

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1919.

Sitting in the launch
for Adayang, 3 P.M.

Dear Ones;

The boat has not yet
started - and although I had taken
out my tablet to write some more on
my letter to The Advocate (began
several weeks ago), I find myself
too sleepy to do any writing except
a nonsensical ramble -

You don't wonder I'm sleepy when
I tell you that I did go to The New Year's
Celebration last night - got in about 11.30
and in bed about 3. - and that I was
up to breakfast before 7.30! I worked
every minute this morning - though I had
intended to get everything ready
yesterday so that I might sleep. Think W.
if I should feel so inclined - But when

6.30 came. habit was too strong and my eyes flew open - I tried to go to sleep again - but I guess it was fortunate I didn't, for all morning I found enough to keep me busy. - Then - the launch has just started - and since it is raining in now - I'll have to stop and continue my writing at another time.

15 min. later. I'm going to write even though it does rain - and if it is as blurred that I'm sure you can't read it - then I'll write it over later -

But this is the New Year - I wrote a note to Arthur this A.M. - because I didn't get his letter written Sunday or Monday - so made

up to that by writing the first 1919
letter to him -

- You'll be interested to know that
Mr Klubien, the young Dane who
said he was "caterer" - and "would
see that you get something to eat" -
was - in very truth - caterer to the
whole affair - He was last year, &
year before - and this year - I found
that fact out not long after I had
so "instantly" taken his word for granted.
So my feet have been getting cold
about having a supper partner at
the New Years Celebration - ever since
I heard that - for if he was stating
prosaic facts - not imaginative
fancies - How could I know that
he wasn't ^{all the time} prosaic and never had an
imaginative thought in his life?

But — when the time came for

the big fireworks celebration - and
then for every body to wish Happy
New Year to every body else - and
then for the men to step around in
the crowd and pick their partners.
Mr. K. - was suddenly bowing at
my elbow! So it was figurative
as well as literal! And his not
as plain and prosaic as - Mr. Huffman,
for instance!

We went to the party at Pocolo -
and were most agreeably entertained
by two short plays given by the
community people - Even though
the heroine did smoke - and they
all had drinks - and though we
saw several other things not
objectionable to the community
folks but quite distasteful to

(9)

Missionaries yet the performances
were most amusing from start to
finish - and in parts, screamingly
funny. Our friend Mr. Baraclough
was the leading man in the
larger play - and did his part
most creditably - He was kind
enough to say afterwards that he
saw one sitting down in the front
row laughing - thus giving the
needed encouragement, etc. etc. !
(Honest that sounds much more
written down, that it did when it
was said !)

Peggy Bellwood was ripping
mad when we had to go home
right after the supper and the
Xmas tree. Her parents have
never objected to dancing - and she
has always done it when she
wanted to - as you can see that

Having to leave just as the fun
was beginning was rather irksome
to her — Well! It is embarrassing
to leave a nice party like that
just before what they call the
nicest part of it begins! Too
bad that nice part should have
to be missed!

Next day - 11.30 A.M.

Had a nice visit with the
Grosbecks - and this morning
the American consul appeared
on the scene to go shooting with
Dr. Grosbeck, just before I left.

He said they didn't get
home until 4.30 from the party!
Well! Now - I'm in the "ladies'
cabin" I guess you'd call it - in
the little tiny launch that is to take
me

into Kuei-sü - I just wish you⁴
could see me! There are wall seats
all around the room - you can't get
in without stepping on or over one.
It's a little section of the boat, with
a window at each side. I am sitting
in my camp chair, which is up on top
of the seat - so that my head is
within five inches of the ceiling
and right in the open window.
The other window is not open -
A woman who is down on the
seat next to me has taken a corner
of my rain coat to cover her knees
and cold bare feet. They think
I'm terrible not to close the window.
but the windows are made of wood.
and even if I were willing to be
stifled - I would hardly want to
be shut up in a rickety dinky
little steam launch in the dark.

Would you?

The women have been talking to me - "Foreign young lady" - and telling me how nice I am to speak their words so clearly. One of them has asked if it would be "ho mé", (good or bad) for her to come and stay at my house when she came to Kachichik to "see things". I had to tell her that I didn't live in my own house - but that I hoped she would come to the chapel and learn to "eat the doctrine".

And they are crowding right up to my knees now to see me write - "Nise to death" - "Very clever" - etc - all the exclamations - along with a lot more -

One has just told me that I have a very good heart - and another has just said how white my teeth are - Still another asks me why I wasn't afraid to come by the company of soldiers that left the launch just as we embarked - She was "afraid to death" -

Well. I'm not sure but I'm glad that it is too rainy to sit up on deck - for I wouldn't have got acquainted with all these folks - I'm going to eat my dinner now - and I wonder what the remarks will be then!

Later - no remarks at all - "The world in solemn stillness lay" - They said something about the queer sort of I had which would keep

things warm (Mrs. Grubeck's
Thermos), but otherwise they
watched in silence. I don't
suppose they had any idea
why I shut my eyes and bowed
my head before I began to eat.
Oh - I do wish I could talk
more - but I find myself not
daring to start out to say much
for fear I will get stuck or
make a bad botch -

Speaking of thermos bottles -
if you ever know of any society
or Sunday School class that
wants to give me something nice -
tell them a thermos bottle -
It is so cold here - seems as
though I couldn't have stood
it but for that lovely hot tomato

song - And later on, when Miss
Culley goes home and I have
to work after the schools in the
country as well as at Katchich - I'll
be going often on that kind of a
trip.

Nearly 7 P. M.

Well! of all surprises. It reads
just like a story book. I declare. ~~And~~ I
got to E. Tshu-Kaia - the next to
the last stop on the line - ^{the steamer} ~~and~~ was
about to depart when a man
came in with a letter ^{for me}. He was
trying to explain something to me
in a great hurry - when I looked at
the letter and found that Marguerite
had written on the outside of it, "
Get off here and come Lung - Thar Hing."
~~So~~ I got, in a hurry, too - The
man had evidently told the

servant- and he was out there on
the pier already with my trunks.
(baskets of clothes & bedding). The boat
had already started to move on
when I stepped off.

A sedan chair was waiting for
me and I rode about three miles
in a cold wind. I was thankful
enough that there was no rain.

The letter told me that Edith had
been sick for three days with the
flu and they didn't know whether
to let me come or not. But they
couldn't stop me this side of Great Wall
and yet had to send me some
word, for they hadn't been able to
move to Nam-keⁿ, where I was
to meet them.

So they sent the Chairman's carriage.

to meet me part way - and get me
off the boat before I went too far -
next day -

The worst trouble is to get time
to write about it all just as it
has happened - and get it all in.

But I want to put it down while
it is fresh in my memory - Even so
I can't write it all down! Even if
the censor passed it all - he couldn't
pass some of it without being shocked.

Poor Margherita has a bad cold and
headache - and I guess she was glad
to have one come and sort of share
things with her - because it is no easy
matter to take care of a sick person
in a Chinese home with few conveniences.

They were in too small a room
for me to join them - so the
two Bible women - one who has

been stationed here for two or three months and the other ("Aunt Orange" my teacher Miss Pa Chi's mother - I very likely you have read about her in past years -) fixed up a room here in the chapel - (which is new), put in a table and a bench - and when my boy had brought in my ^{camp chair} ~~bed~~ and fixed up my bed I found myself in a very livable place - more airy than the one where the other girls are -

Last night I stopped writing after supper, because I was called to the evening worship - They were very much pleased when I could play for them. Miss Travis's organ is no - I'm not sure whether it is or not - but she can't play very much

You may know that when I say I
can play better than she can - !

It was cold last night - and I
shivered more than I slept -
Although I had my union suit -
nightgown and bathrobe on - and
had for covering my cotton blanket
and steamer rug - my rain coat
and the padded jacket Mrs. Prescott
loaned me - ! But tonight I'm
going to put my oilskin all over
that much - and have some hot
water in my nice little face bag -
to get my toes warm so I
can get once get to sleep -

Last night there were thieves
around, and so a good deal
of extra noise caused. We are as
safe as can be, though - soldiers
are watching these two houses night

and day - Some couldn't feel any more secure than we do -

This morning we didn't rise very early - it was 9 before we began to eat. Then Dr. Coesham had her dispensary at the chapel. and the first thing I knew it was twelve o'clock. We went to call on one sick woman. They came back and ate our dinner. After a short rest I went out with the Bible women to call.

There is the most fascinating story about this place - I can't tell it in detail - but any how a certain clan who was fighting heard that they would be stronger if they worshipped the true God - and as they were having a hard time in

some of their clan fight just ^{Christian} they decided to join the ranks of
Before they knew the doctrine - They
thought of the Protestant foreigners
would help them politically. That
doesn't sound very encouraging - but
the hopeful part of the story comes
last, They wanted to join us to
become strong - but when they
ate the doctrine they found it taught
them not to fight - but they were
glad they had learned about it -
and are very happy in still learning
for all this happened only seven
months ago - and there are a
hundred believers here now - !

Words and time both fail me to
tell you all about things I saw and
heard today - Never until now
have foreign women ever been
in this town - Dr. Grossbeck has

been here - but no foreign women -
So we are the greatest curiosity -
The stars in the glare of Broadway
footlights aren't in it with
us when it comes to attracting
attention. A great troop of
children escorted us, or led us,
or followed all three together on
whatever you want to call it! all
the afternoon - and flood in the doorways
or crowded right into the houses
where we visited.

Many were the exclamations because
I have so white a skin - They thought
that the Eng Kou-nie - was white
to death - but my "skin color" is
more beautiful even than hers - Nearly
everybody's first exclamation is about
my being so tall - though.

The following Monday —

Didn't I tell you there wasn't nearly time to write about things as they happened? And here it is Monday.

Friday night they had a feast in my honor — at least they had had one Monday for the others, and they had this second one for us all — but they said it was because I had come. And we didn't have anything like the things at that first feast I went to. They had fish chopped fine & made into balls — some fried, some boiled — a stew of beef and ginger root — beef balls spiced — fried chicken, chickens gizzards (fancy cut) some kind of a lamb stew — a fish stew with seaweed — and a pork stew with Chinese lettuce — Others

Things that I can't remember - counting
in all eleven dishes - besides the
big bowl of rice - I ate everything
except the pork stew, which I feared
might not be well cooked enough to be
wholesome. Everything tasted good -
Marguerite was there - though Edith
was too sick to go - but M. was not
yet over her cold - and didn't eat
as much as I did - Guess my
appetite is bigger any way -
And all with chopsticks, too - !

Saturday I went with the Billie
women on an all day trip - we
visited two villages - and walked
in all fully ten miles - I was tired
of course when I got back - but a
little rest and a good supper put
me all right. It's a good thing I

took my lunch, because where^{11.}
they gave us our "ham sin" (literally
cultivate or nourish the heart) or lunch
the only dish was what they call
"balls" - made of rice flour and glue -
it tastes like? with a little sugar
thrown in, and a little grease, and
I don't know what else - I heroically
downed two but could go no farther
as the Bible women said I didn't need
to eat it. But I told the hostess it
was very good, even if I couldn't
eat it.

I couldn't remember, even if I
had understood everything, all the
remarks that were made to me &
about me -

Was my hair done up? (And
when I took my hat off) did I need
to arrange my hair every day? My

howred it was - And my nose was straight - that's why my glasses would stick on. They Chinese people, never could wear such glasses!

As for my skin - was it white like that all the time? I must use powder or something - No? - how strange! Well, I certainly was white - white to the point of transparency! And I wore a long dress - And always - every where - I was "tall to death!"

Of I could only explain to you how they say the word for tall, over here in this particular district - At Swatow they say kui (pronounced kooee~)

but here they say kwi with as broad an i as possible - Say Kwi; through your nose, and you have something like it. Then kwi, see,

with the accent on sé. (Kái ~ sé¹²
is the way ^{we} they write it in Romanized)
means tall to death. sé meaning
to die, or dead.

People said it so often that
at last the oldest Bible woman -
Aunt Orange, got disgusted, I guess,
for she said "Well, Chinese
people, are the same, aren't they?
Some tall, and some short - They aren't
all tall as that in America."

Well - Sunday was a busy day -
and today we came over by
chair to Nam - Kì - where I
expected to come in the first
place - we are living in the chapel
and are situated more comfortably
than at Lóng Thán.

More I'll have to tell later -
for I must seal this up now

for Marguerite to take to Katchuck
to mail for me. She will go
early to morning.

Edith and I will probably go
back Friday —

Love of love,
Abbie.

Sawlow, China.

Dear Beloveds -

January 20, 1919

After two whole weeks have gone, by, then to treat you like this. it's a shame! But still - I know you would rather I wrote to the Advocate - which really was quite necessary, don't you think -

And at the last minute I decided that a poor substitute is better than none - I've just finished this letter to Mrs. Clarke. will you please examine it carefully and send it on?

I've wished more than once that I hadn't said anything about sending my pottery trip to the Advocate - It meant a lot of work for you - and wasn't worth much anyhow - I hope you decided that and didn't send it! This is very bad - I know - but I've been living out of my room - studying and writing and everything in the dining room, since I came back from the country - And with the Chinese coming in every other minute it's almost impossible to hear yourself think. They are making the archway in my room - that's why I'm out.

I get out for tennis almost every night - and my head's better - and if there's anything else about me you'd like to know, that I've forgotten to mention - well I'm all right - only I'm sleepy to pieces this minute and cannot write another word!

With love, Abbie -

no 38

Knew I couldn't write you any other kind of letter than just that kind - for my heart hates to be unburdened -

Mabel Bouell wrote of a horrid experience she had ~~on~~ ^{on} the train at night from Hankow to Shanghai - and then added, "wouldn't our mothers die if they couldn't know about this - I'm glad they can't." I didn't say so when I wrote back to her - but I thought all the time to myself - why if that had happened to ~~me~~ my mother would know about it. What's the use of having a daughter who has exciting experiences if you can't know those experiences. I'm sure that you both feel that way - and I'm hoping it is right, not wrong for me to write to you about anything that happens to me.

Mabel was in an unheated compartment - and heard some very foul talking from a foreign







man - and since he was so
intoxicated, she was afraid of
him - so they got the porter
to take her into the second
class compartment. That's all -
but I know you ~~for~~ would
want to know a thing like
that if you in it - wouldn't you?
I haven't said anything
about the weather for a long
time and I'm on paper for
Dec. 1, makes you want to say
something about it another.

I was asked how things kept
until my box arrived. I never
know pretty well from my
letters that I have worn my
blue silk dress a good deal this
fall - and it gives no signs of
wearing yet. I told you how
my pink silk ~~was~~ going - I'm afraid
that I won't have a chance to
wear it much more. But it
certainly was the proper stuff
for the New Year's Party - and I'm
glad I had it for that one.

occasion. It doesn't look as though anybody was going to get married so I could wear the dress to a wedding - and even if there should be enough of it left to make into something for another New Year's Party. I'm not at all sure I would go for I don't enjoy New Year's Parties enough to make them a regular habit.

Now sure you are wondering what all this trade has to do with the weather. You see it is in the damp season that things go bad out here. Most of my things weathered the first damp season pretty well. Some of them got a little moth eaten during the summer but not badly. You see the rainy season was just beginning when we got out here in April - and the rains lasted into June - Thus the hot season didn't really

begin until later than it often
does, since they tell me the rainy
season ordinarily begins in
February and lasts only through
March and a part of April.

So we don't know whether we are
going to have rainy weather
right off or not. A very penetrating
cold often comes the last of November
and lasts until after the rains
have begun, but this year we
have had no cold weather to
speak of. Two or three days
about New Year's time were the
coldest I've known out here. I
was going into the country then,
so I was provided with warm
clothing. I took it off, though,
as soon as I got home (heavy
underwear) and haven't put it
on since. That sounds as though
it's been minus the wearing
apparel, but you know what I
mean.   I    

Today it is colder, but we have
a fire in the house so don't need
extra heavy clothing just for sitting
around in the house. I'm glad

for every day that I don't
need it, for the minute I go outside
to walk - its about as hot as you
can stand it - and I plan
always to wear my silk hat even
at this time of year. If I go out
in the middle of the day when the
Sun is shining - Or if I have on
an ordinary hat I want an
umbrella up. Did I need my
sun glasses too -

To the birds anything and
everything stored in my wire
boxes until now. My room has
been a pest, as you know - and
I'm hoping it will soon be
set to rights. I'm going to
overhaul all my belongings
before long - and put the
perishable ones in my boxes
for the rainy season -

I don't think my books were
packed over at all. The books
were packed ~~carefully~~ But big
serious had been put in to protect
the cover on firmly. I don't think

The customs people touched them.

The apples are still in good condition - I'm to be housekeeper again this coming month - and I'll show these in pie - The girls glad and abed when I pulled them out!

The brown suit I've worn around the compound here ever since cool weather came. It's what I wore into the country and was just what I needed. I can't bring myself to wear it here again yet, after being out in these dirty villages - I wish it had had a good long steam bath - and maybe a tub bath! The lining of it is fast going. But I've had a lot of wear out of it already, and am not so glad that I brought it.

Do you see the suitcase not taken away yet. Though I never fish for decomposition of some kind - thank those beautiful white stockings Arthur gave me. I have some black silk ones which

have kept beautifully - I've worn
them and worn them - But
these white ones I had never
had on - I guess I told you how
they split when I picked them
up - I had them mended - for
they were not split around the
ankles. The night of the
New Year's party I went to put
them on and they all went into
ribbons - So I was cotton sticking
to the party!

The shoes that have mildewed
worst are the white ones I wore
so much on the steamer - ones
I bought in Columbus - These
began to ooze water when I got
to Hongkong - and kept getting
worse and worse - I've had
new heels put on though and
think I'll be able to cover up the
mildew with whitening - The
white high-heeled pumps have
also mildewed some - and
I've had the new heels put on
them too - but they are not
as nice looking as they were.

Sunday - Feb 2 - 5

My - I don't know how I ever managed to write on that paper at all! It makes my headache to look at it - I'm afraid it will faze you too!

Let you see - I was answering questions, wasn't I?

Dr. Everham lives at Sherwin Bunkerow - where the workers in the hospital and the women's school live - They are mostly Quakers and we are Easterns. That is the way it started - you know - the Women's School was under the Eastern branch and the Girls' School under the Eastern. And I do believe that some sort of a feeling ~~which~~ ^{came} between the two ~~was~~ ^{was} the cause of all this. I can't say I could blame some of the hard feeling & stuff etc?

My big winter coat was a little more eaten but not enough to show - I find it most comfortable now to wear to church. It's too heavy for walking - but it's fine for sitting in that cold barn

of a place - The floor is tile - and
is in itself cold enough to
send shivers up your spine
right through the soles of
your feet - The white coat was
not touched - I wear that in
the evening - e. g. - to prayer meeting
and to the New Year's party and
I also wear it to Church in the
morning (English Service) with my
silk dress -

One combination I like to wear
is the robe (blue) that Jane fixed -
and that coat and white
sleeves -

The steamer Superior had
time to get mutton eaten - for it
has been so long I had it
away with me in the business -
and into the country and I
use it nearly every day when
I lie down to take my nap -

I'm glad for everything I've
brought so far - I would have
brought some more books if
I were coming again - and -

whole loose white dresses rather
than skirts and so many
waists. - Now I don't think
that is true - for there is a
good deal of time when it is
warm enough to wear white
and yet not hot enough so
you must bear to have your
loose things on. - I'm certainly
not sorry for any one of my
waists or skirts that I brought.

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1891

I'm so glad I brought my
snapshots and the photographs
that I did - ~~but~~ if you
said you would not like the pictures
of Father in the ~~best~~ settings
if I wanted them - don't
see how I can be a better
person than I am now. I
have but if you have got one
just laid it out.

I would have brought more
Crochet cotton for its laid to
get out here - I would have
brought more of Woodbury's
Facial Soap and Colgate's Colgate

Sage - for the Wood bays I find
agrees with my head very well -
and the Cold I'm very fond of
for the bath - I would have
brought a different kind of a
raincoat - but I don't yet know
what - Some one has suggested
English Cravette - if it is possible
to get that, I declare I'll have
a coat made of it and also
a skirt and hat. I have not
a hat that is good for rainy
weather - and you know how
wet your skirt gets around the
bottom - and I told you how
soon my raincoat went bad -

My expense account did all
get straightened out after a
while. I was afraid it
never would be so simple.
The account was prepared
for pictures in paper or stamps -
is because all of these things had
to be procured before I started
out - The account I gave you
yesterday - was money actually

expended while I was on the trip.

I'm sure I don't know which picture I referred to myself, as the laying one I sent to Arthur.

Did you really mean what you
first wrote - that I was giving
in ~~any~~ letter? For I know you
always did like me best giving
and if I could think my letters
were impressing you that way -
I'd be happy -

The draft I sent you for
probably reached you by now.
I have the second "exchange"
to match the "first" exchange -
that is, by draft, sent it
to the bank in New York
a month or so ago or
two longer before sending this -
all if you don't receive it -

I wrote Mr. Giberson in August and have just received his reply - with a money order for fifty dollars - I had to

send a blank to Hong Kong, though -
to find out ^{what} ~~whether~~ I would
receive in our money for it - just
barely over fifty - I think. It
used to be just double - I haven't
answered his letter yet, ^{yet} ~~if~~ I am
anxious to really get the money in
my hands before I say thank-
you. Maybe I can't, though -

Anyhow - there's one man that
I've written to - that I've heard
from - Do all men answer their
letters, I wonder?!

I have told you that Marguerite
and I both ~~get~~ along well in
our studies. But I haven't said
much about a great deal my
teachers and others of the Chinese
have said to me - because it
sounded too much like flattery.
They complimented me on being
able to speak the language so
plainly. I wish now as that
the other lady. But I had no way
of knowing whether or not they
perhaps did run to her to tell
her the same thing. I had
been warned that they are

opprone to carry politeness to the
extreme. But out in the country
I had a chance to see that they ^{not}
really could understand ~~or~~ a
little bit better than they could
~~for~~ ~~the~~ They would listen respect-
fully to her and then ask one
of the Bible women what she had
said. The Bible women having
a good deal of experience with
foreigners - could generally explain.
Once only did I hear any body say
to me "I hear you but don't understand
your words." I ~~was~~ ~~thought~~ to know
whether it was ~~possible~~ because I
didn't speak plain. Because
the woman ~~had~~ ~~was~~ a foreigner
had made ~~up~~ ~~her~~ ~~mind~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~understand~~
English and that I ~~was~~ ~~wasn't~~ ~~clear~~ ~~enough~~
and asked her how many children
she had and she answered me
immediately saying she had 3!!
What do you know about that?
I haven't ever finished telling you about
that country trip any way - I thought

I would write about it to somebody else and send the letter to you, thus avoiding writing twice. But I guess I'd better tell you about it a little at least - and then when I get time to write to someone else, I will -

Before I last wrote about the country trip I believe we had just reached Nam-koⁿ, our second stop - and my heels were blistered - because I had been walking so far.

They soon recovered, and I went out every day - with the women - sometimes leaving soon after breakfast and not returning until nearly supper time. You see ~~that~~ all that time I didn't have use for a word of English and yet I got along beautifully. I couldn't say all I wanted to say of course. But the Bible women did the preaching mostly -

We visited houses of Christians - but in every single place there was opportunity to reach someone - not a Christian - and often many.

We visited one poor old blind lady who was a Christian but whose family were not believers. She seems so cheered by our visit. I'm sure she has a lonely hard life.

One little incident I think I shall never forget - Here is the picture - a

very humble home - one door, at which
were crowded children and some grown
people looking at the foreigner. Some
of them must have been stepping on
the pigs over in one corner, I think.
No windows - but a table and two
benches. The old a-chek (uncle) an
man perhaps of 60 - typical toiler of
the field - himself for many years
a Christian - and his wife - nearly
his age - but not a Christian.

They received the Bible women and
was very cordially - and were at
interested in any of them in wearing
clothes and everything. When they
invited the woman to come to church
and hear the doctrine - she said that
she had been, but she could not under-
stand. She was a "no-work" - no
"use" person, could not read characters
and it was no use - so I told her that
God loved her even though she
could not read and all she had
to do was to think it and more
like that. I thought I thought she
really meant it, but after a few
minutes I decided she was just giving
that for an excuse. She had heard
a good many times, but was deter-
mined not to be a Christian. So I told
her that every morning when I
waked up I would pray for her.
She was silent at that, and quite

evidently impressed. But the old man exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Oh, thank you, Kon-ni. I myself have been praying for her for years, but that is not enough - you help me to pray for her, - and trust in God to save her!"

Then we talked with them a little longer and then I said that we better pray before we left. So then the Bible woman prayed, and then the old man prayed - and then - though I had never yet prayed in Chinese - and my words were few and must have been stumbling - there in that little home I prayed in my new language. I had thought it would be ~~that~~ but I believe it was as truly in prayer as though it had been uttered in English. And I have prayed for that little woman every day. I am hoping her heart was not ~~hardened~~ for long. Tell her of my hope for her, and ask them to pray for her too.

One day we visited a little village where some of the members of the church had not yet taken down their ancestral tablets. It was the last day we were there, as Miss Traver was with us. He went over to the ancestral hall where there

10
was an array of some three
hundred tablets with the incense
jar and everything necessary for
worshipping. One of the deacons
went with us. His tablet had never
been touched down. But he did it
washed it, of course. He hesitated
about removing it because it
would leave a hole in the array.
But he did - and gave it to me.

That is a curio that means some-
what more to me than one of your
"lacquer boxes". This tablet is
black lacquer, though, with gold
lettering on it. Have you ever
seen one? It is shaped something
like this  like a little tombstone.

Well - I had had a very enjoyable
trip into the country. I wore heavy
clothes - and coming back was so
hot in there that I can't hold you
perceiving that I had at Nam-tu
one left in the chapel and in
the afternoon a coffin was
perched a coffin. It made me
shiver at first but I didn't
mind it after I found out it
was empty.

A week ago last Friday (school
closed wed.) Helen and I picked up
and went to Kiyang for our

long promised visit with the girls there. Gladys was sick with influenza when we got there - Helen began to have her terrible cough again while we were there, and Clara was taken down the day we came home - you went shopping through and I bought two silk mandarin jackets and a gold anklet - an old brass incense jar and a vase - and a pair of trousers which I'm going to send you, for a birthday present. Don't gasp - you won't have to wear them! - I got a few other things - and only had a ~~few~~ dollars with me to start!

Dr. Foster had come to Canton to a conference. Mrs. Foster begged me to come over and stay with her the last two nights. While there I started on pink sweats - Helen got the yellow one for \$2.00 because it was pretty. Then decided she would sell it, because she has a pink one and a red colored sweats and a white one - It's going to be pretty I think!

We managed to get Helen back here safely but she stayed in bed until today. Yesterday

morning Mabel's throat, which had
been sore, was worse, and we were
afraid she was going to be sick too,
but she was up before noon - I seem
to be the only one "surviving without
injury" and I'm O. K. and intend
to ~~keep~~ so -

Thursday I spent sorting
letters - I threw away a good
many - some steamer letters -
etc. but wasn't able to throw
any of yours or Arthur's away
yet - and not many of Mabel
Boswell's! Maybe after I've been
here a while longer I can make
up my mind to it! I don't worry -
I keep them under lock and key!

Friday and Saturday what do
you suppose I did? I cut out a
dress and began to make it!

Did I tell you the black dress you
fixed for me had a small
arguing ~~part~~ ^{part} and was
a ~~great~~ ^{great} deal ~~more~~ ^{more} like the
skirt ~~collar~~ ^{collar} and ~~the~~ ^{the} skirt
came very ~~close~~ ^{close} to the neck and felt
poplin with self ~~so~~ ^{so} the ~~skirt~~ ^{skirt}
similar to that in the book I sent
you - (the book and a lace collar -

I used the lace collar for the pattern
of the dress collar - and the
skirt of my blue silk for the skirt
pattern - The undershirt I made a

little shorter - and the skirt a
trifle longer and wider - I shall
have to piece out with plain black
cloth under the overskirt - but the
overskirt is not split - and is
stitched in with the seams - so it
won't be able to fly up and show -

I'm going to have the woman
make little black satin balls to
dangle on the collar and on a
little patch affairs right over
my sewing. The pattern is a
little like this:

Only I hope it
will look a
little better
than these
pictures do.



Don't you wish
me luck on
my attempts? I had fully intended
to give this work to the tailor - But
if I do the machine stitching myself
the woman can do the sewing
and put in the buttonings
and all that finishing up and
the waist is most difficult
part is already made you see -
so - I'm hoping to get along somehow.
I've already finished the collar cuffs
'patch' and edge of the overskirt by
making a little narrow hem only
the right side and stretching it. I
had six yds of 2 7/8 in cloth - No - I've

just measured and it is barely ² twenty five inches! Don't that pretty clever?

Later. Monday Feb - 3, 1919 - 2.28

Just ~~exactly~~ ² exactly a (chinese) year ago to the minute the big earthquake came. I'm glad I wasn't here then! And so glad that I am here this year. I've had a vacation for a week and hoped to get back to studying today, but I guess my teachers think it is too soon after their New Year (last Saturday). They may come tomorrow - though if they don't, I shall write letters or read - and be very happy to! I must study hard though for my next exam since it is in about two months - it is the second one but I have been here for years and over since. I must study hard for my first exam - it may be in a few days. I shall see!

Much love - from your
sister and only -

Abbie

Feb. 19, 1919

Can we not have more tennis? Some of us have been trying to get out for it nearly every fair day - partly because we wanted the exercise, and partly in hope of getting others out too, by virtue of the powers of example and suggestion. Are we to fail miserably? Certainly it is a downright shame to let our fine tennis court go to waste day after day when we all need the exercise so much! May it not be understood that each afternoon the first ones on the court are to begin playing and continue until someone else comes to join them, or, if four are playing, to take their places when they have finished the game or set? "Play up, play up, and play the game!"

Abbie J. Sanderson

Seen by:

Scry. M.T.C.

than!!

All right. Will try to do my share E.D.M. (Mrs. Page who plays tennis even more)

K.A. shall be glad to play at least occasionally. Dr. Ashmore

Good! W.T.C. Mrs. Capen

Good for our Tennis Scry. - Trang-tung - W.M. Mr. Waters

Will play any time - M.W. Peggy Wallmore = "help it along"

Which I could!! M.S.W. Mrs. Waters

Always ready! F.N. Fannie Northers

Thầy và ôi ^{him} Mr. S. Miss Sallman Thầy và ôi "mean" "Whoo! Whoo!"

Intentions are good M.E. Marguerite E.

Thank you. E.G.T. Miss Traver.

Suggest a circular for the men at least, to be sent out when one can play when I read this list, I said to myself, Mrs. Page let the men send it around, then!

here is the explanation to this. The other day as Helen and I were starting out for tennis, we met Mrs. Robinson. She said "Why don't you send a note around, when you are going to play?" She was at one and at one ever so long - to get out and play - so I told everybody that I would try to get out nearly every fair day. And for any body to come who could. But she didn't approve of that method - evidently. As I understand, the sentiment expressed on the other side of this paper is the rule they are always gone by. But this time Mrs. Robinson said - Maybe they think you want to play all the time and so they wait come and interrupt your game. And then I asked her if Dr. Robinson would come to play if we asked him - and she said yes - Well I can't tell you all she said - but she intimated pretty strongly that if I got out to play every day - the men would think I was selfish and wanted to play all the time - and that the new men - who haven't put any money into the court - would be getting all the use of it and those who had put the money in would be getting no good. Then she contradicted what she had saying by admitting that she knew it was very unsatisfactory to send a note around every day - Well I kept getting mail and these mail - Because she more than anyone else - had urged me to play - and these were months where those tennis courts were never in use - Yet the minute we got out, they called us selfish - So I asked her what I'd better do about it - She didn't know - but I said I'd compose a note of some kind to send around - That would be good, she said - So the next morning I showed my composition to her to see if she approved - and she did - quite enthusiastically. I sent it around for people to see - And am sending you the result. My house-mate saw it before it went. Mrs. A. said to me afterwards "My husband says that was a good circular you sent around." That P. M. Helen and I were joined by Miss Northcutt and Dr. Robinson and Mr. Watson - we had a nice time and Mrs. A. Marquitt and Mrs. Page came to watch - The men like to play by themselves - and don't enjoy playing with the women - I don't ^{at} blame them when it is playing with ^{me} - I received many congratulations on this child of my fertile brain, &c - in hoping no hard feelings lurk around anywhere -

Could write leaps more - but I must return some other letters.

Love to you two dears -

Abbie.

Swanton, Ohio

Feb 23, 1919.

Dearest ones in earth!

Yesterday I thought much - and today I have also thought a great deal - of the happenings that occurred a year ago today - and yesterday - It seems to me now that the memory of those days can never fade - Little things like talking of whether or not I should wear my new hat to church - the fact that Walter N. didn't like my new hat - and that I couldn't finish the little sweater for Harold - How I skipped down the aisle to your mother at the last minute - I told you I thought I could sing that hymn - How I went the round along the line to you, Father - after the service had really begun - How I knew that Chandler Wesley was in the audience - and how I wondered what he would think of it all - anyway - How somebody forgot now who gave me some money at the station and how the tobacco stationer told about there was a picture of seeing a crowd of people all looking at me - and hoping I would somehow be able to shake him in my heart and eyes until I had said goodbye and got out of their sight - I remember I still had to hold on after I had got on the train though - because Barney was on!

So much has happened between now and then

though that it is very hard for me to realize -
it has been a whole year - This morning, during
the preaching service - (on "Protestants") repeated
that I have made at least a little progress since
then - I could not give music lessons in Chinese
then - I can't very well now - but I couldn't get any
body to take them of me in English then -
I could understand the theme of the sermon
in general - though I missed many details -
Chinese men preached to - and they are
much harder to understand than most
foreigners - I followed the new testament reading
in character - in the ^{last} thirty chapters of Luke -
although it is a passage I have never read before -
I also sang a hymn reading from the hymn
book (the character) which I had never read
before - and sang about three quarters of the
character - That seems very little when you
have been studying ten months - but it
really isn't so bad -

In about two minutes I start to English
Churches - 1.30 A.M. and at 2.30 I go to play
the organ in the ^{day} Junior Department of Sunday
School - I went to service this A.M. at 8.30 -
and shall probably go to night with the
girls at 4.30 or 5 - So now here Sunday
is not exactly a rest day, but here it is -
On the "2.30" date large a talk - I'll begin tomorrow

and go as far as I can -

When I came - none of the girls school
workers attended. Sunday School wasn't
expected to go I thought - so I was given to
understand. "Come on, we'll go out to walk
with the girls in the P. M. we felt we had
to have some time to rest." This was the
way the girls said it - and I stayed at
home feeling the same way about it. I
didn't dream, ^{or} were expected to go - at first.
After a while gentle hints kept coming but
about me not being at Sunday School etc -
which surprised me of course - But when
I said something about it, "Mabel always
said, 'Don't let yourself get all worked up
by picking up words on Sunday'." So I thought
no more about it.

But yesterday, Mrs. Waters, who is the
Superintendent came and asked me to
play at the Junior Boys Department - 2.35 -
I was plain as the nose on your face that
he was serious, this was to get me to go.
There were ^{a lot of} Chinese to be played - some
of them better than I - and they have put
them aside to get me to do it. I have felt
right about that - I was doing right -
I didn't need to be needed - and I did need

The next day I told Mr. Watson plainly & the reason why I hadn't done - it is dreadful to have people think you are shirking when you are trying your utmost to do your duty. I know he tried to be as nice as he could about it - but it made me feel terrible - & I told him I wanted to think about it. In the evening I told him I would do it until June - for next Fall I don't know what extra duties may fall upon me. He and Mrs. W. were kind in their appreciation of beginning my being willing to help.

Later - while we were still at dinner Mrs. Watson came in to talk me that they hadn't yet organized that department - hadn't found an organ, in fact - and so I would it need to go get it. Mabel says they want me to do exactly as they have done for thirty years - and if we don't they think we are not doing right. She also says it is Mrs. Watson's place to step in the B.D. but that Mrs. W. needn't think because it is her place that it is also our place. She hasn't the responsibility of such solid work all the week besides. I haven't either yet - but I'm likely to have before many years.

I know all of this sounds selfish and selfish and trivial - and I really don't want

to be unfair in my judgments - I try not
to accept the opinion of people just because
they happen to live with them. But when I
not long - I don't want people to think I am
and when I am lazy - well I don't want
people to think I am then either - I'm
glad you met at S.D. now though - cause if
was I wouldn't be writing this letter to you -

Maid has just come in. Letter from Gladys Paul -
Margaret Brown in answer to a letter at once -
announced her engagement to John etc and now
"Miss Jessie Davis" - The last mentioned doesn't
say whether her grandmother ever got my
letter or not - Ole says - I'm terrible
ashamed in my letter writing this minute
not to state that Mrs. Kimball didn't think
I'd be writing a letter to that General
alone but she did think I'd have a
letter in some magazine and she was
going to look in the same even now -
it is some place near me there are not
many to write to -

Yesterday when I wanted to write
all day long - I forced some letters -
The two old card covers that you put in
I have just made use of by slipping into
celler oak apple or kindred and attaching
them with very loose bindings - so that
the whole weight comes on the clasp -

and there is nothing tight around the waist.
The petticoat I bought in Houlton & I've put on
to the corset & with lace on the outside and the plain
made over skirt with the ruffle and inserted
heading. I've attached to the dress collar
C.M. for the "underneath" lot makes garment
I'm intending to use those I sent home made
Boswells and attach trousers to them
by use of a wide strip of cloth. I
don't know what career I shall have
with that for I haven't tried it. The white
dress upon cloth has been made larger
around the waist, and the belt it to
fasten in tracks to the dress instead of
to skirt. The dress with yellow flowers
have cloth has flowers no more - they're
almost faded out now - and I'm going to
bind the rest of them out - that is to be
made larger at the waist.

you know the heavy pearl cotton which I
used for talking to put in Turkish towels - I
am crocheting a hat - white crown with
rose colored edge on the brim and
rose ~~color~~ ^{white} around around crown - and
a wire in the edge of the brim - But that
wouldn't make a very good one - what
do you think - I got some galvanized
wire and the cook bent the wire with
tweezers as I directed and we have

accomplished quite a nice little hat -
pardon - I think now I shall get one of
the girls to make some kind of a raffia
covering for it - That done, the next will
be easy - We made the game in my home -
Friday evening - You saw my white Panama in
covered with a blue satin just now - and
it is such a grand creation that I don't
want to uncover it - when I can wear it
next winter - The black top is still fine -
though it needs blacking - and the roses
have pretty much withered - But it has possibilities
The white linen shirt is still so handsome and
the little jacket affair all ripped up - in
going to have a "suspended" from the shoulder
affair put at it - to be worn with white
waists - This is just for real hot weather, you
understand - The most of my under wear and
outer wear is perfectly all right for ordinary
warm weather - but leaving off one coat of mail
makes a difference -

Dear me - what a lot we think about
clothes don't we? I wonder what Mrs. Wren
would say if she knew how much? I could
near the waists she donated! Swatow suit
like a desert island exactly!!

Yes! but how to have more than one
thing at a time and a smile, do you?

That's what Mr. Vanderson is saying - I know

You sneaked up around the corner Pa -
and listened to a lot of stuff Ma and I
were talking about - What's none of your
business - and what you don't care a boot
about - and yet you saw to come around
and make remarks that weren't asked for -
Now we began to talk about bills and
parabellums, you sniffed scowled and
marched plunkety plunk into the other
rooms - But when it is time for the occasional
remark it is you who has something to say -

Well I'm sticking my tongue out at you -
good and hard just as hard as I can!
I will talk about hats and petticoats and
even safety pins if I want to - And you
can listen all you damn prudential! But
when you get funny I shall tell make
crooked faces at you - and you needn't
chide your cold blood, don't mind me and
make me squint like - So there you!

I paid a good bit more of attention to the
Washington City that Mrs Rollman had last night
than I did to the one last year in the Bridgewater
town hall - There was one I believe wasn't there,
Saturday night, it was at Friday? I know I
pretty much ignored it! But this time
those who were invited got together and

decided to powder our hair etc. The women I
 mean - then they kind for me to dress up in
 George Washingtons - So I did. Madeline
 Martha and I had a hoop in the bottom of her
 skirt and wore a lace bonnet's cap with
 a fichu. I got a very good three cornered
 hat from Mrs. Pava and I wore a long
 straight cape, from Mrs. Achmore - and a
 pair of Chinese trousers and a long vest with
 buttons on it, from one of our lady teachers.
 I did up some of my hair under neaths - and took
 a little wisp of it to make a braid - with
 a black ribbon on the end of it. I used
 the charcoal longer to curl my hair! Helen
 powdered it - brushed straight back of course.
 I wore my low flat heeled pumps (graduation)
 with black silk stockings - and turned the
 trousers up below my knees and buckled
 them round with black ribbon and the gold
 buckles - The cape came down half way
 below my knees - and I didn't remove
 it! Well we had a nice time. Dr. Johnson
 and Mr. Pava were both dressed up in
 Colonial fashions - and all the ladies - except
 the hostesses - had their hair powdered and
 we were dressed up. Many I don't think
 you two of the same one had - cause I
 thought you might not have these
 particular ones -

P.S. For several weeks I have forgotten to
tell you some good news - All missionaries
in the Mowand branch, including appointees
of 1917, are to have a bonus of \$50 gold
this year - in lieu of high living etc. - But
next year the salaries of all missionaries ~~will~~
will probably be raised that much - Don't
you see that I was right? - I was appointed
in December 1917 - instead of January?
I haven't actually got the money yet - but
I'm hoping to have it sometime before summer,
and it will be a great help - especially in
the vacation problem. I don't yet know
where I am going. There seems to be no
room at Chaidong - Lucile Wilcox invited
Selen and me up to Changning - but I
can't arrange about a teacher, and most
every body says it would be a tiring scorching
hot trip - So I don't know what to
do about it. We have given that up - though
I know Lucile will be stopping over when
she gets our letters - We may go to Kuliang,
near Fudchow - where Mr. and W. went last year.

Mr. Foster was down today and told me
she is to be grandma in April - Think of it!
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will be pleased too.

Again love - Archie.

Wilmington, China

March 8, 1919

Dear Mr. Beloved

Poor old Jack is the best of friends, is

he comes again, if you would believe it - and Jack thinks he will come up smiling but is rather doubtful about it just now. Not saying, however -

I see it is this way - At conference time Misses Nathan asked Helen and me to go up to Changning this summer - and although it is a long hot trip by river and chair, we said we'd go. Then Helen decided it was too hot for her to take such a trip - and I couldn't make arrangements for a teacher - so we gave it up. Helen was sorry, but very nice about it - thought it leaves her alone in her house for the summer, I believe.

Dr. Nathan and I thought we would go to Kuliang, where Helen has been for this season already. Then we decided we would get a house at Tsai Song if we could, for it is so much cheaper. But there was nothing to be had. So we gave that up. Then Mrs. Ashmore put her foot into it by inviting me along to spend the summer with them at Tsai Song in their house. I would pay for meals and for my trip up, but there would be not any thing for rent, of course. Well, I suppose now I shouldn't have considered it for a minute - but our plans were not definite at all - and so I thought I might. I told Mrs. Ashmore immediately through Helen and I were at present considering Kuliang and I couldn't go with her unless Helen found some way out of it. She couldn't afford to go away with Kuliang and pay the whole 50 dollars for a house - all by herself.

The other day Mr. Ashmore asked if I was giving up my rooming with Mrs. Ashmore. I said I could then go in with her at Tsai Song and so he room for all. I was willing to take Helen's turn of housekeeping. But for Helen didn't feel like it. So she had that settled.

for a room - all by herself.

The other day Margaret asked if I'd go with her ^{home} this morning with Miss Thackerell - would they go in with her at Thai Long and do the room for all - Mr. was willing to take Helen's turn of house-keeping. So for Helen didn't feel equal to it. So they had that settled and although Helen doesn't really want to go to Thai Long still she would, for the sake of saving money.

But now another family has come in with the household for the summer - and that puts Edith ^{home} back in the room with Margaret and leaves Helen out.

Yesterday that felt very bad, and tonight Helen is very blue. - She hardly ate a mouthful of supper and had to leave right away in tears - I feel terribly about it. - Perhaps I need to decide this minute to go to Kuling - and not to think of Thai Long a minute more. - But she told me I need to save a little money - and I really thought he was opening this way for me to save - for it will cost me about 200 to go to Kuling and less than a hundred to go to Thai Long (car expenses). But don't know what to do about it! I have prayed so hard to be shown the right way - and thought I had found it - but the obstacles seem to be too many.

Helen feels insufferably hurt to think that no body, not even I though she doesn't say that last, cares where she has to spend the summer. But I do care - and I have told her that. I shan't go to Thai Long if she has to go to Kuling alone - I'll go with her first. But she knows that it would be much cheaper for me to go to Thai Long - and that it would be well good policy, as to speak, to accept the Kuling invitation. - I'd like to go to Kuling - to get away from the people here and the "talk shop" all the time - for don't get away from it at Thai Long.

She feels hurt because Mrs. Robinson asked me but didn't ask her. Or didn't ask her husband.

and did not want to
get away from it. That day
she felt well - though all friends
to her because Mrs. Whitmore asked some but
didn't ask her. I didn't ask her - instead
of asking me - I would say she doesn't like
to have them up there because they stay in
their room and share with each other -
and don't come out to chat with Mr. D. H.
is at his studying all the time. so she doesn't
have much companionship. Helen said
when she thought she was going to be in the
Bill House - "I no needn't think I saw you
considered I have by far the best of it - even
in that crowded house - much better than
living in the house with Mrs. D."

Oh well, she said, do you think
I've had so training in getting along with
people that can't be got along with?
I've had to take things from Mrs. Whitmore
already that Helen wouldn't take - and
I'm getting to know her better every day -
and because I can laugh sometimes instead
of getting angry - I laugh when I am
trapping mad - I believe I could stand it
for a summer.

I've tried to put myself in Helen's place
to see if perhaps I wouldn't feel the
same as she doesn't. Well I wouldn't
because I'm a different temperament
from what she is. But if I did feel
the same as she does people would
never know it - except those who
learned it from their blot. That travels
half the world around! It is too soon
to have people know I look ^{such} slight - real
imaginary.

Well Helen is upstairs now crying
her heart out - though I've had her music
lesson since 8 o'clock - so maybe she feels
better now. I'm so sorry I don't know what
to do and keep wondering if perhaps I ought
to let her believe that really I am all to
blame for her unhappiness.

Don't ask you to pray for me about this
because it will not be received probably

I don't believe that reaching an old
blame for his misdeeds.

I can ask you to pray for me about this
because it will be decided probably
by the time this reaches you but it is
a comfort to know that you are helping
me so every night

Today

I wanted to write more, this morning
perhaps but every minute has been full.
Since there is a boat for Hong Kong I'm going
to send this along.

Nothing more decided yet

With Love

Abbie

Dearest Father:

First of all I want to answer some questions that appear in the three most welcome letters which I received this last week. There has been quite a stir, Father, about that new Chinese alphabet and there was a big struggle this Chinese New Year in some parts of the country to have it introduced into the schools. They succeeded in a few places. But I am afraid it will be many many years before it can be generally adopted. People out here are so conservative that they hold to what they have, even though something eminently better is offered them. Where would all the learning of the old Chinese scholars who have spent all their days and many nights "reading books" where would all that learning be if something was brought about so vastly easier that every peasant could quickly learn so much?

I feel sure that in the attitude many will take toward such a new system. Moreover, that will be only for the Pien-li - or Wen-li - classical Chinese. The separate dialects will still be as different as they ever were - and I'm not sure whether this new system would include this difficulty or not. In the meantime, I sweat and groan over the old fashioned characters! Truly Chinese is the most perverse language that was ever invented.

Imagine this, if you can. Miss Rose Lee, an unmarried Chinese woman from the north, who has been much in America and has traveled a great deal, has come down this way to conduct evangelistic meetings.

(She has been here before, so many of the people know her) As she went through here she had time for but one meeting - I stopped my afternoon study to go and hear her. She spoke in English, beautiful, idiomatic English, and Miss Traver had to translate it into the Swatow dialect. She can't talk it at all! Wouldn't it be funny, for instance, if I were living in Maine, and wanted to lecture in Florida, and had to speak in Spanish and get some Spanish person (come to do missionary work!) to translate so the Floridians could understand "my words" - I can't get over the perversity of it!

Mother! Let me say right off - No! about the underclothes - It's rather a bother to have to do any sewing out here - but cloth for underclothes is one thing that can be got out here - and my sewing woman can make, all by herself - my things to wear underneath - If you want to send me anything in the way of clothes let it be for dresses - Loose around the waist (pretty loose) if it's made up - I'd rather have just one lovely dainty sheer thing, of some ^{or flowered} white, voile, or some pretty figured organdy, or something like that. And - oh if you do send me anything like that put in some piece or remnant of ribbon or something that would go well with it to put on a white hat. And I would love to have a white hat - Hemp straw is good for out here - I did use my Panama to make the green hat - and so now I have no white hat. Wide brim is a necessity - too - I'm making a hat now - out of what - do you spare? Raffia - in a ^{very} ten strand braid then sewed together to cover the frame the cook helped me make - But I don't

thing to have a lot of underclothes -

2
Know yet what kind of a looking thing it ^{will be}
Eating flannel
can be bought out here - I haven't needed any this winter, but
intend to have the tailor make me some pajamas for
next winter. My underclothes and nighties are lasting very
well so far - its the outside dresses that have to be fixed.
Certainly I will be very happy to write a string of 'wants'. Only
it seems as though I'm always saying that I want things.
Don't think you or anybody else has got to send me any or
all of these things just because I write them down.

I'm going to put down the big things as well as the
little things. I hope to have a piano of my own out here
some time - though I can't think far enough into the
future to dream of when that may be. - And a typewriter
also - noislers kind preferred (in a case). Perhaps you can
imagine that I would be very happy to get books either of
religious or secular kind - novels or essays or chronicles of
any time - I shall hate to be way behind on my reading.
Bessie Pierce has asked me what I want for a magazine and
I think I shall tell her ^(N) I don't think I shall say that - I haven't decided
me the "Atlantic Monthly" - and you the "Advocate" and "Alumni".
We get "Mission" from the Board, and are soon to have from
them "Missionary Review of the World", and "World Outlook" -
(these last two, one to each station) Mabel has the "National Progress"
and the "Ladies Home Journal" - and Helen "McCall's", and
the "Woman's Home Companion". Aren't we lucky to have
all these? I ought to be ashamed to ask for anything
more, I don't know that I will tell her "Good Housekeeping" -
after all. for we have magazines something like that already.
Would she think I'm wickedly noddly - do you agree - if I
told her "Everybody's" or "McClure's" - ? I'd like to say

Harpers - I'd also like to say - The Modern

Priscilla - for that would give patterns for our girls. I'll write and tell you what I've decided so you can tell my "host of inquiry friends" what I need - ! You see I hardly dare ask for Harpers since it costs about \$6.00! (I'm off for Sunday School now - the class has got organized at last!)

(Back again! I know the Chinese Teacher was surprised when I came out after the opening exercises - He expects me to stay the remaining three quarters of an hour or whole hour I know. Mr. Waters asked me however - to play just at the opening exercises - And yet now he wants me to play at the end too! When he asked me, it was very short and early - Now - he wants it to be the rest of the P.M. Oh - I can't give up this one little bit of time that belongs to the home folks - For I almost always am writing a part of my letter to you at this time. When I get into the work it will make one of the too many responsibilities - I'm going to do it just till June, any way - I hope I'm not wrong about it. But there are others that would be glad to do it!)

Well - again to my "want" list. I told you about the Moodburys and Coleo Soaps - Don't tell anybody about the "cloth for a dress" business (if they want to give me something, I mean -) unless you know they have good taste - (Don't that mean?) I'm very scant on tablecloths and napkins - have had to have some of both made out of white drilling. Mercerized or anything would help - (No - I don't need any towels yet!) Nice fine needles

am O. N. now - Tomasson shall get back to my regular studying probably -

You ask about the little pocket - for that is the Christian money pouch - buttoned to the front of ^{over his breeches} his undershirt at the top and tied around his waist. No - I suppose he rarely has time to match his suit. The one I sent was proportionately much too large -

I am in my new study writing to you. It seems too good to be true - that I really don't have to cramp every one of my personal belongings into one room.

In Swatara last week I bought a little rattan stand with two shelves underneath - for \$1.25 - and it is handy beside my desk for my study books, Magazines, music, etc. I have bought in my study chair and one for my teacher - one of my zinc lined boxes - and I also have Mrs. Wileys book case - I shall have to have one of my own made soon - and I'm going to have it a big one, too - maybe in sections - because I hope to "acquire" a lot of books out here - I'm quite reconciled not to have an upstairs bedroom - as long as I can have this extra room - Maybe it was the best thing - I don't know!

To continue my list of wants - I know some of them may sound foolish - but you can use your own judgment about what you tell other folks - I certainly do want them, all!

The Crochet Cotton in 50 and 70 - and embroidery floss in assorted colors - Also samples of lace in Crochet, filet or any pattern - or pictures of the same - Notebooks, pencils erasers, slate pencils - anything used in school at home, pretty nearly - Would be good for out here - white chalk & colored - etc.

4. For myself again: aspirin tablets (5 grain) (any amount -
for they keep well bottled. Gloves, size 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ - dark imitation
or real kid, for winter, medium weight - short, and short white
silk (not more than one pair at a time, preferably, since they
go bad, but are very useful while they last - and the
Hong Kong ones are indescribably flimsy. Quinine sulphate
tablets, either 2 grain or 5 grain - (Malaria prevention & cure)
Epsom salts. Blue jay corn plaster (thin round, if there's any
difference in them - Cork stoppers ^{or} plain vaseline. Dyed soaps, in
pinks, greens, yellows, blues & black - (to freshen faded apparel.)
Nail brush (for scrubbing the ink off my fingers) and common
small scrub brushes (like potato brushes, you know) A coarse
white comb - (my ^{own} and only might get broken some time,
you know.) A good ^{new} hot water bottle of decent size - mine is
a facs bag, you know - and sitting - though very good.
Antiseptic absorbent cotton and adhesive plaster (put up in
tin boxes is better. A Schopfield Bible - some paraffin paper -
Sealing wax, any color - (matty red) (important documents or parcels,
even, have to be sealed out here, for safety's sake. Library
Pencils, in tubes. Pencils, not very hard - the ones we buy in
Swatow are rotten (as Arthur would say.) A few rubber bands
assorted sizes. ^{Delivered} Doctors' thermometer (to take temperature). A
tea strainer like yours - (with cup to set it in!) Two or three
Kitchen knives (paring knives) - Carving knife and fork -
(we do it at the table out here - wouldn't you like to see
me at it, Pop?) A butcher knife. Can opener & cork screw.
A good fly swatter (to kill cock roaches - some of 'em
are too big - but I could stun 'em, any how - I'm
scared to prick of 'em!) A jack-knife - and a good

pair of scissors. Every body else out here has individual
butter knives, ^{some of our tea cutters} but I have to borrow some body's when
I keep house (No hint, of course!) I should love to get
a lot of postcards - the cheap, brilliant kind, mostly
Christmas & New years cards - Anything would help out
at Christmas - and when I go out into the country I
could leave one here and there - Scripture picture cards
are good for that - Perry pictures, too, would be
most acceptable, or any pictures. This that I'm
going to say is a private little wish - Christmas cards
simple, but not the cheap brilliant kind - some that will
please children, for my own use out here - Things
that I send home I can use Chinese things for - but
in giving out here we like to have everything as much
like home as we can. (And blankets.) (and Dental silk)

I also would enjoy a little toilet water very much -
But of course you couldn't say I had ever asked for that -
But just that you know I like it and it is cooling &
comfortable to use in our scorching weather out here.
And here's another secret - if any kind brother of mine
should want to know what he could send me for
Christmas that I didn't need, but would enjoy, tell
him black silk stockings - I would promise to
wear them before they went to pieces - I got my
lesson from those lovely white ones - Of course,
I wouldn't need them ^{if I were inland} but it's nice different here -
and very nice to have them for the Consul's wife & Mrs. Hume,
and others to look at, "Pa!"

I suppose you are beginning to wonder if
there is anything that I don't want or need! Yes
several - for instance, Tepe-worm Pills - safety razor -

gold cigarette case, and Walnutta-hair stein (I may need it, but I don't want it!) crutches, an ear phone, a truss, rubber stockings, briar pipe! (Now pa - if you happen to begin reading this letter at the top of this page don't go and get excited same as you did when I wrote you the photograph was going to take some of the bones out of my neck!) I also would be very grateful for canned corn, canned asparagus, canned strawberries.

There! Now I'd better write my list down again separately and in decent order, so you won't have to go scrambling through this volume to know whether I want a silk hair net or a carpet tack (which, I don't!) At least you have a beginning, eh? (and a thermos bottle)

A week ago Saturday Peggy and I were at Mrs. Naucis for tea - We were talking about English church (they have it every other Sunday on this side of the bay, and alternate Sundays over there.) and how we couldn't get away when it was on the Dratow side - but had to be content with every other Sunday. (I thought when I first came out that English church would have to be one of the things I would sometimes miss out here, but I've about decided it's one of the things I can't afford to miss. You don't know how to appreciate a thing until you have to go without it.) ^{Then} All of a sudden Mrs. Gooden was asking Peggy and me to come over to church and stay to dinner with her - since it upsets our dinner time as if we go over there to church. I thought about S.S. at 2.30 - but said I would either get somebody to play for me or else come home as soon as I had hurriedly eaten. I found

but thought that the Sunday School class was not yet organized - so that was all right. And we went - and we like Mr. J. very much - He is quiet, clean, straight forward - and without a doubt adores the "Missions". Mrs. Waters, we found later, was worried for fear Mrs. J. would invite some young men and make a gay time of it ^{on Sunday}. But I knew she wouldn't - or rather I never thought of such a thing. She has better sense than that, I hope! I had never been to church over there, and was very glad of the opportunity.

We are invited to luncheon (dinner, we call it) at the Haime's, this Saturday. Peggy and I went to Orator one morning last week - I had my teachers along, to talk with, and our coolie to carry things. Mr. Klubien was just going across in his gig, so he invited us to go with him. I said "we have nearly the whole family with us" - but he said "Plenty of room" so off we sailed!

Mr. Forbes has come back so Mr. Barraclough - who was substituting for him - has left for Hong Kong - or some other distant land - (One more cruel ragged reef safely passed !!) Breathe a sigh of relief, mother!

With love I remain

Yours sitting on Top of the Flea germ

P. S. Maillie had some chocolates sent her at Xmas and they were awfully good.

P.P.S. Some letters I've written in Mr. Gibbons' letter which I sent to you instead of writing here. I'm putting in a sheet of "spice money" for you, too.

Abbie. P.P.S. Hope Benjie will send me some jewelry if its what I like for it dresses up plain things. I almost hope it will be to cover my bony neck!

Sovaton, China

Mar. 14, 1919

Wine owns dearest!

Just a year from this day I launched out into the broad Pacific! Does it seem so long as that to you? The time has just flown for me.

Your welcome letter arrived fast week - The obituary very much enjoyed by the other Colby folks here as well as by me - (The other's consist of Frank Foster - John G. Foster, and Mr. Arthur Page)

I have mailed to you today a package of Chinese sweets. I don't know what their condition will be when they reach you - but I'm taking the risk, anyhow - They will be early for your birthday but I got this lot of candy made especially for me, so it would all be clean - to send some to a girl I promised to - and so I'm sending the same amount to you - I know you will tell me whether it is good or bad - and

2
Whether it all ran out at the
corners or dried up or pounded to
powder!

I'm sure you will want to know
the ingredients. so here goes (I spent
a good half hour today, having my
teacher sample the different kinds,
tell ~~me~~ their names, etc.)

The two long white cakes are made
of rice and the boiled out juice of
wheat sprouts; they are called "rough
rice". The candied ginger you will
know; the other brown piece "orange
cake" is the dwarf orange, pressed
and boiled in ^{sugar} syrup. Diamond shaped
pieces made of sugar and peanuts
have a little of the above mentioned
wheat syrup in the top layer.

The candied peanuts have a covering
made of rice flour and sugar.

The large pieces are pineapple peel,
candied in the usual fashion. The
"peppermint sticks" are made of sugar
and wheat syrup and a little peppermint
oil. The very quick, hard pulling and
beating make it brittle. (This is the
kind I fear will be pounded to powder!)

All except the ginger, which comes³
from farther inland, was made at
Kityang, our next station up river,
(where Mr. and Mrs. Foster live).

I've made a wretched record
at studying this week - four hours
only for the entire time! You see
I've been using my spare energy
fighting the influenza infection
in my throat. I've spent only one
whole day in bed with it (my first
and, I hope, last in China) - but I've
merely been dragging around, ^{incapable}.

Dear me! Tell me to shut up,
will you - I haven't a right to
say the word "sit" out loud - when
I think what others have gone
through. Mabel Powell has
been nursing sick folks ever
since she got to West China.
(She has been in Cheungtu, Szechuan,
and that will doubtless be her
address in the future.) Just now she
is at Yachow, helping to take
care of Miss Ody - whose illness
is feared fatal. She has not

only influenza, blood poisoning
and a carbuncle, but also double
pneumonia. She is neurotic, too,
and the Dr. fears tuberculosis. Isn't
that fearful? Mabelle is on duty
from midnight to 9.00 A.M. - and
two or three hours every other P.M.
Her language study has all been
broken up. When she was in
Chongtu she was nursing Dr. Carrie
Slaght - a dear friend of hers.
What a shame for her to have
such drawbacks at the out set!
Aside from the pity of people's being
so ill. How many up there
have suffered from influenza.

I missed my music lessons, too -
I have four pupils - and - oh - if
you could only see them taking
their lessons from me! Can you
imagine it? Musical terms are
almost a minus quantity in my
vocabulary. - I just have to go at
the business hammer and tongs
and get along as best I may -
They will paddle their feet up and down

only about a half an inch - two forty
a minute! And I can't get them
to do otherwise. Wouldn't you like
to see me down on my knees
wallowing a Chinese girl's feet slowly
up and down on the pedals - until
the sweat fairly pours from my noble
brow? And then I get up to view the
performance - and the girl immediately
gives back to the old way - even
though I have held her feet ten
times already. Ah, me! A mission
"package" is a surprise package,
all right - Every day brings something
different!

Peggy Wellwood - who came out
for kindergarten this fall, is raving
now because she's afraid the boys
won't let her accept and invitation
we have had to tiffin tomorrow
at the house of a prominent Swarth
woman. Since mine's just out - and
rather young, at least Peggy is! - she's
two years younger than I, but people
guess me about 10 yrs. older - we
have quite a wonderful number of
invitations from the community people.

After we get through language study,
and have more responsibilities, we
won't be gadding around so much!
But it is rather nice while it lasts.
And I'm tremendously glad to get
acquainted with the people in the
place where I live, even though they
are outside of my "class" - You don't
know ^{me} and I don't yet, fully - what
a help it is to see someone new
and then whose interests are entirely
different from yours and the people
with whom you work and live.

(The next day :)

"The morning is fresh, the morning
is gay, the morning is rosy red!"

And so the Dr. Says I may go to
Swatow and have a grand good
time - and dear Peggy's feast are
ungratified.

I was going to write a much longer
epistle, but I'll save it for next time.
Am sending our So China Journal under
separate cover -

Love love
P.S. Yes, Chinese travel. Always yours
and you'd better. only in Abbie
you'd better not stand there in
front of you

Duraton, Dec. 16, 1919.

Dear Miss Snow, -

About time for some more mail from you, I should think - It is foolish for me to begin always after the second week has gone by - to worry for fear Mother has overworked and got sick - or for fear Father, who is never sick unless he's terribly sick - is terribly sick, with rheumatic fever or - or some intestinal indigestional fever or something! When in reality it is only that the boat is late, or something like that - Well, well be getting some tomorrow, I hope -

I've been getting better and better all this week - and I went to Duraton yesterday ^(Sat.) after all! Did I tell you about it? Peggy was raving because she was afraid I couldn't go. Two weeks ago Mrs. Vance invited us ^{to dinner (luncheon)} - and we naturally wanted to go if we could. Dr. Everham said it was perfectly all right, only I mustn't play tennis.

We met Mrs. Ashmore just as we were starting out. I had on ~~my~~ white satin waist & mini. ^{skirt} ~~skirt~~ & white satin hat - and my white pumps - white coat and green satin hat - and my white pumps - and a "pretty pink rose" pinned on. Peggy was equally decked out - if not more so - Mrs. T. said - "Oh, when are you going" - and "don't we look nice" - and then "Well, she'll have all the young men over there" - I said "Don't you believe it!" -

So on the way over in the boat, Peggy said, "Who do you suppose will be there?" - I said - "I bet nobody" - and I was wishing there wouldn't be a pack of "nothings" there to have to chatter incessantly to - and mandlinly snick and listen to the return inane chatter: Tea is bad enough but to sit through a many-course tiffin of it - no thank! Peggy was quite sure, however, that some of the youngsters would be there.

So you may imagine that I had to turn my back, blow my nose - and put on the lid hard generally, when Mrs. Vance said casually - "Well, we're dining alone today!" ! Then she explained quite frankly that if she had asked the young man, Mrs. Waters would think it was a put up job - so she wouldn't do it, just on that account - although several of the young men wanted to come" - she added!

But she made up for it at tea time - when nearly every body in port was there, it seemed to me. And as easy as pie, she managed to have eight people playing golf croquet - four playing tennis, and the rest drinking tea - with the groups changing every time a tennis set finished. I sat still and watched the most of the time - just played croquet for a few minutes! A Mr. Humphreys - whose wife I have met (I never saw him before) brought Peggy & Frank Foster and me home in his motor launch - we got home about six - I know I was in plenty of time for supper, but wasn't very hungry!

Well, folkses, you must think from my letters that I do nothing but gad about among the community doings. Truly yours mistaken if you think that - I am getting some social training ^{among} ~~among~~ ^{people} among consuls, etc.!!) that I never had before!

I wonder often if my letters aren't pretty disappointing to you - I'm sure you thought I would grow spiritually and settle down to nothing but the more solid things of life. I certainly thought so too before I came out. But now I've decided that if I'm to be my best self, and do my best work, I must have a game of tennis or a social cup o' tea, once in a while meet & talk with someone whose interests and outlook in life are different from mine. Oh dear, if you simmer it down to plain facts - I spare you'll have to say that my nose wasn't made to fit the grind stone - It has got to pretty much fit it before very long, though, I'm thinking! Well. Pa will say - "She isn't very old yet" - and Ma will echo "No, not very" - and then sigh! "A-ah!"

Well how can they expect to make a solemn staid mish. lady outen somebody what has blow had a snitch of the old nicks in her?

The "playing in Sunday School" business is still hanging fire - Mr. Welles wrote down to me today, saying that they would be very much pleased if I could help for the closing exercises as well as for the opening. Since it was my day to go to walk with the girls I said I

Couldnt today and I would see him later about it.
I'm between Scylla and Charybdis again. Mr. H. will think
it is small of me to begrudge the $\frac{3}{4}$ or whole hour more -
and Mabelle did Helen think if I take on anything
more it should be for the girls' school - for they are
both working extra now in order that I may have
the time for language study and the proper amount of
rest and recreation. So what am I to do. Criticism
will surely come from some quarters - as usual!

My little English pupil, Lok Pang, wants to take music
lessons. She came over to ask me about it the other
day - and brought with me a very beautiful bird embroidery
piece. The bird looks true to the life. I shall have
it framed or put in a tray soon. She was as sweet
about the way she brought it and just a wee bit
embarrassed when she gave it to me.

But walking today she told me there was a girl
in school whom every body thought "ja'ng"ed or looked
like me, if you please. In a moment she had
shown her tongue. When the other girls caught on they
all laughed. I cant see the resemblance, myself -
poor girl! except that when she laughs she shows all
her teeth, just as I do -

Margies are beginning to come in again - think of
it - as early as this - we had them for breakfast yesterday
morning -

We have just about settled the summer question, I
hope. Marguerite, dear girl, is willing to make any
arrangement - go into any room, with anybody, for

The sake of helping other folk out. There
seem to be the two rooms for the four people.
Miss Simonsen, Miss Traver, Marguerite and
Helen - Helen would rather room in the
corner room with Marguerite - because the
room is better, and because she doesn't know
Miss Simonsen, and because she doesn't think
she could stand some of Edith Traver's
personal habits (getting into bed with her boots
on, after traveling through a dirty Chinese
village, for instance! poor soul rather bad eh?)
But Edith being older, will probably have
done of the corner room. Helen doesn't want
to make it too evident, either, that she doesn't
care to room with any one of them.

I went over last night to tell Mrs. Adams
that - it was practically settled - and incidentally
to answer her question (I knew she would ask - and
I was very happy to answer) who was at supper with
us! She said we looked very nice as we started
off together - I don't it quite amazing that
she addressed me a little - come through
Mrs. Waters may not? Consolation!

Well - good night -
Dear blessed mother and father,
Love from your ever
affectionate

Mar 25, 1919

Dear Ones:

Here it is Tuesday, and my letter to you not yet begun. This is the reason - we went to Chaoyang to the Grosbeaks for over Sunday. And thereby hangs a tale!

The other day Frank Foster ran in at noon and asked if I wanted to go to Chaoyang this week end. He hadn't seen Peggy ^{about} yet but since she hadn't been away from Swatow ever since she first came - was that she'd be glad to go (and so she was). I said yes, I'd be happy to go if I could get someone to play for me at Sunday School. So I got somebody to play - and we had our plans all made.

At supper Mabelle expressed surprise that Miss Tollman and Mrs. Waters would "let" Peggy go thus without saying anything to her. I said "why?" - and the answer was that when she (Mabelle) first came out, Miss Tollman told her she and Mildred Scott (together) ought not to go walking with Newton Carman - because the Chinese would talk - and she (Mabelle) although she didn't see much harm in that - still thought that for Peggy and me to go with F. T. to Chaoyang would be worse than that. I was dumfounded - because I had never thought that two together couldn't go off like that. Mabelle didn't exactly express her opinion - but simply stated what the others would say. So I had to see Peggy & F. about it. Helen said she knew there was no harm in it - and besides - Frank had been over there last year, with Clara Leach alone - which might cause comment, but didn't apparently - and he also went several times with Fannie Northcott and Clara together. So Peggy and Frank thought that was rather a shadow over our (Peggy's & my) youth and inexperience, so to speak. But I didn't know just what to think. So I said - well, if there is anything wrong - or that really will cause comment, or if the older missionaries think so, I'm not going. Because I had enough warning before I left home to know that if I didn't follow the older missionaries' advice, I'd be in the soup.

Moreover, Dr. Everham and I went with Frank up to Chaoshoufu before we had been here a month, and never a word was said except that it was fine for us to go. Well, that made me sort of mad. For if a thing is right once, the same thing (of that sort) will certainly be right again - under similar circumstances. Peggy was mad because Mrs. Waters has been saying as good many things to her lately which grated awfully. Telling her

or if the older missionaries think so, I'm not going. Because I had enough warning before I left home to know that if I didn't follow the older missionaries' advice, I'd be in the soup.

Moreover, Dr. Everham and I went with Frank up to Charashofu before we had been here a month, and never a word was said except that it was fine for us to go. Well, that made me sort of mad. For if a thing is right once, the same thing (of that sort) will certainly be right again: and in similar circumstances. Peggy was mad because Mrs. Waters has been saying as good many things to her lately which grated terribly. Telling her about Helen Hyde, for instance, the girl who came out here as a missionary - and got to going to the community people's houses too much. Got to dancing a little, finally married one of the young men who drank and was a bad stick generally. So because Peggy has been out to tea and tiffin once or twice - Mrs. Waters fears she will fall in love with some young man and go off and dance with him and finally marry him. Well - she may think the same thing about me - but she hasn't said so, and anyhow - Peggy has just as level a head as I have - She couldn't go and fall in love with any of these idiotic English or some other nationality

(to American cities) freshes that are just out here, on some "happy-slave" business or other - any more than I could - and that is putting it pretty strong. Because - well - I couldn't do it because I couldn't - even though any of them were the kind I'd care to look at twice (which they are not!).

And I was made to ~~think~~ I had perhaps done something which might be criticized - and yet not a soul had told me of it.

Frank was madder than I've ever seen him get - because he said he had done it before and no one had ever told him not to. He also said he was going to do the same thing anyway - so we went to Mrs. Waters and he asked her straight but if there was any reason we shouldn't go - or if she had any objection - She said right off "no" - but in a gentle tone of voice. That night she said to Peggy - "I suppose the Chinese will talk though" - so Peggy went straight over to Miss Sollenman - and Miss Sollenman said for us to go right along. That none of the Chinese would think anything about it, and that it was perfectly all right. Mrs. Cope told us of course to go - and she would take Frank's S.S. class to him. ^(Mrs. Cope would not ground to us, asked - what for? but she thinks it was O.K.)

So we went, early Saturday morning. Mrs. Grosbeck hadn't got Frank's letter saying he was going to try to get us to come - but she is the kind who is alone a good deal - and is always begging us to come whether we let her know or not. She was indignant to think anyone had even thought slippy things about our taking this trip. (It is only an hour's launch ride - much shorter distance than either to Kityang or to Chanchow-fu. She said we do have to give up some things out here that are hard to give up - but it is not only useless but bad policy to give in to Chinese customs in things like that. She also said that she thought there was much more chance for talk among the Chinese when the young women go alone - and with her Chinese boy - out in the country and stay weeks at a time - than for us two - with a Christian gentleman of our own race to come to her house -

Everybody concedes that Mrs. Grosbeck is a very level-headed little lady. She has children one of them in high school - she has been out here a good while you see - and her opinion is worth much to me. I'm disappointed, too - that Mrs. Waters should speak as she did if she didn't mean it.

Well - we had a grand good rest over there - we played the Victrola - and "Jock H. washeppin" raised Tracy's (Tracy is about 11) rabbits and squabs and rooster and puppy, and goldfish, slept,

of our own race to come to his house -

Everybody concedes that Mrs. Greenbeck is a very level-headed little lady. She has children one of them in high school - She has been out here a good while you see - and her opinion is worth much to me. I'm disappointed, too - that Mrs. Waters should speak as she did if she didn't mean it.

Well - we had a grand good rest over there. We played the Victrola - read "Good Housekeeping" - watched Tracy's (Tracy is about 11) rabbits and squabs and rooster and puppy and goldfish, slept, talked and sang hymns - went to church - and to a short walk in the P.M.

Frank says he is going to draw a cartoon of the missionary on the Swatow compound - coat-tails flying - another missionary shouting after him some good advice as to how to do his duty - and three or four Chinese running after him on the other side to ask about this that and the other - etc., etc.

Well - I tried not to say anything but kind things about any one - Do pray that I may be guided truly by the spirit of Christ! I know that the problems ahead of me are far too great for my own strength -

Friday, Mar. 27.

Well, you see I started just on my latest new Japanese paper that I bought in Swanton - but since I began my letter there has grown up a long story to tell you, and I must go back on my old Chinese and Japanese papers and take to this old stand-by again -

Where shall I begin? I feel like a man that has had his blindfold taken off just about two feet away from the edge of a deep chasm in front of him. It is not so bad as that, really - but all the same - that's how I feel.

Yesterday Peggy came down to me with a tale of woe. She had been invited by Mrs. Meyers, the American consul's wife, to spend Saturday and Saturday night with her - very quietly in her home - Mrs. Waters disapproved and Peggy was mad because she felt she wasn't being trusted. I could understand how Peggy felt. For don't I know how it feels to be disapproved of? Moreover, Mrs. Waters said quite a bit more about Helen Hyde - and told Peggy she was afraid she was going just the way she went. She hadn't said that before - only Peggy had felt it in Mrs. Waters' mind. Well - then I began to think myself. If Mrs. Waters thinks that about Peggy - what does she think about me? - I haven't been quite so much as Peggy has - but I have trotted off to tea quite a few times - and once to supper. And always Mabelle and sometimes other people - have told me to go along while I could - and have a good time - and have expostulated at length on what a shame it is that we don't give community people a chance once in a while to get acquainted with us and find out what we are like, etc. etc. And naturally it made me feel pretty downhearted to think that perhaps I was beginning out here by making a

fizzle! So I said something to that effect at the supper table. Mabelle said
'No, Mrs. Waters has sense enough to see at a glance that you and Peggy are very
different girls - and I don't believe she has a thought of having any fear for you.'
I still couldn't see through why Peggy had done so much more to be criticized than
I had. Mabelle went on - and several things came out that were eye openers to
me. The Wellwood children were all more or less of a problem when they were in
America growing up in the missionary home. Mrs. Waters was there for a while -
as so also was Mabelle - while Peggy was there - so they both know about that -
When they found Peggy was coming out - Mrs. Waters said - "Well - she's better
than the other Wellwood children" - Peggy is a sweet girl - but she surely blinded
me to the fact that she really wasn't so very religious after all - and that she
hadn't decided fully to spend her life out here when she came - Well - something
more was said about why Peggy was being criticized and it came out that
she has been over in Swatow making calls - and or two in the same week when
she had failed to get over to Mrs. Spieker's kindergarten over there - and in fact
she has grossly neglected that part of her work. I said I didn't believe that
she knew she was supposed to do it - But M. said that in committee it
had been all talked over (that she was neglecting it) and two people appointed
to tell Peggy about it - And now Peggy says that she has a conscience of
her own and there isn't anything wrong in what she wanted to do - and she

is going to live by her own conscience - and not
by somebody's else - Well - of course I agree with
her to a certain extent - but I see the other people's
point of view - The community people have no
real sympathy for the missionaries and what
they are trying to do - and if a girl is with
them too much she may grow from hearing their
talk get discontented - and so get a limited
view of things all together -

So you may imagine that grooved is a mild
term for the way I felt as I suddenly found myself
in the position - not so much of being criticized
myself for getting too much into community life -
but for sympathizing with Peggy where she wanted
to go - and just helping along her little feeling of
discontent that had already begun to grow - When
I would rather never see another community person
or drink another cup of tea ever, than to lose
hold of the things I came out here to do - I wonder
if the vision of service - the biggest thing that ever
could come into a person's life - was really being
faded out by little insignificant things -

There is a feeling that the community people are
to be handled with gloves so to speak and kept
at a distance - but with every one (without exception)
every time telling me to go ahead - and they were
glad of it - I didn't have sense enough to see
that Peggy could very easily get it just a little
too deep - I don't it always the way? I do seem
to have such wonderful first impressions of
people who afterwards disappoint me terribly -
All this business was uppermost in my
mind of course from the time I heard it late
into the night Today I have talked rather

and have said that I wouldn't give a snap for going to any of the social things if it were to detract from my interest in the work - and that it is too grand and precious a thing that brings me out here to pass over a few social occasions. And that I was firmly decided to think very very carefully before I discredited anything that was the opinion of older missionaries who have been out here & have grown into the problems. But Peggy cannot see Mrs. Waters point of view at all and though she says she can see my point of view - yet I don't believe she did at all. She even laughed because Mrs. Waters said when she went in to talk to her about this matter - that she had prayed about it. Well - I certainly believe Mrs. Waters was sincere about it. Perhaps it is hard for Mrs. Waters to say right out at the beginning what she thinks - but I'm sure she was sincere about that.

Tonight I have had such a good talk with Marguerite about it - she is a jewel - and a very consecrated Christian. Said she thought I had done nothing wrong - and that I have the privilege now of helping Peggy out of danger and difficulty, so to speak (whether I'll have the wisdom and tact to do this is more than I know!) She thinks I'm true blue - and isn't that a comfort! - She wouldn't say so - if she didn't mean it from the bottom of her heart either. It helped me to talk with her anyhow - I feel immensely relieved - somehow - that I found out in time that we must keep our distance. I've got another point, too - I've found that since the community people work six days a week - Sunday is their big day for luncheons and dinners etc.

Since the Chione knew that - they would
wonder greatly at our going ~~over~~ there for the week end
I don't feel as agitated as I did though Mrs. Miller
feared Peggy would get led away but I feared
she thought the same thing about me - Margaret
said though - "Peggy is many years younger than
you are even if you are only two years older -
You are much more mature and you've got common
sense and its consecrated too" I felt proud to
have her say that - in the beautiful way that she
said it even though I am unworthy - Well - it all
came to me like a thunderbolt out of the blue -

Whereas I had been thinking all along that
little diversions like that would keep me young and
alive and up to the mark - it just flashed over
me on the sudden that if a bit too much is
harmful - how much more safe to reduce it all
to a minimum - Besides - I know just rather I'd
come home to you with every hair white and all
rejuvenated up as Cousin Alice was - ~~that~~ and know
that I've been able to help these girls of mine, than
to be cross checked and dewy-eyed - and not have
that other satisfaction - Well - I'm in much need
of sympathy on your shoulders but I think I can
see light through now - though the path is still
very wiggly

Peggy thinks that she has been upset about
all this - but I've decided she can't dream but
it has shaken me to the foundations!

Well - I could ramble on for reams - but
it's after ten o'clock and guests are coming
early in the morning - What do you sport?
We have been getting ready for them all this
week - they are bound for India - six young
women and two families - And can't get a

boat so are coming up here to visit us while they wait. Ethel Ross Kate Tailing
and Helen Hunt - and some others that we don't know. They will have to
stay a month which isn't so pleasing a prospect as though it were a week
or two especially with the hot weather coming on soon. But we are tickled
to death to have them come any way. Goodnight!

(P.D.) Next morning.

It's already ten o'clock and the boat hasn't come in though it is
supposed to arrive at six. It was very blowy last night and I ~~was~~ ^{am} afraid they
had a hard trip.

One other thing I wanted to tell you about. The playing in Sunday School. I felt in
my bones, as I told you - that Mrs. Waters (& Mr. Wright) I was shirking to play only at
the beginning. So I made up my mind that until June I would do it the whole
time - no matter what. So I went up to talk with Mrs. Waters about it and to
my great surprise she said - "You don't need to worry at all - it is a great help
to go just at the beginning. That is what Mrs. Waters asked you to do and
the arrangements are all made. They are very happy to have you do it." So
although I'm sure that is not the way Mr. Waters felt about it - yet my
mind is calmed on that point - and the thing is settled. It seems a very
little thing now beside this other that has come up. -
Personally - I think that half the reason they worry so much about Peggy is

because she is pretty. And I might be finding
myself exactly in her place if I had been blessed
with beauty. Do you remember, Mother, telling me
I didn't know how fortunate I was not to be
handsome? I never realized it until now, who
knows how easily my head might be turned if I
were a doll baby!

Later Peggy has just come over
with another invitation to go to Mrs. Meyers
Monday P.M. to tea and to stay all night
and for me to come too. I have been
having a good tussle to make her see the
reasons why I feel I can't go. But I'm
so thankful that I saw, in time!

The boat is coming in - will seal
this up and send it - but begin
another to you tonight or tomorrow -
Love

Ablie

(Again P.S.)

But I didn't get it sealed up and sent -
so I'll add some more now - It is half past three
P.M. and I've just got up from a rest - we had a
jolly time meeting the folks at the boat. It is
so good to see them all! We have Helen Hunt and
Kate Fisking and Miss Sanford here with us - (I hate
Kate Fisking in my room) and Ethel Ross - Miss Chesnut
and Miss Dresdel are over at the other roomie's house -
we are having just a grand time - I can't believe
my eyes nor ears nor any other senses that they
are actually here!

Try again! It is now Sunday A.M. at nearly eleven o'clock. The others are upstairs and they are playing "We praise thee, O God" to a new setting, on the Victrola, I might think I were upstairs listening to a quartet in the Newton Center church or Tremont Temple - and I'm wondering if they are thinking so too!

Well to go on - where I left off about Peggy - She flared up as I never had seen her before - told me I had to go to tea with her at least, and when I said I couldn't, since I had serious music lessons Monday afternoon and evening - she wanted me to put them off until some other time - or have them yesterday. She would take some of them for me, she said. Said it left her in a hard position - she didn't like to go over there alone, and she hadn't the face to refuse Mrs. Meyers again. So I told her the very thing she has been saying to me so much - that she has got to live by her own conscience, and my conscience, not any body's else, told me that it would not be one little part of right to change those music lessons just for an afternoon tea, if I expected the Chinese to get any idea of my regularity about doing things. As to the staying all night - I told her that I certainly could see no harm in going over to stay all night once with the American consul's wife, especially when she had told her there would be no company for dinner - no dancing nor cards nor anything of that sort. But a feeling has seem to have grown up among the missionaries that to go to afternoon tea or luncheon over there once in a while is all right - but that going to evening affairs or to stay all night, is going beyond the limit. So - although it might be all right to go this once, not to stir up Mrs. Meyers' ill feeling (she could ask Miss Sallman about that) still - we couldn't do that sort of thing if we expected to live comfortably among some of the missionaries here.

She certainly did get into a fury - couldn't see why it would be neglecting things at all to change the nurse - it wasn't being fair to her - and I had got to go anyway - She hate, hate, hated Mrs. Water - because she hadn't an ounce of sympathy - and Mrs. Sullivan was a good sport on that way out, but she had got into an old old fogies anyway - and she was going to take the first boat for home! I kept getting more and more surprised and more and more enlightened, the longer she raved. Well I never prayed harder in my life that all the time we were talking - for I knew that if she thought I wasn't sympathetic - it would be all up for my being able to give her the slightest atom of encouragement or help - but yet a hint of compromise in what I said would spoil everything. So I didn't say anything to her at all except that I knew it was dreadfully hard - coming out here and getting used to heaps of things that we had never dreamed of before. Then after a while I just simply went over again what I had said before - and I don't know how it will all come out - but then pretty soon we all went out to the boat and nothing more was said about it yesterday. I haven't seen her today.

Pray for her - for this is sure just now that she can't stay more than three years - that she would die if she had to spend her life out here - I'm not sure but she would. On the other hand, if she is only going to stay 3 years - it is a very poor proposition for her to spend two of those years in studying the language - Of course she does a little kindergarten work already - but the language is such a handicap that she can't do much of course. The Board has been criticized for sending her out - and so I said before - I don't know how it will all turn out - but I am thankful - thankful - because I have

These so wonderfully helped in situations the like of which I never knew before -
I know it is because you at home are so faithfully holding me up before the Father
in your prayers.

Well, does this partly pay up for my not sending you a letter last week?
This suit one you can read in missionary meetings or at church - but I know it is
what you want to know - and anyhow it is what I want most to tell you. For most
of these things you will see I can't tell any body else!

This morning after church we went down to the baptistry and witnessed the
ceremony of 42 Chinese converts being buried with Christ. The visitors were especially
glad of this opportunity - and we didn't mind the pouring rain. There were mostly
boys - but six were from our girls' school.

Less than a week ago I remarked that I hoped the girls would know
enough to bring summer clothes with them - for it was suffocatingly hot - And
today and yesterday it has been raw and stormy. Most of them were terribly sick on the
way up from Hong Kong. At the baptistry I wore an extra woolen shirt - my sweater -
suit coat and raincoat - and was just comfortable -

Well - this time goodbye - I'm really going to seal it up!
I wish I could tell you how much I love my father and mother - since I can't,
I must let them guess!
More than I can tell from
Abbie

Dwight L. Davis

April 3, 1919

Dear Folkess,

Just look at that date will you? It is so long ago that I sent you the bag of notes that it seems as though it must have been a Christmas present or last year's valentine or something like that! You may think that my good wishes all went with the bag - but they didn't for they are "new every morning".

Well - I have been reading over your splendid letters again - Pa - I should like to take you to a Colby football game once again if you think basketball is in the same class with it for roughness. I thought of course people who sit on the side lines in basketball expect to have their hats punched in or to find a husky player suddenly plumped into their laps etc - but that isn't rough -

(Pa - let me whisper in your ear - Don't tell Ma - but when she said she told the women in the missionary meeting with a solemn sober face, too, I bet that her feet had been bound since childhood. I felt a grin creeping up the sides of my ears! And still more so when she added ("carefully" keeping them under my dress")! Why don't you spare the sticks and out straight in front of her same as some ministers are accused of doing when they have to get onto the platform through somebody's else's specks!!!)

Well - You'll think I send you nothing, and dirty gossip all the time, I feel but I must write what is in my head even if that is only gossip.

Helen is off color again - for what reason we don't know - unless it is yesterday's episode - Frank Foster was showing three young men around the compound and they visited the girls & school - Mabelle invited them to tea - and when she told Helen of it - Helen who is keeping house this

mouth, flared up and said "Why, doesn't Mrs. Capen invite them?" She wouldn't come down to tea, or have anything to do with it at all. Miss Sandford, the girl who is staying with Helen, was the only one of the bunch who didn't go to Nityang for a two days visit. I was awfully sorry to have Helen flare up before her - but it can't seem to be helped.

Well the aforesaid gentlemen came to tea - and we nearly died trying to keep from laughing. One was a Dutchman - another a Scandinavian, and the third an Englishman. None of them missionaries. "Far from it," said Frank, said afterwards. The Scandinavian, I think it was who when I asked him if I might fill his cup - took it up by the handle and started to pour it to me. I was so thankful that he did rethink himself to put his fingers under it, though!

Sure you can't read this but I'll send it along.

Love, Robt.

Good-bye

Matamoras - April 13, 1919.

Dearest Dave -

Its now 9.30 P. M. But I cant go

to sleep - nearly as I am this muggy weather without telling you how much I have been thinking all day long of the fact that a whole year has elapsed since I arrived in Swatow - I cant make it seem possible - but I am very happy that it is so - I hoped to have my language exam over by now - but just at the wrong time the reference committee went up to Kiating to meet - so I have to wait until they return - Dr. Everham is going off on a country trip all by herself (with Heng Siu-seh-nien, next week - and as soon as they get back I will have my exam if Dr. Foster is around by then - Just now he is off on a trip.

Oh - I must tell you about the girls visit. But I cant stop tonight!

April 11 -

Right after morning worship - and what do you suppose I did this morning? Began to take my turn in praying in Chinese - That may seem a very little thing to you - but it means a good deal to me I tell you - They will probably laugh at the blunders I make - but I shall keep on trying just the same - It seems like a little beginning of my being able to do something with the language - I tell you you need to pray harder for me during the spring and hot weather, than you do in the winter - for one thing at least - Its not so easy to study when the very air around you makes you sleepy - And Im anxious to get started after my exam

and make a better beginning than I have either of these last two times. I can hardly wait now to begin on the new stuff even though there is heaps of this exam's stuff that I'm not really sure of.

Oh we had a glorious time with the girls here - we trotted these over to the girls' school of course and to the other schools - and all around - we had singings on Sunday evening and fine long talks any old time. Mrs. Myers - the American Consul's wife - used to know Helen Hunt in Toledo - so she invited her along with Peggy and me to tiffin on Friday - she invited Mabelle, too - We had wonderful things to eat and after playing croquet a bit sat down again to afternoon tea almost before luncheon was beginning to digest - we came back early for we were invited to Mrs. Ashurst's to dinner - Saturday we took the whole bunch to two dragon-boat shops - and we were pretty tired when we got home - Kate feeling worse was in my room, left with Ethel Ross and Mr. and Mrs. Grigg - on Monday - The other four went on Tuesday - They all sail from Hong Kong tomorrow and the crowd breaks up at Singapore - Oh it was like a breath from home to have them stop off - They talked about home things instead of about playing in Sunday School, going to prayer meeting and all sorts of mission things that have to be done! And Helen Hunt herself is a singer - we thought it perhaps might be a burden to have them here with us - but they were here only ten days and we hated terribly to see them go - hope to send me some pictures if they come out good - Love Abbie.

Swatow China

April 12, 1919

Dearest;

Wish you might have been with me this morning shopping in the city. This paper and carton and funny bone pencil are some of my purchases. I had simply a circus. I had no money on hand and so when Mabella wanted me to go shopping I said I wouldn't unless she would lend me the money. Because in Swatow you are continually seeing some little thing which you may not run across again. and you feel cross enough if you have to let something

go by for gold just because you don't happen
to have three or four extra dimes in your
pocket!

It was raining when we started out, so we
were equipped with umbrellas and raincoats
not knowing, of course, how the weather would
be before we got home. It did rain a little,
but not enough for us to mind at all.

I spent two dollars - then borrowed another
dollar from Mabelle - saying that I would
set myself to that limit. Well - I had
more fun out of that one dollar - than
you could possibly imagine. We don't
change ¹⁰dollars ¹⁰for ¹⁰even ten dimes only, out here

3
so I have surely told you before - He sometimes
get eleven dimes - sometimes a few extra cash
besides - and sometimes only ten dimes and an
extra half dime. So when I had spent that two
dollars - and paid actually two dollars for it. I
still had twenty cents left! Then I bought a
pretty little pewter match box. He charged me
twenty cents, I agreed on 15 - When I gave
him two dimes, he returned me 5 pennies - I
said "Not enough" - so he very calmly gave
me another cent. At that, he got fully his
fifteen cents - and I had six cents change
back! Its more fun than a little - Almost
makes you think you are getting more for your money!

Then - ! I left that greasy carbon in over
 night and see what it did to that last
 page ! I won't do it again if I can help it
 Apr. 14 -

Well ! This has been a red letter day for
 mail ! In the morning I got a letter from
 Mrs. Beath of Kazing - and one from Kate
 Fairling before she sailed from Hong Kong -
 just at noon a bunch came in - 2 from Home
 Folks - one from "Lil' Bub" - from Mrs. Shaw
 of Houtton and Little Eva Grant, from Bella
 Smith Prescott, from Mrs. Henderson of
 Newton Center, Grace Patton of Pasadena Cal.
 and while I was studying in came Zion's
 Advocate and another letter from Bub - and

one from Cousin Harriet in Canton N. Y.
I thought that was about my share - but
indeed I was giving the second of my seven
music lessons. In came another bunch. You'd
better believe it took some stiff upper lips
to go on with these lessons without even looking
to see who the mail was from! I was glad
indeed when the fourth pupil didn't appear.
(Sorry afterwards (but not then!) to find she had
a headache -) Two more letters - one from Mother
and one from Eva Sawtelle. If that isn't
variety for you I'd like to know what is - I
felt like two cents, though, to read
some of Bob's tales about being 3½ mos
without mail! Cheer up -! That was

all my good luck, either, if you'll believe me.
For not only was my beloved Atlantic for
March sticking an anxious corner out of its
wrapping - but a package from Houlton, Me.
by parcel post. I ripped it open in a
hurry - and the first thing I found was
a large mounted photograph of a group
out in front of Mrs. John Miles house - out
in the country. She sent it - and also a
pretty embroidered crash pillow top. The
group was of Baptist folks out on some
kind of a picnic - Mr. & Mrs. Speed, Mrs.
Dunn - and a good many others I know -
I'm anxious to hear what it was. But that
isn't all yet! Inside that package was

6 another one - from Mrs. Chas. Niles - wife of the
hack driver - I think But must have seen the
roly poly little fellow sometimes - and I'm
sure Mother and Father both loved him. The
package contained two dainty handkerchiefs -
a snap shot of "Charlie" and Mrs. on the porch
steps of their own home, and two snapshots
of "Myrtle Blanche Niles" a girl who would
be about my age - but was taken (by typhoid
I think). Mrs. Niles told me about her once -
and Mr. Niles said I reminded him of her -
On the back of one of the snapshots is written -
"My little girl who has been in the 'Fathers'
House" over six years." Well - its excusable
to keep over that - isn't it - but I spare you

7
front understand why I came pretty near
weeping over the really, truly, honest to goodness
American two dollar bill that she enclosed
with it! I haven't seen the like of it
for over a year and it pretty near made me
homesick -

Now - do you agree with me that this
has been a day of it? eh? Excited - why -
I feel like a beer barrel that had an extra dose
of yeast to begin with - No - I don't either
that's a perfectly horrid simile - and it ain't
true - I feel like a naughty girl whose
correspondence is in a sad state of
neglect but who nevertheless gets a dozen
letters all in one day!

Chinese paper - you see. I've written as much to
Brother Arthur and you. The paper notebook I have is
a Japanese ruled book. I put my double carbon between
two sheets and write with a bone pencil. You notice that
the writing on the other paper is merely on the back side
showing through. I have found that by taking pains
and using my thinnest Chinese paper I can make
four copies at one writing. so I'm going to begin to
write up some of my letters if I can get the time.
I'll send more selections & remarks from you. P. Sanderson.
And pray what do you presume to know about what
may be a "momentous" enough affair to make the heart
of a tall sweet-faced American missionary who sings
go "pit-a-pat". I tell you after you have been on
the mission field a while (several decades or so!) you learn
that its good policies to conserve in least-flutterings
as small as in anything else. I think I didn't
have to come way out here to learn that, I tell you.

I'm always interested in the clippings you send.
Especially about subterranean chasers etc. - Once or twice
I've happened to see something in a paper out here
and have said to myself - I bet shall send
me that. So when I do get it in your
letters the very next day - I laugh from sheer joy
and keep on my way rejoicing! The people
missions arrived yesterday, too. The people
here think I'm crazy to want another mission.
Maybe I am - but I'm glad to have it to keep
myself. I'd kind of like that, it's not really it
let you know. But I think now that I want
it very much. I'd almost like to make a notebook
with all the South China stories and pictures in
it. We are having the Watchman - I read Ligon
with January and I'm very glad. Some one is

sending it to 'Dr. Bechore and associates'. The Pages have it themselves and the others are mostly westerners and don't care so much about seeing it. They weren't brought up on it as Mabelle and Nelson and I were -!

I got Kate Failing to get me a pair of rubbers and send them from Hong Kong. Two dollars was what the girls have been paying, but she had to pay three - that's what that wicked? Glad to hear shoes have left. I fell in with theirs - and am hoping they may arrive soon. You said they were dreadfully high but didn't say the price - I should be glad to know. You never did tell me yet, either, what you had to pay for duty on the silk. I'm afraid it was a good big price, eh?

The rainy season has begun for good, I guess. It's nearly nine o'clock in the morning now and I'm working by lamplight. It isn't so hot as it was a few days ago. I have on my pink robe waist (to finish it up for the wash) and blue serge skirt - which I couldn't have endured last week. Also black shoes and stockings again after we have been wearing white with light clothes for a month -! Things are beginning to get moldy when the shoes come. I shall wrap them up in newspaper then oiled paper and put them in my zinc lined box.

Mrs. Shaw is sending me her Ladies Home Journal after she is through with it. I generally see Mabelle's beforehand but I'm very glad to have the magazine for the pictures I can use. My Atlantic continues a treat - I wish you could read "The Gift" a story in the March number by Margaret Prescott Montague. It's wonderful.

Love and more love - Abbie

Protest China

Apr. 16, 1919

Deary Beloved -

This very
minute it is after 10 P.M. -
but I've got a letter already
to send to Lillian Carson
and I thought maybe you
would like to see it too -
though there is not much in
it, I'm afraid. We've just
got home from prayer meeting
and Helen says she feels
odd though she had been
reading the town news -
we had all sorts of informal
reports of the Reference Comm.
(just held at Raging) and
it seemed as though there
would be no end. Every bit
of it was interesting - but I
confess to getting a little
fidgety along the last of
it.

Moreover - we got our new
writing paper today - and
I'm using samples of the
different kinds to ^{show} you what a nice
variety we have -
This kind doesn't seem
to take ink very well - It
would be splendid for
typewriting, though - and will
take my new carbon well, I'm
sure..

Have just heard from
Helen Hunt - before she
left Hong Kong - She took
the enclosed picture of me
just before she left here - This
is what she says - "I am
going to send Mabel B. one
of yours I am sending
you two - one for yourself
and one for your mother!!
Please remember me to her.

when you write." She's a
dear - and I love her very
much -

Here - this paper is the good
kind to write on - and I think
it is pretty, too :) 10

These other pictures are some
that she took while she was
here - I ordered a big lot of
them - and then she wouldn't
take a cent for them. So I'm
going to send her some drawn
work -!

I shall send some of these
same pictures to Crookston -

Another letter from Arthur today.
Isn't he having exciting times -
seeing the old places in Corinth,
and all?

Abs a letter from quakers whom?
Abigail Shaw - telling me all about
her work in the Hall House, in Boston
Settlement work - and waiting me
to write - I was really dumfounded.

So long for tonight -

Love - Abbie.

next morning -

P.S. I ought to be ashamed, I know, to send this letter to Lillian - with the date as far back - ~~may 29 1891~~ I think you kept it a long time & I hope you can stand having things like that thought about you because you are there in the U.S. to defend yourself - but my reputation must be carefully guarded - I ~~you~~ might tell Lillian something to that effect if you write to her.

But the truth is for nearly a month that sheet has only half printed and I ~~actually~~ ~~didn't have time to finish it at all~~

"It is now P. M. and my teacher will be here any minute."

How would you like for me to send you some little grass money bags such as people carry silver dollars in out here - to be used in collecting money for missions?

Helen thinks it would be a
good plan to send these home
to be used in collecting money
for our new high school building
out here. You may be could
get some of the regular paper
"silver dollars" that they gave
at the graves - not just the
paper money I sent you
before. - I'm going to send
some of the bags to Astoria
and ask them if they want
any more.

I got Helen. Had to see
about my money order when
she went back to Hong Kong -
and she says they never
did receive notification from
San Francisco. They have
written this - and advise me
to write to Presque Isle. So
I'm going to write to Mr. Gibson
today. There will be excuse
enough now for me to have him
send it to you another year -

Isn't it a regular mess - Having
to wait all this time for the
money - ? I can't help wondering
what the real reason of the
delay is.

Pa - another word in your
ear - How far do "pit-pits"
travel anyway - Do you think
they could take a three days trip
by wireless from Shanghai to
Swatow - or a month or two
extra journey - later on, from
West China?

Moreover - let me prophesy -
The next item you read in the
Watchman about some people will
doubtless ring wedding bells!
Now just watch and I see what
a true prophet I am!

Yours for life

Abbie G. Sanderson -
(For life is right!)

No. 50

Swatow - Apr. 19. 19

Dearest Quers:

The letter I sent you April 17 should have been numbered 49 - but I forgot it - its my hurry to get it off.

I've been doing up South China Animals tonight - I have them ready to send to Gladys Lyman, Mrs. R. J. Kimball Mrs. Jamison, Mr. Gibson, Belle Prescott, Ruth Whitman (sister) In Stacy, Mrs. L. A. Shaw. And tomorrow I must write to at least 5 of those people -

Easter Eve! Tonight I read aloud the story "The Gift" in the March Atlantic - Read it if you get the chance - (Did I mention it that before?)

I suppose your Easter bunnets are about as new as mine - Mine is new compared with what you

usually have, Mother. It's the
one I had in the spring of 1916 &
near back to Commencement - now
trimmed up with some velvet
that adorned the hat I wore
to baccalaureate sermon when
I graduated from Cebu - in 1910.

But you've got your hat with
the "rim of leaves" around it -
so I spare you are "newer" than
I. I feel gay as a lark in
mine, though. I always did like
that hat and continue to now.
I shall keep on liking it, I think
as long as there's any thing to it
& like!

I guess the reason I can't
find anything sensible to write
is because I've been thinking
as much of Fannie Northcott -
who starts this next week for
her home in Canada. I
wouldn't want to be going home

now - Not for a minute would I
wish it - for it would mean
either that some body was sick
or that I was a failure - or
at least would mean that I
drop my preparation at an important
point - and that I would have
much to do over again when I
came back - No - I wouldn't
wish it for a minute - But she
is going home to see her Father
and Mother - I am so glad
for her! I know how she feels - for
I have been thinking a good deal
of how glad I'll be - for or five
years from now - It surely
is grand to think about, isn't it?

And Arthur's last letter
expresses little hope of getting
back to college this fall. It says:
"If I can't get back, Sir, let's
hope that China will be the
next stopping place."

And when I begin to worry
about "perhaps" will come in
the summer when I'm up at

"Thine I long" - etc, etc. Then I
begin to get ashamed when I
think of the wonderful way
things have so often turned
out for me. Having my last
New Year's, with ^{in America} all my family
together, though the world was at
war -; seeing Arthur on
my way out - after I had finally
left home - and having all
the wonderful visits along the
way - not missing a single
thing that was planned -
And all the other beautiful things
that have come to me -!

Well I guess I can stand
it to let the wings take care
of themselves, and trust the
Father to keep his promise.
"All things work together for
good - etc."

Good night - and my
dearest love to two people who
are always in my most loving
tender thoughts.
Your own daughter
Addie

P.S. I know you'll be glad to read these letters before you send them on. There doesn't seem to be much in them that is missionary, but I am afraid of making it stilted if I try to tell things that are some-body else's experience etc. Please tell me if you think they are too purely personal.

You'll be glad to read them any how - & know that this much has been written if for no other reason - I'm sure!

Helen is fixing up some grass money bags with silver ancestor dolls (paper) and red cord - and the girls' school characters on one side. She is submitting them to Miss Prescott as a plan for raising money for our new high school - what they will do about it I don't know - but I plan to send some to Houlton at least - and to you if you could use them -
Strike Epsom salts off my

"want" list, will you? I've found we can get them out here - if you send me anything of that sort let it be Sal. Nibaticas -

The U. S. S. New Orleans is in port - tomorrow we are invited to Mrs. Mayors to greet the officers. Don't that pretty exciting - Think if it were Arthur's boat!

Can't see any sense in cards most respectfully dedicated to your personal use - wait till Mrs. goes back to Bridgewater & visit. Then you can use the ones addressed to her! And don't overlook the three steak on the face of another one.

Ever yours,

Abbie -

Swatow, China

Apr. 23, 1919

Dear Mother:

Yesterday, the
22nd - my lovely shoes
arrived - just two months
from the time ^{you} sent them -
The thimble is the too -
and the perfectly beautiful
cards along too - I am
so happy to have them all.

I think I understand
now why you said the
shoes would last you
fifty years, did you say?

The too - is it? Well -
they are rather pointed,
I'll admit that" as Harry
Lauder says - The
Canvas ones seem to
be "picked out" than the
others - and a trifle
long - A perfect fit,
both pairs - except
that I have to stuff
a bit of cotton into the
toes of the Canvas ones -
It does seem a pity to
have shoes too long for
me - doesn't it? They

aren't really - if they ²
were shorter I fear they
would be too short -

The canvas ones are
exactly the style of my
black ones, buckles and
all - and I like them
very much - ^{they are} only a little
more pointed at the very
end - The m- backs -
are beauties too (prettiest
shoes I ever had, etc. etc.)
No. they are not any
prettier than the pumps
I got in Presque Isle
new when they were
^{and they are just as pretty}
new and these have
much more sensible
heels - didn't you think
so? I feel like a
regular robber to have
you forgive me much for
them. I am
probably wearing
3 year old shoes on best
yourself - ! they are
lovely but my presents -
I'm not going to call
either of them Ymas for

they are really much
more suitable for May
presents than December
ones, don't you think so?

Besides, dear ones - didn't
I tell you how enough how
I appreciated my Christmas
present - ? I couldn't
have had anything that I
had wanted more than
just that picture -

But I do agree with
you that it is wicked to
pay so much for shoes -
especially for ones - And
I think two beautiful pairs
are altogether too much
for one girl's birthday -

I tell you what I'll do -
I'll save one pair for
my next Christmas present -
Now will that be - And
I'll do these up in news-
paper and lined paper -
put them in my line
lined box and hide
the old clunker to
Shirley Ann ! You bet
I'll keep them if it's a

possible thing to keep
them -

I'm sending you a
letter from Hattie Bailey
I think I told you about
her - but maybe I didn't -
and also a very nice
letter from Lucile Withers
just to show you what a
nice letter it is, that's all.
Cups refers to a little
Newbie doll that we
had some fun over -

I'm also sending a
little scrap from one
of Ada Boardman's
letters to Mabel B. - which
you passed on to me -

By the way - Mabel
has had such experiences -
Did I tell you that she
first happened to be
one of the blight in
Cheng's class went to
school to take care of
the children as help to
take care of her - Miss
Cady had influenza
followed by pneumonia

and tubercular, neuritis,
carbuncles - & I don't
know what else - She
died the 22nd of February.
Mabel says she hasn't
tired of language study
yet - I guess she hasn't
kept at it steadily enough
to weary of it! It has
dreadfully broken up
for her, of course. She
is back in Chicago now
again -

Speaking of language
study reminds me -
I got desperate about
putting off my exam-
s so much - I went
today to Miss Sullivan
and asked her if there
wasn't some way I
could take it and
get it off my mind.

There are just heaps
of things that I don't
get done - but I'm
at the point where I
can't learn much more

just by reading over
the same old stuff.
It has begun to get on
my nerves -

Besides - with the
girls (Mabelle and Helen)
both doing extra so that I
can have all my time for
language. I want to
get at that new work -

So Mr. Ashmore is to
take Dr. Foster's place, and
I'm to have my exam
tomorrow - if nothing
happens to prevent - I
dread it in a way - yet
I don't believe Mrs. Folger
will be any stiffer an
examiner than Dr.
Ashmore and I've
had him once, so I
know what he is like.

~~I don't go to bed~~
now - to-morrow
morning is to be spent
in brushing up the
last spots - and to-morrow

P.M. in finishing up a
little reading for the exam.

This is some paper I
got with an eye to
what might be used
for Missionary Meeting
notices or invitations.
If you would like I'll
send you some boxes
of it - Say which kinds
you like best -

We sent to Shanghai
for this - & I like it
awfully well

Apr. 24, 10 P.M. -

My exam is history -
But I went through some
agonies in the process -

We began at 4 on
a little after, and got
through at half past
five - which is a shorter
time than any exam
that I have had out
before - The first
thing that was asked
of me drove every thought
out of my head - and

upset me at the outset.
Mrs. Tollman asked me
to translate the phrase
which means "most
laborious and energetic" -
and I couldn't think of it
at all. A few minutes
later when she asked
me in Chinese I knew it
of course - But I had
made a bad beginning
and things went from
bad to worse - I haven't
been so rattled since -
since when? - Since
Mrs. Whittemore handed out
the last advice - or since
Mr. James Archibald was
quizzing me about whether
I would come back, at
my same old salary \$!
I tripped and stumbled
and got all balled up
generally - mostly
about not being able to
think of the exact
English words I wanted,
rather than because I
didn't know the actual
meaning of the thing.
I was scared of Mrs.
Tollman, I guess -

and indeed it was
Dr. Ashmore who suggested
that "We call that enough
of grammar" or that
"that is sufficient in
Mark" - etc - My character
writing was all correct -
and I made one small
tonal mark incorrectly
in my Romanized writing.
A few mistakes in
reading - ^{all of} which I corrected
myself before being told.
But I didn't know how
it would strike them
so it was almost too
much of a relief for
me when this perfectly
beautiful note of
Miss Sullivan's came
over to me - I can
see your eyes popping
out when you read
that.

Well - I was rather
muddled. Lady & I began
with - for the letter
about June 10. I -
just arrived this
morning - and I was
afraid I wasn't going

To get my mind off that
I managed to think.

I don't know why I
got so nervous - I am
simply ashamed to
pieces that I did - &
I just had that to confess.

I've heard from several
sources "your mother
says she is proud of you."
What do you mean, mamma,
"proud"? This is just to
show you that you are
not any reason to be
proud this time for I
certainly did make an
abominable show of
myself - only they
were very kind and
saw that I was nervous
and so were easy
on me -

Both teachers said
that they couldn't
understand some of
what Mr. Ashmore said
(giving it to me to
translate into English.)

But best luck I happened
to have that sink in in
the right spot - And Son
Sim-saⁿ (the girls' school
man teacher) bless his old
heart! dictated the
characters - The last
page - with the hardest
~~lines~~ ^{characters} and having the
most lines (some of
them seventeen strokes in
one character) he left
out altogether - saying
that they weren't
important! I could
have written them
every one though.

They didn't make
out do the reading in
the 600 Character Book.
and I could read it
all - and translate,
too! Well enough it
this - it will be 11 P.M.
before I know it, and
I'm to begin my new
term's work tomorrow -
Isn't that grand! I'm
ticked silly that it
is over - and that I
don't have to write

To you that I just (11)
barely passed - I have
an evil and wicked little
pride - you perceive!
Can't help it - where
did I inherit it from
any how?

Mother - I hate to
give you an awful
blow - but I thought
Mrs. Clark was the
lady to write to if
you wanted stuff to
get into the Advocate
and that letter is the
only report of confidence
that I ever wrote -

The rest of the stuff
was altogether too
dry and uninteresting
and personal to write
a report about - Don't
scold me?! ?? Please!

Love from your girl
who is happy that her
exam is over but what
heart sinks as she
wonders what things have
been coming to you
these last weeks - About