

**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: 2 / 9**

**Folder label: AGS to family, from Swatow and Kuliang, out Foochow  
[Fuzhou], Fukien [Fujian]**

**Dates: 1920 May 2 – Nov 8**

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](mailto: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 99

Orator, China

May 2, 1920

Dear Mother:

Back into the dizzy  
whirl of work! Or rather - that is  
the way it seems to me - though  
this last week I've hardly done  
anything at all in the line of studying.  
I've let my teacher go on translating  
history outlines which I shall need  
in the fall. I have studied some  
but rested a good many times when  
I felt like it. Then I've been  
busy arranging my music lessons.  
I had them before at one  
o'clock - but Dr. Everham says  
I must take an after dinner  
rest as regularly as I eat my  
break - That is law. If anything  
happens important enough to make  
me miss my dinner it might  
be considered important enough  
to make me miss my afternoon  
rest - otherwise not! Well - I  
am glad of that law because generally

I am tired enough so that a rest  
feels good even when I've been  
doing nothing -

My schedule at present is something  
like this -

Chapel 8.30 - 8.45

Study 9.45 - 11.45

(with two raw eggs some where in  
between!)

The above, daily -

In the p.m. as follows:

Monday - 2 music lessons

1 Class song rehearsal - (graduation)

Tuesday -

2 music lessons

Wednesday -

3 music lessons.

Thursday -

1 Class rehearsal (for graduation)

Friday

1 music lesson <sup>(2 raw eggs in the evening)</sup>

I shall probably have another  
music lesson soon - making 11  
in all - Then in between those  
I have to copy records from Matelli's

books and do all sorts of other things - and oh - how my letters are piling up!

That makes me think to tell you that I had an interesting mail yesterday.

One letter from you - in which you tell of I dellai's letter to you, and the typewriters - wasn't it lovely of them? I thought sewing machine as soon as I read it - but that would cost too much - and wouldn't appeal to them in the same way - I'm sure I don't know what to say - and any way - that may have decided that if I have ~~any~~ typewriters they will use the money for some other good purpose!

Another letter from Miss Brigham asking questions about the work - and telling me that a class in New Haven Ct. was going to pay for my "personal assistant" meaning teacher -

Another letter - from the vice pres.



of the New Haven class (old ladies  
class) telling me about it - asking  
for my picture and saying that she  
happened to be telling Charlotte French  
about what they were going to do -  
Charlotte exclaimed "Why - she's  
my missionary!" then told them  
why - don't these world small?

Another letter - from Dr. Abel  
Borell - in the hospital at Shanghai.  
She's had to have another operation  
on her breast - but doesn't want  
me to tell "anybody - not even  
Dr. Enochson" - for she doesn't  
want it talked about. Also a  
letter written the day before, by  
Frances Therolf who is nursing  
her - She is getting along very  
well - and I hope she will  
be well enough to go back soon.  
I do pity her for the dread she  
must have of the trip back! Don't  
I wish I could see her!

Another message - an Easter  
card from Mrs. Burlingame - who  
doesn't sign her name, but writes

only "a little sick" on the back  
of a sheet which bears "Warren F.  
Burlingame, Worcester, Mass." printed  
on the top. She means that she  
is sick, I spose - but she might  
mean that he was sick. And  
she addresses the envelope "Miss  
Gertrude Sanderson. Don't she  
laugh?"

And then - last of all - a card  
of Easter Greeting - in an  
unscaled envelope - the same  
as he sent to all his parishioners  
I spose - from Chester F. Wood.  
I nearly fell out of my chair - !

I wrote Mrs. Prescott - thanking her  
for mothering me and telling her that  
I knew my mother would bless her  
for being so good to me - I'm  
enclosing the reply - some of which  
may not interest you but most of  
which doubtless will - She is not  
a quaking sort at all - isn't she  
kind to me? I do hope you can  
meet her sometime -

Your letters keep bringing shocking news - so many deaths - that I fear to open each letter almost - not only yours, but everybody's letters. Of course, I want to know about them, though!

I'm ashamed that my letters have piled up so - but I haven't the courage to think of them even - I've written none in the last weeks save to you + Mabel Boll -

I am so relieved, though, to have my exam over that I know I'm resting all the time - I'm about a month from now Mabel's goes, though, and then - graduation, still ahead of me - ! I don't think of the autumn yet - for I know there is the summer between, and I shall get good and rested then -

In the meantime, my physical ailments are disappearing - The

Breast, <sup>that</sup> was bound up has had  
the bandage loosened - and the  
pain, also the congestion is practically  
gone. - I am still having  
slight digestive troubles once in  
a while. The daily oil doesn't  
seem to be always sufficient  
to straighten things out.

But I am better than I  
was a week ago - and am  
going to keep on getting better.

With love,

Arthur.

P.S. Sometimes I wonder whether  
it is right for me to write about  
when my big toe is stubbed and  
when my nose itches and - when  
the corners of my mouth turn down!  
I know you want me to - but I  
am not sure that I ought always  
to stop over every little thing!

No 99.

Sunatow, China  
May 9, 1928

Dearest One -

"Mother talk of me! Don't you get tired of hearing me talk of them? Its nothing new, except that I was in bed three days this week with nothing the matter with me except indigestion, as far as they can tell. But those three days (and yesterday too, though I was dressed all day) I had only soup and dried bread and fruit - and about a dozen medicines! Nourishment every two hours - doesn't that sound like an infant-invalid? But I'm all right today - went to Ch. & P. Schol. - and am going for a little walk with the girls - and eating meat (a little) again

worse than ever - I guess I'm  
telling you this to show you that  
it is I and not she, that is  
the cause of her affect on me.  
I guess - For I can't explain it otherwise.

Did I tell you she asked me one  
night before Ruth Sperry whether  
I would ~~could~~ call her "Liz" if she  
asked me - I said "No, certainly  
not" and explained that - she was  
too nice & pretty etc to be called  
that - She was absolutely to the  
point of tears, and got up and  
left the room saying that no one  
had any regard for her feelings -

And yet just the other day,  
she said she wouldn't lead a  
prayer-meeting if she didn't want

to - and wouldn't think it necessary  
to give any reason except that she  
didn't want to -

We haven't spoken of "Liz" since  
the night it occurred - except  
until today when she brought it  
up - I said something about her  
saying "I don't want to" was sufficient  
excuse for not doing anything - She  
answered "Oh, but I had told you that  
I would do anything you asked me to -  
And that was the first thing I ever  
asked you to do. And I don't want  
you to call me Liz - never - but  
I wanted more than anything else  
that night to have you say you  
would" - ! What do you make  
of that? More anon -

Love Abbie

Sewatow, China

May 17, 1920

Dearest One:

What do you suppose I've just been doing? The scandalous thing of playing the piano at three o'clock in afternoon on a Monday! I always feel better, somehow, when I've had the chance to play a little on the piano when I know none is listening. - I can play as hard ~~the~~ and as soft as I want to - and if I think I'm getting some meaning into it - then it doesn't matter whether any body else might think it sounded ugly - if nobody



Lead me play it. See? But I wasn't playing for my own amusement, though! I was beginning to practice up a little for the graduation march which I played last year but will have to play on the big organ this year - (Since the Sunday School and Church together have recently purchased an organ)

And here's something to tell the nice organist lady who sent me "My Task". We have translated it and the class this year will use it as their graduation song - Miss Culley taught them the notes - then handed them over to me for expression etc. and to get used to the organ accompaniment. They will do it very well, I think. It makes a

splendid song for them, for they  
haven't strong enough or sure enough  
voices to sing different parts; they  
sing it all in unison.

I have never said that my  
typewriter has but one paper guide,  
where there are supposed to be two.  
(A little round thick nickel plated or  
steel disk to slide on a rod.) Could  
you write to the place where the  
typewriter was ordered and get  
one, with directions about adjusting  
it? It is a minor detail but if  
it can be fixed it would be nice.  
I haven't had much opportunity  
to use it because I have been  
too tired to concentrate on letters  
to any body but you and not much  
to you, as perhaps you have noticed.

I'm just looking forward with eagerness  
to my summer vacation - I's although  
they say Kuliang is not the best  
place to study and rest at the same  
time - Still I'm not going to study  
much - and if there are too many  
things going on at once - I shall  
let 'em go - And I'll be away  
from the people I live with the  
year round - and shall be meeting  
folks I've never seen before -  
Well - I'm counting on it, and  
playing tennis, to make me fat  
in a hurry and I'm just crazy to ding  
on that typewriter and learn how  
to use it correctly -

My "tummy" is getting all right again -  
but I'm having to be rather careful of  
what I eat - Love Abbie -

No 101

Sweetow China

May 18, 1920

Dear Mother;

Just sent off a letter to you ~~few~~ this morning but I have received ~~two~~ from you this afternoon - and I'm going to take a few minutes now to write about some more things that I think of, while I think of them.

I'm not sure I've mentioned at all how glad I am to get the Priscillas that you sent - We get new patterns for the girls to make - in every number. Which reminds me that I haven't told you about flannel for nightgowns. I'm not very well satisfied with pajamas after all -

at least not with the ones I can  
manufacture for myself out here -  
so I've decided to have just plain  
ordinary nightgowns - Will you please  
use some of Mr. Giberson's money -  
to get enough pink or white or something  
like it - outing flannel for about 3 nightgowns  
I would get them ready made only I  
know they wouldn't be big enough -  
And will you please get a copy of the  
latest number of "Fashionable Dress" - from  
The Fashionable Dress Publishing Co, 170 Fifth  
N. Y. City. - It is 25 ¢ - rather expensive.  
but I'd ever so much like a summer  
number of it. Helen had some last  
winter and they were splendid - And  
if you order it sent (though I suppose you  
would have to pay extra postage -)  
or if you send any things during  
the summer, that would reach me

Before the last of August, will you  
please send it direct to me at  
Cottage 81, Kuliang, Via Foochow <sup>to Swatow</sup>  
China. Letters just send as usual,  
~~and~~ for they will be sent up regularly -  
and without much delay, but these  
other things would be harder to get.

Oh yes - there is one more thing I  
am very anxious to get - , and that  
is a copy of the Revised Edition  
Rational Typewriting, Gregg Publishing  
Company New York City. I don't  
know the address but will get it before  
this letter goes off if I can. It  
will cost a dollar, I think - but out  
here I would have to pay \$3.75 so I  
think it would be better for you to  
get it.  
But - use my money - not yours -  
please -! I shall write to thank

Mrs. & Mrs. Kimball - as soon as I get  
ambition - before that, maybe! Wasn't  
it lovely of them to send it!

Please be comforted by the fact that I  
am always glad to have you tell me  
all about everything that happens - I  
somehow know I should feel that something  
was being kept back, if it was! I am  
glad for all the details of everything!  
And I'm much happier thinking that  
you will tell me all that happens.

Very much love to you

Abbie.  
P.S. Just New York - for the  
Gregg Publishing Company

No 101

Suifu, China

May 21, 1928

Dear Ones -

One of the brightest girls in our first year high school class very suddenly died this morning and we are all upset. The trouble was triple malaria, and it reached her lungs in something that was like pneumonia. As I looked at her <sup>this</sup> morning with her poor swollen lips and frothing mouth and dreadful breathing I could see nothing but the face of Charlie Barnes as I saw him in his coffin. The circumstances are so nearly the same. In a few weeks more she would have completed her last year of high school - and an education



as high as that is out of the ordinary here -  
Popular, beautiful girl - fine Christian -  
treas. of the missionary society, a leader  
in many ways - Last Friday night she  
took the part again of Haman in the  
Dramatization of the Book of Esther (They  
did it two years ago - the first thing the <sup>girls</sup> act).  
She hadn't been very well on  
Friday but went through with it. Saturday  
she went to bed, Tuesday was taken to  
the hospital - but even yesterday Margie  
was not worried about her. This  
morning at four she was suddenly worse  
and they knew she could not live.

It is awful - we cannot believe it. About  
ten minutes before she died, Emily and  
I took several girls who were sweeping  
at the hospital steps, back to school -  
All the high school girls were there -  
and Mrs. Lim (who was Miss Culby's teacher  
but is now mine) prayed - then one of the  
girls began - but while we were there

a girl came running to call Lo<sup>3</sup> (Lois)  
who is Ho<sup>2</sup> Jind (the dead girl's) older sister -  
saying that she was dead - So she  
went - but I kept the girls for a  
moment for another short prayer that  
we might all be willing to trust and  
not feel rebellious - I don't know what  
I said, but I'm afraid it may not  
have been grammatical - Then I  
just told them in a sentence that we  
must do all we could to help Lo<sup>3</sup>  
and her little sister Hui Pi<sup>1</sup> (Phoebe) and  
not make them feel worse than they  
do but comfort them all we can +  
make it easier for them - They  
have been wonderfully quiet -  
Usually there is such a loud wailing  
for that is Chinese custom - but  
they have been remarkably quiet.  
This afternoon the smaller girls are  
having classes the same - and the

older ones are busy helping. Emily and Matella just now are down in the room where the dead girl is. - And Ruth and I are over at school just to be here in case anything comes up. The girls will probably study until three o'clock - then begin to get ready the flowers. The funeral will be early tomorrow morning.

The thing that hurts me most is that her mother, a bible woman, is out on a trip and though they have sent for her, she doesn't know the girl is sick<sup>even</sup>. They are hoping she will get here on the evening train from Chaschowfr. And I can see now the mother - and those three girls only last fall, in our downstairs hall - weeping bitterly for their father, a pastor, who had just been taken off by the plague. Now those who are left - including poor old Aunt Golden Peace - one of the dearest bible women in the world (her grandmother) are sorrowing for this little girl (about 17 or 18 yrs)

Monday A. M.

You may imagine that I had no time on Saturday to write - and yesterday I rested a good deal.

The funeral service was especially hard - one reason <sup>is</sup> that the cemetery is up on a hill top. And a Severn hill top from 9 o'clock on of a May morning is not the coolest thing to be imagined. We had the little services down on the lawn below the hospital at 8.30. then the procession wound up the hill side in the hot sun. After the short hymn and prayer the most of the school girls and the rest of the company went down again. About a dozen girls, four or five teachers Miss Solloway, Miss Culley and I

stayed up with the mother and the  
sisters until the grave was filled -  
The thing we minded was the pounding.  
Do they do that in America? I  
have never seen a cemetery service,  
before in my life - you know - Well -  
I won't bother you with more details -  
such as having to tear poor Lú I'a  
away from the coffin with my own  
strengths - etc.

There were a few, very few dry  
spots on my outside blouse when I  
got back - and on my inside things, not a  
one - I took them off and got into  
the coolest nightgown I own - then sipped  
slowly about two quarts of water (to  
take the place of what I had perspired  
out!) Then lay down and slept a  
little - Since I was going to have my

hair washed right after dinner -  
I decided not to use my strength by dressing  
for dinner and undressing again. So -  
I had dinner up in my room in  
my kimono. Then the a-sin came  
and washed my hair - and I let her  
dry it. I had no sewing ready for  
her, so I thought she might as well  
spend her time that way and save  
my strength.

(Now here is good news for you).  
One reason I rested "so hard" was because  
Dr. Evesham wanted me to go with  
her to Dr. Whyte, the English Presbyterian  
doctor in Swatow to have my lungs  
examined by X-Ray - He gave me  
even more thorough examination than  
she had done, and came to the  
same conclusion that she had before  
arrived at; that they are perfectly  
sound, and that what I need is

a good summer's rest. He advised  
me to get away as early as possible  
and stay as long as I could - so  
my conscience won't smite me  
about staying longer than 6 weeks  
even though I am not studying -  
Well - isn't that encouraging? I feel  
heaps better about it than I did  
the day she told me she wanted  
me to have the X Ray on my lungs!

Next thing they will examine is  
excretions — (!!) Don't say a word —

Yesterday I went to church (ch.  
once - and just hung around most  
of the rest of the day - This morning  
we had the girls over for Emily's  
birthday breakfast (May 24) (she is 29)  
and it was all lovely.

Love to you both -

Abbie

Ms 102

Swatow, China

May 31, 1928

Dears !

Did you ever know of such a crazy absent minded forgetful person as I ? I hope Father's little birthday gift has arrived by now - but I'm sure Mother's will not get there in time for a fourth of July present. I thought I had sent the little filet collar - which is made by hand from fine cloth (all but the edging, which is hand-woven filet lace) and then I had my own - and then I was no good - and the envelope with the collar in it, lay all addressed and stamped at the bottom of a pile of books, for I don't know how many weeks.

My birthday was a splendid one - The enclosed letter to Gladys Lyman will tell you a little about it - Wren't it lovely of her to send me the quilt ? It is "100 % new wool" filling - and the cover is a fine silkoline with yellows and greens and a little brown in a big flower pattern; quilted probably on one of those big quilting machines in the top floor of the mill. It is lovely - as you can cross off the down quilt!

Your letter of Apr. 9 was marked 100 - and the next one, Apr. 23 - marked no 2. So there is one missing I think this last came on the Empress boat - as also did the beautiful butter spreader wrapped in Modern Priscilla. But the Empress doesn't take bigger parcels than magazines.



as I'll have to wait for the other package -

You should see my array of birthday presents! From

Mabelle, three pewter finger bowls just like three she gave Emily - so we have the set between us - They are just like hers which we have used every day - which she has now packed to take home. From Emily, a fine pewter chocolate pot which I shall use for a water pitcher, and ten little salt dishes to match my green Jap. dishes. From Ruth Sperry a beautiful Lang Sai ~~Porcelain~~ ware ginger jar - splendid for ginger or raisins or candy etc. From Miss Soliman another pretty Cantonese plate. From Marguerite a dainty little carved teakwood tray. From Peggy - a hand painted feather fan with ivory sticks. From Miss Johnson a crocheted teapot holder with pink crepe de chine lining. Pretty flowers from other folks - From Gwladys Eaton - who was here at my birthday breakfast; by the way - a pretty Ritgang fan and a lovely flower basket - From Clara Leach a fine Pedinere (copper wire) cloissonné napkin ring - and it is the first real napkin ring I've had since I came to China! I've just neglected getting it, that's all -

And what else, do you spare? A fine box of chocolates from Emily Miller's mother! Emily heard me say that I had always wanted a "Whitman's Sampler" box of chocolates - but I had never had one. So she said "I'll have to get mother to send you one from the store" - But

of course I never thought of such a thing - and was  
overwhelmed. How shall I thank her? Oh yes - a Edith  
Traver sent a very pretty Wallace Nutting picture. I'm  
afraid I shall not be so thoughtful of people's birthdays when  
I have gone home on furlough!

An extract from Hattie Kilcollins letter written last  
January: (did I tell you before?)

"There is nobody like the Sandersons for me, and  
believe me they are really scattering that are  
like that old saint of a mother of yours, and we  
all have found it out" - Now will you be good?!

A short note from Gladys Paul saying that she &  
Idella are planning to room together at Commencement  
(Centennial Celebration) this year - For written letters with  
a weird hope that they may get them! Though I  
don't suppose they really can.

Heaps of love to you  
Athe

No 103.

Suatsun, China

June 7, 1920

Dearest Ones —

The seventh of June  
already yet - and all's well with  
the world — ! I'm not getting  
fat yet - noticeably(!) but I don't  
think I'm losing any more pounds -  
and I certainly have got my  
internal apparatus straightened  
out a great deal. But in spite  
of my fear that I would have to  
begin soon to reckon how long it  
might be before my bony structure  
would rise up in protest &  
strike for thicker cushions - I  
was bold enough to dare have

my picture taken. The New Haver  
folks wanted it - and Mrs. Adams  
wanted it for the sixtieth Anniversary  
book - and so forth & so on! So  
I went and did it - and here is  
the result - or here are the results -

I'm sending you folks two - and  
while I really think it won't make  
a very much difference which  
one either of you chooses. Still  
I want to know which one each of  
you chooses - and whether you  
think either of them looks like any  
body besides me!

Emily has been having malaise.  
She has been putting up a good

fight - and hasn't been sick enough  
to be in bed yet - She is taking  
10 grains of quinine every day  
now - and is better -

I told you I'd be sorry if I  
wrote things about her - and I  
am - but just the same - I'm  
awfully glad that the 30th of  
June comes pretty soon! When  
I come back in the fall I shall  
want her to hug me all the time,  
maybe! But I don't know - and  
can't make myself - and that is  
all there is to it - I'm afraid  
she will make the other girls  
hate me - by saying too many  
nice things about me - She  
wouldn't go to Double Island the

other day if I couldn't go - and  
told Ruth "Abbie is half the fun  
of going and I don't care about  
going if she isn't there" - I call  
that slightly "tackless", don't you?

We took the girls for a little  
walk over on East Hill yesterday  
P.M. and the girls sang and told  
scripture verses and Miss Culley  
said a few words of goodbye to  
them - A beautiful little service.

Very much much love to you

Abbie

Suatsow, China

June 7, 1928

Dear Arthur + Gaby -

You don't know

How glad I was to get your letter  
the other day - Please do write often  
and just take me into your home  
for a little visit, will you? I promise  
I won't be any trouble - at least not  
much, and I'd love to help out with  
the sweeping and dusting and scrubbing  
and washing and ironing - and sewing!  
I'm rather out of practice doing these  
things but if I jogged my memory  
hard enough perhaps I could  
remember something about them.  
Besides - supposing I should happen

To get serious thoughts into my  
fast-graying pate about getting  
married - I'd wish anyway that I  
hadn't let my knowledge of housekeeping  
all go by the board, wouldn't I?

But don't begin to worry very  
hard about that - yet! The people  
out here would say - "Have to go some  
to find a man, I guess"! And  
harsh as that sounds - the meaning  
isn't really so bad - that is - it  
might not mean that everybody was  
wondering how in the world a skinny  
lank being like me could ever  
hope to get a husband - For ever  
pretty Peggy Wellwood - fair as a  
lily and just as sweet - can't



find a man to say three sentences  
to - much less one to be considered  
for the husband business - As you've  
heard me say before, Arthur "There  
ain't no such arimile" - out here  
in any shape or form - scarcely!

But for fear you might worry  
a little about my matrimonial inclination  
I'm sending you my latest - & allay  
any hint or suspicion of fears along  
that line - For you see that  
my youthful beauty is fast fading -  
(Sh - Arthur don't give me away - you  
know Gladys has never seen me  
so perhaps I could make her  
think I used to be beautiful!)  
Well - ! I'm leaving for

Receiving the thirtieth of this month,  
with Dr. Everham and Peggy Mallwood.  
I shall be glad enough to get  
out of the heat and away from  
my work!

Mail should always be sent  
to Swanton just the same - It won't  
take much longer - and I don't  
know yet just how early in September  
I'll be coming down -

Love to you both.

Abbie



I divided the rest among ourselves - Ruth, Emily & I - as M. had previously directed. I never imagined a person could have so many things. She must have brought a whole drug store when she came out; for many of the things had not been opened - and you should see the variety of medicines, headache cologne, toilet water - aromatic ammonia for medicine & for bath - perfume (essentials, some of it) enough for each of us twice around - witch hazel - camphor - soap of all kinds - & heaps of things. We are going to pay her something for the school - or for herself if she wants it, but I know she won't - for all these luxuries showered upon us. Since I have begun to use the lavender ammonia that fell to my lot, I feel as though I couldn't possibly get along without it. I could, though, of course!

Sunday I went to church (Chinese), but was just about all in. I had begun to get deathly tired before that - and her going was a kind of let down that let me know how really tired I was. Monday A.M. the boys cleaned Miss room, and by Monday night Ruth had moved and was comfortably settled.

Wednesday the final examinations began. The very first exam ~~Wed.~~ Monday morning brought a peak of trouble. The most of the time I was in another room taking daily averages. I had asked Miss Johnson to help little Miss Tang - who was giving several arithmetic examinations in the big assembly room - Miss Johnson is so conscientious etc. that I felt perfectly all right about doing that. I've found since, too, that nobody expected me to be there myself either. At the end of the period Miss Tang came to me all excited - or rather I was walking down one of the aisles when she spoke to me & pointing to two slates told me that Ai-Sieh had

had this extra slate on her desk and must have been cheating. I was sorry - but it didn't seem to me that there was anything I should examine there - I thought this had happened some time before - and that she was telling me of it. I thought she had seen the older sister put the slate on her desk - and all the rest - It came out later that she hadn't seen anything at all -

In a minute more she came again - and said - "This bunch of girls - they have all cheated - they have the same answers and they are all wrong - I knew they were cheating, but couldn't catch them because I had to write questions. And Miss Johnson read a book or corrected papers and never looked at them - She sat off at one side - I won't correct these exams - they will have to take another."

So I called the girls together and gave them a sound scolding - to shame them if I could - they were the graduating class! Then in the P.M. they took their exams over -

I'm forgetting to tell you that Ai Sook & Ju Sook (Love & More Love) the twins who committed the crime supposedly (they call them older & younger sisters even though they are twins) are own nieces of Miss Ang - the teacher whom we have always been so anxious to keep. She hasn't been well a good deal of the time and to see so much going on in school has bothered her past the endurance point more than once -

When Miss Ang heard about the twins she said they ought to be expelled from school - I know she wanted to be so just that no one could say she was partial.

I called a teachers' meeting - the three new - Mrs. Lim my personal teacher (who also has 2 classes in the school) Mrs. Watson and all the others except Miss Ang were there - Well - I can't tell you all about it - for it would take too long - Miss Tang told her side of it - We talked & discussed & decided to cut off the girls' department and mark them zero for that exam -

That evening Miss Ang came and said that as far as she was concerned, she thought girls who were suspected of cheating ought to be expelled - but that if we did show them up as a bad example, their mother was coming after us for a proof. Then it came out that Miss Tang had merely suspected - and hadn't seen anything, nor had examined the slates - The next morning I had a note from the mother saying that we would do well to get rid of one of our teachers if she was going to make trouble all the time. So I didn't tell the school that A.M. as I had planned, but took Mrs. Lim down with me to the village to see the mother - I went down once again before the affair was over.

To make a long story short - I convinced the mother that we had to do something to punish such carelessness - and we finally did as was first decided in the teachers' meeting. But in the meantime I learned a lot of things. Little Miss Tang has been conducting a class in Biology - she has had one recitation only the whole term long. One of the pupils said that in this final exam. she called them all together, told them to open their books - asked them what was the subject of a certain chapter - They answered in chorus - then she said - "all right - everybody

"has one hundred." The ranks she gave to me, however, were 72, 35, 64.5, 73.2, all down + the fractions! And that's all there was to that exam - And each one of the other teachers had something bad to say of her - It is very rare that a man teacher will say anything about any of the women - but all three of them gravely asserted that this one was not fit to be a teacher - and that she ought to be driven out.

In the midst of this Miss Ray said definitely that she would not stay on - and that she would not only leave the dormitory but would leave the school entirely. In a very beautiful talk that Friday A.M. she told the girls that although she had tried to be a faithful gardener in this garden (school), she had not been able to make the plants respond to her care - and so she must go - hoping that another gardener would be better able to bring out the possibilities in the garden's <sup>stimulate</sup> each plant in the garden to grow beautiful and strong - fragrant - Everybody wept - for they all love her - She told me that we must not do anything to send Miss Ray away - for it would come back on their family - and they would be blamed for it. I had unfortunately not asked Miss Dollman's advice about the cheating matter. Little Miss Ray went to her - and when I didn't tell the school that morning what we had decided - Miss S. had no use for me, & said so in no uncertain tones. Afterwards, when she had heard what I had to say - she went as hard-

It is awfully hard to know always what to do. I didn't bother her with this affair, partly because I knew that she was busy - very busy with her own school - and partly because on general principles it is wiser to keep a rumpus inside the school. Mrs. Waters is a teacher in our school and has been here longer than Miss Solum. But Miss S. likes to be consulted about things - and likes to have her advice followed - and cannot bear not to be in the center of everything - that she's not in the center of, she won't have anything to do with! So - next time I'm going to ask her. (In fact there has been a next time, already - & I have asked her!)

Well - we finally got that settled, and I made my speech to the girls - (which was like pulling teeth & prepare - even with the help of two teachers - and was almost harder than that to say when the time came) - Then graduation was upon us - and we had no time to talk about Miss Tang - except that every day something new that she had done - ~~was brought home~~ was brought to my attention.

The day before graduation was the time when the fifth year class was to decorate. Miss Tang was to assist - and Miss Sperry. Miss Tang wanted to wait until 2 P.M. I said they couldn't do that - for we had marching & singing & other rehearsals in the chapel beginning at three. I spoke to her about it myself & she said all right - but never went near - and was heard to remark that if I was calling them to decorate in the A.M. they could do it themselves - she wasn't going



over until 2 P.M. - I bathed along with her  
very limited Chinese - and the girls collected moss  
& flowers - made numerals - draped the flags etc -  
Then after dinner Miss Tang went over & finished  
up. And when I went over at three she was  
sitting there with a smirk on her face, as though  
to say "well - I did it - & did it up before & on time - even  
though you thought I couldn't. But all the same, that  
wasn't really the point. I depended on her to do something  
where I asked her to - and she didn't, and caused a  
lot of worry - and even hard feeling. I'm afraid. For  
Ruth didn't feel a bit right about being bundled off  
into that job where she couldn't talk and didn't have  
any one to interpret for her!

Well - Graduation came and went. I had to make two  
speeches in Chinese that day - Oh - I forgot to say that  
on Sunday, in the midst of all this other trouble, came  
the letter saying that the Cantonese gentleman who  
was to give our graduation address had been elected to  
a convention - and therefore could not come! I used all  
the tact & persuasive powers that within me were,  
however, and prevailed upon Mr. T'ai, a very brilliant  
fine young teacher in the Boys Academy, to step into the  
place - He had the grammar school graduation in the  
morning and the primary in the afternoon. I gave  
diplomas in both cases - My speech in the P.M.  
was very short and in the A.M. not very long. I gave them  
the verse "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose  
mind is stayed on thee" - and showed that through

peace comes happiness and then power - and wished that they might have the true peace which comes from trusting in God - so that ~~nothing~~ they might meet could overthrow them or disturb their happiness or take from them the strength that comes from deep, lasting peace. It wasn't much - but Mrs. Lin helped me to get it the way I wanted it - and a great many people told me they understood perfectly - and that it was good - I'm glad if it was -

~~Friday~~ That was Wednesday - Thursday we had the big & little village primary exams - I went in to listen at one of them - and then paid the teachers & many assistants - down to the cat that catches rats down in the primary school! (paid for his feed, not salary!) Miss Tang wanted to go home (to Swatow) on Friday - but when I asked her to stay over another day (because the older Miss Tang (a sister of Mrs. Lin - not any relation to little Miss Tang) and Miss Ang were going out to examine a country school in Tat-s<sup>han</sup> - one of the places I visited with Mrs. Sollman), she very cheerfully said she would - and seemed to be very happy about it.

Well - ! I don't know that there was anything the matter with me except plain "wore out" - but that day in the country was evidently the one straw too much - On the way over in the little boat the two teachers helped me to get ready the arithmetic questions for the five classes - I had given four of the exams - and corrected them - and was on the fifth - when I felt faint - I went & got

a little bottle of op<sup>ts</sup>. of ammonia which I happened  
to bring with me - and that helped me along for about  
15 minutes - but it wasn't enough - and over I  
flopped. I didn't go under at first though - not  
quite - They helped me into a bedroom and although  
I stumbled up against the wall hard - I didn't faint  
clear away until I got to the bed - They gave me  
some hot soup from my Thermos - and that revived  
me - After a while I sat up + ate some more  
kine - then finished the fifth exam - then we  
went home - I lay flat on the bottom of the boat all  
the way - feeling pretty weak & feeble - After a while I  
felt worse - then they said I must not walk up the  
hill even, but must take a chair - Whether it made  
me feel bad just to think I wasn't fit to walk - or whether  
I was just plain weak - I don't know - but I got to  
weeping & couldn't stop - They got a chair - and I  
got home and went to bed - Marguerite came and  
found me with a considerable bit of fever - I  
was in bed all of the next two days - My digestion  
was upset again and I had to feed on soup mostly.

Well, the next thing that I found out was that  
little Miss Tang had broken faith again and had gone  
home to Swatow just the same - <sup>instead of waiting as she had promised</sup> Monday afternoon I  
asked Miss Sullivan and Miss Waters to come and  
help me decide what to do about little Miss T.

After we had talked everything over - (They both knew already what a dreadful influence she was in school) we decided that I should tell her her services were no longer needed, and that I wouldn't need <sup>to use</sup> anything except the last two instances that I myself had seen and known - So Tuesday A.M. I sent Sin Kim over to her house with a letter asking her to come to see me on important business. Perhaps that wasn't another hard thing to do - in Chinese, too! I'll say it was! But instead of raving - as she did once or twice before - she begged to be allowed one more trial. I told her that Miss Culley had not been satisfied with her, and asked her if she had ever told her so (I knew she had) "Seldom" - was her answer - "Well" I said. "Once ought to have been enough" - I don't need to tell you all I said & she said - But I stuck to it, of course - She said "But what is the reason - such little things as this?" "You say they are small," I said "but I say they are big - & that is the difference." I told her she might have the privilege of resigning if she wished - that might be easier for her - And then I reminded her that if these two instances had been all she had ever done - we might talk it over - but she knew of a good many things she had done that were contrary to Miss Culley's wish -

and that things couldn't go on this way any longer -  
She asked me why I was so stubborn about it - and  
then I asked her what she thought other people would  
do in my circumstances - Miss Sollenman, for instance?  
Would she stand for one instance of breaking word - I say  
nothing of two - besides other things - times when she had  
been unwilling to do as Miss Culley asked, etc.?

When she found I could not be moved then she  
said she would resign - and be "pleased to the limit" to  
do ~~so~~ so - she hated being in the girls school - She almost  
said she was tickled to death to be separated from me - but  
caught her breath just in time!

I haven't told you any of the things about her, hardly -  
She was jealous of Miss Ay - and probably that's why  
she picked out Ai Siah & Jin Siah for the victims - She  
loves flattery - and gives 95 & 100 to some ridiculously  
stupid girls just because they stick around her - and  
wash clothes for her - and mend her things etc - She  
gave out to the class 10 questions or so that she said  
would be their exam questions - then secretly gave others  
to the girls she likes - On exam day the second set ~~was~~  
given and the girls who didn't know were all at sea -

There are two kinds of deception - To give questions  
ahead of time is deceiving the school; to change them  
and not tell some of the girls is deceiving those girls.

Then she told stories in class until some of the  
pupils said right out - "Aren't we going to study?"  
Then that pupil got a low mark and deputation  
locked, etc.!

She walked after dark with the young man she  
wants to marry - and that is unpardonable, in China.

And so I might continue - but what is the use - ?  
And during these two days, Monday and Tuesday,  
when I wasn't talking about school affairs and doing all  
these things - I tried to pack up - Emily helped me  
some - and I managed to be ready with my steamer  
trunk, three bags and my suitcase, at two o'clock  
Wednesday afternoon. We went out to the boat, Peggy -  
Dr. Everham & I with the Sherwin bungalow cook & Li -  
and our Luen Sim for houseboy - also Dai Khin Chi - Miss Ten  
who resigned from the girls' school last February - on account of  
things she heard that Miss Culley had said about her -  
She has been used as a language teacher ever since - and  
this summer is to be Peggy's teacher. Dr. Everham  
has arranged for a medical student to be her teacher. He is  
studying in Fochow and met us at Pagoda Anchorage - where  
the steamer stops. I don't have a teacher, but I can borrow  
Peggy's or Marguerite's to help me get the history ready -  
after I have rested a few weeks. You see I have finished  
the two year course, so what I do now is for my work -  
not for requirements of the language committee. (Fochow)

Well - we arrived at Pagoda Anchorage (just outside Fochow)  
Friday morning about noon. We found that a houseboat had  
been ordered for us to take us & our things up to "Yellow Fort" -  
the nearest place where chairs may be taken to ~~reach~~ <sup>Kialang</sup> -  
Some of the people went by steam launch into Fochow city  
and took chairs for Kiliang from there (a longer trip by chair)  
We hit the wind and the tide just wrong however - and  
would have had to be in the boat all night had we not  
hired a steam launch to ~~stay~~ <sup>take</sup> us upriver for an hour. That  
one hour cost us \$3.50. There was nothing to eat on  
the boat except tea and condensed milk and a  
box of crackers. We bought a little rice of the boatmen -

and Sai Khim - He contributed some eggs - A woman in  
another houseboat gave us a chunk of chocolate - and the cook -  
although he had been seasick and wasn't feeling decent - made  
the cocoa - fixed the rice, and boiled the eggs for us. I ate an egg,  
and drank the cocoa out of the egg shell - I couldn't eat much  
of the rice, however - for there was not a particle of salt and it  
tasted horridly bitter -

About 3.30 we arrived at "Yellow Fort" - and the chairbearers  
and burden bearers were waiting for us - We had ordered two fair  
burden bearers for us, however - so there was an hour's delay  
before we started. The ride is much farther than going up to  
Thirong - and much steeper - and I nearly had my brains  
joggled out of my head. I had to get out and walk a little way  
after a while. We arrived at the top of the mountain about  
8 o'clock - after dark. We found that the house had not been  
opened nor cleaned nor a thing done to it - and it was in  
awful condition. We had lamps but no oil - and that a dish  
was to be found - <sup>our family</sup>

The two nearest neighbors took pity on us and gave us  
a beautiful supper and the other took us in for the night and  
gave us a fine breakfast. The next day, of course, the  
folks got busy & cleaned the house. The man who had it  
in charge was sick - and the caretaker was in jail! So  
that explained our sorry plight -

We got all settled on Saturday and rested Sunday -  
until 5 o'clock when we went to church and met a  
good many people. The cottage is the nicest little  
place - just room for three - and if Miss Silliman comes up  
later I don't know what she will do - but I don't really  
think she will come, after all -

I must stop now and mail this - More later -

Love to you both -

Abbie

No 100.

Kukiang, Foochow, China

July 11, 1920

Dearlly Beloveds.

Keaps of things I haven't told you yet - I bought my typewriter with me, and the day we came up the mountain was the first day for ten days that it hadn't rained. Wasn't I fortunate? For I'm afraid that it might have got wet with all the rain and flood - in spite of careful packing and many coverings - I have practiced on it a little, but haven't got down to real business yet. I have been busy selecting and giving the tailor a few things to do - It seems to me that never in my life have I been so destitute for good clothes - both winter and summer - My evening dress is all but gone to pieces - so is my dark blue taffeta - I really can't wear it any more. I brought it up to give the tailor for a pattern for something else, maybe! I have on my blue voile dress - which is pulled and mended and split and spread so that I am ashamed to put it on. I hang on to it for its lovely color, I guess!

Then I have my black dress, which still gets mildewed and has to be sponged and pressed every other thing - but "can do". Though I'm as slim that I think people must laugh at me for wearing black. Did I tell you that the day before I came up here I was weighed - and I tip the scales, if you please, at exactly 118 - isn't that corpulent?

I have the blue serge dress that I made from my suit - It isn't No. 1, but will do very well. I'm afraid I cannot wear it much because it is already worn a good deal - and I'm rather afraid it will come through soon - Do you remember that the back of the coat had a yoke, and beneath the yoke a double box pleated arrangement? That is where



I got my front panel for that dress - Then to take its place in back I used the skirt of the coat in front of the pockets. The side panels are made of the back skirt of the coat, cut in two. They don't go all the way around. Then the yoke of the original skirt is fixed into two wide belt arrangements one over the other, for the back -

Doesn't look very scrumptious from this picture maybe, but it does all right.

My dress that I made from an old red mandarin jacket is all right as to style - but rather a failure otherwise - It was too old - and too faded and stained - I should have known better than to try it - So I have that dress to wear evenings only.

The lace cloth dress I have dyed a pretty pale green - The lace at neck and sleeves I took off & put back on - and it looks prettier than ever

but it is broken & mended in many places - & very fragile. <sup>The belt I wear with that is a piece cut from the yoke of my green velvet dress and pinned to the skirt by two fastenings of the same</sup> I have plenty of waists - The white dotted muslin one is of course the first one to go - I liked it better than the others, and have worn it constantly - The perspiration has rotted it I suppose - I split it out beyond repair - day before yesterday playing tennis.

I did have one dress made up for graduation - a dress that I bought all ready unaltered. I'm wearing it in these pictures which Emily took of me and Jinx her new Pekinese pup - on graduation day - It is made surplus - with square embroidered collar hanging from shoulder nearly to waist in back - floating panels at side - embroidery on front of waist is very little - and the skirt & panels have wide hemstitched hem



and little flowers embroidered down near the hem. I paid seven dollars for it - all hand embroidered - on fifty cents more for scalloping around the sleeves. (For the embroidery on sleeves was intended for front of waist.) I also adapted the original sleeves to make the front of my waist!

My Eve Pratt wedding dress is still presentable - but the lace is mended and keeps stretching - and is very fragile - In fact I have all these things - but they are going so fast that I can't tell what minute they will be gone. I'm so glad

to have my lavender dress - and it is very pretty. I think I gave it a few days as soon as I got here. A three tier skirt - with pretty taiting around the tier upper parts -

so. with the lavender & lemon (black hair) ribbon for a little band around the waist. (Helen's by H.H.)

So I feel that I have something - now! I have got my rain coat at last - too - I fear it will be awfully heavy but it is the best I can do - and I think I shall like it. I had it made on the pattern of

the old black one - only longer - I longer sleeved - and a hat to go with it -

The tailor brought the samples of cloth - and is making the whole thing - coat & hat and I am paying for cloth & making - Buttons & "ornaments" \$23.00 - It is a dull dark tan, nearer

\* O.D. than anything else - only lighter, and duller than

O.D. He asked \$24. at first, for the coat alone - and

finally came down to \$23. for both - It seemed like a big

price at first but when I look in the new Woman's

catalogue I see only one raincoat less than \$23.75 - and

that a rubberized kind that I could not use out here -

I don't know what my cloth is called, but I'll send a

sample. My lavender flowered dress he charged \$2.00 for making

and it is well made - and pretty -



You see I'm taking a regular vacation from Girls' School work - and having a spree on clothes - I brought up quite a bit of grass linen - and when I have picked out the styles - I shall give that to him to make up - It is the coolest thing to be worn - and the Chinese love to have us wear it.

A letter from Emily tells me that she had had to change plans for the school (for this summer, I all around since I left Hakelieb - The older Miss Tang had vowed she would not stay in the school - as had the other teachers. But after I came away she still stayed on, and several of the girls with her - Then she said that her home is crowded, and that she would like to live in my school! So Emily let her, after talking with Miss Solomon and Mrs. Waters. Isn't it funny, though? Sometimes they will not tell you what they really want to do -

Oh it is so lovely & cool up here - I'm glad I'm living once more.

I'm enjoying the hat you sent. I have put a gold tulle ribbon with tiny lavender & green flowers in it, <sup>which got the too</sup> on the hat and am having that for best - It is just my style all right - and fits perfectly - I cover up the mildewed place with white shoe dressing!

Later - July 15.  
I've been out for tennis four or five times since I've been here - and weigh a pound more - I'm sure - than I did when I came, <sup>before</sup>. I'm trying not to worry about school affairs - Though I really don't know what we are going to do for teachers - By the time you get this, I will just be in the midst of the fray - and then is when I shall be needing your special prayers more than ever - Pray that the right people may be found - that the High School girls may do their part willingly and not be overbearing toward the younger girls - and that a good spirit may be developed in the school and among the teachers - And that I may be given wisdom and tact and judgment and real goodness of soul -

Lovingly, your Abbie

Dear Brother & mine:  
Thai Ing, Mukim  
July 20, 1919

Forgive me for such long neglect - won't you, honey? But truly I was so thankful to hear that you had really reached home that I didn't care whether I said to you right immediately or not, the things I want to say to you - And I knew you would hear from me through Mother's & Father's letters - so I didn't worry on that score. My! wouldn't I like you sitting right here with me, leaning your elbows on my table or straddling yourself all over my couch - I'm having just the very whoppingest good rest up here that you can imagine. Dr. Ashmore and Mrs. Ashmore are older than the rest of us, and so they are content to settle down to the business of resting. Last year up at the Hill House all the "young fry" were crazy to go on stupendous trips and everything. I was too - but this year I am spending more time getting rested up from the Swatow heat. Just think, if you had come around the world, it might be just about now that I'd be getting a telegram to go down to Amoy, or Hongkong to see you - And much as I'd love to do it (and certainly if the telegram had come I'd have found no wings swift enough to take me there), yet it would be a bad thing for me to do, just at the time when we all need rest so much. Moreover - I'm convinced that you are much happier and better off and nearer to getting somewhere in your life - than as if you had come around the world - Do the coming around the world later - and take some one else with you besides a bunch of rackety boys and hot scotch men that haven't much of any aim in life except to spit dirty words and bet on the next fellow's poker game.

Now you've got your ears pricked up - haven't you little But - to hear that from me? You said, maybe that last letter of yours was too egotistical - Well - I don't know whether you just said that for effect or truly meant that you thought it was - and so were just the least bit ashamed!

Well - maybe it was egotistical - Still, I don't think so - It seems more fatalistic than egotistical to me - You said "If I succeed, I will know God put the notion into my head" - Well - there may be a glimmer of truth in that - but there's a blazing lot of it that isn't truth - I've found that much out that I can pass on to you, Biddy -

For you see, I had that same idea before I came out here. I thought that the way had opened so clearly that an unmistakable path lay marked out before me - I still know that is true - and know in a measure why it happened. I wasn't clever enough to choose a quiet way, nor strong minded enough to choose a difficult way - so it opened up for me to step into. But - I also thought that as long as the way had opened up so unmistakably I certainly would have to make a success as a missionary - But that is the part that is all wrong. I never could have done what little I have with the language if I hadn't fairly propped my eyes open sometimes when they were fairly dead with sleep - and just deliberately put the clock out of my sight so I wouldn't be tempted to look at it all the time to see if my three hours were nearly up!

I'm already getting my reward for that kind of struggling, for the study is so interesting to me now that I seldom if ever, have to prod myself awake. I'm getting used to the climate for one thing, and for another, I've got hold of enough now of Chinese idiom that I'm not as slow as I was at first to pick up new things. The writing of character is fascinating, too - though it does seem a perfectly dreadful waste of time! I'm writing about fifty now - and every day I add four or five or six more until I get up to two hundred. I have to keep on writing them all, or I would forget ridiculously.

But I don't mean about the study alone - It is a hard thing to live amicably out here sometimes. I haven't written to you about it, but I have told mother and father a little about the atmosphere that I have lived in - And as you know - I believe that's what wears me out - more than ten tropical suns.

The night before I left Swatow Miss Ang, a Chinese teacher came over to see Miss Culley. Miss C. had been trying to persuade her to take the position as head of the school over in the dormitory. That is, give permission and things like that. The one who has been doing it this year has failed rather badly at it. So it turned out that Miss Ang came over to say now this! She would look after the girls if the responsibility could be laid on some one else - and she suggested me for that part of it. It would make it too hard for her if the former one were still in the school, so she probably will be - with all the hard feelings and all. But no foreigners can stand hard feelings better than they can see? So I'll have to be over at school for fifteen or twenty minutes every day - to receive the girls and hear their requests. Then afterwards Miss Ang and I can talk things over and she will give the girls their answers later from me. There are some places of the arrangement that do not appeal to me at all - yet I know it will be good experience and it will help me not only to get acquainted with the girls, but to really know them - Now you're wondering I'm sure, whether this has any bearing at all on what I started out to say. Well, guessy enough it has. There is one view of it that has turned up that I never can get around of, and it makes me just sick to think of it. Helen Wilken and I were out taking pictures yesterday morning and I was talking her about it. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I suddenly realized that she was jealous. She admits that she wouldn't think of taking such a position, but thinks she should have been asked first. There are several things that she thinks about Miss Culley considers herself as no 1 man - and me and No. 2 - I don't think so at all - really - though I do know that what Helen does, she wants to do all herself - in her very own way - and perhaps maybe has been afraid she would do something that wouldn't agree with her ideas. Since I've been up here I have felt free of that everlasting undercurrent of some indefinable something running along and spoiling our aspirations, hopes - the best in life - along with upsetting our tempers and the very food we eat! Well - all of a sudden yesterday that thing came back again, with a most sickening swish, and I could have gone to bed sick, almost, with the disgust of it. Well - maybe some of these things are coming to me now because I need the lessons. If so

here's hoping I may profit by them as best I may.  
But what I started out to say in the first place  
was that if I should be able to do anything out  
here, it will be because God gives me strength to  
control myself aright - It isn't merely a matter of the  
way opening before my feet - but I can see clearly that  
it will mean grit my teeth and fight inch by  
inch - and a big part of the things I have to fight  
are in me myself -

Oh - Buddy - just let me know what conclusion you  
come to when you have thought this over - will you?  
You see I'm a little scared when you talk about  
money - If you put that object first - for whatever  
reason it may be - depend upon it - you're not going  
to live the best life that is in you - to live - I  
know Father and Mother would the times rather live  
on a mere pittance in their old age (God grant such  
circumstances be far removed!) than to live in the lap  
of luxury - or even comfortably - and know that you  
were only earning money and not developing with  
your own fine strongest self - Or - if the money  
object is your mind more to pauper your own - family  
or someone else - to live on a "higher" social scale  
with fine clothes, motors, theaters, etc, more often  
than poor people can afford - well - think seriously  
about it before you make a plunge - If you get  
the money bee in your bonnet - gracious sakes! -  
you never know when you've lost the finest things  
in life - I'm convinced of that - And so I'm just  
the slightest bit worried -

I spoke of your "Latest" Letter - I should have said  
next to the latest - for there is another later than that  
and you have evidently lost your rosecolored glasses -  
also your sense of reckoning - In the first place  
if anyone seems to think that you are more wicked  
than the criminals of States Prison - you have a task  
there plainly set before you, haven't you? To correct that  
mistaken impression, I mean - and erase whatever  
blots of distrust and doubt may seem to exist between  
you and whoever thinks you are as wicked - Do you  
understand what I mean? You speak of your own  
"dry mouthless attempts at letters radiating pessimism"  
I've read over all your letters this morning - even  
the steamer letters - and I'm not harmed and glowed  
in response to them - A few of them do show me  
that you were blue at times but - who isn't? This  
very last letter is the bluest yet - and still I find  
a great deal that is encouraging in it - You may be  
sure I know that Kid Brother of mine is trying to  
make something of himself - and I know too - that  
he has it in him to do it, too - But it is difficult  
to get on the right road sometimes -

Potentialities are wonderful things - yet fearful  
too, aren't they? I just gasp when I think sometimes of  
what you and I may be going to accomplish in this  
old world - and still I shudder to think of what  
dire failures we might be! And failure, for me, out  
here - would mean a nose squashing of hopes and  
lives that could humiliate a hundred people at home.  
And when you pray for me to have perfect consecration - just  
remember that as much as you need to pray for that - you  
need just as much to pray that I'll be able to hold my tongue  
and my temper in trying situations - and be able to eat my  
daily bread in peace -

Your sense of reckoning is crazy - On July 8 I read "By the  
time you get this I'll be half through a year at the U. of N. Wake up!  
you're not child out in the Mediterranean - and I got your letter in 11:5 AM  
you're one cloudy water, Abbie

P.S. Pkg with butter knife & spoon rec'd - More of the same later -  
Kuliang, Fukien, China *Jim delighted*

August 1, 1920

Dear Father mine:

Your letter containing the excellent advice about how to spend my summer vacation (or perhaps how not to spend it) came just the day before I received one from Mrs. Ashmore giving me the same kind of counsel precisely. I guess from the number of letters you people have received from me this time up here at the hills you will be prepared to believe that I have not written 40,000 letters, to as many people yet! I simply must begin soon to do something about my letters, however. If I can get started, it won't be so hard, for as you know, I really do love to write letters if I once get at it. But I have been resting just as hard as I know how so far this summer. I try to forget what I shall do about Myer's General History and the other bugbears when I go back in the fall, for I know that if I am not fit to begin work then, I shall not last the year out as well as I did yesterday- I mean, as well as I did THIS YEAR! And I am bound and determined to show these folks out here that I can stand the work as well as some other people. I have found that I simply cannot go at it in the strenuous way that Miss Culley does, so I am not going to try to be Miss Culley nor to fill her place. *I do* think, however, that the Lord must certainly have a place for me out here, - and I think I'm in that place, too, - or He wouldn't have so wonderfully led me at certain critical times and so richly blessed at all times. I have decided that if I can't do the work that He has for me to do, it will be I who is largely to blame. In that case it is clearly up to me to train myself to discriminate between what I can do and what I cannot. Anybody out here who lays out this sort of a program for himself lays himself open to severe criticism, but that is another thing that I cannot help. I may be wrong in deciding this, and probably I shall not be able to adhere strictly to my rule; perhaps I should endeavor to follow in the footsteps of all the clever, brilliant, physical, intellectual and spiritual giants who have gone before me and have set the pace, - but when you are perfectly aware that said pace is beyond your limitations, why vainly try to follow it? This may sound as though I am jealous of those folks who can do so much more than I can, and perhaps I am, - I don't know! So, I pray that <sup>9</sup> I may be able to do well something, if not as much as some others can do, and not worry when I have to stop short of what I would like to do. It is the worrying that would send me home from the foreign field if anything did. However, I am not proposing that a single thing shall send me home before furlough time!

Tell me, should this be in an app.

I'm sure I haven't showed you very well how much I appreciate this type-writer. I am afraid that because I haven't written to you on it that you have thought I haven't liked <sup>it</sup> as well as I thought I was going to, or something like that. I do like it even more than I expected I could, I'd rather have the Noiseless than any other kind I have ever heard about or seen, and it is a wonderful help to me already. The reason I haven't written to you on it is because I ~~have~~ not had time to get used to it and to use it with any degree of rapidity at all. Even now I can not use it ~~as rapidly as I want to~~. I can write <sup>sometimes on the machine</sup> a little bit ~~by hand~~ <sup>but mostly it is the other way around</sup> faster than I can go ~~on the machine~~, and I have had these weeks of practice at that. The time that I save now is mostly when I want to make several copies of something at once. You see if I can write six or seven letters in less than the time it would otherwise take me to write two, I have saved a good deal. Oh, it is such a comfort to have it. I am ashamed to have such a beautiful thing, tho, when I think of the dollars' worth of sacrifice that certain folks put into it. I hope I shall be able to prove to your satisfaction though, after a while, that it is worth the big price. I can't tell you in words. You see my technique has improved a little since I began; then I simply pounded with whichever finger was nearest at that particular minute, - this today is all done according to the fingering prescribed in Mary Ogg's book. I haven't yet arrived at the place where I can do very much without looking on. That is what I hope to do later, of course, and that will be the time when I can write letters with seven-league boots, so to speak.

Do tell me what Judy Taylor meant when he used to say 'Stooping there'. Is that your way of spelling his way of saying his word of dismissal to the class? I can't seem to remember hearing anything that sounded like that.

Pa, - I do hope you will use all the influence you have with that mother of mine to hurry up and have something fixed for herself to wear. I had to smile at your distressful wish that I was there 'to make your mother buy things for herself'. I know something of what a dilemma you are in, though, when you want to make her do just that thing! I know just how hard it is to make her do that thing when she sees a need somewhere else, - and she always does see one - or a dozen - somewhere else! But you tell her she had just better hurry up and manage by hook or crook to make up that 'veil' I sent her into a waist and even have a suit to go with it. You may warn her that I am going to send her some more things for dresses before very long. In fact I am going to send her cloth for another dress by next Christmas if not before. It will not be so nice as



either the waist or the dress, but I think she will like it and you make her hurry up and fix it if you can. You may also tell her that I am not sending <sup>it</sup> because of anything that you wrote, but I was keeping it to see which I would send to her. After my nice dark blue silk dress went to pieces I decided to have another dark blue silk dress or at least a dark blue one of some kind even if it couldn't be silk. I was able to get Chinese goods of various kinds until I suddenly found that I had cloth for a dress, a skirt, and a kimono. I brought all three up here with me to see what this tailor could do with them. Two of them were old Chinese gowns and the other was a whole new piece of goods. The new piece of goods cost more of course, even though it wasn't as good cloth. This new cloth in fact cost 57¢ a yard, and the cloth in the old Chinese satin jacket you couldn't buy nowadays for less than \$4.00 a yard. <sup>but so cheaper if you buy the old jacket</sup> Well, the first minute I ever saw this new goods I wanted Mother to have it, because I knew it is exactly the color that I would love to see her wear. And yet I thought I would have to have something for a dress for myself. But I find this little ~~ta~~ tailor is a regular wizard and can make a beautiful dress out of the old jacket I had planned for the kimono, and still another out of the satin jacket I had ~~ta~~ thought would make a pretty skirt. And I have dyed a Chinese made dress that I had that first summer that I went to Thai-long to make a kimono. (I have dyed it a deep RED ! ) So you see, since I already have one dark blue dress (the one I made out of my old suit, and am going to have these two more, I couldn't very well need another one. (To tell the truth, I think I should have sent this to Mother under any circumstances, because to me it looks like her ! ) It isn't very nice and maybe she won't like it, but I think it ought to make a useful dress, anyway. And tell her she must not be afraid to 'cut into it ' for that is the thing it needs first of all. And you needn't get jealous if I don't send you a lot of silk waists and pongee and grass cloth dresses, either ! I'm not very scared that you will get jealous, but since this country seems to have more in the way of cloth for dresses than it does for black broadcloth ~~su~~ pulpit suits or gray business ones, any additions that I might want to make to your wardrobe will have to be taken out in wanting, as you used to say. I could get you any number of silver or gold cuff-links or black lacquer walking sticks or silver umbrella handles or cigarette cases or flower-wood picture frames or watch charms or brass paper knives or even a jade ring; any time you have a need for any of these things or anything else that you think I might be able to get just write and say what is on your heart and it will help me to

know better what I would like to send you from out here in China-land ! There are about seven and a half yards of this new goods I have been telling you about and while that is not a large pattern for Mother yet I am quite sure she can get a dress out of it, if she makes it simply and not too wide. That is one thing I knew she would like about the embroidered pongee, though, the good ample width of the skirt. I don't know just when I shall send it but I rather think I shall not wait until Christmas.

I have been doing a few things up here; first , eating, - second, eating, - third, EATING. Those are the principal things I have been doing; on the side I have slept ~~an~~ moderate proportion of every day; I have played tennis a bit, have interviewed the little tailor to my heart's content (more or less !) and have begun to sing with a lot of folks in a big cantata they are going to give instead of the literary program on a Saturday evening three weeks from yesterday. We are giving the Crucifixion, by Stainer. I just love it and am perfectly delighted to be able to sing something fine with a lot of folks again. That is one of the things I enjoyed more than anything else while I was in Charlton and Worcester. We have a very fine director ~~and~~ someone who doesn't hesitate to call a person down if he is off key or drags or flats or something else equally horrible (I haven't been called yet !- knock on wood). Last Sunday night we had a fine sing down at Mrs. Coole's- a near neighbor of ours. About twenty people were there, and anyone who wanted to, called for hymns. After hymn or so Mrs. Veenschoten, a very plump Dutch lady with a very fine soprano voice sang a beautiful solo and then we sang again. Then a lady who sat beside me spoke right out in meetin' instead of keeping still and asked your miserable daughter if she wouldn't please sing to them, and she said it with a lot of soft soap about a rich alto voice ! But yours truly remembered how she always gets scared out of her seven senses if she tries to sing alone and anyway her mouse-like voice would have sounded like a comic echo of Mrs. V.'s fine strong one. So your wretched offspring made answer after this manner. She said she just sang with other folks. So the suggestions promptly came from someone else that Miss Watson, the girl who had been the soprano soloist at church that day, should sing with the afore-mentioned alto voice, and that they should sing W "O Love that Will Not Let me Go". I hope she enjoyed singing it as much as I did, - and when I got home what do you suppose one of my housemates said- "Your singing with Miss Watson made her voice sound better" !

Well, goodbye for now. This will let you know that I am well and happy and

getting fat just as fast as I possibly can, and that I love you all a heap !  
Abbe

Please return after reading  
You will see it is not the letter  
that can be passed around - C.M.S.

Aug. 23, 1920

Dear ones;

On my post-card I said that I was ashamed that I hadn't written for so long and I am, but I don't know how else to say it so I'm just going ahead and tell you all about everything that has happened. That won't explain how I could neglect writing to you for so long but it may explain how my time and attention has been occupied at least.

A chorus of nearly sixty of us have been practicing twice and three times a week and finally gave the oratorio "The Crucifixion" in the church last Saturday night. It didn't mean so much to the folks who lived nearer the church but for me it meant going down this long hill and back every time. And the rules of the performance were that you couldn't sing in the final production if you missed two of the rehearsals. I enjoyed every minute of the singing and couldn't afford to miss any of it anyway if I wanted to sing well for there are a goodly number of fine singers here this year, - the majority of them from Amoy. I sang alto, of course but didn't suppose anybody could hear my little mouse-squeak so was greatly surprised, somewhat flattered, and decidedly scared when Mr. Irving Lacy, the musical director, called me to stay and see him one day and asked me to take one of the bass parts which they were dividing among several people because it was too much for one bass soloist to take unless he be an exceptionally good singer. We did have a fine tenor, Mr. Odell from Foochow and he took all the tenor parts. My part was a very tiny one and that is why I dared take it I guess. But it was a beautiful thing and I loved singing it. And the best of it was that I managed to do it pretty well, - enough so that Mr. Lacy thanked me very profusely and told his sister that he wished he had given me more to sing. It was only a recitative, the one verse "And when they were come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified Him, they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right, and the other on the left." It didn't go very high and it didn't go very low, and it just suited my voice, and it was just difficult enough to make people think you could sing a little bit if you got it just right and didn't flat, and sang it with expression. All of which I was able to do, according to a number of witnesses. And when you have heard your singing voice deteriorate just as fast as it could for two whole years it is encouraging to be able to sing again a little bit.

We have been fussing all summer long about living in this house so far away from the center of things, but there has been one thing we have been near, and that is the Sunday evening sings at Mrs. Coole's. I told you about the first one

and how somebody behind me heard me singing and how I sang a duet with Miss Watson. The next Sunday evening I sang a duet with a tenor whom I never saw before and haven't seen since. The time after that I sang alto in a quartet with the wonderful Mrs. Veenschoten. Her husband sang the tenor and Mr. Todd of Ascy, who had just come up the mountain, sang bass. The following Sunday they called for the quartet again. Last Sunday night I sang a duet with Mrs. West (I had sung with her one other Sunday night too. These song services were informal ones; anyone could call for a number, and we sang and sang. The solos quartets etc. were only a sort of interspersation for variety. They called on me to sing in something special every time that they had the sings- which was every Sunday evening except when we were having the ends of typhoons. The different things I have helped sing are these: O Love that will not let me go; Thy robe is as scarlet; When the mists have rolled away; Holy Ghost with light divine (tune, Last Hope); Some day it will all be over; Some day the silver cord will break.

And now let me tell you about how we all unwittingly- set the town by the ears up here. Would you think that every <sup>one</sup> in the hall need to gasp and gape ~~and~~ two young ladies should go to an entertainment accompanied each by a young man, when every one of them has done the same - or wanted to: - himself? Well, when Peggy received a note from Mr. Kenneth Parker, otherwise known as Furry, who is teaching English and History in Foochow University, inviting her to go to the moving pictures with him (these are the very first moving pictures ever brought to Zuliang and they are the best of what comes out from America, of course) she hesitated a little, but not very much, because she had planned to go with me and didn't want to make me feel bad by leaving me out. Dr. Everham hasn't been very well this summer and she didn't think she had better go. So I didn't want to keep her from accepting her invitation, and I said I guessed the week was full enough for me anyway and perhaps I'd better not go. But I wasn't counting on what happened. For Mr. Todd didn't look as though he were the kind who would think of such a thing as coming within ten feet of a girl; and I think it must have taken a deal of courage to write that note asking me to go with him. I really thought at first that I wouldn't, but Peggy said she would be awful mad if I didn't, and then somehow it seemed something like home to have a man invite you to go somewhere again, so I said I would. My stars! If we had known what a hullabaloo it would set up we never would have had courage. I think they were just as impolite as they could be; they whispered all over the hall and then set up a half-suppressed giggle which I was quick enough

to know was about us. And then a little later when Fuzzy's arm happened to be on the back of the seat behind Peggy, (Mr.T. and I were sitting right behind them) Mrs.Henry Leacy leaned over and said to me that her sister-in-law wanted to know if I couldn't do any better job at chaperoning than that. That made me mad for two reasons. It showed that they were all staring their eyes out to see what they could see. They couldn't see anything about Mr.T. and me, so they tried to be nasty by calling me a chaperone! Then, too, there really wasn't a thing out of the way with anything that the other folks were doing. Of course Fuzzy has a real case on Peggy and doubtless he was willing to be as near her as he could be and maybe it was a little careless of him to have his arm across the back of her seat. But there was nothing anyone need have taken any notice of. Well they have teased the life out of poor Fuzzy. At one party since, they have spoken about his dislocated arm( got it out of place at the pictures the other night ! ) Peggy has just had to say no to everything he asked her to do, and she is mad as a hornet because folks gossip so about nothing. Mr. Todd has a fine bass voice and sang splendidly at a concert here. He hasn't been up at Kuliang before and when he got up to sing that night there was a regular murmur "Mr.Todd? who's he?" I didn't feel called upon to explain that he was an evangelistic and educational worker at Sio-khai, inland from Amoy and that I had already met him at a sing at Mrs.Veenschoten's Sunday morning and that he had come home with me from cantata rehearsal the very night before ! So, most folks didn't know him and didn't know that I knew him and were shocked out of their seven senses to think that such a staid and stolid old maid would condescend to appear in public with a bachelor by her side. They expected it of Peggy but they couldn't be satisfied about me until they had figured it all out that it was a cooked up plan for me to go along with Peggy. And at first I thought that I resented being called a chaperone but maybe that is what saved my life after all. Mr.T. continued to come home with me from rehearsals until the thing was over. You see people couldn't say very much because he lived on our hill up here, in the house with the Veenschoten's, right next door to me;and I was the only one from our house to be in the cantata. He wouldn't have been very polite if he hadn't noticed whether I had anyone to accompany me home. He had several solos, but the very day of the production he received word from his station that bandits had broken into the school and made off with the school furniture and everything was in a terrible turmoil. He hustled around and got Mr. Jones to take his solos but then at the very last minute he couldn't get burden-bearers and was here to sing. So he walked up with me again that night again, though I

84  
had had a note from him saying that he probably wouldn't see me again and couldn't come for me that night because he expected to be off in a few minutes. To continue: the Mr. Jones whom I just mentioned has arrived lately. He is rather a celebrated bass singer and if he had practice would go far ahead of Mr.T., good tho the latter's voice is. He sat where Mr.T. would have sat in the cantata had Mr.J. not come, - viz., in the very front row with the other members of a fine quartet- Mr.Odell, Mrs.V., Mrs.Bradshaw, the other three; and right beside your humble servant, who is a trifle taller than he even in tennis shoes. Mr.T. is taller than he; just my height when I have ordinarily high heels on. Mrs V. and Mrs.B. had solos, and the only other two women who had any were Hester Cartwright and myself. She sat in the front row too, on the other side of the quartet beside Mr.Odell. That made the soloists sit all together. Don't you think I felt big and important sitting up there along with the high and reverend seigniors? And I started once to say that Mr.J. is a bachelor of over forty, I suppose, very refined, comes from New England. He is the president of the Poochow University and a confirmed woman hater. I'll say this for him, though; if they always gossip about about everything the way they have this year I wouldn't blame him for hating the sight of a woman. They are the positive limit up here I think.

Well, it may be that people are just generally stirred up this year because unexpected things are happening. There has been a wedding, in fact we were at dinner at the Bauman's that night and they took us all along with them to serenade the couple after the ceremony. Dick Vanderberg, the physical director at the American school in Shanghai, was a leading spirit in the serenade. How rather odd, since his engagement to Hester Cartwright (a stenographer in the Methodist Mission) was announced yesterday- less than a week later! If I keep on, you will form an opinion of the Lacy's, I guess, for I shall always be saying something about what disgusting or sarcastic thing some one of them has said. There is a very large family of them. Father and Mother, and four sons three of whom are here with their wives and families this year, and a daughter Alice just my age, who went to school with Joy Tatum in Shanghai years ago.

Yesterday we went to Kushan Monastery, the most famous place around here. I want to tell something of that later but just now I am thinking along another line and want to finish my train of thought. We were invited to the announcement party "over the coffee cups" yesterday morning but couldn't go as we had promised to go to Kushan. Pearl Mason knew what the party was for, though and was delegated to pass the news on to the rest of us. When Alice Lacy heard it

she said, "They hardly needs to announce it, did they?" When we said why not, she said, "Oh, the way they acted in church Sunday." But none of us understood what she meant then. We had sat directly behind Hester and Dick on Sunday and we didn't notice a thing that would make us think anything was up. We all get to notice the tiniest things out here, too. "Well," said she, "his sitting with and then getting up to let her out and in when she sang her solo, and then coming way down front again to sit with her after he had gone back to turn on the lights"!

I must have somehow expressed my amazement and disgust that such a little nothing should be construed to mean so much( later in private to Pearl Mason, I mean). Pearl says that it is a Lacy characteristic to make nasty little remarks like that and she explained Alice's saying that by the fact that she never had a beau herself in all her life hardly and when a young man in Shanghai did begin to take her around a little bit last year when she visited there, her mother and father made so much of it that it was really very embarrassing when the young man went up to Kuling and married another girl! Ah! Such small talk and fussiness! I guess you are wishing that I would forget it and begin my letter over again, aren't you now?

But I have reckoned a little reckoning all in my own mind. I didn't think any one else would have such an idea so I kept it all to myself; but one day Dr. Everham came out with it, something like this: That it was pretty hard lines on these girls who have been here a long time, all their lives some of them, to have alienists from another country come over and steal a march on them even tho it be only so much as getting a man to take them to the pictures! And when there are only about three bachelors on the mountain (there are more now but there were but two when we arrived) at that! Enough of this blushi!

Now you are wondering who Pearl Mason is, aren't you? She is from Worcester, and has been out through Charlton many times but doesn't know anyone out there. She was sick in the hospital with malaria the first few weeks we were so I didn't get to know her very soon; but as soon as I did lay eyes on her I knew that I wanted to get acquainted with her. She evidently felt the same way and we have found out since that each of us was afraid that the other wasn't so so keen on getting acquainted as she! So we lost some perfectly good time and are sorry for it now. She is a splendid girl and I don't see what she sees in me. She has done a perfectly marvelous amount of work since she came out a about three years ago. She went right in to take charge of a girls' school nearly twice as large as ours when she had been here only a few months, and



she has had no language study at all since then. I think she is nothing short of wonderful. She was originally a Baptist but when she was at school in New York got switched off into Methodist church work and so she joined the Methodist and is out under their board now, in Sien-yu, near Hing-hua. Her helper, Miss Nicholson, is back from a long furlough in America now so Pearl is going to take a little trip up north. She takes a girl up to Shanghai to college and then goes on to visit some of the other stations of their mission., to see how things are done in other parts of the country. Isn't that a good idea? She has never been down south and is thinking seriously of coming to Swatow to see me next Chinese New Year vacation. I haven't figured out yet where she gets all her money to do so much running around, but I think it is probably her father who sends it to her. He is in a big clothing business or something like that in Worcester. I think it is lovely she is allowed to and can't imagine.

What Mrs. Waters would say if any of us started gadding around the country. Mrs. W., you know, was in Swatow five whole years before she ever went as far as Hongkong or Shanghai and she was rather shocked when Peggy went to Shanghai her first summer out here!

I haven't used my typewriter very much yet except for practice but I have improved a whole lot already; enough so that it is a joy to write to you on it instead of a task. I thought at first that I could never get to write with it as fast as I can use a pen, but I am a little past that stage even now. Is it worth it? I should say rather! And the paper you sent is all fine. The cheaper kind is what I shall use to write to you on a good deal, I think, and this that I am using now is good enough for any purpose under the sun. Which makes me think that on last night's mail I received a letter from I.K. containing a money order for forty-five dollars, from Grace, Lucy, Idella, Eva Macomber Kyes, Edith and Eva Pratt, Gladys Paul, Aldine Gilman, Ruth Hamilton, and Lena Cushing. They didn't specify how I should use it but said a lot about using it to pay a girl's way in school. I haven't made up my mind yet just where to put it but it will fit beautifully into any one of a dozen places.

I didn't say much, either about the box I received from you. I have meant, of course, to write to Bessie Goodsell and thank her for being so dear as to send me that lovely collection of cards and things. I shan't have to worry my brains a bit to know how to use every bit of what she sent and I must hurry up and find time to write and tell her so. I am discouraged about my letter writing this summer. Here it is the end of the season and I haven't begun to write

a thing yet. I can't think how it has happened. I do know that everyone has been cordial and we have been invited to teas and picnics and "coffees" and breakfasts and dinners and suppers and parties on the rocks at any time of day and I have felt my soul expanding as I have met all these different people and have heard about their work and how they have difficulties too and surmount them and so forth. It has done me just heaps of good but it has taken all the time there is and now I find there is precious little left to write letters in!

You know I am always glad to have corn plasters. I don't use them regularly myself but once in a while I have a toe that gets refractory and then I proceed to make an application which tides me over for a long while. Poor Emma Simonsen has terrible trouble with her feet and I have been so glad that I have been able to help her a few times. And of course the toothbrush I don't need to tell whether I am glad to have or not. You know about that already. But oh! those darling butterknives! I was so afraid that you weren't going to send them after all, when the thought had occurred to you that I might have bought Helen's. I had bought some from her and so I could really have managed to get along. But I bought from her only four brass ones (silver washed, I presume) which she had purchased in a ten cent store. Anyway, Marguerite wants to buy them from me for she hasn't a sign of any. I have been wondering whether it mustn't seem as though I am getting "notions" when I say that individual butter spreaders is in not merely a want but a need? If you were here though, I know you would see how that may be. When everybody else has them and you have to borrow from them when it is your turn at housekeeping (for they don't want to go without what they are used to just because it is your turn to keep house) and it then it is one of the standards, and you know how much that means. And so, perhaps you can see how I didn't want to be without butterspreaders any more than I would want to be without soup spoons. You can see, can't you? But that is a foolish question because you sent them to me anyway! The patterns I haven't used yet but I am thinking that Mrs. Ashmore will be very glad to have them and maybe I shall have something made myself from the picture of the whole dress. I am happy to have them.

And now for these last things that you have sent me. They all arrived in splendid condition; the shoes, the typewriter book, and one Priscilla, on Aug. 10, the very day after a Priscilla and Fashionable dress had arrived (the 9th). Still another Priscilla came on the 13th and your card telling that you were planning to send them got here the 5th. This isn't told in chronological order

but if you get the facts that is what you want, is it not so ? Then about the shoes. I hate awfully to tell you that they are really too big for me. You packed them so well and they arrived in perfect condition, and they are nice looking shoes, exactly the kind I need most for general wear for every day. But they are E width and my foot slips around in them. I could wear them anyway but for one reason, and that is that my left arch gives me trouble every time I walk any distance in a shoe that does not give the ball of my foot good support. My sneakers are too wide for me and after I had walked down to the tennis courts once I spent two painful days and was afraid I would have to quit playing tennis and walking this summer too. But I have been careful to wear my proper shoes ever since and to wear my sneakers only when I was actually playing, and not walking to and fro. And I have had no more trouble. I am not worried about the shoes, however, for both Lucile Withers and Edith Traver have large feet and I feel sure I can sell them shoes to some one up here or down in Swanton. I can wear 7C, but experience has proved that 7 1/2B is a still better size for me. The shoes you sent me before have been so fine and satisfactory in every way that I am convinced that is the size I will do well to stick to for the most part. And now I am going to ask you to get me a pair of Black pumps, please. Perhaps you still have the number that I gave you before, but in case you haven't, here it is: "Luxura" 275 54250T Style 743 and the place where you got them was R.B.White's, wasn't it ? And in ordering perhaps it would be well to say as near this style as possible in a trifle lower heel and with the toe a trifle less pointed. The ones you sent last year are fine, but some day (a good distance in the future, I hope) I shall have to use them for every day instead of dress up, and so I decided that it might be better to try for something that will be absolutely sensible for every day after a while as well as nice looking for best when I first have them. You remember the pumps I mean, don't you ? I can't tell you what they are made of. It is a rather heavy leather, like calf, perhaps; I think it is not kid. I have found them the most useful winter shoes I have, and have worn them far more than high ones. The soles had just gone when I got up here and so I gave them to one of the many cobblers who daily haunt our doors and you should see the soles he put on ! Talk about your cled-hoppers ! They are not quite a half inch thick, maybe, but not far from it and the sound they make when I travel across a floor, - well it makes me want to get down on all fours and see if I can do any better that way !

Dear me, there are so many things that I want to say and I can't say them all in this letter for it must go off on today's mail. It has been a long enough time since you had a letter of any length from me without your waiting any longer. I do want to say, though, that I do very much like the sample of outing that you sent but I wish you would make something for yourself rather than to fuss over my things. I can't tell you how glad I shall be to see those things coming, whether they are made up or not.

You asked me in one letter whether we had any place for dandelion seeds and I can't for the life of me remember whether I told you or not, - that we most certainly have, and would be tickled enough to have anything of that sort that you might happen to think of sending.

Must, must stop for now. The teacher is waiting for my letter so I'm sending it along without even reading it over.

Very much love to you dears from your own affectionate

Albi

No 108

Swallow- I need Foochow,  
or rather Kuling, Sept 8, 1920

Dearlly Beloveds:

Its a awful bother to get this paper into the machine but I made up my mind that I would use it thus and get rid of it. Anything Japanese is under a terrible banout here you and I have developed a dislike to use anything Japanese when writing to most of my friends. You can't see the Japs in their true light until you have lived in China for a while. Of course the Japs that I know in America were all that anyone could ask but they were very far from having any of the spirit of autoocracy that possess the body of Japanese- statesmen, I started to say; political leaders would be correct, for none of them deserve that honorable name, statesmen.

But its not my plan to rave on any more about the Japs and their insults and indignities to China; I have something nearer at hand to rave about. For we have been in the very tooth of a typhoon for four days. We planned to go down to Swatow this coming Thursday, leaving here on Tuesday afternoon and seeing a little of Foochow before we take the boat. Miss Sullivan went down last Wednesday, planning to take last Thursday's boat. We heard once that the boat had not yet sailed, and then we heard again that it did sail but is hung up in Amoy harbor now until it is safe to proceed. Well! the Sunday boat has not yet arrived, to say nothing of sailing. If that is several days late we haven't an idea when our boat will come along. And Peggy is a regulat little wild man about getting home. I think Marguerite or I suggested the plan of not waiting for the boat we had planned to take but take the first one that comes along if there is room for us. I think I should have been shy about proposing anything had I known how she would hang on to that plan even though it proves entirely impracticable! For the plains below are already flooded beyond the impassable point; that is for men carrying burdens or chairs, and it is raining torrents all the time and thus becoming more and more impossible all the time. I want to get back as much as anybody does, for I cannot help being worried over the teaching situation in our school this fall. But on the other hand, I have not been able to make myself get into the mood for letter-writing this whole summer and so now I am somewhat up a stump.. And yesterday I wrote three letters and am just now getting up steam for more. But you see under normal circumstances I would have to stop right off short and go to packing. I think maybe I shall anyhow to keep peace in the family and to be ready in case some kind miracle should somehow open our way. It is now eight o'clock in the morning and none of the others are yet up. The wind was rattling the shutters so and threatening to tear the house down so that there was possibility of sleep any more for me. That is why I am getting this

for letter-writing this whole summer and so now I am somewhat up a stump. And yesterday I wrote three letters and am just now getting up steam for more. But you see, under normal circumstances I would have to stop right off short and go to packing. I think maybe I shall anyhow to keep peace in the family and to be ready in case some kind miracle should somehow open our way. It is now eight o'clock in the morning and none of the others are yet up. The wind was rattling the shutters so and threatening to tear the house down so that there was possibility of sleep any more for me. That is why I am getting this epistle written so early in the morning. But my stomach is very very empty now and I fear I must lie down a while and read, perhaps, until someone shows a few signs of rousing!

It is now quarter of eleven and the rain is coming down just as fast as it ever did! Alice Lamy and two other girls have been up here in all the downpour, dressed in their swimming suits and b raincoats. I mean raincoats, much as we used to rig up at Thailand. They were as soaked as they could be, of course, and you should have seen the boy's face when he beheld the floor where they had been standing! Don't you love this alignment? I doubt whether you could improve on it much, Pa B., even with your Fox.

I must stop pretty soon now and begin to put damp, damp clothes into damp, damp baskets or into my trunk which has already anywhere under an inch of green mold all over the inside of it, tray and all. What the trunk, baskets, clothes, unanswered letters, and my many other various and sundry belongings will look like by the time I get to Swatow is a matter of exceedingly dubious conjecture, to my present way of thinking! And all my nice new clothes that I have kept these little tailors busy fashioning for me out of old Chinese jackets! They are lovely now, but if they all get dipped in the waters of or from the Min River on the way down, pity my elaborate wardrobe! I never did tell you yet all about the things I having been fixin', have I?

Well, I did mention a heavy dark blue satin dress to take the place of my dark blue silk that I had now when I left home. That is about the most expensive thing that I have had. It cost three dollars for making and one of the jackets in it cost six dollars, the other three. But you would love it if you saw it. Some of the people out here object to having old coats that you could imagine any kind of people wearing, made up into dresses for themselves. But since they are all fumigated or washed or both, I don't have that kind of scruples. And I'm fortunately not bothered a bit about wearing something just because it is made over. (I wonder why?)

Then I have had a heavy yellow satin made to take the place of my pink evening dress, presumably, but in reality it will do much more than that, for it is a more sensible dress- though it couldn't be any prettier, I think. I didn't know what in the world I should do for sleeves. The satin was too heavy, and moreover, I had no idea as to whether there would be enough. I had thought of sending

people out here object to having old coats that you could imagine any kind of people wearing, made up into dresses for themselves. But since they are all fumigated or washed or both, I don't have that kind of scruples. And I'm fortunately not bothered a bit about wearing something just because it is made over. (I wonder why?)

Then I have had a heavy yellow satin made to take the place of my pink evening dress, presumably, but in reality it will do much more than that, for it is a more sensible dress- though it couldn't be any prettier, I think. I didn't know what in the world I should do for sleeves. The satin was too heavy, and moreover, I had me doubts as to whether there would be enough. I had thought of sending to Shanghai for allover lace, but I knew before I sent that it would be beyond my pocketbook. Then I thought of using the pretty yellow crepe scarf that I bought on my way through Japan, for sleeves; but they are Japanese, and anyway I shall want to wear that yellow scarf with that yellow dress (in spite of its being Jap). So I was delighted enough when along came a curio man with a plain yellow silk gauze jacket which I could see at a glance would go with it perfectly and make much more than sleeves. So I purchased it for \$1.20 and immediately began to search for a pretty pattern. I found it, then got some pretty, old embroideries and gave the picture and the two jackets and the embroideries to the tailor. The embroidery cost something over or under a dollar, I can't remember exactly; and the satin cost was either three or four dollars. And I think it is a very lovely dress; so does everyone else. I have worn it three or four times right up here at Kailiang, while there has been only once when I could wear the pink silk. That was to the children's party and I wouldn't have thought of wearing it then had it been in good condition.

Then I had another dark blue, a heavier gauze, made up with Chinese embroideries. It was a huge one to begin with, - the biggest one I have ever seen, I think. It cost three dollars to begin with, a few dimes only for the trimming, and a little over two dollars for the making.

Then I had my old pink gingham made over with a light grade of white pique, and had my lovely lavender dress made up with very pretty taiting, as I described to you before. These each cost me about \$2.00 each for making. Then I had four white Chinese linen dresses made up for about \$2.40 \$2.00 each and two pineapple cloth dresses for about \$2.40. I can't tell off hand just what these cost for I bought them at different times and some of the cloth was more and some less expensive. But I hope now to have enough clothes to wear on those days when I need to take a bath five or six times and change my clothes as often! I was often up against it this spring; but that doesn't pay, for it takes a lot out of me to have to wash and iron things myself when I have more important things waiting and when I myself am dripping wet all the time when I am sitting perfectly still doing absolutely nothing. I didn't do a

trousers made up for about \$2.00 each and two pineapple cloth dresses for about \$2.40. I can't tell off hand just what these cost for I bought them at different times and some of the cloth was more and some less expensive. But I hope now to have enough clothes to wear on those days when I need to take a bath five or six times and change my clothes as often! I was often up against it this spring; but that doesn't pay, for it takes a lot out of me to have to wash and iron things myself when I have more important things waiting and when I myself am dripping wet all the time when I am sitting perfectly still doing absolutely nothing. I didn't do enough of that sort of thing to speak of it hardly, but I have discovered that it is a thing which I can't do, and so I am not going to attempt it. It seems perfectly dreadful from the stand point of extravagance to have so many clothes but they tell me it will surely prove an economy in the end and I guess they are right.

I had Mrs. Worley's old Raincoat (for which I paid \$5.00 two years ago) made into a winter dress for two dollars and then I got material at a dollar a yard (a kind of mohair, dark green with a stripe effect, and the tailor made a one-piece dress and a coat to wear with it, for three dollars and a half. I was intending to have the dark green broadcloth made up with the help of the dark green crepe de chine waist but found that there was not enough cloth. Was there any of that left over at home? There is almost enough and if there is any piece big enough for pocket or cuff or yoke and you haven't used or planned to use it for something else perhaps you could send it along when you are sending something to me sometime. I hadn't a dress to wear for everyday except the sailor blouse and skirt which is fading so that the skirt is darker than the waist and every day getting more so. (That is winter dresses of course) Then I had my pongee dress that the Swatow tailor spoiled fixed up into a very respectable gown and had a sky blue silk Chinese coat that I got for a few dimes made into a kind of middy or smock to wear with my pongee skirt sometimes. I feel as though I shouldn't need any more clothes for five years but things have of wearing out fast out here. Oh, yes and I have had some combinations, brassieres and drawers made for hot weather, too. And a silk waist of Canton crepe that I bought in Swatow, to wear with my suit. I guess that is about all! Don't you think it ought to be? I feel wicked when I think of the way you folks get along in the matter of wearing apparel. When I come home, Ma, I promise you I will bring you some old Chinese jackets for you if you want them. I think I shall bring them anyway for if you don't want them there will be plenty of people who will be glad to buy them. And, anyway I know you will want them!

Well, I'll stop this drabness for a while, but I guess I will leave the paper in the machine, and maybe I will have another thought and a bit more time to write before I send the letter on its way.



Glad to buy them. And, anyway I know you will want them!

Well, I'll stop this craziness for a while, but I guess I will leave the paper in the machine, and maybe I will have another thought and a bit more time to write before I send the letter on its way.

Next day

We go tomorrow, if nothing happens and I must take this out and get it ready to mail.

Yours with very much love

Althea

Monday Sept. 13, 1921  
Swatow, China

Dear Ones;

Back again to the old domain - and its glad I am to be here, I can tell you! Emily has been here over a week alone in the house - and she is glad to see me - I'm glad to see her, too, she is a dear, really -

You would shudder to think of my getting rid of some more pounds, had you seen me the last day at Kuliang - for I was traveling up and down that hell

out in the sun and on my feet  
from about nine o'clock in the  
morning - right until evening -

You see the coolies had been  
talking of strike all summer  
long - and yet they waited, it  
seemed, until they got hold of  
someone who just had to get a  
boat, and then struck not only  
for more money - but they simply  
would not do it at all.

On account of the typhoon  
we could not know until late  
Sunday night whether our boat would  
be leaving Foochow on schedule.

time Thursday, or not. So - then  
we tried to get coolies. So many  
people were going down that day  
that we couldn't get anyone right  
off. We telegraphed to Tsochow  
for them, and answers came back  
the day we were to start: (early the  
next morning) that none were to  
be had. So I started out. I  
was out in the sun from soon  
after nine in the morning until  
6 P.M. with only a few minutes  
out for dinner. Then we couldn't  
get chair bearers and had to  
walk down the mountain. Fogg  
Parker went with us and was  
just terribly nice about helping  
us etc. At the foot of the  
mountain we did get chairs,  
but had to pay double money

even then. We got our baggage  
arranged for the boat - went to  
the Methodist girls school for a bit  
of supper - then caught the launch  
(for the steamer) which had waited 15 minutes for  
us. Then we found that our  
Chinese boys were not with us -  
So Fuzzy, with a Swatow drawn-  
work man - went over to the  
other side of the city, where Mayling  
teacher was - and found the  
boys and sent them down just  
last in a little boat. They  
came on board <sup>the steamer</sup> about one o'clock  
at night - (for the steamer was to  
leave at 6 A.M.). Well - it was  
one awful day, but we've had  
a splendid trip and already  
I am as busy as I can be.  
Much love to you dears,  
Elbie

No 110

Swatow, China, Sept. 23, 1940

沈 楊 春 寅 森 蕭 竹 松  
上 拜 日 寅

Dearest ones:

This is a busy week for me. I found upon my return to Swatow that two of our third year high school girls had gone to Shanghai to school. The father of one of them had written to me, but the other one had never said boo and it was a complete surprise to me. We had already arranged to have Hui-tau, another one of the five girls in that class, teach part time in the primary school here and study only part time. That leaves only two in the class and we need them to help us teach. So our plan for beginning a third year's work in high school has had to be abandoned for this year. The two girls are coming back and will study English and some Chinese Literature and earn a regular salary - a small one - for their teaching. They can take a good easy classes in Arithmetic and in other things. I know Miss Cagle will feel badly to have that dropped but I simply cannot help it at all with no more teachers than we have.

I shall not teach the history after all, but we'll have a course in Old Testament History and at least one in English and perhaps one in Arithmetic, besides all the music, of course. All of these except the English will be taught in Chinese and then I have all the managing of the school and supervision of the five or six seven country schools, according to whether we can keep them all open or not. Honestly and truly I have so many things that I cannot worry about now that I wanted to. But I have decided that if I am going to worry over things as much as I did the last of last year, for instance, I might as well give up right now. Do you think it will be within the realm of possibility for me to stop worrying because I have decided that it is wrong? Ordinarily I would laugh it as a question like that because I would know that it simply could not be done.

But I led the missionaries' prayermeeting last night and my topic was abundance. Abundant life: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Abundant Joy: Ps. 124:38:5-10 (esp. 'rivers of pleasure')

Also Jn. 15:11.

Abundant grace and mercy: 2 Cor. 9:8

Also Eph. 2:1-10

Abundant Blessing: Philippians 4:10

Also Gal. 3:10.

Abundant Power, abundant Love, and

finally an abundant

entrance into the kingdom: Eph. 3, and

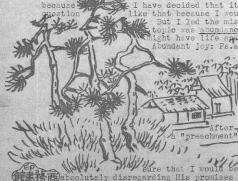
2 Peter 1:1-11.

After reading these wonderful passages and giving a "preachment" on them, it would be hardly fair to worry over a little class in arithmetic,

would it? Now I know that I myself

cannot keep from worrying but still I am sure that I would be very greatly disobeying God's commands and

absolutely disregarding His promises if I did so. Now then? There is a certainly but one way and that is by His doing it for me. I can't seem to help.



春 楊 市

saying "It is possible; but ever that is a big enough doubt to be wrong, I knew. So that is the thing that perhaps most of all you need to remember just now while you are praying for me; that I can't do anything, ~~but I can't do anything~~!"

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Ashmore, the Standard Oil man who was my dinner partner, and East Mrs. New Year's Eve invited us to go for a ride down to Double Island on Saturday afternoon and to have tea with Mr. Ashmore and when Mrs. Ashmore asked me who was the chaperone I told her that I was, and she didn't say any more at all. Dear lady, she does like me pretty well and she knows that young folks like pretty well to have a little diversion once in a while. And she says that China is different now from what it was when she first came to China and that the Chinese are a great deal more sensible about things than they were then. At least that the Chinese here in Kachieh are. They used to be shocked to see women married or unmarried walking along the road together; but nowadays the Chinese themselves have come to see that it can be a most natural and sensible thing for men and women to associate with each other. Of course, this does not apply to Chinese who have not known foreigners and learned their ways to a good extent. Well, as I started to say: We went and had a most enjoyable time, and not they have invited us again. I had a good time as anybody, I suppose, and I think there are absolutely no larks in our going and no harm in our going without a chaperone, for we were back for supper. But the girls want to take a picnic supper this time and I have made it my business to the extent that I will not go if there is not a chaperone either now or at any other time when we will be out after dark. I didn't say who went, Mr. 2, Ruth Sperry, Emily, Peggy and I, for girls; Mr. Ashmore, Mr. Robinson (who likes party very much) for whom she gives not a rap, and a Mr. Mitchell, whom I had never seen before. I am quite interested to see whether we really do go again. If it's before school opens and everything is arranged in proper order, I shall go, for there will certainly be another chance for a long time.

Miss Johnson was voted to work in the Women's School and that would leave us in the girls' school with several classes in English without a teacher. The question is up before the reference committee at the present time and we shall probably get Miss Johnson back for some of the work at least. I am quite sure that to continue one of her classes in the boys' academy and of course he can't have that if we have not enough English teachers to do the work in our own school. I am quite sure that the one who ran it through the Reference Committee last July about Miss Johnson's work and I haven't much doubt that she will be very bitter about letting her come back to our girls' school work. But you see on account of health she went out for three years only and she was designated to the English work in the girls' school. But because Ruth Sperry's plans were changed she can't get out here, Miss S. thinks, or I suppose she thinks that it would be a crime for us to have a worker more than we had, at least so soon as this. I'm not going to worry, though, as I said before!

You have seen the pictures of Arthur and Gladys, I presume. I'm so glad to see it but I think it must have taken me some time the same way my picture did you. You must feel kinda bad to see both your children so thin and skinny. I do think Art has beaten even me in the getting skinny business! I do hate to see him go this!

Did you compare that picture of Arthur with the one of you in your wedding dress?

Quatros, China

Oct. 8, 1928

Dear Father and Mother;

Mother's letter of August 22nd(?) from Rollinsford just came last night. You don't know how glad I was to get it. There was a letter waiting when I got home the middle of September, and I haven't had one since (I think I'm right - but the days are so full now that I can't tell anything unless I look it up where I've written it down - and just now my correspondence book is downstairs)

I am so glad Mother had a chance to go down to Rollinsford and especially when Uncle Arthur and Uncle Cyrus were there and all those other folks too. It was a regular reunion. But wasn't that shoulder business perfectly horrid, too? I do hope you were entirely over it, Mother - and that the jizzle, jizzle of



the train trip back to Fairfax didn't bring it on again.

I'm writing upstairs in my room so that I will be near Emily, in the next room. The reason this letter is as late in getting written - as long since the last one, I mean, is because Emily has been sick - and the few times when I haven't absolutely had to be over at school, I have spent with her - helping take care of her - feeding her, & giving her baths and doing the other necessities.

She has had a bad attack of what is probably Dengue fever, if you know what that is. Her temperature is normal - not - but for days she couldn't lift her head from the pillow hardly - and wasn't allowed to move out of bed at all - It was a great mercy that Lucile Withers, the trained nurse, came down from Changning on her way to America this week. Otherwise I don't know what we could have done.

Emily cried when I couldn't be with her all the time - and though she was glad when Lucile's coming was suggested - yet she cried when I said I was glad she could come, because I wasn't able to do a lot of things that were needed. I was so busy at school! She thought that somehow I felt she was criticizing me for not doing enough - I didn't feel that way, of course.

Well - as Dad said before, Emily is a dear - but she is rheumatisical - and especially so when she is sick. She is constantly embarrassing me before others telling me what a dear I am - and how good I am - and then turning over and weeping because her being sick is one more thing to bother & worry me. The other night she gave me a good scare. She had been flat on her back for a week, <sup>she had been moved off her</sup> so you may imagine we were some what startled to hear this most agonized voice, about 11.30 at night - out in the living room, at the top of the stairs - crying "Ruth - where can Abby be?"

And then between 3.00, "Don't you think we  
better send somebody out to look for her?"  
don't know where she is - Oh what do you  
suppose has happened to Abby?!" Ruth was  
downstairs writing to her beloved man - I was  
in my own bed, sound asleep - where I had  
been for about an hour - Well!! I was  
up in a second, of course - and had her  
back in bed in a jiffy - but it took more  
than a jiffy to get her calmed down &  
comforted. She knew that I was studying  
in the early part of the evening - & prepare  
for my class in old testament history -  
and later - when Ruth went up she asked  
for me and I had gone out. I hadn't  
said where I was going but it was to  
a committee on Pageant for the 60th  
South China jubilee. She knew I was on  
it and guessed that was where I had  
gone -

So she began to cry about my having  
so many things to do - and to worry for  
fear I would get sick, she says -

2  
Then she didn't hear me come in - and  
she got to crying more and imagining all  
sorts of things - that I had fallen into the  
sea, maybe! I don't know what she thought.  
She has given me orders to come and say  
good night to her whenever she goes to bed  
first, no matter whether she's asleep or not.  
She would rather be awakened than to miss  
my saying good night to her - ! So - she got  
up and came out & did all this - when she  
might just as well have rung the bell and called  
to me - When I asked her why she  
hadn't rung instead of getting up - "well -  
that wouldn't have done any good" - and  
then she said accusingly "you didn't  
obey orders!" - So I told her how I went  
& stood in her door and listened, and  
everything was dead still, so I wasn't  
going to awaken her when she was  
asleep - or no orders - Dr. Ewenham  
told me not to awaken her when she was  
asleep - And Dr. E. says - "Get excited

Because JM didn't say goodnight to her!"  
She suggests, as I did, from the beginning,  
that the fright about my being gone  
was just put on - & made up - & she  
was hurt because I didn't come in - & so  
made up her mind to wake me any way.  
I don't hear the bell always in my  
room - so she came to the door and  
called! Well - whichever it is however  
it possibly may be - she was excited  
and didn't sleep much the rest of the  
night.

The first night that she was very  
sick, I had a cot put down in her  
room, and stayed there. I was up  
nearly every hour to give her medicine  
and every two hours to heat her food.  
So I didn't sleep a great deal. That  
shouldn't have worn me out as it did,  
but Marguerite, fearing another sick  
one would be on her hands, said I  
mustn't do that again until I got

rested. So Ruth - who herself has been sick with kidney trouble this summer but is all right now - slept with her the next three nights - Then she was moved up here, and Ruth sleeps on the porch outside my room; Emily has the hall to call us when she needs us. She is not too sick now to call, and thus we all get more sleep than as though we slept in the room with her.

On Friday I was at school from eight in the morning until nearly seven at night with a little time off for dinner. It was a hard day - but things got started right, or pretty nearly so, I guess - The two girls who were to be in the third year high class - to study a little and then teach the rest, informed me that they did not wish to study at all. If they are to go into the next year's class next year, they want to go in with the same kind of preparation that the others have, and that kind only - and they don't want to

have to teach them any more than the others do - well - that is easier to arrange, very much easier, and I certainly will not compel them to do a thing which makes it difficult for us all, and makes a hard feeling too. So I said all right - and proceeded to give them a few more things to teach. They will be perfectly satisfied I think, to do that, and we shall be able to manage.

Friday A. M. In morning worship I introduced the two gentlemen who are coming over from the Academy to teach one class each - (Algebra & Arithmetic), also Henry since not the new preceptors, and the two girls who teach the ~~geography~~ <sup>geography</sup>, who were students last year - I was on needles and pins about it before hand but managed to get through it - as one generally does! And the schedule seems to be working out pretty well, too. A few details haven't been arranged - but if they can't be, I shall not worry very much. We ought to have gymnasium

And I am going to have some sort of physical exercises - any way - If we can arrange for regular gym, all right - if not, we can't.

Oh - I tell you that there is a thrill, somehow - about having all these girls come back to us - and ~~the~~ feel that things are actually moving along just the same, in spite of the fact that I am running the ship alone - ! And somehow, I don't have the feeling at all that these girls are coming back to ~~me~~ - or that I am the one who is running the school - The girls have come back because they love the school - and heaps of them who said they would not come back when Miss Cully went home, are back again as big as life. I think we have a hundred and eight already - and that is even <sup>more</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>young</sup> ~~of~~ the graduates have returned to high school - Miss Sorensen is a jewel, and I truly don't know what I would do without her. She is a born manager - and she has been there before - She therefore knows a good many



of the ropes, and moreover - she makes  
a living for herself and her two little girls  
that are in our school, by being there.  
They rent the house she lived in - and all.  
live in the school. Henry Sisson, her husband,  
teaches in the country, as he is not here -

She is older, and dependable, bright, thoughtful,  
foreseeing, is pleasing in her personality and  
just fine in ever so many ways. Really -  
she is one of the most beautiful Christians  
women I know. She had her trials teaching  
Emily, still she went to Thailand with  
her, and has continued to be just as sweet  
to her as though Emily had been her  
easiest pupil to teach.

Of course, school is just beginning -  
and you know that sometimes I do  
spread my self to a good plunge saving  
about some one, and then have to take  
a lot of it back. But she seems to  
be taking hold first rate - Because she  
was my teacher for so long, she got to  
know me better, and feels free to talk

everything over with me.

How lovely of Uncle Arthur to give me the ten dollars! I will write to him soon - I don't know whether to tell him that I am saving the money for a steam launch or a sewing machine. I never said steam launch before, did I? Well - that is a need - and will be a greater one still later on, I think - when I get to having more work out in the country. We need it now for primary school work + for crossing to Swanton, etc! You'll hear more about that later.

Well - I'm too sleepy to write any more just now - I think my letter will be a "d-d-i-o-c-o-m-m-u-n-i-t-y" to the public if I don't stop it before I go to sleep entirely -!

Very much love,

Abbie

No 112

Swatow, China, Oct. 18, 1920

Dearest Beloveds;

Emily is better and up around the house and out again. I still worry about her somewhat (in spite of the fact that I had made up my mind not to worry any more!), because she simply will not be careful. It seems to be quite certain that the cause of her trouble was eating candied ginger in large quantities; but even now she will eat it when she wants it in spite of its nearly always giving her a bad pain.

I guess I'll try to tell you a few of the things that I have been doing these last few weeks. They have been hectic ones, I tell you. Just now I am taking the first opportunity that I have had for ages to sit down and dash off even a word to you. I sent a nearly postcard but that is all for about two weeks, isn't it? And I am afraid I shall forget what I have already learned about my typewriter if I don't find time to use it more.

Did I tell you that the 3rd year high school girls are teaching now and not doing any studying at all? I dread to get Miss Culley's answer to my letter telling her this news, for it was her dearest dream to have those girls keep on and be just ready to graduate when she comes back from furlough. But I did the best I could and would do the very same thing again under the circumstances. Things seem to be running pretty smoothly for a green hand and I am very grateful for the help of these girls who know the ropes of the school.

Last Saturday afternoon we had a tea to welcome Mrs. Worley who has just come back from furlough (We had one a week ago to welcome the Capens) then we went down to the house of the customs officer to see a Swatow-Kachich tennis match. Of course the players were all community men; tho I don't see why they should be at all. Missionaries ought to be able to play tennis as well as anybody else. If Frank Foster had been he would have helped carry off the honors for this side, I know.

On Sunday we went to Chinese Church and then to English church. At the latter service E- after it I mean, I was accosted by Mr. Barracough, the big tall man who likes alto voices (remember?) and informed that on the Sundays when the morning church service is held in Swatow, there will be a Church of England Evensong service on this side at five or five th thirty. My assistance was desired to help in the singing. I replied that I am very busy now and couldn't promise anything like regular attendance or anything. There would be a practice Thursday afternoon, - could I come? I didn't know for sure. Well what made me so busy as all that, anyway? Why, Miss Culley had gone home and I have the school now. "O I say" was that the reason I had gone off in flesh so? A mean shame, that! Well, now! Mustn't work too hard you know! Well might they have my good will at least, about the services? Would I be willing to come when possible and lend my valuable assistance etc...etc..... ETC.... ad infinitum! Surely, I would do what I could, and I was certainly glad that we were to have some church service on this side every Sunday, etc.

Well it happened the I could arrange to go on Thursday so I took Emily and Ruth and went down, and folks were very grateful, etc.

The next afternoon Miss Moorhead was up to our house for tea and tennis (the first tennis I have had since I came down from Kuliang). We were walking home with her and met Mr. B. and the organist, Mr. Bloomfield who is a British-American Tobacco Co. man. They turned around and walked down with us and were most friendly and sociable, I can assure you. I laughed at Ruth; she said, "Mr. Barraclough amuses me; the way he elbows his way to Abbie in a crowd without speaking to anybody else" I said nonsense, that wasn't so and then she modified her statement by saying that perhaps the aforesaid man did speak very briefly to other folks in passing but it was with the air of "I'm going to talk with Miss Saunderson and perhaps by and by there will be time to say a word to some one else but if there isn't it won't matter!" Of course it isn't so really; it is just that he is so tall that they all notice every thing he does and says ~~and whatever he does~~. But I shall endeavor to most discreet on all occasions, I assure you!

On Wednesday afternoon I went with the other girls to Mrs. Bloomfield's to tea. You will think I am doing a good deal of gadding about, but I haven't really. I have already refused two invitations to tea and tennis at Miss Moorhead's since I came down from Kuliang; I have been so busy at school that I simply have not done another thing or been anywhere. Before school opened we went to Double Island with the three men. We were invited again but the men didn't bring a chaperone and anyway that was when Emily was sick so I couldn't have gone. I have been more tired than is comfortable and knew that if I could get away from school a little while each day it might freshen me up a bit. But there were so many things to be done that it almost seemed that I could not leave. But this week I did go, and I am glad I did, for it has been the very busiest week yet.

We have our big Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration next week and of course are busy getting ready. So besides my class every day in English and the one in Old Testament History in Chinese, with the preparation, of course, I have been having the girls from four to five every day practicing songs new and old for The Event; for the Girls' School has for its part in the anniversary, singing only. You see we have made our reputation at that and now are being called on for every occasion. We are to go to the church to sing once (I have taught them "We Shall See the King Some Day") and then when the guests make the tour of the schools, our part is to have a half hour of singing.

I just wish you might hear those blessed girls singing; all together, or only four of them, or half singing the first part of a song and the other half answering in the chorus; sometimes so softly that you can scarcely hear them and then swelling into a big crescendo. I love to hear them sing in parts, too, without the organ. This time they are to sing a Chinese welcome song making their Chinese welcome best; they are to sing "Sweeter as the days go by"; "Thou didst leave Thy throne 'Brighten the corner'; "Shine on me O Lord Jesus"; "My Task"; "Now the day is over"; "Flee as a bird to your mountain" and some others. Today we have two hours of practice; from two to three as well as from four to five.

How did it happen that in my last letter I forgot to tell a big bit of news? We are terribly excited because we have had a raise in salary and are now (after Nov. 1st) to have \$800.00 gold instead of \$600.00. What do you think?

know about that ? I am so happy about it . For one thing it will make it seem more possible to go away for the summer as I did this year. I think I shall not on any account go to Kuliang next year however. I do want to go the year before I go home, tho, to get some clothes made. By the way do you realize that it may be I have only two more summers out here before that little event takes place ? I don't dare to think of it much, because the thought of seeing you again makes my heart turn a summersault ! If the Reference Committee out here decides that I shall go home at the end of five years instead of five and a half, I shall be coming home early in the spring of 1923. If they think that is too soon then I shall probably wait another year, for I don't propose to go home in June as Miss Culley did, unless it is necessary. I shall doubtless be weary enough at the beginning of my journey and a trip across the country in the hot weather would finish me I know.

But this is what I would call rhapsodising and it is eleven o'clock this minute. I simply must go to bed.

With heaps of love, more than I can ever tell,

Abbie.

禮拜二

七

陽歷九月

September

廿三秋分

7

八號白露

TUESDAY

7th Moon

25

庚申 小月 七 陰曆

廿五日

.....

以香豆二十  
四等十八日

七之書

陰曆

陰曆



No 113

Sovetsk, China

Oct. 24, 1926

Dearest One,

The Sixtieth Anniversary  
is a matter of history now! We surely  
did have one grand celebration - with  
a big parade in Sovetsk for a wind-up.  
Everything went off better than we had  
expected - and tho some of our foreign  
guests could not come, yet we had  
a grand occasion. I'll send you a  
program - but can't tell you how fine the  
speeches were, nor all about that, of course.  
Our girls sang beautifully - as I was  
sure they would - and the boys at the  
Academy had a grand exhibition of  
what they have been studying in the  
matter of social welfare and the  
promotion of healthful living conditions.  
They gave a little entertainment,  
consisting of welcome speeches in



Chinese and English - and Chinese  
and foreign music by their band -

The kindergarten kiddies had a very  
cute performance on the tennis lawn -  
then the crowd was ushered into the  
girls' school grounds - there the girls  
were politely standing in the assembly  
room while the guests passed to the  
court beyond - They were packed in  
like sardines - The girls then marched  
out into the one little space that was  
left for them and began their singing -  
After it was over the girls went out  
onto the new bridge over to East Hill,  
where the new buildings will be, and had  
their pictures taken.

We have had Mrs. and Miss Beattie  
and the baby here with us - also Mary  
Ogg and Emma Simonson - and  
Friday morning in the middle of things,  
a Mrs. Darby from Philadelphia, who  
is traveling in China - appeared on the  
scene - She knows Emily's sisters -  
and of course we were ever so glad

she came just when she did,  
so that she could get a glimpse  
of the Anniversary affairs - She  
has gone with Ruth & Chas. for  
over Sunday now -

We got back from Swanton and  
the parade and everything about two  
yesterday afternoon - I did manage  
to eat some dinner - but went right to  
bed and stayed until about 4 this  
afternoon - The thing has been an  
awful strain - and I was simply  
very much relieved that it was all over.  
I had been needing a rest for a  
week and I'll be O. K. now that  
I've had it.

Oh yes - we had a tea for the  
community folks on Thursday. It  
was a grand success apparently -  
though not a very large number of  
Community folks were here -

Mr. Barclay was here as long as left  
and stayed about an hour - that is  
until he had succeeded in waylaying  
me on my way in and out of the  
busy throng, ministering to the wants  
of the tea drinkers - and had got  
me to sit down and talk awhile - and  
drink a cup of tea while he had  
another - It wasn't noticeable at  
all - for Mr. Pollard and Mr. Devens  
and Emily were all sitting at that  
table. The tea was at Adams -

We thanked me for singing - oh by the  
way I forgot to tell you that we did go &  
sing in the choir last Sunday evening at  
5.30 - and Emily & I were the only  
ones - besides Mrs. James who doesn't know  
the Episcopal service either - She was  
terribly mad - & I was disgusted & nervous -  
but about half way through I saw the  
funny side of it and was in a state  
of giggles almost when Mrs. B. made a  
mistake and prayed for King Edward  
instead of King George - !

Mr. B. says he admires us for  
our courage & thanks us for our  
help - We are not going next  
time, we think - but will let  
the Church of England people go  
themselves and try it. If they  
wouldn't come up into the choir  
last Sunday for the reason that  
we were there first - let them  
have a chance to go first -

No - that's what I say - but  
truly my real reason for staying  
away next time is because I  
don't think it wise for me to be  
so conspicuously & obviously assisting  
Mr. B. in the service - I was the  
farthest one in the choir seats &  
he stood & knelt right beside me  
throughout the service - I shall  
please not let that happen again  
if possible -

I didn't get around to telling  
you that there were over 1200  
people in the parade - all Chinese -  
we watched them from Speaker's  
veranda. The boys from Chaoching  
& Chaoyang were here, and the  
boys and girls from Kityang as  
well as all the schools in Suatow  
& Kakalich - from the Kindergarten  
kiddies to the theologos - and college  
students - too - for we have one year  
of junior college work started this  
year for the boys -

The Beaths are still here  
but they will be leaving on  
Tuesday - probably - Tomorrow the  
school settles down into its regular  
routine work again. The girls  
are waiting - or rather, the teachers  
are waiting to change our

missionary society into a Y. H. C. A.  
What we had suggested last year  
was a combination of Pathfinder  
and Camp Fire - & Isabelle told  
them about how I had been  
guardian etc. So when Hing  
Simao<sup>ni</sup> broached the subject to  
me tonight, I unwittingly told  
her that I did not know about the  
Y. H. C. A. I guess I forgot  
for the minute that I was  
president of one once! I don't  
know yet that will decide to  
do it of course - It is surely  
worth considering, though.

On Friday a Yunnanese man  
who has a very high position in the  
Customs came saying that he had  
a young girl whom he would like  
to put in school. He is not a  
Christian and this is a little girl  
who was bought a slave and

was to have been a concubine -  
He has two sisters who are  
Christians - have graduated as doctors  
from the Sun-yi hospital in Canton.  
One of them came to visit him &  
convinced him that it was wrong  
to have a slave girl thus - so he  
has decided to educate her & then  
let her teach or arrange a marriage  
for her or send her to her real  
parents or treat her as his own  
daughter - His wife is opposed to the  
plan for she still thinks it is all  
right to own slaves in this fashion -  
We have very few such high class Chinese  
and this bids fair to be a most interesting  
case -

Must go to bed now -

Love

Robt

華 女 老 正

ABIGAIL HART SCOTT MEMORIAL SCHOOL  
SWATOW, CHINA.

Oct. 27, 1920

Dear Arthur:

I haven't been neglecting you folks at all, have I? Well - I just hope you'll forgive me for not writing oftener, and please not punish me as I deserve - that is, by stopping the correspondence on that end of the line! I hear from you altogether too infrequently to suit me now - and I hope I don't have to tell you that I want you to write to me as often as you can, whether you've had a letter from me or not.

Now this sounds perhaps as though I were expecting to get a lot and give only a little - but such is not the ~~get~~ case. I couldn't believe it possible for one person's day to be so full out here - and yet my days aren't accomplishing as much as some other folks, for the simple reason that this body of mine has to have more rest than some other folks' bodies.



All this summer long I didn't get my letters written, and I am so ashamed of where I am in the matter of correspondence that I'm almost ashamed to write to anyone any more! The 31 churches that are in Crookston county have had a pretty good chance to forget that there is such a person on the map as little I. Mr. Johnson who so generously sends me that fine gift every year - hasn't heard from me since last October - and Uncle George has had about one letter on that grand typewriter which he helped me to get so soon.

But I tell you - it is grand to have quiet days so full - and I don't want anyone to think I'm complaining - I seem to keep getting thinner most of the time, but I'm beginning on malted milk now, twice a day - with Postum in the morning and with Cocoa at night, and I expect I'll

ABIGAIL HART SCOTT MEMORIAL SCHOOL  
SWATOW, CHINA.

As a baby elephant before the winter is over. I shall if other peoples reports of what melted milk can do, work out as well for me as it has for them.

I wish you could imagine what a grand time we had at our Sixtieth Anniversary, and best of all, what a grand time the Chinese had. There were speeches from American guests, and from missionaries in other parts of China. These were given in English, of course, and translated into the Swatow dialect by some of our Chinese College graduates. Then some of our own missionaries gave addresses in Chinese, the subject matter of which they told briefly before the address. In the devotional services our missionaries and the Chinese pastors took turns. But two of the finest, most stirring talks we had were by two of our college

60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Oct 1928

graduates. They seem to have a real grip on things, and a far vision of what the Chinese Church must do if progress in the future is to be rapid and real.

The crowd of delegates & visitors enjoyed a trip around <sup>to</sup> the schools on the compound. The Academy boys had an exhibition of the different things they study. They were very proud of a new telephone which connects the two school buildings - and had the notice "This is a telephone" printed over it and under it in English and in Chinese. They greeted us standing at attention, dressed in their uniforms - and we marched between double lines, in pompous procession - while the band played grand tunes. Most impressive.

They saw the kindergarten kiddies performed out on the lawn for them - then they came and heard the girls sing - our girls. You don't know how I love to hear those girls sing. And they sang everything from "I see as a

I love to hear those girls sing. And they sang everything from "I see as a

Swatow, China  
Nov. 8, 1920

Dear ones;

Another interval that is much longer than I had meant it to be without writing to you. I have done several things since I wrote. One thing was to go to a funeral, no- don't get worried, - it wasn't one you knew. Just an old Chinese lady whom I saw last winter when I was out in the country. She was old enough and feeble enough to die long ago. Can you imagine how delighted(?) I was to receive an invitation for seventy of the girls to go to this funeral. I had no notion of letting any of them go at first, for the very idea is repulsive; but when I found that Miss Sullivan was going to let the women go, I had to let the girls go. You see this funeral wasn't right here but was away out in Tat-hau-pou, and the people hired a big launch to take us over in the morning and back in the afternoon. We got up early and had our breakfast, then taking a thermos bottle of soup and some sandwiches and fruit we went down to the jetty. We had expected delays for we always have them out here, and sure enough at the last moment they found that the boiler had burst so they had to hire another launch (which was smaller,) and tow two small boats behind. We got started about quarter of nine instead of seven o'clock.

Arriving a little after ten, we were escorted to the other side of the city to the house, and we foreigners, - six of us, Mr. Waters and five girls, - were taken to a house rented especially for the occasion that is especially to entertain the foreign guests. The delegates from the Seminary, the Women's School, the Academy, the boys' grammar school and the girls, along with a goodly number of outside guests and one or two schools from Swatow, were seated in a place roofed over with bamboo matting for the occasion. It was grandly decorated and all I could think of was the canopy they have sometimes from the church door to the sidewalk ~~to the street~~ in a big church wedding. You see, the funeral is the one time in China to have a grand good time. I always knew that was true of heathen China, but did not think why it would still be ~~so~~ considered so after people had become Christians. And even though they told me, I couldn't understand it very well. I didn't really get the meaning of it until we were actually there on Saturday, a great long line of us marching through the streets of that huge, dirty heathen city, with the natives standing packed up so close to where we were walking that we could feel the wave of heat from human bodies, - and crowding in the doorways, perching on top of walls and even roofs, to see the Christian funeral go by: They had told me that it would be a good thing for the doctrine to have the people see that Christians do reverence the memory of the dead; they so often get the idea that we do not pay any attention to our dead. But it didn't sink in, until Saturday when the long line of <sup>us</sup> marched through the streets singing simple gospel songs. Then, and not until then, was I glad that our girls were there. If those sweet voices didn't touch somebody's heart in all that vast crowd of people, I wish my guess. Another thing; our folks looked so nice and clean. You may remember my saying that Tat-hau-pou is one of the dirtiest, most ill-smelling places I know. The women we saw were a striking contrast to our women and girls, with their nice white jackets and smooth black braids or coils!

and are thus exceedingly disrespectful to parents etc.

About eleven o'clock the program began and there were all the parts of any regular funeral service; singing, music, prayer, an address, and then we were led out into the street for parade. I was wishing we might not have to go all the way, for they said it was far, and was glad enough when they took the women and girls out of the procession after we had walked to what we thought was the other side of the city. It turned out that where we stopped was only a few steps from the house and we went there and sat down to wait. About half past one we Americans, and Mr. and Mrs. Lim (she is my personal helper and teaches in the school, he teaches in the Academy but has one class over here) sat down to a most wonderful feast. They evidently had prepared it with a knowledge of what foreigners like, for there was not a dish that was not delicious; everything from birds' nest pudding which came first, to a gorgeously decorated chocolate cake which came last and was eaten with forks! This latter was the only dish on the menu that was not strictly Chinese, except the soda water which was served before and after and in between times. When we had finished the feast we came back to the launch and were brought home, but we were not through with that until nearly three o'clock!

#### The following Friday:

Our minds are full of other things than feasts just now. The region around here has been in a state of upheaval for some time. If I haven't written, it was because there wasn't anything happening just then. The girls had a very hard time to get back to school, some of them, because the trains and boats were crowded with soldiers. I think I did write you that Swatow changed hands just before we came down from Kuliang. The former official ran off with a lot of money when he heard that the Amoy general was coming. Swatow was taken without a sound, they said. But the inland people were the ones to suffer. Well, I can't tell you all the details, for the situation changes every hour sometimes. You never can tell who is in authority from one day to the next. Now, - this mess I am not a bit sure I have straightened out in my mind, but it is something like this:

The Fukien troops have been coming down this way but just now it is the Chakling troops who are fighting in Swatow. They attacked first up inland above Chaochowfu, then they took that city, then gradually came on down. The Southern forces are opposing them, as near as I can find out they came into the railroad yards in Swatow last night, so the report goes. The soldiers who were guarding Swatow all ran over here last Monday, when they heard that there would be fighting in Swatow. The people in Swatow got into a panic and crowds of them took to their heels and ran for all they were worth. I was over in Swatow to see Mrs. Speicher yesterday, and her tales of the goings-on are graphic indeed. On Monday night after the soldiers had deserted there was an explosion in a munitions storage house. The explanation is that thieves were exploring to see what they could find, and were doubtless pounding a keg or something open to see what was inside. The explosion shook our houses way over here across the bay with such violence that we at once thought of an earthquake but immediately realized, of course, that it could not be. Over a hundred people were killed; many of them blown straight up into the air no one knows how many feet. The next day the scene was a most heart-rending one; bodies and parts of bodies laid out on the ground in a feeble semblance of order, for recognition, where recognition was possible.

It doesn't seem so awful to people when they think that the larger number of the people who were killed were thieves, - or at least people who had no business around that place. It is bad enough, though. Of course this has helped to make the people even more panicky and yesterday when I was riding along in my ricksha I met streams of people moving out with their household goods and everything. The 'Unkung' and Kityang launches are anchored on our side of the bay and haven't been running for three days. This morning about two o'clock the heavy firing began and kept up until morning. During the day we have heard it intermittently but everything is quiet just now. The report is that the Government has sent \$130,000.00 and if it is given to them they will stop the fighting. But that report is just like all the rest; you can't tell whether it is authentic. That the people are badly scared is a sure tale, - that much is certain!

Last week I had a most difficult experience with the three girls who would have been in the third year high school class this year but are teaching instead. It seems that Miss Culley had arranged before she went home that one of the girls should have charge of the little primary school that is connected with our school. Of course she did not know that these girls would not be studying this year. She told that girl that she would have her board for doing the dormitory work down there, and indeed the girl who was there last year had the same arrangement. Well, that made her salary three dollars a month more than that of the other two, and they were greatly incensed about it. They threatened to leave if they were being discriminated against in such a fashion. Was her mark in school so much better than theirs that she could get a higher salary than theirs? Oh, they were positively insulting in the way they talked to me. Well, I just got to the point where I thought I could not stand it, when Heng Sin-se-nie came to the rescue and straightened matters out so that I have not heard another word on the subject from any of them. We arranged it so that the one in the primary school has less work to do in teaching, to make up for the work she has outside, and then I'll pay her the same money that the others get. They all seem satisfied with things and are doing good work and not complaining. So I did go and do what I said I wasn't going to any more, - worry. I couldn't help it somehow. I haven't been so discouraged since I came to China, I think, and I hope never to be so blue again. And it all comes out in the end after all! Oh well, maybe I'll learn sometime not to worry but I think it will be a gradual and not an instantaneous process!

I have a package of ginger all packed to send to you but do not know when I can send it. I could send it now, I suppose, but fear it might get lost before it got away from Swatow. I may try sending it by Japanese post but haven't yet made up my mind.

I'm enclosing a copy of my letter to the Arrostock churches, which I hope they will receive this year. I do not know whether they got it last year or not. I made all the copies on my typewriter and sent 32 or 33 copies to Mrs. Gammon with request that she send out the North Arrostock ones and send the others either to Mrs. Shaw or Mrs. Speed. I'm so proud of my typewriter and so happy that this little chore is done at last. I never could have done it of course without the machine. Now I'll have to write and tell Uncle George so!

Very lovingly yours,

Abbie

Awamed? \_\_\_\_\_

Just received the lovely little letter from my precious little niece - How I should love to see her! I must write her soon - I am wondering what her name will be - I do hope it won't be Lillian or Pearl or Violet!

A.

P.S. Later - I didn't say what I hoped her name would be, did I? Well - if I had my way in naming a little girl of my own - I think I know what it would be. Her middle name would begin with G - but it wouldn't be Gertrude - her first name - well, you wouldn't have to go very far in the alphabet to find the initials - But I don't think I wanted this little girl to be named that - for maybe I will get married some day, in spite of my Irish mouth and my "keep your distance" air! If I should - I want that name all for myself! (Don't tell I said this)

L. Abbie -

P.S. - I do like the name Ruth - don't you - Tell me - was she named for anyone?