

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

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Addressed to Wm. E. Sanderson, Fairfax, Va. U. S. S. May 11, 1919
Swanton, China

Dear One,

I'm disheartened
it is that I've, for the moment
has suddenly ceased to stop.
I have just finished the second
paragraph of my greasy letter to
the churches - and inspiration
has fled. There are a thousand
things to say - I can't choose them
all - or to look to choose - and
which to tell first - and it
is a time - usually my trouble
is time - but this time my
perfectly good ideas won't settle
themselves into their proper
places so that I can make
use of them.

This letter I'm speaking of
moreover was begun the 30th
of April - and that is the
date that will stay on it, no
matter when it gets finished.
In April it was when I
arrived in China, and a year

from that time ought still
to be April, eh? And this
letter is written when I've
been in China a year, see?

I want to tell them about
things I saw in my country
trips - and little funny things
that happen from day to day.
And most of all I want to
tell them about our girls -
and about the High School
which we are so anxiously
building up - while the actual
School Building is not yet
begun.

But when I begin to
write, my head is in a
muddle. I have to say
some of the things that I
wrote to Mrs. Clark - and some
that I wrote to Miss Prescott
and some that I wrote to
other people - I don't want to
repeat too much - and still I
don't want to leave out the most

~~to a reference~~
 important things. What I wrote
 Miss Prescott may come out in
 Missionary or somewhere else -
 and what I wrote Mrs. Clarke
 I intended for The Advocate -
 but I'm beginning to wonder
 if it will get there after all -
 especially since they are going
 to Vermont - probably have already
 been there some time - I wish
 it would get in, though - because
 there are so many people that
 haven't had a word from me -
 and I am ashamed to have
 them think I ain't doing nothing
 when such ain't the case - though
 it is rather hard to study to
 see how much "beautiful
 missionary work" can be read
 into the job of studying Chinese
 five or six hours a day!

Time goes faster out here -
 no - that isn't what I mean -
 I mean you are slower doing

things out here - Everything ⁴
takes longer, so you can't get
so many things done in one
day - And the days are full
up, every one - Maybe I'll get
enough warmed up to my
subject to tackle that other
letter again, if I keep on
rambling off stuff to you!

I'm so anxious to get your
next letters - You may be sure
I have been thinking much
about the girl Leone - My
heart is very heavy when I
think of Aunt Gertrude - and
what she must have suffered
and how she must suffer all
the time, - and what she still
has to suffer - which I believe
to be worst of all - But my
heart aches for that girl -
and I have been wondering
so much - as you have - what
kind of a girl she is - what

She looks like - what kind of
a temperament she has - and
whether she would be the kind
to scorn pity? or what kind
she is any way!

What kind of a p-i-t-l.
would I be, I wonder, if I had
been in her place. Oh - it
makes me shudder to think
of the undreamable things that
girl has been up against - and
still has facing her in the
future. And the things she
has missed -

Well - here again I find
myself stumped for words to
express what is in my heart.
I could say a few things, if I
could see you - but there are
things that can't even be said
and the language can't put into
words - Anyhow - the wonderful
things that you have been to me,
and meant to me - and done for
me - and much else - as Mother
and Father - are suddenly just a
little nearer and dearer - and

something mean a little bit
 more to me now than they
 ever have before. There is just
 one small comfort to me about
 Leone - she has missed these
 unpeakably precious things, to
 be sure - but because she has
 missed them - she can't know
exactly what they mean - and
 can't have an aching memory
 of something that she has bygone
 but has afterwards lost, ~~and~~ ^{only to be} ~~been~~
 plunged in deep disgrace and
 shame -

For I am sure that were
reincarnation possible - with
memory retained - I could not
love under such circumstances.
Having knowledge of what the
loving friendship and guidance
and help and the heart's own
love, can mean! I never could
bear it! I'm afraid I've made
a muddle of what I mean
but I guess maybe you will
understand the meaning of your
proud that you are my loving daughter who is
your parents' - Alice

Suifu, China

Dear Beloveds:

May 8, 1919

Have not got any farther than that. Second paragraph with that "letter to the churches" yet - But I'm going to get at it and make myself write something - as soon as I can get a minute - Just now I'm not exactly in the mood to write a beautiful message - It is eight o'clock in the morning and there is still green in my memory things that happened at last night's prayer meeting - or - to be exact - what happened after the meeting was over -

We always have a discussion about scuttling and last night it was the business of raking the compound - and that is an old sore spot - For a long time the custom has been to let the poor folks or certain poor folks rake the leaves on the compound - to take them home for fuel - That raking has been done on Saturday morning. It got to be such

a nuisance that the missionaries tried to make some rules and regulations and I don't know how many years they have been trying to fix up something.

that would work out satisfactorily. Mr. Capeu finally brought in regulations by which certain poor people - (considered worthy by the committee) should be given permits to rake - wooden permits - hung about their necks - and anyone seen raking at the improper time - or without a permit - would be punished somehow -

Well - its a kind of nasty job anyhow. And Mr. Capeu has been on this committee just now - he is going home in July - so he suggested that the ~~new~~ committee be appointed and get into the work - There was a great deal of talk - and Mrs. Ashmore - who has charge of the beautifying of the compound, said she was about ready to give up if she couldn't have a right in keep grass plots - etc. But she wouldn't take charge or have anything to do with the raking so after a great deal of talk - they came to the decision to have a forestry committee with

Mrs. Ashmore on it - for the improving part of the business - and the other two to help her - and also to attend to the sewing without her. I was just wildly interested in all this discussion until Mr. Capen's final nominations (after some withdrawals and protests and refusals - went through -

Mr. Waters and Miss Sanderson - I was just upset about it, and I said that they already had me on the tennis committee and the entertainment committee - and I knew I wasn't doing much on either one - and if they put me on the third - I'd probably find that I was doing still less on all three.

It seemed to me as though some married woman - who doesn't have to study or teach all day - ought to be in that place. It didn't seem right for me to be on it - and it just put me in a very bad ugly temper, which I hope I didn't show too much.

But it came out afterwards that

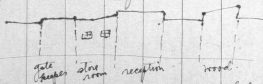
Mrs. Ashmore is obviously pleased to have it that way - and enough was said so that I am sure now she had talked it all over with Mr. Capen and put him up to it - She wants somebody congenial on the committee - Says Mr. Capen - Ha! ha! Georgie Watson isn't very congenial to Mrs. A. - even if she thinks I am -

I told Mrs. Ashmore I wasn't the one for that place - and she says - "Who is?" I said - "Most any one would be better than I would" - "No they wouldn't" says she "You've got some get up and get to you" (he! he! he!) "Well (Ashmore) is busy and so is Mr. Capen - Mr. Page & Mrs. Page have no artistic sense - Mrs. Watson hasn't either and she's too lame to walk around much - Helen Fielden wouldn't do it - and Miss Culley is too busy even to play a game of tennis - just like Miss Sullivan - Dr. Everham plunged into his new medical work is out of the question Mrs. Capen hasn't spirit enough to get

round and attend to say thing like
 that - and so proceeded the process
 of elimination until I stood alone on
 the burning deck - Mr. Waters didn't
 want the place of course - and Mrs.
 Ashmore doesn't think he is good for much
 in such a position but it is what we
 call a "put-tit-in" (can't be helped) - Don't
 know but I am too!

Mabelle and Helen weren't at the
 meeting so I told them about it this
 morning - all except Mrs. A's spiel!
 Mabelle says there is still another plan
 back of it - Mrs. A. wants us to have
 over on our site on East Hill only the
 trees and just the trees that she wants
 That may be - and let me whisper -
 I'd as soon trust Mrs. A. as Mabelle
 with the placing of trees - For M. hasn't
 what I call a sense of the looks of
 things - She goes ahead with her own
 ideas - not asking other people's suggestions

for improvements - and the results⁶
 are sometimes - conglomerated - For
 instance - back of the girls school
 first was a wood house - then on
 built a room for the gate keeper
 then an open reception room - and
 the latest thing is a little storeroom
 between two of the others. They are
 all up against a straight wall, on
 the other side of which are the
 recreation lawns - tennis courts. The
 roof of these buildings are all at different
 heights and angles - which makes
 the appearance thus from the tennis
 courts:



The dotted lines don't show - of course - but
 the two windows in the new storeroom
 do - and honestly - it isn't a very
 pleasing aspect - or prospect - is it?

Another thing - M. has built a broad
 spreading stairway from our upper path

down to the primary school - and
instead of making it of stone or grey
cement to harmonize with everything
else on the compound - she made it
of cement with a sort of curb on
both sides - and of blue cement! Well
these are examples - and it just about
killed Mrs. Ashmore to have things like
that brought out to this compound - worse
than all - Mr. thinks they are artistic.

Mrs. Ashmore is not bashful about saying
what she thinks though - and you can
imagine my embarrassment to have
her say to Mabelle in my presence
yesterday "Well - if that's a sample of
your Architecture - I hope they won't
let you do a thing over on East Hill
until every plan has gone through the
Committee" -

There - do you see I've written
enough bad things about other people
so that I can afford to stop now.
Just more horrid little details - I
know - I feel a bit differently now

about being on that Committee -
I almost said I would sit right
out in meeting - for I don't know
one point in which I'm qualified -
but I see now that to do so would
have made Mrs. B. mad - by
frustrating a dearly worked out plan
of her heart - (or, dearly cherished - a
whatever sounds best to say there)

Well - now it is nine o'clock -
I've been writing a solid hour - and
only writ this much - My teacher
is due any minute - and I'll have
to dig into the study of Mark in
Classical Chinese - To show you that
it is somewhat harder than the
colloquial - let me say that in the
two weeks since my exam (less than that -
because I haven't had today's study yet)
I have read seventeen chapters of John
in colloquial and only one chapter of
Mark in Classical - spent more time on
the Classical - for - Love - Abbe.

May 16, 1919.

Duraton -

Dear folks:

Before I forget let me send along to you this extra picture of Arthur. I had it in a frame for a while but it has begun so quickly to fade that I think I'll send it back to America to see if it will keep there any better than here. I have another just like it.

I don't know why I haven't sent samples of the things I've had - I'm sure - I might have known you would be interested - as now I'm sending samples. The black you know - I had some pictures of the dress (taken but none were good - the green is what covers my Panama hat - and what made Mrs. Ashmore's Wasbag - The white is the grass linen which I made last spring with the latching which trims it. And the other is the raw silk or pongee that is my new dress - I'm having rather a hard time with that dress - by the way - It just won't go right somehow - Ah me! You can't study, and write letters - and go calling, and do dressmaking - all at the same time - this hot weather. At least I can't. And when the days do go - I cannot tell - It seems as though when one studies only 5 hours in the day - (for my study in the evening is practically a minus quantity) - I ought to be able to find time for some other things in the rest of the day - but it isn't there somehow - As I've said before - until you're tired of hearing it. I'm sure it takes longer to do anything out here!

I think the prices of the cloth I'm sending you samples of - if you count two to one as we get our salary - would be about as follows per yard:

W. S. S. Helwig is in harbor - we are busy entering the "midships" -

Swatow, China
May 8, 1919.

Dear Dues:

Absolutely all over my ugly temper that I wrote you about this morning. You'll think I ought to be - when I tell you that I not merely received notice of my money order this morning - but I sent down and got it - \$58.47 it brought. Well I'm grateful enough to have it. \$36.00 of it is going right straight off to Joe now - our carpenter, who has just brought in his bill now for painting my bathroom and water jar - for painting - oiling, rather - my two boxes - for my bed net frame - for my bathroom wardrobe - and for a chest of small drawers I have just had him make for my study for letters - writing paper, etc. etc. I'm very sorry I had to bother Mr. Gibson about it. I'm making him send to San Francisco and all our rather making his postmaster - but it couldn't very well be helped - for if there had been something pretty wrong with it I'd have been sorry to wait too long!

And then - as though that wasn't enough for one day - I got the notice that there was a package for me - I thought the box would never get back with it and - well - nearly one whole box of that perfectly delicious maple sugar is already gone. Its luck the box got here just when it did - for it had begun to melt - and had run out some, soaking the corners of the heavy corrugated card board. It was just beginning to soak through the oiled paper and was faintly dotted in one or two spots on the inside of the outside wrapping. But hadn't leaked

I sent the box to you
 at the 8th of May

through to the very outside, not in a single spot.
May and the last part of April have been fortunately
very cool so the sugar didn't melt all too nothing. The
may it might have some years - just coming up from
Hong Kong - or Manila, maybe - You sent it early
in March - didn't you? That was when I sent
boxes of Chinese sweets to Della and to Miss
Mary Brock - the girl with whom I promised to
exchange candy - I had a box all planned
for you - with a bigger variety of candies - and
waiting for those extra candies I decided that
I wouldn't dare send so late - for we began to
have a few hot days even then - I'll wait ^{to tell}

Cool weather again! Oh that sugar is good!
But you went without some yourselves in order
to send me some. Or at least I hoped for it.

It's pretty hot these days - and hard as the
very Dickens to keep studying Chinese for three solid
hours in the P.M. and two in the A.M. Just now
it is 9.30 P.M. I got undressed early - and got
in bed under my net to write letters to the churches
to Mr. Gerson - Mrs. Shaw - and pastor of fields.
But I can't keep awake after I get in bed - guess
I'd have to have my study screened - like Miss
Culley's - when I can afford it. Magnifies are
simply unbearable in the evenings now - in 20
sleeping! and the sugar is as good!

Good night -

Love Abbie

No 56,

Swatow, China

May 23, 1919

Dear "folkney";

Well - well - well! We had quite a time with all those navy boys here - I've just been writing Arthur a long letter about it - and now I must tell you about it -

But first let me say that I am today mailing to Mrs. E. Sanderson 1 box containing 3 wood carvings - for Mrs. Robert E. Owen, Clinton Maine - for I imagine that is where they will find themselves - But - no - I guess better send them to Erskine Academy, So. China - or has he gone somewhere else? I've forgotten - You see it is their 5th anniversary this twentyfourth of June - Five years out of college - does it seem possible! It will be a trifle late - but so much more of a surprise. She hasn't written to me since I've been in China - although I sent her a little clocked purse at Xmas - and I thought she would answer that - These little wood carvings are from the North of China - They don't cost much - 60¢ Mex. for the three - which means about 75¢ U.S. at present exchange - And I have to go to the expense of sending them and yet have the recipient know that the actual price isn't much - when they really are hard to get. She wouldn't take into consideration the fact that the sending would more than double the price! Moreover - I'd hate to have her pay duty - And you can charge up the duty to my acct - you know - ! Let me know if it arrives in good condition - I'll write Eva a letter in about a week - so shall get it about the time she

does the package

Well! I must tell you about my last week's hilarity.

On Tuesday the U. S. S. Helena came into port. On Wednesday P.M. we went over to the Academy to watch a basketball game - but they had only a substitute game for it rained. Thurs. P.M. during the pouring rain (and also during the Roman's prayer-meeting - which of course kept us away) they played a real solid game.

We were sorry we couldn't see it, of course -

On Friday P.M. while I was studying - a note came from Mrs. Capen saying "7 sailors boys are here, will you come over and help entertain" - So I went about four - of course Peggy was there too - we went over to Sherrin Bungalow afterwards and played and sang and saw the Victrola and had a very nice time.

Saturday morning me! Mrs. Pag. and Peggy and I went out to the ship - It was a general invitation and anyone could go, but we felt while we were there that they weren't so very cordial, some how. The captain sent his gig for us, though (motor launch), but he wasn't there on board. The one who showed us around principally was the "Lieut. Commander," I think. But he was making fun of us from start to finish I think. He told us all about the wasted years of his dissipated youth and how he was a cigarette fiend - but had to give up smoking and booze and even tea and coffee. I don't believe it a bit - and I bet they had a good laugh over it afterwards! Nevertheless - I did enjoy seeing the ship - for I had never seen one before -

In the afternoon we went out on the lawn and I shined about fifteen different boys, I guess - loved to play wing tennis - it was some job - but of course I enjoyed it. Peggy sat on the side lines and looked pretty - Well I couldn't do that so I did the work instead! Then on Sunday, after Chinese Church - Mrs. Capen had invited the "Middies"

to Church service at her house. She
didn't know how many would be there -
but practically the same ones who had
been here before, came. I didn't count.
but there were about ten or twelve I guess.
I forgot to say that Sat. P.M. after we
played ring tussle we went out and
saw a good game of basket ball between
the Navy boys & the Academy.

Mr. Capen talked to the boys - and
made it very fine. He and Miss Ellen
sang once - and she and I sang
twice - We sang altogether a good
lot of hymns - and Mrs. Capen closed
with a very touching prayer - asking
blessing on "those who are lonesome
for us at home". I was ashamed - but
it was too much for me - and so I
had to retire for a few moments until
I had regained partial composure -
Then in spite of fiery eyelids and a
red hummocky nose - I went in and
began to talk to different ones -
Wouldn't it have been grand if Father
had been one? They seemed nice
boys - almost all - and very
appreciative. Two or three of them

said that this was the only place
on their cruise that seemed like
home -

Well - ! This last page and
a half was written on the Katyang
launch - because I got hung up in
the middle of a sentence almost -
and haven't found the time to write
ever since - And I meant to relate -
this is May 28th!

Oh this pen is dreadful! I almost
got desperate just then and made
big rings all over this paper -!

Well - I meant to write you in
this letter all about the feast &
went to - more elaborate than any
of the previous ones - and all
about my birthday - and the presents
and all - but I have been writing
^{much for birthday presents}
notes this A.M. ever since the boat
left at 6.20 - It is now 9.30 -

and though we are not due just
yet - I can't buckle down to write
about things - for I'm dead sleepy -
I've had about eleven hrs sleep at twelve

and up at five - Oh - I feel as
though I could gown all day -
You see I'm on my way to Hope
where the Adams' are stationed.
Miss Gollman had to go up on
Committee business, and so she
asked me to go too - I think Gwladys
Anton is going too - My boy is on
the boat with me now - and if
Gwladys doesn't take her boy - mine
will go along. If she does (as she
doubtless will) - A Thér - my boy,
will go back to Kat. Dick. and take
these letters that I have written.

I don't think Miss Culley was
much pleased to have me come -
though she didn't say anything. But
my private opinion is that as
long as she knows that - Miss
Gollman disapproves of a good
many things she does - that she
is not happy to have me with her -
But I'm tickled to pieces to go - and
pleased as Punch to go with Miss G.
I think truly it may be a good

political stroke to go with her
just now -

Mabel is rather sore too just
now - because Mrs S. has the
plans for the girls high school in
her possession - and Mr. Thinks
Miss Collman is close about
it - Must stop instantly as
Mr. M. almost there -

Love

Ch.

BUG

On the houseboat beyond Mi-ou
On route for Hops-
May 29, 1919

Dear Ones,-

We have had a most comfortable trip so far. When I got off the boat at Kitgang I found that Judah's Aunt had decided not to go. So although we might have got along with one boy - Miss Sallman thought it just as well to take my boy along. He has never been out on a country trip like this - and will get that much experience - and it makes it easier all around for two boys to go - It's some little task for one boy to do all the cooking and serving and putting up beds and all - though of course Marguerite and I had only one coming and going from Thai-Lang.

When I arrived at Kitgang yesterday morning Miss Sallman was just giving Miss Simonsen her examination - (with Dr. Lates, who has just now returned from his evangelistic trip. I'm glad, by the way that I didn't wait for him to get back before I took my exam! I've waded through John and Matthew in the local dialect - and 10 chapters of Mark in the classical, as well as all the grammar and more than half of the Pilgrims Progress that I have for this third term - Of course it is only most cursory, this first reading, but I have gone ahead 3 times as rapidly as I ever have before -) Miss Simonsen passed her examination with a mark of very good. She did excellently in her character work, which brought up lower grade in some of the other parts of the work - Peggy had her exam last Saturday - and kept a good deal during it - I'm afraid she made a rather poor showing - for she came out of it red eyed and headachy and nobody said much about it. Monday my teacher told me that she did very poorly, and she herself said she was scared nearly out of her wits. The teacher says she doesn't "put forth strength" enough - that she ~~stretches~~ sits and does other things while she is studying, and doesn't have

her mind on it enough. Well - I don't know just what to think but I do know that I'm very sorry for her.

Clara Leach of course, is well from the influenza weeks and weeks ago - She had her fourth exam soon after I had my second one - and did very well - I guess. She has done well in all of her exams I think - though I couldn't say whether she ranked excellent in all of them or not.

Now about my birthday - It was different from last year - but every bit as nice. Gifts and greetings kept coming at intervals all day long - A pretty hand painted Chinese fan (thin stretched silk) from Mabelle, a little pewter Chinese pen stand from Helen - three huge pots of violets from the Capens; a little blue and white vase from Mrs. Pegg; - a crash cross-stitched book cover from Peggy; - a queer blue and white dish with queer dragons - bought in Kuling - from Miss Travers; - a very pretty framed picture - a Japanese water color on silk crepe - from Marguerite; - a Chinese hair "spear" of silver - (with one end that reminds me of the brain spoon in Lathia's taxidermy outfit,) from Clara Leach - and a birthday card from Mrs. Foster - also a handkerchief that is very dainty, from my Chi Omega sister Eileen Beath - who is in Kachichik waiting for a Shanghai boat. She goes up to meet her husband who will be released - or is now already released from his Y. M. C. A. work. And also a handsome Cantonese plate gorgeous with many butterflies in beautiful blues and yellows - from Miss Soluman - I didn't study full time but did some packing. At four P. M. or a little later I went over to the Bungalow and Mrs. Beath played for me to sing. After a while Frank Foster came and we sang ourselves quite entirely out of breath. I went home just in time for supper - and had been there only a minute or so when in came Eileen with her dress all changed my birthday dinner guest! And they had fixed a little table

apertures on the verandas. We ate by candlelight - and had little
tiny cakes with flowers and Chinese characters on the frosting -
and icecream, too - and everything fixed up nice - And lovely
notes with the presents, too -

Friday night was the feast given by the sixth grade girls
in honor of all the teachers. It corresponds with last year - the
first I ever went to in China. But this time we had a greater
variety even than we had when we were out in the country that
time. I'll put down the things just as we wrote them down.
Green olives, dried and salted watermelon seeds, green peas,
fried eggs (with brown sugar I suppose, but I didn't try them this time!)

Beef stew with potatoes, tea ears (fungus), water chestnuts in barley
stew, a paste of ^{sweet potato} ~~very thin~~ ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ soy bean ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{and} bean soup, fried banana cakes,
sweet potatoes boiled, lotus seeds sugared, chicken, and mushroom, and
shrimp fritters, a whole boiled chicken - with head and legs on the
dish, black bean condiment, steamed fish cooked with ginger
and cloves, stewed lotus seeds, steamed shrimp and pork cakes, shrimp
soup, sweetened fish ball soup, green plums, ~~stew~~ of jellyed water
chestnuts, a mixture of noodles, shrimp, pork, eggs, and mushrooms,
all fried together. - Don't that a grand and imposing array? We
also had tea.

We sat at a round table - The Teachers and Mrs. Ashmore
were the guests - and although there really was no head nor
foot to the table, yet Mrs. A. really had the place of Honor, and
when the fish and the hen (I can't think of it as a chicken, with
its head still on!) were brought in, their heads were respectfully
turned towards her, as a mark of Honor. There isn't much else to
tell. We tried almost everything, but couldn't eat much of
anything. Two of the Chinese Teachers had a race cracking and
eating watermelon seeds. Then Miss Culley and Mrs. Ashmore
tried it, but found it a somewhat slower process than did the
Chinese, who are so accustomed to it!

Oh, those same beautiful feathery fringes of bamboo!
You see it's the same river we travel going up to Thai Dong -
only we branch off and go in a different direction after a

while, and it is farther anyway up to Hops than it is to Dunkin'. But the bamboos impress me the same as they did last summer. With their heavy heads drooping so gracefully and so slenderly, nodding against the blue of the sky - they need the word "plumage" to describe them, instead of foliage.

The following Tuesday - coming down on the launch from Nitzang:

We truly have had a splendid trip, both going and coming, making it in almost record time. We arrived in Hops Friday morning about ten A.M. We hadn't expected to get there before Sat. A.M. or P.M. Friday we rested and looked at Mr. Adams' curio (he has not then has any one else in our mission). I bought a few curious old hair ornaments for a few times or so. Saturday morning we went to the silver shops. I was simply fascinated with the things and found it hard to get away with any money left in my pocket. I bought one pretty silver chain for myself and several little trinkets to use for birthday presents and so on -

Wed. A.M. Miss Sallman and I got to talking on the boat as I didn't write much, you see - And now I want to get this off on the mail, as I'll continue in my next.

With very much love,

Abbie.

Dorset June 8, 1919

Dearest Bess:

Well - do you think it is about time for me to begin numbering my letters more carefully? I've forgotten to do it several times now - No - there was no letter lost between Feb 3 & Feb 16 - but there may have been one lost before that. My record stands thus beginning with No. 30 - sent on Nov. 17. Letters sent - No. 31, Dec. 24; No. 32, Dec. 1; No. 33, Dec. 9; No. 34, Dec. 15; No. 35, Dec. 22; No. 36, Dec. 29; No. 37, Jan. 6; No. 38, Jan. 10; Card, Jan. 13; No. 39, Jan. 26; No. 40, Feb. 3; No. 41, Feb. 16; No. 42, Feb. 23; No. 43, Mar. 3; No. 44, Mar. 11; No. 45, Mar. 16; No. 46, Mar. 30; No. 47, Apr. 11; No. 48, Apr. 15; No. 49, Apr. 17; No. 50, Apr. 19; No. 51, Apr. 25; No. 52, May 4; No. 53, May 8; No. 54, May 10; No. 55, May 16; No. 56, May 28; No. 57, June 5. No. 58, June 8! Now I may have put the wrong number on some, when I put the number on the last minute without stopping to look it up - But this list is the way I sent them anyhow -

Let me see - I didn't finish telling you about Hops - did I? I told you that Saturday A.M. we went into the shops - I bought a few curious old hair ornaments and silver neck chains, etc. I also found some more "brain spoons" - and nearly had a conviction then and there when I found out what the real use of them is - Ear diggers - of course! And why shouldn't you have one right handy sticking into your hair or dangling round your neck - might be clever idea, I think - tip-top for convenience, too! (No - he! brain spoon!!) I also bought some silver earrings (gold washed) that I can use for presents I think, either here or at home. They can be worn as rings - and rather pretty, old ones they make, too - I bought some flat charms which will make little gifts as paper cutters - or letter openers, rather - Mr. Adams has a great many valuable old curios, and we looked at them and admired them all. One black vase - a beauty, with the palest of plum blossoms on it - he wanted to sell me - for about £50 - or so!!!!

It did me good to get a glimpse of some other work than our own. Miss Bollman talked all the way up and back, nearly, about the evil of unfairness - citing Miss Culley again and again as the worst example. "Can't see anybody's work except her own - unfair as can be!" I haven't time to go over all the things she said - if I had the heart to, which I haven't. And after I saw the terribly narrow quarters of the school at Hops - crowded into the little chapel - and thirty or so women and girls ^(I didn't see the boys) each taking her daily bath - but all in the same little dark cubby hole that looks more like a coal hole than anything else - after I had seen all this and all their inconveniences Miss B. asked me if I would be willing to vote for a new high school in Hakchich ahead of a decent building for Hops - I couldn't, of course - but then I think that she got me to say that for dramatic effect. Because you can vote for one both together, not one ahead of the other - Oh, I heard a lot about Miss Culley - which comes things up a little, that's all, & for I certainly have heard a lot about Miss Bollman since I have been here - ! There are always two sides, I guess - to everything - Question is - how are you going to see on both sides of the curtain at once!

They don't keep things very clean up there but maybe Miss Penn will keep things up when they get their new building. Sunday morning we went to church and it was just tiresome - But I was ashamed of myself for getting sleepy - when I saw the little tiny kiddies in front of me, sitting on the wooden benches with their legs dangling - my long legs barely reached the floor - And besides being high - they had no backs And the service was all in Hakka - and of course we couldn't understand any of it - Miss Bollman got sleepy too - and I said I guessed we were spoiled by having wider benches with backs to them - down in Hakchich.

! This is the middle of the board seats -

We rested in the afternoon then went for a little walk - and to bed rather early. Monday morning at seven o'clock we got aboard our little river boat again. The rains had made the river high and we had willing boatmen, who rowed all the way, so we made the record trip of getting into Kityang that night just after eight. Miss Bollman gave Gladys Weston her last language exam the next morning and then we took the launch arriving home about 8 P.M.

One little item I have not yet narrated - After we had been on the river, coming down, about two hours, suddenly two men ran out from the shore crying to us to stop. After they had said that they wanted to board the boat and go down to Kityang with us - and Mr. had signified our displeasure at the prospect - they both raised their guns and aimed. The boatmen were scared stiff. Well - to tell the truth the first thought that came into my head was whether a bullet would come through the side of the boat if I should crawl down at the side. But I hardly had time even for that thought. Miss Bollman grabbed her wrist watch off and put it out of sight then climbed out of our compartment and out to the end of the boat in plain sight and told them in no uncertain tones that we would not have them on board. She then told the boatmen to go on but they were almost afraid to - when they did - the unfortunate ones on shore began to run and soon stopped and aimed again. But Miss Bollman said over again the same thing - and her courage evidently inspired the boatmen and her Chinese boy to talk up to them. - So we sailed on and left them behind. She remarked afterwards that my boy drew back under the cover - Well - I said I shouldn't scold

him for it - after the cowardly thought I had! Well - it was only for a minute - and only a trifling incident - but it gives you a little different thrill from any thing else - to find your self looking into the business end of two guns! The men said afterwards that they were robbers - and were only after loot - Now however - we were pretty thankful it was broad daylight, so that we could see them safely out of sight.

Well - we have been long suffering with our houseboy for some time - Last summer at the hills he was very impudent and saucy to Helen - stole some money (though he afterwards returned it) - and we have been hoping that he would get over his carelessness. He has been getting worse than ever though - and combusted in a great fury when we gave the little coolie a fifty cent raise and didn't give him one - He can't seem to remember things at all - and he sometimes takes good care of my bathroom but usually not. This morning he saturated some paper with kerosene and put it on top of an open charcoal stove to make it burn better - Of course there was a conflagration which came near burning up our breakfast and might have been very much worse than that. We haven't seemed to try very much - so we decided to let him go. Mabelle told him that it wasn't particularly for this morning's affair - but because he wasn't improving at all - was careless about breaking dishes, and about his work in general. He wept copiously - but said he had other

wish that he could stop right into. I'm terribly sorry for him - for he is all alone in the world - and if we could have kept him we might have been able to help him. We couldn't control his temper at all - and still usually he was shy to the point of painfulness. Poor boy! — ²¹ Now we are without any one - I don't know what we shall do - but probably we shall make some temporary arrangement for the summer, and begin over again in the fall.

Monday P.M.
Well - we haven't had an earthquake for some time - but were all awakened by quite a heavy shock just before 3 this morning - And I was just a dreaming the most ridiculous dream - I was sitting beside Gladys Lathrop at one of her Aunt Alice's swell afternoon teas. As far as I could make out - I had been invited because of my ability to make witty remarks! Wouldn't Gladys have with delight if I should tell her? Maybe I will - Ethel Ross was there but before long she went out and I heard Gladys say "I got so cross with her - she says the stupidest things - so finally I had to let her go" - was I thinking of the servant I wonder?

Our arrival home again after the troops visit found the compound all upset because of trouble in the Academy - You have doubtless read in the papers accounts of riots among the students in Peking and all over the country - They are much angered and have the right, I think - over the wavering attitude of some Chinese officials in the matter of letting Japan have the port of Kiau-chow. Everyone knows that the officials have been bribed and "Young Education" is rising in her might and

protesting. But the Academy boys here did not take the right attitude. Impulsively they demanded the right to leave their work - their classes, any time they pleased, to go out "preaching" Anti-Japanese sentiment to people - First they said they would leave school - then they said Mr. Wang - the dean of the Academy, must leave - and in all the teachers both native and foreign, have had a very hard time to get things put straight. Dr. Ashmore was called in to help - and everyone was upset. But the boys have repented, and all but a few who would better not be here, are back at work in school - A very serious situation threatened and we are so glad it has blown over.

The difficult thing was to make them see that we are in sympathy with them - for we are - and every one of us most highly disapproved the Teuton-like methods that the Japanese are continually and increasing using -

Well - this is enough of a spiel for now, I guess. Must write to Arthur - His last letter was mailed from Gibraltar, on his way home - Maybe you've seen him - by the time you get this letter -

With very much love,

P.S. I knew there was something else. Abbie - Saturday I received a beautiful birthday box of chocolates from Grace Farnum, and a 7x4' woolen Austrian flag from my sister Ruth Whitman - The package was marked \$2.00 - I'll enclose her letter - Don't that grand?

Durham, China -

June 19, 1919

Dear Pa Blunderbuss Sanderson,

If you ain't the absolutely dingbustedest limit I ever did see! Here you go and complain about your poor missionary daughter wanting a pretty voile dress to cover the shame of her nakedness, while you actually go and buy trousers for yourself costing how much? 7 or 9 dollars I bet. I'm sure you have done that - after buying such a nice coat of Dunham - that had no pants to go with it - I know you'd be buying pants next. Well - I guess had a pair that cost as much as that! And you had a pair of overalls already - plenty good enough - Next thing I'll be hearing that you have two coats - and carrying snip in your purse to boot! And you as ministers of the Gospel! What about Luke 9:3 then?

I can plainly see I should have said serim instead of voile - for near as I can make out - voile is really only french for serim and you wouldn't have thought my wagon hitched to such a big planet if I had said that I hoped sometime to get me a new cheesecloth dress - for that's what serim is. Since your wife has evidently neglected a part of your education let me expostulate for your edification - that while voile is more expensive than muslin maybe, yet it is much cheaper than silk and will wear better - and you therefore are getting something pretty for the least money. I can see that you also didn't fully digest the many letters in which mother dictated on what I would want to have sent out from home - if kind friends should want to donate, and begging me to send a list of things. Well - you have only got yourself into a box anyhow

by writing such a hard cold cruel "letter" - For this is what you have done: By your graphic description you have pictured Ma to me going about in a holey union suit which will soon drop off - while she spends the dollars (which she has saved by pennies) on toilet water to send to her extravagantly minded missionary daughter - And isn't that a picture to make the tears flow? Well - you needn't bother your "slow witted" brains about that pesky list, but just stock up on handkerchiefs to send me - to sop up all the tears that are shed from now until I hear from you again to know that Ma has a decent union suit and also to know that she has promised you she won't buy toilet water or silk stockings to send me -

Once more, my dear sis - let me ask you - when did I ever say I wanted an auto? I'd have to go to Honolulu to live if I wanted to run it - for there's no place for an auto in the hills of Kapaeha - and in the summer when I did want it most - I can't see it traveling the six inch path between the rice paddy fields at Ihai Dong - I guess you had motor cycle in your brain when you wrote that. Motor cycle, indeed! Wouldn't a pair of sandals be more appropriate? From which you could more easily shake off the dust of critical communities?

Now it's no joke about the handkerchiefs - I haven't any more than enough now to carry me through a bad cold - and if sad thoughts do cause me ~~a~~ copiously I shall certainly need more. Though you might think it would be less bother to provide buckets and

mops for the purpose (to save washing the help?)

Well - there probably would be used for buckets and mops and a lot more if I didn't know that you meant the letter for a joke - I must admit I felt rather woeful when I began to read it!

Of course the piano was more or less of a joke - I think there are two pianos on this compound now - and if some rich person wanted to give me one - I wouldn't refuse it. As to the typewriter well - maybe I don't need one - I just think I do - that's all -!

Crochet cotton - dolls - pictures - notebooks pencils - chalk erasers, etc. - of course I don't need to tell you are for the school girls -

I don't need to explain the use of Soap. Talcum powder, tooth paste and brushes, corn plasters, cork stoppers, vasoline, comb, hot water bottle, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton - non things to use in the kitchen and dining room - no yet postcards nor blankets - nor books.

And you can ask any woman in America whether she thinks I would need needles, thread, snaps, hooks and eyes, hairpins, safety pins, coat hangers, dress shields, tablecloths and scissors and gloves - and see what she will say.

Unchecked tennis shoes you would certainly approve. Aspirin stops my headaches - formamin cure my sore throat; quinine sulphate is the preventive and cure of malaria - and again and again we have orders to take a dose when the disease is prevalent. Salts I think I told Mother to cross off the list, and to send Sal Hepatica if she sent anything of that sort.

Now that leaves a hat - a ribbon and a dress for extras - besides the toilet water, silk stockings, canned goods and other things which I put down myself as extras.

with a question - mark after am.

But - to be sober and dead in earnest just for a second - I certainly hesitated a long time before deciding to send such a long list - for I knew that Mother would probably want to go right off and spend all she had buying things from the list. And I certainly do feel wicked to have such nice shoes and things - and to know that Mother is economizing beyond the limit - or usual, to send me things - But I really meant - when I sent that draft, to have part of it used for things like that - I'd tickled as can be that it is in N. S. S. though - you may be sure - but hate to think of you folks up to your same old tricks of scrimping and saving to get me nice things. And honest and baby - I meant that list for when folks wanted to send me something - so that Ma could tell us what - and most decidedly not for Ma - or you, or anybody else to think all of those things - or any of 'em - had to be sent out to me right away -

Now Pa - Man (m-a-n clear through!) I'm sure you don't mind if I append a supplementary list of some of the other things I need - ! ! ! !

1. One or two dress patterns (let Ma pick 'em out!)
2. Plain ordinary pins.
3. White cotton tape, wide & narrow.
4. White bias binding
5. pearl buttons - large or small.
6. Tatting shuttles (plain small, for the girls)
7. A sewing machine (I have to borrow Miss Culley's when I stitch a seam)
8. Cheap little collar pins (ten cent store ones)
9. Fartides Iron Rust Soap -

Now for exclamationation - In these hot blistering days its an awful job to keep clothed - For one thing it is a big temptation to take off most all your

you never did tell me how much you paid for that silk vest -

clothes and go without anything - If I had ten pretty
figured voile dresses now I wouldn't be wearing any of
them - For you can't wear a thing longer than a half day
and still be decent - and nothing but white will stand
such continuous washings. This week the woman didn't
get the things all ironed up - and so the last two days I
had to wear a white waist and separate heavy skirt, the
rig is uncomfortable around the waist in such hot
weather - Fact is, I simply haven't enough hot weather
clothes to last for one week out here! So yesterday
when a man came around with linen ^{I bought} enough
to make two one piece dresses - Its coarser than
what I had before - but will do - You can't imagine
what its like - I had a warm bath last night -
what its like - I had a warm bath last night -
and today I've been in the tub (cold water) twice
already - and shall go once more before I go to bed -
Some days I have had to change completely from
the skin out, ^{I mean near the changes} three times - As follows: Tub before breakfast
tub and changes after dinner - ; tub and changes before
supper - tub before going to bed - And even so you
just drip with perspiration. So for these dresses I'd
have to have a makeshift pattern - but would be glad
of patterns in the future - Olive Jones - one of the
girls at Nassau ~~thine~~ sent me one for my birthday -
but it is 38 instead of 36 -

And the other things are needful too - all hard
to get out here and most of them impossible - The
sewing machine is a joke - of course - but just
the same - I shall want one sometime - I
mean - I shall have one sometime of my own!
And the Fusterick's Iron Rust Soap is splendid
for taking out not only iron rust but the very

the girls to order
the clothes

grass
linen

frequent - nasty cockroach stains which embroider
our clothes. I prefer white dresses & white with
irregular brownish yellow spots - and moreover -
I believe in being scriptural, for - see Ecclesiastes 9: 8

As for English Consuls - and American consuls -
and their wives - well. I'm thinking my letters
since you wrote will give you a little light on that
subject - I certainly should hate to have any body even
think that I cared about associating with the
community people that we have here - Only we
must be civil to them, - we owe them certain social
duties, - and we also need to keep ourselves out of
truts - and go call on them sometimes to see whether
we have forgotten how to behave! And if I need
a pretty white dress at all, I need it just as much
to put on when I'm all alone in this house, if I
want to - to make sure I haven't lost myself, I suspect
just as much, I say, as I do to call on an English
Consul's wife or the queen herself - And if ever I
need to be clothed with "good works", instead of "broidered
apparel" (1 Tim 2: 9-10) it is when I call on the community.
For their attitude toward us is a most difficult one
to endure - We know they make fun of us - and yet
we want to have them think of us not in such a
sceptical way, but in a way that will honor God's
cause in China - For too many of them, also - do
things which are far from an honor to God - Things
I wonder sometimes if I don't really sin just as
much - by wrong thoughts and hasty words as
they do by immorality and disregard of sacred
things - So I know a great deal in my life is not
an honor to God - Your prayers are a wonderful
help, though!

Now see what else you've done! Well, I didn't write last week, because I was so busy and now you switched me off on something else and didn't tell ~~you~~ about graduation yet.

(Later) There isn't so much to tell, after all - but a week ago some of the exams finished - and I began on Saturday to help out counting averages. With over a hundred girls in school - most of them with 14 or 15 subjects, none less than 4 - to count up each one's entire rank first for the class, and then for the year - and then their department ranks - and writing all the report cards - Well! we found enough to keep us busy. All day Monday we worked - and on Tuesday I had charge of the decorations again. I let the Chinese have their way about everything nearly - and though the decorations were pretty, yet they were very different from last year -



They had two large Chinese flags draped together so that they looked like one. ~~There were~~ ^{one} flag, and they bordered the whole with strings of ~~dark green~~ ^{dark green} leaves and had the numerals in green above - A good many plants were arranged around the front of the platform. The drawing doesn't look pretty - but the chapel did. We managed to get along without any pink flowers stuck next to the red and orange of the flag. The school flag (blue and white satin) was draped over the other flags. We were intending to use my nice flag that Ruth Whitman sent me - but it was smaller than the Chinese flag - and none of us can get used even out here to having the American flag in an inferior position - So we thought best not to use it at all - It poured rain all that day, and early the next morning the leaves fairly flowed - There were

such a heavy storm and such a rough bay at six o'clock in the morning that we despaired of Mr. Speichers being able to get over on this side to speak at graduation. But about 8.30 (graduation at nine) the sun struggled out - and we had no more rain that day. Wasn't that splendid?

I played the march for the girls to come in and go out - and the hymn. I always feel as though my playing is barely endurable - and I do hope someone will be sent out soon whose business it is to play and who really is supposed to do it. (Unless I can have my own piano to practice on!) The graduating girls sang a three part piece without accompaniment and it was just beautiful. I'll send you a picture of the twelve graduates later -

In the afternoon we took this year's high school class and the new graduates (who enter high school this fall -) out on East Hill to cut down the first tree on the site of the new High School Building. (We learn that this building has been definitely promised now - and we may go ahead with the building as soon as the plans are ready - For various reasons this graduation was rather a hard one - I want to get time to write about that later but must finish this letter now to get it off on today's mail -

Much love to you and Mother.

Abbie.

Kakochi and Harbor. SWATOW.

二風石





UNION POSTALE UNIVERSELLE

POST CARD

Mrs. Clara Sanderson
 Fairfax
 Vermont
 U. S. America

Sorry not to get a
 word off this week, but
 my city is off and in
 a bit midst of creating
 up averages and pushing
 up and mending the
 production, putting my hand
 in! - for this and make your
 own safety may not so long
 but try to make up for it with
 my things, copied at the most
 that - love
 Clara

Suifu, China June 24, 1919

No. 60

Dear Mother:

You must not fail to write and tell me what ~~the~~ thought about the way I answered him on the "want" question. Maybe I was too saucy. If so - trust ~~me~~ to say "where she got her tongue from" - and I spose he wouldn't be far wrong, eh? It was perhaps a little too fast to say right off some "more things that I needed" - but I couldn't miss such a good chance. There are 9 more items for "the list," anyway.

Well! June 22 just a month lacking one day from the time they were sent, I received the letters from you and Arthur saying that he has arrived. For some time the feeling has been growing on me that I hoped Arthur would get back to the U.S.A. even if I did miss seeing him around here. The fire of testing perhaps hasn't done a perfect job, maybe, of casting out all the dross and leaving only the pure gold - yet, - but it will, sure enough, in time - for me know the pure gold is there ^{in the days ahead}. Perhaps his real testing will come now. And you must not say that prayers, tears and early training have failed to shield from temptation; they have shielded, a great deal more than any of us dream.

Moreover, if Arthur has seen things and done things that he shouldn't have seen and done, yet confessed that he has, and resists ^{some} temptations that are more powerful than some of us have ever known, and if I live my life from day to day doing the things that are in the least line of resistance, and trying to make the path that is before me smooth - often erring in speech and exceeding often continuing thoughts that I know to be unworthy - in fact - not resisting many temptations that come,

which of us is better in God's sight? It is as Father says, "the boy is still about ten years old in some respects". He hasn't found himself yet - any more than I had when I went to Ricker - I made bad mistakes there, and if I hadn't, I might have been worth a great deal less as a woman than I now hope I may some day be worth. And in four years more, God grant that Arthur may find himself infinitely more "sure footed" than I am now - For the mistakes I make now would fill a library -

O, I know you are glad to have him home again and it means ~~so~~ much to him - God bless him! He says he is going to write me an account of his last few months' trip - I hope you will hold him to it. Because his letters really tell me very little, and I know he must have much to write more than he has written. I'm going to keep telling him - but you hammer too - unless he has already done it!

I must tell you about another muss-up I've had with community folks - different from anything else so far. Mr. Moorhead, the commissioner of customs, has been out here alone for some time ~~there~~. This fall his wife and three daughters came out from England. We called on them and they returned our calls - and then Miss Moorhead (about 21) invited Peggy and Miss Chisholm of the E. P. Union to tennis and tea for a week ago Saturday - We accepted, but it rained much that week and the tennis court was very bad - Miss Sully and Marguerite wanted us all to go to Double Island that afternoon and since the tennis court was ~~badly~~ in bad condition, thought it would be all right to write and ask Miss Moorhead to go along

and saying that we'd like to have Miss Chisholm go too - but would wait to say what she said first. I didn't much like the idea of it - but they prevailed on me to write the note - which I did with much care. And in much trepidation I waited for the answer, fearing she would resent our not only taking ourselves off as her guests but involving her and her other guests too. But she accepted -

Just after noon, however - another note came, saying that since the weather was so uncertain and the bay so untrustworthy, her father would be uneasy about having her go - but for us to go right along just the same - And she hoped for a good day for tennis soon - she'd wait till the courts got better and would let us know -

Well, I suppose that is all right, after all - but I was imagining many things - and thought she had decided that we had insulted her, so wouldn't go - The rest of us went - had a refreshing swim and a delightful sail.

This last week has been rainy so we thought that might be keeping back our invitation. But on Sunday at English Church she nodded rather coolly, I thought - as I wondered if our goose was really cooked after all. But today is bright and clear and sizzling hot - and the invitation has come - "for tea and tennis at five o'clock" - Now I'll ever play tennis on a day like this - even after the sun has gone down, is more

there I know - but I'm going down anyway. I'm
so relieved that the note has come. For if she
chose to call our action insulting, she might
simply use the matter as another subject for laughing
matter. We're not very well acquainted yet - I hope
she isn't as snobbish as my imagination feared
she might be. Take note! This is my last social
duty with the community - until next September -
They are few and far between any way - and
only remain so!

(Next morning) We did go - and had tea first, then
four sets of tennis, then lemonade. It was a hot
day to play and I was simply dripping when I got
through - but had a nice time, and I guess they
feel all right about it.

June 30. Sunday -

Dearest me! Here is another week gone by and my
letters not off yet. I feel as though I were about six
weeks behind in telling you things - and then some.
I've told about graduation and getting ready for it and
all - but there are so many little things I ^{feel} like
writing about but would talk out if I could only
see you. I never since I have been in China wanted
to sit down and have a long talk any more than I
do this minute. But I must write some things, anyway.

A lot of it is gossip, too, but you must know it to
understand my situation better, my dears.

The week of examinations over, Miss Mabelle came
over from school and asked Helen why she wasn't
over there helping - that there was just heaps to
do - and she was needed to help some of the native
teachers watch the pupils. Helen flared up and

said she wasn't going to be "police man" for any Chinese 3
teachers. The Chinese all look down on her, she said, because
of the treatment she has received from foreigners while
she has been here (meaning Mabelle mostly). Then she went
on to remind Mabelle that she had never been taken to
the school in the morning, to be introduced, since she
has come back to China - and she has always felt that
to be a public lack of recognition of her. She has been
given nominal charge of buying books - but everyone
knows that she has no money -
and so, she says, the Chinese look down on her -
She also mentioned the fact that the other night
at the feast I was given the place next to Mabelle, which
should most certainly have been hers! (I'm sure I never
thought anything about it - I was a round table - and
I didn't know there was any head or foot!) And so on
and so on. I heard Mabelle come - and I heard rapid
voices - and knew by the tones that something unusual
was going on - I was down in my own room. The
talking kept on until the feeling of dread that I have
come to know and hate - came to me - dread of whom we
should be together at table - with a strained atmosphere
and me the only one trying to make conversation at all.
• Having a rather bad failure of it, too -
while at dinner the air was so comparatively clear
that I wondered if it might not be my imagination
at work again - (Nelson had apparently got off her
chest several things that have been rankling for a
long while - then felt better about it.) But I just
waited. Some time in the P. M. Nelson said - "Did you

know about the call-down I got this morning?" And on to tell me the whole story. In the evening I got it again from Mabelle - who came into my room when I was ready for bed. We sat talking until midnight -

I don't know what to think about it all, I'm sure. I do know that Helen always seems to be looking for an insult. She is huffy just now because she thinks Edith & Marguerite aren't cordial enough about her going up to Tsai Jong - and says she wishes she weren't going. On the other hand, I truly don't see why Mabelle would neglect taking her over to chapel when she first came. It may have been unintentional, I know - but it does seem strange. It was the first place she took me about.

The trouble in the first place I guess, is that M's sister up in West China, didn't think much of Helen for not being satisfied with conditions in N. China - and or at least not being able to adapt herself to them. Mabelle was therefore prejudiced before Helen came - and since Helen didn't like M's sister (making) very well, she was prejudiced before she came. There are two statements that have been made that I can't manage to reconcile:

Helen says: "I had the offer of the position M. has anyway - before she came out here - I don't want the place"

M. says: "After Miss Weld died Miss Sollenman knew that Helen wasn't capable of taking charge of the school, and insisted that ^{Lin} Sin-seⁿ be given it temporarily. Helen wouldn't stand for that - so picked up & went home" -

Isn't it all worse than a Chinese puzzle?

Oh dear I do get so weary of it sometimes - They get tired of me, though, I bet -

4

Last week letters came from Mrs. Lewis of Unghking saying that Mrs. Lewis had been very sick and he didn't know what to do. Dr. Everham went up, and this last Friday night he came down here. Before they came word came that Marguerite feared tuberculosis - and also that she ^{must} had been two months pregnant. She already has seven children, and she is yet a young woman - and all dragged out, of course. Mrs. Ashmore simply raved and raved about it. She has been scolding Mrs. Lewis ever since she had her second baby (eleven months after the first one) and it has been no use. She thought it was not right for Dr. Everham to bring Mrs. L. down and put her in their house. Mrs. Ashmore doesn't dare take a tuberculosis patient into her house because Dr. Ashmore is the only one left of all his household (his mother's family); all the rest have died from tuberculosis. Moreover the Dr. (Ashmore) said she should not because she wasn't strong enough. The Capens leave for America in less than two weeks, and the mothers Mrs. and Edith Page are coming from Shanghai - so those families couldn't take them. M. and Helen object to having t. b. in this house - and anyway - Miss Culley has her primary teacher's summer school. Miss Gollman has too, for that matter. Miss Traver said she would stay here this summer and take care of her - for Marguerite simply could not. That is true - but Miss Traver herself has in times past had a very bad cough - and tendency to lung trouble.

Mrs. Ashmore got up a paper and sent it around - saying that Mrs. Lewis ought to go to the Hospital - and not to stay in the Kou-nie's house. Those who agreed signed - and all agreed except Sherwin Bingham. Well - Marguerite has to take care of her - and while she is here it is maybe easier for Marguerite to have her

there than to have her in our Chinese Hospital.

But they have had a consultation with the English Presbyterian doctors in Swatow, and she has tuberculosis not only of the throat but also of the lungs. They have ordered her north, to Kuling probably. Dr. Leach and Miss Aston are going up to Shanghai this summer, so they will take her up with them about the middle of July. They just told Mrs. Lewis this morning that she had to go north - and of course, she feels dreadfully. Everybody is terribly sorry that another baby is coming - and rather out of Patience, too. Mabelle said in answer to some remark that Helen made, though - that if they wanted to have a big family of children, that was their own affair - Helen retorted that when it upset everybody in the mission and made extra work for people who were already worn to the breaking point, it was no fair - and that Mrs. Ashmore had a perfect right to give her advice. Mabelle had to admit that, and then said she thought a Hospital was the only proper place for her.

Helen said afterwards that Mabelle's sister Mrs. Lewis up in H. China was criticized for the same thing - so perhaps that was why Mabelle spoke as she did.

It happens that Pauline Senn will be stopping here this week on her way to Canton for the summer. Miss Solomon and Miss Traver had both invited her, but Marguerite didn't know anything about it until this morning. When she found that out, she said it mustn't be - with Mrs. L. in the house - and all. But Miss Traver and Miss S. both insisted that there was nothing else to do - So Marguerite came over and told me about it, and suggested that we might be able to take Miss Senn here - though she didn't ask me

outright to do it. I said I would manage somehow - So I went straight up and got Mabbles' consent - and on the way home from church asked Helen if she would be willing to have Miss Senn sleep in her room if she should come - She said yes -

Marguerite had thought it would be better if Miss Sollen didn't know the suggestion had come through her so I tried to lead up to it casually - but quick as lightning out came the question "Marguerite been over to see you?" I answered - "What has Marguerite got to do about this?" But Miss S. would have nothing but a direct answer and so I had to tell - And she answered "Oh, I guess we can manage!" - She vented Marguerite's ~~affairs~~ butting into her affairs, even though anyone could see that it was for the best. For well though tired people over there, and a sick lady to care for - while over here we would have one empty room (vacated yesterday) and only two in the household - Miss Sollen said she didn't thank Marguerite for going over to my house and blabbing - but was grateful to me for offering I told her I should be very much disappointed if she wouldn't let Miss Senn come over - and that I should feel that the crowding over there was my fault because I had been too stupid to think of asking for her myself. (Just here Peggy came in to see me a minute, and told me that after I had come away this morning Miss Sollen had made a nasty remark about Marguerite. The remark was this: "Believe me from the pious and underhanded." I didn't say it to Peggy - but I thought to myself maybe she meant the underhanded for me too - I hope not. Poor Marguerite! I feel terribly for floundering so - but I couldn't help it. Peggy says she thinks there has been some kind of a

feeling between Marguerite and Miss Sollman for some time. Oh - I didn't say much to Peggy - nothing at all, in fact - but it makes me just boil to have a person like Miss S. - who's noted for getting what she wants - by hook or crook, to say such a thing about Marguerite. She is pious - the true beautiful kind of piety that shines in her life - but understanded - I don't know a person any where whom I can feel any more sure of as being true blue way through, than Marguerite Everham - I shall always count it a privilege to have known her -)

Well, the upshot of it was that Miss Sollman said to me "Of course, I have to give in, - seems to me you are forced into doing what you don't want to around here a good deal - and I shall tell Marguerite just what I think of her!" Marguerite was doing it partly to save Miss Sollman - for in addition to these other things, reference committee meets this week - and Miss Sollman has that as well as her summer school, and yet Miss Sollman has only blame for her. The poor girl has had a heap of extra hard things since Lannie went home - and she is worn out - & to have little fussy irritations like this - it is not fair! But Miss Senn will come here, anyway.

The Compound Entertainment Committee (Mrs Page and I) have decided to provide tea for the Reference Committee workers - we couldn't ask Sherrin Bungalow to have it - but Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Cahmore will each have it one day - and we were asked to have it one day - I said right off that Mabelle was keeping house this month and with her summer school couldn't do anything about it - but I could probably do it. I was hardly prepared for what Mabelle said - "No! Of course not - I haven't any time" - So that I then had to go on carefully and fearfully, and

explain that I knew she wouldn't be able to but that I
had no proper excuse why I shouldn't, as I had practically
promised to do so - She agreed to that finally I guess
it hadn't occurred to her that I could do it, that's all!

Oh dear - this is a messy mess to write about, isn't
it? But I know you'll be interested in the details, much
as you may deplore some of the facts - When Mabelle is
away, I get along with Helen all right - and when Helen
is away - I get on beautifully with Mabelle. But when
we are all three together, there's very often an undercurrent
of feeling that smothered me, almost. Today Mabelle's religious
view was in my ear when we were alone that she was so glad I
was not having to be in the same room and in
the same house with Helen this summer. Well - I'm
glad - so glad to be in a room all by myself for the
summer - you'd just better believe I am! No matter what
Mabelle's religious views might have roomed with me!
Mabelle's religious views don't agree with mine on all points. She takes the
words of the Bible literally in every single instance.
I think it is much more wonderful if certain passages
are taken as symbols - but she thinks it sacrilege to
doubt the accuracy of a single word, or to presume that
the word "day" might have any other meaning than
our 24 ~~hour~~ day - Helen fumes and frets over not being
allowed to teach any Bible in the Girl's School, when that
is what she had especially prepared to teach - I guess
she's written that before, though, haven't I? Mabelle's
especial stress is laid on the Second Coming - and she
has nearly a whole course on it, I believe - If she doesn't
think I am fit to teach the Bible, I suppose she
will think about right. But I should be sorry to
have that thought about me - just the same. It will
mean a lot of study, whatever I teach.

News has just come that a married couple and three single women have been appointed to the South China mission field, and are expected to sail in the fall. Among them is Miss Miller, a graduate of ~~the~~ a Philadelphia High School, of the Philadelphia Normal School, and of the University of Pennsylvania, recommended to the girls' school in Swatow! The same normal school that Mabel is from - and that pleases her. A University graduate, and that pleases me. Oh - can't you imagine how I wonder what she is like? Miss Prescott's letter to Dr. Prescott says that she is a girl who has wanted for ten years to go to the mission field - and has always lived in a beautiful Christian home - And also that she is ready to do anything for which she may be needed, in the girls' school. Helen sniffed at that, and said to me "That shows some one has written something disparaging about me." Maybe. But I should just as soon think that maybe some one had written something lame about Miss Peggy Wellwood, instead!

Pa was asking how letters come - It is funny that you get mine through ~~from~~ the Shanghai always - Do they ever have a Canton or any other postmark - They leave here on a Hong Kong boat usually. Yours come by way of Canton about as often as by Shanghai.

You asked about the consuls - Pa was mistaken when he raved about my associating promiscuously with the wife of an English Consul! I attended a Victory Celebration there. They called once, and she has returned my call - That's all! Their name is Fitzgibbon. He is Irish by birth and she American. He retires this

years, and we hear that he wants to live in Colorado, and she wants to go to London! I don't know what they have decided.

The American Consul's name is Marle Myers. His wife is a Smith College girl, Alice Brown of Massachusetts(?)

Well, mumsie dear - you know I didn't mean you should go ahead immediately and get things from that list - and yet, as I said before, I know you would! Well - you speak of getting aspirin, elastic, safety pins - what little bird told you that those are just the things I'm needing most? I have left just exactly five safety pins of a decent size that won't rust everything I put them into. I went in desperation to the "gold" safety pins that were in Mrs. Norwich woman's pretty silk bag - and lo and behold - they rust more than do any of the others. So as you're determined to send them - and as I very much need them - I can't help hoping they will come before I leave for Thai Dong!

As to the dress patterns; have you any way of getting hold of any Peerless Pattern sheets or books - You know we thought they fitted better - and as it would be just as well to choose those patterns if they can be procured. I'd be tickled to see the sheets or book, any how - to get ideas from. My latest purchase is black grass linen which I have made up into bloomers to wear under my tramping suit at Thai Dong -

Well - now I wonder if you will call this letter an ocean breeze; I should think it was more like a typhoon into the desert, blowing horrid sand into your eyes whichever way you turn. Ah me! Wasn't the "Frivol" page of Globe Advocate a screen in the issue of April 23rd? I sat and rocked to

and for in mirthful agony when I read them - and then when I carried them upstairs and read them to the girls, we all simply roared and looked over them. They are the funniest "funnies" I have seen for a long time -

Do you know the story of the traveling evangelist, who was in the habit of calling his congregation "Dear Souls". When in Edinburgh it was "Dear Edinburgh souls", in Dublin, "Dear Dublin Souls", and so he didn't stop to think how it sounded when he got to Cork, and began "Dear Cork Souls"!

You see before you the reason why I haven't written to the Bridgewater girls today - as I surely meant to. Through my letter to them I want to tell you about a nice prayer-meeting we had the other night, and about our Children's Day exercises in the Sunday School.

I must close - though I feel as though I could keep on forever - This is the best to a talk after all, I guess - isn't it?

Very much love to you all -

Abbie

Swanton, China.

July 6, 1919

Dear Home Folks:

Whew! This has been a hot week, if ever

there was hot weather any time, any where. Wednesday and Thursday we simply sizzled and dripped and took baths - fanned and fanned and gasped, and then dripped and sizzled some more, and so on round and round continuously. A party was planned for the children on the Fourth, and we all thought of course we could have it on the lawn.

But Friday dawned cooler, and gray and drizzly withal. Too bad about the party, but the change in the weather saved our lives. And we had the party just the same, up on Waters' veranda, and had a splendid time.

And just let me add, by the way, that this has been a hot week in more ways than one. I think I wrote that Reference Committee was to meet. It has met, all right! One of the principal matters of business was the East Hill house - building operations ought to commence this summer, whereas the plans for the house were still in the air. Plans drawn up and presented by the women all were too expensive or had some other features that could not be accepted by the men, and, on the other hand, the plans that the men presented could not be agreed upon by all the ladies. That poor building and property committee had extra sessions, and long ones, and racked its brains - for the men were determined to have things their way - but the ladies would not give in, and so the matter was blocked. The chief point of difference lay in getting air enough into the two inner bedrooms - and some remarks were made that made me gasp - others which made me shiver. You see the trouble is on account of expense - The house to be built is for four single ladies - and as you have

had a chance to go on from what I've told you about the way
we have to take baths, and string up soaping wet clothes to
dry, to fear they will mildew before they can be washed -
as ^{you have had} a chance to guess ~~each~~ each one needs his own bathroom.
Enough of that.

Numerous plans were drawn and rejected - finally
the men drew up a plan that ought to satisfy as
they thought.



But the plan didn't take away
the trouble about air for these inner
bedrooms - Especially since the
plan was for the house to face west.
The prevailing wind is east - and

that would mean the air that the bedrooms would
get would be through the bathrooms only. Well -
with bathroom conveniences such as they are out
here, much of the time it would be most
unpleasant to have the principal ventilation there.

Mr. Page says if the bathrooms were properly taken
care of, the air would be pure and sweet all
night long - Well - maybe he can see to that when
it's his bathroom - But not everyone's private performances
can be timed to go off just at a certain time by the
clock - Moreover - he doesn't mind sleeping in that
sort of a bedroom - when a good ^{many} people might. But you
can't tell him that to his face. He was remonstrating
with Miss Culley because she insisted that a
passage way be made from the inner bedrooms out
to the bathroom veranda - so that some of its air
could come through it. And he said - "Well soaping
the air does come through the bathroom - its your
own commode." Miss Culley was disgusted enough
at that - and would say no more to him.

We wonder if the odor from one's own commode
couldn't perhaps be just as distasteful - and
unhealthy, too - as from any body's else?

Well - we were called in to meet the committee -
and the time I gasped was when Mr. Page made

this remark.

"Well, it seems to me then, if you are going to insist on having so much your own way, that some people have made a sacrifice to come out here to the mission field, and now you are determined to get paid for it, by getting a palace to live in." We can't get his mind off the dreadfully expensive figure that it is going to cost to put up a building that will be earthquake proof. We asked us if this wasn't going to be the finest building we had ever lived in - better far than anything we had known at home. I might have told him that I had lived in houses that were more airy than that - (Sadgwick for instance) - Of course - it sounds at first like a staggerer to say that the cheapest building that can be put up for four people to live in will cost \$18,000 or \$20,000 - And it wasn't so until after the earthquake. The architects all say that it is murderous, practically, to use the old fashioned pounded earth walls and soft wood floors that are both so easily ant eaten. So then after the ants get in the house becomes so weakened that it wouldnt take a big earthquake to collapse it. So the walls must be of stone (unpolished, it will be) and the floors - or one floor at least, cement reinforced with steel rods. Verandas all around seem a luxury - but everybody out here admits them to be a necessity both in case of scorching glare from the sun and in time of dreadful driving rain. I can't explain it all, but that is some of it. Finally the men said they would let the plan go through, but it must go home to the Board that they didn't want to sign their names to any such freakish plan - as the one which the ladies

insisted on. (with halls, and extra walls - and L-shaped rooms," says Mrs. Page). So this plans goes:



Tuesday July 8 - On the boat for Kitzing - on our way to Thai Long - The thread of my discourse was interrupted and I can't take it up again just now - I'm just adding this word to finish up this letter and to say that I am tickled to pieces to be getting away to the hills - Of course we are going up a little later this year and it has been hot - hot - hotter than I ever was in my life - At the present writing I have, on, besides shoes & stockings - just three garments - Outside a dress of Chinese grass cloth - which I have just finished - It is not a work of art - but it will do - It is dark blue - with a little vest collar, and cuffs which snap on and off - I made it on purpose for traveling - For cloth is very - and the woman simply couldn't get it straight so it is crooked in some places, because I simply had no time to fix it - But the collar and cuffs - I'm proud of them - You make me think - I mean, I make myself think that I

am my mother's own daughter when I look at them - nothing pretensions, but they are made from that last tailored linen waist - and have little tailored hems on the right side, with double stitching - The dark blue can't seem because the dress is washed separately from them - And the dress is trimmed with white native pearl buttons sewed on in the three cornered style - (V) (V) You've seen them that way, I'm sure - Sewed with black thread - Enough for the outer layer - the next is a pernickety little patchwork and the third is my pet combination of old, old brassiers and the umbrella bonnets that you had cut out so long - That's all! Mrs. Ashmore has just been telling about a mole which she had taken off the back of her neck - just in time - it was developing into cancer! Have you had any trouble with that one of yours? - True later - Love - Abbie.

Suwayn, China - (Tshai Long)

July 16, 1919

Dearest Beloved ones:

Your letter may have to be just a scrap of scribble this time. I don't know how much I can do in a half hour - or whether I'll be able to squeeze out a little more than a half hour during today. Yours no idea how full the days are.

The enclosed "descriptive letters" (I ought to send a copy to Gladys Paul, don't you think?) will tell you something about my trip up - but not all. I ate with the Achmores, climbing in and out of the boats each meal time. That wasn't half as bad as it sounds, since we had beautiful weather all the time. The ride up the mountain was delightful, too. Cloudy, just as it was last year - enough so that we weren't dreadfully hot coming up. We have had only one shower of rain (a tiny one) since we have been here - and that is rather remarkable for July - yesterday and the day before were simply piping hot here - I shudder to think what it must be down in Suwayn.

Well! In some ways it is far more restful here than up at the Hill House. I have a room all to myself, and when I want to sleep I can, with no one to disturb me, or if I want to prow around at 6 o'clock in the morning I'm not disturbing any one unless it be the Chinese woman who sleeps in the room under mine, and then to one she is up at 5 doing washing or ironing. But of course here I'm in a way obliged to account for every minute - That is, Mrs. Achmore wishes I didn't have to study every day, so that I could

be with her now - and when I'm not studying I'm talking with her or playing king tennis or (in the evening) linch. I hope she will do some reading aloud. I can crochet and listen - or knit, maybe - and it isn't nearly as much effort as it is to talk to her - for she is even more deaf than she was two weeks ago, it seems to me - I'm awfully sorry - for she is rebellious about her deafness and makes it hard for other people, rather than easy.

Divertless - I am thoroughly happy here - Mrs. B. is not New England, but Dr. B. is - and Mrs. B. was brought up on a farm - and somehow - I feel as they are my own people - Dr. Ashmore and you, pa, no one would think of calling alike - but he reminds me of you often by the sly little way in which he says some foolish little thing and makes it sound so witty that we just hold our sides. He can say real funny things too sometimes (same as you can!) Mrs. Ashmore hasn't such good control of her temper as you have Mother, and she says things which you wouldn't think of saying. But she plagues the life out of Dr. Ashmore about his collar that doesn't fit and how he never puts away his hat + rubbers, and how he can't find things although they are right in front of his nose - And strangely enough once it a little while she reminds me of Aunt Susie. She has curly scolding locks - and likes to gossip - maybe that's why!

Well - can't you see how refreshing it is to be in an atmosphere that reminds one of familiar things? I could laugh aloud for the joy of it!

One night Mrs. Ashmore and I ~~went~~ got to talking + she told me a lot of things I had never before known. Her life is truly like a story book. She was married once before - to Albert Lyon - and they went as missionaries to

Burma (Bhama, I think - say up in the interior). After they had been there less than five months he suddenly died - (galloping consumption) and she came back to the U.S. alone. feeling, she says, as though she had somehow betrayed her trust - for he was the most beautiful, perfect character she ever knew. Before they had gone out - at a little reception he had introduced to her his particular friend, Will Ashmore - whom he adored. When he asked her what she thought of his friend - she answered, after a little thought "why, I think it's went up and put my arms around his neck and kissed him. he wouldn't think I was bad". This from a brand new bride! And her husband said she had hit the very point of Will Ashmore's character - well - to make a long story short - she told me more or less of the details. After she had been around to speak

quite a good deal in America, and had seen more or less of W. Ashmore - the thing happened which some of the people in the mission rooms had guessed might happen - and had hoped for - namely - he had proposed and she accepted him. It is really beautiful as she tells it. The two men could never fill each others place in her life, she says - and Will is as perfect as Albert was - only Albert was ready to die, she says - She thinks Albert would have wanted his life to be happy - and although it was a very short time - and neither she nor Will at the time of their engagement felt as though they loved each other as much as they ^{could} - yet they were drawn very close by their ^{common} interests, through Albert.

This is only a sketch of it - but isn't it exciting? And Dr. Ashmore's youthful years were crowded, too - in a different way. He graduated from Brown University before he was 18 - and then became a teacher in Peabody Institute, immediately - and so on from one

high position to another - studied in Germany two or three years - and I don't know what else - until he came out to China. I greatly admire him. They are both just lovely to me.

Mrs. Ashmore says she is going to feed me up and see if I can't get a little fat on my bones - She says I looked peaked and pinched and hollow-eyed, just before I came up here - and she wants to improve me. I am looking very much rested already, she says! I certainly am sleeping a lot.

I shan't get this off until next week if I don't send it right now - So here goes,
With Love,

Abbie.

No 62.

No 63
If there is anything strong on the blank Three Long, July 22, 1919
please change it -
Dearest Beloveds:

Splendid letters today! So encouraging that in
at the top note of hope and happiness. Arthur's last letter
before this one was so blue that I couldn't help feeling a
little worried - and I was worried too about the receipt
he seemed to be taking of things in general - but along
comes this mail, bringing news that he is finding a
bit of sunshine in the world, after all! Well - no doubt
he got good and tired before the service was over for
the day - in the Navy, I mean - but still bet he didn't wear
his muscles out so that he'd have to sleep like a topfer,
as he must be doing now! He's had an abnormal
life to live, and I'm so happy to believe he's getting
back to normal again that I could stand on my
head for joy - - Almost!

In fact any time but tonight. Please don't ask
me to just now, for I climbed North Peak yesterday, and
the climb down made my knees wobbly, as usual - I'm
lame as any old Granney Dippety-hop. It was ridiculous
enough when I got up from my studying this P. M.
as the tea bell rang! But I was ready for ring
tennis when the net was put out, and although
some of the stiffness went away - yet some of it
has come back again - which I'll see to driving away
for good by a couple of games of ring tennis tomorrow.

Moth-er Fan-der-son! What do you mean
by getting so much stuff for me? It's coming so
immediately that it will seem almost like my
sending orders home for something or other and having
my commands obeyed instantly! When you know

Each was not my intention - or wish. Oh dear! I'm
lucky to be up in Thai Long in the cool, for it is well-nigh
unbearably hot down in Quator's room - (Beautiful weather
up here ever since we came) but ain't it just post-hack-
that I'll have to keep on the waiting list all summer
long 'fore I get to the contents of that box? Boo-hoo
I'm afraid it will have lost all its United Statesy smell
by the time I get down there. Honestly, you wouldn't
believe that a mere small could mean so much -
but when anything comes out from home it smells a
nice home-y - dry-goods-store-y smell - and you just want
to sit down and hug it - honest!

I'm returning the Colby slip you sent me - with required
data - all but questions nine and ten. Since you are
so particular about those two, Pa. Anderson, I've left them
for you to fill in. Shouldn't wonder if you knew more
about them than I do myself - (Hee-haw!) For pit-a-pat
that encircle the world haven't seemed to strike me very
hard yet! Mrs. Ashmore is making some baby dresses
just now, for one of the English missionaries who is
expecting a little one soon - and she said to me this
morning - "When you are going to have a baby, let me
know and I'll make a pretty dress - if I'm in the land of
the living!" She is continually encouraging me by saying
that I certainly won't stay unmarried - very long - and
that she marvels how I had the grit to come out alone,
she never would have had! But I smile the inscrutable
smile of the Sphinx - and calmly wave her on to
the next subject of conversation. Can't you see me?

She is a perfect angel to me, though - When I came back
from the tramp, she had heaps of boiling water ready - enough
for Dr. Ashmore, and for me as well. And after she had helped
Dr. A. - she came into my bathroom and poured warm

water down my back for as much as five minutes. I guess.
Oh it did feel good - and I was just beautifully cooled
off when I got out of the bath - She made a lovely tatting
edges for the collar and cuffs of my new pongee dress -
and sewed it on too, all but the last cuff - which I
insisted on sewing myself, while she read aloud Mrs. Davis
little book "My Palahad of the Trenches" (Her boy wrote beautiful
letters, but I find it a little hard to understand how she could
bring herself to make public such very personal letters.) And
she has ordered extra milk so that I can have two cups to
drink, one in the morning and one at tea-time. She's
just as thoughtful of me as can be - and is mothering me
in a way that would gladden your heart if you could but
see. She makes grotesque gestures to show the angle of
"Bill's" necktie when it is on crooked (did I ever see anyone
else make vivid realistic gesticulations and altogether revealing
such histrionic powers as have never dreamed of by its
outside world - May?) Oh - I tell you I'm having
the time of my life - It is so good to live in a
family again. Three old maids do not make a
family - not however you may try it - Now if I
change my opinion, don't twist me of it - but that is
my firm belief at present writing. I'm so glad
Mrs. Ashmore invited me here that I don't know
how to express it. And I marvel that she did
in a way - because she didn't know how I would
"fit in". She has already told me that she is
glad she doesn't have to worry about what I eat,
for I must have been brought up to eat what was
set before me. She says I don't keep picking at my
food and not eat much, the way she feared I would -
(because I'm so thin, maybe?)

I realize as I write, that I haven't told you much

about my preparation for coming to Thai Jong, in the
way of servant and teacher, etc. At least, it seems
as though I must have written some, but when I
stop to think, I can't remember that I have written
very much at all. And I'm sure there are some
questions that I haven't yet answered.

John Maxwell I remember very well - but I know him
only as I saw him at church or singing in the Colby
Glee Club - he was in the quartet, I think. I never
met him. Don't know when he married.

Please tell Miss Ufford that I very much appreciate her
thought of me. There have been times out here when I
have been absolutely sure someone had been praying
for me, and I have been helped in that way, I know
many times that I do not dream of. Do give her
my love, and to Mrs. Holchess, too. I shall look forward
to meeting them when I come home - Dr. Leach speaks
often of them both.

I didn't bring the Colby & Dartmouth banners out with me.
Glad to know about the silk - no other letter mentions
it (I mean - that you had no duty³ pay. Have you on
anything else?)

Eva Saville has taught the rural school and boarded
at home this year - saving money and getting ready
to enter Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston this
fall, to take a nurses' training - She hears from
most all the Riches boys who went to war - Holden
has been to see her - and he is "the handsomest boy she
ever laid eyes on", she says. She asks "Why don't you
ever say a word about your male friends out there?
Don't keep so quiet." (See - Law!) Augusta, Me. P. 7. is her
address.

I was able to get a boy, older brother of our cook-
for houseboy this summer - Mrs. Ashmore brought her own
cook and cooler. My teacher is an Academy boy, who
will graduate in ^{one} more year - (I must have told
that before, I guess.)

Very much love to you - including Bent -
yours always - Zebbie

No. 64. Thai Long.

July 26, 1919

My dear Ones:

Truly, it's hard to believe the time can go so fast. Every day I resolve to write some one - or begin, at least, some one of the many letters that are staring me in the face. I have a little mountain of them, as you can easily believe - I shall be getting a reproachful note from Gladys Paul or a scathing criticism from Martha Micas if I don't get a month or two to my composing spigot. I must get at that letter to the Bridgewater girls. Maybe you think such letters aren't a task at all - well, if so - please think again! I'm so glad that you sent some kind of a message to them from me - and I just hope that you have sent others!

Today is the first rainy day we have had - and that is rather marvelous for Thai Long - I am rather glad if it is going to be rainy for a while, for up until now the days I have taken off from my study are either have been spent either in going on tramps; sleeping or sitting on the veranda knitting while Mrs. Ashmore reads to me or we talk. Now, I'll not go tramping - not only on account of rain but because I'm having a little trouble with my old left foot. You remember if I got particularly tired it was always my left foot that would ache. Well - Dr. Everham has found that the anterior arch (the one that goes across the foot just behind the toes) was beginning to break down - so she has bound that up with a thick little pad right under the middle of my foot. I'm to wear this a week probably before she looks at it again - and I may have to wear similar ones for sometimes. With the pad it is not painful - and I don't say anything about it in my letters you may know it is all right - I might forget it if it got better! but I couldn't very well if it were painful all the time! Honestly - I believe it is a Godsend though - It is not to keep me off my feet - Marguerite says - but climbing

and down hill want help a much - and so maybe I'll be left in peace, and won't have to go to so many tea parties and so on - As for exercise, I can get as much in a game of of ring tennis as I could in a walk that would take me three times as long - And it is so refreshing here!

Dr. Ashmore went off on a tramp to the mines (last year toington mines - this year Bismuth) this morning - It was cloudy all morning - and began to rain not five minutes after Dr. A. reached home - Some in the party hadn't got home - and were simply soaked. Well - Mrs. Ashmore and I talked ourselves out. She told me heaps of things about people in the mission - and we discussed from A. to Z. the topic of being good or bad missionaries - and of how many missionaries fail, because they haven't put the right thing first in their lives. I wanted to laugh at some things came out about Mabelle and Helen - Mrs. Ashmore thinks Mabelle is a person who has ideas of her own which a thousand of brick couldn't budge - and also thinks that Helen, while as much to be admired - is in some ways, is too sensitive, and too careful of what she considers her own rights. Etc. etc. And I - was in my usual role of endeavoring to be wise as a serpent - which in this case means - being innocent as a new babe!

Well! we also talked of other things - and what do you suppose she said! You'd never guess - not if you lived a million years. She said that the idea had popped into her head that now her son Frank (who is a doctor) is out of the service she was hoping he would come out to China to see her. And she thought well Miss Sanders is here and suppose he should come out and they should fall in love with each other. I laughed and said "Wouldn't that be exciting!" And she answered "I think it would be lovely to have a daughter like you" - Isn't that perfectly astounding! Well - her dear son Frankie can't come out after all - because he has to stay on

call for two years - I don't think he is the kind of person I could possibly fall in love with - thought of course his nice and has a fine father & mother - From what I hear he is a model - and that would be too much for me!

Then besides

(And just think how embarrassed I'll be if I ever do meet him.)

I'm enclosing the four snapshots that Helen got at Pung Khoi - in which I'm not exceedingly handsome - (In fact I hope nobody will show them to a prospective suitor - for my heart and hand, before he has ever seen me - think what a "drawback" at the beginning of my career that would be!)

Before this morning Sam. C. was talking about some of the missionaries & said "Benny Wellwood won't be in the mission long" - most significantly - so I said "What about me?" - He laughed and said - "Oh I hope the right man will come along and ask you to marry him - and you'd be a fool if you didn't! I'd be awfully sorry for the girls' school if you should - but I'd be horribly glad for you!"

Pa - aren't you afraid your dutiful sister will get dangerous ideas into her head? Don't bristle too fiercely, though - No harm may result!

I have meant to tell you that Mrs. Lewis has gone to Kuling for the summer, and in the fall they will all 7 children and all, have to go home to America. Dr. Leach took her up as she was going to Shanghai anyway. There is not the slightest possibility of their ever coming back - and aside from being a great pity in itself, it means immeasurable loss to our mission, for they were both splendid workers.

Did I tell you that Miss Penn did come but was in Swatow only about a half hour - and I didn't see her at all? Poor Marguerite might have been saved all that trouble if she had only known!

Today the mail came up - but I didn't have any - Couldn't expect any thought after the splendid ones I had last Tuesday -

Dr. Everham, now out as she is, brought her teacher up with her for a month - and expected to take her examination at the end of it. But she is more worn than she realized - and is having a hard time of it. Dr. Ashmore very kindly advised her to take a week off and absolutely rest! Mrs. Ashmore took the note up there yesterday! and Marguerite came right over to see her teacher and make the arrangement. Her teacher stays over here, with mine - in the room under the living room. She stayed to supper - and then bandaged my foot - and we had a nice talk - She is a dear.

Well - it is getting dark and I'll put the stopper in for this time -

Very much love to you -

Abbie

P.S. Sunday. Another long talk this afternoon brings out the fact that a great many of the missionaries out here heartily disapprove some of Miss Culley's way of managing things and I got a good lot of real solid advice about not bowing down to be trampled over by her. Mrs. A. says - Helen wouldn't have so much to be injured about, if she hadn't allowed herself to be injured - Ah me! She knows a heap of things that I thought no one but ~~she~~ knew!

P.S. Jim said
you'll enjoy
this book.
Letter to his
young
cousins
in 1904
and
standing
by.

4.69

PS 2nd. Hope they get all results

Mother & Anne to put 5¢ on their letter!

This whole day I have "taken off" and I'm sending you the results. It took me some time to "get going" - so I was slow in beginning - but I've done not another thing. I didn't even see five or six callers we had this P.M. Mrs. Ashmore drove 'em away - or rather kept 'em away from me - because she knew I was anxious to get these off tonight. I meant to write one to Alta and one to Mac and Ned, and get these five Bridgewater ones "off my chest" - but this is my limit. I hope you'll notice how skillfully I have done away with ~~something~~ some of my letters. In fact, I have tried to make these three answer in all nine letters. Do you think I've succeeded - And are they "all right"?

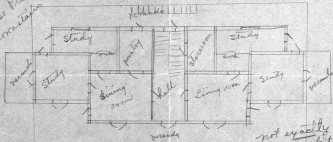
The letter to the girls is on
horrid paper - but I didn't
have time to write it all
over. Let you get the photos

mixed - I'll put down here in
black and white that the ones
numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are to go
to Mrs. Crowell + the girls - The
large one to Mrs. R. J. Kimball,
and the one of me with the trees
to Nattie. I know it is written
in the letters, but here it is again,
anyhow - If you disapprove of
the letters - rub 'em out -

This is hardly a letter but I
have to call it one anyhow -
and the other letters will tell
you some things. Snapshots of
the girls in the school I'll send
you later -

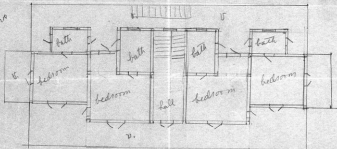
Mrs. Ashmore said tonight -
"Tell your mother I'd like to have
you for a daughter in law - or a daughter
either!" She put it stronger than
things, you see! But since she has
a half a dozen sons who are
missionaries - and the only one
she has can't even come out to
visit her, she fears the chances are
slim - Bear with me yet a little,
friends and neighbors! I know this
sounds lolly poppy - but it isn't mere
silliness after all - She really likes
me a little - and is thoroughly glad of
that! Love to your other boys -
Auntie

East Hill
House Plans
demonstration



not exactly as it
but nearly.

E. H. Home
Plans
upstairs



No. 66. Thai Long -

Aug. 4, 1919.

Dear Ones;

Just a note again
which will have to go as a letter.
I've taken today off for letter
writing and I've had an orgy
of it.

Besides the letters which I'm sending
for you to read and send on (when
you get sick of doing the stunt,
let me know, would you?). I've
begun letters to Gladys Latimer,
The Mayala and the Happies -
telling exactly the same thing
about earthquake and centipedes
that I did to Mac & Ned. and I'm
making a letter to Lottie telling it
too - I've repeated it in Ethel Helen's
letter too, you'll see.

I've also told the Happies the description
of Thai Long which I wrote Alta -
and I've begun letters to J. K. and
Gladys Paul telling about that.
Oh yes - I've written E. Savatke
about the earthquake and centipedes
too - I shall continue these themes
to other people too - I wish - wish
I had a typewriter - This
whole morning's work would have
been done in an hour if I had -
Please don't let me spend my
1000 that pa talks about for
anything else until I've bought a

good typewriter when I get home -
I must have it, and what is more
I'm going to -

The snapshots in this letter are
as follows -

To Alta - the "Baby".

To Mac + Ned - two of Pang Khor Pottery.

To you - the "Baby", "wash day" &
"weighing fish" -

I have spent ~~as much~~ ^{much} time as I
can - if they are too bad - let
me know - will you please?

Send to Arthur please, this letter
and the one to Ethel - for I told
him to send it on to her - You
~~may~~ read both if you like -

My arch support has been to them
is very much better though I
still wear the support under it
and Dr. Margwintz says I shall
be very very fortunate. If I escape
without having to get fitted to
an arch support to wear all the
time - I have been out playing
ring tennis two or three times
have walked the veranda with
Mrs. A. and been up to the Hill
House once - with no painful
results - but long tramps are
out of the question at present.

Much love

Abbie

No 67. Thos Long. Aug. 10, 19.

Dear Cousin -

Oh - oh ! The boxes have come, and I wasn't there to open 'em up all my self - ! But Mrs Culley sent a few of the things up - and there was some home smell about them even when they got here -

She says the Thermos bottle is a beauty - won't I be glad to have it ? Sorry it didn't come in time for us to bring it up here - but I'll appreciate it next Fall !

When I go out on the country trips with Miss Sallman - that I know Miss Culley won't want me to take, but that I know I ought, because Miss J. & Colmore and Mrs. Waters and some of the others say I ought to take - I can see a fight ahead already !

She sent a few little things that she thought I would want, up to me here by Mrs. Page - who came Thursday -

Hairpins - adhesive plaster, ^{rubber} toothpaste and soap - scaling wax - and aspirin & quinine - and

that lovely little little box of 2
sewing rods, also the clinical
thermometer & safety pins -

She said the packages were
in terrible condition when they
arrived - covers torn & had been
opened and jumbled up - evidently
but things seemed to be in
good condition - and all there
except one of the 2 pkg corn plaster
and the little gold pin she didn't
see - I've written down immediately
for her to look in the stockings
as I think you said you pinned
it into the stockings - She found
a nail brush which was on
neither list - and I find you
have put "I comb" in the list
you sent by letter - but not in
the list that was on the box!
I shall be able to tell you more
definitely about things when I
get down there and see for my-
self - Mabelle didn't open the
pkg. of oregania, she said -
but I will open everything when
I get down!

Oh - I should say I'd better

Not forget to say that I received
your picture. Good - and I think
it is just splendid - though
not so good for me, as the
other one. This one would
be a fine one to put in some
dignified book or paper - if you
should happen to publish an
article on "The nuisance of having
a Missionary Darter" or on
"Why I want a Ford" - (Now -
don't slap me - or poke your
old finger down my neck -
Stop it, I say!)

Maybe I couldn't almost have
wept with joy when those things
arrived safely - I'm still very
much excited about the pin -
and as for the hat and the organdie
veil - you can perhaps - knowing
my propensity for impatience -
and also - my wicked love of
finery - guess whether I am
~~anxious~~ impatient to see them! Isn't it
orful?

Go to the black stockings - Arthur
is a jewel to send them and the

pin (which you said came from
Constantinople, didn't you?)

Maybe you'd better not say anything
to him until I let you know what
Miss Calley says - I'm going to wait
before I write & thank him properly -

I love to get a new firm, self-
respecting little box of anything -
and when it contains sealing wax
that is so extravagantly pretty and
so precisely the exact thing that I
have wanted - well - it hit a
soft spot in my heart, you see!

Some people can put red
sealing wax on the lavender
envelopes - but I'm not one
that can - as perhaps you know -
and so you can understand
how I appreciate this.

Just that morning, before the pkg.
came, I had got discomfited with
the Chinese toothbrush I had -
I had washed it with soap-
water and alcohol and peroxide
three times - but it had got
sour again and I could not use
it - The bristles are coarse anyway,
and not stiff - and they keep

Coming out - & I was desperate
on two accounts - I couldn't get
blackening into my shoes by just
rubbing it on, ^{with a soft} - you are supposed
to have a brush but I didn't have
one. I was also desperately sick
of using a ~~toothbrush~~ that didn't
seem clean - So I dipped my
toothbrush into the blackening box
and - now I have a fine shoe-
brush - I had brought another
Chinese toothbrush with me - but
when I got that one from home -
you may be sure I cabaged on
to it. It gets between my teeth
and I am sure will lessen my
dentists bill (when I have to have one!)

Well I'm not going through
the best now - but you'll hear
from me as I use the things.

I haven't seen the lace samples -
but please thank the giver -
I know I shall be able to use them.

Mother - I have something to
say unto thee! In view of what
I have just been writing and the
existing circumstances - do you think

your conscience would possibly
allow you to let me send you
a box or so of writing paper (value
15 to 50¢) without your making
immediate and full payment?
And even supposing you had it
sent me this beautiful box
which I know means a shortage on
your own shoes and hats & gloves
and union suits. Tell me - wouldst
you feel absolutely guilty to find
a Chinese Brass lock or a set of
dolls clothes in the mail if
you had not paid for it?

My foreign postage wont
change my little books of two
and three cent stamps. It is as
intact as I left the steamer,
almost! But I shall find use
for them some time. And the
dollar bill would bring a little
in exchange that it would
pay to send it any way. The
bill that came in Mrs. Niles.

Things is waiting until someone
goes to America to get me
some things - or until I go myself.
I shall want to save all the

American money I get - until I
get to America. I don't suppose
anyone would think of sending
you any money for me. But if they
ever should, the thing for you to
do is keep it until I let you know
some need, or until I get home.

I think I shall ask Mr. Gibson
to send his money to you - and
then have you buy raincoat cloth
to send me. I'll tell you about
that later, though.

I thought I had mentioned what
your silk cost - but I'm not sure -
It sounds extravagant - \$7.00 ^(a little more) Mex
but you can tell people it cost me
about \$15.00 gold - Though if you
sent out money six dollars would
not be enough to pay for it. That's
because the missionary society fund
gives us double Mex. for 100 gold each.

The little Japanese card case -
I haven't the figures here - and
don't remember at all what it
cost. I haven't any opportunity to
get things like that now when
the feeling against the Japs is
so strong, especially - and they
would be more expensive anyhow.

For Stacy wanted me to get her 3.
some embroidery - and I haven't
been able to find a thing - So at
last I wrote to Mabel Bouell -
She gets things up there in the
interior, much less expense (about
 $\frac{2}{3}$ less) than we can - and she can
get things that we can't. Sometime
before Christmas I'm going to have
her get me some things and I
want to send you some - I shan't
go in very deep though - I want
to send some drawn work not
that the box is off - and am
wondering whether you would
rather have centerpieces, or collars
or runners, or waist - or what -
Tray clothes maybe? but not coat
covers? or petticoats?

I have had to pay nothing on
any of the packages I have
received -

I had to laugh a crooked little
laugh when you said that your
blue plaid robe was the best you
had - Because mine is such
a sight - I have strongly contemplated
dipping it in a little blue dye if I
can get the kind you don't have

To Boil - The black lines have
faded some what - and the blue
all out - and it is a dirty looking
disreputable article - I had a
good lot of wear out of it though.
As I've observed before - clothes
get much harder wear - out here -
and it is partly the sun's fault -
not wholly mine - that there is
such a big difference between
your dress and mine at the
present time! (Honest pa!)

(The reason the silk cost so much
is because this isn't the place to
get it - Swatow is not a silk
center at all. Before I come home
I want to get a very heavy silk
for a suit (not taffeta - I was like
poplin, maybe). If I do I shall
have to send to Hanchow or some
other such place or wait till I
go some where on my summer
vacation) where I can get things.
I don't know any missionaries
at those places and wouldn't
want to bother them.)

Did I tell you when I first
came - that Dr. Ashmore's mother
was a Sanderson? I hadn't forgotten
all about it - for he reminded me
of it this last week - and said

that he had mentioned the fact when I first came - His mother, Martha Sanderson (Ashmore) was the daughter of Daniel Sharp Sanderson a member of the Brookline (Mass.) Baptist Church (Dr. Jifford's ch.) His grand father's brother, Amasa Sanderson - was a Baptist minister who was for years past at East Jaffrey, New Hampshire - The map tells me this place is about as far from Greenville as Peterboro, only a little farther south. And while this was all so many years before we were there, it is interesting to know. Amasa Sanderson died about the time you were born, father. The Sanderson name in that branch, has died out.

Moreover, I found out something else this A. M. Mrs. A. was speaking about Dr. Foster - and how he was just like all the other D. K. E. 's - "Will says they are all the kind that push their selves forward - they have a boasting spirit and beat every body else for boasting themselves in the limelight. I said "I have heard Father say just that same thing -" Then a moment later "My father is a D. U." "So is Will!" So I jumped up and went in to congratulate him -

"Well," he said "we have good
company - Charles Evans Hughes is a
D. D., and a Baptist; and a Brown man
I got letters yesterday; from Grace
Larimer, saying she couldn't possibly
think of being a missionary; and
from Mrs. W. C. Thomas (I haven't the
slightest remembrance of her) of the
F. B. church in Houston - who is
^(the letter addressed Mrs. Abby J. Anderson)
^(if my dear Grace got it from her sister!)
"Nothing to ask of you could write
us something about your work - I know
you are busy, we seem so far away
and we have 30 new members"
etc - etc. My letter to the churches,
Miss Prescott writes she sent to
Mrs. Shaw to be duplicated and
sent around - I do hope she
has done it. I'm going to write
as best I can - but I tell you it
is a job to keep finding more things
to write about - that are the
suitable things, I mean to put
in a missionary letter - I am
scared every time I think of it,
that I dared ask the Budgetary
girls to send anything - It seems
sort of cheeky - and I shall be
so humiliated if they don't send
anything (then to me they won't)
I pose!

Have you had any more letters 12
from one H. H. Thompson?
Speaking of gems - here's one in
a letter I had this week from
Lillian Carson - "Granny mother
myself. and all send love to you.
And as for Harvey he is away, but
you know that he thinks of you."
Don't you believe I feel pretty stuck
up about that?

I don't believe I know a bit more
about Bob's affairs than you people
do, if so much. I write him good
advice - and he writes contrary humb.
aspirations to do better - but no
information to speak of. Ask him
when he is going to write me about
his cruise - I'd rather hear about
one or two trips in detail - than
in general about it all, I believe -
But I can imagine he will be
pretty busy with college by the
time this message gets to him
so I'll hope he has done it before
now!

I must close this ridiculously
long letter and finish up some
of those I began last week.

Love to you all. - Abbie

P.S. Oh dear! We just this minute
had another earthquake - Shaking for
a long time, and jolting hard three
or four separate times. I'm just
as shaky as I can be - I never will
get used to them, so long as I live!!
I'm an awful coward I know -
but if you only knew what horrible
things they are, and how you can't
help thinking every time that maybe
the house is coming down on you!
Oh dear one! It is just horrid,
horrid!!





No 69.

Dear Long -

Monday Aug. 23, 1919.

Dear Ones:

Do you spare you can find anywhere a little complete calendar on a card this size? This one I have that fits in the writing case I.R. and the girls gave me, if no good after Dec. 31, 1919 - It had 1918 on one side - 1920 on other.

and I would like to replace it if possible - for another year at least - If it is as big as the whole outside edge, it would still be visible in the pocket - and if it is smaller than the sample - I could paste it on another back and use it - You get such lovely post cards to send me (where do you get them?) that you must be able to get calendars from the same place. Or if you see any little calendar pads such as the August one above - these would do. This one is in a pencil clip which Miss Culley gave me - all twelve months one over another - under a little transparent alaboid - Aint it coo-coo?!

Your letter about the things from North Bennington has reached me - Did you know the woman before? And how did she know about me? Its very nice - and I shall certainly be grateful enough -

In the same mail came Missions with the pictures of Miss Minnie Wood and Mr. Brewster - who are designated to Japan - Why didn't the clipping mention that - and why didn't you mention it -? Didn't you know it?

Vernelle and Olette going to Burma! I've had hints of that before - but the actual knowledge is a head-warmer - I must write to them. A letter from Miss Prescott tells me that she sent on my letters to the Abenaki churches for Mrs. Shaw to duplicate and send on - I wish I had a typewriter! If any one asks you - I'm willing to have you tell them as - too! Maybe I can save money enough to buy one and have Miss Culley ^{bring} it out when she comes back - eh?

Well. I have stopped studying, after all, and my teacher has gone back to Stratton - what with back of

examine on account of my foot, and not sitting up at all on the eye strain. Dr. Everhams said I wasn't gaining as I ought in the vacation time. My digestion was upset, and my liver sluggish. I was put on a strict diet for a week and now I have to be careful about what I eat. I only studied a month and a half, you see - instead of the two full months I planned to study. You can't imagine what a relief it is. But I'm glad I made the plan anyhow - and now the rest of the time I can spend writing letters - etc. - I am trying to knit a little light sweater from some pink yarn I got of Helen Keldin. She got it at Hockers last summer at 70¢ a ball - and I couldn't resist it when she said she decided to sell it. Knit it the loveliest shell pink? But it has been weeks without my touching it. Maybe I can do something on it now! We are always needing a light wrap - and my yellow one is too loose and evening-gown for many occasions - my green sweater too thick and my white shawl too bungling as well as too thick. I have ~~not~~ used the white shawl a great deal in the winter though - and am very glad I have it. I guess maybe I've said this before -

Marguerite passed her second exam last Tuesday - I don't know what rank - but Dr. A. said she did very well - He was quite surprised - I am very glad - and hope she will be able to get a good rest. She didn't like the character work -

My foot is very much better - I don't limp - except when I step on a conversely rounded stone - and that hurts! There is no pad under the arch now - and the only support is adhesive plaster - It is getting well fast - I'm sleeping like a top - I've been on two long tramps - but I sat in a chair a good part of the way - He had some stiff climbing to do - and it didn't hurt my foot.

These pictures were taken one afternoon on a short walk - I had hoped they would show more plainly than they do, my jacket that I made of the striped material Mabel gave me - and the raffia hat that I made. It has one wire in it (around the edge) - is lined with pongee - and trimmed with a matching ribbon which Miss Sollenau got for me in Hong Kong -

Very much love - Abbie

Aug 27, 1919

Dearest Father:

Two articles in papers that arrived last night, have at last my notice that I have been trying to take extracts from them to send to you. They are in regard to a question you asked about literary reform in China. But I hate to leave out anything - so I think I'll copy the whole, to give you a better idea of what new different - absolutely different men can write.

The first is "Returned Student and Literary Revolution - Literary and Education" by Kuo Hsing-ming, Millards Review of the Far East, Published weekly at Shanghai.

I have to thank your correspondent S. K. Hu for giving me an opportunity to say something more which I could not do in the short article you asked me to write for the Review on the subject of this silly Literary Revolution.

"Let me in the first place, point out to your correspondent that my object in quoting Shakespeare was to show that what Dr. Hu said is vigorously asserted and maintained, namely that literary or classical Chinese was not a fit or, as Dr. Hu said in his returned student-English, says, a sufficient medium for creative literary productions - was pure nonsense. In short I tried to explain to foreigners who do not know Chinese that as classical Shakespearean English is not only a fit, but also a better medium, as literary or classical Chinese also is a much better medium for creative literary productions than colloquial English or *pei hwa* Chinese. That was the point in my argument which your correspondent does not seem to understand.

Your correspondent further says, 'More vulgate English is taught throughout the world than Shakespeare'. Quite true. In the same way it is quite true that more bread and jam are consumed than roast turkey throughout the world, but it does not follow from that, that roast turkey is not as delicious as, or less nutritious than bread and jam and that we should all eat only bread and jam.

"Last of all, your correspondent complains that over 90% of the population in China are illiterate because 'literary Chinese is hard to learn'. It seems to me that instead of complaining, all of us, foreigners, militarists, politicians and especially we returned students, who are now still

affection, gold salt
in 1000

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1700

not then had known that was a solution out

character etc & large and small. But when you talk

of things in the past, my & love to me

and I think

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father-land, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

- could not, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

could not, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

giving up with 10, I was 10, I was 10

the last of the

most of it, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

not, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

the last of the

planning for the future, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

but not, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

in the future, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

take no, I was 10, I was 10, I was 10

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having such a good man here in China, should give thanks to God every day, in one line for the fact that 90% of the 400 million people in China are still illiterate. For what fancy what the result would be, if the 90% of the 400 million people were to become literate. I imagine only what a fine state of things we would have. - If here in Peking, the coolies, masons, chauffeurs, barbers, shopboys, hewers, hucksters, loafers and vagabonds, hoe games more, all became literate and wanted to take part in politics as well as the university students. It is said that recently five thousand telegrams were sent to the Chinese delegates in Paris on the Shantung question. Now calculate out the number of telegrams that would have to be sent and the amount of money it would cost to send the telegrams, if the 90% of the 400 million people in China all became literate, and wanted to be educated like us "educated students." Think again, if the 90% of the 400 million people were not only to become literate, but also to understand Yalgate English, what a boom that would be for the U. S. A. I am afraid the millionaires in America would then be in a bad fix how to find the money to subscribe for the number of three stories of U. S. A. buildings that would then be required. For one thing, if the 90% of the 400 million people were not only to become literate, but also to understand Yalgate English, we poor returned students would then have to take many backslaps. We would then not be able to say, like the French say, "do we know all our friends here." For any meeting and conferences, and in our telegrams to Paris. Let it cost you - you are the state China.

Now it seems to me that the mistake you conceived of laboring-under is that he thinks that to be literate means the same thing as to be educated. Whereas it is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, at the present moment, it seems to me to be a fact that they very literate a man is the less educated he becomes. But what is education? What does to be educated really mean? The man says, "A person who can subordinate and have mastery of character instead of merely the color of a man's skin or clothes; who is doing his duty to his parents, will exert his utmost ability, and in doing

they study it, the more they look up to with admiration.

In conclusion, I want to say that it is not with any hope to convert Drs. H. E. and men like your correspondent, F. N. Hu to my way of thinking that I have taken the trouble to write on the subject of this silly literary revolution. The reason is, because I want to appeal to serious thinking foreigners, to put the question to their consciences, whether they are doing right in acting much, even for their own interests, in encouraging so much the cultivation of the low part of vulgar English in this country. In a book, the part of the Chinese People which I have written, I said that just at this moment, when civilization is threatened with bankruptcy, the real, the most valuable asset of civilization in the world is the unsophisticated Chinese man; the real unsophisticated Chinese man is an asset of civilization because he is a person who calls the world to order, or rather to help him in order. Now, when you put vulgar English into a real Chinese man, he immediately, as can be seen from the recent student riot, becomes a 'patriot' - a noisy 'patriot' and a noisy newspaper, stalling 'patriot' is a person 'guyed' to live with, as the Scotch say.

In other words, when you have put vulgar English and the 'New Learning' into the real Chinese man he will cost the world a great deal of money and trouble to keep him in order. In short, when once the 90% of the 400 million people in China whom your correspondent calls 'illiterate' get vulgar English and 'New Learning' and modern patriotism into their hungry stomachs, what then for one thing, as I have said, foreigners in China will certainly not have such a good time of it as they are having now. Therefore, gentlemen,

Emerson says, 'our miscellaneous, popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of C. M. C. A. meeting houses to the ruin of the schools, many of these now stand alone, and the thousand fold relief societies - though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet it is a picked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.' Now before I conclude, I want to send through this Review, this, my message to the

great, in my opinion, still sound and unimpaired American people. I
across the Atlantic who have so generously and, I believe sincerely, taken
upon themselves to help reconstruct the world after the war, especially to
those whom Emerson calls the "simplest and purest minds" in America
that when they are asked to give money to "ring, rattle, & English into stone"
they will, like Emerson, have the manhood to withhold that "ricked dollar." I
ricked dollar - for recently when just after seeing the skeletons of starved
little children begging for alms before the Summer Palace, Looze Peking, I, in
company with some American tourist friends, visited the nearby Tsinghua
College established and maintained with returned Boxer indemnity money,
and saw the blue marble baths and the luxuries provided for the students
and professors. I said to my American companion, using the words of
Emerson, "I am sure God does not like your benevolence or your learning
much better than He likes your frauds and wars."

The French Montaigne says, "All other knowledge is hateful to him who
has not the science of goodness." Now when the children of poor people
around you are actually starving, to pamper young students with marble
baths and luxuries is certainly not the way to teach these students the science
of goodness; on the contrary, it will even destroy ^{their} the germ of goodness
they may have in them and make them become ethically dwarfed. I
therefore take the liberty of saying here that every dollar of the Boxer
indemnity which the generous people of America have returned to China
through its misused has become, as Emerson says, a ricked dollar. But then

as Emerson says again, 'Governments must always learn too late, that the use of dishonest agents is as ruinous for nations as for single men.' "

And thus his article ends - Did you ever read such a mess of trash in your life? I kept on reading, at first, thinking it all must be sarcasm or something. It would be funny, if it were not pathetic; ridiculous if it were not so pitiable. But I doubt not there will be an interesting article in the next Review, answering it.

Aug 31) Before I finished copying this, Dr. Ashmore went down to Hakeah and took with him his copy of the annual book "The New China" which contains the second article I spoke of. I mean to get it when I get down and send it to you. I promise you it is not like this one.

The English of Shakespeare, indeed! - A fat lot as Arthur would say, to know about it! And isn't it a mess the way he slides from one thing to another without making any definite point. Oh - I'm too disgusted to say anything about it. His slurs at Y. M. C. B. and foolish idiocies about education are just ridiculous - You may wonder why I'm sending it to you - but it is too rich to keep. To think that anybody who can write English words on paper would - could possibly write such senseless stuff - It's beyond me.

You asked in our letter why the delegates wouldn't sign the League of Nations business - On account of Shantung, of course - And it wouldn't surprise me greatly if the U. S. got into war with Japan before your answer to this very

Letter gets back to me. The papers tell us that U.S. is getting worked up to the fact that Japan is taking advantage of China - and that China needs the help of some stronger nation. I hope to goodness we won't have war with Japan, but it wouldn't greatly surprise me if she should provoke us to that point. She is much like Germany in many respects, and is anxious to spread herself, of course. Do you hear much talk in America about such a war?

My foot is so much better that I took off even the adhesive plaster last night, and I'm not having any trouble with it so far. I'm enjoying very much my rest from study. I don't manage to get many letters written though Mrs. Ashmore came in the other day with her box of beads - and both of us were fascinated by making a pattern and sewing beads on my new pongee dress. I'm delighted with it now.

Just before I got your letter talking about returning to old postal rates in U. S. &c. I had sent off a big bunch of letters by Chinese post. To Gladys Lattimer, Eva Sawtelle(?) Myrtle Clark, Lucy Montgomery and some others. I thought you must get tired of having me send 'em and you have to send 'em on. But I'm only too glad if it doesn't pinch you too much.

With best and clearest love to you & Mother and Arthur.
Abbie