

**Abbie G. Sanderson Papers**

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**Series: I. Correspondence**

**Subseries: Family correspondence**

**Box / folder: 1 / 7**

**Folder label: AGS to family, from Thai Iong and Swatow, and from extended trip to countryside (81 page journal/letter begins from "The Gospel"**

**Houseboat on the River Hang)**

**Dates: 1919 Sep 5 – Dec 15**

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No 71

Suwaits, China  
(Thai Long)

Sept. 5 - 19

Dear Mother:

Will this be too  
much of a dose, I wonder?

You may be sorry you said  
you would send them on!

Here is the list of addresses &  
what pictures go with each one.

1. Gladys Paul, Eliot, Maine
2. (Enclose Edna's - & address it to  
them both, at Eliot.

(No pictures.

3. Miss Alice Shaw,

Nala House, Batavia,

6 Garland St, Boston

(Pictures: A. G. B. & F. H. S. & Culley

girl weighing cakes

Thai Long "maid" (child)

4. Mrs. L. A. Rogers

North Jay, Maine

(Pictures: Branch Street in

Thai Long with A. G. B.

Pang Khoi Hai, Siam

Culley Field and A. G. B.

5. Miss Fannie Prescott, N. A. B. F. M. S.

First City, Boston.

(Pictures

Thai Long St. & A. G. B.

6. Mrs. Nelson Barrett "maid" " "  
(you know her address)  
(no pictures.

7. Mrs. C. J. Paulson (Helen Plume) 2.  
5 Brooks Ave.  
Arlington, Mass.  
(no pictures)

8. Miss Margorie A. Brown  
28 Brooks Street  
West Medford, Mass.  
(Picture of me in Ketchikan)

9. Mrs. Victor Pearson  
Anthony St.  
Seekonk, Mass  
(3 Pictures  
Carthage repairs  
Culley, Fildes. Jan 29. 98  
A. J. B. on steamer.  
(Better have this one of Hilma's  
say Return in 5 days to Fairfax.  
and then if it comes back  
send it to Montville care  
Mrs. Andrew Roseland)

10 Mrs. Dorothy N. Webb  
90 Maple St. ~~11~~  
Sanford, ~~11~~  
Maine

(no pictures)  
Please forward if necessary to  
Winthrop, Maine)  
(no pictures)

11. Mrs. Olive E. Jones.  
Minerva, N. Y.  
(1 picture of party out  
walking at Thir Long)

12. Arthur J. Sanderson -  
What do you know  
about this for a list?

3.  
I borrowed Miss Traver's  
typewriter (she went down  
today and offered to lend it to  
me) and almost in the  
time it would take to write  
one letter long hand (copy it, I  
mean), I wrote the most of  
five, all alike (with carbon paper).  
These three I have finished up,  
and will send the other two  
along next week - I repeat - I'm  
going to have a typewriter  
before long!

I'm afraid you will notice  
a slight (!) carelessness about  
these letters, but I'm getting  
desperate, and the time is  
getting short, and - why not?  
~~Most of these folks never see~~  
~~each other~~ and there is  
excuse enough for me if they  
do, anywhere.

I have some more pictures  
to send you, but I'll wait  
till a less bulky letter to  
put them in -  
Very much love to you all,  
Abbie.



No. 72.

Thurs Day  
Sept. 9, 1919

Dear Mother:

Now do you think a  
typewriter would be a good  
thing for me to have? And do  
you think it is all right for  
me to mention that fact in  
each one of my letters? I  
have done it you see.

It seems like a great man  
of practically nothing that  
I have written. But I am  
just sick tired of writing letters.  
I have reduced my number  
(at the beginning of the summer)  
to seventeen, and several  
of those I shall get off until  
later - I am much more tired to  
get those other ten out of  
the way tomorrow. But I  
just ~~know~~ I can't. I am  
worn thread bare of brains  
and can't think of any  
more things to write.  
Aint it ~~so~~?

I will write a list of the

addresses for these letters:  
(Please don't worry - this deluge  
won't last forever - I'm all  
run out any way, and Mrs.  
Achewer is very anxious for me  
to hurry up and finish my  
letter writing so that I can  
completely rest from it this  
remaining week in June).

- 1) H. H. Garvin
- 2) Mrs H. E. Thomas  
Woulton, Pa.
- 3) Mr. R. F. Giberson  
Presque Isle, Pa.
- 4) Harriet Sanderson
- 5) Marion Garvin
- 6) Mrs. Charles F. Prescott, Cuddehill
- 7) Geo H. Yeaton
- 8) Mrs. Edw. Burlingame  
Charlton, Mass.
- 9) Mrs. Robert E. Owen  
Vassalboro, Me.

I know you will be glad  
to correct any errors or omissions  
that you see - and will  
understand why I don't  
stop to typeset a whole  
page over when I make some

mistakes. Moreover - I have  
told every body that I was  
just learning, and that is  
a good way to emphasize  
the fact that I need a  
typewriter - to let 'em know  
I'm just tired enough so I  
don't care a great deal  
whether there are mistakes  
or not!

Come now - for all don't  
you think I've read off  
these letters pretty well, even  
though there isn't so  
much to them? I need  
a little encouragement -  
honest I do!

G.K. has written that she  
wants to interest the people  
in her church to give \$25  
or \$50 dollars for something  
in China. I don't say my  
typewriter - because the  
people don't know me, and  
that isn't a Chinese thing  
any way. And they are  
Congregationalists. -  
Wish I did here!

Love to you all -  
Abbie.

Swatow, China  
No 73. This <sup>2nd</sup> Sept 10, 1919

Dear Mother:

Another letter - and  
this the last for a while. I don't  
you will do? I'm afraid I'm  
getting skimpier - But letters  
to Board folks should always  
be short, they say - and so I  
have made 'em so!

The room is all upset - I  
have three trunks or baskets  
packed ready to go - and shall  
first of all work to pack  
up the trunk one - I've been  
getting the tapestry off my  
chest this morning so I could  
pack the machine and have  
time to rest this afternoon.

I've as good as moved -  
I'm to be at the end  
of the lovely summer -  
and yet I'm anxious to get  
to studying again -

I wish you could write  
a little note to Mrs. Calmore

saying that to have your most  
deeply beloved daughter so well  
treated means much to you -  
and so forth and so on - If it  
would be too much of a worry -  
just forget that I said it and  
don't try to do it - I don't  
know that it would make a  
great deal of difference - and yet  
I'm sure she would be immensely  
pleased -

She has certainly given me the  
things to eat that I have needed  
I have had milk to drink -  
and simple food - regular hours -  
the one thing lacking was exercise  
and that thing she couldn't  
help, of course - Oh yes - if you  
write - be sure and say something  
of how I enjoyed watching my  
outs against her in the game  
of "Halma" which she taught  
me to play - It is something  
like ~~Halma~~ checkers - only much  
more fascinating - and I have

got so I can beat her sometimes  
now -

Oh she is very different from  
you in many ways - yet I am  
sure you would like her -

It has been splendid to talk  
with Dr. Ashmore, too - and get  
a man's viewpoint of some  
things. He hasn't stirred me  
up to anarchistic things at all -  
but just has made me feel  
that I must not let anyone  
working with me even though  
over me in a way - run me  
to the extent of making me  
violate what my conscience  
thinks is right.

I have tried to keep my mouth  
shut - and Dr. Ashmore has  
been very discreet about saying  
things about people - yet I  
have found out that there  
are some people who go too  
far" as he puts it, in demanding

things for their own special work when they are more needed elsewhere - He didn't say how exactly - but I know what he meant, and you can guess who he meant!

Swatow (really  
Swatow again)

Sunday the 21st

All this time since I arrived - without getting these letters off to you - we had a splendid trip down, and a letter from you and dad waiting for me - splendid ones - when I got here.

I've been getting my floor put down and sunning all the things I owned. It proved a poor plan to leave the floor up - because every thing was so wet. And that rice hat you sent was put into the drawer of my wardrobe, and got all mildewed on one side of the trim. Isn't that a shame? But I've been able

To get the most of it out with  
Lemon juice and its on the right  
side just where the trimming  
will be.

I'm going to save it for spring.

It's a very becoming shape, I think  
though Mrs. Ashmun says she  
would like it better if it  
didn't have that little turn  
up on the side. I like that,  
though. It will be very very  
useful. I'm also going to save  
that dainty dainty goods for spring  
too! You have the best good  
sense, Mother. When your  
letter said lavender, I couldn't  
even visualize the thing you  
had bought at all. The only  
thing I could see in my  
mind was a piece of goods  
someone here had, to sell, a  
little while ago - with plump  
little lavender and plum colored  
apples fairly staring at you  
from the cloth. Yet I knew



that was not the kind you would  
send! Moreover - its not merely  
that those delicate little flowers  
are so pretty, and exactly what  
I like - for alas! I know from  
experience that they will be  
faded and gone in one season  
out here probably. But the  
crossbar of the back ground makes  
such a pretty dimity-like goods its  
itself - that I can hope after the  
flowers are faded that if the  
dress is made right I shall have  
a pretty white dress - And that  
is a good plan, I know - for the  
dress I had on - lace cloth - is  
pure white now - & I'm wearing  
with it a girdle made of the  
pink quilt mill satin!

Well - I have spent a little  
time that I might have been  
writing to you - glancing over  
the things you sent - Confidentially  
let me whisper that the lace  
patterns were some of their old  
ones - but you must be sure to

tell the ones who sent them  
that I very much appreciate  
them - and hope they will  
send more as they can -

At first I could not bear  
the thought of telling you that  
the one layer of the glass bottle  
of that lovely Thermos was  
smashed to smithereens! Isn't  
it awful - Miss Culley looked  
inside and the inside layer  
was all right, so she thought  
in spite of rattling she heard  
inside that it was all right.

But I have just heard that one  
store in Swanton has just brought  
in - not Thermos Bottles - (though  
others may have them at high prices)  
but bottles for replacing Thermos  
jars - so though I hate like  
sick to tell you, yet - I know  
you would rather know - and  
it's not so hope less as it might  
be if I can get a bottle for it.

They say it should have been packed in a wooden box, with more excelsior - I didn't dream they were such fragile things, did you? They are made of two layers of very thin glass, with the vacuum between - So I still have the inside layer - which would hold liquid I suppose - but would not keep it hot or cold at all - Isn't it queer that didn't break too?

Dr. Arlhouse says you ought to insist upon getting tags from the post office - and then write a summarizing list (if too long to be itemized - right on the tag which should be attached to every parcel sent out of the country - On the flag Ruth Whitman sent - and on the box of candy Grace sent, were such tags - stating contents and value - This avoids opening by the

customers - Probably they don't know about the tag at Fairfax. If not - you could get them at St. Albans or Burlington P.O. I should think.

Not any thing else was broken - and if Miss Culley had known that the wardrobe was damp she wouldn't have put the things in there. The hat was the only thing that was touched with mold - except that dear aristocratic old hat box of the Crauska's that you sent them in! I was so sorry that that had to be thrown out immediately - It was simply nasty with green mold! Most people say that light wooden boxes are the most satisfactory to send things in -

Now have the things I sent reached you? - I mean the out side of the parcels - you told about the wood

carvings being broken, but the other things though they were not injured - were they well done up when they reached you?

You always do pack things as well that I'm sure they couldn't have been in such condition as Miss Cubley tells about unless they had been opened.

I am beginning to take up my new duties. Yesterday I went over the three buildings in which our girls are housed and counted the number of beds and found out how many new ones can be put in. I think we shall have nearly room enough, by crowding. About twenty girls have registered already - and there may be more to come.

Miss Ang and I will have charge of the choosing of beds at the opening of school and of the distribution of work that the girls all have a share in. I can see that it won't be as easy as it might be - because while

she will really have charge - yet it has to be worked so as to appear that I have the head charge of the boarding department. It will take more time than I'll want to spend from my study, I'm afraid.

Beginning to-morrow, I study from 8.30 to 10.30 with Mrs Pi Ché, the teacher I had before, then from 10.30 on I have with Miss Ang over at school - arranging school affairs when it is necessary and studying for the exam when I don't have school affairs. From two to four P. M. I shall have with Hing Shu-se<sup>n</sup> nié as before - I am very much afraid I shall not be able to take my examination within a month, as I had hoped. I shall not try to force it, though, for I would rather get what I get and get it solidly, than to do it poorly and be all upset over a poor examination. The work is much harder this term, anyway, and I really can't hope for another "Excellent" - I fear - I shall try to do the best I can though - and please don't be too

disappointed if I don't get such a good mark.

To-morrow with Miss Ang I am to begin preparing my little speech to the girls on opening day (Wednesday) telling them about my hours to see them - and their work in the dormitories, etc. I shall be scared to death to get up and talk, actually, in Chinese - before all those hundred girls - It's appalling, to think of!

Did I tell you that I took my turn <sup>all summer</sup> praying in Chinese, at morning worship. That was very hard to do, before Dr. Ashmore! Harder even than it was to make explanatory comments on the scripture reading (I led the worship after Dr. Ashmore came down to Swanton)

Mrs. Ashmore is charging me only a dollar a day for board, which is less expensive than last summer - and I'm sure didn't pay for the things we had - she wouldn't have it otherwise - thank.

it otherwise, and since I know they are abundantly able to do whatever they want to - I am glad the expense is small for me. So I can tell you I am about as close for money as I ever hope to be.

I'm afraid I shall not be able to send any home - this year. I have found out that it isn't considered honorable to send home drafts from here, any way - because that is "earning money" on the Board -

For instance, if I want you to have \$25 - I should send to the Board and have them send you that amount, which would cost them only \$25. However, if I let them send that \$25 out here, it costs them nearly twice that amount, since exchange is so low - and I have left the \$20. or so which I have "earned off them". Do you see?

In a way I think we ought to have the whole say of how we can do with our money, and yet



It has ~~to~~ be money out of the  
Board's pocket or out of ours - and  
I suppose they would consider that  
if we bought drafts that way that  
we would be managing to get more  
than the correct amount out of our  
salaries. Kind of mixed, isn't it?

So don't tell anybody more than you  
have, that I sent it - for I suppose the  
Board wouldn't like it. I was  
entirely innocent when I sent it,  
though, so my conscience is clear!

Your letters were the ones about  
the foulard ("texture like a veil") dress.  
and we have shrunk over six  
"patiently looking" and "patiently unhooking"  
and the "immodest two inches" of ma's  
instep showing!

The little Constantinople pin is a  
beauty. Did he tell you whether  
he got it in a shop, or bazaar, or  
how? Very much love to you all

Abbie.

I sent a letter direct to Annie  
Cravick - because it said some  
things in it which pertained to  
my mother, and which that mother  
didn't wish to hear - Because it  
wouldn't be nice to overhear intimacies  
little confidences, don't you see? I didn't  
say anything bad about you, mother dear!

I wrote to Grace Patton and sent it  
direct because it would be foolish to  
send it to you and have to have it  
come all the way back to San Francisco  
and I wrote a letter to Grace Farnum  
and sent it direct because I thought  
she would feel better not to think  
her personal affairs were read about  
by anyone else -

Thus I finished up my list of  
letters put well, but shall have to  
write to Adella and to Mrs. Shaw  
and one or two others soon. The  
burden of that burden is off my  
shoulders for a little bit, though.

No. 74.

Suifu, China

Sept. 28, 1919

Dear Beloveds:

Well. things have been happening this week. I can tell you! So many other things have bobbed up since I got down from Tsai Song that I have forgotten to say anything about Anna Foster. She and her mother were both better when we got down here - and that same week she went up to Kitang, with Gladys Aston, our nurse, who has been taking care of her. Dr. Braugwin, the port doctor, says that Anna's lungs will not get well unless she goes home to America. Dr. Everhans and Dr. Hayworth (a lady of the presb. mission) both thought she could by going to Kuling - so Dr. Braugwin was very anxious to have further consultation with Dr. John Foster - who arrived in

Shanghai about a week ago -  
They wrote up for him to come  
down here before he went to  
Nanking (language school)  
They did not ~~know whether or~~  
not he would, but on Friday  
he came, bringing ~~John~~  
Thomas Foster with him and  
also ~~John~~ Thomas Foster - a  
sturdy lad of six months.

I hunted around the  
compound for them Friday  
night and saw the baby first.  
Then finally caught them  
just as they were coming in  
from a walk - Dr. Foster is  
down sick with dysentery now.  
as they are having a pretty  
hard time all around -

It was pretty good to see  
John and Helen - and hard  
for me to call him Dr. Foster!

I invited them over to tea  
yesterday afternoon and we  
talked Colby a good bit -

But dear me - how college

3  
Friends do grow apart after  
a few years! She hasn't kept  
in close touch with a single  
one of the same ones that I  
have - asked me if I ever  
heard anything nowadays  
about Idella Tarnum and  
Gladys Paul! Well - it isn't  
because they are my  
fraternity sisters is it?

In fact the Chi Omega  
girls have been slack  
about writing their most of  
the others! Eva Pratt did  
send me a school paper -  
but never a word since I've  
been in China has she written  
to me - so I don't even know  
whether she got the little  
crocheted bag I sent her  
Christmas, or the wood carvings!

Well - I started to say  
that the Forters are making a  
very quick trip here - They  
had to leave this morning -

(Sunday) and go to Hong Kong in order to get a boat back up the coast to Hankow so they won't be too late for language study.

It was good to see them, of course - and rather a revelation to find how ~~far~~ <sup>fast</sup> they grow apart. They are going to Shang-shai, after a year at Hankow - under the Rockefeller Foundation affair - ~~but~~ they are ~~not~~ even under our mission, you see. Our common interests all seem to be past ones!

Yesterday I received a note from Mrs. Colabel Gale - and a nice little helpful sayings booklet, which ~~she~~ <sup>I</sup> was to read and pass on if I liked. ~~Maybe~~. She said that she couldn't quite remember the faces of you and father - and didn't remember me at all but when I came home on furlough we must make up for lost time, and she

Hopes to meet me in her  
Home.. Isnt that lovely?  
It was all in her own  
Hand writing, too. She  
certainly is one who takes  
a personal ~~interest~~ <sup>interest</sup> in  
missionaries, ~~isnt she?~~ <sup>isnt she?</sup>

She asked if I remembered  
Mrs. Ratner of Montville (!)  
And went on to say that  
she ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> seriously ill,  
with ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> hope of recovery.

What a tragedy for Gladys  
and for them all! I wonder  
all about it and if it is  
a long or a short sickness -  
Presumes you know all  
about it by now - I am  
going to write Gladys just a  
little note - even before I  
find out anything further.

I do hope you opened  
Arthur's letter of Sept 25 -  
if he wasnt there - or that  
he has sent it on for you to  
read - It tells about my

getting started in the  
work at school and about  
the Lăng Thân Hằng people  
who visited me when they  
were in here at the convention.

It is very ~~funny~~ to have  
the country people come in.

In the evening I met the  
eighty year old convent  
from Buddhists and she  
said in her funny way -  
"I was hunting for the <sup>khin</sup> khin  
(tall-tall) one. But I hunted  
every where and couldn't see  
her and was afraid that I  
wouldn't see you, Koonie! You  
mustn't păng tiaw (cast away)  
us this way!"

Anna came down again  
from Kityang Saturday for the  
consultation and will probably  
go back again Tuesday. We  
don't yet <sup>know</sup> what all is to be  
done about them.

Much love to you -

Abbie





CARTE POSTALE

明信片

中國郵政總局

Mrs. E. Vanderson  
Fairfax  
Vermont

U. S. A.

San Francisco, China

Oct 6, 1897

Just to tell you that I  
will write a letter as  
soon as I get a chance.  
I took a little vacation on

Friday - (about 20) and was  
laid up Saturday - kept around  
Sunday when I should have  
written - Now I'm back in  
business again - all right

but lack the time to write a  
letter. Saturday was the  
day I meant to go Swanton  
to look for things that might  
sell. I haven't been to Swanton  
since I came down from  
Thai Long except once - and  
that was Sunday to church.  
I'm so busy keeping germs  
out of my throat that I  
haven't had time to get  
to the big city -

Mail goes now -

Love

ags

No 75 Swatow, China

Oct. 10 1919

Bless you dear loving heart, Mumie -  
That's what I say to myself when  
ever I'm looking at those scraps  
you sent of yourself. I guess  
you must have known I was  
in special need of your help  
just now - So just thought  
you would send yourself along  
to me -

Yesterday I sent to you the  
first piece of drawn work that  
I bought for you some months ago  
before I went up to Thai Long,  
a tray cloth. I shall want to  
send you more things when  
I can, and when I find out  
whether you would rather  
have collars & cuffs - table  
& sideboard things - waist, or  
what - We couldn't send  
any drawnwork at all when  
the war was on, you know -

Wesit it guess that just two  
or three days before I received

your pictures, I had had these taken to show you 12  
what my pongee dress is like. And one is a front  
the other a side pose the same as yours. Don't that  
funny. They are not very good of me and not very plain  
of the dress either - but you can see where the beaded  
designs are, and something of what the design is like.  
The beading is in two shades of rose and two of green.  
The other picture is a snapshot of the dress as it came  
from the tailor's. The blouse didn't fit at all, and  
though it doesn't look so bad in the picture as it might  
yet I couldn't wear it. So since I had goods left -  
I had the other jacket made. The first one is now  
packed away in the drawer - I shall get it out and  
fix it sometime when I have courage, ambition, etc.

But in spite of so much introduction - I haven't  
said a word to you yet about the thing that is on  
my heart.

Sunday Oct. 12.

Right there I was interrupted and haven't had another  
minute since to write. I'll plunge at once into the middle of things!  
Thursday noon I went over to Miss Dollman's house in response  
to a note from her - She was delegated by the reference  
committee as a member of the language committee  
to ask me what I was doing! It seems that because I  
had been going over to school to study an hour with  
Miss Ang some of them thought I must be teaching, and  
thought I ought not to be bound down here at  
Kadachuk - but ought to get out into the country - So  
they sent her to ask me - I said "Studying five hours a day,  
and helping a little bit with the dormitory oversight -"  
"How much are you teaching?" "Not any at all!"

My - I tell you I'm glad I wasn't teaching any -  
for if I had been - she would have reported it  
to the reference committee and they would have  
come and told me I should not! Then she told me  
that the reference Comm. had told her to express the  
opinion to me that I ought to get away and go out  
into the country. Would the responsibility at school  
keep me from it? I said I would be delighted to  
go into the country, had been planning on it, and  
could see no reason why my little responsibility should  
keep me from going. I had said no the first time she  
asked me, because it was just at the beginning of  
school, and I thought it wise to be here. Well -  
so far so good. But then she said, well - How about  
going out with me next Tuesday? (Well, to tell the  
truth I have been anxious to get my next exam off as soon  
as possible, for this term's work is mickadly long and hard.  
I think it is cruel to try to crowd so much into one  
six months and expect anybody who finds the language  
a little easier than some do, to get it into five - The  
other day I was talking with Madelle about my exam -  
and she said "Why don't you take it now?" I hope  
she didn't see how nettled I was - for I really think she  
was wholly meaning to compliment me. But from the  
last of April to the first of October isn't much more  
than five months - With one whole month out for vacation,  
that leaves four - and it exasperated me to have her  
expect me to do in four months - this hardest part - which  
no one takes in less than 6, and which a good many  
people take seven or eight for! That is pushing me just

a little too hard - But all the same you know how we humans do sometimes take pride in we can happen to do a thing quickly and well (Am I right?), so I have been planning to see if I could get my exam off in about 3 weeks more - the end of October. So much for that digression from the subject!

If I should go away for these ~~first~~ <sup>next</sup> two weeks I would be away from school the first time that the girls ask to go to <sup>(at the end of the 1st month after beginning of school, they all had 2 days once a month only)</sup> Swatow, and besides I ~~knew~~ <sup>thought</sup> Miss Culley wouldn't dream of my going away for two whole weeks at a time. I didn't think myself that I ought to, really, with the responsibility in the school. But here is the pinch. Nobody asked the language committee if I could do work in the school. and some of the folks on the language committee, Miss S. for instance - like to be consulted about things! So I didn't say much about the responsibility in the school. because I ~~knew~~ <sup>thought</sup> they thought that was a mere extra and not worth considering - in fact almost that I ought not to be doing it at all. So I simply said, I'd rather go later. but I'll talk it over with Miss Culley.

Miss Culley didn't object to anything - about going into the country - and the way I told her about things I tried not to antagonize her against my going - or against me - and guess I succeeded - You see the whole reference committee knows about the way she pushes and demands things. They have been ragged until they are sick, some of them say - and they don't like to have people set their own opinions up against that of the whole mission. They knew it might be hard for me to get away - with Miss Culley's permission, so they

set to work to make it possible for me to go without  
her consent. She didn't raise strenuous objections,  
though I can't tell you I know she was doing some  
pretty tall thinking! When I spoke about going  
next week - I knew from her first words that she  
would never approve of my leaving school so soon. She  
pretended to say that my exam. was the whole reason -  
and I know she wants me to get it off before Helen  
Fielders goes home, the last of Feb. Taking out the  
month vacation that would mean doing a year's  
work of strenuous study in nine months - I was ready  
to try my best - and hustle along - and it really  
did seem the most important thing just now - to  
get that exam off! So I went & told Miss Sallman  
that if I went on this trip I could go for only two days -  
for I felt I must get the exam over. Then I discovered  
that she was especially determined that I should go  
on this trip - just as determined that I should go, in  
fact, as Miss C. was that I should not! Then I trembled  
within me, you may be sure. You know of course - from  
things in this summer's letters, that I have expected  
this slack to come - and here it is in full force! This  
trip includes some of the most important places in the  
field - and I curely ought to have a chance to see them.  
Miss Sallman wouldn't be going again for a year, at  
least, and by that time I will be way out of sight  
in my work. Miss Culley thinks that the work right  
here is the important thing for us - and that we can

go out into the country later - any time. Mrs. Webster<sup>4</sup>  
came along while Miss Sallman & I were talking  
and her opinion was asked - "By all means go. You can  
take your exam later" - But Miss Fildes goes ~~from~~ in February.  
"What of it - your language study won't be up then - so  
don't go into the school then" - "Why, Miss C. is planning  
on it" - "Well - let her plan something else, then - this  
going into the country is just as important as getting your  
exam over. Miss C. is very strongly criticized because she  
doesn't know the Chinese people - she wouldn't go into the  
country - and she makes a good many decisions which  
the Chinese disapprove. We don't want you to make the  
same blunder."

Well, then Mrs. Ashmore came along and had some  
more to say just like the rest. I tried to tell them that  
I knew I ought to go into the country - but the question was -  
was it wise to leave my exams so that I would have  
to study after I got into my teaching? I might not have  
a good opportunity to go into this particular place - but I  
never again would have the opportunity of getting language off  
before my teaching work begins!

Of course I knew there was in reality a pitched  
battle on about the matter - and was naturally a little  
excited - But I felt as though none of them could see  
my point of view - and would feel if I stayed at home  
to study, that I was simply afraid of Miss Culley.  
And it upset me a good deal not to have any body understand  
me. Miss Culley would stand out against the whole



mission for what she thinks to be right, and as naturally she wouldn't understand why I wouldn't be willing to do the same. Moreover - she is principal and feels it her especial duty to train me to fill her place while she is gone - in the same way that she would do it. Well - that is not possible - As Mrs. Ashmore says - "You can't fill her place - couldn't if you tried - and no one wants you to." You will make your own place for yourself." So I knew Miss Culley couldn't understand my position.

Thursday night I slept but little - but after midnight just before I did arose off - I had made up my mind to talk with Dr. Ashmore - I felt that he would at least understand - and see my point of view - and if he could - then he would explain to the others and I could stay at home until after my exam - please Miss Culley - and not displease the other folks - For you know how miserable I am when there are folks around that I know have bad feelings towards me! So when I decided in the middle of the night, not to worry any more about it - but just trust the Lord to tell me - by means of my talk with Dr. Ashmore, what to do - then I went off to sleep & slept until morning. Just after breakfast I wrote asking Dr. Ashmore if I might have a few moments talk with him, any time that morning - I went over and saw him from 8.15 to 8.30 - Oh - but I do admire him! I felt almost immediately that he could see my point of view, impartially - and that he had a great deal of sympathy with me in my problem - We did not mention Miss Culley - or at least barely - but I am sure he knows the situation. Though not a word have I said about her - But - he did not agree with me - and thought I would never be sorry if I went on this trip. So one section of my

problem was solved - in a different way from the one (5)  
I had almost expected - and rather hoped - But I still had  
to tell Miss Culley and that was hardest of all - I feared  
her great disapproval - and was prepared for a possible flau-up.

She is quite capable of them - and just now especially is  
getting more and more in need of the home rest. I wonder  
how Mrs. Jones knew she needed a furl - did she say?

She does all right! So I simply told her that I had found,  
after a good plain talk with Dr. Achmore - that the mission was  
agreed I should go into the country - the oldest ones here advised  
me to go on this particular trip and the math of the whole  
situation would be on my head if I didn't take it. She didn't  
flau up but once - and only a little. She said "Not one in that  
Committee knows what it means to keep up a standard of  
a school like our girls" - and they ~~don't~~ know what it means  
to oversee an English department like ours (we are hoping to get a  
new worker for English - have cabled) but just then Miss Coleman had  
suggested for that position the Eurasian nurse girl of one of our  
community families - it was impossible, absurd) and that's one  
reason why I didn't want you to have them decide whether  
you should go into the country just this minute. I wanted  
you to decide that for yourself - it is a matter between  
yourself and God - and if you want to stay and get ready  
for your exam - do it! Then I said right off "I can't,  
that's just what I cannot do. I had too oft repeated advice  
before I came - to follow the advice of the older missionaries  
to ignore this counsel just now. For one thing - I would  
hardly dare face Miss Prescott this fall - (Have you heard  
that Miss P. is visiting the Far East now. She has already  
arrived in Japan and will be here in November. She is sent  
by the Interchurch World movement to study girls' primary &  
middle schools.) Then I went on to tell her that I

Had prayed about it, of course - and that I trusted her to understand - trusted that she knew me well enough to know I was sincere in what I had decided, and that I simply could not do otherwise. Well she couldn't say anything after that. She nodded her head that she knew I was sincere - and we said very little more about it. I know she is terribly hurt, but doesn't know of anything to do but acquiesce as gratefully as she can. She kissed me good night, as usual.

During the pros and cons she said some things which it would be wise not to let the ref. committee hear. "Oh - you don't have to do that just because the ref. comm. voted it" And she cited several cases of people who had not done what the ref. comm. voted - I said I didn't want to go against their wishes unless I had to. You see she is accustomed to have things her way, and she will have things as she wants them, regardless. And of course - what Miss Sollman wants, she rarely approves.

I have tried to find out whether she has disapproved of me in any way. I mean, I've kept my eyes and ears open! The only criticism I know I heard just yesterday. While I was gone to Hope she told Helen that if people had music lessons to give, they ought to stay at their post and give them - not go gadding off into the country. Well, before I went I asked her about the music and she said, all right. But the fact is, she was so mad because I was off with Miss Sollman and under Miss Sollman's influence, that she simply had to spit some of it out. I knew she didn't like my going very much but I felt it was policy -

Oh Lord! They say that God tempers the mind to the storm.<sup>6</sup>  
Lamb - Charles Spurgeon says, however, that ~~He~~ He does nothing  
of the sort. Instead He makes the lamb's wool grow again  
quickly so that of itself it will be able to resist the storm.  
That's the way I feel - Just grateful all the way through for  
the things that are happening to make me stronger. I do feel  
almost as though God has tempered the ~~mind~~ skin in this case -  
One reason, I'm sure, is because I have known this would  
come - and for a long time have been praying for light about it.  
that I might be wise to know what was right, and that the  
matter might somehow be settled without friction. Of course  
Miss Culley thinks that the Reference Committee voting thus  
has scared me and I don't dare do otherwise. And while  
that might perhaps be a part of the truth - yet I want to go  
out into the country - have been anxious to do it, and  
wondering how!! And you can see that the matter thus  
taken up has made it very much easier for me - hard as  
some parts of it have been.

It is very wonderful to me how this thing has brought  
God nearer to me - I have felt the need of Him so much -  
and so often that I have talked with Him more often  
than before - I know I should have far fewer little worries  
and big ones, if I could only keep close to Him! That is where  
I fail. I am sure that a good many times I have been  
shown what to do and to say - because some one else  
was praying for me. And now when your letters so often  
tell of the many times a day when you think of me -

I am still more sure. I know you'll not cease to do so!  
This verse has been appealing to me with a new meaning  
for me in it: "Except the Lord build the city, they  
labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city,  
the watchmen waketh but in vain." It has seemed to

stand out by itself these few days - almost like a note  
of warning and courage - It has come to my mind again  
and again and somehow has been a great help - For some  
how I felt helpless to "build" my city - and dependent  
utterly on the Lord to "watch" and "build" -

I must stop - it is nearly 10.30 P.M. and I have  
much to do tomorrow - We are not going until Wednesday,  
however -

Hope Father has had a good vacation trip - and that  
Arthur is well started in his studying by now - You  
may tell them both from me that I think they have  
been shamefully neglecting the darts-an-sissy of the  
family - I haven't had a letter from either of them for ages!

This topsy turvy letter is rather a mess - but I  
hope you can make some head and tail to my difficulties,  
wars, truces, perils, etc. ! And it carries to three very  
dear people my whole heart's love -

Yours own and only -

Abbie

Oct. 13, 1919

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Dearest Father -

Did you ever know of anyone quite as stupid as I? I sent you a card a week ago saying that I hadn't written because I had been laid up a bit. Then yesterday my mind was as filled up with other things that I forgot to explain. Moreover, I was as anxious to get that letter sealed up - (it better be, I guess!) that I sealed it without putting in the pictures I spoke of, or anything. So I'm beginning this letter right off to you now - and will finish it as I have opportunity.

My being sick was a funny thing. I had evidently eaten something that disagreed with me - but the throat was what bothered me. Just before dinner I went to the hospital and had Marguerite paint my throat. Of course I gagged terribly. Then I came straight back home and ate my dinner. I had just begun to study in the P.M. when I felt nauseated and so faint and dizzy that I had to stop. That night I continued the same way. Lying down I was all right, but when I sat up I got faint. The next morning I was sore all through my

back and bowels - just as I was in typhoid fever, and had a terrific backache. Medicine helped, and I stayed in bed all day. <sup>(Friday)</sup> Saturday, I was dressed, but ate very lightly - and I've been careful ever since not to eat too many kinds of things, and not too many fried things. Whatever I had eaten evidently violently disagreed with me, and the gagging upset my stomach so still more food wouldn't digest. My throat has been up and down

better and worse, ever since I came down from Thai Long.  
My digestion is all right now - and my throat much better.  
I can hardly sing one hymn through without making it  
feel bad, however - and shall have to keep up gargling.  
My arch seems to be behaving pretty well - and I hope I  
shall not hear from it again.

To tell the truth, I haven't a doubt that this  
little upset has influenced Mrs. Waters & Dr. Ashmore  
at least - in thinking it would be just as well for me  
not to exert too much strength to study - and to worry  
about my exams. Miss Tollman said the other day "Well,  
none of us are worrying about your getting the language."

Saturday I went to Swatow and got a few things to  
send you for a sale if you want them for that - if not, use  
them for presents. I'm adding a few other things that I  
have. I want to get the box off to you today if it is at all  
possible.

I am sending some silk towels which were made by a  
woman in the woman's school who is earning her way -  
I got the silk in Kitzang, but they say you can get it in  
Swatow now. The bathing was made by our own girls - to  
help pay their own tuition. The little baskets I picked up  
from a little street girl. I'm sending five fans - and two  
silver rings - one of which is to be kept for Arthur for Christmas.  
I'm also sending a necktie and a handkerchief for him. The  
necktie I got when I first came out - and have been  
wearing until he was a 'civil' again. I chose the ring  
with the "flossing" character - is the irregular setting - but if  
he likes the "squares" (oblong) one better - let him have that.  
You can show them to him - but let him think they  
are both to be sold. then keep out the one he likes best.

Or if it is easier just to tell him outright - and not wait until Christmas - no matter. ~~I'm also sending the~~  
~~the~~ I've already said tating - I don't need to say it again.

You'll want to know prices - The rate of exchange now is so nearly even that if you charge about the same as I paid it ought to be about right. (Add postage, of course.)

1. So - the value of the contents of the box I'm sending is in dollars Mex. as follows -

2 rings @ 40¢	80	90	
(2 fans with bl. chas. @ 20¢ 20 <small>(one of our girls is earning by writing the characters)</small> )	40	40	not yet ready - but have substituted a little completed bag - price 40¢.
2 black fans @ 21¢ 20	40	40	
1 ivory stick fan	40	25	
4 baskets @ 15¢	15	20	
1 hdk. silk	60	55	
1 necktie		1.25	
10 double tassels @ 15¢		1.50	
6 3/4 yds. clover tating @ 12¢		.81	
3 3/4 yds. plain ring @ 10¢		.38	
3 yds. daisy " @ 10¢		.30	
		<hr/> 7.04	

It counts up, doesn't it - ? I was intending to send \$2.11 worth, as you suggested. Now remembers - I'm sending all this to you - and if you want to have some of it go for a church sale - all right - but whatever you want is yours first. If you want more tassels mix a bit of the silk to show the colors. The tops are always those queer colors. That is the business of it!

Very much love -  
 Alice



P.S. Do tell me,  
please, how many  
days and hours it  
takes you to read  
this?

The "Gospel" Houseboat  
On the River Yang  
Anchored for the night  
near Lien Pi—

Oct. 16, 1919

Dear Quet:

Off on the country  
trip at last, and I am so  
glad. To be sure, Miss Culley  
very highly disapproves my  
going, and thinks I am a weak  
little house-pamper to do what  
other people tell me to. She  
wanted me to decide for myself  
to do what she wanted me to  
do! She is too disgusted to  
say very much, but I am afraid  
she will make remarks to  
the Chinese. She dissuaded me,  
saying that I could not  
help in the school. I have  
decided I had something  
else to do. Maybe she  
won't say that I have an un-  
comfortable feeling that she is  
all stirred up against me.  
It may be partly my imagination,  
for she doesn't say much, but

she is too silent on the matter. (2)  
If she felt all right about it  
she would say more.

Edith Traver and Miss Culley  
were talking about the Junior Sunday  
services; Miss Culley was asked to  
say about the music, and she  
said that she couldn't. Miss Traver  
said that Abbie was going to be here  
she could do it with you. Wouldn't  
you be willing to do it when Abbie  
won't. Mary and Mary Jane that  
Mary Jane answered "What!  
and do extra work - her work in  
the school while she is gone! If  
it is so important for her to be here,  
better have her stay at home and  
not go out with the country!"

Edith said "No - that wouldn't  
do at all." - Well - there is  
no use in dwelling on that any  
longer - All the same, I cannot  
help thinking about it. And the  
worries are so ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> barriers up  
between me and my closest  
fellows. It is either  
that ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> or else a barrier  
between me and all the other  
missionaries in our mission.  
But then, I think, if "The Lord  
build the city" - it will come out  
right in the end.

Mrs. Calmore was the first one to say "I shall miss you" - She said it several times - and then again today she added - "I don't see you often, but I know you are here, and I could see you any time I went over to your house" - And she said some other nice things. Peggy, of course, professes that she will know how to get along without me for two weeks - and if it should be three weeks!

Oh, how!!! Helen said today she would miss me - and Edith and Margaret each said so. They all were very much pleased that I was getting out on this trip - and I have no qualms about it being the right thing for me to do - whether it will prove a hard battle for me along some lines a little or not, I don't know.

# The night is a beautiful starlight one - and after the past few days' rain, which delayed our starting and traveling in the mission launch, it is a slightly different proposition from journeying on a Dakota river boat. We are in a large comfortable room with six windows and a door, a bed on each side (2) a

good sized table (at which we ate <sup>at</sup> supper and at which I am now writing); two chairs and an organ. A long and my big suitcase containing clothes are under my bed; Miss Folman's things are under bed. Along each side of the boat are little deep drawers, in which we have writing material, books, shoes, comb and brushes and things that we want to be right along. It is traveling in style, I can tell you! We are as snug as bugs in rugs. ~~They~~ We have just been in getting our instructions for the night, and I'm sleepy already. Though it's only eight o'clock - so I'll say goodnight - and get a good rest for a days traveling in the village of Sitka tomorrow!

Oct. 17.

If I'm not too sleepy I can tell you a little about the good visits we have had today. It is now 9 P.M. and we have just finished supper again and I was so hungry that I ate ravenously. I'm naturally rather full now! Well - now if you had been walking to and fro all day with only a light lunch at noon <sup>(It's all I can eat, though)</sup> - wouldn't you be ready to partake of a

vine piping hot meal consisting of  
scalloped corn, washed turnip,  
mealy sweet potatoes? We had  
fresh cucumbers, too, with pepper,  
and whole wheat bread and butter,  
then tea and cake, and for dessert  
fresh juicy persimmons, pungent  
retrocing purnals and delicious  
bananas that were just exactly  
what a dinner fit  
for a king? I wish you were  
here to enjoy it with us; though  
perhaps you would make  
a pig of it just as I did!  
I told Miss Collman Mother how  
fond you were of most of the  
things we had to eat. I'm not  
sure you could enjoy it to the  
utmost, though, because we are  
on a b-o-a-t and although the  
motion is very slight, yet there is  
a little - and you would be  
so sure you were going to tip  
out of one of the two big  
windows that you wouldn't know  
whether you had scalloped corn  
or ~~scalloped~~ <sup>scalloped</sup> set before you!  
# ~~Oh~~ <sup>Oh</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> though, the  
river is so quiet - and the  
boatmen pole so steadily, walking  
back and forth two on each side

of the boat; the bamboo on the  
banks are that same lovely feathery  
fringe, although now it is so  
dark outside that the banks  
are the dimmest of outlines only.

This morning we had breakfast  
soon after seven, and before 8.30  
~~we~~ had finished Chinese worship  
with the boy, the steersman, and  
the boatmen - and were soon  
travelling along. Before we got  
to the village of Sô<sup>n</sup> Pî<sup>n</sup> we  
were met by the younger of the  
two new bride women who are  
out on this trip. She would  
have started out in an hour or  
so to go to Dwatong to see  
if sickness had kept us!

Evidently the rains were not so  
hard in here as at Kakabik.

At the Sô<sup>n</sup> Pî<sup>n</sup> chapel about  
twenty children were studying in  
a room which had no opening  
except the entrance to the inner  
courtyard, and the door from the  
street! What a dark dismal  
place ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> are  
not ~~called~~ <sup>called</sup> to come and listen!

It was very nice and clean though,  
partly, perhaps, because they knew  
the kownie were coming!

The preacher, of course, is the school-teacher. Miss Soltman tried to get his wife - who has a child of six - to come in to the Woman's School to study. She seems a very nice little woman, and I hope she will be able to go. However, her husband told Miss Soltman that, as long as she would be ~~born~~ <sup>to</sup> another little child - so the prospect is rather bad!

One of the first women I saw in the chapel this morning was a ~~very~~ <sup>young</sup> little old lady, who at first glimpse reminded me of Beth Smith. Something about a getting together whole area, her interest ~~page~~ when she looked at me, and her whole pleasant smile I think! She went visiting with us all day long.

Here is an interesting story: she came to the Hospital in Kakchib, and was converted, as well as several of her slaves. But ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> she told her husband, he was greatly displeased, and scolded her and beat her. Still she persisted, in the face of many persecutions, even

had almost nothing to live on, &  
her husband went away to foreign  
parts and sent her no money  
when he found she persisted in  
worshipping God. But she prayed,  
and kept on praying. Thro.  
waters had told her that if  
~~she~~ prayed, ~~as~~ way would  
be opened, just as it was for  
the children of Israel. Just  
enough, a field of life - her  
only possession. That year yielded  
eight ~~carrels~~ carrels of rice, the field  
had ~~been~~ ~~before~~ been practically  
barren. That was her way opened  
for her! When her husband  
found she was persistent, he  
began to send her money and  
not long ago he came back to  
her. He was sick and was  
cured by medicine which a  
preacher from Swatow gave him.  
He heard the road at the same  
time and now he has become  
a Christian. The woman had  
been praying. Don't that  
make ~~you~~ ~~amazed~~ ~~of~~ the little  
faith ~~about~~ ~~me~~, the enlightened ones  
have? She is so happy that she  
told everybody along the road  
who we were, and what we  
are ~~here~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~.



are here in China for! (9)

We visited three villages in all, stopping at the Chapel for our lunch. And when we got out our nice egg sandwiches, I couldn't repress a wail of dismay - for the napkin in which they were wrapped was alive with diminutive black ants. Fortunately very few of them had reached the inside of the sandwich paper - so for all that (not the ants, but the sandwiches!)

If dirty harrid flies or other vermin had got into them, we would have been hungry, I fear, for we wouldn't dare take any risks out here in this country where people don't know there are such things as germs, and wouldn't believe it if they were told.

In the afternoon we visited and tried to encourage one woman who for some years has been a widow. When she was first widowed, she was so <sup>deeply</sup> wretchedly unhappy that she traveled about from temple to temple worshipping all the different idols. One day

she called Miss Collman  
 into her house and told her  
 she was a Christian. Miss S.  
 didn't know her, and thought  
 at first she must be a  
 Presbyterian convert, but found  
 out that she had been going  
 to our chapel for several  
 times. Miss Collman asked  
 her what had led her to be a  
 Christian, and she said, "Nobody."  
 Then the story came out. She  
 had finally decided, after  
 wrestling many weeks, that  
 there must somewhere be a  
 true God - who could give peace  
 to her miserably distressed heart.  
 So taking her two little boys  
 by the hand one day she  
 set out, with one fixed idea -  
 to find the true God. Passing  
 our chapel, she heard the  
 singing, and was drawn to  
 go in and listen. And straight  
 that first time she said  
 she didn't understand what  
 the preacher said, yet when  
 she heard the, she felt a  
 peace in her heart that  
 somehow told her she had  
 come to the right place to  
 find the true God. Just now

she has been helping in the family - and a part of the work included keeping the store open on Sunday - with this drawback - she has not been attending church as regularly as she ought. She has not been well either, and she realizes that she hasn't done ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> duty but is somewhat ~~satisfied~~ <sup>satisfied</sup>. I have a feeling that our visit and the talk there with her today will do just ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> work of good!

~~It~~ ~~must~~ ~~tell~~ ~~you~~ ~~about~~ ~~how~~ ~~we~~ ~~got~~ ~~back~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~boat~~ ~~tonight~~. We walked this morning - about a half hour, in fact, before we got any where. And we walked all through the villages and around all day - but we had a little treat at the end.

From Swatow to Tcheng Hai is the queerest little railway I ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> saw. I have seen the little cars from a ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup> in Swatow, but I have never been very ~~near~~ <sup>near</sup> one before, and of course never ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> rode in one. The native Chinese "light Government Machine". You can believe they are not very heavy when I tell you that the way empty cars are switched to make way for

Once with passengers is by being  
lifted off the track (two rails about  
two feet apart) by the motorman -  
engineer-conductor - or whatever  
you call him. There is room for four  
in each car - two seats back to back.  
And the "motorman" furnishes the power  
by pushing from behind. When  
though indeed is gathered, he jumps  
on his seat and we have a  
joyous happy coast for a little  
way. It seemed like a private  
little electric trolley - and quite  
the most rapid thing I've seen  
since I came to Chicago. Miss  
Sullivan had never ridden in  
one before - and she says she  
is sure they could beat the  
Chicago Elevated. We traveled  
nearly two miles in seven minutes.  
About halfway we met another  
car with passengers. We all  
stopped - we got out and changed,  
and then each car started off  
in the opposite direction from  
which it had been traveling -  
"Light Convenient Machine" (well  
that is certainly a good name  
for something that weight would  
fit too. I tell Miss Sullivan!  
I wish I could get a picture of  
one -  
Good night again, and sweet dreams!

Oct. 11 -

Nearly eight o'clock already and I haven't begun to tell you anything about today yet! We were late in retiring last night, so made up our minds we would go to bed early tonight. It would take ~~me~~ until long past 11 o'clock to tell you just a little about all the people I saw today - or to tell you all I know about ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>them</sup> even! But I'm ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the nodding point already. I ate a huge supper, shrimp & fish in butter, white potatoes, fresh tomatoes with good salad dressing - a little rice - whole wheat bread, tea - and for fruit part of a luscious custard apple, some pears and half of a persimmon. We see every day many little rotten boys whose stomachs are as big as all the rest of their bodies. We know that means they have reached an advanced stage. I lost Miss Sphum last night that I ~~felt~~ <sup>lost</sup> the same way that the little boy's tumour looked. And tonight the same, only

all the way up to my neck, instead  
 of just my shoulders.  
 \* Last evening Miss Collman told me  
 a good deal about Miss Siang Ché,  
 the first Christian woman in Theng  
 Hái - while we were traveling in the  
 boat towards Theng Hái. We  
 stopped during the night - and were  
 on our way again at 5.30 this  
 morning. We had a long walk into  
 the city and arriving at the  
 chapel, found that the Bible Women  
 had not come yet. They came  
 before long though, and after we  
 had seen the upstairs, and the  
 downstairs, and all the little  
 rooms of the chapel, which is a newly  
 bought and newly arranged place,  
 by the way, we went out to call  
 on Miss Shên Ché first of all.  
 A darling little girl of six who  
 is Miss Siang's daughter (by their  
 second wife in the home!) took us  
 from the chapel to her home. When  
 she is twelve years old, and is  
 coming to school -  
 then she is going to study, and  
 graduate, and be a teacher and  
 earn money - and then she will  
 buy a pretty bracelet! This a  
 sweet little lady - and I tell you  
 she is just the kind we want in school.

Miss Siang's husband heard  
 the doctrine in Swatow, and then  
 she came to the woman's school to  
 learn about it. And when she came,  
 she was a helpless little timid  
 lady - tottering about on the worst  
~~big~~ feet. The number two wife  
 came with her to wait on her  
 by ~~the door~~ and of course that  
 could not be allowed at the woman's  
 school. The little woman was  
 not used to doing anything for  
~~herself~~ and it was very hard  
 for her - but she persisted and  
 was gritty as could be. She  
 became a Christian - and the  
 summer vacation she went to  
 the hospital to have her feet  
 unbound. Of course she suffered  
 dreadfully - with the pain. She  
 was distressed on account of  
 another thing. She felt that she  
 could not tell anybody about  
 the new doctrine. She had not  
 days to - and not a woman in  
 Shanghai was a Christian. While  
 she was at the hospital, Miss  
 Do ~~was there~~ <sup>visited her</sup> every day to  
 visit her. And one day her face  
 was radiant. Miss 3. thought that  
 her feet must be easier. But no -  
 it was something else. It had been

hard enough for her to decide to go  
back to her home - the first and only  
lady of her rank to have big feet.  
But she had decided, and now  
this was the thought that had  
come to her. "I know how I can  
sell the doctrine!" she said. "I have  
no mind, and I can't talk words,  
but I will go back home if they will  
allow me about my big feet -  
and then I will tell them it is because I'm  
a Christian so I'll let my feet  
~~show~~ show the Jesus!" When she went  
back she began to have a prayer-  
meeting in her own house (I sat  
in the room today) and for several  
years they had a little school in  
that same room. One by one, slowly  
at first, she began to lead others  
to Christ. We counted in eight  
Christian homes today - and  
every one of these places were women  
whom Miss Wang had led to  
Christ or started on the way. And  
we say today the young  
woman whom she is trying  
now to lead to Jesus. She is  
the next one Miss Wang had chosen  
for her one this year for the  
"Win One More" Campaign. It  
is a joy - and a heart warmer -  
to tell you, to see results that come



through the years of work where  
in many places there seems to  
have been so little accomplished.  
Miu Liang Chi attracts me very  
much - She walked around with  
me today, on her unboiled feet -  
with barely a limp or a hitch,  
and her face is such a wholesome  
sensible happy one - It is too bad  
that there is polygamy for the family -  
but I doubt if she makes things  
unhappy even for the second wife -  
With her first child, who died  
at birth, she was dreadfully  
injured by ignorance of proper care -  
and she never could have any more  
children. She has of course seen a  
great deal of heart ache and was the  
cause of her husband's second marriage.  
The little boy whom she adopted  
when he was five years old, now  
is grown and has a wife, who  
will "care for little one" in a  
short time.

\* Well - I will tell you more  
later. Will be here tomorrow and  
Monday - and perhaps Tuesday. I'm  
sure there will be more things to  
write about than I can tell you -  
That ~~place~~ is a splendid place  
to buy things - and I want everything  
I see, of course! Today we looked  
in old garment shops - and saw  
some old Mandarin coats which  
were altogether too high priced for our

17.  
pocketbooks. In another place  
I got an old silk jacket for a  
dollar - a beauty - and I got  
some old embroidered sleeve strips  
for seven dimes. I also got a few  
bunches of little beads - which are  
to get out here - and some  
very pretty silks for tassels -  
but I couldn't get  
them. I bought a little bamboo  
rattle - a rice pounder - a  
gourd - a turtle made of baked  
mud - and a little bamboo harp  
with two strings and the same  
variety of toys in round. These  
last three mentioned I think I  
got for about three cents (full  
of them) and of course everyone  
is hand made.

We have not mixed shopping  
with our visiting - Miss Sullivan  
says she doesn't like to do that.  
We did the shopping on the way  
home. Oh how lovely just  
a wonderful experience. It is  
completely different from my going  
out the first time. This was  
country of country - and dirty!!  
This is signified town life - very  
clean - and with much higher  
ideals of living. I'm too sleepy to  
write now tonight!

Sunday Oct. 19.

(19.)

5.30 P.M. and we have been back here at the boat for an hour. I had thought several pages would be written to you by now - but we had visitors if you please. An old deaconess of our Theng hai chapel came down to the boat with her two grand children to visit us. Though it is a walk of nearly a mile. Before they had gone ~~there~~ the little school children came ~~down~~ along, followed by two old folks from the Presbyterian chapel who came to ask if they might come to the Roman's class which Mrs. Pollen is having the Bible women hold here at Theng hai. Of course she was glad to let them come.

One of the little girls was so excited; she said they ran after us, but got to the boat too late to cross with us, and the ferry man was not pleased to let them cross for they hadn't any cash. So ~~they~~ just stayed. One of ~~they~~ ~~didn't~~ she said, but the little boy didn't dare to (he was ashamed of course, when she told us on him right out before folks!) So the ferry went across once without them - and

. They stayed behind and prayed! <sup>24</sup>  
 And when the ferry came back, the  
 man was willing to let them  
 cross. Then she said, they  
 went on and lost their way. They  
 took the wrong road, and walked  
 as far as the "Khin Pāñ Chia" (Little  
 railroad) so then they stopped and  
 prayed again - out loud of course,  
~~and then~~! And they turned around  
 and came back - and found the  
 right road and here they were!  
~~When she~~ had finished - her  
 eyes shining with happiness - the  
 old deacon said, "And she is  
 from a heathen family. All her  
 people are ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> (belong to the  
 world)." She is a darling - and she  
 is ten years old by Chinese count -  
 that means eight or nine really -  
 So I told her that in two more  
 years she must surely come  
 to the girls' school in Hanoi.  
 They are not ~~allowed~~ to come until  
 they are twelve years old. - She  
 would be <sup>very</sup> glad to, of course -  
 and ~~that's~~ <sup>she's</sup> just a darling too -  
 I shall certainly hope she may  
 come, and shall pray that she  
 may be a power among the girls in

our school. She will be, too, if (21)  
she keeps on in the way she has  
started. You pray for her too, don't  
you?

Of course I am on the lookout  
all the time for possibilities for  
our school - I just can't help it.  
Yesterday as soon as we went into  
one place the woman began  
to give us her daughter! She is  
a Christian, too - or professes to  
be! Of course she didn't really  
mean that - but she wanted us  
to take her and educate her and  
pay for her board and all.

We told her she ought to be  
glad to pay out what money she  
could for her daughter's education.  
And her daughter has been talking  
and talking about it ever since.

So this morning her mother told  
her she would have to wait until  
they talked it over.  
We sent word to  
her that she could go to school  
if she would provide fifty dollars.  
The original tuition is fifty dollars  
for three years, and she is to pay -  
she says she can't pay fifty.  
I shall tell her she may come  
for forty - but I shall not promise  
to lend any and make it less in

that way. Miss Liang Ché says she is perfectly able to pay forty dollars. If we give pupils their education when they are perfectly <sup>able</sup> willing to pay for it they are never as grateful for their help as those who pay for their own or help to earn it, - and seldom make so much of themselves. They get spoiled because they think they are favored ones and don't need to work - just hold out begging hands and blessings of all sorts will naturally go with them!

They say this particular mother is "M - hian" (don't want) as I have more doubt of being able to persuade her. I do wish she might go in now to study, though - for she is an attractive girl and I sometimes feel that my getting someone to go in and study would be a little encouragement. Do you see what I mean?

Today we had a good morning service after a good Sunday School in the P.M. At the latter Miss Sullivan took the younger women and I stayed out in the older women's class with the older Bible woman - Kang Hiang Ché. The younger Bible woman, had the children's class, and

The preacher had all the men.

The Lau-I (Bible woman) had some difficulty in keeping concentrated attention, because of the groups of women who came in to see the foreign Kou-niss. They interrupted terribly, of course, and they would crowd around and stare at me and ask questions about me. The Lau-I would then try to say a word or two of the doctrine to them, and they would emphatically nod - "yes - yes - yes" to all they said - all the while staring at me with all the eyes in their head. Then somebody would come along and tell them there was another Kou-niss in the other room - so off they would go to see her. Then the Lau-I would try to take up the thread of the lesson where she had left it, and go on until some one else came in to interrupt.

Miss Sullivan told me what an interesting lesson she had with her women. She told them some of the practical things they could do in their everyday living that would show that Christianity made them different from heathen.

She took the case of the women in confinement, who are left to live or

die, whichever it be - and none (24)  
come near to help them or do anything  
for them. None of them dare for fear  
of defilement - and like superstition  
beliefs. She told them that even  
though they might not know much  
about bringing children into the  
world, yet they all could wash  
clothes, and cook rice, and help in  
such ways as that. Just then  
Mùi Liang Ché spoke up and said  
that was the way she first got  
hold of the woman she is leaving  
to Christ now, that is, she first  
interested her. She helped her three  
days and three nights when her  
little girl was born. And then  
she was - sitting on a bench just  
behind them - holding the baby.  
A pretty good example for the  
heathen women who had come in  
to listen! They were all standing  
around and shading their heads,  
"My, no! we don't dare to do that!  
Guano not!" Oh - it is truly wonderful  
the way some of these things come  
out just while you are talking!  
It is after supper now - and  
an amusing thing has just happened.  
We were sitting here writing and  
we suddenly smelled incense.



Miss Soluman immediately asked who was burning incense and the boy and the steersman out in the back of the boat said "Bô" which is the all around negative. And the four boatmen out in the front of the boat echoed "Bô" - "Yes - you are", Miss S. insisted.

"I smell it - you're burning it as I won't smell the smoke you are eating, aren't you?" And one of them admitted that he was. Pretty clever of him, she thought. He knew she would drive him off the boat if she smelled tobacco - or he burned the incense for.

And the boy and the steersman out behind just doubled up and laughed at the cute way the boatmen got around it - and these confounded after all!

My! I certainly do enjoy being out in the country - is it because I'm "far from the madding crowd" of Katchik's missionaries? I wonder?

Miss Culley wants to have somebody look after the country school - wants a woman to spend all her time practically doing just that. I have made that my plan and I will apply for the position.

Miss Soluman says I ought to spend practically all my time from

now until Chinese New Year out  
in the country. Don't I wish I could  
tell you - it is somewhat different  
from sitting like a log in my study  
all day long and trying to assimilate  
Chinese characters! I already have a  
page of new words written down that  
I never heard before, and I have heard  
them out here - and gotten them  
down - and then used them. Such  
words as convenient, satisfied,  
superstitions, wide-awake, coax,  
args, worth while. I have got  
hold of them, not just as they are  
written in a book - but as they are  
used in every day idiomatic  
Chinese talk. Oh - I may forget  
some of the characters I have learned,  
but I certainly ought to get enough  
in talking to pay up for what little  
I lose.

Today I was bewailing the fact  
to Miss So Union that most people  
had said they didn't understand  
my words on this trip than did  
in my first country trip nearly  
a year ago. She said, "But  
~~you are attempting to make~~  
~~the new - foreigner's~~  
be discouraged - just keep at it."  
And it is true that they I first  
got into my mind the whole sentence

just how I wanted to say it - (27).  
Then said it as carefully and as  
precisely as I could. Now I think a  
good deal in Chinese - and start out  
to say things whether I can or  
not. Just make a dive, so to speak,  
and if I get help up on a snag, of  
course they can't understand what  
I am not able to say! But I  
know I am progressing. And I  
understand a good deal more of  
what I hear now than I did  
then, too!

Well - It is almost ~~time~~ ~~time~~ ~~time~~  
and Miss Sullivan is at the desk  
and reading her Bible - I must  
fly if I don't want to keep her waiting  
while I'm getting ready for bed.  
Monday Oct. 21.

Just to say good night to you  
again before I crawl in tonight!  
I can't write pages and pages tonight  
because we have had a long day  
and our sleep was badly disturbed  
last night. We are both very tired  
and must get into our little beds  
as fast as we can. It is nearly  
nine already - but I have been  
spending a little time since  
supper making a patch of the  
pink lining of the collar I wore  
yesterday, for Mui Siang's lovely  
little daughter-in-law - She was

fascinated with it, and when she (24)  
found I had done that, she begged  
me to make a pattern for her. She  
hasn't done much herself, but is  
learning patterns, so I have made a  
sample of that and one other tonight.

We visited mostly in Italian  
homes today - and I hope to tell  
you tomorrow, or when we are  
traveling from here to the next place,  
about some of the very attractive  
young girls I saw - I wished  
so much for some of them to come  
to school! Healthy, too, a good  
proportion of them!

Miss Solomon is in our living room  
bathroom now - and is ~~very~~  
ready, sitting in my right hand  
taking the opportunity to get a few  
few words until she comes out  
to let me go in. There she  
comes!

Tuesday Oct 2.

Rain, rain, rain! When we  
awakened before seven this morn.  
it was apparent that today would  
be a rest day for us. It has  
drizzled all day long and we  
have been cozy and comfortable  
in the ~~house~~ <sup>house</sup>. ~~going~~ <sup>going</sup> talking  
in rainy weather. A lot of the  
question is ~~whether~~ <sup>whether</sup> the people  
wouldn't go out themselves, and  
they think you are crazy if you

what out! They don't thank you, either, (29)  
for coming to their houses in this  
muddy muddy weather!

I've got out a Bible enigma this  
morning, and then I started to  
write to you, but got only as far  
as reading it all over, when  
the boy came in to set the table  
for dinner! We were hoping that  
perhaps it would clear off this  
afternoon, but it is raining harder  
than ever now. So we can't  
attempt to go out. It is raining  
too, of course, - and I put on my  
"coat of mail" this morning, and  
brown shirt and brown skirt and  
waist. The latter is just as good  
as when it was new, I believe. I  
shall certainly have to keep the  
suit going a while longer as this  
I will have something with which  
to wear that quigham waist. Is  
your pink and gray outworn and  
yet, Mother?

We went yesterday to the home  
of the sweet little girl who waited  
us at the boat last Sunday - the one  
who prayed. As soon as I saw her  
mother I fell in love with her - her  
daughter is the image of her. I couldn't  
resist telling her that I hoped  
she would send her little girl to  
the school if possible in two  
years more. She seemed delighted  
and said she would surely remember

She said the little girl had praised (34)  
the Kon-nie so much, and had said  
so much about how fine things were  
in the boat, and how clean it was, and  
all, that she had told her to be  
careful and not exaggerate, but now  
that we had come to visit them she  
believed all the little girl said was  
true. \* Of course when they tell us,  
or they constantly do, that we have  
great love in our hearts, to come so  
far from home to teach these people  
are opening the way to heaven  
for us to tell them that our hearts  
are the same as theirs, but what  
made us come was love for our  
our hearts which made us want  
to tell them of them. This little  
woman asked me first if I had  
come to sell things; then of course  
she asked me how old I was, and  
followed that question by asking  
me if I smoked the water pipe,  
(tobacco). She was going to let it  
and treat me to a drink in this  
home as in several others. They  
asked if my hair was close up -  
and when I took my hat off they  
perceived that it was black -  
and it wasn't white, and it wasn't  
red, but it was brown - brown (gold gold  
and shining). Before we left they  
served tea in the little cups. I am

always glad the cups are small, though  
for the tea is often strong enough to  
float eggs, almost! You know I'm  
not fond of strong tea - but the stronger  
it is the more honor it means -  
so we drink it graciously! X

In another heathen home (where we  
had been <sup>very special</sup> invited) a group of women  
were interested not merely in the  
foreigners, but in what was said  
to them. One of the Bible women  
began by speaking of Adam and  
Eve - how they were created, etc. and  
how he is all powerful - to be worshipped  
worship him, etc. Then she asked  
that they pretended to worship their  
ancestors, but asked how many of  
them could name an ancestor, even  
ten generations back - and of course  
they could not. As she said  
how could they worship any one whom  
they knew nothing of? Well, they  
said the Christians were different -  
they didn't worship the ancestors at all.

Miss Sullivan then spoke up  
and told them that what some  
people say, i.e. that Christians don't  
want father and mother and don't  
show filial devotion - is not true.  
We do want a father and mother  
and our aim is to love them  
well while they are living. What  
is the use of scolding them and

mal treating them and abusing them and not loving them while they are living, - and then making a great fuss over them and worshipping them after they are dead? They saw the point of that all right, and it was an especially appealing message to the older women, who of course do want to be well treated while they are living - but after are not. &c

Mrs. Liang Chi pointed out to them that Christians do respect and honor the memory of ancestors - take care of the graves etc. - but don't worship them.

During the talk one of the women said that she always said they would be better off if they didn't have to worship idols. They had to keep spending a lot of money, and with no benefit that they could see.

At another place we saw two very attractive girls who immediately coveted for the school. We found that the older one is married. She is the daughter of a second wife. Her mother wouldn't send her to school. She sent her little adopted boy to school, however, and when he studied



at night she was right at his elbow and went over with him all that he had learned in the daytime - and wrote the characters that he had written in the daytime, Later when the mother's own daughter was sent to school, the older one did the same thing again - and kept at it diligently. The result is that she knows a good deal more now than either of the other two. I certainly hope that the younger one can come to school. It is a doubtful proposition however for her brother is probably unwilling for her to leave the house. Here in Shanghai it is a very common thing for sisters to step outside their homes when they are married. It is a conservative autocratic town in a good many ways, I can tell you!

Wednesday Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>

When we opened our eyes this morning it was to a ~~very~~ dull sky, and a drizzling rain that looked as though it would last all day. So we sat down, after morning worship, to our business of writing letters. My English teacher told me to also get ~~some~~ and gave me ~~some~~ that, but paper and carbon, too! She said she knew I would want to write about

these things to heaps of people. (34)  
So I've made four copies of a few  
of the incidents (some of them). I'm  
going to send one to Eva Saville,  
one to Idella - and there are about  
fifteen others to whom I would like  
to send the other two! For instance,  
Reverend Pierce, - Mrs. Shaw, Ruth  
Whitman, Mrs. Gilpatrick, Gladys  
Paul, - Uncle James & Uncle Sam  
and all the others! I'm going  
to write up copies of some of the  
other incidents tomorrow afternoon  
if all goes well - and then I'll  
call 'em Christmas letters. In the  
way - you folks will have to catch  
this a family Christmas letter, I  
guess! Letters will be written fast.

"I have waded through your mission  
epistle twice" only I fear he won't  
be able to get through this one more  
than once - and it will take  
him quite a while to do that!

Towards noon it began to  
clear, and Mrs. Putnam said  
she thought she would go with  
the girls. Because I had begun to  
take a little cold (I ate apples and  
figs and hyacinth roots and  
other such things) she thought  
because I was just the worst of  
my writing, she thought perhaps  
I should better stay in today,  
and thought so too.

So I did, and as a result I have four letters of three closely typewritten pages each, nearly ready to send. I have written so much now that I can't tell whether or not it is as dry as fodder. But these things as they happened appealed to me so that I think they must be interesting to other people too! We have just decided to send me for more paper and I'm going to make more copies and not date them - may be - and store them up for future use! Don't that a nice idea?

We move on to the next place tonight. We'll visit in one village a half a day then go on to another. I am still so wanting to crawl in early tonight.

Last night we played a game of Mahjong, and I beat Miss Bollman. She says it is the first time she has been beaten in ages. Then we had Muggins - the game Arthur used to call Everlasting - with black cards, and after many ups and downs when both each of us had managed to get rid of the cards two or three times I beat her on that too!

Thursday Oct 23.

Today's work brings a change in the time, and for Shanghai we could have stayed a month, and still keep on being invited into homes where the women

are disgusted with idol worship and (36,  
whose hearts were just ready to  
receive the word. Yesterday one woman  
whom Miss Sullivan visited said  
that she had thối & phũa-liêm-liêm,  
which means seen clear through the  
whole thing to the very bottom of it and  
she was through with the idols. <sup>the</sup> ~~worship~~  
one God sounded good to her and  
she roasted it with her whole heart!

Today we came to Peh-jī-ni<sup>2</sup>, a  
little village where the fields reminded  
me of Crookston, because they were  
planted in long long rows of sweet-  
potatoes. Here, of course, everything of  
the sort is done by hand. Instead  
of the city walls with the ~~stone~~ <sup>stone</sup> walls,  
the wide paved streets and big  
houses with the doors that are closed  
so you have to knock to get in,  
and have to have an introduction  
into the household, - instead of that, at  
Peh-jī-ni<sup>2</sup> we found round mud floors and  
walls, and thatched roofs. The chapel  
there is in a man's house. He built  
it and paid for it himself and of course  
he can have the management of it, &  
Miss S. says when that is the manage-  
ment, it is almost never a success.  
Outside people think it is his affair,  
and not a thing in which every one  
can have a common interest, so  
they won't copy it. ~~or have any thing to~~  
~~do with it~~. So now, instead of  
the three or four families right in the  
village whom we expected to visit, we

found absolutely none at all except the ones right there in the chapel. We visited the deacon later, but he lives in another village, and not any of them seem to have much heart in the work.

The three young women whom we saw - of the family at the chapel all have sad stories. I don't wonder that they can't do much in their village towards leading people to Christ! All three of them were in the school when Miss Wold had it, and were promising, bright girls, too. Each one of them ought to be a worth & great value right there in that village - and none of them is! One was married to a poor but fine Christian young man, who worked for his man who had the chapel (and all the land and several shops connected with it). The owner of the house had a wife but even before she died he was more intimate that he ought to be with this young girl. The wife died and before long the girl's husband died, and even before just as soon as the funeral the man took her. They were married soon - but there was a great deal of disagreement, fuss, of course. The man's father was reminding her today of the "happy man" and she said "you fellows all remember the important things."

Another of the girls was betrothed to a leather whom she stubbornly

refused to marry. Her brother was (38)  
determined she should, but she  
wouldn't. Miss Hald tried to help her  
out, - but money had been paid and  
they brother wouldn't pay back. - and  
as the Chinese say - there was a nasty  
smelling rampus over it. She didn't  
marry the man. - but was married  
instead to this supposedly Christian  
young man, who was in reality  
not at all with his heart.

The third girl is the daughter  
of the man in the chapel. Of three  
or four daughters married but she  
was, only one was married to a  
Christian - and he was worse than  
a heathen - beat her and abused  
her cruelly. - So when it came  
time for the youngest daughter to  
be married the mother thought she  
would better get a Christian husband  
if she could. - So she married a  
man into the family. He is  
supposed to "eat the cooking" - not  
that he is in the family - but it  
is a half hearted business, and  
none of them are very happy,  
I guess.

The second one I told you about  
came out to meet us this morning  
and we thought at first that her  
eyes were in bad condition - but  
it turned out that her husband  
died less than six months ago  
and she is left with three little  
children. Her eyes kept filling with  
tears

so that she could hardly talk with (89)  
us at all. Seeing Miss Sullivan  
doubtless brought back the former  
troubles back to her mind, and  
with her present troubles made  
everything seem hard to bear. She  
was still a bright girl - and might  
have done differently, Miss Sullivan  
says. But here she is - joked up  
in this little dark village for the  
rest of her days probably. I should  
think the prospect would be hard  
for girl!

There seems to be a whole  
line of bad history back of this  
"Christianity" of this village. It is  
clearly a case of "whosoever heareth  
these sayings of mine and doeth  
them not". If ever a people needed  
praying for it is the people in this  
village. Even the deacon has lost  
hope for he said in regard to getting  
another convert this year, "well -  
of course I hope but don't much  
believe I can".

If Thanghai was a heart warmer,  
Peh-jî-nî was certainly a hot heart.  
Miss Sullivan says she always  
comes away from these walks a  
headache. So that that year  
she could better have been  
spent somewhere else. If you  
write and tell anybody about  
my trip - please ask them to pray

that somehow the hearts of these (41)  
people in Peking may be stirred  
from the dreadful deep rut into  
which they seem to have fallen  
for good. And then tell me, whom  
you have asked, so that I'll have  
more hope to believe it will come  
to pass. And tell the folks you  
ask, that you are going to tell  
me they are praying - and that  
will help them not to forget to  
pray! God's answer may be that  
they have grieved the Holy Spirit  
too long - but still we can hope  
that it isn't as bad as that!

We have been sailing along  
at a great rate this P.M. and  
hope to reach Tang Ling tonight  
and plan to have a look at the  
shops to-morrow - there no sight  
on to the next place, and stop at  
Tang Ling again on the way back.

Maybe I'm not glad I brought  
that brown suit. The weather is  
so cold that I had my coat on at  
breakfast - and now as I sit here  
writing, I have my sweater on.  
Last October we had not begun  
to have such cool weather as this.  
Last night I took 2 hot-water bottles  
to bed for my feet, had an extra  
blanket under me - and a quilt  
and my steamer rug over me. And  
then I had to wrap my feet upon my  
pillows to keep them warm!



Activity Sheet 24

Friday Oct. 24  
Did you get the impression that (41).  
every body has been polite to itself to  
me on this trip? In Shanghai we  
certainly couldn't have been received  
more warmly ~~or~~ treated with greater  
courtesy. Well. I had a new experience  
today. I have remarked about it  
so much that Mrs. Collman said  
"You seem to be taken with that; I  
don't like it a bit." I must admit  
that "it struck my funny bone" and  
think it will yours! You have read  
about foreigners being called "foreign  
devils" in China, but I don't believe  
you ever read about anyone's being  
called what I was called today.

We were out shopping - and some one  
going past in the market place in "  
Yang Lung" shouted out "Red-headed Devil!  
Which also means "Red-head" - The  
steersman was with us, and of course  
that angered him. He turned around  
quick as a wink and said to the  
man "What kind of a devil are you?  
It was really too funny for words.  
Of course it isn't pleasant to  
be called a red-headed devil right to  
one's face! But then if you're heart  
isn't in it, can it? It doesn't compare  
with having it ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> ~~mouth~~ <sup>mouth</sup> the  
wishes of your closest mission workers!  
That I am not able to laugh at!

We had a nice time in the shops - (42)  
bought some silk thread for tassels -  
some gorgeous colors - and looked at  
some other things. We were sorry that  
one of the Bible women didn't do as  
Miss Sullivan had said - and had  
come on without the younger women.  
She had to go all the way back for her -  
and then travel back not only  
to Täng Leng but way up to Ká-  
Né, whither we are sailing this  
P.M. The river is wide and shallow  
here, and we have to wait for the  
tide days "go", and stay when it  
says "stay" - so we cannot wait  
for the women.

Later:

We arrived at the place as Mr.  
Lindsey would say - and Miss  
Sullivan left me in the boat  
while she went up to visit some  
old ladies whom she hadn't seen  
for a long time. I read her essays,  
and got four nice letters started.

After all got back, the Bible  
women came. We stayed today!  
had walked 18 miles today -  
more than that about us - Poor  
dear! And the youngest one  
has walked up the river  
journey!

Saturday, Oct. 25

(43)

What a day this has been! We started out early in the morning, and after visiting in the village of Nha-Dat itself and other nearby ones, came back to the chapel for our lunch, then went to two of the farther villages in the afternoon. We got back to the boat about 6.30 - as tired mortals as we ever hope to be!

But it wasn't the being tired that I minded, so much as the horrible, horrible things I saw. I have just told Miss Collman that never since I have been in China have I felt so keenly the utter vastness of the prohibition we are under. We can do so very little - and there are so many things we cannot help - so many lives that we cannot touch even! It never before seemed so bewilderingly big!

First of all, the streets were so dirty. In some places they brought chairs out into the street for us. Even there we hated to sit down and pulled our skirts up as far as we could. If we had tried to go into the houses we would have been lost in the rubbish and dirt. I rather think that when I got home tonight that I never would go down again. I washed my hands once - but they didn't feel clean - and so I actually went and scrubbed them with

carbolic soap and my nice new (40)  
nail brush. You can't imagine about  
the dirt at all. You just simply  
have to see it to know how awful  
it is in some places.

This is a famous fruit region; and  
as we walked along we were shaded  
now by broad spreading mango trees  
and now by beautiful tall olive  
trees. By the roadside were  
orange groves; the trees this year  
are loaded with fruit - and it is  
almost ripe now. We saw watermelon  
trees and carabobala, and figs, guavas  
and plums. One very large tree covered  
with the densest mass of leaves  
and the whole aspect of the country  
all sorts of foliage made the country  
seem almost like home. The sugar  
cane growing taller than my head  
might have been corn stalks as  
far as appearances were concerned.  
I'm so glad I'm country - bred instead  
of city-raised. I just naturally feel  
at home when there are big trees & fruit  
trees - around. There was one large  
banyan tree whose branches spread  
out in all directions - yards and  
yards from the trunk - so low to the  
ground that it was almost impossible  
to pass. I haven't stopped anywhere  
so much for ages as I wanted to  
climb that tree and clamber all  
around its broad, easy branches!

That was the lovely part of the day. (48)  
But right in the middle of enjoying it,  
came a thing which just weighed my  
heart down and I haven't been able  
to forget it for a minute. We were  
passing a small pond, and I barely  
noticed what I took for a tiny pig  
fallen in and drowned. First I looked  
casually at it and would have gone on,  
but I heard one of the women say - "a  
little boy child" - so we turned to see  
if it was true. The body had dyed  
and was floating face down in the  
pond. That was a very common sight.  
The woman said; This was a favorite  
place to throw babies. The woman  
said that hundreds of babies had  
been thrown into that pond. Many  
of them have been girl babies who were  
smothered when they were very young.  
They were girls; this one a boy, was  
thrown into the pond because he died  
soon after birth. The heathen people  
in this part of the country do not  
bury any babies who die under ten  
days after birth. I had seen the road  
about such things as that is bad  
enough, but when you see with your  
own eyes, it is impossible to forget.  
I remember that poor little baby  
body floating in that hideous  
ditch pond, & think of the superstitions  
and the heathen ideas that is so  
dwarfed and distorted by superstition  
that such awful things are tolerated!

Can you understand how a mother<sup>96</sup>  
who has carried her own baby under  
her heart so long, as she must, can  
throw it out and leave it to such  
a disgraceful, pitiful exposure as that?  
Oh! reading a thousand books cannot  
compare with one actual sight of  
the thing. <sup>There is just one insane asylum for</sup> All of China's 400 million! Canton.

Another terrible sight was that  
of a poor little grinning idiot boy  
of thirteen - a worse case than  
I ever saw in America. There is  
no place in China, that I saw, for  
such wretched creatures as he.

Tell another horrible thing about the  
case of a young woman in Canton.  
She was so happy to see us, when  
she was in the Roman's Hospital  
while, and knew Miss Collinson and  
Ling Hing Chai. When her baby was  
born, they noticed that her hands  
began to be misshapen - and they feared  
the worst. Mr. Bacon made the test,  
and found that she really did have  
the dread disease - Leprosy. She  
takes medicine all the time and  
has been able to keep it down to  
a stage where it is not <sup>very</sup> dangerous.  
She never had it, of course, with its  
famous forty. But she has  
been affected by it, and is  
beginning to lose her fingers.  
a beautiful girl, too. They were all  
heartbroken when they discovered  
that they would have to lose her from

The school and from the work. 47.

Her husband didn't cast her away, as most heathen men might have done. He was formerly a teacher at Kakehish in the boys' school - and he is now in another place. Of course she can't go with him to live at any chapel - on account of her disease. If she were heathen - she would doubtless be on the streets now, begging - with her three little children; but Chinese custom would never allow her to come back to her mother's home to live. Her mother, however, is a Christian, and so takes her in and gives her a room in her own house. This is ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> different has made a big difference in the status of a girl!

I saw the ancient ~~monument~~ another horrible thing, a great stone where one of a man's wives was buried alive with his dead body.

At the Cape girl's house we heard of a big scandal that is going on. Her sister-in-law (brother's wife) who has of course been living there, has found fault because her husband isn't very bright - and so her mother said words of course - and the girl began to act in a perfectly legal way - has left home, and now all sorts of things. I ~~think~~ <sup>think</sup> we shall doubtless get the girl back. Miss Soltau says so.

Do you wonder I am weary of the world the night?

Sunday Oct. 26.

(48)

Well - we have had a good day -  
Some things sad, some nauseating -  
some things funny, and others glad.  
But a good day. The thing that  
comes to me first is the picture of  
the old ladies that sat in the chapel  
between services at noon - and the  
way they talked and listened, and  
asked questions. I can't begin to  
tell you about it all. One of them  
is the old lady who owns the chapel  
and manages everything from 2 to  
7 - much as in some churches at  
home, eh? Miss Soltman said if  
Kha-ni could have a grand  
big funeral (and they would have  
for a wealthy, influential, elderly  
personage, <sup>as</sup> she) then the church  
would go ahead and make organs.  
Did ever any body make such a  
remark as that? Before, I wonder?

This old lady was much disconcerted  
when she saw me coming Saturday  
morning. She hadn't told her  
anyone was coming with Miss  
Soltman; and she wondered  
what Miss S. was having a man  
follow her around for any way.  
She didn't know him, and she  
wasn't going to speak to him.  
And she didn't either - until Miss  
Soltman told her who I was! We  
had a good laugh about it afterwards.



She had heard something about (49) planting and cultivating in America, done by machines drawn by horses, and she asked questions which led me on to tell them all about the big Crockett potato farms - where they always have big machines to do the work - and sometimes the machines are the kind that have mechanisms within themselves, so they don't need horses to drive them. And they not only plant and cultivate, but they water the plants and spray them with medicine to keep bugs off - and so cure things that has to be done even to digging the potatoes! And on & went - making them open their eyes wider to every detail I brought out. Can't you imagine me?

One dear little old woman seeing what we had for lunch - just bread - dry bread! She couldn't see the nuts in between, bread as "No rice to eat, she said, and no vegetables!" - "Oh said Mrs Solman, not even spud potatoes!" "I've heard the expression ever often this trip 'Oh no good! I eat sweet potatoes!'" Later on this old lady

was asking about eating rice - (58)  
and when I told her that when  
they ate rice, we ate bread - she  
sighed deeply - and asked "But doesn't  
it 'se' huang'?" (which means "gases  
wind". If they have a head ache - it  
is "se' huang" in their head - and if  
a toothache - "se' huang" in their tooth -  
and so on - They can hear it travel  
from one place to another, for their  
bodies, they say.) She meant just  
what she said though - did it make  
gas in my stomach? Oh it was  
funny - because she was so sure  
that it must go wrong with me  
if I should eat as much bread!  
Then I told them about my  
family - as I have told many  
groups on this trip. They thought  
to hear about the brother who left  
home for the other side of the world  
the same time I did - and surely  
they exclaimed about our "daring"  
to "go so far" and were our fathers  
and mother "happy" (pleased) to let us  
go? They also separate ourselves over  
the mother who is very taller than  
I!

The nauseating thing is, that the  
kind I can write about, I never  
suffer it to say that it sym takes  
small baby to say and then  
happens to be a boy around - well  
in China nobody worries about any  
accidents that might happen!

Maybe you don't get my meaning (5)  
well - I love Bumpy Stacy - and  
lots of nice doggies in America -  
but I can't love scavengers and  
that's what dogs are in China -  
Now - pa - that is not for you to  
tell - you mustn't say I ever wrote  
a thing like that - for I would be  
ashamed to pieces - There are heaps  
of things I don't write about though -!

Our visit in the afternoon after  
Sunday school, to a young girl who  
hasn't been to church lately -  
truly made my heart ache - For  
thing - she has lost two or three  
babies - and has just one left now -  
We could see before we had been  
there five minutes that she was  
just plain discouraged. She knew  
she ought to do differently - but she  
had got out of the habit of meeting  
with her fellow Christians, and it  
was hard to begin again. Then  
this baby at her breast wept -  
her dear little girl of six years -  
whom every one loved - was  
taken sick & died - ~~when the~~  
baby was only four days old - The  
other children had she only  
a short time before - and this  
grieved her so that she kept on  
being sick herself - and couldn't  
feed her baby properly. Then the

me to be sickened - and for five months they feared for its life. When we went in, we saw her hymn book out - and are sure that she had been reading it that day - when she knew she ought to be at church. The tears rained down her cheeks as she told us all about it - as she admitted that she hadn't done right - and that if she once began to go to church she would keep it up. I could have wept with the poor girl. She promised to go to church again. All she needed was a word of encouragement, that's all!

One of the dad things in light I have found three girls who have promised almost certainly to come down to our school at Chinese New Year - Two of them are girls who ought to be able to pay the entire six dollar tuition.

We have heard a good deal more about the likes of the family, but the "black sheep" sister, ~~who was~~ was not at home church today. ~~They~~ said she was dead - for they have had some ~~very~~ and scolding ~~in~~ in the Chapel. Did I mention the fact that the

Teacher-preacher here in Hông Tin-st, (53)  
whose wife, Hông Tin-24<sup>th</sup> niên, is my  
language teacher? He is rather  
effeminate - and lets her boss things  
(which she is perfectly able to do, I  
assure you!) but he is peacable and  
tactful - and a thorough Christian.  
I like him - and that is more than  
I can say of all of the teachers I  
meet!

Monday, Oct. 27

Another day of hard things that make  
your heart sink - mixed up, however,  
with the brighter side. This morning  
we walked from the boat, through  
Kha-mũ, and down to the  
village of Chi-hà-lam, where was  
the mother of Chũ-son, a teacher  
in the Woman's School - one of Miss  
Sullivan's "girls". She has been in the  
Woman's School herself, and in her  
home we found everything as neat  
as a pin - and perfectly clean -  
She had invited us to eat there,  
and was tickled to death to have  
us accept. She prepared meat, what  
Miss Sullivan told us we could  
eat. We had planned to visit  
the mother, then go on after  
dinner. It was so late, however,  
and we were so hungry when we  
got there - that we decided to  
rest and eat first. Miss Sullivan's

feet were so tired and aching that <sup>54</sup> she soaked them in hot water.

We had a very nice dinner of sweet potatoes (boiled - eaten in our fingers), kat-na tsuui (a delicious kind of greens), a boiled egg - and a bowl of rice - and roasted peanuts for dessert. The egg was in a sweet syrup - and I ate it in my fingers! The greens and rice I managed with chopsticks.

Before we got to the house we were met by the naughty sister-in-law that I told you about, and her mother. They followed us in and with tears and sobs related their side of the story. The girl had sent her two children - even the one whom she wanted still missing - back to her husband's household, and had to be begged and begged to take them back. She had said all sorts of evil things about her husband and mother-in-law to their faces - and had even said that Jesus didn't recognize his father and mother - so why should she - and such were things we had nothing but that "jang" (loud) noise in our ears all day long. Mrs. Robinson wouldn't sympathize with them and told them that where there was a quarrel - both sides

had some wrong - and they must be willing to confess their part of the wrong - They were much displeased - and finally - when we were leaving the village and stopped for a moment to call there - at their house - they would hardly speak to us - said we needn't come to call etc. The girl turned her back on us and the mother kept on measuring her cloth - pushing her shuttle back and forth with angry, spiteful jerks - and never for a moment stopping.

Do you think it would be wise to preach the love of Christ in a village where such people as this had named his name and called themselves Christians?

(I must stop here and tell you a thing I want to write yesterday.

The old lady who asked about the "se-huang" had a son <sup>in-law</sup> who used to be a fine fellow - but since the death of his own mother he has grown wild and reckless - got some to getting drunk and made to get his little sister to get money to spend. The poor grandmother tried to get Mrs S. to take her at a mortgage - pay

something to law for the privilege (56.  
of calling her her own - and feeding  
clothing and educating her. The  
young fellow had a bad headache  
and dizziness yesterday. He used to  
be a Christian - but when they  
told him to pray he said he would  
die first. Strangely enough - his  
younger brother, who had been  
away in foreign parts, came back  
just yesterday - we got to the house  
soon after he arrived. He is a  
Christian and a fine young man,  
so we hope that the younger  
sister may be in some way  
taken care of, now. Miss St. John  
gave the wayward one a good  
sharp scolding and some kindly  
advice - and the Lău I prayed  
long and earnestly for them all  
before we left.

My heart goes out to Lău even  
though he is a bad one; for he  
has simply found himself with  
more freedom than he knows  
how to manage. I wish he  
had the personality of a leader -  
just the sort of a kind that  
do such a good job of it when  
they are going in the right  
direction!



To come back to date in my story: (57)

Leaving Chio-ha-lam we walked down to the river and took a woe, woe boat down river. The stream up as far as this is shallow and for some years the houseboat has not been able to come up as far as Kha-mě. So when the steersman saw the water line dropping, he said we must move down stream. This morning the houseboat went down to the place where the river gets deeper, and we followed in the little boat.

The two Bille women went with us in the houseboat, and we reached Tala-ha before supper time, so they two washed up themselves and their things up to the chapel for this night.

Tuesday Feb 28

Oh, if I only had a picture of the old lady we saw first this morning! Miss Sullivan told me about the time before she was converted. They asked her if she had anything in her heart against anyone. Yes - she had. Her daughter-in-law and she had been going at each other good and solid! They told her she must confess her part of the wrong ways. "What!" she

58  
shouted. "We go to my daughter-in-law?  
Why. I'm this (holding up her thumb,  
which signifies "the big one") and she's  
that (holding up little finger, which  
means the under dog!) And for this -  
to go to that (gesture with thumb  
towards little finger) - and confess  
sin? Never! That is impossible -  
Never! Can't be done." But the next  
day she came out as happy as could  
be, and said that she had done it.  
And though her daughter only granted  
in reply - yet that was enough -

She is a spirited little old  
being - and I was amused - even  
though I must deplore the old  
spirit that is left in her. Miss  
Sollman asked herself if they got  
along with her daughter-in-law  
all right - and she was correct  
about it all right! "She scolds  
me one sentence - and I scold  
her ten!" Of course Miss Sollman  
rebuked her then - and told her it wasn't  
right - "She scolds! But I do!" Poor  
old soul! She lives in a room with  
only three walls, and the fourth  
stuffed up part way with old baskets  
and broken hats - and the sun or  
rain beating in on her poor old  
head. She is totally blind now,

and over eighty years old - yet (59)  
she sits there in a heap of rags and  
rubbish all day - splicing threads  
for weaving - to earn a few cash  
to help out. (I will say "few cash"  
if I want to - and you may tell Herbert  
Carlyle Libby that I have found out  
for myself whether it sounds slangy  
or is the exact truth!)

She's a picture all right - Her  
face was just aglow as she got  
hold of Mrs. Edman's hand and  
told her over and over again  
how happy she was. I went up  
again this P.M. and tried to get  
her picture - but the inevitable  
grin was put off for the occasion -  
so I don't know what I will get.

She doesn't like the preacher thing  
well - and after she had ~~repeated~~  
this one ~~story~~ <sup>time</sup> she came to visit  
her - she went on "But this preacher,  
he just sits and hatches eggs!"  
Her gestures were simply killing -  
we just doubled up with silent  
laughter! Oh - she's a nice old  
biddy - so human - and childlike -  
And even if she has got a bit of  
the old trick in her - you can't help  
liking her. She kept telling about  
how warm her heart was when  
the kou-nie came to see her. Mrs.  
Waters came to see me - she said,

and I think her voice could have (60)  
been heard across the river - 'and roh.  
my heart was warm to death!'

Then in almost a whisper - to the lady  
"She gave me two dollars" - Again the  
loud voice "Oh - I was happy to death!  
This performance she went over and  
over -

Well - isn't that human? Only  
most people would only think the  
part about the money - and wouldn't  
say it out loud - isn't that true?  
but their hearts would be the same,  
eh? Oh - she's the best one!

We have gone easy today - because  
we had a very wearing day yesterday  
and must conserve our strength.

So we visited a few homes only  
and the chapel this afternoon.

In the quiet reception room there  
were at least five photographs  
of the preacher - He is a conceited  
one, Miss Collman says. She  
shouted when I suggested that  
those pictures must be the eggs  
the old lady said he hatched!

So we stopped early, and spent  
a little time in the market-place.  
I am dippy about baskets, and  
bought no less than nine baskets  
ranging in price from sixteen cash

upwards!

Oh! I almost forgot to tell that I visited in one very wealthy home in the morning. A young woman in the home is very anxious to learn about Christianity, and will come to the women's school if her grandmother will let her. She has the cunningest little daughter seven years old. We were entertained in a big room with no sign of idols or worship of any kind - I wondered at that, because it is a heathen home of course. But they had a separate room for idols and worship and all - that's why! The others we visited that morning were the Christians old ladies of Yang Ling - and all their relatives and neighbors who would gather around to see us as we stopped.

One of the boatmen went out to Kachin early this morning - to take out mail and bring in mail and supplies. I have written to both Hella and Mabel. I'm doubtful as to whether M. will write back to me because I'm sure she feels hurt for me to do what she doesn't approve. We shall see, however - and my, don't I hope Will bring some good home mail back with him! I'm hungry for you!

Wednesday Oct. 29

(62)

Back from a long, hard day's walk. To a big pile of mail - My thoughts are whirling - but I'll try to tell things in order as they happened through the day.

To get to T'ing Lin and the nearby villages we had a walk of nearly two miles. The first place we called was a truly spacious, clean and attractive house, though rather bare as yet, - a new house. It belongs to a man who has been through all sorts of persecutions for becoming a Christian. They used to live in a very small house in a very humble way; but he has got into the profitable stone cutting business and has prospered. His daughter, <sup>17</sup>let's say, is in our school and there is a little sister whom we hope may come here some day.

The Christian homes were few and far far between - and we walked ourselves weary, indeed. In several places were daughters-in-law or mothers-in-law or sisters who were rebellious to the point of ugliness. We never stayed long in those homes. To antagonize them and so make them worse. In some cases we were able to make the women see a point or two!

This afternoon we went into (63)  
a wealthy home in Tong Lin itself.

The lady of the house - a widow,  
has just come back from Piam -  
and she called on some of the  
missionaries in Katakish a week or  
so ago, so we made a point of  
calling on her. She ushered us into  
a room where there was a huge  
mahogany bedstead or settee that  
was a beauty. We couldn't help  
noticing her Chinese beaded slippers  
(on bare feet) and the three heavy  
gold spurs in her hair. Such  
an attractive fifteen year old  
daughter, - whom she begged  
her - without doubt to send to our  
school - came out to greet us.

Imagine my chagrined astonishment  
when I asked the mother what  
the girl's name was and she  
couldn't remember. Shep has  
always called her Number Eight!  
She doesn't want to send her girl  
because she would have no  
companions from that village, she  
says - but the chief reason is the  
usual "m'ching" (never has been  
done - implying that of course it  
therefore never can be done!). A  
bright lovable girl - whom I longed  
to take back to Katakish with me -  
and there is really no reason in the

world why she shouldn't go! (64)

The mother is beginning to go to church and very much likes what she has heard. Maybe if she gets to like it well enough she will want her daughter to know about it - and will send her out to us after all. I do hope so!

And if she does, we will send her back in vacation time to tell her mother that she must not leave papers dreadful smelling buckets in the sleeping room that open right on to the reception room! In spite of the pretty daughter - and the gold spears and my going settled - I shall never think of that place without remembering the awful sensation of wondering whether I would be able to stand the terrible smell or not until the heat stayed the whole length of time. Its remarkable what combinations of things we do find out here!

We got home (in the boat) to a nice big pile of letters. I'm rich as any king with four letters from home - and one from Arthur - and others from Gladys, Kate, Bessie Pierce, Grace Patton and two from my beloved Mabel Russell. Also three copies of "Life" which Bessie Pierce is sending me for a year - and the "Atlantic".

Nelson Fielden wrote a letter - and sent out my mail and a dress I



needed - and a nice little box of (65.  
chocolate fudge. Mrs. Ashmore sent  
a letter and several lemons, for  
my throat (which, by the way, is greatly  
improved - as is also my digestion).  
And what do you think? Miss Cully  
did write me a very nice letter - I was  
so surprised to have her say what she  
did that I'm sending her letter on  
to you - "I know you don't think  
I act as though that was true - but  
it is" - I never expected her to  
admit that much. There is a  
postoffice at Tarkenton - so I wrote  
right back a little note in which  
I told her that her splendid letter  
had lightened my heart - and  
that I had not been able to be  
completely happy when I thought  
anything was coming to sweep us.  
Etc. etc. I can't tell now whether  
I had better not have written it or  
not - but I hope it will prove to  
be the right thing.

I had to tell all of this - and  
get it out of the way! - before I  
could begin on the thing we  
are thinking about. Poor Miss  
Collman had a good many letters  
too, but all the joy was taken  
away because one of the letters  
brought her the sad news of her  
father's death - over five weeks ago!  
She cannot be comforted - because  
the letter which she wrote him

just two days after his death. (66)  
He had been waiting and anxiously  
expecting it, but died before it came.  
And of course - Miss Sullivan rebukes  
herself now for not writing a little  
earlier. She has had such a hard  
year out here - with so many  
unpleasant things heaped upon  
her to do, she says - that she  
thinks it must be a punishment  
to her for not staying at home  
with her father in America. Poor  
body - she is tired - and all nervous -  
and this coming on top of it is the  
last straw. Sometimes I think it  
can't mean so much to her to lose  
her father - who was over eighty -  
as it would to some of our younger  
ones whose very life is woven into  
our homes in America - and to whom  
such a loss seems the thing that  
to be dreaded of all life calamities  
in this world. But just the same  
I know what an empty loneliness she  
must feel - for now she says she  
doesn't care whether she ever goes  
home again or not. She is worried  
too, about business matters - for the  
friend who had the matters to  
attend has moved to California,  
and there is none left. Miss Sullivan  
was her mother's eleventh child -  
but her father's first one - and only -  
so there is no one left now to help

her out.

(67)

She feels like a hypocrite, she says. To tell the Chinese they must show filial love and devotion, - while she came off and left her poor old father to die alone. - She is terribly upset, poor girl - As for me - naturally I'm upset too - for such thoughts as that in my head, always make me weak and sick and terribly! And when I weep - it is from fear as well as from sympathy - I'm afraid!

Thursday, Oct 3

Last night Miss Holman ate almost no supper - and didn't sleep until almost morning. But was good for nothing at all. She said - and she felt she ~~couldn't~~ go out and into heathen families, as we had planned (the parents of school pupils). So I went out in the morning with the Bible woman and was finished visiting the Christian families - or rather - the families where one or more members are Christian. In one place the wife simply would not listen to a thing that was said - and wouldn't even answer when the Bible woman asked her a question. And yet they tell me she's a hundred per cent better than she used to be. Formerly she would not let Christians step inside the door!

In one place they gave me (68) two tiny bamboo chairs (not as high as the breadth of this paper) - because I admired them! I am tickled to piece to have them - because they are really clever workmanship - and are as pretty as can be.

On the way home a woman called me in and said - "There is a young woman about thirty years old who wants to follow you and be a Christian."

"Does she want to study?" I asked.

"No - she has no money - but she will be glad to follow you - eat your food and wear your clothes and ~~follow~~ worship your God. Is it all right for her to do it?"

Of course I had to tell them that I had no money to feed and clothe other people - And where would I get money to do it - any more than she herself could get it? They are ready to take anything they can get.

(But <sup>one</sup> this afternoon Miss Colman has been lying down. She had a fearful headache and lack of sleep made her dizzy. She took an aspirin that I gave her and though she didn't sleep much, yet I know she has rested. The Bible women are in the boat with us - and where it was comfortable for two - it is dreadfully crowded for four. The Bible women

Had to sit anywhere - on a back. (69)  
mostly! - while we got undressed -  
then they hung their net up in the  
place where we undressed - and slept  
on the floor - They had their matting  
and mattresses, though, and rolled  
to get to bed somehow. All bundled  
up like bugs in rugs! Good night!  
That Friday Oct. 31

Another hard day, and we come  
back to the boat with feet that are  
tired, tired. Miss Rollman is soaking  
hers in hot water now - and I'm  
going to later. Owing to a mistake  
of the Bible woman we found  
ourselves with the prospect of a  
six mile walk to the place where  
we had ordered the boat to be -  
(to get our lunch) - or leaving out  
an important village and having  
to lose a half day's work. It was  
either that or go without our dinner.  
Fortunately when we discovered it  
we were at the house of a woman  
who had formerly been in the  
Woman's School - and whose daughter  
is now in the Bible School - and  
whose husband is our Mission  
Colporter. She was very anxious to  
have us stay there to dinner - and  
would have been broken hearted  
if we hadn't, I'm sure.

So we told her that we would

eat rice, and kat-ná tshai, and (73)  
boiled eggs - and sweet potatoes. The  
man got a chicken and we  
stopped his killing it just in the  
nick of time. As it was - I think  
she must have cooked nearly  
two dozen eggs for us - and of  
course ~~we~~ could neither of us  
could manage more than two.  
Everything in the house was nice and  
clean - He ~~was~~ enjoyed our meal -  
and you see I had another try  
at the chopsticks! The people  
are poor but they are jewel Christians.

We went to one other place in the  
village - and found a poor sick  
old lady - all smothered up in  
a dark close room - with the  
one small window stuffed  
with hay - Her tiny <sup>two</sup> daughters  
cooked rice for her, she said - but  
her two daughters in law would  
not lift a hand to help her.

They would be glad if she died  
I suppose. It was very hard for  
her - but Miss Colman gave them  
a good ~~solid~~ lecture on what  
filial devotion really means -  
Another case of sowing the  
seed without knowing whether  
it will ever spring up and

bear fruit!

In the afternoon we walked to the village of Nam Hê. We had been warned that there might be thieves - but none appeared. To bother us - though we pinned our money and watches and extra glasses on the inside of our clothes in various places. (we both wear dark glasses when we are out on sunny days - but take others for wear at noon time when we are in some house or chapel)

We had no sooner got inside the village - which is the largest one in this district that is not a city - being over three miles from one end to the other - than we were surrounded by a crowd not merely of children, but of grown men who made the rudest remarks I ever heard in my life. Miss Colman dispersed them once or twice by rebuking them sharply and asking if they called that good Chinese custom - and if they had had no teaching! She says their manners are worse than in any other place in our field - I should hope there were no worse anywhere!

When we got to the chapel the men who were to show us the

way to the boat had gone - We (72) had a half a phou ton (nearly two miles) to walk and ~~no~~ one to take us there. The older Bible woman thought she knew something about the way - but she hasn't a very good sense of direction, and then, too, we hated to have her take the long walk down and then back to the chapel again before she had her evening rice. But do you suppose the preacher offered to go with us? Not he! He had done some walking - and he was tired too, he said. So he never thought whether anyone else might be tired.

We started out with the Bible woman but had gone only a few steps when we met one of the boatmen coming to meet us, so it turned out all right after all!

I am learning a lot about the stars these days. I can pick out thirteen or fourteen different constellations already - and feel so proud of myself I don't know what to do! I know the names of several different individual stars, too. You know I never could see a thing that was pointed out to me in the heavens - and I always would crane my neck until it was stiff - and after I



a-hazy row - would find out? I had been looking just in the opposite direction from the right one. So I'm pretty tickled now to find out that staccos can get into my brain, after all - when I thought they never, never could!

Saturday, Nov. 1

Today we have spent visiting Nam Gien. I am getting sick of being followed by a crowd of shouting children and of hearing new women and everybody coming, discussing whether I am a man or a woman. I shall be glad to get back to a place where people pass you by with nothing further than a good sized stare!

I guess I am out of sorts. The day began wrong enough - with the two Bible women starting out to meet us when Miss S. had particularly told them to wait for us there. Our boat was moved this morning - and of course we came into the village a different way. When they got there the boat had gone.

and they had nothing but the (74)  
walk for their pains!

We found a poor little girl with a  
useless leg that is probably tubercular  
hips - all alone in a little dark  
room. Her grandmother, with whom  
she lives is a simple old soul who  
does the best she knows. She keeps  
a hen, to lay a few eggs - does  
some thread spinning - and pines  
out their living by going begging.  
Miss Sullivan gave her a little  
money and told her she must take  
the little girl down to the hospital  
on Monday - so they went to making  
bedding and clothing - and I guess  
they will go - These great  
serious little eyes are with you yet!  
# I have known these pitiful  
sad consequences and hardly  
kept back tears. Because the  
mother-in-law had not let the  
son's wife go to study, or go to  
church, or do anything with Christians.  
The daughter-in-law became  
discouraged and threw herself  
in the pond - leaving two small  
daughters motherless - Oh - you  
can't realize how dreadful it is  
even out here - because it is so

common. Very often during the (75) year I have heard of similar cases - all for such reasons as that. And honestly - it is a pretty hard question to answer - this:

If I were in the place of such a girl - I know I would do the same thing. The way those Chinese mothers-in-law ~~strangle~~ their daughters and ~~put~~ <sup>put</sup> me in the house is absolutely intolerable. When Mrs. J. first asked me that question I said "I'd run away". But to run away (for a girl) out here would mean starvation - probable and for the only alternative - prostitution - A girl in China cannot go out and work for herself. Each family has its own work and ~~would not think of hiring~~ a stranger to do it. There is no work for her to do. I tell you - we would put an end to it if we were in their place. It isn't in American girls to stand it - not nearly so much as <sup>the</sup> Chinese girls. It is awful!

Sunday Nov 2.

We took our lunch again today and ate it at the chapel - as we did yesterday. I forgot to say that

yesterday we had caviare sandwich<sup>76</sup>.  
That's a luxury I had to wait for  
all through college days and teaching  
days - until I was a poor missionary  
out on a country trip!! Better not  
waste it abroad!! Still - that was  
the exception - not the rule; we only  
had it once! Sturgeon roe, that is  
what caviare is, with a Russian  
spice in them - I like it very much -

What do you think was the first  
verse the preacher read this morning?  
Ps. 127:1 - the verse that has been  
in my mind for so many weeks.  
Did I tell you I'm going to make  
it the topic of my prayer meeting  
I am to lead this Wednesday - we  
shall get back just in time.  
They are to begin their new chapel  
building here at Nam Dô tomorrow  
and he read that verse as a most  
appropriate one.

We had a long service (reports  
from the Association at Son Lãng)  
and afterwards Miss Pollman  
was so upset she couldn't keep  
control of herself. A curious woman  
asked her all sorts of questions - and  
of course one of them had to be  
"Is your venerable father still living  
in your homeland?" It was six weeks

ago today, that he died - and this was the last straw that she could not bear; she has been on the verge all day. Tang Hsien Ché is an orphan - and it is very touching to see the big tears roll down her cheeks whenever she sees Miss Sullivan weeping -

A little girl came to us this afternoon - after Sunday School and wanted us to take her and keep her and let her go to school - She is afraid that her heathen parents will marry her into a heathen family. That reminds me that we were in a home yesterday where that identical thing has happened. A one of a Christian's being married into a heathen home. The girl's mother was Christian, however - so much the worse. Her mother is a sister in law of Tang Ché in Cheng Kai. There was no Christian family to marry the girl - so they had to take the next best for of course the girl must be married. It is a disgrace for a girl in China not to be married!

So there she is, away over in Nam-Si - and the mother-in-law won't let her go to church - nor read her Bible - nor pray out loud - Nor was she



very much pleased to have a (78)  
visit the girl - Miss B. left some  
books - however - among them one as  
a present to the girl's husband -  
She didn't even dare give it to  
him - but sent it into the next room  
to him by his younger girl-sister.  
He did have the grace to come to  
the door and say good bye to us  
very politely when we left!

Today we were called a name  
which Miss B. would not  
tell me the meaning of - far worse  
than "red-head" - Doesn't it  
beat the Dutch?

As soon as Sunday school was  
over we came out to the boat.  
Leaving the Kate & the dog back to  
Khiam to work. The boat started  
towards home. We were not  
there tomorrow noon - and we  
may be held back by tides &  
winds etc. so we don't know  
at all when we will get there.  
Monday Nov. 3

This morning and last night - the  
river has ~~run~~ down so rapidly that  
the boat has grounded again and  
again. Then you should hear  
the queer grunts and groans  
and ralls that it takes to  
get the clumsy thing off from the

and! It's a task, I tell you! (79)

We are badly stuck just now (almost  
noon) - and the tide is going out.  
There is little prospect of getting  
away very soon! I have been  
finishing up some letters on the  
typewriter this A.M. - getting them  
ready to send when I get home -

Later - in the evening.

After dinner we found that we  
couldn't move - but since Miss  
Tollman was so anxious and anxious  
to get back - I got certain letters  
written, etc., and hired a boat - a  
tiny one - to take us down the  
river farther - We couldn't get  
one to take us all the way to  
Sydney. We were disappointed about  
~~four~~ <sup>three</sup> miles from Sydney, so we  
might have got another boat there.  
but they thought they could charge  
an exorbitant price - and we could  
get there sooner if we walked - so  
we walked. It wasn't bad - and  
we got ~~Sydney~~ right across the  
city - and a boat carried us right  
across to Katchich -

I got here just in time for supper,  
and was warmly welcomed - It  
is good to be back!

Miss Bollman poked fun at me <sup>(32)</sup>  
for bringing this letter along, but  
I don't know how long the boat  
will be stuck - nor what might have  
happened to this weighty document  
if I had left it! I told her it was  
just as important as my comb and  
toothbrush and clock and two handker-  
chiefs - and that's all else that I  
brought! ~~Don't~~

And - maybe I wasn't glad to  
find that box ~~was~~ home waiting  
for me - I have opened it - of  
course and am just delighted  
with everything from "Lois" to the  
lovely water bottle. Can't write  
about it tonight, tho' - for I'm  
mortally tired, and it's late enough  
for anybody to go to bed - any how!

The next day -

There! Here's my country trip for  
you - and while you'll be sorry  
perhaps that it isn't written so  
that you can let people know  
it to read - and that is the most  
interesting parts are so hobble-gobbled  
up with my own personal affairs  
and good and bad feelings - yet  
perhaps it is more the way I would



tell it to your face to face, that (8).  
~~any~~ - than as though I had left out  
the personal thing and put them  
separately.

Even so - telling you what happened  
each day. I feel as though I had  
left out a good deal. - Some of  
the impressions that are strongest  
with me just now - seem somehow  
to have been left out -

For instance: The appalling number  
of blind men, women and children  
and people with dreadful looking  
eyes - some still see a little;  
the perfectly terrible looking sores  
that we see daily exposed to  
the air and to our horrified vision.  
no matter what part of the  
human anatomy be the offending  
members. Tumors, boils, injuries,  
goitre - all sorts of distortions - I  
can't and don't want to dwell on  
that part -

Goodbye - with dearest love  
to you all -

Abbie

no 78.

Swatow, China

Nov. 14, 1919

Dear Quoc,

Just a month ago by the calendar I began my last letter to you. I haven't written since I came back from this country because I have been waiting to get that bulky volume sent off to you. I didn't get it sent off because I had first to copy parts of it to use in other letters that I shall want to write soon. I intend to give my relatives another dose sometime between now & Xmas - and I hope to write something which will be given place in one of the magazines. I guess you know I was disappointed not to have the letter I sent to Mrs. Clark get into the Advocate - and now I don't know whether my Advocate's letter has ever been circulated or not. I don't hear from any of them. Nearly every letter I've written Mrs. Prescott has been something which I thought she might be able to use - and the only thing she did use was not made clear. In Missions - no - not in Missions - but in the Our Work in the Orient - they have me

How glad I am that language class is over - as though I had no more studying to do now - ! And I wrote Miss Prescott a long letter about the country trip, too - but Marguerite's was better - so they leave that - I suppose! Oh - I know I should have written more often, but if you know how hard it is to find the right things to write about - you wouldn't wonder that I get discouraged when they don't use what I do send!

We have just had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Egg at supper here. She is our new stenographer (under the general board) and she arrived here yesterday. She will live at Chaoyang until after conference - and if Dr. Froesebeck gets selected Secretary of the Reference Committee as he doubtless will - she will probably continue to reside in Chaoyang. She's just as nice as can be - we all think - She is from Iowa - and Mabel Rosell's father married her father and mother! She doesn't know Mabel - but Mr. father was once pastor in their church - I tell you - there ain't many folks these ministers'-families don't get acquainted with!

So I'm getting the "volume" off to you just a month from the day I began it.

Yesterday Mrs. Ashmore went to Shanghai -  
(for treatment of ears and eyes) and she  
took with her to mail at the U. S. Post Office  
in Shanghai a package for Fairfax.

It contains:

For the Sandersons:

Embroidered dress - 1 pc. silk  
shirt - 1 pc. silver cuff links  
1 set carved bone pieces. (That Ymas!)  
The rest - for whatever use you wish -  
12 boxes of writing paper - some  
envelopes  
2 pens - and 2 pens

For other folks:

Myrtle Clarke - Embroidered stripes

Idella - Writing paper

Grace - " "

Lucy - " "

Hattie Kilcollins - Silver enamel ring

Mrs. Kilcollins - 2 daisies

Gladys Latimer Lyman - 1 pair tassels

Martha Mixer - 1 tassel

Eva P. Owen - 1 tassel

Gladys Paul - embroidered strip

Bessie Pierce - 1 pair tassels

Eva Sawtelle - red embroidered scarf

Belle Mescott - 1 pair tassels

Ruth Whitman - 1 tassel

I purposely left things easily opened because I wanted you to see everything - Do you approve of all the presents - or not? Which colored tassels do you admire most?

The most rich Chinese colored ones are Gladys Latimer's - I think - the blue and orange - I'm very fond of that combination -

The embroidered strips are some that come from West China - Mabel sent me a lot of things for Zwi Stacy - but Zwi Stacy isn't going to get them all! I'm sending in this letter a strip that Mabel sent separately in a letter to me - for you - Wasn't that lovely of her? It is much prettier than the other embroidery that she sent me - She said some lovely things about you - as she has in several of her letters, Mother - and she thinks you are splendid - and wonderful - and that my father must be too! Can you figure out the S. E. D. of that, Pa?

Since I have been back from the country I have been up and down - When I got here I felt a strained atmosphere - and I discovered that not only Helen - but Helen and Mabel too, did not approve of my going - and they said some things which sounded funny to me - such as - maybe I'd better

get transferred to women's school  
 work if I was going to do evangelistic  
 work out in the country instead of  
 working in the girls' school! So then  
 I made up my mind I would not go  
 out into the country again until after  
 Miss Prescott was here and I could have  
 a talk with her. Miss Silliman went  
 out again - and she warned me not  
 to forget that she was counting on me  
 to come out in the country with her as  
 soon as I got my exams off - (I am  
 disappointed enough to be so far behind  
 time with it - I tell you.) Well it so  
 happened that on Thursday Mrs. Aug-  
 sprained her knee and is now flat  
 on her back - so I am going to give  
 that as an excuse. (Miss Colley did  
 say she didn't want me to go with  
 Mrs. Aug sick - and I shall tell Miss  
 Silliman - I know she would stay if  
 she were in my place.)

I haven't said anything about the  
 box from home - but I am just  
 delighted. I am hoping the mails  
 will bring me your letter giving a  
 list of the things North Bennington  
 sent - so I have delayed writing.  
 I don't want to thank them for a

Lovely hot water bottle when you sent  
it (which I think you did!) nor for a cake  
of Woodbury's - which I am sure you  
did!! Please tell the doctor's wife I am  
more grateful than she can ever know  
for the splendid assortment of tape -  
The bias binding I fairly hugged when  
I saw it - and the buttons and threads  
to -

Where was that - a ball of  
cotton and a sample of lace with it?  
That is what I call original - It's just  
great -

I wanted to send something to  
Miss Ufford and Mrs. Reynolds - but  
didn't know but it would be showing  
partiality - when some of the others  
gave samples of lace etc. If it wouldn't  
and I have sent anything suitable -  
writing paper - pen - or pencil or what not  
I'd be happy to have you give them  
something and tell them I sent it  
for them in my box! I leave it to  
your discretion - but don't forget to  
tell me what you gave them! The  
tassels will have to be put in bigger  
heavier envelopes - I spare - But I must  
tell be over before you get them - maybe  
as you won't be quite so rushed to do  
them all up - Love Alice - P.S. See Mr. Gibbons begins  
for postage!

no 80

Suataw, China

Nov. 30, 1919.

Dear Father & Mother:

Another week  
passed - and I feel as though I'm  
in ~~deep~~ water - from a good  
many points of view.

My study part of the  
week has been used in getting  
introduced to the beginning of  
Meyer's General History in the  
classical Chinese - The Man li  
of Mark was a bug bear - I thought -  
but I read the ~~whole~~ first  
chapter of Luke - which has eighty  
verses - (I hadn't looked at it  
before -) in a shorter time than it  
took me ~~to read~~ ~~five times~~ on  
the first part of the history. That  
is ~~amazing~~ but that I did in three  
hours last Monday. I did on the  
P.M. I read Luke. I did better the  
second time - but oh - I see an  
up hill road before my next exam. !  
And to think of teaching the stuff!



It is simply awful - that's all -  
It is getting a little tiny bit better  
now - and I presume I shall  
find it much easier once I get  
accustomed to the phraseology.

By the way - Miss Sullivan  
has come back. She said Dr. Foster  
wrote her I had an "aviation"  
exam. I asked her what that meant.  
and she said - "I don't know; - what  
rank did they tell you?" So I told  
her they didn't break the news to  
me - and she must find out and  
let me know. She also told her  
I had a very good foundation  
in tone, vocabulary, and also in  
Chinese Character reading and  
writing.

Another thing that I am deep  
winded about is my blue serge  
dress. By actual count I am  
trying to cut twenty two pieces of  
blue serge together to make a  
dress - That doesn't say anything  
about linings or facings - etc -  
There are four belts and two

overskirts - a panel vest - Each <sup>3</sup>  
~~these~~ sleeve is made of two long  
slim pieces - The collar is made  
of three pieces - the back of the  
waist <sup>two</sup> four pieces - the front of  
the <sup>two</sup> waist five - Doesn't that  
sound like a conglomeration -  
Mother - can you beat that for  
a dress making stunt? (You could  
beat me at making it, all right.  
I didn't do a thing yesterday  
but I put pins in, it seems! Don't  
it a shame that I was 'born slow'  
yet I feel about the way you  
used to - I imagine when I  
wanted to sew on something - you  
could do it so much better and  
quicker than I that you did  
it yourself & get it done. I  
a <sup>big</sup> ~~big~~ fussed around all last  
week (four days) and did nothing  
but my ~~making & ironing~~ - and  
sew some snaps on pajamas after  
making the plackets! And the  
plackets are so horribly done that

even I could do better myself.<sup>24</sup>

And worst of all I'm in deep water because of money matters. It is all gone now - and this is the prospect before me: It's advance money for housekeeping for the month of December - through Conference time - in the next three months pay out not less than \$120.00 for board - probably more - and before the end of February pay Helen \$101.00 for things I must buy now if I want them - \$19. for a wardrobe, I've been using Mrs. Morley's, but she will need it when she comes back. \$14. for chiffonier, \$3. in a pair of slippers, etc. etc. I'm getting some sheets, and some table linen, a table, chair - washstand - and a few books - and a good many little odds and ends of things that I need and get cheaper from her now than I possibly could any other way -

I have still to pay for a box - case - rather, of a dozen pint

bottles of oil which Marguerite<sup>8<sup>th</sup></sup>  
has prescribed for my digestive  
troubles (\$10.00) And considering  
the fact that salary these three  
months will be \$240.- I think  
I'll have to do some tall figuring  
to make that come out right!

We hate to draw all of our  
salary just now, too - when  
exchange is at such a low rate  
that a Mexican dollar is worth  
over a dollar gold! It is really  
terrible. The society is losing  
so much that it will be a  
hard pull for them, I fear.

We had an excellent  
Thanksgiving dinner with  
turkey, mince pie, and all the  
fixins except cranberry sauce.  
Nothing so good is a Thanksgiving  
dinner without such cranberry  
sauce? Nevertheless - we enjoyed  
it immensely. Sherwin Bengtson  
invited us and all the Lewis family  
to their house - The children  
entertained us royally with piano  
duets, "pieces" to speak - came down

To little Martha with Bo Peep -  
She confided to her big sisters that  
she liked me best of all the  
how-nit - and she calls me the big  
one <sup>English</sup> throws balls - She has  
seen me out playing tennis -  
Well - I've decided there  
are ~~some~~ things that are  
much ~~worse~~, in my opinion,  
than ~~the~~ certain things I can  
think of! Don't that beautifully  
Lucy! This is the worse.

The other day Peggy showed  
me a letter from the captain  
second officer on the boat she took  
to Shanghai this summer - He  
was dying to see her, he said -  
began his letter "Dear Peg" - and  
wanted to know if he could see  
her in Shanghai - because they  
had invited us there for dinner -  
Oh! but she will next time! He  
wrote her several letters in the  
summer and in one he began  
"Dearest Peg" - She wrote back -  
(imagine it!) and told him she wasn't  
any body's dearest - etc. etc. Well -

it may be that in my Coburn 7.  
days I would have been as foolish  
as that - I hate to think it though.  
She has seen him only those  
~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> times in her life - and to  
allow such liberties - seems very  
silly to an old maid like me.  
It makes it all the harder for me  
to realize that she has had four  
years in college and has graduated.  
I used to think that always  
made a big difference in developing  
common sense in a girl,  
especially along such lines - but  
I guess it it ~~the~~ way the girl  
is made, in every individual  
case, don't you? - I say so - I'm  
dead sure. ~~that~~ I would rather  
not get ~~looked~~ for letters - than  
to have to ~~deal~~ <sup>deal</sup> with it by  
knowing that anyone would  
dare write such a letter as that  
to me! Oh - it is nothing  
very awful of course - but so  
very young that it seems exceedingly  
crazy. Peggy once said to me -  
"Well, Abbie, there are precious few

girls (like you & me, for instance) that  
don't let boys kiss them." At the  
time I stared at her in amazement  
for I felt as sure as I wanted  
to be that that was just a  
bluff - a great big bluff. <sup>She was</sup>  
But she couldn't fool every body.  
But I suppose she thought.  
She could fool me! Don't  
she she greatest?

Well - may be this is  
enough nonsense for now -  
I begin to keep house to-

morrow. The Conference  
Committee begin tomorrow &  
that probably means that Mrs  
Egg - who is to be my particular  
guest, will arrive tomorrow -  
Mrs Miller may come tomorrow  
or Wednesday.

Very much love

Abbie J. Sanderson

P.S. Just had a fine letter from Asa  
Adams - the tall Ricker boy who found  
it hard to speak, yet got the prize - do you  
remember Mother? He's in Collg - & is going  
to be a doctor - He asks about medical  
workers duties out here! Isn't that fine!

Piquetons, China, Dec. 2, 1919

Dear Ones,

Monday A.M. & my letter to you not even begun; and for that to happen on such a week as this is well nigh incredible. I am still waiting for the letter from you telling what things were N. Bennington & what things were from Fairfax - and, in the meanwhile a smaller box from Fairfax with buttons, pins, green silk, real pencils, and (oh joy) dress patterns and a jackknife that I would be willing to swear is my father's own trusty blade! And soap & talcum powder - talking arbutus is not as good as Njes-Kio - I'll have to admit! The very nicest little box - & I'm so glad for everything it contains.

Emily Miller arrived on Wednesday - and we all went out to meet her - of course - She seems to be nice - though we don't feel very much acquainted with her yet. Even though she is two years older than I - I believe she is younger in some ways. I haven't heard Mabelle express her opinion - But Miss Tolbman did say she wondered whether we thought Miss Miller was all we had hoped she would be. I told her I thought we weren't acquainted with her yet - and that we should like her very much -

But this is what I say to you privately. That Mary Ogg is the girl that is the peach.



I think if she were to live here in Kakabish - she  
would come nearer than anyone else to taking  
my Mabel Boswell's place - I'm having her for my  
guest now - and I just love her to pieces. She is  
not like Mabel - exactly - but she has a sense of humor -  
and while Emily Miller has one - I guess - yet she  
is slower than Miss Ogg. They have elected the  
latter secretary (recording) of the conference - as  
well as plunging her into all the secretarial and  
stenographical work that there is. She is bearing  
up under it bravely - and seems to be getting  
hold of things at a great rate. She is a sweet singer  
and she and I have been called upon in various  
ways to provide "sounds" this conference time. We  
have sung one duet - are to have another this P.M.  
and we two took the soprano ~~this~~ last evening  
in the double quartet anthem that we had  
for the preaching service. I'm to have a solo at  
Mabel's devotional meeting on Wednesday P.M. She  
is to take the 17th of John - and I think I shall  
sing the song she suggested - "Thou thinkest, Lord,  
of me."

I just haven't time to write as I would  
like to now - for I must go to conference  
in a jiffy -  
Yesterday I didn't have time to write -  
as you will see - when I tell you what I

did do - We weren't up very early, as we had had a strenuous time all week - so it was nearly time to go to Chinese service when we finished breakfast. I had to escort the school girls to church. Then after that service we all took boats to Swatow to attend the memorial service for Dr. Gibson, the oldest E. P. missionary, news of whose death soon after he reached England on furlough this summer, has just arrived. Dinner at 1.30 which we finished just in time for me to appear at Sunday School to play for my boys.

Then by the time I got my hair combed it was time for tea - and after tea we practised songs and went to walk with the new girls (Mary + Emily) down on the Bund. We got up from supper just in time to go over to the evening service, and when I returned my bath was all hot waiting for me -

This isn't saying anything about housekeeping. On Saturday we had ten people (the Giffins extra) at noon and the same number (Adams extra) at night - My dishes are coming in very handy - I'm trying not to let housekeeping weigh too heavily on my heart!

With love from your affectionate  
Abbie in haste -

No 82.

Swatow, China

Dec. 15, 1919

Beloved Ones!

A day or two ago I was disgusted enough! No. 81 letter came back to me - and I discovered that I had addressed it to Mrs. E. Danderson, Swatow, China! The ten cent stamp <sup>(the letter)</sup> was spoiled and so I decided to save it, and send it with the next one. So instead of getting two letters in two separate envelopes, this time you will get two separate letters in one envelope.

I wish I could find time to write you a little bit every day. For after the days have gone by - I can't remember all the things I wanted to tell you.

On Wednesday - we all went out to the boat to meet Miss Prescott - who is out here under the Interchurch World Survey movement; to examine girls' schools, and Miss Josephine Ramsay, who is with her - who is on the Social Service Committee of the same movement. Miss Prescott went to Shien Bunglow and Miss Ramsay came into my room. Mary Ogg still used my room for everything but sleeping (when she went up into Helen's room). It was very exciting, of course - to have Miss Prescott here during conference. This Friday Miss Sollenman took them

up to Kitgang. They came back and went directly  
to Chaoyang. Then Sunday P.M. they spent in  
Swatow and came back here for the night. This  
morning they have started for the long trip to  
Nazing - they will have just one day there and  
hope to be back at the end of the week. We have  
asked Miss Ramsay to stay on until June and  
help us out in the English work, because no  
one has been found to take Helen Fielden's place.  
Emily Miller, of course, will be studying the  
language - and I should want to be the last one  
to ask her to leave language study until later -  
if there were any possible chance of her getting  
out of it! But I doubt if Miss Ramsay will  
consider it. She is a student volunteer - and  
she wants to take more special training as soon  
as possible and get settled down to her real  
work. I think she is looking over the different  
fields on this trip. She is a wonderful musician,  
and a fascinating, beautiful girl. She is the  
daughter of Mrs. Ramsay who is the president of  
some district - West Central, I'm sure - because they  
live in Kansas. Oh - don't I wish she could stay!  
But I'm just making myself not be too disappointed  
if she can't - because I've no idea she will.  
<sup>next day</sup> was interrupted by Helen and Emily calling  
me to take a walk to get the cobwebs out  
of my brain - so I didn't tell about what

happened in the morning. We had a letter from  
 Swatow inviting the girls to take part in a  
 parade in Swatow today - a patriotic thing to show  
 indignation about the matter of the Y.M.C. A man  
 that was killed in Fochow by the Japanese. All  
 the boys' schools have a vacation for four days  
 on this account. Our teachers from Fochow have  
 unfortunately been stirring up the girls to  
 all sorts of wrong feelings. Yesterday morning at  
 recess when we were having a teachers meeting,  
 the girls, stirred up by the teachers, mind you, ~~she~~  
~~they~~ would never have dared - met by themselves  
 and led by, my bright little Bok Pang - whom I had  
 last year in English, you know. decided to form  
 a society to get more power - to be free from the  
 direction of the Kou-nie. There is a history back  
 of this. A few weeks ago a letter came, inviting  
 the school to join a society for patriotic purposes.  
 Mrs. Page, principal of the boys' school, did  
 not know anything about it, and we found  
 that the boys who had started it were entirely  
 disobeying rules by so doing. Miss Culley  
 at first thought she would let only the  
 high school girls go into it. so she read  
 them the letter, and discussed it with  
 them. They finally were not allowed to go -  
 but the point was that the grammar grades  
 heard about it and were jealous. The root of

the entire matter, I think, lies in the fact that none of the Tsochow girls are teaching any high school classes. Mabelle and Helen and the Chinese Professor and So-tong Che, Mabelle's personal teacher, do all of that. So it is very easy for them to let the girls be contaminated by their jealousy.

Well. The grammar schools then asked the high school girls if they would join them. The D.S. girls were distressed to pieces - for they felt that in this kind of a school it was not right for the girls to come up in arms and demand freedom, and the right to see all letters before the Hou-ni sees them. It is not like the government school - where the school can show their displeasure against the govt when they resist and rebel against the management. And of course they are right. For while the W.A.B.F.M.S. is supporting this school, the women in charge must control it, mustn't they? But if the D.S. girls would not join them, then they would be making the split and breach in feeling so much wider.

I went over with Mabelle last night and told them that it had been decided by the teachers that 30 students could go to Swatow.

Did they want me to help choose, or should it be left to them. They immediately said that 30 was not enough. I said that I wasn't asking them how many - perhaps they didn't understand what I said, but that was a decided thing - not more than 30 - and I asked them again whether they would choose or wanted me to help them (that was all arranged beforehand). But of course they said they would choose themselves. Then Mabelle took charge of the choosing - and chose certain ones from each class who might go - after saying who should not go because of impertinence or anger displayed. That was just a mess generally. Almost every night lately Mabelle and I have prayed together about some vexing problem. I know that is the only way I'll ever have any strength for anything out here!

But a worse thing happened this A.M. Four boatloads of the girls went to Swatow - the teachers with them. The men teachers went too, but knowing what kind of dangers there is in letting Chinese girls - especially such girls as ours, <sup>(attractive, etc)</sup> parade on the streets, Mabelle couldn't be satisfied for all of us to stay here, so we decided that she & Emily would

go to Swatow to see what happened - and well  
to be on hand, you know! And Helen and I  
went to take the girls to walk (the smaller girls  
who were left behind.) Miss Baugh, a Methodist  
missionary on her way home, came on a steamer  
from Foochow this morning - and we took her  
along. She speaks Pekinese Mandarin - and so  
the girls didn't understand a great deal of  
what was said to them - but they were rude  
in their attitude, and I was dreadfully ashamed  
of them. Then I got up and said we ~~got~~ would  
now go for a walk - and when I gave the  
order for them to stand - nearly all of them  
said out loud "na m' khi" (I'm not going). Then  
I told them to stand again - and the most  
of them stood. But didn't move. I had  
stepped just outside the door to let them  
go, and when they didn't come I was just  
in a panic - Of all times to have a thing like  
that happen! With a guest, a teacher in a girl's  
school in Pekin, present! And Mabelle not there.  
You can imagine my heart was one mighty prayer  
as I stepped in and said quietly - "I am  
waiting for you" - To my immense relief they  
came out then - some of them fouting, to be



sure, but they came, which was the thing I wanted just then ~~most~~. There was some bad sounding talk at the beginning - but when I had shut up rather abruptly two of the girls, no more was said - and we went along. I was in front with the littlest girls, and they are all right. I don't even blame them for some horrid things they said, for they never would have dreamed of such things if the older girls hadn't stirred them up.

This afternoon, of course, they didn't want to go to studying again - and in Precious Pearl's class (she is a high school girl teaching geography) they wouldn't answer her. She was much distressed and went to Mabelle about it. Mabelle sent her back and told her to conduct the class as usual. In a minute Mabelle moved along - and fussed around getting chalk out of a drawer - looking at some books, etc. and they didn't dare not recite. So they got started, and everything went along smoothly.

Mabelle has just come in (late P.M.) and she says she has been having a good talk with some of the Kau-tong (grammar) girls and she thinks the crisis is over. We want to make plans in which the H.S. girls the 1st two years Kau-tong may have a Y.W.C.A. with some camp fire mixed

in with it maybe. We intend to have our missionary society changed to "World Wide Guild" and then this other would be extra - Can you tell me anything about "Path-Finders"? and where can I get literature about them? If you can get any, send it along -

Wednesday -

Well - it seems that the crisis was not over, by a long shot - ! Mabelle was detained at home last night, but Helen and I went as usual to the girls prayermeeting. The girl who led read the 6th chapter of Romans - and made scarcely any comment on it. But was very careful to invite any of the sisters, or teachers, or Kou-nie to explain further. I noticed that little Miss Ting sat up front but didn't think anything of it until she got up and began to speak in her tempestuous, jerky little way - But I couldn't understand what she said, and neither could Helen. Mabelle might have understood more of it if she had been there. From the way she spoke I knew the words had some spiteful meaning - and the last thing she said was that - no one need to follow what anyone else told them - for we had all been freed from sin

by Christ - and we just needed to read the Bible to find out how to do - There was a lot more but that is all I understood.

Well, then the W. S. girls were simply wild - and they caught hold of me and wanted to know if I would come and discuss some things with them. I went out but then they decided to come over to our house.

The thing that came out was that she had spoken in deep classical - so that we foreigners could not understand and had insulted us beyond words. I won't try to say what she said, but expect to get it more fully and correctly later. She took that whole chapter and most horribly distorted it from beginning to end. The greatest pity of all, to my mind is that the heathen girls sat back and enjoyed it hugely. The first of the term they would not listen to any of the doctrine, but lately they have been asking questions and showing a spirit that was very eager to learn. Now that work seems to be all undone - by the action of a teacher who has done nothing short of blaspheming the Bible and cursing the foreigners. One thing she said was comparing Miss Culley to the King of devils in Hades! Well, something has to be done. This morning Mabelle gave them a beautiful talk about their rudeness

yesterday - quietly saying that there must be no more of it. Miss Traver is coming this morning to hear about what was said last night - and then to meet little Miss Tang. We three have decided that for the sake of the girls she ought not to be allowed to teach in the school, even though she does still owe the mission a big debt for her education -

This is where we are now - and I'll tell you later what happens later.

I think Mabelle and Helen and I came closer together last night than we have ever been before. We took the girls over to school, then came back and went down on our knees - I felt like Abraham Lincoln - that there was nowhere else to go -

I have been very greatly depressed lately - perhaps that is why I haven't made myself snatch more time to write to you - But I simply could not see how in the world I was ever to do anything out here because of the wrong that I know is in my own heart - and because of the neglect of Bible study and prayer - But last night - it happened even while Miss Tang was saying

those dreadful things, this passage came to me.  
"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she  
loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the  
same loveth little" - It has been more of a  
comfort than I can tell you - For if I can  
have a greater capacity for loving Christ, and these  
Chinese girls, because many sins have been  
forgiven me - then it seems to me I have  
a very great hope. And just now, when the  
hardest things are coming - I find myself  
realizing more than ever that even the  
highest ideals in the world and the greatest  
happiness - will not matter if I can truly be  
of real help and service just where I am here.  
I hope in every letter you write to people  
you will tell them of how great my need is  
for their prayers!

I must stop and send this to the mail  
without writing more just now.

You must share my letters with Bob.  
especially when I have neglected him for  
a long time -

Love with all my heart  
Abbie.