

Abbie G. Sanderson Papers

Yale Divinity School Library Record Group No. 149

Finding aid for collection available at:

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

Series: I. Correspondence

Subseries: Family correspondence

Box / folder: 1 / 8

Folder label: AGS to family, from boat on trip to countryside, from Swatow, from Chaoyang

Dates: 1920 Jan 6 – Apr 6

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

Originals of collection held at:

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

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

No 84
I think

On the Donabont
again!

Anchored at
Chi-Hng
Jan. 6, 1900.

Dear Quoc -

Just will begin my
letter to you tonight and warn
you at the outset that you will
have no eighty page letter from
me this trip! I have brought
with me the last four months
of your letters - and I will take
time to read them over - all
of them at once. I have a
creaking feeling that there
are several questions in them
which I have not answered -
and I want to get my conscience
set straight on such matters
as that: If there be any!

We left yesterday noon - and
Vino Colley said Goodbye to me -
and that is all. I don't know
how the servant question is -
or how it will be settled, but
I do hope that it will be possible
for every one concerned to be
satisfied. You should have
seen us one of the days doing
our own Cooke work. Not
in above emptying sleep

But I'm unaccustomed, shall I
say - to doing it right in the
public eye - in full view of the
broad highway. We did it cheerfully
enough that once... but it would
be rather difficult to ~~keep up~~
keep up that ~~occupation~~ if we
had to dig a hole in the farthest
end of the yard - and then
river it up afterwards - for
we couldn't very well trot
down to the seashore with two
buckets hanging from a stick
over our shoulders!


Today we went through a
village where they have
oyster shells 12 & 14 inches long
and they use them to build
houses - I saw the walls -

We also visited the mothers of
Pui Jek and Tin Ngó & two of
our school girls and had
delightful visits with them -
Then we went over and saw
Hong Tin-se-nie's fruit garden
and the garden which her
daughter-in-law takes care of
all by herself - (She is the
wife of the crazy son, you saw
Hong Tin-se-nie's little ~~son~~
old crippled girl, too - she has

tuberculosis of the spine - and I
it is a sight to wring your heart.
that dear, patient, cheerful
hump-backed little kiddie! She
is a darling!

Wednesday Jan 7

This morning writing again!
We are having splendid opportunities
in some of these plays Mrs. Soliman
says she has never known such
good opportunities - all the years
she has been here. There isn't a
great deal to tell, for it is the
same story over and over.

Now to a wealthy home, whose
children have just begun to go
to school - and whose grand-
mother, perhaps, is so averse to
anything Christian that she
shuts herself behind the door
of her own room as soon as ever
we visit in the home; now a
beggar's room, where the mother,
a discouraged widow, wants to
give us her daughter who has a
crippled foot. These things keep
repeating themselves - and
already I can see how Mrs.
Pollman, after years of such things,
feels comparatively little to
write home about. But that
doesn't mean I'm a ~~what~~ 
glad to be out here than I am.

before. I think I'm lucky indeed. 4.

And since Miss Prescott has said that after Helen goes, I am not to take her place and teach English, but am to pursue my course of study until the end of the ~~year~~ ^{year} - (but if, then, I ~~have not~~ ^{am not} finished, because of the delay from country trips - I can finish the language work next summer - I don't intend to have to finish it then, if I can help it, I tell you!)

Well - since she said that, I have felt a little easier - for Miss C. had told Helen that - whether I finished my language or not, at Chinese New Year I would have to take on a heavy schedule - a full schedule - besides my studying - But since she had her little lecture from Miss Prescott, telling her not to boss folks, Mabel will not dare, perhaps, to say too definitely what I must do - Oh - what I must not do - Oh - you must keep on praying steadily that I may be given strength, and wisdom, and the will to do the best I know! I know you do pray that - but I need it very much -

Thurs. eve. Jan 4.

5.

Isn't it funny, the surprising things that we mortals do? You'd never guess where I am this minute: sitting at Peggy Wellwood's desk - and it is 2 P.M. - I've come back over this afternoon, to be here for the Concert tomorrow by the London Blind Boys - I've intended to stay in this boat all night - but Miss Collman didn't like the rocking of the boat and its sticking in the mud, so she wanted to come up. She knew that my bed was taken to pieces so insisted that I come to her house for the night. I said no - but then she declared she wouldn't come up unless I would - so, I had to! My family may think it is queer - but here goes!

I haven't begun to answer your questions yet - and hardly know where to begin. I must get this letter off to you tomorrow whether it is worth ten cents or not - for I'll not have a chance to mail another one for a week.

Mother of mine - I thought I ought to write letters! I've. Ashman reads me your beautiful

one to her and I was so proud⁶
of you I nearly busted! She
got it when she was terribly
discouraged - She had been sick
at Conference time, as perhaps I
wrote you - and ~~Marguerite~~ ^{Wendy}
just told her the rather startling
news that her trouble is Bright's Disease
from which, of course, she cannot
recover. Your letter cheered her
amazingly - and when she read
it she said she didn't wonder
any more that I'm as nice as
I am!! Imagine it! I am glad
that you wrote that letter! She
is better now, but still stays in
bed late and goes to bed early -
and doesn't get up at all if it
is too cold or anything. She
has doubtless written to you
by now - She said she was
going to:

Well - I must stop this
minute and go to bed - and
I'll write further and answer
those questions if there are any
when I get back on the homeboat.

Very much love to you

Booth and to Arthur

Abbie

No 95

Houseboat -
Anchored at
Alo-pho-ahhi -
Jan. 9, 1928

Dear One -

A busy day - if ever

there was one - I went to my

Last night, I got your letter - we got back to Kahalish and I went to Cheruku, Unagalon for the night. When I went home in the morning, Helen and Emily laughed at me for deserting my family - but when I saw Mabelle - she just froze me up stiff - She had heard the night before that we were back and without waiting for me to come, sent a bundle for a teacher where we expect to go tomorrow - I think she was mad to begin with because I came with Miss Sollenman - and mad again because I didn't go straight to Pastview when I got to Kahalish - Maybe not - But she didn't greet me with a "kiss" as she usually does - & as the others do - She is tired, I know - and lots of things have gone against her wishes to upset her - I keep thinking that and I realize that I must not blame her for things for moods and temper just now - If she has a good rest tomorrow she will come -

Back a different person from what she is now. Please pray Lord that I may never say unkind nor even unwise things about her - It is a big temptation sometimes! -

The blind boys ~~were~~ ^{are} well worth going to hear, I tell you. They played horns of various kinds, cornets, flutes, violin, drum, piccolo, etc. They sang (nearly) "When peace like a river" in English. And the queer part of that is that the leading tenor reminded me so of Mr. Lindsay that I could scarcely keep my eyes off him the whole performance. Something about his manner of smiling, with his head turned a bit to one side - and in his way of singing and talking even. His voice had a real sweetness - though it was not very strong - a rich, high tenor; in that respect he made me think of Mr. Lindsay - I suppose I suppose his blindness ~~that~~ made me think of ~~Mr.~~ ^{Wolcott}. I didn't suppose there was another blind man in the whole world that was a whit like ~~that~~ ^{Wolcott}.

These clever boys ~~did~~ ^{say} all sorts of things. One ~~said~~ ^{said} that ~~he~~ ^{he} had the partial sight of one eye - about half an eye, they

say - He looks after buying things for them to eat - etc -

They had their machine for writing the Braille - and some of the audience would write a sentence in Chinese characters. Then this man with half blind eye would read it and transfer it in the ear of one of the blind ones, who would write in the Braille. Then the paper would be given to another who had not seen it, and he would finger it and then read it aloud. Then they were ready to take English sentences in the same way. They got me to write and I wrote this: "This is the most remarkable school I have ever heard of. We think you are all very clever." It was fun to see the smiles while they were working it out.

They also had an implement for working out arithmetic - and did that for us. They showed baskets which they had made themselves. Beautiful ones with colored patterns in them. They did all sorts of things - and we are very glad indeed that we went over to hear them.

Sunday, Jan 11. (Tatha pön)

I must have to forgive me if I don't write a detailed account of this trip as I did of the other. I think there is even more to

write about this time than on ^{the} other trip. But truly - its like riding on the cowcatcher of a Lightning Express; so much scenery coming at you all at once that it almost overwhelms you, and when your ride is at an end you can hardly remember any of the mountains, valleys, cities, and waste plains that have rushed by! Truly I say; not remember bits of things here and there - and there is so little time to write that when I sit down I can't think what to write first. I have to stop this minute and go to bed - we haven't had any rainy days on this trip - and I'm not getting my letters answered up as I planned to! We are so near to all the places that we travel by night - and so have all of every day for writing. Goodnight!

Jan 14 -
Truly - I am ashamed at the state of this letter - but I believe you will forgive me if I send along these others - which have waited some of them - all this time since my last trip. I still owe a great many letters but am glad to have this opportunity of my hands - There are more to come,

When you send this letter on to
Mrs. Crowell - can you suggest
that some of the letters I have
received (I won't say from where)
have not had sufficient postage?
It is a delicate matter - but when
the sender puts on only ^{one} ~~two~~ cent
stamp I have to pay 10¢ to get
my letter. Postage due is always
double - and at the P. O. we have
to pay the original rate of exchange
2 Mex to 1 gold - Thus - the 5¢
that is lacking has doubled ~~become~~
by the time I have to pay it. My
last mail was four such letters -
and that means 20¢. The one
before that contained two such
letters - 20¢ - They are rather
expensive - don't you think? I
won't say whether these four letters
were from Bridgewater girls or
whether the former two were from
Mrs. Crowell herself - and Jessie
Davis say - so you can say
you don't know who - But if
you can throw a delicate, graceful
hint - as father might say! - I
be glad -

About community affairs -
I haven't been to Swanton to call
since I went to the hills in
June - and a good while before
that. Every one breathes the word
and Mrs. Myers has said she is going

To invite me to duffin again -
This time with Miss Traver - It
may be this coming Saturday -
We are traveling to Kaskaskia now -
and will get there before I can
get this letter finished -

You never did say whether the
North Bennington people sent
the hot water bottle - or something
as if it wasn't they now it is
your "sidgin" to write a nice
little note to them explaining that
I never received the list of what was
from them - what was from someone
else - I'm just as grateful for the
water bottle - and just a bit
more grateful if your folks sent it -
but I don't know at all, who did send
it - It won't hurt them, any way
if they didn't send it - to know
some one else did! So I shan't feel
bad about that!

Did I tell you the plans for
the house are entirely changed?
I don't know exactly what the
new one is - I ought to - but we
considered so many that I haven't
that special one clearly in mind -
Exchange is so high now that
we can't begin building yet -
The cook house, and rooms
where the boys live are in a
separate house.

The Lewises left for America
two days after Christmas - I'm

afraid the woman will be
down flat again by the time they
get home. She got pretty tired getting
ready to go home.

Dr. Leach did spend the summer
with the Uffords and went to Kaling
with Mrs. Lewis. ~~Mrs. Lewis~~ ^{she} ~~came back~~
alone - she was up much better.

Mrs. Ufford was the one who
took Mrs. Prescott around to
the different stations in East
China, as Miss Colman did
down here. Miss Colman says
that Mrs. Ufford is a dear. She was
a dear pupil friend of Miss Weld's.
Was a pupil of hers in the school
that Miss Weld had at Everett
before she ever came to the field.

The Almones don't have a
furlo for some time when came
out in January before I arrived in
April. Mrs. Foster has already
gone to Shanghai. She will visit
John & Helen at Nanjing until March
~~then sail for America with Dr. Leach.~~

But - (Jan 18th) I have found
out since writing the above, that
Dr. and Mrs. Almones will probably
go home to America for the
summer, at least. It is not
yet certain - and I am the
only one who has been told -
~~but~~ to think there is very little
doubt that that is what they will
do. This very year 1892.

We got home all right, the night of the 14th. I sat up that night to read about 15 letters that I had - and open 3 packages.

The next day I was lazy and didn't do much but go out and see Mrs. Ashurst and roll around with a headache. The headache got bad and I went to bed about 5 P.M. I stayed there until yesterday P.M. Saturday when I got up for tea and ~~evening~~. My trouble was a hard cold which had started before I got home. It settled on my head and neck almost like neuralgia and was exceedingly painful. This is Sunday morning and my cold is well enough for me to be up but not out to church.

I'll continue to answer some questions.

Yes - you did send me a rail truck, and I think I have told you before now probably - that I am very happy to have it.

Yes, you wrote Sept 13 - No 76. And I have called Sept 16 No 77. The next one - Sept. 29 - with number 78. It is all right.

Oh yes! Tell into the St. Lawrence river did he? Well - I never.

would have thank it of you? (9

Did little Doris see you they and
tell you you kept your clothes clean?
Opeas! And then you went and
got yourself elected moderator
~~and I haven't time to go to the~~
expatriate at length. But really
that wasn't very considerate of
ma's "peace of mind"; was it?

I guess you know what I think
of Oscar - He used to put his
fingers under the desk when we
went into his class - He
despised Emily for going out
with him - spooning too etc, etc -
to get good rank in Physics -
for she hadn't gotten good rank
in that in high school - Then
the next year she wouldn't have
a thing to do with him - I would
like to send her some "little Chinese
thing," but haven't yet decided
what would be real Chinesey -
and yet quite inexpensive -

The Swasey Path is our own
mission path down to the Bund
before that was built but had
been the one belonging to
the Customs grounds - Built by
Mr. Swasey of Cleveland.

I'm still hoping you may see
something I have sent sometimes
come out in Missions or Advocate.
I haven't stopped sending - and
perhaps sometimes they will be
able to use something I send -
Here's hoping!

The quakes we had at Thai Long
were felt down here, but were
not big ones -

I have written once to you
Tatum and her father - but have
had only Christmas cards from
them since I have been in
China -

Mother - I wish you had the two
things of mine like the new 79¢
one you ordered from Dallas Tex -
I haven't worn them since the
first summer I was here - when
the hot weather came I had to
take them off - and I haven't
done a thing with them since -

They are getting rusty, I suppose -
but if they do it come in handy
they'll be the first thing I have
had out here that didn't - ! Maybe
they will be the foundation for
a ~~that~~ something - you never
can tell!

I've spoken once, I think,
about receiving the C. E. Box - and

am enclosing a letter to them (11.)
with this - You know without
my saying - how glad glad I am
to have all the things - I want
to send off a note to Mrs. Webb too -
but if I don't with this letter - please
tell her how much I appreciate the
lovely set of scissors in its dainty
case - and tell her - Reynolds (?)
is it? that I am delighted with the
tape - I want to write to their
books - but my hand laid up these
few days has put me back a little.
You certainly had me guessing
about what you were going to
send me !!

Indeed I do use Ruth Baylis
Bible a great deal - for almost
every prayer meeting I take that I
have given - and I'm sure
I shall use the Scofield a great
deal too -

Helen Fielden's oldest brother in
law - Porter Esguent - has just
died - after a serious operation -
and since Helen was going to
be with that sister - Sally - she
is all the more anxious now to
get home to her -

She will probably be in Amesbury

this next summer - I shall give you each the others' address - If she goes to her college reunion - Middlebury, VT. that would be her chance of coming up to see you - and I am sure she would be most happy to do so - She will plan to see you if she can - but not on her way home, probably.

Miss Culley is anxious to see you, too - but we will talk about that later -

Pa - I'm not going to say anything more about how joyful my heart was when you wrote that you had ~~sent~~ away \$5.00 for a typewriter fund - It seemed the beginning of an answer to prayer - and prayer, of mine and for me - certainly has been answered in very wonderful ways since I have been out in China - I ~~must~~ say anything more now about typewriters, until I go through the rest of these letters that I have so shamelessly neglected in the past busy weeks!

Your Christmas card to me specially is so beautiful - and

I know that you knew it was (13)
for me as soon as you saw it -
It did come about two weeks early -
but I loved it just as much then
and I love it just as much ~~then~~ ^{now}
as I would have if it had arrived
on Christmas day -

I haven't said how much your
letters to me about very personal
matters have meant - because
they have been more of a help
than I can tell - I cannot bear
to destroy your letters - but I
think I shall arrange some
way so that no one else will
read them - I try to do that
now -

A typewriter is ~~valuable~~ ^{valuable} would
be a ~~great~~ ^{great} help out here I
fear - ~~Yes~~ indeed I'm ~~sure~~ ^{sure} I
should be wanting the use of
it exactly the minute the
other fellow wanted it.
Miss Culley has a splendid
one - in a ~~beautiful~~ ^{beautiful} leather
case - but I have never been
offered the use of it for one
minute - and when she isn't
using it, it is shut up in
its leather case and outside
of that is a cloth covering

fitted and buttoned on - If (14)
I have my own typewriter I
shall want other people to
feel free to ask me for the
use of it some times - not
all of the time, of course!

Mother - ! As I read over
yours of Nov. 8 - where you kicked
up your heels in a nice little
bow to display the old finery
of the danters which you have
been appropriating - I don't
wonder you said you were
hilarious - because Mrs. James
letter had arrived! And Uncle
Joe's letter was tho'g'f tho'g'f!

Aren't you a schemer? I
have that typewriter already
started towards me - before you
write and tell me - But I am
ten parts glad that you did
just that, instead of writing to
ask me what kind I wanted.

If the "No. 8" is as good as
the ordinary heavy typewriter - and
is less noisy than most others -
I shall be glad you chose it.
I do not know anything about
it. I have hoped that if I
got a typewriter it would be a

larger one than the Corona—¹⁵
I should have been happy with
that— But as far as I know now
I'm very glad you did as you
did. Maybe I am not anxious
to get that typewriter catalogue?
Sent Uncle George a dear?

I am so glad Mr. Johnson
is continuing his interest in me—
I must write to him very soon—
I shall have to spend some of
the money, I'm afraid— but not
talk about that just now—

John and Helen Foster seem
about the same as when they
were in college— except that
I liked John better— He is
now grown up now— He used
to fuss around Helen a good
deal—and worry I suppose,
for fear she wouldn't marry
him! He seems more of a
man now— Helen said I
looked just the same—

Have I thanked Miss Lyford
sufficiently, do you think—
through a message in your letter—
for her interest in me and the
thread & socks that she sent?
Or should I write her a little
note? I just feel as though there
are lots of things left undone—

and I can hardly remember when I
I have got some things done that
I ought to have done"!

Well! Now I'm at the place
where I can go back to Wed.
Jan. 14 - the night that I
got home from the country trip -

The first letter I opened was from
Mrs. Chas. Niles of Houston - &
out of it fell a money order for
\$25 - to go towards a typewriter
fund maybe, if you have one -
or any thing that you see fit -
for it is really yours to do with
as you please. Don't that lovely?

I thought immediately of sending
it back to her and asking her
to cancel the order & send the
money to you - for that purpose -
but - then I opened your letter
and read it and Uncle George
and then the rest of yours -
and I decided to keep the
money here and use part of
it toward getting a typewriter
stand - a desk - or whatever
I decide. Don't it sound suspicious?

I had had your other letters
about Mrs. Jamison's gift &
Father - sent in the country -
so I knew a typewriter fund
would be started - and I was so

glad! I was just bewailing (17)
the fact that you hadn't told
me the amount of Uncle Joe's
check - when I opened your next
letter - and there it was - Oh -
I do think I am the luckiest
girl on earth! For I can't seem
to do more than make ends
meet out here - and I don't
know how many years it would
have been before I could have
had one!

Your gift of butter spreaders will
be lovely indeed - I have often
seen advertisements of the
Adam pattern and think it
beautiful - I'm glad you got
the butter knife & sugar spoon
with Mrs. Clark's money - for
I haven't seen but cheap ones.
I will thank you when they
come.

When I get married - some
forty years hence!! I will tell
people that my silver is in the
Adam pattern.

Two of the packages I received
were the remaining two from
Bridgewater - and one from
Jn. Stacy - containing a dozen
balls of No 80 cotton 'wreath' - a
pair of white silk stockings for

me - and a beautiful embroidered
handkerchief for me from Mrs. Day.

Arthur's Bible came this last
Thursday - a beautiful binding -
so extravagant - I'm afraid!
I must write and thank him
for it -

Schofield's Bible, you may cross
off the list, if you please! And
when the typewriter arrives - I
shall write and ask you to cross
that off - alas!

Don't hurry to send another
wool dress just because I say
don't cross that off the list! I
don't want you to send one now -
but two or three years hence
I am sure I'd like another -
I think I shall not have this
one made up until summer -
So I have practically decided
to go to Shanghai - with Peggy -
& Miss Sullivan, maybe - and
Helen says that you can get
good dressmaking done up there.
I have a light cañon crepe (maize
color) for a waist - and shall take
that up there too -

White Lat cross off the list - because
we don't wear that sort of thing
enough to wear one out quickly -
And the one you sent will be

a shape that will keep in style, I'm sure.

(By the way - a gift Dr. Everham had this. Ymas was an assortment of little hat trimming things - I don't appreciate it very much. I don't know that you ever run across a milliner who wants to give things to missionaries - do you?

"Delicate Tent"
I have also crossed off my list hot water bottles - and fly swatter (one will last a long time) I have not crossed off clinical thermometers - because I know they break sometimes - I am always afraid mine will break - I am so glad to have it!

I think I shall add Bountain per thermometer - Uncle Womers is the best I'm using now - but it is good only for dipping - and leaks if it is filled - the other one I had when I came has gone bad as far as filling is concerned.

My formamint tablets have been a great help in this cold - I hope the cold won't last long enough for me to use them all up!

Emily Miller has been good to me - rubbed my poor sore throat - when the cords were as stiff as

ropes - and loaned her her (2)
beautiful down quilt when
the heavy ones I had on wouldn't
keep me warm and were so
heavy that I could hardly breathe.
How much does a nice down
quilt cost - do you know? This
is not a delicate hint - but an
out and out inquiry - to see if
it's within the reach of my pocket-
book.

Some people sent some things
to Miss Bollman including some
little beauty pins from the five
and then those little pearl
pins that were in the C. F.
society's pins will be just fine
if I can get some more like
them - to give the high
school girls next year -
They haven't had that sort
of a present yet - and they
would be pleased, I know -

I haven't told you how glad
I was to have the dress patterns
& the sewer's book - and the
Modern Dressmaker, have I?
Maybe I'll send you some thing
the girls make from some of
those patterns, sometime!
I do hope you will get the
money for the horse!

Does Uncle George mean that Aunt Martin is dead? I don't know exactly how to write - for although one of your letters said she was very lost and suffering much - yet none speaks of her death - I have expected to hear of that - but the actual news did not come.

Pat! if Mother ever does say "Cuss it" or the equivalent of such a wicked oath - when she is getting ready and sending off my voluminous epistles to other people - you must write and tell me - & I will immediately desist.

I can get a picture of you, philosophizing yourself, with red-lips & writing to your darts of a Sunday evening! You wake up with a big yawn, say "plague take it" almost under your breath. Then just as you are in the midst of your most ferocious scowl, and have slipped your fountain pen somewhere between your mustache and your chin, Mother comes in and asks in her sweetest sugary voice - "Well-

what are you swearing about now? And you long sufferingly make no answer, but keep on digging away at the cross-
cross lines you have made - with the little blade of your jack-knife.
Is that right? _____!

One thing more - I see you haven't grown to be any less of an epicure than you always were - and I noted that you still do not mention "forget to mention the "sugar to put in it" - the "butter to go on it" - the toothpicks - glass of water - etc. - still not necessities, of course - & you must enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner - One thing rather startled me - "a 12 lb turkey, roasted" - until I read potato on the next line - Don't scare me like that!

I also appreciated your beautiful note paper - I always do - I would be happy to read pot-
looks - or cant-hocks or anything else, and you tell Mother I say you may write to me on a salt bag even, if you want to!

I don't know where Miss Barney is going but shall probably hear soon -

Have you ever heard of her (23)
before?

I have for a long time wanted
a copy of "My Task" and will
you please tell the Methodist organist
that I think it very lovely of her
to send it to me - I shall
anxiously await it, to see if it
is the same setting that I have
known before.

Will try to write to Bessie Goodell
when the cards come -

I think it is just wonderful
the way people have sent things
to me - people that I haven't
known before - and of course I
know who is to blame for a
good deal of it - But you yourself
mother dear must not pay too
many things to send me with
your own good money - Take mine
instead -

I'm sending a list of the things
that the Bridgewater folks sent -
They came in three boxes - The
Gondoir cap from Mrs. K. was
blue crepe de chine - and the
one from Mrs. Sargent rose colored
messaline - both with lace - and
very pretty - Maybe I'll wear em

at Kuching next summer if (24)
I stay in bed late!

(If we go we shall have a house
to ourselves - take a servant
with us, maybe. - and I'm planning
already that this is when I shall
really learn to use my typewriter -
Min Cully took hers last year -
so why can't I take mine? I
can't believe my eyes & save (etc)
that I'm really to have one!

Everything in the box was lovely.
Mrs. Crowell sent one picture
which I'm going to put up in
my little alcove. - I am going
to punish myself for laughing
when I opened it. - for it is
perfectly good - and I had
no right to laugh. It has
a highly colored - manifold
illustration of the Lord's Prayer, surrounded
by the ten commandments -
Some of the illustrations are
a bit overdrawn - but I'm
sorry I laughed - and am
going to punish my sin (to you)
and then feel better about it.

I do indeed think they were
very generous - and I most
certainly appreciate all the
things that people have been
doing for me -

I also enclose a copy that (25)
was in the box - of the Bridgewater
Baptist. I wonder if you
have seen it before - It has
acquainted me a little bit with
the minister - and I think I'd
like him better at a distance
than near to.

It was meant to mark things
as I have - but I couldn't
resist the temptation!

Very much love to my dears.

Robin

P.S. I read of the serious illness
of C. M. of the Daughter St. Church,
Dorchester - I trust you will send
me any news of him.

P.P.S.

Miss Alley is as good as gold
since I came back - except that she
brought some girls in to ask me if they
might go to Exeter - and they weren't
nice when I said no - and it made
the neuralgia pains come back. But
of course she couldn't know that. I mean
she hasn't acted or said things in a way
to make me feel like an awful sinner!

Enclosed notes or letters for

(the letter)

1. Miss Ufford
2. Mrs. Reynolds
3. Mrs. Webb
4. Fairfax C. E.

Give them if they
are all right - if
not - tell the message -

5. Mrs. Benjamin Burlingame

Charlton, Mass.

6. Mrs. N. H. Gannon (with Chinese
Easton, Me. flag value \$5)

7. Miss Martha Mixer

111 Knox St. Rumford, Me.
(1 picture)

8. Mrs. Henry T. Lamb

North Bennington, Vt.

9. Ruth Whitman

357 Bird Ave.

Buffalo, N. Y.

10. Mrs. L. L. Shaw

Highland Ave.

Rouillon Me.

11. Mrs. W. B. Crowell (with an extra
special note)
Bridgewater, Me.

and twenty pictures for you.

and Mrs. Crowell's letters for you

I read - also Jessie Davis

with \$8.00

Arthur

per Gibson



No. 87.

Suwanee, China

Feb 1, 1928.

Dear Cous -

What are you going
to do to me if I continue to
treat you this way - sending
you other people's letters and
not writing to you yourselves - ?
But you'll have to forgive me, I guess
I knew you would want to see
Mr. Johnson's last visit - and
certainly Uncle George's this
week. I still have to write to
Idella - and Mrs. Gale, and
R. E. R. (to thank for photo) to
N. E. district, to Alice Shaw,
Mabel Bonell, Fannie Northcott,
Mrs. Geo. Niles - and did I write to
Cousin Harriet or not? I can't
say the left of me remembers - it
seems I didn't write it down - I
have a feeling that I did, however.
P.S. it awful?

Yours in a hurry -

Abbie

No. 88.

Suifu, China

~~Jan. 2, 1929~~
Feb. 5, 1929.

Dear Cues -

Time for my teacher to
be here now 9.30 A. M. But he
is not here yet - so I'll write what
I forgot to put in my last letter -
and that is, that the box of chalk
(in fine condition) and the pencils,
sheet music, notebooks AND the
typewriter catalogue have all
arrived - These packages and
I'm very glad to have them. You
must have guessed from Sister George's
letter, that I had received something.
From his letter, also, you learned
how glad I am about the double
gift of the typewriter. Mary Egg
is going to lend me a typewriter
"touch method" that she had, until I
get one of my own. I think I
can't get it in Shanghai. Of
course, I don't expect to be an
expert and I probably chant
mostly the touch method very
rapidly - but I shall use some of
my spare time next summer getting

would to my typewriter. It seems
as though I can't wait to get it -
not possibly! And I could wait
all right if I weren't going to have
it at all. I guess!

Later -

I've been doing some reading
about Egypt connected with my
studying Meyer's General History,
and I am simply fascinated.

There is one book "On the Banks
of the Nile" by John Todd - that
tells only enough history to correlate
it with the things of the past that
are still to be seen in Egypt
today, or with conditions which certain
phases ^{of things} had brought to Egypt - It is
a wonderful book for travelers
in Egypt, I know - and it makes
me want to go there some day.

I never had much desire for
any places except London, Italy
and Palestine, before. Now Egypt
is added to my list. Fortunately,
isn't it that it is right on the
way? Maybe I'll come home

that way sometime. That's my
only hope of getting there, of course.
Traveling through or past a place
isn't a very good substitute for
visiting it, but it is better than
nothing at all. Besides and moreover,
thinking about wishing to see a
place is a pretty poor substitute
for going some where near it,
but it is much better, to my mind
than never having known there
was such a place. Do you agree
with me?

Lates.

"My Task" is the tune that I
know, and I have never owned a
copy. I am delighted with it. Madelle
and most of the other girls have
not heard it before and think it
sweet and beautiful. I have always
loved it, myself, and love to sing
it.

These are troublous days. Miss
Rug is determined not to stay
on in the school. She is not very
well - she never has been, of course.

and this year she has seen the
inside of things and has had things
to worry about that every other
year have been held by somebody
else. She thinks things have not
gone so well as other years, but
Mabelly says they have - but that
Miss Gung ^{hasn't before} ~~doesn't~~ know how difficult
a thing it is to have responsibility
such as she has had this year.

And in the last few days I
have seen a side of her that I
haven't seen before. She fainted,
apparently, at the close of my
lesson with her - and I had to
drag her a dead weight on to
the bed - she wouldn't answer
when I spoke to her but told
me to get medicine and then
wouldn't tell me how much to
give her - but when we finally
got it in a teaspoon she
said the teaspoon was dirty -
It probably was - for it was
hers, and I don't know what
she had been using for.

Then her brother-in-law sent a note in to her and when she heard it was from him she made struggles to open her eyes and had a great fuss about it but she read it - and gave the answer orally to one of the girls - Now I have seen her have these spells before and they have scared me - but this one instead of frightening me made me mad - for I think she was faking - I'm sure she was - She has been spoiled and waited on all her life and if she felt bad she could flop over and be carried - This is splendid girl - but I think she lacks will power and I don't know but she is a little bit crazy some times too - Metelle would go-poo all this - but I'm

not sure it is ^{not} true just the same. Miss P^{ou}, who was preceptress last year - isn't satisfied to work with Miss G^{alley} - and she is leaving this new year - did I tell you? and now Miss Ang says she is going to leave too. Mr. Everham has said she must have two hours rest daily and she thinks she can't have it at school. I don't know whether she can be persuaded to stay or not. It leaves me in an extremely awkward position. Miss Ang suggested the arrangement of my being preceptress and let my doing the work - and nobody else would take that position. If they had the work of preceptress, they would also want the name of it, which I think is right.

I'm pretty much discouraged about it, to tell the truth -

If I am left by myself to decide something and to do something, that is one thing; if I am to have somebody stand over me and tell me how to do it and what not to do, that is a quite different thing and ten to one I will get all fussed up over it and not do it right at all. - I don't know just why I am writing this; but I do know that I shall feel rather queer however things turn out.

Or maybe I'm too blue about it - I don't know - ~~Sunday~~ Yesterday Emily Miller and I went to

Ivato shopping. In the morning we did several errands, but we forgot completely and absolutely the principal thing we went after, which was a wedding present for Tui Kero, our cook. He has announced that he is to be married on the 11th of February - this next week. - So we

decided we would better go right back in the afternoon and get it. We have bought two gay pink and white bedspreads.

The Chinese are not satisfied with wedding presents unless they are in pairs. Well - we got back a little before five in the afternoon. And that is the way I spent yesterday sewing. I have told the girls how scandalized you would be at the idea of my going through the winter until the first of February or later without a decent woollen dress. Not one!

The only woollen thing I have to my name is my sailor middie and the shirt which doesn't quite match it. For weeks I have had the blue dress manufactured from my Houlton suit - on the way. but I cannot get time to finish it. I also have the red dress made from the

1 dollar mandarin coat - on the way. but that is all. I can't even get time to get things ready for the women to sew on them. I am going to take an hour off at least three days this week, to do a little sewing. It will be vacation for everybody else, after Wednesday - at least part of the time - so I am going to take that much.

For Sat. night, Jan 14th - we have planned a party. It is Edith Travers birthday - and since she and Helen are going home, we thought it specially fitting to have a jollification. We have also invited Mary Egg from Changyang. Ruth Sperry (just arrived from America) and from Chaochow, and Clara & Judy and Emma from Ruyang. We don't know how many of them will come - but that is a surprise for the Sherwin bungalow girls, and we hope they will all come.

It seems to me I didn't tell you about Miss Sperry's coming. She was to have come with Miss Johnson, who is the new worker for the Woman's School here. We went out to the steamer (about 2 wks. ago) and Miss Sperry was there, but Miss Johnson had been taken to the hospital in San Francisco - and did not sail. Word has been received since that Miss Johnson is en route, but we do not know the steamer, nor the date.

That same day Miss Friedman, another worker on the committee with Josephine Ramsay, was here bound for Foochow & she

Spent the day with us -
 She knows - is a very dear
 friend of Frederica Mead, who
 was our delegation leader
 at Silver Bay. - Smith, 1911!
 And Freddy Mead is teaching in
 Peking College, Peking - where
 our Miss Puer is studying.
 Wouldn't it be fine if I could
 see her sometime?

Sunday - Today I played
 the organ at Chinese Church.
 then went down to English
 service - where Mrs. Gamble
 preached the finest sermon
 I have heard for a long, long
 time.

We took the text "If any man
 come unto me and hate not his
 father mother, and wife -" etc.

We said - looked at in this
light how many of us are
Christians? Could we stand such
a test as this? Then he said "that
we can do alone, is nothing: what
it can do with people, is the
marvel. Christ, and William Cuy -
and India's ~~heart~~ ^{face} turned a bit
from its filth and gloom toward
the light; Christ and Morrison
and the great land of China stirred
in her sleep at the breath of
God touched her; Christ and
David Livingstone, and the throbbing
agony of Africa first felt the
healing spirit of Christ himself;
Christ, and Booth - and the
wayward wanderers turned
toward a forgiving Saviour. -
Christ and you - nay,

Christ and Thou, - and
who knows what new earth
would open before our very
eyes - ? I can't quote it
all - but it was missionary
and a beautiful, beautiful
one - I could hardly breathe,
and hardly dared to, during
those closing words - "I am
not saved by crossbearing -
I am saved, if I am saved
at all, by one splendid
cross". God did not tell us
to sit down and count the
cost of discipleship; he wants
us to cast out all care or
thought of the cost. He is
the one who does the
counting. Shall he trust in
you, and forever be _____

confounded?"

I can not soon forget
that thought!

It is getting late now
though, and I must get to
bed - I have been using
up scraps of paper - though
I don't need to tell you that,
I guess!

Give Arthur my special love
and tell him I'm going to
write to him soon -
Your own affectionate daughter
Abbie

Swatow, China, Feb. 15, 1920.

Dear Father and Mother:

This is my 'experience week', I guess!

On Monday came the news that Miss Te, another of our teachers, is resigning from school work with us. Miss Culley has talked about her, she says, to the High School girls - and told them that she is only a temporary fixture, and that when they graduate, they may come to teach in the school, and she will send Miss Te out into the country to teach a little school. Miss Culley says she never said it - and I don't believe she did. Any way, the girl has resigned; Miss Ong says she can't stay, and Miss Poo was leaving any way -

When Miss Culley told us this at supper time, she began by saying "What would you think if we should close down the lower grades and have only the High School for the next two years?" I laughed because I didn't dream she meant it. and when I found she did mean it, I guess I sat with my mouth open. Emily didn't see why she would close the lower ones and keep on the higher ones - There are 14 in high school - and a hundred in the lower grades - I couldn't believe she meant it. But she did, and she had me go over and talk with Miss Pollman about it. I said before I went, that I knew Miss Pollman wouldn't approve of the plan. Miss Culley wanted to decide there and there to close it - and then give the girls notice

next day - Miss Tollman did most strenuously object. as I knew she would - That talk was a difficult one to report to Miss Culley - for there was a good deal told me which was uncomplimentary to Miss Culley. Miss S. says there must be a reason for every body's dislike to work for Mabelle - and that she believes the Chinese who find fault with her have a good deal of truth ~~on~~ ^{on} their side - and much more that I have neither time nor heart to repeat.

One thing Miss Culley said made me think less of her than I did. She said that if she closed the high school and used those girls for teachers that it would save Miss Tollman's face for choosing such poor girls as she did to send away for their education. If we closed school and gave out as a reason - the fact that we couldn't get teachers of the right kind to carry on the work - then Miss S. would lose face - (and so - let us do what would, ^{may} Miss S. lose face!) Well. She talked with Mrs. Waters about it - and Mrs. W. said not care any of it - and she would try to think about some one of the women to come in and substitute. Mrs. Adams heard of it - and wrote over anxiously to find out about it. Wednesday noon I went over there to tell her - and she asked me to stay to dinner - so I did - and had a lovely time - Dr. A. thinks it very presumptuous of Miss Culley to think of such a thing as closing the school without consulting the reference committee. Well, she didn't close it - and on Tuesday night at prayer meeting she announced that -

school would open as usual - and that the exam would take place (for ~~new~~ entering students) the day before school really opens. So that crisis is really over, and it doesn't seem to sound like anything as I write of it. But truly, it was awful - that day while it lasted. Emily and I thought it wouldn't be fair to us to close it now - for we should want to reopen in the fall. Well. The long and the short of it is that when she found out every one was opposed to it, she gave it up. I think it would have been a calamity.

And now, we don't know where to look for other teachers. We are hoping, and praying - and everybody is thinking hard, but it is a big, big problem.

I had a long talk with Miss Cuy. She knows Miss Culley better than the other teachers do - and understands her better. Of course I didn't solicit anything that she said - but in the course of talking about the situation it came out naturally. She says that Miss Dollman is about the best one and best for being able to make everybody happy that she works for. She has a warm heart - and more besides - she has the faculty of letting it out, and letting people know it. "Miss Culley, on the other hand," she went on "has a real heart, but you have to know her for a long time to understand her." She says all the teachers hate like sin to have to work for her - and they all plan to get away from her just as soon as they can. They feel that she

doesn't treat them as equals when she gets them
to do things. And they feel like refusing everything
she tells them to do - because it is a command
and a goal rather than an invitation to help her -
And much more like that. She also says that
the Girls' School house-mistress have the reputation of
being "bô loi-sian" - without a polite manner of doing
things. That includes me, I suppose - so I shall make
a special effort to be polite and palavering and so forth
and so on. Of course, I can't speak Chinese very
well, but I certainly have tried to be pleasing in
my manner, all the time. I shall have to work
against the Girls' School Reputation, though, it
seems! Well, one thing Miss Bollman said the
other night (which I didn't report to anyone) was
this: "I would say, unhesitatingly that you have the
language already far better than Miss Culley has."
Well - I don't suppose that is true - and I'm sure
I haven't the confidence yet to get up before the
whole girls' school and talk and pray, as she
does - Any way - that is beside the question!

(As I write this, Sunday P.M. Miss Culley is out in the
dining room with Dr. Ashmore, having a long talk. I am
afraid she will hear some straight talk from him!)

Tuesday night Helen wasn't going to prayer meeting
for she said she hadn't the strength to go through
with it. But I knew they were planning to give
her a blue silk banner embroidered in
white - and so I stayed after the two girls had
gone over, and persuaded her to go. She wept
and wept - and I felt bad too. But she finally
went - And then - they didn't give it to her after all!

But waited until we had come home and then a delegation of eight (one from each class) came and presented it to her. I'm glad I made her go, though, and she is glad, too, for if she had stayed at home she would have gone to bed.

She and Edith are sailing for Hongkong either Monday or Tuesday. - so we invited all the boys in the mission to a supper last night. Miss Ogg came, and Miss Sperry. Dr. Leach went through on Wednesday - on her way to a medical conference in Peking - so she couldn't come. And then it was very very rainy yesterday morning, so the other two Putzang girls didn't come after all - We had a very nice valentine supper, however. Four red ribbons with graduated sizes of red hearts - strung from the chandelier to the four corners of the table. Red hearts scattered all over the tablecloth. Red candles at each place - and candles with valentine candle shades, in the center. A jolly gay time - with jokes, conundrums, and good fun.

But - I had a heart which kept popping up into my throat all the time - because on the night before I had received a letter which you wrote on January 4. The last one before that was written Dec. 5 - so I didn't get any of the preliminaries - and practically the only thing

I can think of nowadays is that my only
own Caddy Brother is married to a girl whose
name I never heard before! Isn't that
rather a shocking thing? I seem to remember
that some letter said something about a Miss
Gladys Fair - but I have read every one since
June, and can't find even that. So I don't
know why he decided to get married, nor whether
you knew about it ^{before} the day he was married, even.
I guess that you did - for your letter didn't give
a sense of surprise.

I had a letter slip with 12¢ postage due - and
I thought I couldn't wait to get it, because I
felt sure it was from Arthur. It was a Xmas card
from Riverside farm, however! You can imagine that,
I am nearly, indeed, to know more than that one letter
tells me. Doubtless the letters in between were on
the "China", which went on the rocks off Nagasaki, this
last trip. They say that the mail was all saved, but
we haven't received any of it. If it doesn't come
in two or three more weeks I shall want you to
write me again about the whole affair. I know
it is a shock to you, however the case may be -
and I know you are disappointed - You can
imagine that it is well-nigh unendurable to have
no way of finding out anything more for months!!

Most lovingly your daughter,

Abbie

Suva, C. I.

No. 90

Feb. 22, 1926

~~I hope you won't say~~
~~any more out of it or~~

Dear Mother:
~~that I have another thing for you &~~
~~cross off my list - & that is piano.~~
Would you believe it? One of the
community people goes away next
month and Emily Miller has ready
cash enough to pay for it ~~with~~. So
she is going to buy it with the
understanding that later on, as I
can, I will buy my share of it.
It is a Robinson, splendid piano -
made out here - especially for this
climate, and we feel that we are
getting a great bargain for \$200.
Of course I'm very happy that we
are going to have it.

The invoice for my typewriter has
come and I notice \$16.51 has

been charged for insurance, etc.
I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to
take that out of my \$50. for it
is not convenient for me to pay from
this end. It makes the typewriter
cost something, doesn't it? And I
wonder how much duty I shall have
to pay. Oh - I do hope it will arrive
in good condition!

Emily Miller likes me very much -
That sounds egotistical but it is the
truth. I'm very glad - for Mrs. Henderson
wrote to me before she arrived that
I would find her different from
most girls and that she had very
strong likes and dislikes and would
do anything for anyone who needed
it or whom she liked - but she
resented being teased - Well - she is
a sensitive girl - but I've found out
that she is true blue and I like her
a lot. I hope I won't do anything
to change her opinion - for as things are
now I see no reason why we can't
work together beautifully.

Don't you suppose I was surprised
when she showed me this last night

and then told me it was one she
had written herself - to her mother?
I couldn't do anything like that if
I tried a thousand years!

"As you watch the sun sink down in the west
While the glowing colors flood the sky.
Do you think that perhaps across the sea
The first bright rays have awakened me?
Then I watch the sun and so do you,
It shines on us both for a minute or two.
And the miles of sea twist you and me
Seem very small."

"But all the day and the long night too
When skies are blue or clouds hang gray,
There is never a moment when God above
Is not watching us with tender love;
And I look to Him and you do too,
He cares for us both the long years through;
And the miles of sea twist you & me
Seem none at all."

Isn't that beautiful? I love it.
And she did it on her way out.
I can't stop to say more about
her now - but will later.

Tientsin, China

Feb 29, 1920

Dear Ones —

Just a line this time,
and yet there is a heap to say!
It is after midnight and we
go to Chanchow tomorrow
morning for Mr. Baker's home party.
I wasn't planning to go at first —
but the women's school has
opened and so those girls can't
go. I'm going up tomorrow and
coming down Wednesday.

Miss Johnson and the Carmans
arrived from America on Wednesday.
Miss Johnson was first appointed
an evangelistic worker — then her
health was not good enough so just
before she sailed she received word
from the Board that that appointment
had been cancelled, and she had
been appointed to the English work
in the Girls' School on a three
year contract. She isn't very well.
Mrs. Waley has to have an operation,
so cannot come back this spring.
To help Miss Johnson & no one has

been found to take Helen's place yet,
except Miss Johnson - who is very
much disappointed to be transferred
from educational to evangelistic work.
She dreads working with the girls - thinks
she would get along much better with
the women, etc.

But Thursday the Ref. Com. voted
that she should spend this term
teaching in the Girls' School. Emily and
I are going to continue our plan of teaching
an hour a day each - so that will
leave two hours in the P.M. for Miss J.
to study. The Ref. Com. had thought
perhaps she would teach four hrs &
study one. This later arrangement
of ours of course pleases her better.

She seems very nice - and I'm terribly
sorry that she has to teach in our
school when she doesn't want to. She
is nice about it though. I cannot
understand how it ever happened, tho.
For this makes 4 foreigners giving part
time to the Girls' School, and Miss
Gollman herself alone (Peggy helps a little)
in the Woman's School. - And Miss
Gollman is on the Reference Committee.
I can't help believing that she doesn't
care particularly for Miss J. - and

would be valuable for us to have her -
for the things she wants generally
go through, as perhaps you've heard!

No Chinese teachers found yet -
not for certain - we are still hunting.

Emily and I went to a beautiful
Chinese wedding in Swatow on
Thursday - I must write that in
some of my letters to folds - but I
can't stop now!

So sorry the typewriter bill was such
a huge one. I can't imagine why it was
~~so~~ much - can you?

I'm also sorry not to tell you the
dates of arrival of boxes - letters I
write down - & I have down 1 box Dec. 4.
but I don't know which one. I'll begin
to record parcels ~~as~~ as letters.

I didn't send seven silver rings in
any box did I? I've lost or misplaced
them if I didn't by mistake send them
to you!

Always lovingly yours,

Abbie

P.S. Enclosed a letter to

Mrs. Chas. Miles, 3 Green St. Boston Ms.
thanks for forwarding.

Stratford, Dec. 7, 1920

Dear One:

This has been a truly strenuous week - and I'm not sure I have the ambition to begin a heavy schedule that will come this next week (the week before my fare - as the Chinese say). We went to Chaochowfu on Monday and went sightseeing all day Tuesday. Sightseeing is about as restful for me as it is for you, ^(mother) - so you can imagine how glad I was the next day that we couldn't go shopping on account of the rain. We came home Wednesday night in the pouring rain, and I broke my glasses getting into a covered ricksha. Glad I had some others to wear, because I really find it very hard to study without them.

Thursday all day, and Friday A.M. I studied with my new teacher, who speaks a good deal of English, but much more brokenly than the university graduate who has been my teacher for the last month. We will be able to help me on the history outline, I'm sure. I have to translate it (the outline) into Chinese - easy Bur. lit. for the girls to write, and local dialect for my own use in the classroom. Then I have to go over the English ^{of the} history and be sure that I can translate that into ^{the local} my own use. Then compare it with the Chinese, so that they are sure to tally. I shall omit going over all the Chinese characters, if I can.

I have found out that I will have but one class in English; i.e. the highest one - 2nd year High School. That is one hour a day. But Miss Long has consented to come back and try, in spite of her health, if I will take over more of the work - and if she may send the girls to me to discuss all their little affairs - etc. etc. There is no other way - but I am willing to try - though I don't know how much it will involve. I am scared when I think of it,

and my examination too. Yesterday I went over to school myself and superintended straightening the beds of one dormitory and the desks and chairs of all the class rooms. The plasterers and painters have been at work, so the rooms were all upset. Friday P.M. I was with Mabelle, straightening up the office - which has had a ceiling put on.

Sat. P.M. Finally, Emma Timmerman (who is down for a little visit) and I went for a long walk. We took an orange and a cookie in our pockets and climbed Mount Be. thi. the highest point on this stretch of land. We left about 3.30 and got back about six 30. We have had Ruth Sperry over to supper tonight, and the Carman's came around dressed in their wedding clothes - because tonight is their first anniversary - I'm so glad Dr. Mildred is back, because she will help Dr. Everham in the Hospital - and thus give her a chance to get a little studying done - I'm too sleepy to write any more -
Love, Abbie

Suatore, China.

Mar. 17, 1920

My dearest ones!

It is 10.35 P.M. this minute but I have simply got to begin a letter to you without further delay. The reason I didn't write last week-end was because I had so much to do that I simply had to plug away at it, as I wouldn't have got it done. I've had two difficult things to do this week - and since I have just this minute finished the second of the two - I feel so relieved that I want to take deep sighs one after another as fast as I can!

One of the difficult things was leading chapel in Chinese for the first time. When I faced those girls - over a hundred of them - yesterday morning - I wasn't frightened, though I had been frightened before hand - thinking of it - but I was ashamed - because there is so much that they need - and so little that I can give to them. My talk was a little over ten minutes long - and my theme

"Speak a good word for Jesus Christ."
using the verse Acts 22:15 and the
incident from Ian MacLaren's story

"His Mother's Sermon". You must know it.

Just after chapel, I found that a
little girl had just returned, whose
Heathen mother had died two days
before - That's one reason why the
girls were so sober while I was
talking - Mabelle nearly upset me -
for she wept all the time - I was
so sorry for the little girl - but
afterwards when I thought it over -
I was glad I hadn't known - for
I have had to lead chapel just
the same - and wouldn't have
known what to say - for it took
me a long time to prepare it -
with my teachers - word for word.

Tonight was the other hard
thing - my turn at the missionaries
prayer meeting - But I did it
and all's well with the world - and
I am tired -

But your letters today were such
a joy - Two of them telling so

much of what I wanted to know
and all about Arthur & Gladys &
how they are getting along. I
nearly wept when I read about
your loaning the poor girl the
furs! Please give them to her
with my love, unless you are
planning to do something else
with them. They will be ever
so much more good to her now
than they would to me three
or four years hence - and if
there is anything else that I left
that would be of use to her that
you don't need - towels etc -
I do give them to her and tell
her that I'm very happy to have
her have them.

I haven't written to her
separately yet, though I have
written to Arthur - and asked
them both to write to me.

Enclosed a belated birthday
present for you, Daddy Dear!
It is late in starting - but if
it is useful to you I tell me

and I'll send you another
just like it. Do you suppose
Arthur would like one, too?

Type-writers not yet come - but
I'm eagerly looking for it:

Mabelle wants one to take
some music pupils - & I don't
know whether I ought to try too
much - until after my exam
is over - ~~November~~!!

Love to my Sweethearts,
From theirs
Abbie

No. 94.

Suwan, China

Mar. 28, 1919

My dear Beloveds:

Such a long, long time
it seems since I have written you
a real long letter. Is that so?
Or is it because heaps of things happen
all the time - and then when
extra things added on to the regular
ones, happen, it just upsets my
scale of measuring days? The latter
might well be the case just now.

I doubt if I can begin at the
beginning and go right straight
through without deviating, but I'll
try.

In the first place were my two
prayer meetings that I told you about.

and then on Thursday the piano came -
and I haven't had a minute when I
wasn't crazy to be playing it. But
there have been precious few minutes
when I've had time to play it. Well,
it is pretty exciting to get a piano
in your house. Don't you think so - ?
But more exciting things than that can
happen, so I will proceed to prove it to you.

Friday night, about 1.30 A.M. I was
very suddenly startled out of sleep
by the ringing of a bell and by Mabel's
saying "Better get up - thieves" well -
thieves in China is a word to strike
terror to your heart any way - and I
must admit I was frightened for a
moment. After several attempts I
managed to call to Emily, who is
sleeping out on the porch where I was

before Helen went. We got up and
prowled around in our uniforms.
We could hear yelling - and thought
some of it was from the girls'
school. But couldn't tell. We sent
Qui Kim over to school & he brought
back the report that every thing seemed
all right.

Robbers had broken into a house
right near the school - just over the
wall from it, in fact - and one
woman injured - and her money &
some jewelry stolen. Four women
were alone in the house - and the
robbers were in there for a good long
time. Nobody came to help them -

The policemen were having their
midnight meal - & heard some
things going on - but that didn't

Neither them and none of them
appeared on the scene until nearly
an hour later. Mr. & Mrs. Waters
got up & went down - then they
sent for the doctor. Then Mrs. Waters
came over and asked if any one was
frightened here. He had been over
to the girls' school and said that
the reason the girls were so frightened
and screamed as was that a dog had
been locked inside the gate and
was pawing and pawing to get out - and
barking. Mabelle and Emily left me
to watch the house & they went over
to school. Some of the girls were
hysterical and all badly frightened.
Mabelle stayed on the rest of the
night & Emily came back with me.
There is a good deal of talk now

about more protection from thieves.
and we wish we had a revolver -
an inexpensive one that will shoot
5 or 6 times without reloading - I
hate the thought of having such a
thing in my possession, but maybe
we shall have to get one !

We thought we had had quite
shock enough to last us for some
time - but things come all at once
out here, I've found !

The next morning news came
that Ruth Sperry, the new young
woman worker at Chaochowfu,
has announced her engagement and
the fact that she is to be here in
China only two years. In view
of that, it was thought best for

her to stop language study -
immediately, and go to teaching
English. She will teach in
the girls' school, probably, then
releasing Miss Johnson for full-time
language study, in preparation for
work in the Romanic School. She
came out, however, under a three
year contract herself - and while she
said at first that she would be
disappointed to have to teach English -
she wished she might study all
the time - yet now she says she
wants to keep her English classes, and
feel free to go home at the end of
three years if she wants to -

Well it is a mess, any how - Miss
Sollman is practically alone in
the Romanic school work ^(my water & stage) - Peggy works

there, of course, but only in the
Kindergarten training work. And
we have Mabelle - (full time) Emily
and I (each a class) Mrs. Waters (1 class)
and now here comes Ruth Sperry
to be in our work too. Mr. Page
& Mr. Carman want Miss Sperry
to go over & teach a class or so in
the Academy & release Mr. Carman
for that much more language study.
Miss Sollman & Miss Culley &
Mrs. Waters think that a Roman
worker, sent out by the Roman
Board, should do Roman work
& not General Board work. Emily
Hather agrees with Mr. Carman that
to have such a feeling of distinction
& superiority is despicable & mean,
and small, and unthinkably generally.

"It isn't the Roman's work, it isn't the
General Board work - says she - it is the
Kingdom work - and I think we ought
to be willing to cooperate." She said
that - and a lot more. She isn't
slow to say what she thinks about a
thing and she & Mabelle had an
argument about the thing last night.
pretty hot & heavy. I didn't say
much - because when people's tempers
are high it is hard to ^{convince them of} say anything.
I simply said, "I do think that it
would be wrong for a Roman's Worker
to leave Roman's work out here that
is needing her - for which she was sent
out, - to go & help the others out - except
in a very special case - Otherwise - that is
if she were not needed - it would be
wrong for her not to help" - Then later

When she ^{finally} said good night to ~~that~~ I told
her straight out that I wasn't sure it
would be the wisest thing in this case.
There is past history in this thing. The
women have worked again & again to
help out the General Work - I was glad
to - but just about every time that
any thing came up on the other side
of the question - the men would
raise the question of pay - pay for it!
And you can't just lie down & be
set upon all the time - Well she
saw my point - and decided, I guess,
that you can't say right off what
should be & what shouldn't be - until
she has heard more of the question than
simply one side of it.

I did deviate from what I was telling
didn't I? I started to tell about Ruth

Sperry's announcing her engagement. Owing to misunderstanding she and Mrs. Black did not know that they both loved each other until ~~they~~ ^{she} got to San Francisco, where he joined her. They became engaged, and she sailed, just the same - writing to the Board from Honolulu that she would stay two years if they were willing to use her services for that length of time only. She kept her ^{affair} secret until she received the answer, from the Board, then immediately divulged it, and day before yesterday she arrived. She has a room at Mrs. Water's house, and boards here with us. The things haven't all been decided - but I haven't much doubt that Ruth Sperry will put in all her time at the girls' school.

and that - Euclid Johnson will study
the language -

Let me now I want to say - I've given
up having morning chapel talks at school
in Chinese - because they were a worry, -
because they took a considerable amount
of time from my language study; and
because the Language Committee advised
it. When I told Mabelle that I was
worrying about it - she said I ought to
consider my self lucky not to be doing
more - If she had done as Dr. Colburn
suggested, I would be teaching more than
I am. On Sunday, when we were
discussing Miss Sperry's coming, with Dr. Q.
& Mrs. Frates. Emily took occasion to ask
point blank whether Dr. Q. had said that.
and he said no, it was factfect, from
his mind. The thing that had troubled
him was that I had been given too
much responsibility in the school
while I was still at my language work.

Late that evening, when I told Matie
that I wasn't going to take the chapel
any more just now - she was very sorry,
she said - She was provoked ^{at my} ^{not} ^{leaving} ^{it} ^{because}
she had insisted on it - But Dr. A.
insisted too, and put it in writing, even
Then in the course of my conversation
with her, it came out that what she
had referred to was this: She had asked
Dr. Ashmore which of the two, Emily or I
ought to have the longer period of teaching -
and he said - "the one who has been here
longer" - I told him afterwards, but
he thought that was a slim basis for
her statement.

Emily is a dear, in spite of her opinions,
her sensitiveness, and her what-I-call-contrariness.
She apparently likes me very much - and I think
I like her equally well - I do like her - and I haven't
been trained, any way, to make it very plain to
people that I don't like them. That isn't
my strong point. Anyhow - I do like her - but I'm
glad that I'm planning to go to India, she
& Thai Long - This is a dear - but I'm tired of
being on the alert all the time, if you know what I mean!

Swatow, China, April 1, '20

Dear Ones, &

X

Just see what happened to me to-day! Don't you think that I have a pretty good right to be the happiest lady in the land to-night?

The notice that IT had arrived in port came yesterday afternoon, a full half-hour after the Customs offices were closed for the day. Perhaps I was'n't crazy! I told the cook that he would have to go over the very first thing this morning. He wanted to wait until this P.M., but I said nothing doing, so he cheerfully arose early and got not only breakfast but also dinner ready before we were downstairs this morning. As soon as prayers he was off to Swatow- before half-past 8, I should say. He was right when he said that it would take a long time to get it through the Customs. At 12 o'clock when I came in to dinner, he had just got back with it. The house boy had fried and heated &c., the things that Sui-kin had got ready, (tickled to death to think that he was having a chance to show off, I'm sure).

Well, you needn't think that I was the only one that was interested in seeing what the new typewriter looked like! The cook, and the houseboy, and the coolie all helped, and even Beauty, the cat, pricked up his ears and took notice when the nails and screws and things began to get pounded out! The people who packed it certainly know their business. When Mary Ogg's machine arrived it was all out of kilter and she couldn't use it, ^{at} all until it was taken to Hong Kong to be fixed. So you see I have worried a little bit about this, and was very fearful that something might happen to it during its long journey. It could have danced a jig standing on my head when I got it all unpacked and set up on the table and found that it is in perfect condition and all that I could possibly desire in the way of a typewriter. O, I do think I'm the very luckiest girl that ever was born! I must write and tell Uncle George without delay.

Of course I had to pay duty on this- the very first article that that has required it. They tell me that \$8.00 was very reasonable for such a valuable machine. I got word from Mr. Stafford two or three days ago that \$10.00 had been received at Boston to be sent to me for my typewriter fund,- from guess whom? Free Baptist Missionary circle at Houlton. Isn't that just fine? I shall tell them that I it came just in time to pay the duty. I shall have to write them a letter in a hurry, too. Dear me, I don't know what I shall use for an excuse now, for not being more prompt in my correspondence! I certainly can't say any more, "If I only had a typewriter, &c., &c., &c.,!"

How do you like my typewriting? I'm really quite proud of it, myself, though there are mistakes enough, I'll admit. Mary Ogg has loaned me a perfectly fine practice book, but I have had no time yet to use it. I still follow the Pack & Hammer Method. Do you know it?

This is some of the cheaper paper that came with the machine. Don't you think it does pretty well? And it takes the carbon very well, too. You see, I am making two copies of this first letter of mine, and will send one to you and one to my other Vermont folks.

Let me say right here and now that I think you all have done altogether too much towards this beautiful present of mine, and yet there isn't a thing I can do to stop you when you will do things like this! I can just say "Thank-you-pretty" and hope you understand how much I love it.

Ruth Sperry has begun to teach English in the Girls' School and that means that I have given up my one English class. Enid Johnson has still kept some of her classes and Ruth is to have one class in the Boys' Academy, in spite of the fact that we never dreamed Miss Sollman would stand for a Woman's worker to do General Board work! My day seems still to be pretty full, however. I go over to chapel at half-past 8 come back at 9 and study steadily until 11.45, then go back to school

for nothing in particular and most everything in general. I fuss over there doing something or other until 12 or after, then come home for dinner. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday I study from 1.30 to 4.00, and on Wednesday and Friday I have music pupils from 1 to 2, then come home and study from 2 to 4. On Saturday I have music pupils from 1 to 3.30. I have elaborated to you before about the different prayer-meetings that scatter themselves through the week, - Tuesday eve., Wednesday eve., and Thursday afternoon, to say nothing of all day Sunday both Chinese and English services.

Sol I guess I shall need all the typewriters and any other help that I can get if I am going to get any of my numerous letters answered before people begin to think I must have expired or vanished or some equally stupid thing.

The very next thing for me to do right off quick, however, if I want to have a particle of sense in my noddle to-morrow, and if I don't wish to spoil this grand machine right while it is brand-span new,---- is to quit this spiel and hike my sleepy self to bed as fast as ever I get there!

So good night, and sweet dreams to you!

Yours with dearest love,

Abbie

Swatow, China, April 1, '20

Dear Ones, &

I

Just see what happened to me to-day! Don't you think that I have a pretty good right to be the happiest lady in the land to-night?

The notice that IT had arrived in port came yesterday afternoon, a full half-hour after the Customs offices were closed for the day.

Perhaps I wasn't crazy! I told the cook that he would have to go over the very first thing this morning. He wanted to wait until this P.M., but I said nothing doing, so he cheerfully arose early, and got not only breakfast but also dinner ready before we were down stairs this morning. As soon as prayers he was off to Swatow- before half-past 8, I should say. He was right when he said that it would take a long time to get it through the Customs. At 12 o'clock when I came in to dinner, he had just got back with it. The house boy had fried and heated so., the things that Sui-kim had got ready, (tickled to death to think that he was having a chance to show off, I'm sure).

Well, you needn't think that I was the only one that was interested in seeing what the new typewriter looked like! The cook, and the houseboy, and the coolie all helped, and even Beauty, the cat, pricked up his ears and took notice when the nails and screws and things began to get pounded out! The people who packed it certainly know their business. When Mary Ogg's machine arrived it was all out of kilter and she couldn't use it ^{at} all until it was taken to Hong Kong to be fixed. So you see I have worried a little bit about this, and was very fearful that something might happen to it during its long journey. It could have danced a jig standing on my head when I got it all unpacked and set up on the table and found that it is in perfect condition and all that I could possibly desire in the way of a typewriter. O, I do think I'm the very luckiest girl that ever was born! I must write and tell Uncle George without delay.

Of course I had to pay duty on this - the very first article that that has required it. They tell me that \$8.00 was very reasonable for such a valuable machine. I got word from Mr. Stafford two or three days ago that \$10.00 had been received at Boston to be sent to me for my typewriter fund, - from guess whom? Free Baptist Missionary circle at Boulton. Isn't that just fine? I shall tell them that I it came just in time to pay the duty, I shall have to write them a letter in a hurry, too. Dear me, I don't know what I shall use for an excuse now, for not being more prompt in my correspondence! I certainly can't say any more, "If I only had a typewriter, &c., &c., &c.,!"

How do you like my typewriting? I'm really quite proud of it, myself, though there are mistakes enough, I'll admit. Mary Ogg has loaned me a perfectly fine practice book, but I have had no time yet to use it. I still follow the Peck & Hammer Method. Do you know it?

This is some of the cheaper paper that came with the machine. Don't you think it does pretty well? And it takes the carbon very well, too. You see, I am making two copies of this first letter of mine, and will send one to you and one to my other Vermont folks.

Let me say right here and now that I think you all have done altogether too much towards this beautiful present of mine, and yet there isn't a thing I can do to stop you when you will do things like this! I can just say "Thank-you-pretty" and hope you understand how much I love it.

Ruth Sperry has begun to teach English in the Girls' School and that means that I have given up my one English class. Enid Johnson has still kept some of her classes and Ruth is to have one class in the Boys' Academy, in spite of the fact that we never dreamed Miss Sollman would stand for a Woman's worker to do General Board work! My day seems still to be pretty full, however. I go over to chapel at half-past 8 come back at 9 and study steadily until 11.45, then go back to school

for nothing in particular and most everything in general. I fuss
over there doing something or other until 12 or after, then come home
for dinner. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday I study from 1.30 to 4.00,
and on Wednesday and Friday I have music pupils from 1 to 2, then come
home and study from 2 to 4. On Saturday I have music pupils from 1 to
~~11.30~~ 3.30. I have elaborated to you before about the different
prayer-meetings that scatter themselves through the week, - Tuesday eve.,
Wednesday eve., and Thursday afternoon, to say nothing of all day Sunday
both Chinese and English services.

Sol. I guess I shall need all the typewriters and any other help
that I can get if I am going to get any of my numerous letters answered
before people begin to think I must have expired or vanished or some
equally stupid thing.

The very next thing for me to do right off quick, however, if I
want to have a particle of sense in my noodle to-morrow, and if I don't
wish to spoil this grand machine right while it is brand-span new, ----
is to quit this spiel and hike my sleepy self to bed as fast as ever I
get there!

So good night, and sweet dreams to you!

Yours with dearest love,

Abbie

Apr. 19 20

Typewrites

Lamp study

prayer mtgs.

Chaoyang, China

April 9, 1920

Dear Mother,

Over in Chaoyang, and on a Monday too! What do you span I'm up to now? Well, if it is the truth you after asking - I'll tell ye - I'm not up to anything at all, at all, you've been and gone and done it, and it's all over - I'm so relieved and happy that I don't know what to do with myself. The facts in the case are that on Saturday morning I took my final and final examination - Since this exam was all in the Wen-li or Classical Chinese, (except a 30 minute story which I had to tell in the local dialect) I couldn't for the life of me tell whether I was going to do very well, or pretty well, or poorly or not even pass. In fact, I had quite a hush that the ~~other~~ ^{fact} would be the case. So - You may imagine that I found the results (which are written on the exposed paper and cards) rather gratifying. We were sitting at dinner (just Emily and I) when the note came over, so I almost had to show it to her. She was just as anxious as I, apparently, to know about it. But I haven't shown it to anyone else, nor told about it, of course. But I'm pretty glad to have this result, just the same, for the simple reason that I can write it to you folks - You can be proud of me for this one thing, please, for I'm not sure I'll ever do anything as successfully as that again. When you have a language to study, you have to do it with your own brain and heart, not with any body's see opinion or disposition. All the rest of the things I'll have to do all my life, so far as I can see, will be looked up very securely with other folks' opinions and dispositions. Not that every body's ^{life} will, too - only mine seems especially so just now -

... I must explain, however, that she is not depressing most of the time - In fact, she is quite excitingly exuberant most of the time. She is nervously high strung - and I am beginning to think that the Board took rather a risk when they sent her - I wonder if I'd do well to shut-up though - I might be a risk myself -

Speaking of myself I might go on from here and tell a little gossip about that important person. I've been getting pretty thin lately - and have been having some digestive troubles - One breast - not the one that drops - is tender - has been for several weeks - so I went to Marguerite for examination. She finds nothing in the breast - no hard lumps or any thing except a little congested condition. So that she said she must bandage it now - then we saw some kind of ointment - I may have ^{caught} cold and had it settle there.

Some time ago I asked Marguerite whether she thought my thinness might possibly be due to worms - At this time she said she was going to give me that kind of medicine on a guess. I didn't really think I had anything of the sort - but that kind of thing attacks a person unawares and heathens and is no respecter of persons either - Even Dr. & Mrs. Holmes could tell tales on themselves if they chose (Mrs. did choose to tell me!) Loathsome - as it is to think of - it isn't a disgrace to find them - as we would almost consider it at home! So - on with the search for the Ascaridae! Would you like to know the result of our search - ? First came Mr. Entozoic Parasite, length 10 1/2 in. He was followed by his twin brother Iggy. Later came another set of twins (7 in.) Sadie and Jimmy. Later still the youngest slenderest of all appeared whom I called Jadediah - And I hope that is the end of the nematoids for me! There is a certain satisfaction in me! I shall tell me no longer with me!

subsequent - I may have, sold and had it
settled there -

Some time ago I asked Marguerite whether
she thought my worms might possibly be
due to worms - So this time she said she
was going to give me that kind of medicine -
on a guess. I didn't really think I had
anything of the sort - but that kind of
thing attacks a person unawares and he
and is no respecter of persons either - Even
Mr. & Mrs. Ashmore could tell tales on them-
selves if they chose (Mrs. did choose to tell me)
Loathsome as it is to think of - it isn't
a disgrace to find them - as we would
almost consider it at home! So - on with

the search for the Ascaridae! Would you
like to know the result of our search - ? First
came Mr. Entozoic Parasite, length $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
He was followed by his twin brother Iggy -
Later came another set of twins (9 in.) Sadie
and Jimmy. Later still the youngest plebeian
of all appeared - whom I called Jedediah - And
I hope that is the end of the nematoids for
me! There is a certain satisfaction in
knowing that they are no longer with me!

Marguerite says I must not take on
too much work this spring. I didn't think
much of it when she first said it - but when
she examined my lungs and took my blood
pressure and a lot more things - she scared
me so I will be careful, I guess. She didn't
find anything wrong - but still - I am willing
to do what she says!

I told you this just at the point of my story
just because I wanted you to see the reason
for my feeling rather lackadaisical and
nerveless on the morning of my exam. - I had
followed the "verme" medicine by two envelopes
of salts - so I felt as though the entire alimentary
canal had been expelled with the other
things.

No 97

Suowen, China

April 11, 1920

Dear Ones,-

Another anniversary yesterday; I've been here just two years! The time seems very very short,- out here; but it seems ages and ages since I last saw the home folks! Yesterday I was wishing so hard that I didn't have to have the worry of another exam. now, and just as though to pay me for my lazy wishes, in came a letter from Mabel Bovell. I was pretty much excited when I saw that it was postmarked Shanghai. What do you think has happened to that poor girl now? She and Frances Therolf were bitten by their pet puppy who suddenly turned vicious. They knew that he had been bitten a few days before by a Chinese dog, but didn't think seriously of it until he bit them. Two days later he died and his body was sent to Chentu for examination. In the meantime the two girls were administered treatment for rabies (the mission happened to own two treatments, the only two west of Shanghai, as far as they know) When word came back that disinfection showed hydrophobia, the mission thought they must take no risks. The treatments that the girls had been given were two months older than the guarantee, so they decided that they must go to Shanghai for further treatment. Her letter to me was written the day after they arrived there. They had had two treatments already and were to have them for fifteen days in all. Mabel says and thinks they use the longest needle they can find for the purpose (hypodermic injections into the abdomen). Now wouldn't you think that nearly enough for one poor missionary girl? To cap the climax, they were encountered by robbers on the way down the river, and everything they had except the clothes on their backs was stolen. Oh, I think that girl is the bravest one I know. If I had had half the horrid experiences that she has had since she has been in China, my voice would be raised in loud walls of protestations, I know,- but her letters are all so quiet and without a breath of questioning in them. Well, it made me just ashamed of my fussing

about exam. For Mabel has had no end of interruptions, you know, ever since she came out. First it was taking care of so many sick people that winter, then being with Miss Cody through her terrible last sickness. Then she herself has developed chronic headache, and other people have been sick again and she has shared the burden always. She has had other hard things, too. Her father underwent a very serious operation which of course she couldn't know about until it had been over weeks and weeks; and when she got the first letter it said he was scarcely expected to live, so she had no way of knowing whether he was still living or not. The operation was successful and he is well again now but it was very hard for Mabel, you can see. And now just as she had gone to Suifu, the place where she expects to live, and had been there long enough to know that she would love it there, she has to go traipsing off over a month's journey to Shanghai. She will be there a half a month at least, and then it will take nearly two months, perhaps, for them to go up river. That trip will cost the mission a pretty penny in money alone, won't it? Oh, I am glad they didn't take any risks, though. Hydrophobia is so treacherous. It seemed yesterday as though I just could not stand it not to see her when she is so much nearer. There was a boat to Shanghai in the afternoon and I could have got my duds together just as easy as anything and sailed up there for a few days. I want to cheer her up and I think we would have a cheerful time if I could only see her. Not that she complains even the slightest bit; she doesn't; but I think I can guess how she must feel.

These days are certainly busy ones for me. Did I tell you that besides my daily five hours of study, I am having nine music pupils each week? I have been trying to get in a little exercise every day, too. I'm not getting any fatter these days and I've decided that I can't afford to let go any of my few precious remaining pounds—I do still go down into the community once in a while. Went again yesterday to Miss Moorhead's for tennis. I didn't feel so foolish at all this time, for we have been practicing more lately and I am

getting back my old serve a little, I think. I still can't do anything at returning, but hope we shall have some good games this summer at Kullang. There were some men present, too, this time. I wanted to shoot 'em when I saw 'em coming, but it couldn't be helped so I made the best of it and took my medicine like a good child. I do hate to be watched when I am trying to do anything that I can't do very well, tennis, for instance! I thought it was bad enough when I saw them coming to play with us; but mercy on us! Mr. Klabein, the young Dane, wouldn't play at all but just sat there and watched all the time! And I just know he and Mr. Moorhead were having the time of their lives watching my long giraffe-elephant-cow leaps and antics and frolics all over that court! It certainly must be fun to watch me! I think it's nice I don't get mad but can enjoy the joke, too, don't you? *There was another man who did play with us.*

Emily Miller and I are in wrong today, and all through no slightest intention on our part. I said when I first came out here that English church was one of the things I ~~ENJOY~~ thought I should have to get along without out here for the most part. I knew that Miss Culley seldom went. She didn't always go to Chinese church either, for that matter. So I followed ~~that~~ a little bit. Then people began to ask me why I didn't ever go to English church, and blamed me because I didn't. So then I decided that I would go once in a while. It makes the day too terribly full, though, to go to two services in the morning; in fact, sometimes we have to leave Chinese church early in order not to be late at the other one. Since the service today was to be on this side of the bay, I decided that I would go. While I was dressing Mabelle spoke through the door into my bathroom and asked me if I would play the organ at church this morning. I told her that I was not planning to go to Chinese service and asked if she would try to get someone else. I think it is the very first time I have begged off when she has asked me to do it. I just hate to too because I make so many mistakes. I was writing to Mabel Sewell when Emily came down. She had been playing the piano, when Mabelle came out and said, "Aren't you going to church? Well, somebody has got to go." So

although Mrs. Page had very willingly consented to play the organ, Mabelle put on her coat and marched over to church because neither of us was going. I didn't know that Emily was going to stay at home, too, but I don't feel that that makes any difference about its being right or wrong for me to stay at home or to go. I simply decided what I was going to do-- how much I could do in one day, and nobody told me that I ought to or ought not. But I know of course from what Mabelle told Emily that she thought one of us ought to go. I think it was just as much of a duty to write to my poor "sin-twister" Mabel as it was to go to two church services today. Mabelle had her dinner in her room, and we didn't see her until 4 o'clock this afternoon. She hasn't said a word about it, and I don't know whether or not she thinks I set Emily a wrong example. The thing that worries Emily is that when she was telling me about it Mabelle came in through the next room very suddenly and we have no way of knowing whether she heard what was said. Oh dear, we do get so small and fussy about things out here, don't we? I know a thing is not worth the paper it takes to write it on. I wish you would just tell me what you think of my writing such trash, anyway! But it certainly does sink my heart way down into my boots to have even little fusses with anyone. I am sure that I hate it worse than anything else. It always takes a whole lot of strength out of me and I feel as limp as a rag.

You'll forgive me for all the misplaced capitals and various blunders, I'm sure. I certainly am having a grand time learning to run this machine. I planned to spend a little time every day getting the touch method; I've carried out my plan one day!

Very much love to you both, with a wish that everything happy and beautiful may come to you as the days go by,

Yours own & only

Abbie

96

Suixian, China

Apr. 6 - 1920

Dear Gus:

Just an apology for a

letter this time, with these two enclosed
for you to read and send on to

D. K. Farnum and Uncle George -

I'm ashamed to send them, truly.

But am getting to the point
where I am thankful to get
anything written for anybody.

My exam. should come next Saturday.

But I am so far from ready; and

I do so want to get it over -

I shall certainly be plunged

head first into things as soon

as it is over - but I would

rather get into the fire than stay

in this frying pan any longer -

Another thing that worries me;

however well I may have done in

these exams before now - I know I

can't do it this time, so you may

expect to get a "pretty fair" mark -

or "fairly good" or something like that.

this time - It will be the most I
 can hope for - My brain is not
made to suck in all these Chinese
 Characters - It is like a sponge - when
 it is full the slightest pressure
 will squeeze out a lot of the
 contents -

Mrs. Ashmore is better than she
 was ~~that~~ even now she doesn't
 get out to do any thing - or go
 any where - She said yesterday that
 she hoped sometime to write a
 letter to my "nice mother" - so I
 hope you will hear from her some
 time.

I have a number of letters
 begun like the two enclosed - I
 don't know when I'll finish them.

Love to you both -

Abbie

Miss. Sanderson

Isn't this nice? a.

My dear Corlie -

If you have not just on more clothes this morning get right into some more. This is the kind of weather to get those awful colds that I will one down so.

With all that is before you you need every bit of nerve power without using it up on keeping you warm. A sweater is not enough. You ought to protect your legs too.

With the mother
kind of love you
S.A.