -  
your letter arrived and I <sup>rather</sup> ~~told~~ <sup>wrote</sup> them  
the contents. I think they will write to  
you before long -

You can never in the world  
read this, so I'm going to make it  
short. I am not in the mood for writing  
any way. I got up too early, and I'm  
dreadfully sleepy.

They were ~~very~~ nice to me at  
Uncle Homer's - Homer thinks I look  
talk and act just like you, and  
Aunt Mary thinks that I am just  
like Arthur. They talked about it all  
the time. Aunt Mary wore a gingham  
dress all the time I was there. The  
children are dressed exquisitely clean  
and cute - but while everything in  
the house is scrupulously sanitary I  
suppose, it is messy and cluttered

me were somewhere near  
Pittsburghs so I put them on, tho'  
they hadn't been polished. Then  
when I found there was time to burn  
I put them out again,

I slept pretty well, but am still  
dreadfully sleepy — Guess I'll turn  
over for another nap!

Later (Pittsburg)  
I turned over — result — I had to  
hustle like fury to be ready when  
this train pulled in. But the  
train here for Chicago is late too,  
so I have still some time to wait.

The nap did me good, I guess,  
but I had to comb my hair over,  
and that's what made me late.  
Moreover — I got it up so that  
my hat pulls on like a vise —  
If I don't get into that parlor car  
pretty soon and get it off, I'll  
have a headache.

Well — I've skipped a whole  
lot, haven't I!

in every room and especially down  
stairs. Heaps of toys in every corner  
piles of papers scattered around and  
clothes to mend all around - and  
bathrobes and overcoats piled on the  
baby carriage - I was terribly surprised  
as you may imagine -

I can't write any more now -

Thursday, 7. 4. 11.

I just wasn't in the mood for writing anything  
yesterday, and the old train jiggled  
so! It is jiggling some now, so I  
don't know how well I'll manage.

My chief worryment just now is  
that I'll miss the Newark train at  
Pittsburgh. The porter has just told me  
that we are an hour and forty minute  
late. If they don't wait for us Pany,  
better than they did at No. No. 10. I'm  
afraid I shan't get to Columbus today  
while day light lasts. I'm propped up  
in bed waiting for my shoes - I thought

Wednesday morning at Aunt Marys  
I didn't do a thing but to lie around  
and play the piano - She wouldn't  
let me lift a finger & help her -  
so I just played the piano and  
amused the baby and knitted -  
Just about noon Uncle Homer called  
up and said that he couldn't  
get my ticket for me, on account  
of the reduced rates - I had to  
sign for it myself, so I met him  
in New York and we managed  
it all right - (I forgot to say I  
took a nap before that -

Then he went to the train  
with me yesterday morning -

Dear old Mr. Tatum! He had  
a delightful time all day long -  
Took me to lunch - then to the  
Sunday tabernacle (meeting was all  
over at P. M.) then to the Congressional  
Library and the Capitol -

Trains coming - goo'bye!  
More in next epistle  
Love, Abbie



2032 Indiana Ave.

Columbus, Ohio -

Sunday P.M. Mar. 3

Dear Mother,

Well! I mailed that letter, just in time, I guess! You wouldn't have got it if I had waited ten minutes more to mail it, for less than 11 min. after I had dropped it in the box I found out that the train I was going to take was going through Carons instead of Newark, and I had missed my train after all. It went about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour before before my train got into Pittsburgh from Washington. So my seat in the parlor car on that train was no good - I sent it right back to Mr. Wheeler, and I think he can get his money on it. I wouldn't have bought another for that next train - I would have gone into the day coach - but I was so dreadfully tired that I was almost afraid I would collapse if I couldn't rest. And I did rest beautifully, too. But I hadn't had any breakfast when I got to Pittsburgh - I thought I'd get it on the

next train. It was 10.30 before I found out that I had missed my train and would have to wait until 1 before the next one - Then I hated to get a porter to carry my bags to the parcel room, get them checked, and hunt around for a lunch room. So I ate an orange and a bit of sweet chocolate and thought I would have lunch on the train. When I got on I found that there was no dining car on that train. So I slept most of the way to Wheeling, W. Va., where I had to change. There was about an hour to wait, so I did check my bags there, went across the street and had a roast beef sandwich and a cup of coffee. So then (that was about 4 P.M.) when I got on the train for Newark I couldn't possibly eat anything. It seems rather incongruous to spend \$1.10 just for a little lunch (on train from Boston to New York) one day, and only twenty cents all day long on another day - Such is life!

I forgot to say that when I found

out about the train I telegraphed  
you to let her know when I would  
get to Newark. You may be sure I was  
delighted to find when I got there  
that she had come over from Columbus  
to meet me. It was then eight-twenty.

I deposited my ticket. Tried to get  
the man to say that I might pick  
up my route again at Chicago  
junction, to save my coming the  
length of the state back again.

Thought I couldn't possibly do a  
thing about it, for the man was an  
assistant, and couldn't find the boss.

The train was just about ready to  
start when he told me to get on the  
train, and if he could find the boss  
he would send him on the train.

So when I had just about  
given up hopes, the man came on  
and said that he could send the  
ticket to Chicago junction himself, only  
in condition that I would say just  
which train I would be on. Of course  
that was easy enough, because I have  
to go on that one train. They advised

me in Boston to allow one more day  
leeway in Vancouver - (By the way -  
according to delays I have had so far,  
I had better arrange (?) for more delays  
later. I planned to be in Chicago on  
Saturday all right, but somehow I  
planned to leave Myslie Thursday  
night - I left Friday night out  
of account, by some blundering  
vagary of my mind! But it  
comes in handy now, for I don't  
have to change any arrangements  
I have made except with Miss  
Mare - So that was one lucky  
blunder of mine. I had a lurking  
fear that when I missed that  
train in Pittsburg my ticket would  
be no good, and that I would  
have to buy another and run  
short of money, etc, etc. But you  
see the one Pullman ticket was all  
I had to sacrifice - and everything  
else is O.K.

I can't remember what I told you  
in my last letter, but if I repeat I  
spose maybe you will forgive me! -  
Mr. Tatum brought one out from  
Mrs. Hildretts - I ought to say

First maybe that Mrs. Hildreth and her husband and two beautiful young daughters are surely the most delightful people to meet, and they were very cordial to us - I spoke of Sarah Belcher, and of course that started conversation along that line. Mrs. Hildreth doesn't remember you, though, I guess.

We had to leave early, as I was to meet Ada in Hyler's Candy Store. She hadn't arrived when we got there, but as he didn't want to miss all of the Billy Sunday meeting, he left me there. Before he went, he bought me a 25 cent milk chocolate bar - He surely did enjoy seeing me - and I'm so glad. He says he has always "come home" before, but this time he has only "come to America" He goes back early in the summer to spend July and August with Jory -

Ada was lovely to me - took me to the pictures - had a big box of chocolates which me

nibbled from and which she gave  
me to keep - we had eaten only  
a few - I put the two boxes together  
and so I still have a great big  
box full - I do enjoy them so  
much!

Then she gave me a little book  
translated from the french - "The War,  
Madame" - from her and Mabel -  
I know it will be interesting. She  
went to the train with me and  
we met Mr. Tatum there. He  
couldn't say enough, it seemed to  
to express his pleasure at the  
privilege of meeting me and seeing  
me off.

Did I tell you that Annie insisted  
upon ~~giving~~ paying for the taxi over  
to her house and back again.  
She had nothing but a ten dollar  
bill, I think, which she gave to  
me - ~~She~~ <sup>the chauffeur</sup> gave me the change - which  
I was to give to Mr. Hill in the  
morning. But I saw him just  
a few minutes before the train  
left, and I forgot it. So I gave

it to Mabel to give to her. When I  
got to Washington - Ada had  
~~the~~ a note from Mabel for me -  
with a draft for \$9.50 - Annie  
had her send it to me - She  
meant for me to keep the change,  
she said - What do you think  
of that? And I have discovered  
that the clock is one whose  
figures and hands are right  
at night - and you don't have  
to get up and get a light to  
see what time it is. Isn't  
that great?

Well - I got here about  
eleven o'clock, slept like a log -  
went downtown with Ju in the  
morning & helped her get some  
things she had to have for a  
party in the afternoon - It  
was a delightful affair. Each  
one had to do a stunt - then  
we knitted. Then the refreshments  
were olive and cheese sandwiches  
tea, cake cut in shamrock form,

with green jelly & whip cream  
on top - and peanuts served  
in little <sup>paper</sup> cups made with green  
paper shamrock leaves tied  
around them. A green paper  
shamrock was sewed in the  
corner of each napkin (liner).

This house is an elegant one -  
white woodwork throughout, &  
hardwood floors - Mahogany  
furniture - doors between the  
rooms have glass panes the  
whole length (small panes) which  
makes the whole house look so  
much bigger (about 12 at the party)

This morning at church I met  
several people who raved around  
me & wanted me to make a  
speech, etc - and (I don't think I'll  
have to, though) they presented me  
with the flowers - a bunch of  
beautiful narcissus -

But I haven't told you that  
Mrs. Stacy is sick in bed - with  
a kind of nervous break down -  
They don't know just what the



trouble is - and he is very  
weak - It seems so funny not  
to have him joking around -  
His sickness is very similar  
to that of Mrs. Stacy's father -  
who was taken suddenly - and  
then went insane, so of course  
they are very much worried  
about him.

Tomorrow I see all about my  
tickets + reservations, etc -

Mustn't write any more as I  
want to scribble to the dear boy -

Tell Father I do like his love  
letters - and hope he will continue  
to write them - I think honestly  
I would get considerably bored  
news if he had to write that  
part that I do by your writing it,  
but he surely does know how  
to write the love letters - and  
since I have severed the last  
fetters that bound me (Cruel fate  
for Charles + Warren!) I'll depend  
upon him for the real heartfelt  
sentiment! H. W. Stopper, rec'd -  
Love to you - Abbie

P.S. I wore my pink waist to Mrs. Hildretts'. I changed on the train just before we got to Washington.

I wore my new silk dress yesterday at the party and today at church — It is just exactly what I want — I don't feel so elegantly dressed up in it that it seems inappropriate and I know it is going to be very useful on that air boat!

Havent washed my hair yet though I intend to tomorrow. My wrist bracelet was waiting for me at Uncle Home's —

Between Columbus Cleveland -  
Mar. 5, 1918

Dear Mother -

Another jiggly scribble -

I never saw such a jounce  
for a parlor car - I'm on one  
again ym see. I wouldn't have  
done it this time but I'm still  
rather weary and feel that I  
simply must take the journey just  
as easily as I can.

Let me tell ym the business  
part of my letter first to have it  
over with, so I won't forget to  
write it. A letter from Dr. Cochran  
brings me the news that I  
have to have an export license  
on certain goods sent in  
shipment not sold by Montgomery  
Ward. I have written to Washington  
+ to Mr. Wheeler about it and  
I referred him to ym if tests  
should be needed. I'm telling  
ym now because I'm sure they  
will call on you for them and

it may be easier for you to get them ready now than to have to hurry about it later. I should think they would better be typewritten. By the way, I wish you would send me a list to Swatow, no hurry -

Monday morning (yesterday) I had to go downtown to see about reservations, etc. do a bit of shopping. and you said we would go to the Athletic Club - where her father and Owen are members - Swellest place I ever saw in my life - and the luncheon we had beat any Commencement Dinner or Chi Omega Banquet we ever had, all hollow - I'm sure you want to hear about it -  
First course - crackers, olives, celery - next - Fresh crab meat baked with cheese, baked potatoes - string beans, rolls + corn bread - Pot of coffee from which I had two big cups - rich cream

plenty of sugar and good butter -  
next, coffee icecream with  
macaroons, lady fingers & angel  
cake (the frosting of which was  
flavored with wine (I think) -  
next - fingerbowl -

We didn't lunch until after  
all the shopping was done, so  
we were pretty late, and took a  
long time anyhow - We didn't  
leave the club until nearly 4 -  
Then we went to the pictures -  
(my last ones, I s'pose!) which were  
out at 6 - We got home before  
7. I finished my washing -  
including stockings & set of underwear  
(with lace) some l'd k's & my orange  
waist - looks very nice!

I then washed my hair - fixed  
my accounts and went to bed -

This morning I ironed the waist  
& collar - packed my bag - and  
you insisted upon doing the  
other ironing - just before I

left. You gave me three 5\$ bills -  
a gift from each of them - What  
do you know about that? I'm  
not going to send it back to you now,  
though. I'm going to wait and  
see how heavy my expenses are &  
what I'll need right away in Swatow.

I guess they are what you would  
call real friends, all right.

Pauline Bryant, one of Jim's  
best friends who was at the  
party Saturday - brought me over  
a steamer letter this morning -  
You ordered a taxi - rode down to  
the station with me - paid for the  
taxi & went on the train with  
me - She wants to send me  
things from time to time - and  
I think she will -

It didn't seem natural to  
be there and not to have Mr.  
Stacy joking around - giving me  
all sorts of good advice, etc -  
He told me this morning to  
be good - I'm going to write him

some cheerful letters, if I can —  
I'm afraid he is going to find  
his recovery a slow trip — Nervous  
troubles are so tricky — You never  
can tell where they are going to  
lead —

Well, I'm going to Myrtle now —  
and I'm hoping I'll be the  
first person I see when this  
train pulls into Cleveland —

— Next A. M. —

She was — and I'm here —  
but I forgot to mail my  
letter last night —

Particular pet trouble begins  
today for me — but I'm feeling  
pretty well — and can stand  
it all right —

Love

Abbie

Did pa resign?

Beyond Chicago -  
Fri. P. M. Mar. 8.

Dear Mother!

Of all the grand luck  
you ever saw in your life - just  
listen! Miss Ware and Miss  
Church came down to the station  
with me tonight - and just as we  
were finishing dinner we heard  
a crowd of girls singing hymns  
"I'll go where you want me to go"  
"If Jesus goes with me I'll go - anywhere"  
We rushed out to find out if it  
could be possible that a missionary  
was being sent out - and just I  
think - it turned out to be a  
girl from Moody - a Miss Hattie  
Bailey - who is going to work in  
the rescue mission for fallen  
women in Shanghai - Independent  
Faith Mission or something like  
that - She is on this train - has  
been sitting with me a good part  
of the evening - goes way to



Vancouver with me, and sails  
for Shanghai Mar. 14 on the  
Empress of Asia - There 30  
or more girls just welcomed  
me, good and solid when they  
found out the situation - They  
all smiled and waved goodbyes  
to me as well as to her - and  
of course Miss Mare and Miss  
Church were delighted - (Though  
Miss Mare whispered to me just  
as she went ~~that~~ there were  
missionaries - and - missionaries  
and that she was proud of "ours"  
Miss Bailey is an English girl -  
not over-educated - but she  
has the zeal in her heart - She  
isn't exactly like me, I guess -

What time this evening I  
haven't been talking with her, I  
have exchanged a little  
conversation with a Mr. Harry  
Howard of Worcester, who knows  
a lot of Chertton people, the

Wakefields - Woodburys, McIntyre's  
Warren Burlingame, Stella Rich  
and so on - He is working  
for the Norton Co. - in Worcester -  
and is sailing on the Empress of  
Asia Mar 14! To Yokohama.  
He is going with another young  
man whom I haven't yet met -  
to introduce the grindstone wheel  
business - or something of that  
sort - He seems exceedingly  
friendly - has given me a  
couple of stickers to put on  
my trunk when I'm in St. Paul  
tomorrow. Says he is coming  
over to China in the summer  
and wants my address -  
(Big hint - but it didn't get any  
invitation!)

Now I expose you and pa  
will begin to worry - but you  
just needn't - because I'm  
planning to be very very careful -

and I really think I know  
how to !

About money - that is one  
question that you haven't had  
answered yet, and it's just  
because I forgot every time  
that I wrote -

In Boston Mr. Wheeler

gave me ticket & reservation  
from Boston to New York - &  
reservation from Washington to  
Newark, O. (pullman). I had  
to buy my ticket from N. Y. to  
Chicago & He also gave me  
through ticket from Chicago to  
Hongkong - including meals on  
the steamer. He then gave  
me a draft for the \$92.00 - &  
be cashed in Swatow - and  
\$75.00 to buy tickets reservations  
meals, tips etc. to Vancouver -  
and a check for \$100, which I  
cashed into 5 twenty dollar

gold pieces in Columbus -  
I wear two pinned securely  
with safety pins into that  
white kid bag - and the other  
three between the bills in  
my passport holder (small pocket)  
All the money I have left  
must be changed into gold  
in Vancouver -

I was sorry to see neither  
Mrs. Parkhurst nor Miss  
McClaren (McLaurin) - I had a  
little nap in the P. M. after I  
had finished crocheting the  
collar - I guess I'll have to  
send back the crepe without  
making that little collar - The  
thing I lacked about it during  
the first days of my journey was  
ambition - and now, it is time  
that I need -

I want to write that missionary  
letter soon - but not tonight

for it is already time for me  
to be asleep —

Good night — with bushels of  
love to the best mother &  
and father a girl ever had —

Abbie —

Somewhere in Canada

Sunday, Mar. 18 -

Dear Mother -

The train is just pulling into the town of Moose Jaw - and now it has just pulled out! We were afraid we might have 5 or 6 hours wait but we were there less than twenty minutes, for the Montreal train which ours has just joined, was about as late as our train -

Mrs. Barley and I are so glad we have each other. Such wonderful things have happened all along the way - At Chicago I was unable to make reservations farther than St. Paul - so Mrs. Mare telegraphed them to Mrs. Young

To meet me and to reserve  
berth to Vancouver for me -

The terrible snowstorm  
prevented her meeting me -  
and I couldn't find out  
~~that~~ any reservations had  
been made for me. So I got  
on the train for Vancouver  
without knowing whether there  
was a place for me to lay my  
tired little head. But before  
I got from St. Paul to Minneapolis  
I found that the berth directly  
opposite Mrs Baileys hadn't  
been taken. The name of  
the man was Young - so  
I explained to the conductor  
and he said - "Well - I'll take  
a chance and give it to  
you" - Isn't that grand?

Monday A. M.

Couldnt write very much yesterday because a bad cold had settled in my head and throat and I felt quite wretched. Very much better last night - so much so that I was able to enter more or less spiritedly a discussion that was led off by a Christian Scientist - a woman who had been healed of several marvelously dangerous and serious diseases. The two men who are going to Japan joined too - and so did my friend Miss Bailey - who turns out to be a believer in faith healing and in sanctification. Takes every bit of the Bible literally. One of the men is a Universalist, and got pretty hopping mad about some things. We didnt manage to get very far in the argument though - because each of us was so surely right! I didnt



say anything nasty, though —  
Mr. Howard had got quite  
interested in reading the Bible  
but he is so ridiculously flippan-  
t that we had to laugh at some  
of the things he said.

He didn't have the slightest  
idea where to find Jeremiah —  
and somebody had told him  
a story about a theological  
student at a dormitory whose  
meals were hash - hash - hash.  
After a while he got tired of it  
so he said "Hebrews 13:8" —

And so this Howard came to  
get a Bible to see what  
Hebrews 13:8 said!

I was quite properly shocked  
when he told me about it —  
and I guess he saw what I  
thought of it!

This Bailey is surely a

good example for me - She  
has the courage to speak to  
anyone and every one about  
his son - She has had  
a long conversation already  
with the porter in our car -  
and he responds quite  
marvelously - I can't help  
wishing I were made more  
that way - I simply can't  
break through reserve in  
that way - and I don't believe  
I would do any good if I could.  
She doesn't mind at all  
being laughed at, and I  
would mind terribly - I  
wonder if that is a great  
lack - something that I  
should be able to overcome?

I've met today a man who  
is going to Japan for the

American Optical works in  
Southbridge - He knows a  
lot of the Charlton people -  
There is also a woman on  
who is going to Manila -  
on business we think -

There are also two or three  
Japs, a Hindoo, and several  
others who sail on our boat -

We are just going to have  
the grandest time going  
over. I was sorry not  
to meet Miss Pariah - but  
there are compensations - and  
one of them is the thought  
that her shrill voice in  
reading, conversation, or  
prayer, isn't heard all  
over this car - as it  
would be. She talks  
so loud!

Today we are going through  
the most wonderful part  
of the Canadian Rockies -  
Snow and ice everywhere -  
beautiful blue frozen cascades  
the wonderful Great Divide -  
seemingly endless tunnels  
and the mountains! - they  
touch the very skies - and  
you feel that you can't  
look up very long, or you would  
be seeing into Heaven itself.  
I have never in my life seen  
anything so wonderful - not  
even the White Mountains -

---

Mar. 12 - Vancouver Hotel

In spite of the three hours' delay  
in St Paul, we pulled into  
Vancouver almost on time - I'm  
so happy to be here. Miss  
Parish is here, but I haven't  
found her yet. I surely did

have a wonderful day yesterday,  
in spite of my poor raw  
throat, which was such a  
cross - I had to have  
soft toast for supper (couldn't  
eat any dinner,) and then  
Bailey tucked me in bed after  
dosing me with hot lemonade.  
The Obertons were roasting hot  
in the night, and so I didn't  
sleep - all the time! Felt miserably  
this morning - all stuffed up, and  
deaf you know - But I had  
to leave the breakfast table to  
have a profuse nosebleed - And I  
felt inconceivably better - ever  
since. I'm sure it was just  
what I needed.

And I'm so happy to think  
I'm better - and also so  
happy to think I didn't  
have my dumps at any

of my visiting places - isn't  
it grand?

We see about our baggage  
this P. M. and also about  
deck chairs, tickets etc.

A letter from Mabel was  
waiting for me - such a  
dear one - I suppose  
you sent yours to the boat.  
Jim is anxious to find it!

More later -

Love to both,

Abbie

5051. Hell's Gate,  
Fraser Canyon, B. C.



THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE



PORTAL  
POST CARD



ADDRESS

Rev. Elisha Sanders  
Bridgewater  
Maine

No. 9

What an awful

H-H-T-C-O



None for such a  
magnificent spot!  
With you & me were  
truly with me here  
I don't believe I can  
This far - Can you  
read the news that  
has  
Alice