

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Thai Long - Sept. 2, 1918

Dearest People;

You may be sure I was overjoyed & get two letters from you in one mail this week - the ones of July 8th & 14th - which included the ones of Web and Sarah K. - I certainly want to write to them - but others must be written first - and study began again today! I had hoped to enclose to you this week letters for Aunt B. and Uncle Geo., for I feel that those and the answers to Aunt Isabel's must be sent next. A splendid letter from J. K. and one from "Cherub", one of the Happy girls, came along with yours -

Mother - you must have reformed in the matter of letters writing since I came to China. I don't mean that I have noticed any difference in your epistolatory missives to me myself - but allow me to quote from 3 different letters which came in one mail. "Delighted to get your lovely letter yesterday" - Sarah K. - "More than glad to get your nice long letter" - Web "Had a beautiful letter from your mother" - J. K. I don't mean that the letters have changed either - but with the kiddies both out of sight and sound - your brain has more room to dilate and is the Muss flops - Is that right? You would have more time too - if you had done as Mrs. Crowell - and staid on to visit in Richmond or Rollinsford while

for went on to Fairfax and got the ladies to help
him settle while you had a nice rest - (!!!!!)
Hee-haw! Joke!

Well, it surely has been good to get news from
Bridgewater - I know those letters told you
some of the things you surely wanted to know -
I'd like to make Sarah Kimball write to me -!
Maybe I can -

Mrs. Waters and her family go down to
Kakich tomorrow, so that really leaves a
little more time for us - I presume - The
boys have been splendid company - and have
meant life and vigor to our party - And Mrs.
Waters says that she hates to go down this
summer - whereas usually she is eager to get
back again - It has been pleasant up here.
But now that we've got to get back and dig
at our studying again, anyway - it will be
easier in a way - not to have people clamoring
to go on tramps every day - Though I've
enjoyed everyone of them immensely -
I should doubtless have to stay at home
for the next week or so, anyhow - to recover
from a toe that I stubbed Saturday - Bathing in
a rocky stream, I slipped and bent my second
toe, right foot - a little farther under than it
wanted to go - I limped home - nearly five
uphill miles - and got it bandaged up - It has

been in splints ever since, and will give me trouble, as Doctor says, unless I keep the joint quiet until the ligaments, at least, (if not the outer coating or texture of the bone) heals. It has been so swelled that a crack in the bone if there is one, could not be found. But today it is much better and the foot is easier to walk on - Just think - by the time you get this letter - I will be down in Ketchikan. And will have forgotten I ever had such an undignified annoyance as "sore toe".

Why! wouldn't I like to slip in and visit you while yours getting things straightened around in your new home - It means something to be able to visualize you, ^{possibly} whereabouts - sitting by a certain window, at a certain desk - near the sofa - with the sitting room rug at your feet. But now I can only guess how things may look, and even with the plan you sent of the house, I find myself thinking of you in locations in any one of the three parishes - Bridgewater, Sedgwick, and even Montville - and sometimes - a room seems a little like the dorm. at Ricker - but I can't place you -

One thing helps me so much, though. I know you think of me in ~~your~~ ^{your} bedtime prayers - which is just at the beginning of my day on earth. And that is a strengthener, too! But more than that, I have the feeling that very often, at the time

of my evening prayer, you may at that moment
be on your knees in your morning devotions.
Our thanksgivings and petitions rising at the same
time - it is a wonderful comfort! And Father -
on Sunday night - when I am retiring a little
later than ^{on} most other nights - I like to think that
just as you are brushing your shoes, or shaving;
or going out the door, Bible in hand; or spending
your few quiet moments in the church before the
services; - or even during the very time of the morning
worship, - I like to think that then you are just
a bit more conscious of God's nearness to you,
more conscious that with His presence come the
increased power and liberty you have yearned for,
because of my earnest little prayer of that moment.

My companion here has begun to get
ready for bed, and most especially since I'm
always slower dressing & undressing than she -
I should make a start at once. I have told her
that if I got up an hour ahead of her in
the morning, I should still be a minute or so
later than she at breakfast. But then, she
has had night duty in the hospital - and has
had to learn some things that I spare I could
if I were obliged -

Much love to you both -

No. 19

Abbie.

Well, you see I did
Swallow
money
and that sort of thing
after all
this time to
Aunt B.
Please forward
with the
two pictures
Uncle Geo.
must be the
next, sure joy!
No. 20.
Thai Long, China
Sunday, Sept. 3, 1918.


What I have so often heard Mother say comes back to me now - "When you are doing something worth while - your letters are good - it's when you get lazy that you don't write much - I can almost always depend upon that." I don't feel much like writing - but I don't know whether it's because I'm lazy or because I'm all "writ out" - I did quite a bit of letter writing (for me) during our vacation - and now I don't seem to have much ambition to write any more, although I know there will never be a time in China as far as I can see, when I can truthfully say, there is nothing much to write about. When I do get to that point - just send me a good "blowing up" - I'll know that I need to get my liver stirred up a bit - and that there is nothing wrong with anything but my dyspepsia, say - Heaven grant that time may never come!

This week we have been studying - and I am amazed and alarmed when I think of the material we have yet to go over, and what I don't know about the things we have already studied!

Among other things we have to read the first chapters of Mark in Chinese characters. We have been all over that now - and have read it over and over so many times that I know pretty well which syllables come after which ones. I have it almost by rote - but there are hundreds of characters, I suppose, that I wouldn't recognize in any other place than in the first chapters of Mark. I am just afraid that my mind will "give a jerk" when it comes examination time, and that one of those very syllables will slip out of its context and so I'll not be able to recognize it.

We've also been through 40 pages of the Ashmore grammar, and are beginning to review that. We have had 60 pages in the Pwatoe Vernacular - and will review that soon. I am chagrined and disappointed at every review lesson we have, to find out how much I have forgotten - but there is generally a little ray of light, too - because its most satisfying one is a while to remember something you thought surely you had forgotten - It makes you feel quite brilliant, truly! (Olas! that the brilliancy were permanent!) Then we have also been over 117 radicals, or important characters used as foundation for more complicated. We've had all

that are made with 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5 strokes - There are 214 in all but we have that last half next six months. Of the 117, I know the names, meanings, and am able to write the characters of about 60 - The rest I have a very hazy idea about, which must be clarified before October^{1st}. Then in our six hundred character book we have to learn not only to read, but to write, & know the meanings 200 ^(pron. 200) ji's, or characters - (ji is the word meaning character and is written thus 字 - That is, the ji for "roof", over the one for "child" The one for "roof" is mian, and is the 40th radical - The one for child is tsü and is the 39th radical - The combination makes the word, see?). You notice the "child" ji is the one that is on the left hand side of my name.

 By the way, I have found out that my character is the same as that of the famous Sun-yat-sen or Sun Dong, as he is called in our dialect. He is not in very good repute out here now, though. He has three wives, and is charged with being a dreamer, but impractical - not a good leader. The Southern forces rather despise him.

We also have 14 chapters, (44 pages) in the "Peep of Day" that I spoke about in our letter.

in Romanized, which is the Chinese sounds
written out with English letters - We have read
about 21 pages of that - and find it getting
rapidly easier for us - Besides that we have
five hymns to read - the names of the
provinces to learn, and a few other things
to do - If our examination were to come
just six months after our arrival, it would
be the 1st of October - But we are just
beginning now to have our regular five
hours a day - it has been four before -
and we have had 3 good interruptions,
1st conference, 2nd the heat in June, 3rd
our recent 2 weeks vacation - So maybe
they will take pity on us and not make
us have the exam so soon - We shall see!

Did you ever get '6. and something from the
Newton Trust Company? I either wrote a check
or else told them to send it to you - I
can't remember which - just before I sailed,
in Vancouver - If not, I will write them
again.

With love

Abbie

My toe is coming on fine - Today or tomorrow
the bandage will come off and there will be only
a small splint attached to toe by adhesive - I can
hobble around at a great rate -

(mail always 2 letters)
No. 2!

Thai Long, China
Sept. 13, 1918

Dearest Ones!

Well, well, well!

Friday the 13th this year is a harbinger
of good things to me. Two letters
arrived this afternoon - On the
back of one Miss Culley had scribbled.
"Today I'm sending to get your goods
from the boat!! Hurrah for you!" - Isn't
that just grand? Five months & a day
(she wrote the 10th) from the time I arrived
here - That is not too bad for a
length of time that people's guesses
stretched to a year and a half -
is it? Maybe I'm not anxious
now to get down to see the
condition of things. & That
bed and my two nice boxes, etc!
How do you savor the nice big
fat mirrors and the new suitcase
and the beayoutifol silk bag and
my leather mem. book etc. ad infinitum
stood the trip? Oh I'm just
dying to find out about it
all - and to have everybody see

my nice pretty things -

Well - That's all in our hearts
as you have doubtless seen.

The letters were from Ju. & Mabel B.
Ju said all sorts of nice things
about wanting to help - is very
eager in her questions etc. wanted
to know what they do at Christmas
etc - and says the girls I met are
always asking about me, and
also several of the women whom
I met at church - including the
one who asked me to speak to
her girls -

She says Odette Pollard is
to become Mrs. Vernele Dyer,
and the wedding is to be a double
one - with her sister Rowena.
If Ju had gone East she would
have been one of Rowena's bridesmaids.
It's all over now, I expect -

Instead of going East - they
are at a hotel on an island up
in Northern Michigan. She didn't
say whether it was Lake Michigan
but I guessed that. Haven't looked
at a map - Her father is getting
better but will have to go slow for a

long long time - You has discovered
a very serious ear trouble which
may have to be treated all her life.
or she may lose her hearing
altogether! It may defer her
schooling (in New York Art
School) too - I guess she is
rather discouraged over it -

And Mabel's letter - Well - I can't
believe it has actually happened by
this time - but I s'pose she really is
on her way! Her letter was written
July 26th and she says she ~~isn't~~ was;
has (!) sailed from San Francisco the
10th of September - on the Nanjing,
a new boat, with seven girls she
knows - And the joke is - Ethel
Ross may actually come to Swatara
after all - ! To live with us -
and until we get a new building
to room with me - I suppose -

Black for the poor weak minded
unstable me! Well - the Lord
will provide!

Mabel is to study in Nanjing
a month - and then Mr. & Mrs.
Jensen come out and if the
Yangtze is safe by that time

They will proceed to West China.
If not she will continue to
study there - I hope I shall
be there next summer so that
there will be some chance of our
seeing each other - ? Mr. Tatum
has written from Kuling (where Joy is)
and asks if I won't try to spend
next summer (or soon) up there. So if
Mabel could be there too! Whee-e!
Mr. T. tells all about getting her outfit -
making miss. speeches on "towers" -
and getting wonderful showers - She
has a Corona typewriter - a medicine
kit and a little sewing machine and
her church gave her a barrel of tins -
Etc. etc. - She also mentions the
fact that "Mr. Wood, who was appointed
to Suifu, is going to the war before
he goes to West China". I must
admit I had wondered a bit at
the omission of his name from
all the reports. Do you see, fa-
ther's no danger of a wooden
woman in China for anywhere
else - for some time yet; unless
the dear boy takes unto himself
a war-bride!

Sept. 14 -

Today we are out on a walk - We brought dinner and afternoon tea with us. I had stubbed that toe of mine again after the splint was off, and had to have it bound with adhesive - Mr. Everham says it may give me trouble if I'm not careful and said I mustn't tire it - as if I went today I must take a chair. It seemed so foolish - when I don't even limp - and it's really not a long walk. But since the boarder is carried on the back of my chair, it is all right I suppose. And of course I don't want to have any trouble with the toe. So I'm writing this after we have had tea - and now we are on the point of getting started home - We had a bathe in the stream before dinner. It was so delightfully cool - It has been a lidded day though it has looked like rain several times. The sun has been under clouds much of the time and a refreshing breeze has been blowing.

Later -

We arrived safely back and are going to bed very soon - I had planned to stay at home and write to Arthur again today but this is the way the time goes! One reason I was willing to sit in a chair and go was that this is probably the last party of any size that we can have. People are going down every other day or so now. We still plan to stay late up here - for with our teachers we might as well be here as down in the heat where it is harder to study. Mabel and Helen are back already and preparing to begin school right away -

I forgot to say that Joy is getting along well - but isn't very steady. I also forgot to say that Owen Pratt Stacy is to be married - directly, and said immediately - a Texas girl. He is in aviation. "Everybody's doing it!" Except - (that's what Eva Swetells would say!) Heaps of love to you both -

Adrie.

W. S. The lot truly does sound very
nice - much more than \$400 worth.
I would like to see it - as a frame!

No. 22.

Thai Long Trubingfa

Sept. 22, 1918

Dearest Folkies:

I had just about decided that I wasn't going to get a letter from you this week, either, when last night almost bedtime the messenger came up from Wukingfa. Your letter was the only one from home - but I tell you it was enough. But lo and behold, it is not the next in order! This is the first time your mail has been mixed up. Quite doubtless it will not be the last time! Last letter received was written July 14th and this one was written August 11th. So in three

in between that are on the way
I suppose. This is the pen Uncle
Homer gave me and I'm using
it just now because my other
one suddenly ran dry and I
didn't want to stop to fill it.
I like this one better for nice
writing, if I can learn to hold
it in my fingers up above
the place where it screws on,
for it often leaks. It is much
finer as you see. But when
I want to scribble at a two-
forty rate this hardly flows
freely enough. Anyhow - in
order to scribble very rapidly
I have to take the pen in my
fingers down nearer the
point, and I don't like to

get my fingers all inky - do you?
But this is a splendid pen, and
I'm living in hopes that it will
some day - some how, get over
the ugly habit of leaking -

My, but it is a joy to get your
letters! "Spoken" I didn't know
you two people at all, but had
just got acquainted with you
by letter as I did with Martha
Mixer, - well, I should get a
good deal of satisfaction from
reading these two epistles!

But as it is - every sentence
pretty nearly, gives me a whole
scene by itself. For instance -
when pa describes so vividly the
"rim of artificial leaves on
mother's new hat, I can just see
the whole thing in a flash.

Something like this:

Pa in the study scowling away at his unoffending & harmless diary, with pen in a firm grasp between both smackers. Enter Ma, (from behind) she stands for a moment gazing at the bald spot on top of Pa's head. She waits for an ^{instant} ~~moment~~, while the pen is momentarily removed to allow utterance to some mumbled words about "Sunday, cool and cloudy", or "Sugar, 25, pork, 60", or "Mrs. E. B. So and So - let me see, the name of her oldest boy was —"

Then Ma, with palpitating

heart but undeterred courage,
whispers gently but firmly.

"Lisha."

Whereupon the scowl deepens
to thunderclouds, the figure
of Pa makes a violent whirl
in his desk chair, a slight and
subdued groan is emitted,
after which Pa's countenance
undergoes a radical change.

The Hat is on Ma's head,
tilted at just the most bewitch-
ingly becoming angle.

"Quite cu-" The words
form themselves quite in-
voluntarily on Pa's lips
but Ma, in mysterious fashion
perceiving by intuition what
Pa would most surely have
said, interrupts with lightning.

like rapidity," Yes, it's cute
but - anything else?"

Pa: "I guess it'll do."

Ma: "Do you like it as well
as my old one?"

Pa: "Oh, I guess the Burlington
milliner woman's hats you
might say would compare
favorably with Sis - ter
Scott's! How much did
it cost you?"

Ma: "Guess"

Pa: "Oh, I dunno, \$5.00?"

Ma: "Five - dollars! What
kind of a hat do you
think a woman can
buy for five dollars in
war times? Think of the
price you paid for those

"nice new (sarcasm) shoes of yours! Great horrid ugly things - You wouldn't have bought them if I had been with you!"

Pa: (meekly takes up his pen and says nothing)

Ma: "Five dollars! Humph! Look at the leaves on this hat - real silk and such beautiful soft shades! Feels good on my head too!"

Pa: "Well, how'd I know -?"

Ma: "Come on, now - that's a dear, guess again -"

Pa: "\$6.50?"

Ma: "That was exactly the price marked on it. I didn't really think I could afford it, but I had to have

something."

Pa (with a sigh) "Well, the cost of living is surely rising. (Pauses a moment, meditatively.)

"Nm - (glances at Ma as though a thought had struck him.)

"You paid \$6.50, isn't that what you said?"

Ma: (sweetly) "No, dear - I did not. The price was that - marked down to \$4.00 for autumn sale. Wasn't that a pretty good bargain?"

Pa: "I - guess."

Pa turns again to his diary but as Ma pirouettes proudly out of the room to put her hat away he remembers with a feeling

of injured dignity how a
pet phrase had been so
rudely snatched from his
very lips. It is next to impossible
for him to refrain from
murmuring, halfway between
a yawn and a sigh,

"It's - quite - Cute!"

There! I guess as long as you
remember that I wrote this
splurge - you won't think I've
quite forgotten you - will you?
And come to think of it, I
wouldn't have written exactly
the same way probably - if I
had got acquainted with you
only by letter? (I shall enjoy
knowing whether you laughed
at the "I guess it'll do" -)

I forgot to tell you not
to expect any article at all

about our first impressions.
It was so hard to do that I
wrote down a sentence or two
in the most flighty and flowery
metaphor - Dr. Everitt helped
me add another one or so
that had some sense in
them - and we sent it
along with both our names
signed to it. I think it
is very doubtful whether
they see fit to use it.

Arthur's letter written June 21
reached me day before yesterday
and he had had only my
letter from Yokohama - one
in three months - He said -
"It's up to you, sis" - and I
know he wondered why I

hadn't written. But I'll
get them all in a bunch; I
suppose, as he did your sex.
It is rather funny to have
you say that you are waiting
for word that my boxes have
left America - and they are
already in Swatow! And I'm
just as anxious this week as
I was last, to go down and
dig into them!

Will be up here until the
first of October unless something
happens. We have about -
decided to go down there.

It is a great strengthening
to know that you and others
are praying for me. I do need
it so! For although people
are so kind - and everything

goes along beautifully smooth -
yet there are ripples. Dr. E.
is a dear, and sweet as she
can be - but she's a good
deal better than I am and
is more conscientious. I'm
quite positive I shock her
sometimes - and I try not
to commit any crimes!

Frank Foster, Mr. Hildreth,
and Mr. Beath have left our
So. China Mission to go to
Siberia for war work - Y. M. C. A.
Also Dr. Newman - in Red Cross
work there - That leaves the
mission force sadly depleted.
you see.

Well - So Long for this time -
Just heaps & heaps of love.
Abbie.

Many thanks for the service stamps - I
have been using all the old ones on
your letters, and wished for more -
Swatow, China -

No. 24.

Oct. 6, 1918

Blessed Ones!

You can perhaps
imagine why I haven't written
until Sunday this week, if you have
received my preceding letter saying
that my goods arrived early in
September. Perhaps I haven't
had an orgy since I arrived -!

Truly, I can't stop to tell
you about my trip down from
the hills - (for description of it,
see letter talking about going up - it
is almost the same! - only without
rain. Dr. E. was sick again and
has decided now that it was
seasickness both times.)

It has been almost like a week-
end visit home, to unpack all
my things - I'll tell you what
week it was, too - it was the end
of the last week before I left Bridgport
packing and receiving gifts and calls
and sitting up talking and sewing
until Pa hollered in to us
for an exasperated second or
third time "Grait you 'fills" ever
going to know enough to go to bed?"
I'll swear I lived it all over
again - ^{would you insult my dignity}
^{by calling me such a name now, Pa?}
Pa Snipe Sanderson?

The two chests have only one
padlock between them. I imagine
they lost them before Chicago, for
the lids were firmly screwed on.
There is one handle gone,
and the two boxes are rather

badly battered; but a carpenter
has already begun to work
on them - scraping and sandpapering.
He is then going to fill the screw-
holes and scars with some sort
of stuff that looks like the wood-
and then oil them and polish
them. One box will have new
handles and all the metal turning,
which are of course covered with
rust, will be painted black -
Every body admires them and
I'm happy to pieces to have them.
All the contents were in good
condition, which of course ^{confirm} ~~increase~~
my belief that they ^{boxed} will prove a
great satisfaction to me through
the years.

The Montgomery Ward shipments
arrived in good condition - The

bed is going to be very satisfactory
I think - though the mattress
is a much cheaper one than I
thought it would be - I've already
had the springs painted (to keep
from rust) and last night I slept
on it - My own bed at last!

The toilet set is all right but
rather heavy, plain white - Enamel
would have done just as well -
The curtains - are a sight - you
could shoot peas through them,
I know - I'm not needing them
just now - since I'm in what
has been the guest room and
has curtains tacked to the doors
and windows - But they are
talking of putting an addition on
to the house and then I'll need

little curtains to go across the
tops of the doors ^{that lead out}
on to the veranda  so I
can put them ^{up}
sidewise, and ^{so}

far above most people's heads they
won't be closely observed - But
they are terribly ~~cheap~~ ^{drags}. The mirror
is a little beauty - just the
right size and a good clear
one - but there's only a painted
back - I'm going to have a
wooden one -

The rocking chair went together
beautifully and is just as
comfortable as when I sat in
it in Chicago - I'm glad I
got it, and it isn't half as
ugly as I thought it would be.
The box it came in I've had

shelves put into and are using it for an "extra" in the bathroom.

As I do consider myself fortunate to have my things already here and in fine condition. Dr. Es. haven't shown up yet, though they were supposed to sail a half a month before mine did. I hope they will come soon.

Miss Margaretha Wellwood, daughter of the West China mission who recently died in France, has been designated to Swatow and is expected sometime in November. She is to work in the girls' school and so will come to live with us at Eastview. Since the house is one more than full already, it has been deemed

advisable (by some) to put an immediate addition on here - Approval has already been received from home, however.

for the erection of another ladies' building in another part of the compound - in response to a request sent from here not long since - so whether we shall get an addition here is a big question. It has "gone through" the Reference Comm. out here, though - and I believe that is to be considered the important step.

Meanwhile, since I am the latest comer to the girls' work - I am the one to share my room. But Miss Culley & Miss Fielden thought it wasn't

quite fair to put two together.
in a downstairs room (the West,
therefore) [↑] in the house). So my
new bed has been put up in
Helen's room - and when
Miss Wellwood arrives - she
will be in with Mabel for a
while - ^{And well use the downstairs room}
~~together~~ ^{in the daytime} - we get the
addition - we shall have
two new sleeping rooms -
upstairs - won't that be fine!
(When it comes!)

Miss Wellwood is a short
-term worker ^(3 yrs) and will help in
kindergarten and music and
English - I was to have
had some English this fall -
but on account of her coming
they are going to wait until

she comes and give her the
work - since she won't be
putting much time on the
language study. Miss
Culley is very much opposed
to a new person's taking on
work unless it is necessary -
during the first part of language
study. She therefore disapproves
of Dr. Everham's taking a
class in Chemistry this fall -
which class she has already
begun - in the boys' high school.

Dr. Everham has not rested
as much as I have this summer,
and she has lost a good deal
of weight since she left America,
and some people think if she
intends to help anywhere,
during the first months - it

should be in the Hospital, where Miss Northcott is working her liver-pin out - and is holding herself together by sheer will-power, until her furlough time comes this next spring. At that time Dr. E. will have to take full charge of the hospital. Well - for be it from me to say what any body should or should not do - but I can see myself that I should want to be getting accustomed to the work I was going to be in. And I couldn't help being ~~rather~~ glad, moreover - that I was in my own shoes rather than in Maguerita's, when we

went up before the language committee to arrange our schedules, yesterday. The Comm. consisting of Dr. Ashmore and Mrs. Watson, do not approve Marguerite's teaching there - but Mr. Copen, the principal, says he needs her - although a new young Chinese man comes soon. And Mr. herself didn't consult anyone when he (Mr. C.) asked her - and so the Comm. feel as though she ought to have spoken to them - But she is going to try it. It's rather a mix-up, anyhow - and I don't know how it will come out. At any rate, I find myself feeling somewhat relieved not to have to begin

a class in English right
away - The examination,
which comes soon, is enough
for me to worry about just now.

I forgot to say that your letter
of July 31 was waiting for me
when I arrived - Over a week(?)
before I left Thai Long I received
the one written Aug. 11th - In
the last one received I was much
interested in "Harvey's" letter - Poor
"Brother Harvey" - you can tell
him the old maids are all out
in China! I had just written
to the Bridgewater girls and
sent the letter to Lillian - as
he'll probably know what is
in the letter - and see the
picture I sent which I think was

of me with the primary class -

I hope you'll send me the
good "letter" he's going to write
you - when it comes - He
isn't half bad, after all, is he?
(Now you needn't think you
can tease me, Pa - just because
I admit that.)

Tomorrow Marguerite and
I begin to study separately - I'm
sure will get along much more
rapidly, now we have got thus
far along, to be able to study
each in her own way. She
has to go over a thing more
slowly the first time. than I
do - but I want to get
through it as quick as I can
and have a chance to go over
and over it. We study differently

and I'm sure we shall find it
much easier ~~not~~ to be taking up
each other's time, as we do ~~to~~
to a certain extent now when
we share a teacher.

This morning I understood
quite a bit of the sermon, which
was on repentance - and was
therefore highly delighted - (though
I didn't tell anybody but you
that I ~~got~~ the thread of the
subject right through from beginning
to end!)

This afternoon after writing
a good bit of this letter - I
went to my first Communion
service in China. We have
the individual communion
cups - little Chinese wine cups.

and everything carried out as it should be. It seemed queer to me to have a sermon with it - but all the same, it was the Lord's Supper - and I found it just as precious in China as it was to me in the Homeland.

Then after that I went on a short walk with the school girls - I was the only "foreigner" with them - and I talked with somebody all this time.

I was amused to hear ^{one} of the girls say, "Khu-Kou-ni" isn't here; how can the Sing Kou-ni understand what we say to her?"

I'm at the stage now where I dare say (try to say) enough to get me into terrible blunders. I told one of the teachers today

that it was getting cool in
Thai Dong - She said - "How
many jackets did you have to
put on?" Then I tried to tell
her that in the day time it
was warmer, but at night
I needed a thicker blanket -
only I said skin instead of
blanket. (skin - phin, blanket phut.)

I also said "kà-tsau" which means
flea when I meant to say
"kà-sau" which means cough -
Oh, me!

Well, it's quarter of eight P.M.
and you folks are hustling to
finish your Sun. A. M. breakfast -
God bless you -

I must write to Arthur - I'm
writing to him every week now - Too -
Love - Abbie

No. 25

Tientsin, China

Oct. 13, 1918

Blessed ones:

What do you suppose I've just discovered? It is now 5.30 P.M. - and I've just found out that I'm very wicked. This morning a letter came from the mission treasury in Shanghai - stating how much my salary gold was, changed into Mex. - and stating facts to that end that I should sign up saying I had received that amount - I thought I would figure it out before I signed & make sure - and nothing fits - And I've spent Sunday afternoon doing arithmetic! That's why I'm wicked - I wouldn't feel half so bad about it - I'm sure, if I could make it come out straight, but I can't & save my life. They've given me more money than I deserve - I guess, by the looks - but where the blunder is I can't see - What with Mex. dollars and exchange, and exchange made up to double for our salary - and deducting 10. monthly - and adding the work money (for teacher) and adding the outfit money I brought out!

well - my brain feels like a fruit salad made mostly of nuts, prunes, prisms and dried fiddlesticks - only I don't appreciate prisms and fiddlesticks in fruit salad cause you always bite on them instead of the nuts - (Meaning, of course, that when so much of my valuable time is spent trying to find out why \$665. has been deposited instead of \$587 - that I don't fully appreciate the fact that the 665 has been deposited to my account - See?)

By the way, would you like a peek at how much my expenses have been during the summer?

Starting from our Katchich, shore in July -

Sampson	40	Board 5 1/2 da. @ 1.00	5.50
Steamed pork	.65	" 19 1/2 " @ 1.00	21.75
Kitching		Teacher for July	6.75
Baggage in K.	.25	Boy " "	5.00
Lichens	.25	Board 21 @ 1.00	21.00
Mangoes	.11	Chair ride	.40
Eggs	.12 1/2	Teacher for August	6.00
Little Boat	.25	Boy " "	4.00
Charcoal	.10	Boys + teacher, river canoe	4.50
Houseboat fare	2.00	Teacher for Sept.	9.00
1 boat at K	.46	Boy " "	4.90
7 carriers	4.90	Board 4 1/2 da. @ 1.00	44.80
8 chairmen	6.24		

Travelling expenses coming home 5.56
Cook & other servant at home during
summer 20.10

The difference in amts paid teacher
is because in Sept we studied separately
some and studied more hours altogether.
The boy's salary was 7.00 - and one mo.
I paid four & the next 5. etc. - The
last month included a day or so in Oct.
Mexican money, remambes - which
is now worth just about the same
as gold - but we get paid double - else
we'd have a very meager subsistence.

I paid 8.00 for the teak wood serving
table (dining room -) (bought from Mrs. Wiley)
which I'm now using for a desk -
It is good and big. I have a chair
just the right height for it - and
it has a shelf along the back for
pictures - my clock - candlestick -
& anything I want - and a
drawers each side - and a
thing underneath that I put my
feet on - I have bought 2 rickies
chairs from Mrs. Hildreth ^(2.75) - and
that makes me feel that a beginning
has been made - I am using
Mrs. Worley's chiffonier and wardrobe

until she returns - then (or a little before)
I will order ones of my own make -

But you see I already have this "desk"
and the chair (a common bedroom one,
cane seat), and my wicker chair, and
the grass braided chair (such a comfort -
you both will love to stretch out in it
when you come to visit me!) and
my rocking chair - and my two
trunks and two boxes - which look
quite presentable, now that they are
varnished - And these all my own
and paid for - so if I were to go into
a bare room now - I'd have most
enough to get along with (except
the bathroom things) - Oh - and my
bed - of course - just because that's
upstairs I forgot it -

Well - my six month's anniversary
was a happy day - for I received the
letters you sent July 28 and Aug. 4.
That makes the total now up as
far as July Aug 11., the 23rd letter -
Next is the 24th, if they happen
to come in regular order -

I don't know whether I have
said already - but I meant to,

that I certainly am glad to have
you send on the letters you want to
I'm hoping to get a chance to write
to Web & Sarah Kimball and Aunt
Isabel and some others very soon -
It's a lucky thing I got these letters
written to as many people as I did
while I was up at the Hills for I
certainly don't find it now - On
Saturday - my only free day - my
woman is here ironing and
mending and there is a good deal
to direct her about and show her -
Then with callers, and making calls,
and Red Cross knitting, and (since I
got back) straightening my room, I
keep wondering and wondering when
I will get my letters written - Some
of them are ~~not~~ much harder to write
than yours (it's always a joy to write
everything to you - I should be
unhappy indeed if I couldn't sit
down and ramble on to you about
what I'm thinking about, etc. You
comfort me by saying my letters are
interesting, but I don't think they
would be to most other people - It's
just because you know what a

nonsensical crazy girl yind got for
a daughter and are naturally anxious
as hens with ducklings to see what
foolish, or lucky thing the next splash
will bring - That you think I'm
writing interesting letters - I know
I haven't told much about the work
or things that people would be most
likely to want to hear about - Well,
that will have to come later, I
guess, when I get to be a dried up
old maid fussing around the
work and ruffling up all my
feathers if anyone else puts a
finger in my pie - Let's hope I
won't be like that, but will be
more like the girls who are out here
in the work already - Miss Calley
is truly a splendid leader for the
girls - I can never hope to come
up there - (She's as dear as can be)

Now you'll know I'm off my
base for sure - but never mind -
it would be heaps crazier if I
could see you and talk to you.
You know that from past experience
don't you - you blessed
honeys, both of you!

Letter) Its now getting on towards 9 P.M. and I havent begun to get started yet -

You asked me what Arthur meant by his letter - I sent him a picture from Life with a Sailor Boy in the middle and girls of all the different countries around him - The title was "Jack has a Sweetheart in every port" or something to that effect. That the theory he's going to prove wrong -

Go to "His" picture - he wrote the same thing to me - but I thought he meant Margaret - I dont know for sure - Believe I'll ask him -

I did have to laugh when I read about your buying the Congo-leaf - I just have been waiting to have you say that - for I was willing to bet that you would buy it, not the Church folks!

About Miss Fielden's feet - Tell the woman its only the grasses that she sees - We had a good laugh about that and Helen says - I hope the dear soul (whoever she

"He) will send me some shoes!"
Mrs. Culley's hat is bigger though -
a very clumsy thing, I think -
and not really any more protection
than ours -

I'm mad - I've got so many things
to be thankful for but I'm mad just
the same - I ain't because I've got one
beautiful picture of my mother (everybody
says that when they see it) no because
I've got a picture of her that is still more
beautiful to me because I might easily
enough imagine that she was going
to open her mouth and say "I'll make
it to suit you" ^{even if} it is so short that it's
way to your knees - just however you
want it - or else "Didn't you know any
better than to come home from your
summer vacation with such an
awful cold?!" or most any other
thing that is so natural I can almost
hear it this minute -

And I ain't because I've got
several fine pictures of the sailors
~~that~~ ^{that} that I'm proud to show to
everybody and happy to sit and
look at myself - no it ain't because
I've got a wonderful picture of four

out in the Bridgewater snow - with
smiles that are too bright for just
plain merry jolly smiles - but have
a hint of the happiness and
heart-break that were going
hand "in hand" just then -

Faint because of that - not faint
because I've got ~~only~~ one or two
nice pictures of my dad - its because
those nice pictures are only little
measly snap shots, and I want him
where he can speak to me - same
as Mother does in that picture that
looks straight into my eyes just as
though she were listening to what
I was saying and had already
made up her mind as to what
she would say "in answer -

And so - that's why I'm mad -
see - The winter picture is good
in the enlargement - but I hain't
got no chance to see that little white
place that's growing up through his
hair and I can't get close enough
to pull his nose so that he
will scowl real hard - That's

Why I'm mad - now if either
of you can tell me when I'm
mad at - please do! I'm sure
I don't know - so what are
we going to do about it?

Dr. Everham sends love to your
mother - yes, to both of them - and
Helen and Mabel both send love -

And you may guess whether I'm
sending any, and how mad it is.

Too late to write to the Paddies
tonight so I'll get up early, early in
the mornin'!

Sunday night again - God
bless you in the work of this day!

Your own daughters

Abbie -

P.S. Don't forget to guess how much
I'm sending!

No. 26

Suatsow, China.

Oct. 19, 1918

Dear Quess;

This is just a beginning,
while the boy pours the water into
my tub for my Saturday night bath.
I have a cold plunge every morning
and so when the warm one comes,
Saturday night - I don't feel the
need of it enough to remember it
myself! But the boy doesn't
forget it, though - He's just a
wee boy - only 15 years old,
and not much bigger than a
grasshopper. (The coolie -) Today
when I was sending the boys (him
and the houseboy) off on an errand -
I hollared some last things at

them after they had started off.
The words that I needed happened
to be on my tongue's end - so I
rattled away at them at top
notch speed for about two
sentences or so - and all of
a sudden it struck the boys
funny, especially little Lun Sim
the coolie - I thought at first
I had made some big blunders -
but it was just because it
sounded funny to hear me talking
Chinese so fast - Never mind.
I can't do it very often!

I must jump into that tub
this minute, or it will be
cold - and moreover - Helen
will be lying awake wondering
why I don't come to bed!

Sunday morning.

I have been to Chinese church - and the man talked for a solid hour. The meetings got so large last year that they decided this fall to have two services instead of one - and have the girls' school and the boys' school and the theological seminary go to the early service, and the women's school, small-boys and the other schools go to the second one. Of course they can't regulate the number of outsiders but having the two services avoids the terrible stifling and crowding into that small chapel. It is not so very small, either - but I hope will have a new one sometime.

I told you last week, didn't I, or - did I?
that I was living up in Helen's room -
that is, sleeping up there, partly
because we had had a thief fright
and partly to share the crowdedness,
when Miss Welwood gets here. I
told you, too, about the addition that
had been proposed to put on to this
house, and that it was rather uncertain
whether we should get it.

A cable came from home Wednesday,
as promptly as we could receive
answers from the Woman's Board,
with full authorization to go
ahead. But there is a discussion
on now as to what contractors
to engage, and also as to who
will oversee the building of it.
To my part I really can't see

why the representatives of the
Woman's Board shouldnt decide
the man to engage - especially since
all of them want the old one we
have had before, in opposition to
the men's wanting us to have
a new one some of whose work
has been unsatisfactory - But of
course there is bound to be a difference
of opinion once in a while. Now
it will come out, I dont know. They
want Miss Sallman to oversee the
building, and whether she will do it,
and whether they will wait until
she arrives before they decide what
contractors to engage - I guess
remain to be seen. Miss S.
arrives in Hongkong a week from
today - and will bring with her
to Swatow Pauline Sam - the Chinese

girl who goes to Hops to help
Mrs. Adams (with whom I was in
the house this summer at Thai Tong)
also Miss Wellwood for Kindergarten
and girls' school here in Katchuck
and Miss Simonsen for evangelistic
work in Kitgum - I've found out
that the reason Ethel Ross can't go
to India is because she can't get
a landing permit - and she
must go to South China or the
Philippines - I guess it is the
latter - for we haven't heard anything
about her coming here -

Meanwhile, we're hunting white
ants in this house. Mabel has her
floor up, and has had the beams
that were worst eaten taken
out - and all of them treated

with Salignum - some kind of
stuff to kill them. Her plan is to
be made a movable one, so that
in coming years it won't be
so hard finding them - We think
all the other rooms should have
them too. but the Reference
Committee thinks it is too expensive
and has vetoed it - Simply the
boards that are eaten are to be
taken up in Helen's room - which
means that elsewhere the ants
will calmly go on eating - and
next year she will have to
take up more boards - Such is
life in China!

They have also been putting
(earthquake repairs)
iron tie rods in the house, and
such a mess as our rooms have
been - Showers of dust and

plastering and wood shavings
blow into the farthest corners.
and everything you touch is
gritty, even after the room
has been swept.

Oh. I meant to tell you
about the narrow ~~secret~~ escape
~~hole~~ and I had last week - I
was sitting here studying with
my teacher and all at once
a shower of plastering and things
came tumbling down directly
on my head. Quick as I had
sense enough to, I jumped
away - for I thought at first
it must be a beam that the
men had dropped - But when
I looked up and saw a woman's
leg almost to her waist. I

realized that Mabel had fallen -
I rushed upstairs fearing she
might have hurt herself - She
had slipped in walking across
the boards to get to her Bathroom.

The lathes they use out here are
thin as paper nearly - and have
no strength whatever - My woman
who mends was sitting over in
the corner and she remarked
emphatically that "if the Khe
Kou-nie had come wavy down
through there would have been
two dead people in the house now"!
The hole was directly over my
head. She didn't get badly hurt
but was of course rather shaken.
After the excitement was over I
shook out of my clothing -
principally the back of my shirt

lumps of plaster as big as half
my fist - and lots of powdery
grit!

I've something more to say
about Mother's pictures - I have
found out ^{that} one reason why
I like the first one better ^{is} because
that is the one that is speaking
to me myself - The other one is
when she is on her dignity in
society, meeting some one who
perhaps has known her son or
daughter as husband, and the little
air that she has on simply
means she is striving to maintain
the established dignity of the
household.

In the first picture she
is saying to me - "Well I suppose

now they'll call me Abbie Sanderson's
mother!" In the second one this
is what I hear her saying - "You
may have heard of my daughter,
Mrs Sanderson, the missionary? -

"Yes, she's in China - Swatow - one
of the largest ports - a very important
commercial center. She says her
home is in a magnificent spot -
and the girls in the school where
she is to teach are adorable, she says.

She says the language is a hard
one - but she is already enjoying
her study. Why. I believe I have
her last letter right here in my
bag" - (Reads about jumping into the
bath tub - companions near fall
through the ceiling - - etc. etc.) -

"Oh - yes, of course we find them
all interesting!" - "What? Oh - yes

it was hard to let her go - but we
are proud to have her there" - (Etc.
etc - with an extra added
illumination to the already
radiant glow - at every extra
added word of superlative hyper-
bolical exaggeration -) And
so the fame of the little mission
grows -

I have written to Mrs. Spauld
and to Mrs. Jammon - but hadn't
thought about writing a letter to
Mrs. Clarke - as she said she
wanted to write to me - They
couldn't publish a picture in
the Advocate anyway, could they?

Had a letter from Mabel
Bovell from Shanghai. She
is to be at the Nanking language

School all the year - and as far as she knows could go to Kuling next summer. The Tatums have already very cordially invited me to go there the soonest summer that I can - and so I think I'll save up my money and make a big try - It's a good way to go so soon. But Mabel is to be there - and if I'm going there at all this first five years - it must be this summer - I think. for while it might be nice to go there knowing Joy and Mr. Tatum - whom I really know very little, to tell the truth - wouldn't it be so much nicer to live a whole summer with Mabel B. - my own twin sister! I'm really very much

excited about it, and as is
she - for you see I wrote her
all about it as she got my
letter in Shanghai when she
was still on board - The
Tatums don't know about it yet
but I'm going to write Joy ray
soon - They couldn't be ^{so} excited
about it as Mr. and I, though -
could they?

Had a nice letter from Ethel P.
and answered it to the best of
my ability - I was glad to
get it off my mind, ^{so} quickly - I sent
her the Manila Snapshot -

Must stop now and write to
the laddie -

Did you guess how much love
I sent? The same amount this time -
Able

Dear Beloved: Nov 3

This is
 a short scribble and
 I'll use up this paper, which
 I inadvertently laid my pen
 on for a moment and got
 this horrible blot in the
 corner - How do you like my
 different varieties of paper.
 By the way - I rather like
 to use Chinese writing paper
 although this kind doesn't
 take ink well - I mean, it
 takes it too well - But they
 say I'll get over that in
 time and will be greedy as
 anybody for nice home writing
 paper.


I sent your packages
 yesterday - Mother's talk
 in a registered letter
 and Father's gift in an
 insured parcel post package.
 The silk, Mother, is for a
 waist for you - and you
 don't have to use the little
 buttons I had made, as trim-

if you don't want to - but
~~when~~ I had my woman
her making - then I hurried
her up saying that I wanted
to send them to America
very soon - She said, in
a scared sort of way - well,
if you have any time, Kou-nie,
you help me" - The girl didn't
when they thought of my
making Chinese buttons -
The woman also told me that
twelve was altogether too many.
The two little suits in fathers
bags will show you how
the waist should be made -
and how the buttons should
be sewed on - But let me
repeat - you don't have to
have it made just exactly
that way! I'm sorry the
buttons aren't all just the
same size, but hope you
can use the smaller ones
where they won't show that
they are smaller - One
thing more - Don't wait

until I come home from
China before you make it
up!

Father - if you have received
the pewter jar by now -
~~and~~ you discovered what
it is for? I bet you hadn't!
Well - when I saw this I
thought of the old black-on-
the-outside-and-blue-on-the-
inside wing collar box that
for as many years has
borne up bravely the rattle
and bang of nickels and
dollars and dimes - And
I wondered if the poor
old pasteboard wasn't
tired - So I thought this
little can would be made
of stouter stuff - for one
thing - and for another
would look better on the
outside - or just as well, as
the poor old collar box!

But if you have become
so attached to the box that
you can't give it up altogether

Here's an idea - Cut it
 into two pieces to make
a cross section and thus
divide the can into four
"rooms" for your nickels and
quarters and dollars and
dimes, if you wish - This



These are very
good drawings - but I

trust your ingenuity to
come to the rescue - The
three little Chinese locks
are the kind the Chinese
use as padlocks - just
open the key out straight
and stick it in the hole
and push - The smallest
one may be too wee for
any use - but I'm sending
it because it is so cunning
My teacher said she had
never seen one so tiny.

The postcard in Mother's
Candles isn't marked

right. Where it says,
 Water's house, it should
 say, Sherwin bungalow,
 the house where the other
 unmarried ladies live -

One day this week I
 sent Arthur a tin box full
 of candied ginger - and
 now a newspaper says
 that no Christmas packages
 will be sent abroad from
 America this year. I'm
 the one who has to go to New York
 to be sent, so I suppose that
 won't get there - isn't it
 maddening?

Last Wednesday night
 just before we retired, we
 heard a cannon and
 out on the veranda we
 could see a ship coming
 into harbor - There are
 mines just outside - so
 the ship we saw was
 going very slow - It sent
 up three rockets and

fixed the cannon there on
some times - We didn't
know what it was for
but we went to bed - About
11 o'clock the cook came
rushing upstairs to tell
us that it was the Hall
Horn - which had left
here that afternoon - and
had come back because
a fire had started on it -
We got up - and could
see the smoke from the
Veranda - but no flames
So we put on dresses
over our gowns and pulled
hats down over disheveled
hair - and went out on
Mrs. Ashmun's point to
see better - The flames
were not quite all gone
when we left but it was
12 o'clock before I went
to sleep - and I was drowsy
the next day - They put the
fire out - and steamed

away to Hong Kong the
next afternoon - They
said the fire was started
from a dropped cigarette.
So many are, aren't they?

The telegram was
received last night that
Miss Gollman and the
others had arrived in H.
K. and would be in
on the Hai Hong tomorrow.
Miss Willwood is to come
here in the present. (Wonder
wonders!) because Mrs.
Caser will be entertaining
for a few days. The Bakers
are returning to
Chaochow. Whether she
will go over there afterward,
I don't know -

They began the last
of this week on the
addition and have the
holes for the ten new
pillars all dug - the

can hardly believe that
the thing is actually
started -

Well - I'm very glad
Miss Wellwood is coming
for she is so needed - and
glad to have her come here
if it is the Lord's will -

"All things" will surely
work together, etc. - I am
sure -

I'm as anxious as ever
to get me again over -

The past three weeks
I have knit a Red Cross
sweater a week - with the
help of Heng Sin-se-nie -
who makes on it a little
each P.M.

I'm to stop - my ink
blotted paper, has given
out, you see? -

Very much Love,
Abbie

29 Did I send you this
snaphshot before? Swatow, China
Nov 8, 1918

Dear Ones who are so close to my heart!

Seven months ago today I arrived in China. A week ago today I wrote happily, of happy days, happy hopes, and of happy associations but here - and now in these few days time I have found my ideas of missionary life so upset, that I feel as though I would begin to write about it but could never finish it because it is such a long story.

Don't get scared - but truly I am finding out sooner perhaps, than do a good many what a hard thing it is to live out here.

It began Monday morning, when we got up early to go out to the boat to meet the newcomers, Miss Pauline Benn, the girl who has gone to Hapei to help Mrs Adams, Miss Emma Simonson who has gone to Kityang to study the language, and Miss Margaretta Wellwood who had been designated by the Board at home for kindergarten work, and to help out otherwise in the women's work as she was needed.

In a meeting of the Reference Committee before she arrived it was decided that she should work a half day in the Girls School, teaching and an hour in the kindergarten, and the rest of her time devote to language study.

You know how I expected her to come in with me - or perhaps to have her meals here and room elsewhere. Well Miss Wellwood was loathe to have Miss W. leave her side. Monday morning even I came over here for breakfast. She didn't stay long after breakfast, though. One of her trunks came over and had been put in my room and Miss

Tell me if you can read this written thus on both sides

came over in a hurry to find out if it had been bought here, and directly ordered it out, then left without further ado. Miss W. went directly over to Miss Sullivan's - where Dr. Everham and Miss Northcut and Miss Traver also live - and has been there ever since. Mabel was rather hurt because on the way up from the jetty Miss Sullivan told her that Miss W. had not expected to work in the girls' school at all - until she got Mabel's welcome letter in Hongkong. And that Miss W. was all upset about it. At breakfast Miss W. herself said that she didn't come out to teach English, and she would feel as though her year at Columbia (on Kindergarten Theory) would be wasted if she went to work teaching English. She said very plainly that she didn't want anything to do with the girls' school. Since Mabel had planned a half day's work for her, it was rather a blow to have her say just that and it has put Mabel in a hard place because she was holding up certain work and having older girls help out, etc., until Miss W. should arrive.

That day they called Mabel to a meeting of some committee who should decide just what Miss Wellwoods' work would be at first - and she told them what had taken place. Miss D. by then was ready to give in for Miss W. to teach as long as a day in our school, but Mabel said that she didn't think it would be wise to allow a girl who felt as she did, to do any work in the school. Miss D. said "She is willing to help." Mabel said "She may say she is willing now - but I don't believe her saying so now will make any difference in her feeling - and she was quite definite in her wish not to teach in our school. I think too much of our school, and too much of the girls, to allow anyone to teach there whom

heart is not in her work. It is hard enough for these girls to get along with us whose heart is in the work but who haven't the language or years of experience teachers. It doesn't know what she has said - but you may imagine that there have been strained relations. I forgot to say that Mon. P.M. Mrs. Fishmore gave a tea to their mission to welcome the newcomers. My heart ached for those newcomers, though, to be welcomed into such a tensely strained atmosphere. Dr. Everham and I helped Mrs. Waters serve.

Tuesday P.M. Dr. Leach came down after Miss Simonson. (I read her parts of your letters (I got all three Septem. ones, and two from Octob. - Monday) to her, and we enjoyed our mother's leaving me, etc.!) Dr. Everham was with her, and she said something about Miss Simonson's wanting to visit the girls' school in the morning. Mabel had invited her. Dr. Leach said she thought if I would come over to get her it would be nice, so I promised to.

When I got over that next morning, Miss Sullivan was already to come with her - but seeing me she flopped off into her room saying, "Oh well I want to go if Miss Sanderam has come after you." I didn't have a chance to say "you come too" even I knew she was annoyed - or else my imagination was playing tricks - but I held my peace. Later she told Mabel she hadn't been invited to come to the school - and she used to be the head of it herself!)

Well - Mabel's and Helen's policy were to let Mrs. W. strictly alone and to be civil to her - (they said) But I didn't see why I shouldn't be nice to her if I could - since a person's making you feel bad, or hurting your feelings is no reason why you should turn around and make them feel bad - or hurt their feelings - I had happened to find out

that Miss W. had been at Denison the same time you was there. Though she didn't know her very well. So I took a paper that I needed to give Dr. Cook and a few pictures of you and me out at camp, in my pocket and started over to the Bungalow. I saw Dr. E. first and then looked for Miss W. - And had a nice little chat with her about the pictures. Just then Miss S. came in from Miss Northcott's room - and she stopped and said all sorts of pleasant things about my being a trifle taller than she - and how she never had regretted being tall - and good reports of my language study.

So I came home with my heart 300 lbs (more or less) lighter than I had been before. I thanked the Lord for putting it into my head to take those pictures over there. I decided that if I just didn't crawl up the ruff tree no matter what happened to me - I'd get along all right.

But - the next day Miss Sullivan had a long talk with Mabel. I hoped when I came in and heard them at it that they would arrive at an understanding but as near as I can make out they simply told each other, one the things that the other shouldn't have done, and why they were wrong, and vice versa. Well - among other things Miss S. said "You haven't been over to see me - any of you!" Mabel said that she and Helen were busy at school & that I studied all day - Miss S. said "Miss Sanderson has been over to our house, though, but she didn't come to see me." So the 300 lbs came back and instead of getting any of em off since then I've just been getting more on all the time - I was over to the Bungalow again yesterday morning - but when Miss S. came into the room where we were she didn't stay long - for she had visitors from a ship who took her attention - I'm

glad, not sorry, the visitors were there - but I still wonder if she will say I haven't yet been over to see her!

This is only half the story - the smaller half, too, I do believe.

I told you last week about the beginning of work on our additions here. They have dug up the tiles under the veranda where the new walls were planned - and I don't know how many tons of dirt and cement have been brought into our front yard for building - they have the pillar holes and foundation trenches all dug -

So when yesterday when Mabel came home at tea time with some news for us - we had no breath left in us when she told us we were not to have our planned addition, after all! The members of the general board, it seemed, did not approve of an addition at Eastview. Since it would spoil the appearance of the house - Mabel thought it more necessary to have room to accommodate the new workers than to have the house just looking -

They had designated Miss Soltman to look after the building of it. The men had allowed the thing to pass because they thought all the women workers wanted it, and they would have to let them have it - and so they did, until Mrs. S. got back! But she says if we are to have the girls' school out on Chest Hill it will be the girls' school workers' room with the new residence to be built out there, and that she and Miss Traver will live in this house - but they would not willingly live in the house after it was changed - Miss Traver said she hadn't thought about it in that light

where she had voted for it but now she saw that she herself would not
w^{anted} live in the house if it had the addition - Dr. Everham agreed - and so
did Miss Rathbun - though before they had approved of the plan -

So they called a meeting of the building and property committee with the
members of the women's Board last night. Helen was disgusted with the whole
thing, and Mabel is upset that she said she simply could not go through
with such an ordeal that night. I was scared stiff to go up there alone - but
I was determined they should not know how I felt about it - that I would
be nothing if I could not be pleasant - So I marched up there all alone -

The others were chagrined when I told them H. & M. were not coming - and
Mrs. Page (chairm. of com.) said - "They are not staying away & defer legislation on
this -?" I didn't say anything - I had said, as the girls had told me to
that Mabel couldn't come & that Helen wasn't coming - They sent a note down
and urgently requested their presence - Helen came up - but Mabel felt
she simply could not -

Well - hah is the word - They simply hushed over all I have been
telling you, and finally passed a vote to stop immediately the building plans.
But stipulation was made during the process, to have some studios and a
store room added to the house. The studios can be put under the verandas,
so the house proper won't really be made any larger - I must say I cannot
understand allowing matters to go thus far, and then stopping them -

The contract has been signed - but that seems
to be the lightest of their worries -

Something more - Although two plans for
the East Hill House have been voted upon - and
the money cabled from home - yet Dr. Wainman
said last night it would be wise to consider
very carefully before going on with these plans.

We wasn't sure it was advisable to enlarge the
girls' school as had been planned - wasn't sure
this was the place to develop our South China High
School for girls - must be careful before we went
too far - Miss Prescott told me before I came out

you know, that this would be the next place in
China to establish a high school - and we have
already this year, a first year high school with
six pupils - The buildings are crowded to the

limit - and we have 108 girls, far larger number
than ever before in the history of the school -

Oh dear! I don't suppose you can see
from this boat in this last week I have been
made to feel that it is a fool's errand, if not
quite a crime, to be sent out to teach here in
the girls' school - I don't suppose I have any

right to feel that some people wish I wasn't here
and so don't intend to provide a good room for
me to live in - I haven't said it, and I ought
not to write it - I suppose I shouldn't begin to

worry even if it does look as though Miss S. will
be my second Mr. Barnes - but when you feel
as though you are so born up by the very roots
themselves, until everything is topsy-turvy you can

hardly know where your ^{own} thoughts of people and things
are just, and right - It is a revelation to me
to find that people sent out to preach the
gospel of Christ's love to heathendom can so

grapple almost at each other's throats - This is a lesson that I had to learn
or I suppose - I might as well find it out now as later - but it is not easy -
I am ashamed to write all this mess to you - but I know that although
it may pain you to hear such distressful tales of woe - yet you wouldn't
wish me to splutter such a miscellaneous mixture of feelings on anybody out
here - and neither would you wish to have me pen them up inside of me
until I busted with the very agony of having no vent for my emotion - And I
know you have lived through the hardest things in my life with me when I was
with you in the homeland - and some things I wouldn't have known how to
bear if you hadn't - and I feel as though somehow I could bear them
better out here if you shared them with me - Is it selfish? Is it?
I'm all wint out now - I'll answer your letters next time - but I
can't write any more now

Did you guess how much love I sent you? It was
this much: a heart full

from yours lovingly,
Abbie

P.S. I have searched in the film of Cousin Abbie's rosebushes - but I
think I lost it when I first got her - I've lost all the films or took on the way out!

P.S. As soon as I finished the foregoing, I read it over and it almost strikes me funny to think what I must have left out in telling the story.

If circumstances had been different I think Mrs. Dollman and I could have been firm friends by now - she is tall - rather good looking and has a way which somehow compels attention - You can tell from what I have written that she has a good deal of power both at home and out here - I can't help admiring a good many things about her.

Mrs. H. is Mrs. Dollman's devoted slave - she has been with her all the way out and herself said she would do anything for Mrs. D. - She is 23, petite - pretty as a picture, and has the most exquisitely beautiful clothes - gazarotte crepes and satins and silks - that never show her wear already and goodness knows how much more she has -

I'm dreadfully sorry to have to begin my acquaintance with these folks with such a barrier up. You may be sure the first thing I'm anxious to do is to tear it down - but I have to walk on eggs for fear hearing that one clown will build one up here in my own house - I can't enjoy having people cross at me the way some people enjoy it. I weighed 139 lbs yesterday - but think a week ago I probably weighed 145 (that sentence is verbatim of course!)

My examination is to come next Saturday. I dread it fearfully though my teachers say I needn't. After that, I'm to begin a class a day teaching in the girls' school, if the language committee has no objection. I almost feel as though I didn't say my soul is my own, out

here, for fear some one else will come along and prove that it isn't my own
after all, but belongs to the Building & Property Comm. of the Conference, or the
Board! Ah, me! Have I said enough, I wonder?

P.P.S. Later - Coincidence! I waited thus long before telling you about that film, hoping
I might yet be able to find it. Just this P.M. after I had finished writing to you
Dr. Everham came in bringing all those films I thought I had lost. I had
felt sure I hadn't taken them since we had them over to her house when
we tried to do our own printing - I am so glad to find them - and will
have one printed as soon as possible - I'll send it over tomorrow though
it may be too late to send Emma for Christmas - you can tell her it was
meant for them.

Well - I have visited with Dr. E. since I wrote the first part of this
letter - made her stay here to tea, then she went home and Mabel Helen
and I went out for a short walk with the girls' school. Someone always
teaches me some Chinese when I go out this way. The girls are such interesting
ones - and the air was good - Anyhow - I'm in a better mood, I guess - and
the skies don't look quite as gray - though they're not yet rose pink!

By the way - today is the first cool day we've had. I was too hot with
summer clothes on at that meeting last night - and today I ran for a
heavy dress - but had on my green velvet all day! It doesn't look half bad,
really, and I'm going to wear it just as it is for a while - I do enjoy it so
much!

You asked if I knew N. Sturtevant - I have her in a snapshot - and have heard
heaps about her but have not seen her.

I'm so glad that you are sending me the
Alumnus - it will mean a good deal to me to
get all that newsy reading about the good old
Colbyites -

You asked my opinion of Dr. Leach - I think
she is a splendid girl - though not a type like
Mr. Bowell, or J. Lyman, for instance. She is
rather plain in looks and tastes - is plain and
conservative in her dress - and has worked very
hard at the language and done well I guess
out here. But I think that she doesn't like
to let people think that she doesn't have as
much wisdom about missionary affairs as
do the older missionaries. I think she is rather
authoritative and blunt and doesn't show her
real feelings - She's not a girl I could open
my heart to as I could to Mr. Bowell - but
I'm sure she has a heart of gold and is making
a splendid missionary. She has gone up to
Kityang now and has begun to do some medical
work along with her studying -

I forgot to say that Ethel's letter gave me
the same information that she gave you - only
I didn't dare write in a letter for I didn't
know how to say it as well as you did - and
was afraid the letter might not reach you -
I wanted to know first whether she really did
write to you as she said in my letter she was
going to -

Well the people who don't get Christmas
letters from me ~~would~~ wonder why in the
world I could write so much to you and not
say to them, "if they could see this 'voluminous
epistle', eh?"

I'm ashamed of the blue part of this letter - for
I am happy after all - and glad I'm here, in spite
of everything! Love again & a kiss each
Oscar

Swanton, Nov. 17-
1918

Dearest Beloveds,

Where shall I begin? The
winning of the war - or my language
exam - ? Cousin Alice's rosebushes, or
Mrs. Hauser's small tea given in Swanton to
every body in port?

Well we had our celebration day Friday -
In the morning there was a church service
which we thought was for the Allied Nations
all of us - but when we got there we
found it British to the core - Of course,
I am unaccustomed to the Church of England
service anyway and when the minister said
that this was the greatest victory England had
ever known and didn't even mention America
or any of the allies until afterwards - we
got rather hot under the collar - To cap
the climax - they sang "God Save the King"
at the end. But there - there was
something about a small thing like that, I

suppose I can't help thinking things!

Friday afternoon there was a Chinese service in the Chapel but I didn't go - I stayed at home to get a little bit more ready for my examination the next day - Studied by myself because I let my teacher go to the service -

In the evening I didn't stay up very late but did study some, copying my last few Romanized sentences, writing a few characters - and going over some particularly hard pages in the grammar -

We began the exam Saturday morning at half past eight - bright and early. Before hand - when the Heng Sin-so-nie, she said "Why do they begin so early? There's time enough before noon to begin at nine o'clock" - I said "Maybe they will be through by half past ten" - and she answered quite spiritedly "Not so easy as that!" Because she knew from experience that the exam would never be less than two hours and a half and seldom less than three. I imagine how tickled I was then, to have them finish about two minutes after half past ten, that included a recess of about ten minutes in the middle of it, too.

Well, I can't very well tell much about the details of it, I suppose. Dr. Ashmore began and asked me something from almost every one of the sixty pages of the Sinitow Manual - Then Mrs. Waters did the same with the forty pages of Ashmore's grammar - Then Lo Heng Sin-so, the main teacher in the girls' school (who had been invited to be present) examined me on what we call the radicals (characters) and on the 200 characters in our 600 Character book - I got those all right though I had made one or two slips on what Mrs. W. & Dr. A. asked me - They managed to ask a whole lot since they talked fast and had no waiting in between (and I talked about as fast as they did, too!) Then Mrs. Waters had me read four or five selections from the

Khai-Min (Peep of Day - which, by the way, is the same thing as the book I asked you about - Only they have enlarged on the subject and made it much more complicated in the Chinese than it is in English. The 13 chapters we had this time took 40 pages. Here she had me translate - That is the hardest translation that we have - and so when we came to the next thing, the first chapter of Mark - I read ⁱⁿ the characters, as they asked me - and then Mrs. W. wanted to know if I needed to translate. Dr. Q. said "No, I don't think so. She has got along so well with the Khai-Min that there is no need" - Then I had to read two hymns ^(out of 5) and say over the ²⁰ treaty ports and their locations, and the 18 provinces and their provincial cities, and their location -

My two Chinese teachers who were both there, got excited over when the Sir-er began to give me some characters to write that I never had studied. They calmed down, though, when they found that he had a different edition - which had different

2
characters in it. The book was changed, and we went on calmly enough after that. They said I did very well. but I didn't know how much that might mean when they came to grade me.

That was all, except that when the Chinese had gone I asked the committee - Dr. Q. & Mrs. W. if they had any objections to my teaching a half hour a day in the girls' school. Since it was teaching only English - and only one class - they were perfectly willing - and Dr. Q. advised me not to make up the time lost by it with my teacher. He said that after four o'clock I needed to get out and get the exercises.

They looked over my 130 romanized sentences which I had handed in, and at noon Mrs. Waters came down bringing the little paper which I am enclosing to you - It speaks for itself: "Kang le hua - hi" means "congratulations" and the "hi" after Mrs. W. name means secretary of the Language committee. It means more to me now, and doubtless more to you, than it would five years hence, and so I'm sending it along.

Well! Mrs. Hance, a British woman whose husband has interests in certain of our big coast steamers, invited us all to a big celebration at her home in Swatow on Saturday P.M. She had all the children at a party earlier - and all the foreigners in port gathered for tea. So I rigged up in my blue silk and my big black velvet plate - silk stockings and my nice pretty pumps which haven't soiled yet - And made up my mind to have a good time - That I did too - I would fight a continual round of doing nothing but that sort of thing - But I'm sure it is a good thing to get the cabinets out once in a while -

I wish Mabel and Helen had gone, too - Mrs. Dr. White of the English mission playfully whispered to Mrs. Waters (that I might hear) "My doesn't this lady look like a Paris fashion sheet - She does your mission credit - Mrs. Waters answers "That isn't the only way she does us credit -" Then she splashed a lot of froth about my exam - etc -

Mr. Paget, the American architect for our mission, who is here again from Canton, sat beside me at tea and told most interestingly about his recent visit to Hapo - He says it is beautiful beautiful country - Mrs. Adams has invited Dr. Everham and are to go up there for Christmas, but I don't think we can - and I'm not sure but I'd rather be here my first Xmas, anyway.

In the evening Dr. Everham and Miss Willwood came over to congratulate me and I'm so glad - because that is the first time she has been over here since that first awful morning. Mabel and Helen haven't been over to see her - and so she hardly felt like coming here - I suppose -

Oh - my feelings about everything are in such a constant whirl - I've hardly seen Miss Sullivan this week but she has been very nice when I've seen her and Mabel doesn't like to see her now even to speak of her, hardly - The committee had another session yesterday about the development of the girls' school out on East Hill - Mabel told us about it when she got home - Miss Sullivan said she wouldn't be willing to take the responsibility of a girls' school out there away from the compound (It is in plain sight from here, and only a few steps) They knew Miss Culley was willing to take such responsibility - but Dr. Aspinwall said - "Miss Culley might not always be here, and her successor might not want such responsibility even though she, Miss C. did not feel it too great." Mabel says that sounds as though she

would better resign before they vote her not coming²
back after furlough! Well - of course I don't
know a thing about it. Maybe they think she
was too set in her ways - I mean her habits of
thinking and acting were too well established
before she came out, for her to be able to adapt
herself to people and conditions out here - I
don't know at all and don't pretend to say
anything about it. I do know, however, that
a great many of her plans seem to be frustrated
and opposed in various ways - How it all will
come out - as I have said before, remains to be seen!

Several more "receptions" are coming on soon -
this Wednesday Mrs. Patzipios (British consul's wife is a
Greek by birth) and Mrs. Patzipios (who is American by
birth) are to be "at Home" to every one in port - this
also is to be in celebration of the victory - All who
have flags are displaying them - and ever so many
bells and horns and whistles jingle and tootle for
ten minutes at noon - for a week.

Now you can see from this letter just what a
vain, silly minded daughter you have - just because
my fur has been rubbed the right way a little - because
flattery hath such a sweet sound to the ear - and
because I feel pretty fine when I can go to a place
and feel that I'm as well dressed as anybody -
and because a few bouquets come my way - my
spirits soar like a rubber jack in the box - And
now who do you suppose will come along next to
put the lid back on again?

Along with the picture of the rosebushes I'm
sending some that I never got very good prints
of before the films were lost - If this gives you
any duplicates - do what you please with them.

I got the other letter started Thursday - but I was so busy that I didn't get it off then as I intended to, so thought I would let it wait.

This "First of Exchange" I'm sending has a duplicate "Second" which I will send later in case this one should be lost. Either one is good but not both.

Aren't you simply crazy to know what Arthur has been doing - and what he will do now that the war is ended?! I had a splendid letter from him last week - Well soon be knowing first hand where he has been, eh?

Very much love

Allie J. Anderson

No 31.

Sowatow, China

Nov. 24, 1918

Dear Ones:

This is to be a scribble
and a scramble from beginning
to end. Because - it is now 5
minutes of 8 P. M. Sunday night -
I haven't yet written to Aunt -
and last night I was awake three
hours - so I simply must get to
bed early tonight.

I'll write to you on four sheets
of paper - the four different kinds in
my latest box - and put them
in my newest pink envelopes - I
may have sent one of them before,
I'm not sure - How do you like 'em?

The reason I was awake last
night was partly because the
Chinese down in the big village
were having a theatre - and that
makes some noise - and the
community folks were having a
dance - and about 2.30 A. M. when
I was awakened - they were rather
noisy too - I couldn't get to sleep,
but about 3.30 - when I was just

beginning to doze a bit - One of the hardest earthquakes we had come - and the tremble lasted off and on for a half hour - Then at 4.30 we had another - but very light. My nerves were so on edge from the first one though, that I was just as scared as though it had been bigger. Last Monday morning, about half past eleven, when I was studying with my teacher, we had our worst one since I've been in China - First came the rumble - and then the house began to shake and everything that could rattle, windows, blinds, doors, etc - rattled their hardest.

We ran to stand under a doorway - for they say that is often safer than to run out and be in danger of falling walls -

My teacher was begging me to go outside - but I didn't dare move - and so there she was pulling at my skirts to run - and I too scared to move - Helen and Mabel were at school - and the buildings there

are much more shaky than
here - Oh - it certainly is a
different sensation from
anything I ever experienced. In
as much as a ray afterwards,
I think I could get used to the
day time ones - but it is dreadfully
scary at night. Some of the
buildings over in the city were
quite badly loosened again
by Monday's quake -

I have been dissipating this
week. Tuesday P. M. all the
Koreans were invited to tea
with Mrs. Marshall, an American
woman whose husband works
for the Standard Oil Co. - Dr. Everden
& "Peggy" Kellwood, and I were the
only ones who could go - But our
Mr. & Mrs. Spink were there - the
Amer. Consul & his wife - who is
a Smith College girl 1905 - a
Mr. & Mrs. Ramey (Eng.) Mrs. &
Mrs. Hauer, who had us to tea
the Sat. before - and the two
Americans Kinkaid and Varne
who were in the Double Island
party last spring

We had tea about 4 - then
sat around & played guessing
games. We had a very nice
time - much like home - and they
sent us home in the Standard oil
motor launch (they had sent it over
for us, too) - and the two American
boys saw us down to the
jetty and crossed the bay
and walked up to the compound
with us - ! Isn't that exciting?

Well! Wednesday we went
down to the British Consulate to
tea - After the "lato" we all came
into one room and the songs
of the nations (allies) were sung.
Star Spangled Banner first - then
the American song - and the
British helped us out, too -
then the French Consul sang
the Marseillaise, and we
harmonized along - The Russian
Consul sang their hymn - Japanese
theirs, and so on - then some
of the war songs were sung.
How long at the end of the
fourth page & I'm not one fourth the!

At the end they sang "God Save the King" - and
we got home to supper at about 7.30. With prayer meeting
thru' night at eight! And Thursday I went to
Mrs. Paves to tea because I've been put on the entertainment
Committee with her - to arrange for conference, and we had a
Committee meeting!

At prayer meeting Wednesday night they elected
~~me~~ me secretary and treasurer of the compound
tennis courts - I don't know what the secretary
part means - but I've seen that word "treasurer"
before, methinks! I was also elected on the
Committee to decorate and arrange for music for
our American Thanksgiving service this week
Thursday. Yesterday afternoon spent two
hours at that comm. meeting! 8.30

Today I went to Chinese Church in the morning
to English Church at 11.30 - then after dinner I
washed my hair - I tried & wailed to yesterday
but simply had not time. Then I went over to
Mr. Capens to have him try over some music.
He is going to sing that piece of mine "The Earth
is the Lord" that I liked so well but never had
voice enough myself to sing it - though I made a try once.
Just before the committee meeting I got two
letters - and was on pins and needles all
the time to read them!

They were, an answer to my letter to Mrs. Jamieson
(It was a lovely one, too) and a letter from a Ruth
Whitman in Buffalo, N.Y. saying she had
adopted me as a sister, and prayed for me
daily etc - I'm going to answer her letter
right away (but not tonight!) and I'll send it
to you to send, in my next.

The two pictures of the Fairfax parsonage with
clipping of Bridgewater news of death of D. S. S. father -
came - in a letter to Miss Sullivan! She knew
immediately it was the censor's mistake - but
was going to throw them away when Margaret
heard her say "Fairfax" and she knew they must
be mine - Did you send them along with the

picture of the church - or in a separate letter? And isn't it funny!

Well - I haven't done so bad, have I - for now it is just half past eight - I'm going to send a line to Arley boy. By the way I had four grand letters from him Friday!

P.S. ^{Two} more snapshots.

The Shanghai one is to replace your faded one - Five with

the Shanghai one -

With love - and only D.D.

Adrian

Enclosed 4 pictures

Singapore, China

No. 31

Dec. 1, 1918

Dear Ones -

I have a scrap only of this paper left from Aunt Isabel's letter - as I'll use it to write to you - since I am going to cut your letter short this time. You can read her letter, and look at her pictures - and oh - Mother - if there is anything that isn't "all right" - just use your scissors - and she will think the censor did it. None of my letters - I mean letters to me - have yet been treated that way - but some of Helen's and Mabel's have, most rigorously.

Well - this has been an exciting week. I didn't mention in Aunt Isabel's letter the fact that some of the community men we met were most kind and attentive - even some of the English ones! I have been having a perfect lark all by myself this week! I've just got to let out a little bit of it or bust! Miss Willwood, being young and pretty, is quite avowedly the center of attraction, and Mr. Varne the young Southerner (with whom I strolled for an odd hour on the beach at Double Island last spring) follows her like a puppy - has her ride in his own rikshaw to and from the tea parties - sits besides her at the luncheon (he guesses he bribed Mrs. Myers the Consul's wife!) And is quite openly teased by everyone - seems to like it, too!

In the meantime the tallest sport sits calmly on at a tea, for instance - and nobody would guess from her calm demeanor and dignified repose, that she had overheard and overhauled a young Dane who is in the British Customs - asks to be introduced to the tall young lady! And nobody (almost nobody) noticed that when we were all riding in our wheelers from the American luncheon to the pier - that at times we met the young Dane about half way - going in the opposite direction from our way - till where we got down to the jetty - the young Dane was there, asking Varne to tow his boat to the other side. And after the ladies were all piled in and crowded in seats and on tables etc - wasn't it rather remarkable that the aforesaid young Dane who, I, skimp in too - made the length of the cabin - to stand right beside where the tallest sport was seated

on a shelf or high table & something - and engage busily in conversation with her the length of the trip across the bay - He is quite nice - and has light hair and brown eyes - and oh yes - is about the height of the tallest spook - So much for him!


It never rains but it pours, so they say - but here is something more that nobody saw - Nobody saw a great big tall English man - who has charge of a steamship's company here - - I didn't begin that sentence right - everybody saw him - because he's about six inches taller than the tallest spook - and moreover, he was soloist at the British Consulate tea - and leader of the choir in the English service - and leading bass in the choir at the American service - They saw him all right - and heard his splendid voice - This is what they didn't see - though! They didn't see him stare - (right past the attractive Miss Wellwood - too) and stare the tallest spook out of countenance three times (until she began to wonder if her dress was on backwards!) And they didn't see him keep on staring - neither did the tallest spook see - except out of the corner of her eye!

And nobody but an English missionary who passed it on to the tallest spook - heard the compliment about the "sweet alto voice" in back of him" in church last Sunday"! And since he was the leading bass in the American choir nobody wondered why he should insist that the "leading alto" sit directly in front of him - since that is evidently the proper stunt -

And so forth and so on, as you would say - Pa -!

The reason I made my green hat - it's awfully pretty - I think - is because my little black satin hat although it got pretty well straightened out after having been in my bag all the way up from Hong Kong - has no rim to protect the eyes - But my Panama shape is just fine for that - and this time of year I don't need my pith hat if I have a good brimmed one - I couldn't wear my

black velvet one for common - it wouldn't be
imitable - so for \$2.60 mex - I have a new
hat. I got some very coarse rope silk from
Mrs. Drayton ^{East of Springfield} in soft shades of buff and brown
and that is all I used for trimming - I

used the buff in two strands to lie flat along
the outer edge of the brim - and sewing with
the darker shade, corded it on 
like that you know - then on the upper edge of
the brim just the dark showed where it
came through, in long regular charming stitches
like this — — — all the way around. Then
repeated the first performance around the top
edge of the crown - ~~all~~ around the base of the
crown I used a cross way band of satin terminally
in a well tailored bow right in front - I wish you
could see it. You'd say it was 'cute', Pa, I know
you would!

Just one thing more - Of course - you
know you are always welcome to any part
of any of my letters that will be useful in
a missionary meeting - It struck me as I was
writing just a bit ago - what a fine missionary
I am - and what splendid missionary letters
I do write - ! So I'll give you my permission
Pa - you may use this letter (if you want
to!) for a Sunday morning service - and if
you don't have a crowd the next week - I'll
eat my pretty new hat!

With love -

^{1/2} a second reading of this ^{with} ^{constrains} ^{more} ^{to} ^{be} ^{noticed}
add a word - It sounds as though
my head was on a pivot and the slightest breeze could
turn it, eh? Not so - I hope - but truly - it seems that
even a missionary finds it interesting to be noticed
once in a while - by somebody ^{she didn't expect}
^{old Pa} ^{Don't despise or mislead}

P.P. S. Dont worry — there
is always safety in numbers!

P.P.P.S.

I'm sending along the
letter from my "sister" for
you to see and send
right back please — I
answered it today — and
I wrote a lot nicer letter to
her than I did to you — I
hope it is as interesting!
An' I didn't tell her 'bout
the men a-tall!

Abbe —

Tientsin, China
Dec. 6, 1918

Blessed Ones!

I have a chance to be by myself this morning - and no studying to be done (I mean no teacher to teach me). There were Christmas cards still to be sent but I sat down to read my Bible and since I didn't have to stop to go to studying or doing something else, I didn't! I kept on reading for a solid hour - which is the longest time off at once that I've had since I've been in China, ^(except the Chinese Bible) I think - and now I've begun this letter to you -

This is how I happen to be writing now. This week is the week of the Annual Conference - One of our guests, Mrs. Beatts, from Peking, came Monday. Her party had to get her in time for the reference committee meetings - although the conference session proper did not begin until yesterday. Mrs. Beatts is staying in my room with me and I'm so glad to get acquainted - with her. Her husband, Mr. Sterling Beatts - went this fall to Siberia into Y. M. C. A. work, from Nanking where they both have been studying the language, although they were appointed to the South China field (inland, where the language is nearer like that of East China). Moreover, she was Edleen Ballard, before she was married - of the class of 1917 of the University of Wisconsin, a Chi Omega of Y. M. C. A. I've hardly worn my pin before since I arrived - but I had to put mine on when I saw her, you bet! We have already begun to call each other our first names - and have had such fun talking over things that you may imagine we have in common. She's only 23 now - has beautiful auburn hair, and is tall - nearly as tall as I.

I like her first rate - and, am very happy that she's right in the room with me. I feel as though I have the advantage over everybody else here, so far as getting to know her is concerned. It does make a difference whether you live in the same room or not! I'm sleeping up in Helen's room still. Gwladys Aston is our other guest here - she is sleeping on a cot in Mabel's room - and Mrs. Reath's bed is in the living room.

I told my teacher the other day that I would not need her during the conference, so when it was announced yesterday that this morning the committee would meet and there would be no conference session I was left free. Ever so many of the people have gone over to the city this morning to do shopping - but I sat down here right after I got back from the girls' school chapel services - and here I be - To have a morning to myself - ! and all the more remarkable because it is right in the midst of conference - I'm sure there will not be time to do much writing on Sunday - as I'm getting it in now.

Then, I had to stop right there to go out and see a drawn work woman who had things to sell. I have bought two tray cloths to use and three crocheted bags to give for Christmas presents. It took time - so now I'll have to sail along if I'm going to get anything written before dinner. (A whole morning to myself!) I'm returning to you the middle sheet of Theodore's letter - so that you may see not

only what it was that the censor thought I shouldn't see - but also what you had written to me on the back that was also cut out. Now the war is over - maybe they'll let you send me Theodore's war news - but if you do, don't write on the back, so I won't lose something else you write too.

I knew you would find it slightly different to go to a Vermont State Convention. Of course there were a good many strangers, I suppose - when you went up to Maine from Connecticut - but as many that you knew, too - (Dr. Moore - for instance.) So I know you found it harder to step into line. But before many years you'll know a good many in Vt. I know it won't be quite the same as being in Maine - It will make a difference to me out here, too - you being out of touch with the people I know. Such is life!

Wasn't that exciting - to get a cable from the boy? And weren't you excited, too - when you heard that news about the Leonidas - Oh - I'm as curious I don't know what to do sometimes - as wondering about that blessed boy! And there I calm down and think - well! Maybe those folks at home are a little curious, too. Arthur puts it right when he says, "an awful"!

Yes, I received Eva Macomber's wedding announcement - I feel sure that Leon Kyss is Lester Kyss's older brother - but still, the name is spelled differently, so I don't know.

I'm still undecided as to whether I'll try to send her anything or not - It couldn't be much, if I did - and if I could get time to write her a good long letter. I think she'd appreciate it about as much - and I don't know what I shall do -

Mother, you asked about my head - On the way out it was pretty bad on the boat. I had to keep treating it, and shampooing - and the spots on my legs and back - the one on my thigh and several on my arms kept getting worse - I tried to treat them and finally had to stop because the medicine irritated the spots so. I would scratch them until they bled - and at night when I didn't know it. I was afraid I might get blood poisoning if I kept on - When I got here - the spots began to grow smaller and with no treatment at all - My body recovered almost completely - My head got much better, too - and I only had to wash it to get it clean - There was no loose dandruff in my hair or make it look ugly - either - The spot on my thigh that was as big as a coin is not to be seen - the skin is perfectly smooth and there is not a scar - On my legs are some scars - where I scratched - I suppose - But there are none on my arms - I was very happy and thought I was going to recover completely - But just since these worries out here have begun - the disease in the head has begun to get worse - I am treating it some - but not every day - Oh it is not bad - it is comfortable beside what it used to be - but I can't help wishing it were well -

I ought to be thankful that it only itches once in a while - and that it went out around the edges the way it used to be. There are still spots in my legs - but none other on my body except one - that down on my chest - a very small one - I've never had one just there before! Enough of that!

Wednesday night Mrs. Beath and I went over to the Bungalow in the evening. When we got there Miss Sollman was opening Christmas packages. Soap and towels and combs and doll buttons, thread, bags of all sorts - talcum powder, tooth paste and toothbrushes - lovely handkerchiefs and cheaper ones - pictures and cards - and I can't begin to tell what else - safety pins & breadboxes - rubber bands and pencils, thumbtacks, scissors, and more of the cutest dolls - If she had one dozen of each she had twenty-five dozen of most of them - I declare - I never saw as much stuff in all my life. Well - Miss Sollman is a person who gets what she wants - that is one sure thing.

Her personality is one something like Mrs. Smith's of Sedgwick - or Charles P. Barnes of we know where (I think I've mentioned him before!)

Lates -

We have had dinner - and heard them that this afternoon at conference there will be a discussion of the question as to whether the girls high school is to remain a permanent fixture here - or whether it shall be moved to Kityang or Chaochow - It was decided at the last conference - that it was to be here - But as you have seen before - deciding that a thing is to be done doesn't necessarily mean that it

will be done. I'm curious to know what the decision will be. Miss Culley I know thinks she would rather go home than go to Nityang. - but I can't say I feel that way. I love this place here more than words can tell - but if the Lord wants me to go to a place where things aren't quite so comfortable as far as eating and sleeping are concerned - well - they may be more comfortable as far as other things are concerned - Not that I'm not glad to be right where I am - God helps me to be glad that I'm wherever he may see fit to put me, no matter how hard it is!

I won't write any more now, but will wait and see what the discussion has to say -

Saturday night, Dec. 7. -

Ho-ray! Things weren't so strenuous and hard as I thought they were going to be about the girls' school question - Yesterday afternoon they spent nearly the two hours discussing the question. Dr. Ashmore favored its going to Nityang, as of course did Dr. Foster - who is at Nityang - In fact the people who are as far inland and further - than Nityang, were all opposed to its being put here - because they think Kakabich has too much and the inland stations don't get enough - They are right - but it is true also that the girls' school is the last thing to be moved inland, it needs the protection of a good mission force, I mean a number of missionary families, instead of being in a place say, where there is only one foreign man to stand up for their rights in any case of

lawlessness. Mr. and Mrs. Speicher, Miss Northcutt,
and Miss Mithers, all of whom have lived at Kitgum
(the first five, 12 years!) felt it would be a crime to
move it inland - so did Mr. Baker of Chesham - and
Mr. Lewis of Hong Kong and Dr. Grassbeck of Chaoyang,
all at inland stations wanting more than they have
but fairminded enough to see that it should not
be moved. No one here opposed except the Eskimos
who turned around and ~~of~~ voted for it when they
found that people's minds were decided on the
matter - In the last vote - some of the members did
not wish to vote at all - but Dr. Foster was the
only one opposing - This matter has been settled

"for all time", now - as they expressed it, and the
girls' High and Normal School will be here - I just
want to shout - "Praise the Lord!" - with all
my soul - for I believe it is the right thing -
But you ~~all~~ you really mustn't say anything
to anybody about this, because after they
had finished this discussion and debating, they
immediately voted to expunge the discussion, vote
and all, from the minutes. The idea is that it
would raise a doubt in the minds of the people
at home, if they knew the question had come
up again - so it is thought best to say nothing
about it.

Later - I was hoping to write more - but I
have to call it off for this time - and write
some more later - Love

Abbie

Swatow, China
Dec. 15, 1918 1

Dear Ones :

No 34

Well! There is surely a lot to tell about in this letter, - lots more, in fact, I'm certain, than I'll ever have time for this quiet Sunday afternoon.

There are several things I'm not physically able to realize: one is, that it is almost Christmas away out here in China, and that before you can say, Jack Robinson, I'll be crossing out my 1918 that I've written (in a hurry at the top of my letter cause I forgot it was 1919!). Another thing is that conference is over - and still another that we didn't have a great big fuss over lots of things that we expected to have a fuss over - etc - and so on!

It has been settled not only that the girls' high school is to be here in Kabsieh, but that the whole high and normal and grammar school plant is to be developed out on East Hill - a place a bit apart from the compound, where it will have plenty of room to grow and develop. The workers in the school all think it ought to be out there, so we are very happy about it. There will still be a good deal of discussion, I think as to whether this or that kind of material is to be used in the building and a lot more questions like that. But we certainly are thankful for whatever is settled.

Mrs. Beattie, who proves herself to be a very nice
Chi Omega indeed, stayed with me all the time,
and we are fine friends.

Before I say any more about conference last week
I want to tell you about the trip I took yesterday.
Miss Northcott had invited three of the graduate
nurses from our hospitals to go with her up to
Pang Khai, a village just this side of Chaschowfu,
where there is a pottery industry. Miss Sullivan,
who was going with her, invited Helen Fielden
and me to go along with them. So we packed
our lunch the night before, and started off a little
after six Saturday morning. After the ride across
the bay we took Nkshao's Tower to the station on
the farther side of the city.

Would you believe it? Those three nurses,
who were all in the girls' school over here, and
then in our hospital - one of them graduated
from the girls' school when Helen was out here
before - over seven years ago - had never before
seen a train of cars! I could hardly believe my
cars - But of course the girls here never go to
Swatow without a chaperone - and whenever
they were out with a chaperone I suppose
they had other affairs than to go and
see the train!

3

Probably told you before about the orange groves that I saw on the way up to Chaschoum - but I didn't see them ~~then~~ loaded with the ripe yellow fruit as I did this time - My -! there were fields and fields of them, enough luscious fruit to make anybody's mouth water! And as for ducks - well - you just ought to have seen them. Travelling single file along the narrow rice field path, the man behind with a long stick continually striking the poor last duck - and that same poor last duck continually stiving - for the most part, vainly, not to be the last duck. Don't you believe I could write a story and call it 'The Last Duck'? I think myself that is quite a fetching title -!

But, I'm not getting on very fast with my story!

As soon as we reached Pang Khoi, we went first to the chapel - where we were then directed to the home of another graduate nurse - a friend of the other three. The little house where she and her mother, a bill woman, live - was converted into a dispensary shop, with rows of shelves and bottles of medicine. The mother was washing clothes when we arrived, but she immediately dropped everything to entertain us - and such a day as we had! Before many minutes a woman came out of the crowd that gathered around to watch us - and we found she was the mother of one of

47

The girls in our school - You see we were quite a little company by that time, and we started out for the pottery. The Chinese midgets, - I call them - because we four Kou-niers were all so tall - carried our bags and baskets for us - Nothing else would be becoming or courteous - And they showed us every possible politeness all day long.

We saw how they make dishes, from start to finish. First there are the women pounding the earth into fine powder - with great long pounders that are pivoted on a beam - and are managed by foot and hand power alone - This was in a big long room.

Next we saw the great jars ^{containing} falling a whole huge yard - ^{from} the first of them, a thin liquid into which some of the powder had been mixed with much water - down to the last, out of which men were dipping a runny substance which looked as much ^{as any thing} like white fudge that hasn't boiled long enough. This was plastered in big gobs on the wall of the house that would be most exposed to the breeze but not the sun - and left to dry a bit. Then it was taken down and kneaded just as you knead bread. Only it looked as though each piece would make enough loaves for ten regiments - (or five fleets.)

All of this was outdoors.

We went inside again, and found a man seated beside a big potter's wheel - I had never seen one - have you? - and didn't have an iota of an idea how they worked -



There - take it for granted that a man is sitting on this stool beside the wheel - A small boy is standing close by - and he is the one who turns the great wheel with his foot as soon as it begins to stop. A small ~~flat~~ quantity of clay is spoked on to the middle of the wheel - The man presses his two thumbs in the center and then out toward the edge - and it much less time that it takes me to write it - a jar or vase rises before your eyes - They are very clever - and know exactly how to do it of course - but how in the world they ever make the rows and rows and rows of them all just exactly alike - is beyond me -

In another place we saw a man working a similar wheel affair - shaping and smoothing the sides and tops and bottoms of teapots - each with hardly more than a single motion - Right beside him a small boy of twelve was putting the noses and handles on the teapots - the whole thing finished in a jiffy. See #*

In a nearby room were men painting dragons and violets and mandarins and all sorts of designs on the shaped and sun dried pottery - I did wish I might have one of the big jardinières just as it was when he was painting it - For then it was a beauty - all in wonderful tones of slate gray - much handsomer than the common blue and white after it is baked!

6
Everything is put into coarse big pots and the pots are taken into huge earthen mounds to be fired. We not only walked up on one of these mounds, but even poked our heads into one where the fire was just dying down - In the middle of December - think - I was not anxious to get anywhere ^{near} the hot breath of these furnaces - and my waist was only the thinnest summer one (a white checked dainty). I wore my brown suit and had been obliged to leave my coat off - because I was so hot!

And so we travelled about, all morning - I bought a little white tea-pot - a little red earth fern dish (made of the same stuff as the teapot Cousin Alice gave us) - a couple of plain jars of the same stuff - a miniature charcoal stove (no - I forgot - the man gave me that!) and one or two other things - But I didn't get much, for I thought we should have plenty of time to look more - since the day was ahead of us - We saw the pounding and all the rest of it - in several different places - Finally we went back to the house - and ate the lunch - The woman insisted on having Miss Northcott's boy cook some eggs for us the way we liked them - so our first course was delicious fried eggs inside our bread and butter sandwiches. No sugar in the yolks - either! I was so tired when I was in the shops - and my head had begun to ache so that I thought I couldn't sit up - But it is marvelous what a few months can do for a person isn't it? After we had eaten we stretched out on their chairs and the bed - drew the curtain - and rested while they ate. And when I ^{had} got up and

combed my hair. I felt as fit as a fiddle - I was 7
ready for another half day of it - Imagine my surprise,
then, to find we had only a little more than an hour
before the train was going. We had begun to eat about
one - and it was nearly three by the time the Chinese
had finished - and our train was to leave at half past four.
Miss Sollman was going out to make a call on two who
we rested - but I decided that I would ~~like~~ ^{go} along with
her and the Bible woman.

The first one we visited was a woman who has been
bedridden for three years - Sciatia, or something on that
order, is the cause. When Miss Sollman asked her if
she was a Christian she said "yes," ^{she} ^{had} worshipped God -
but how was she going to now - Because she couldn't walk
the road to get to church. And she seemed quite awed when
Miss Sollman told her she didn't need to walk the road in
order to worship God. Evidently she knew something
about our religion - and thought she could accept it in
a way - but she hadn't intelligently. We were offered
very strong tea in the little Chinese cups - the same courtesy
that had been shown us in the morning by her son,
who is a large pottery owner. These are comparatively
wealthy people - and though the yards were pretty bad,
still the house was fairly clean - much dirtier, however - than
the spick-span quarters of our nurse. Several different
members of the family came in while we were there - together
with a number of children. The youngest daughter of the
woman whom I took to bed.
Her youngest wife - was a bright - attractive little
mite of eight months. Well - when Miss Sollman
petted the dear little thing and said she loved it,
the mother immediately said she was willing to give her

away, she would give her to Miss Sollman now, or would raise her a few years and then give her to her - I thought this was all play talking - until I found how eagerly she assented when I asked "Really, truly?" -

The other place was so dirty I hated to sit down - and the women as well ^{as} children were not clean. Some of them were 'whipping good people' - supposedly - but had yet the heathen daub of paint on their lips (right in the middle), and hadn't been to "lbi-pai" (worship) for some time. Miss Sollman gave them (the children) postcards - (cheap Xmas ones) and we got back in time to go to the train - we came back the same way we went - and were agreed that we had had a wonderful day - The bay was calm both going and coming - and we said that must be especially for Helen - Poor girl - she does hate the bay so!

I have forgotten heaps of things - For instance, the meeting straw huts in the orange groves - where the fruit growers stay at night to watch lest the fruit be stolen. Did I tell you the oranges we get are nearly all marked with the character of the man who grows them? It seems like an endless job - to go over those loaded trees and be sure that not one yellow ball misses the little red stamp!

On the way up in the morning we saw a grave close beside the track in one place - shadowed by a sturdy spreading tree - It is very, very old - they say it came down from the Ming Dynasty - and that is centuries ago. * Another man was finishing and smoothing the jar - and instead of using a wheel - and smoothing the jar as it went around - he himself backed around and around - It looked like a far giddier whirl than

the wildest maddest gallop - ~~It~~ sure I should have ~~Q~~
dropped after two turns - !)

You'll forgive my writing in pencil - when I tell you
that my carbon paper has deteriorated so that I can see
scarcely a line of the first page copy, which I was making
to send to Arthur - With pencil I can make it all right -
but the pen doesn't bear on hard enough -

"This description of what I saw yesterday isn't very
good but it occurs to me now that you might think a
part of it was good enough - (after your correction) to send
to the Advocate - If so - I'm willing ^{any part you think best} - though it may be you
don't want to use it, any more than you did my letter of
two weeks ago! Anyhow - I had a good experience - got a
little into the country and saw how the people are willing
to listen to the foreign woman - how they respect her - and
are glad to put their own affairs all one side to listen
to her - And I saw too - the yawning chasm of difference
between the Sai-Po A-i, our sweet faced Bible woman - and
some of the wretched heathen women. Two old, old women especially
I remember as they came to look at us while we were resting -
their poor old wrinkled faces were literally seamed with
lines that as plain as day showed despair, and repression,
ignorance, and helplessness - Oh - I do hope the time may be
very short until I have the pure joy of knowing I have
led one of these so needy ones to the feet of our loving,
Tender Shepherd! Do you wonder that the yearning
for these people's souls tugs at the missionary's
heartstrings, almost until she cannot bear it? And so
I sat in the room with that old wretched woman - who heard
(over)

the gospel, doubtless - years and years ago - but even now cannot comprehend it - I couldn't help thinking how handicapped we all are - we must go so slowly - use so much tact, and love, if we are in any way to win these people - Pray that I may lean hard on His arm!

I meant to tell you much about the conference - but there is really not much to tell. As I said before - much of what we thought might be heated discussion, blew over before we got to it, and so we had a peaceful, profitable conference - That reminds me - I have to report on it to Zion's Advocate - so maybe you won't want to send anything from this letter - It would be entirely different from that, though, and might help to make up for what I haven't written in the past. The report is bound to be short, too!

I was on the entertainment committee, as I told you - and had more or less trotting around to do to see about teas, afternoon tennies, etc. One morning I went to Swanton with Lucile Withers and Eileen Beath - while they were shopping - and I found a beautiful drawnwork runner which I'm going to keep - Quite an unusual pattern.

I was on the music committee - and hooray - I managed it so I neither had to sing nor play at all - There were a good many people I could call upon to play - and I got Mabelle to sing a beautiful

little evening prayer at our Sunday night 11.
conference service - which reminds me! that
I didn't have to lead that meeting the other night before
conference, because they didn't have it - and now
it is my turn this Wednesday evening - and I
haven't thought of it until this minute! (It is now 9
o'clock Sunday night!)

Tuesday afternoon Miss Wellwood and I were
invited over to Mrs. Myers (the American Consul's wife) to
tea. I thought I smelled a rat - and that Mr. Dams-
sweet on Miss Peggy - would be there. But lo and
behold, Mr. V. had gone on a ten day's trip - His
friend Mr. Kincaid was there though - also Mr. & Mrs.
Marshall - and a middle aged man I never saw
before, ^{and the Consul} and the young Dane! (You don't have to
send this item to the Advocate!) I couldn't help grinning
up my sleeve - but it wasn't strange nor funny in any
way - and it just happened, that I rode to the jetty in
his rik sha - (I grinned inside again.) And when do
you suppose I had my third grin? It was after
he had brought us over in his sailboat, in the
moonlight - when he was walking up to the compound.
I said being out so late (7 in the evening) seemed
like a dissipation out here - or something to that
effect - Then something was said about the New
Year's Party (an annual affair given by one of the

big bugs - beginning at nine - Supper begins¹²
at midnight - Then the missionaries go home
and the rest of the people dance.) So the young
Dane asked if we were going to the New Year's
Celebration - When we said yes, then he declared he
was to be the caterer for the whole thing - Then he
winked at Miss Wellwood as he was speaking - Then
he said "Yes - I'm the caterer - I'll see that you
get something to eat!" That was when I grinned -
For how could he take two girls in to dinner (it
being the custom for one man to take one lady!) And
so - was he speaking really to Miss Peggy Wellwood -
and tactfully ignoring me, - or ===? I sure did
grin under my tongue! Well - New Year's Eve
comes in less than three weeks - and - we shall
see what we shall see - !

In the meantime I'm hoping my pink and
yellow silk will hold together until then. I know
you'll weep with me when I tell you that there
are several cracks in it nearly a half inch long -
and every time I look I see more. The dark blue
silk, though, thank goodness, gives no signs of
wearing yet - and I enjoy it thoroughly every
time I put it on.

Coming down on the train yesterday
Miss Sollman got into a long talk with

Helen about "matters and things". I don't know much that was said - except that Miss Sollenman thinks Mabelle is selfish to want Miss Wellwood - and selfish to want Eastview have an ugly enlargement when she herself is going over to East Hill to live. Then she thinks the feeling between the Kow-ri's and the married people is much worse than it has ever been before - and that M. is in large degree to blame for it - She thinks M. has no tact - and felt not only hurt because M. didn't "treat her right" - but because Helen and I didn't go over to see her - She is trying to persuade Helen to stay longer than her contract but I don't know that she can prevail upon her - I sat in front of them - and couldn't help hearing some of this. I heard my name - I was sitting alone by an open window to cool my headache - and Miss Northcott was busy talking with her nurses. So when we got near Lorton I went back to sit with them -

I said in a joking way - "You said something about me - what did you say about me?" Miss Sollenman said - "You didn't come over to see me" - Then I told her straight out that I had been over - but she hadn't stayed in the room but a minute - and I couldn't call her away from taking care of Fanny when she was sick - So I guess she was a little mollified - She was nice to me all day - before

that and after it, anyhow -

And this morning at breakfast after Mabelle had gone upstairs Helen told me something of the talk - and then apologized for having said anything that might prejudice me against Miss S. It was what she had criticized in other missionaries, she said, and now she knew she herself had fallen into the same temptation. She didn't take back what she might have said but was simply sorry she had said anything -

I don't exactly understand her change of mind except that from what Miss Sollenman told her she has decided that Mabelle was more unfair, and Miss Sollenman less so, than Helen had previously thought. As for my own part - I'm sure I don't know - I keep crying over and over to myself inside "I don't know!" - "I don't know!" - But the Father will make the way plain when I have gone as far as I can see!

I'm dead tired now - and I'm perambulating this pencil until the end of my thumb hurts like sixty way to the bone - I'm seeing the hole instead of the doughnut I guess - but I need to go to bed and have a good sleep - then I'll be O. K.

P.S. (next A.M.)

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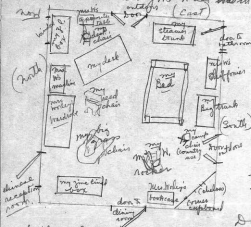
Did I tell you it had been finally decided to build two studies and a store room on our house here? The work of pounding has begun again - I have one hope, though (in spite of the fact that I shall have no more room when the studies are built than I have now) that is - that it won't take so long to build two studies and a store room as it would to build five new rooms downstairs and four up - (counting bathrooms and all.) So we shall have peace, in our bars, at least, sooner than otherwise!

I'm not even in my room now - for the carpenter is in there fussing around. He has just brought the frame for my bed net - ordered a month or two ago - and when he had to put it on and paint it, and all, I thought I might as well have it brought down stairs. The thief scare is over now - and it was mostly the girls who were afraid, any way - Of course - it was warmer then - and we needed more air than I can have by just having the law-betochkes (blinds at the door) open - Now I can have them locked, and will get air enough with the slats open -

I know it means a good deal to Helen to have an extra one in her room. She has been lovely about it though, and says now that if I'm a bit afraid - to stay there - or if I get frightened later - to move up again. But there is another side too - I would rather sleep in my own room - wherever it is - though I have honestly enjoyed her kindly hospitality!

So although my room will look like the Baptist pastor's study at Bridgewater (as far as close quarters are concerned), I shall be glad to be settled for a while. When the building is finished on East Hill - that is where I shall be, I presume - I have put up hardly any pictures yet - because it has been so uncertain where I would be!

Did I ever tell you what was in my room - ? There's more
~~in~~^{on} ~~the~~^{outdoors} ~~back~~^(East)



The things all fit
more closely than the
drawing shows them to -
and you see there simply
is not room to put
everything up against
the wall. With my desk
where it is I get better
light than any where
else - for it comes over
both shoulders - and
I'm not facing it.

fall up? The carpenter is going to fix my desk today, too - You know it was a serving table - and an old fashioned one at that - with knobs on it ^{some of which} ~~that~~ hurt my knees by bumping them every time I sat down. He thought I was stark crazy to have them cut off - but he finally consented to do it!

I got back to studying this morning and found I could read the tenth chapter of Mark - which I had finished before conference - I was afraid I had forgotten it all. I have also begun today to read in Corinthians - That is not in my course - but I want to begin to read in Chinese at morning loi-pai (worship) I'll start out tomorrow and surprise them some, won't I? It is much harder than the gospels - and I may make a book of it - but I never can do it till I try, can I?

You ask if I have Missions - No - I don't - but Helen Fielder has, and I can see it when I want to - though I don't have it to keep as I should very much like - I've thought several times of subscribing for some papers - but thought I would wait and see if anyone beside Eva Santelle was sending me a magazine for Christmas - ! You said you had subscribed to the Alumnae for me - but I haven't received it yet. Has a number been published?

You enclosed an envelope which Mrs. Kimball sent you, you say - but I didn't get it - it was about the Bindgewater Church finances - I think .

You ask if there is anything you can
send me - Yes - heaps ! Tell that
to anybody who asks - I don't know hardly
any thing they could send from patchwork pieces to
plainos that I wouldn't appreciate.

But there's something I've been thinking about
sending for - and that is shoes -

My nice white high heeled pumps are spoiled -
I'm afraid - the nails have rusted the canoes -
and the canoes has mildewed - I have enough
shoes for common every day wear - but for once in
a while wear - calling on community folks, going
to English church - to teas etc. (when I want
to make a good impression you know.) I don't have
any white shoes for such occasions next summer - I
have been seriously thinking of sending another draft for
shoes - but if anybody wants to make me a birthday
present as that - I won't have to send for shoes
this year. I'll give the number of my Black pumps that I
got in Baton at R. H. White's - They are the most comfortable
and good looking shoes I own -
white canoes are better I guess - but the white one looks very
well out here - I'll send the exact numbers in the shoe -
the "luxura" - (P. H. White) (Size and last) 275 - 54256 T (style) 743 -
meaning that the size is 7 1/2 B - If you order from P. H. White's - and
can't get the style - tell them to give you the nearest to it - only
not with a higher heel. The 275 is right, any boy - if
you can't get the rest - I feel quite sure it would fit it
to 275 ! - Christmas packages have begun to the girls
but I'm not looking for any this year - because people don't
know how they can send me things -
- for - Ashie

P.S. As Ine read this over
I found that it sounds as
though I'm lazy and want
you to do the work of getting
something ready for print
for me. But it isn't that -
really.

It was a most interesting trip
to me, and I know it will be
to you - but don't know that
it would be to other people -
as how much of it would be.

It does give you a chance
Mother, to exercise your powers
as literary critique - and gives

the same to your Pa - with
the added opportunity of using
your typewriter - (Don't I wish
I had one! After I would have
had it a month or so - it
would shorten my letter writing
troubles a good deal!)

On Aug. 10 I wrote to Mr.
Giberson - as he told me to -
But I've had no answer - Do
you suppose he has changed his
mind about the \$500?

I declare - I'm not happy to
write letters and not have 'em
answered - Aint mess funny?

More Love - Abbie -

Swatow, China
Dec. 21, 1918
Dearest One:

Not a long letter this time.

If you happen to receive the one I wrote last week the same day you do this one - you'll be tired enough to stop long before you get to the end of it - and will be tickled to pieces that this one is not such a "voluminous epistle" as that.

It's nearing Christmas and the days are very busy ones. I'm not giving to everybody in the mission for one reason I can't afford it - and for another I don't want to begin that way - I'm giving things like little satin bags that I've had the women make - little crocheted bags - small pieces of drawn work - little Japanese and Chinese vases - and tiny pictures

bars; little notebooks and pencils - balls, etc for the children. I have planned not to give expensive things - but it counts up like everything. To the servants and the washing and sewing women I am giving soap.

Our three girls are pitching together to give the teachers in the school small ivory spoons (one each). The girls have a notebook, pencil, slate pencil and eraser given to them - and little baskets of candy. We are going to have a time of it; I tell you - especially when the teachers come tomorrow night to help us fill those baskets and wrap the bundles! Over a hundred of them, ^{girls} - to say nothing of the primary school children!

Friday afternoon some of us went down to help in the choir - practicing for the Christmas service (English) in the English Chapel. The service is Church of England most of the time - although the preaching is done wholly by American Baptists and English Presbyterians - I don't know the Episcopal hymns - and some of them I don't like - but I'm glad to learn those that I do like - and learn how to sing chants - which I've never done before, except "Glory be to the Father".

Mr. Barraclough - (pronounced Barraclaf) the big bass man I told you about - is the leader of course - and will drown out us women folks

again I suppose. But we are
to sing "Nazareth" - I mean he is
to sing it and we join in on the
chorus - and its in a low key -
His voice is magnificent for it -
and I'm not a doubt that he knows
it, too!

Mrs. White of the E. P. Mission said
to me today. "Mr. Baraclough was
over to see me yesterday about the
Christmas music. He loves your
voices - Its so sweet!"

Little Abbie very modestly answered -
"Very little thing to rave about - I should
think - such a mouse like voice as
I have!"

My head is still square on me
shoulders, honest!

Dr. Everham took her exam
last Thursday - and she got
excellent, too - I am so happy
for her I could shout. Because
if she hadn't done well it would

have made her feel terribly. She didn't expect to pass - and her teachers were afraid she wouldn't do well - She doesn't have the same language examiners that I did. Miss Sallman and Mr. Foster were elected at this conference and they will be my examiners the next time, I fear.

Marguerite sat down and cried when they told her she got excellent - Because she had known she would be so embarrassed if she didn't pass - as if she didn't get "good" - and she was sure she couldn't, he said -

Today they had a Christmas gift service for the Chinese. It was a sight - The Sunday School classes from the babies whose mothers brought gifts for them up to the old men and women. They brought rice, sweet potatoes - cloth -

money - charcoal - and some other things. One gift was a tree with dimes tied to the branches - and another was a bush loaded with bunches of cash. The boys in the middle school brought a big donkey made of cotton - The cotton to be used for quilts. One of the boys explained that the reason they put it in the form of this animal was because Jesus made his entry into Jerusalem upon the back of such an one! ^{The things we do to prove Christian}

Christmas this week! I don't make myself home - but - Mrs. Capeu called me a "beautiful girlie" tonight - and kissed me as she said - "I wish your mother could kiss you tonight" - Praps I didn't say - "Well I wish as too!"

Love in barrels for you both

Abbie

Swatow, Dec. 29, 1918

Dear old Pa!

Now I know you don't want me to sit up any longer after I've just finished writing exactly seventeen Christmas thank-you letters (for cards & gifts rec'd from people out here), cause you know I must be as dead sleepy I can't see to write straight (or crooked, either!)

And I know you don't want me to sit up here in this draughty corner and catch my "death" cold when I've only this week successfully fought off one cold without actually having it. I might get a bad one that wasn't as easy to fight off!

And I know you want me to write to the boy a good letter to cheer him up, instead

of sitting down to scribble off
a lot of worthless trash to
you! Now don't you, eh?

But, at the same time -
What a hullabaloo if I should
write to you - and especially
now - just the Sunday after my
first Christmas in China -

I spose by the time you get
this letter, you and Ma will
have been curious right to the
busting point, ^{for 2 months} to know how and
where and so forth I spent
Christmas!

Now you expect me to say my
prettiest thank you for that grand
picture, don't you? Well, you've
got another think coming. I'll
tell you right now! For if a
girl's father suddenly came in
to visit her one day - from half
the world's distance away - would

she be likely to say "Thank you, pretty,
or would she weep a bit on his
shoulder and then drag him
proudly around and introduce
him to all her friends?

Well, if you think thank you
pretty is the proper stunt - just
let me know, and I'll try to
perform it - only — the other
was what I did!

Yes but Mother agrees with me
that you never had a decent
picture taken before - eh? I'd
be happy if I could know that
that interested, pleased, prideful
expression would always appear
on your countenance whenever your
daughter came to mind - and
still more happy if the daughter
could deserve such "lovingkindly"
thoughts and looks!

The only trouble with the picture
is the same thing that is the
trouble with Mother's picture. The
eyes look - I'm certain the ears
can hear - it's the mouth that it's
not just right. It doesn't speak!
I can't somehow understand why it
doesn't - for it certainly looks as
though it might any moment -
and I have seen it smile, honest!

Well - I must go to bed - even
though I haven't yet satisfied that
burning curiosity as to how and
where and so forth !

Monday A.M.

Now when I read over what
I wrote at the top of this page I
find that even that isn't always
true - for sometimes the pictures
speak, they do - I've told you
something Mother's says - and
some day I'll tell you more - !

Now for Christmas!

Yves Eve we all took the gifts we had prepared, and the ones people had given us to distribute - and tramped over to Sherries Bungalow - where after helping the girls finish make their Christmas candy - we all hung up our stockings, and one after another was allowed to go into the room and make her deposit.

I had promised Marguerite I would stay all night - so I did, but the other girls came back home, because they thought it would make too much bother to stay - we were up at six, and it took until eight o'clock to empty those stockings! Of course I

Leave to tell you what was in mine.
A box of delicious home made candies
from Mrs. Lewis, (Lengkung), ditto from
Mrs. Giesbert (ChaoYang), ditto from
Mrs. Waters. (I finished the last
piece about 5 minutes ago!)

A beautiful black lacquer tray with
^{gold} dragon flies inlaid, from Helen F.;
two framed Japanese pictures - very
pretty, and three nice little drawn-
work squares from Marquinta E.;
A Silver bracelet, beautifully carved,
from Mabel Culley -; a great big
framed Japanese watercolor painting
from Miss Dollenau -; A rubber case
similar to the one I have, from Fannie
Northcott, a sofa pillow cover in
crossstitch from Edith Traver -;
A pretty crocheted nightgown yoke
from Peggy Wellwood; - a white linen
doily daintily embroidered with
blue birds, from Clara L.; a pair
of black lacquer chopsticks from
Gladys Aston; A Kingswood
carving of a man wheeling boxes.

of tea, from Mrs. Page; A batpin, whose
head is a tiny rose carved in ivory,
from Mrs. Capen, and a little blue
and white dish from Helen & Carl (Perry).

A square of drawn work just matching
my tea cloth, in bamboo pattern, and a
tiny amber image, with a place on
the bottom to have my seal engraved,
from Lucile Withers, (Chang ning); A
very cunning little rose colored hand
painted emery bag (from Japan) from
Mrs. Foster and Anna; a beautiful
hand embroidered handkerchief edged
with hand made Amoy lace, from
Sok-Oh, the drawn work woman, and
a beautiful drawn work square from
Gee Now, the funny little old
deaf contractor! (That was a surprise).
A box of Formanist tablets from
Mrs. Adams - (She knew I wanted
them!) and cards from the
Bakers (Chaochowfn), the Speishers,
Mrs. Simonsen, Mrs. Deane the
Buckets, Eileen Beath, the Paterns,

The Giffins, Frank Foster, and
Mrs. Colonel Gale of Norwich Conn.
Also ! the photograph of my
dad which arrived just two
days before Christmas, and the
card with Van Dyke's beautiful
Christmas sentiments, sent by
my mother !

You see yours was practically
the only Christmas mail from
America which reached me
in time. I haven't given up
hope yet - for I'm sure the
friends haven't all forgotten
me so soon ! So I think my
mail will come on the next
boat, probably -

Do you wonder that it took us
until eight to empty those stockings?
I forgot to say that Helen and
Mabelle came over soon after
six to join the fun. We had
breakfast there. Directly after
was the Chinese service - with

singing and reciting scripture
by the different schools. Then
there was a service in the English
Chapel - I think I told you
about rehearsing Nazareth for it.

Well, I managed to get through
all the Te Deums and Nihilis
and Amens, and all the getting
up and sitting down - though I
thought I'd be likely to make
a fool of myself. - And after
the service was over - when I
asked Mr. Barraclough if I
might copy the harmony before
I returned it to him - he
wished me a merry Christmas
and gave me not only the
harmony, but also all the ^{parts} for the
different parts which the
whole choir had used! So
now if you want somebody to
sing Nazareth -; solo, duet, trio

quartet or brass band - just
call on me ~~for~~ the music,
please!

Then we all came back from
church and the whole compound
had dinner at our house -
Helen Fielden made the place
cards, red Santas on white
cardboard - and a Snow man
of cotton batting for the side
table - and Old Nick himself -
sitting with his pack in a
green pasteboard sleigh -
driving with red wool reins
eight prancing brown pasteboard
reindeer in glittering gilt harness,
on a snowy road lined with
pine trees - in the middle of
the table. The whole thing was
a grand success - from Mr. Calver,
who carved the goos, to Howard
Page who went into ecstasies over
the Snow man's tipply red watercolor
nose and his disreputable black
pipe!

The Waters' and Mrs. Lopen and her children were away - but the rest were all here -

In the afternoon we attended the girls' school exercises - which were so impressive, (for the most part). I don't know how impressive my solo was - It was "Under the Stars" that simple little song that Mrs. Parker (I think her name is) of Sedgwick once sang - and it met with "heartily and instant applause" -

They liked it, I suppose, because they had never heard me sing before. And the next day, here it came, the washing woman said

"Kownee, your singing was very beautiful - ten parts good to listen to."

I'm glad if they liked it, for I certainly enjoyed singing. I do love to hear our girls sing through - And Chinese words put to familiar tunes convey the music even though I can't understand much of it.

Everybody says our girls sing better than all the others - (I should hope they might sing better than some do!)

Well, we had tea at the school - then came home and had an hour or so to sit and look at each others presents, and talk - before we went to an entertainment and tea at the woman's school - Did I tell you, each girl received a basket of candy, a notebook, a pencil, a safety pencil, and a razor? At the woman's school they received bags, towels, soap, etc. (What Miss S. had received from home.

The letters containing the three Xmas cards arrived just today! I shall use them next year.

Day after tomorrow - on New Year's Day, I am going out on a country trip. Miss Traver has already gone, and I will join her near Chaoyang. So I don't know when your next letter will get off -

We took some snapshots Xmas Day - all of which turned out very poorly - This is the best one of Dr. C. and me playing with squeakers, dummies and ducks that we found in our stockings - Love to you both, Abbie

Sivatow, China

Dearest Beloved -

(No 27)

This is being sent with the hope that some of the color will be faded out of it before it reaches you.

I got it when I got some other writing paper and didn't realize how very brilliant it was until I got it home. I think I have never dared to use more than a sheet or so of it. But I have decided that I will now begin to call into it and send it along in spite of its color. The Chinese of course love such bright things as this so I'll send my letters written on it as an example of Chinese taste in note paper. How is that? So many times this week I have wanted to sit down and write to you about things & right

them when I was in the mood
for it. But the carpenter's
repairs have extended into
my room, - and all this went
my floor (a movable one) has
been up for the search for white
ants. One corner of the 2d
floor was just sopping ~~up~~
underneath - directly under the
one of my zinc lined boxes
~~if you please~~ I am going
to have to keep rather strict
watch of those things at
least until I get into my
room - (where that will be
nobody knows). And the
lowest board of the door will give
water about its powder -
those ants did not do anything.
They are supposed not to
eat oak wood, but this fall
when Helen came home she
found the inside of her commode
(made of oak) white with them.
But I think myself that is
probably a poor grade of oak.

2 for tea is very very hard -

Well - another far - and
this time over where Mrs.
Wellwood is to live - until the
new part of the house is done.

Mabel was very anxious for
her to come and live here and
we all thought of course she
would. But some of the
married ladies happened to
think that it would be very
hard for two new ones studying
the language to be in one room
in this house where the pounding
of new building would be
almost continuous -

So Mrs. Capen offered her
guest room for Mrs. Wellwood
and when Mabel told her that
it would be easier to have her
right in the same house - then
she said "Well then, let Mrs.
Sanderson come over to our house".
Her idea was simply that the
girls that went over there could
eat and sleep in different
places - Eat over at our house

sleep and study had have her things over there - Mabel thinks that Mrs. Capen should have offered board as well as room - and also thinks that the principal reason that she offered the room anyway is because she doesn't want to entertain guests - and there are very few empty guest rooms on the compound - Mabel also thinks that it would be very hard to have guests come in over here where the rooms are already full - harder than to bunk up together - four of us girls for a while -

Then at prayer meeting the other night the matter was brought up and discussed and the married women said most emphatically that Miss Wellwood ought not to be allowed to go into a room with another person in a house that is already crowded beyond its limit - while there are empty

3 rooms on the compound.
Mabel wasn't there but Helen
and I were. I didn't say much
but I did say that I knew one
reason Mrs. Culley hoped to
have Mrs. Wellwood at Astrow
row because she had known
her in America.

Then Mrs. Capen spoke up and
said, "Well if Mrs. Culley wants
her there - let Mrs. Sanderson
come over - Please - come Mrs.
Sanderson - Please do!" But

He said that I was a new one
as well as Mrs. Wellwood - and
it wasn't my place to say where
I should go any more than to
Mrs. W. (Because I knew if I
did anything definite I might
bring all sorts of things down on
my head.)

Mabel and Helen also say that
Mrs. Capen is anxious to get
me over there into her house
and pointed out to me that Mrs. C.
didn't invite them - They don't agree
on all things - they thing she is
super or hyper - diplomatic, so to
speak. It is true that she didn't

invite them. In the meeting
she said "I know I couldn't get
Miss F. or Miss C. to come, they
are too closely tied to the school
work." It is also true that Mrs.
Capeau does want me over there
for she took me out to walk one
afternoon - and urged me to
come over there - In fact told
me specifically that I was the
one she hoped would come and
that she would dearly love to
have come etc etc. But I
didn't mention that fact - you
may be sure -

To think about it makes
me weary - because there is
so much I hold up my hands
to be done, and I was thinking
of just the right word to say.

I save from the way the
women talked in the meeting
that we four girls would
never be allowed to live together
in this house before it is fixed
and so I thought maybe the
best thing to be would be
to go over to Mrs. C's myself -
and let Miss W. come in here

4 So I waited until I got home and
asked better girls what they thought
well - I was struck dumb to
hear Mabel rave about it - She
couldn't see why they wouldn't
let the new one come in here -
but to take me away - (I thought
wouldn't be so bad) - she thought
would be outrageous and wouldn't
listen to it for a minute - So I
immediately gave up that idea.

So I suppose Miss W. will
go to Mrs. Co - which - if you
want to know what I privately
think about it - is by far the
best plan - I don't dare tell
a soul here that that is what
I think - but I do - because
Miss W's things can be taken
right there - Moreover she
won't have as many anyway
as I have.

As to Mabel's idea of having
us all together - I think honestly
that it would be too hard -
unless absolutely necessary -
which it isn't - But of course

my lips wouldn't dare utter
that statement out here -

I know that Mabel is the
one I'm going to work with through
the years - and I have to put
the right way with her if possible.
I am my mother's daughter -
so I also know a little bit of
how wise it is to put the
right way with other people.
I'm associated with, too -
and as I said before - I am
weary when I think of getting
everybody's feelings out of the
tangle without snapping a
thread -

Can you sympathize? ! ! !

I mentioned the fact that my
floor is up - that means,
you see, that every thing in
the room had to be moved
elsewhere - Now I am sitting
at the dining room table writing
because the light is better here
than at my desk which is over

at one side. At my right, in the corner is one of my boxes. To my left in the corner, one trunk is piled on top of the other. The book case is in front of them and my other ~~box~~ is beside them sticking out into the room. The wardrobe is behind me - and Chairs are everywhere - But in the hall or Chinese reception room furniture is so thick that you can barely get upstairs. A table, desk, a chest of drawers - a big box, a chiffonier, a dresser, two machines, a study table, a long bench - a bamboo table - long Chairs - two long hall coat racks and numerous little boxes and miscellaneous things in a room about 16 X 17 feet I think!

I do hope I may get back into my room tomorrow. This week the pounding has been really terrible - I have felt as though I really wasn't learning anything -

It won't be very long, I suppose before the pounding of the new bones

will begin -

I have sent Arthur a snapshot
like the one where I was laughing
Will it cheer him up - do you
suppose?

The one I'm enclosing to you
today was taken on - Mrs.
Abbott's veranda up in the
hills. It is not very good if
any body but we are glad to
have it - Do I look like an
apt pupil? And with my
corner lip beautified - (as usual)

I went to Swanton yesterday
and got your Christmas presents.
Don't you wish you could give
what they ^{are} ~~were~~! I'm hoping to
send them this week but may
not get them quite finished.

If you have the pay duty, as
you doubtless will - please take
it out of a draft which I am
going to send to you -

Love from yours

faithfully,

Abbie